



Hogarth moralized

Hogarth, William

London, 1831

Hogarth Moralized.

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HOGARTH MORALIZED.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.*

PLATE I.

IN this age when wickedness is in search to entrap the unwary ; and man, that artful deceiver, racking his invention for wiles to delude the innocent, and rob them of their virtue ; it is more particularly necessary to warn the rising generation of the impending danger ; lay before the female world the perils they are exposed to ; open to their view a sight of that wretchedness, that will, inevitably, be the consequence of their misconduct ; and, by a timely admonition, prevent, if possible, the irrevocable misfortunes attendant on a life of prostitution, brought on by falling perhaps in an unguarded moment. This was the design of Hogarth in the history of the harlot before us, in the prosecution of which, he has minutely pictured out the most material scenes of her life, from the time of her fall from virtue to the hour of her death ; a history full of such interesting circumstances, as must, certainly, give the unthinking maid a sense of her danger, and alarm her, lest she also becomes a prey to man.

* [Portraits introduced in this series. Doctor Misaubin, Colonel Chartres, Mother Needham, and Sir John Gonson, a Magistrate.]

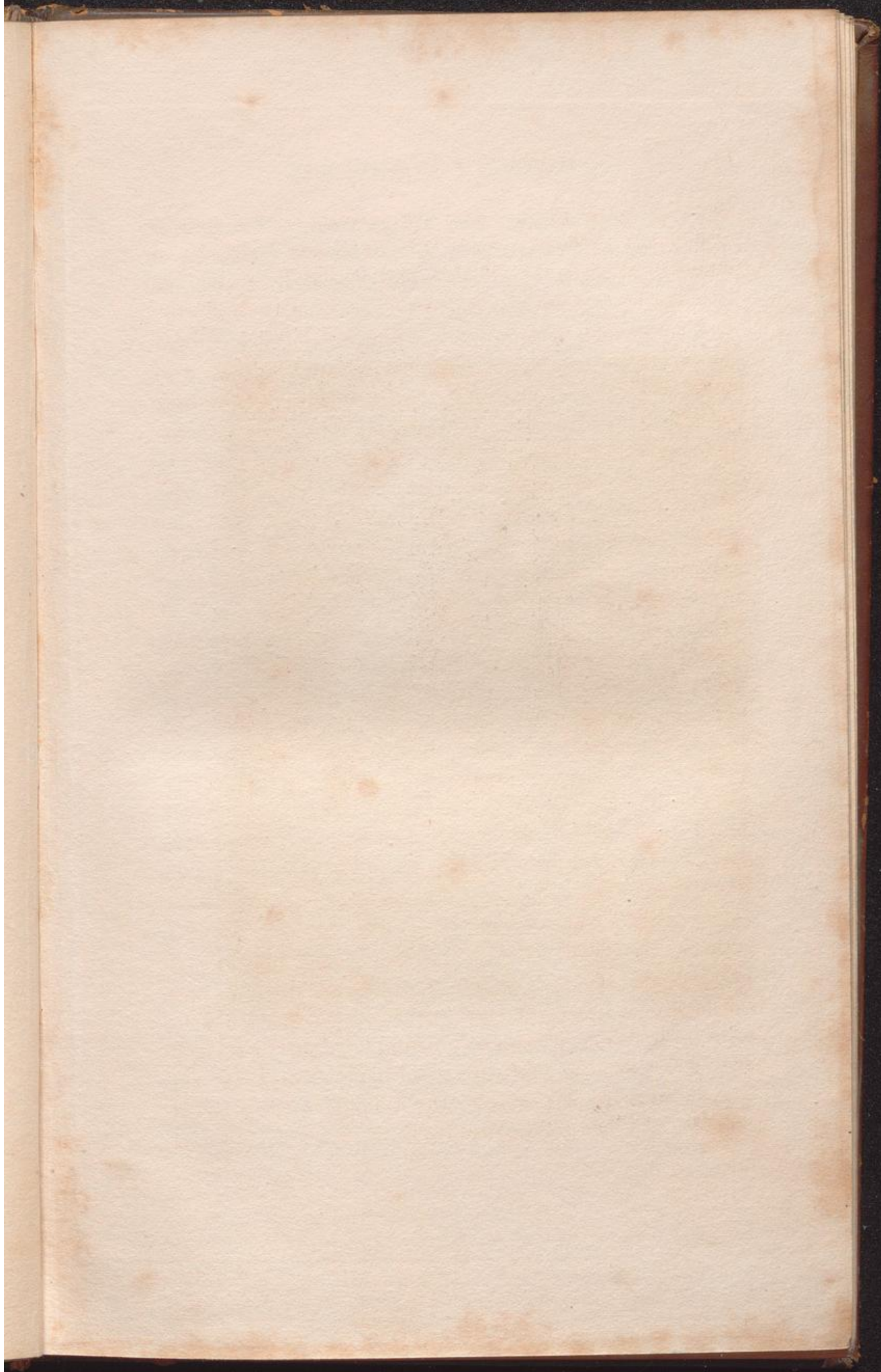
Our author has here described her as the daughter of a country curate, in order to shew us the amazing frailty of the sex ; that, notwithstanding she might have been brought up properly instructed in the paths of virtue, yet is there such an enchantment in vice as to allure the person on, who once gives the least ear to her persuasions. In these plates, as in most others, he has indulged his natural vein of humour, and, by that means, has intermixed the *dulce* with the *utile*, and made them, at the same time, both entertaining and instructive. The heroine of this piece, about sixteen years of age, is supposed to be just alighted from the York waggon, on its arrival in the inn-yard, at London, accompanied by her father, on horseback, in search of better fortune. This particular county is alluded to, as being far distant from the metropolis, and, as such, supposed to be least acquainted with its intrigues. That this also was her father's view is evident from the letter of recommendation, whose direction he is reading, addressed to some bishop in town. The mistaken notion, that prosperity is centered in London, has led many to their ruin. His extreme necessity, for such is the misfortune of the clergy, that want seems attendant on their order, is well decyphered, by the appearance both of him and his horse, a sorry broken-knee'd and foundered animal, who, not like our high-fed beasts, is eagerly catching at a mouthful of straw in which some earthen vessels are packed ; and so full is his master of the business he is upon as to pay no attention to the damage it occasions.

At the time when these prints were first published there existed a notorious libertine, one Chartres, a man of some fortune, which he appropriated to the worst of purposes, that of accomplishing the ruin of virgin innocence, in order

to gratify his lascivious inclinations: to effect this horrid end, he kept in his pay a number of men and women, who made it their business to delude the unknowing. This wretch, a proper subject for the story, is here drawn from the life, as looking from an alehouse-door (in company with one of his panders, flattering his reigning vice,) considering this artless maid, already, as his prey, whom his vile procuress is deceiving. She is here supposed offering to take her as her servant: the raw country girl amused and dazzled with the artful tale, readily embraces the offer, and thus falls a victim to her betrayer. One would naturally be led to think that her father, from the education he must, necessarily have had, would have seen through the deceit, or at least would have been more cautious, and have counselled her otherwise; but by his supposed consent to her acceptance of the proffered place, we are to understand that, there are none so ignorant of the ways of life, as those who have wholly applied themselves to the knowledge of books: this ignorance of men and things led the unthinking father, pleased with this prospect of good fortune in finding provision for his daughter, immediately, on his arrival, innocently to consent to the ruin of his child. Thus, do we, often, in an unguarded moment, lay the foundation of endless misery; and, thus, commenced that series of disasters, that makes up the several parts of this story.

We are next to imagine her in the house of this procuress, not treated as a servant, but seemingly respected as a friend; that being generally the first step these designing wretches take, in order to gain favour, and make the object of their villany in love with their situation; she is now dressed in the gayest manner; the pincushion and scissors, those implements of housewifery and diligence, that

formerly hung by her side, are changed to the striking watch and glittering etwee, the sordid pay and badge of infamy : her face, by the disgustful ornament of paint and patches, loses at once its original innocence and simplicity ; she is now told, that beauty has been the making of thousands, that she looks charming as an angel, and was born to be a lady ; filled with such idle notions, she is introduced to this man of fashion, and, though his appearance has nothing in it engaging, a shew of gold, and promises of marriage are not easily withstood ; thus dazzled with imaginary greatness and, wanting the pious admonitions of her father, the poor unthinking maid gives herself up to the embraces of her betrayer, and plunges herself headlong into irretrievable wretchedness. From this instant, she finds herself deceived ; sees through the artifices of her pretended friend, who now treats her no otherwise than as a dependant ; brings her into company with different men ; makes her acquainted with her future way of life ; and gives her to understand that she must either do this or starve. The poor girl, who, yet, is not entirely abandoned, blushes at the impiety of her instructress, and shudders at the rueful scene ; but thoughts of present distress soon get the better of her virtuous resolutions ; and what discretion would forbid is now urged by necessity. Gladly would she have returned to her poor, but honest, parents, or worn her fingers to the bone in the lowest servitude, had not shame and remorse of conscience made her despair of a reception at home ; and the want of a friend told her that the other was impracticable : led then, unthinkingly, into this dreadful situation, and threatened, on refusal, with imprisonment by her wicked mistress, she, reluctantly, submits to her horrid proposal, and falls into that course of life, she knew not how





THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS. PL. 2.

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to avoid. Now, then, for the first time, she gives a loose to prostitution; and, by an intimacy with others of her own stamp, becomes at last hardened in infamy.

PLATE II.*

Here, then, we see her launched into high life, in keeping by a Jew, in the midst of splendour and profusion: having quitted her innocence, with her modesty of dress, she now goes on to act as inconsiderately as at the first, and keeps up the spirit of the character she professes in giving way to extravagance and inconstancy; the first, being evident from the monkey's being suffered to drag about her laced head-dress; and the latter from the general tenor of the piece. Our author has particularised the Jew, that people being generally rich, and commonly duped in matters of love. He is represented, as being come early in the morning to breakfast with his mistress, before the departure of his rival; for, notwithstanding these women are indulged in every thing they can wish, they seem determined to gratify their inclinations at the expence of their future welfare; as, when once they bid adieu to virtue, neither honour nor gratitude can afterwards bind them. By those Scripture-pieces of painting in her room we are given to learn, that

* ["In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot, the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table, the start of the black boy, the cautious trip of the ngartered and barefooted retreating gallant, and the sudden spring of the scalded monkey, are admirably expressed.

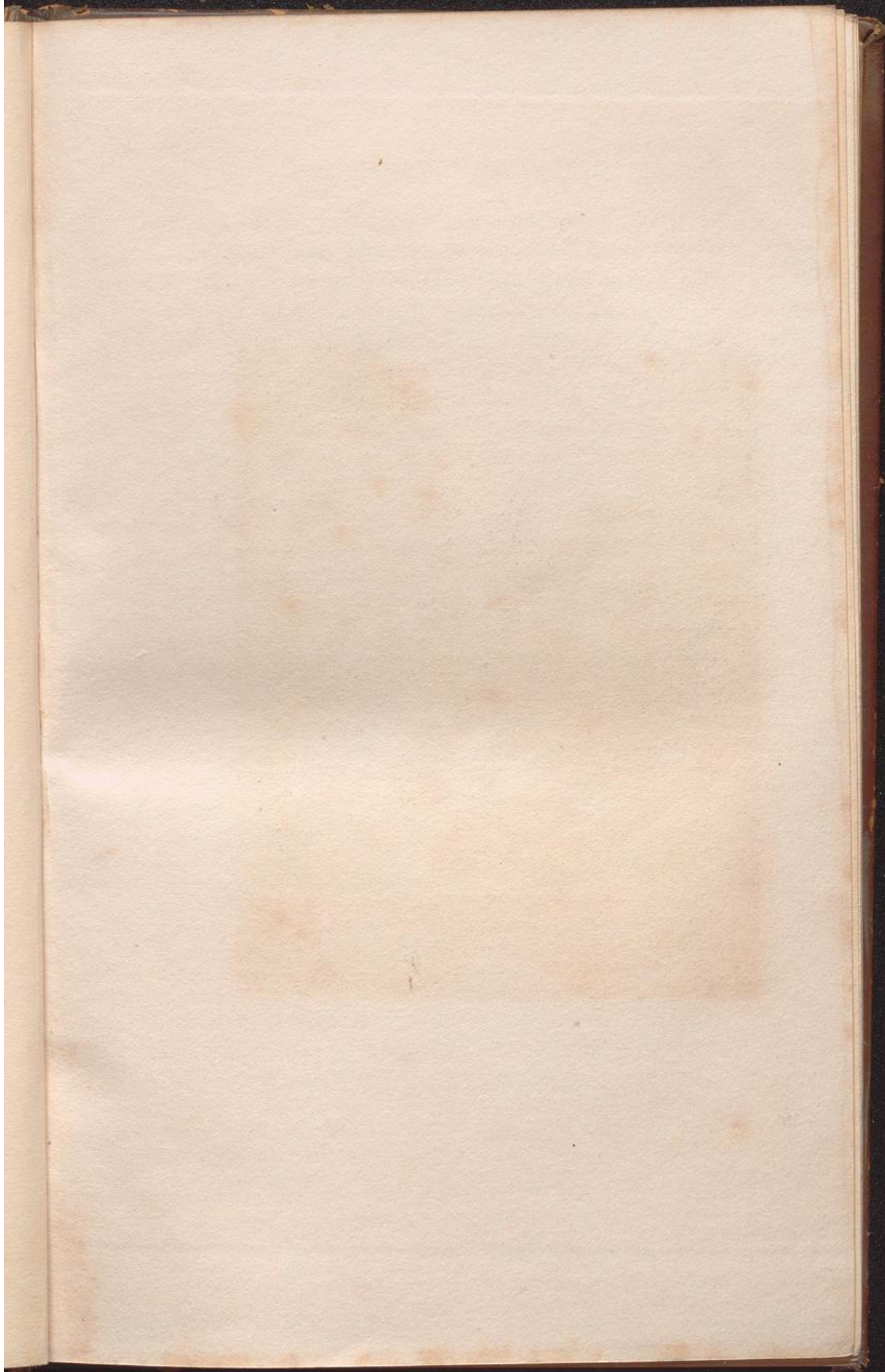
To represent an object in its descent, has been said to be impossible; the attempt has seldom succeeded; but in this print, the tea equipage really appears falling to the floor."

J. I.]

so seared is the conscience of the sinner, as not to be awakened by any distant admonition; nay, that some are such hypocrites, as to gloss over a foul and corrupt life with the colour of religion.* His unexpected visit gives a general alarm, and puts the invention both of her and her maid to the rack, in order to find out some means of favouring her spark's escape; but as an intriguing woman is seldom at a loss in this respect, she readily brings that to bear, by taking an opportunity, of quarrelling with her keeper and in a pretended passion, of overturning the table; the clattering noise of which and the surprise it occasions, added to the scalding of his leg, so engages the attention of the Jew as to give the other an opportunity of escaping unnoticed.

Though this passed for the present, yet by a continual practice of the same she is, at last, discovered, either through her own indiscretion, or the faithlessness of her

* [The following is extracted from the "Morning Chronicle," so lately as November 6th, 1830.—"London Adjourned Sessions. A man of respectable and sedate appearance, named Jones, and his wife, were indicted for keeping a house of ill-fame in Lombard-court, Whitefriars. The male defendant occasionally preached, and generally carried a Bible. It was stated that robberies were not unfrequent in the house, and that the defendants were in the practice of enticing young creatures into it, and ultimately turning them into the streets to perish. A young girl attended and stated, that when she first entered the house she saw Jones, with his spectacles on his nose, reading a chapter in the Bible to his wife, and that both were so intently occupied in holy consideration, that they did not notice her till the chapter was finished, and Mr. Jones had turned down the leaf, "with a blessed be God." When the girl received money, they both searched her, and she was never allowed to have a farthing. The Jury found the defendants guilty, and the Recorder sentenced the man to six month's imprisonment, and the woman to three.]





Durand, sc.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS. PL. 3.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, London, 1831.

servants ; for the wretches they employ are no longer true to their trust, than while they are partaking of the extravagance of their mistresses. This fatal discovery of her inconstancy, we are to learn, brings on a new face of things : she is, instantly, discarded by her keeper, and left, as it were, to begin the world a-new : in consequence of this, she now takes a decent lodging, determining to welcome every comer. For some short time, matters are imagined to go on well, that is, she is supposed, as yet to know no want, at least while she is possessed of any thing of value ; the plunder of her former grandeur ; for, when such persons are discarded, they are, generally, stript of every thing of worth. On these she lives, awhile ; making away with them, one after another, till, at last, she is reduced to the greatest distress : such being the misfortune of these women, that they are perfect strangers to economy, spending even the last shilling extravagantly, though, it is very uncertain, when they shall be mistress of another.

PLATE III.

View, then, her amazing downfall ; every good thing she once was mistress of, is now, entirely gone ; her silver tea-kettle converted into a tin-pot ; and her splendid toilette, once decorated with costly boxes, changed into an old leaf-table, covered with the filthy equipage of her night's debauch, and a piece of broken looking-glass ; her magnificent apartment in a reputable neighbourhood, is now dwindled into a beggarly room, in the purlieus of Drury,*

* A street in London, called by that name, formerly, one of the meanest receptacles of abandoned women.

as we learn from the inscription on the pewter-pots ; and she that once breakfasted in state, is at last constrained to make the best shift she can. There was a time, when none but the best and most expensive wines could please her ; though she is now reduced to cheer her spirits, or banish reflection, with the miserable regale of gin and beer. Having nothing valuable of her own, see her acting a dishonest part, sending out a watch to pawn that her last gallant is supposed to have left behind him, through forgetfulness : for dishonesty constitutes part of the prostitute's character, plunder being, generally, one of their chief supports ; this is further evident from the wig-box on the tester of the bed, which, we are told, by the name on the outside, formerly belonged to one James Dalton, a notorious street-robber, afterwards hanged ; a sufficient indication with what kind of persons such people generally herd. As to her laced head-dress, and tawdry cloak, they may be considered as necessaries of her profession, being such as serve to decorate a loathsome body, and attract the eyes of heedless youth ; for we are oftener caught by appearance, than reality ; and it is not beggary only that is the portion of these unhappy wretches, but a complication, also, of foul disorders, intimated by the phials, &c. in the window ; such disorders, as destroy the constitution, and whose infection will sometimes spread, if not timely prevented, through many generations. Wise then, was that institution of the *Lock*,* that provided a remedy for this growing evil, and overlooked the vices of a few,† in order to secure the preservation of the whole !

* An hospital in London, called by that name, appropriated to the cure of venereal disorders, supported by voluntary contribution.

† [“ No vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the com-

Mr. Hogarth has here taken an opportunity of shewing us the great degeneracy of the age, in matters of religion, by laying on the table a piece of butter, wrapt up in the title-page of a Pastoral Letter, which a great prelate,* about that time, addressed to his diocese ; many copies of which had the misfortune to be sold as waste paper : such being the general wickedness of mankind, that every thing religious is held in disesteem. If any ludicrous or obscene publication should issue from the press, it is sure to meet with an immediate and rapid sale ; every man, who is master of a shilling, is instantly a purchaser : but, on the contrary, an edition of any piece tending to correct the vices or follies of the age lies in the shop, either unnoticed, or disregarded.

There are many other little objects in this plate, met with in the chamber of the prostitute, that sufficiently explain themselves, to the more knowing part of mankind, which decency will not permit me to make such of my readers acquainted with as these pages are calculated to improve : what is further necessary to be taken notice of is only the person stealing into her chamber, with some attendants : this is a magistrate,† who at this time greatly distinguished himself in the punishing of abandoned women, and in the suppression of infamous houses. He is supposed here entering in order to take her to a house of correction.

passion of the virtuous part of the world ; which, indeed, often makes me a little apt to suspect the sincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's personal sins. It is very certain that a modest woman cannot abhor the breach of chastity too much ; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others."

Spectator, No. 266.]

* Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London.

† Sir John Gunston, of Covent Garden.

Imagine her, then, with her worthless servant, in opposition to all her cries and entreaties, dragged from her home, and hurried through the streets to Bridewell,* amid the insults of the jeering populace, committed there to hard labour, for some months, in hopes of reforming them.

PLATE IV.

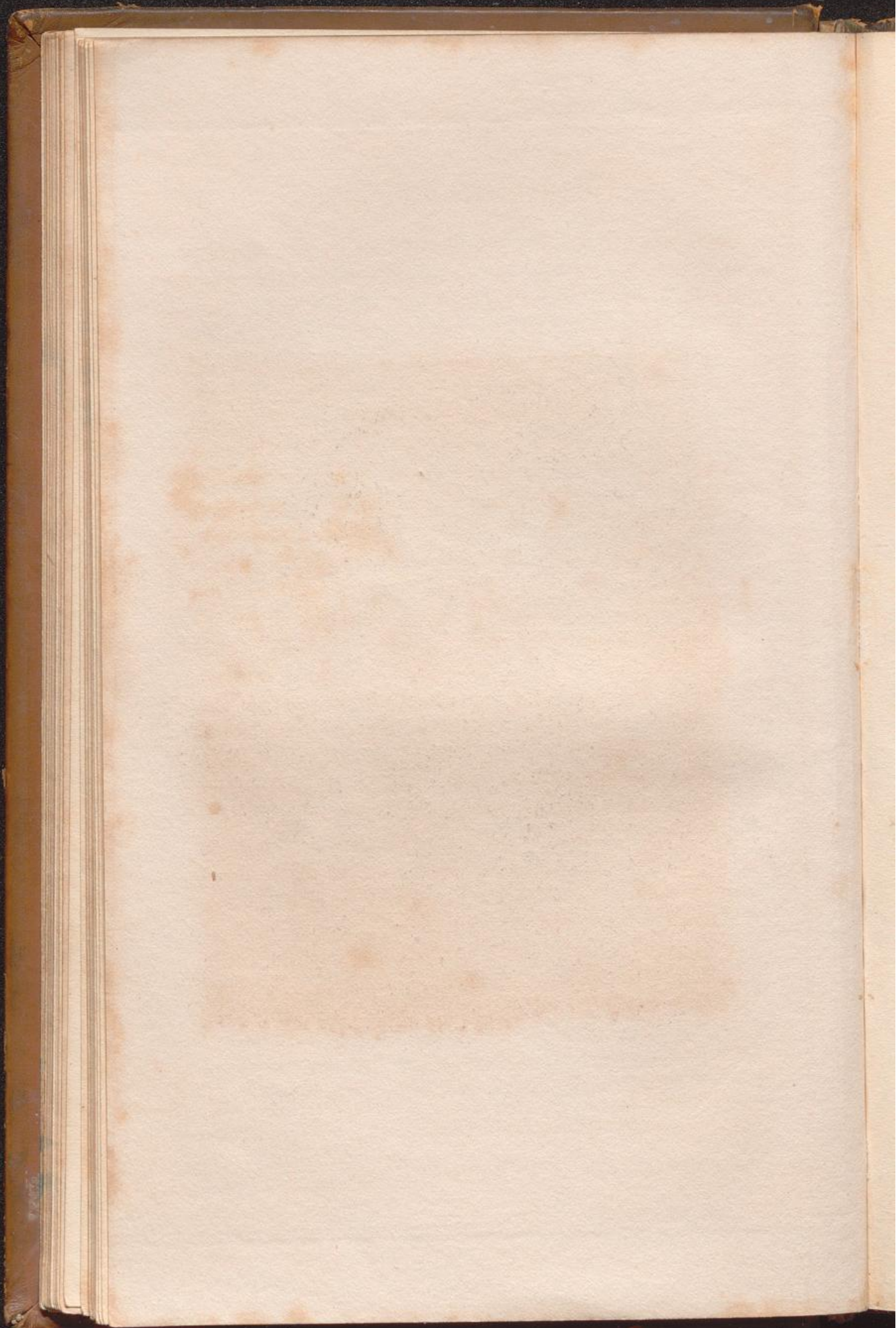
Here, then, we see her lodged, in company with pick-pockets, sharpers and others of her own stamp of all ranks, and ages, reduced to the miserable alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the correction of the keeper; exposed to the derision of her own servant, who seems well acquainted with the place, and who, like many other people in the world, cannot even refrain from insulting her, though, by her tying up of her stockings, which, together with the shoes, were a present from her mistress, we are given to understand she is not without a monitor, to remind her of the gratitude she owes her. In this horrid receptacle of filth and vermin are various kinds of punishment inflicted, according to the greater or less degree of obstinacy in the offenders: some are obliged to drag about a heavy clog locked to their legs; some are wholly stapled to the ground; others are hung an hour by the wrists; others, again, are fastened to a post, and whipped severely; but all, in general, are made to work hard and that with little intermission, being left to the mercy of a rigid keeper, whose interest it is to keep them at it, he reaping the profits of their labour. We are further taught that it is not his abhorrence of vice that makes him so, his surliness proceed-

* A house of correction.



THE HARIOT'S PROGRESS, PL. 4.

Published by John Major, 64, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.



ing from dishonest principles in himself, giving his blear-eyed wife, by that means, an opportunity of picking our heroine's pocket of her handkerchief, casting at the same time a wishful look upon her lappets.

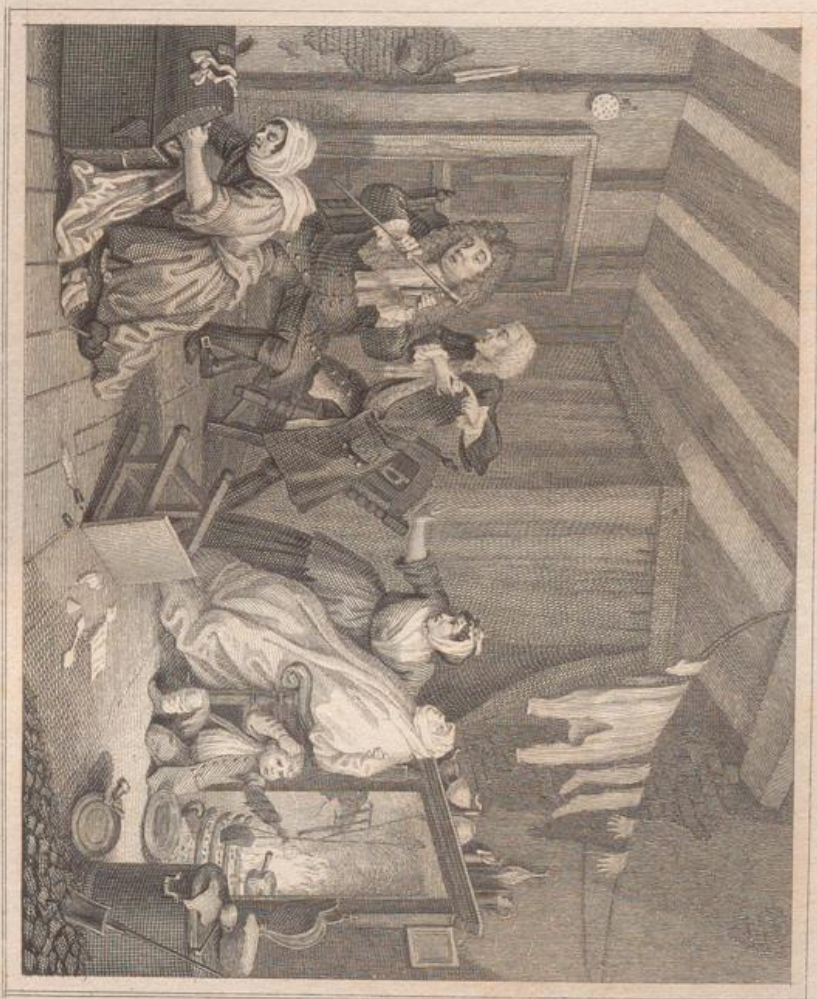
In this disagreeable situation we are not to imagine her without some degree of reflection ; what then more natural, than to think of the many anxious moments she has given her tender and affectionate parents, and to recollect her former ease and happiness ?—Such like considerations heighten her distress, and give acuteness to her wretchedness.—Now she looks inwardly, for the first time, upon her late course of life ; reflects with horror on the odious scenes ; in some measure detests her proceedings, and determines upon a thorough change.—Full with this pious resolution, her time of confinement expires, and she is once more at large ;—at large, 'tis true, but without a friend, without a penny !—What step then shall she take, or whither shall she fly ?—Here then we see the great usefulness and noble design of the *Magdalen-house*,* an institution that does honour to our country ; where the penitent prostitute, when entirely destitute finds a friend ; and the good man is enabled to exert his christian disposition in saving, as it were, a soul from death : one of the best and greatest charities extant ; easing the pricking conscience of the female sinner, re-instating the happiness of broken-hearted families, and thus restoring many useful members to society.—Had this blessed institution been then in being, our heroine would, in all probability, have taken refuge be-

* A place of refuge for penitent prostitutes, where they are received for three years, instructed in virtuous principles, and afterwards returned to their friends, or recommended to services of credit ; it is supported, also, by voluntary contribution.

neath its friendly roof, and lived comparatively an honour and a comfort to her parents ;—but in this sad dilemma she could find no other resource, than that of returning to her former course ; and, as habit is second nature, she wanted little or no encouragement.—On then she goes, in her usual way, without reserve, till, eaten up with want and disease, she sinks into rottenness, and falls a martyr to prostitution.

PLATE V.

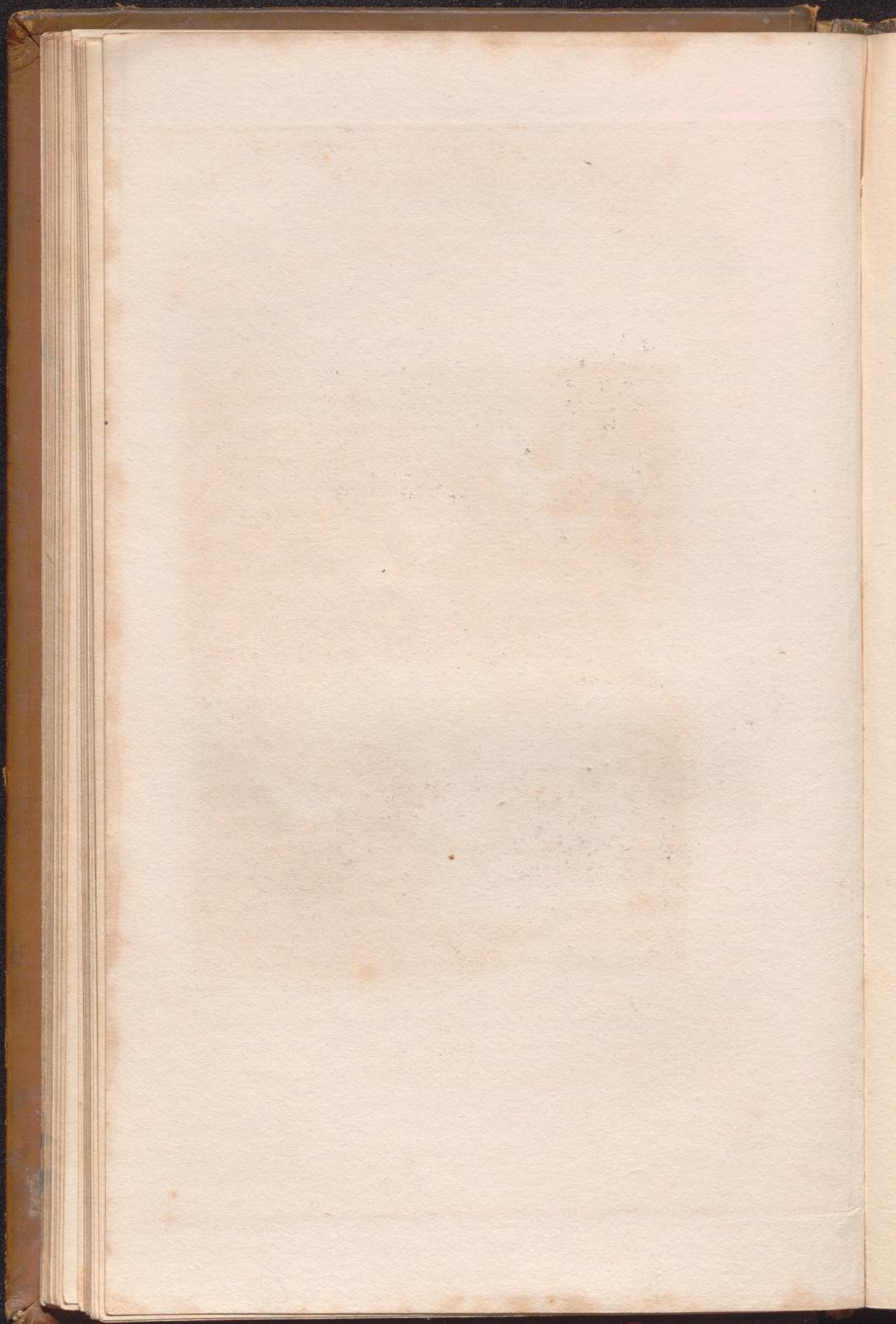
View her, then, in all the extremity of penury, visible from the general appearance of her chamber, the coals lying in one corner, the candles in another, dying of the disease peculiar to her profession.—What must have been her thoughts, before the power of thinking left her !—gladly could she have wished to have passed her life a-new, in order to have made a friend of God, at whose great tribunal, she dreaded to appear. At this distressful hour her sins stood up as her accusers, and she struck speechless with the horror of her guilt ; unable then to shift off the evidence, she could only rely on the infinite mercies of that Judge, whose friendly admonition she had so long disregarded ; whose authority she had always despised ; and whose power she had constantly defied. Incapacitated to obtain that necessary relief, the *Lock-Charity* now affords, she is reduced to the application of such medicines, as have nothing to recommend them but the bold assertions of their vendors, who palm upon the world their particular nostrums, without any knowledge of their respective qualities.—Pity is it, that such men should be suffered to prey upon the constitution of the public !—In support then of their



L. Pye, sc.

THE HARTLOP'S PROGRESS, PL. 5.

Published by John Mayne, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1837.

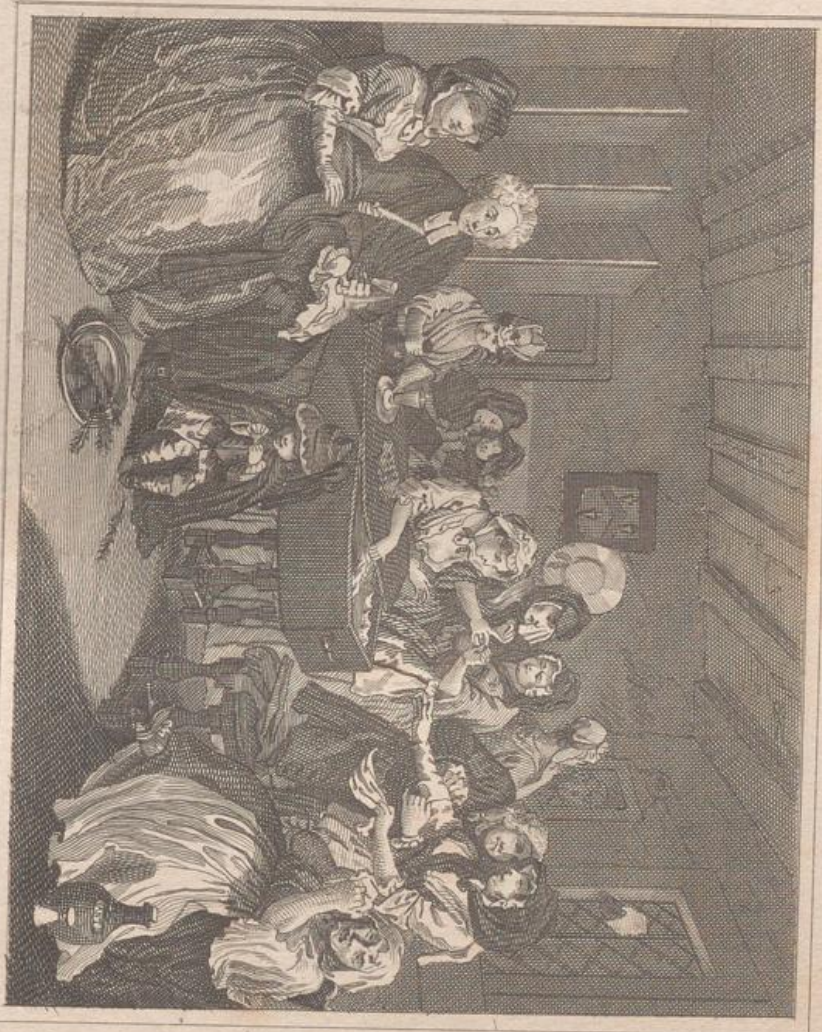


efficacy, take notice of two quacks, noted at that time for boasting of their skill in venereal cases, absolutely at high words, whose medicine was the best, over-turning the table; and this at a time so very improper, without paying the least attention to their expiring patient. A manifest token of the self-sufficiency of these wretches, who study more the enriching of themselves, than the particular disorder they undertake to cure. That this inattention to any but ourselves, is general among all ranks of people, is intimated by the nurse's rummaging her mistress's trunk for plunder, ere her breath has well left her, neglecting those necessary and friendly offices, we are bound to do for one another; and so occupied are her thoughts on what she is upon, as to be perfectly absent to what passes in the room. The only one, properly, engaged, is the child, (the innocent fruit of her debauchery,) who is busied in turning a piece of meat, roasting at the fire.

In the midst of this general confusion, expires in the greatest agony, the heroine of this piece, at the age of twenty-three, and thus puts an end to the story; as she lived in disgrace, so she died in infamy. Mr. Hogarth seems here to have finished his plan; having led us through the most distressful scenes attendant on a life of prostitution; and sufficiently executed his design, in giving so odious a representation of it, as to warn others from falling into the like misfortunes. Thus may we say is the tragedy compleated: with respect to the following plate, it may be considered, as the farce, of which death is oftener the occasion than the subject. Our author took this opportunity of indulging his humour, in the general ridicule of a funeral ceremonial; in which there is, frequently, more hypocrisy than sincerity.

PLATE VI.

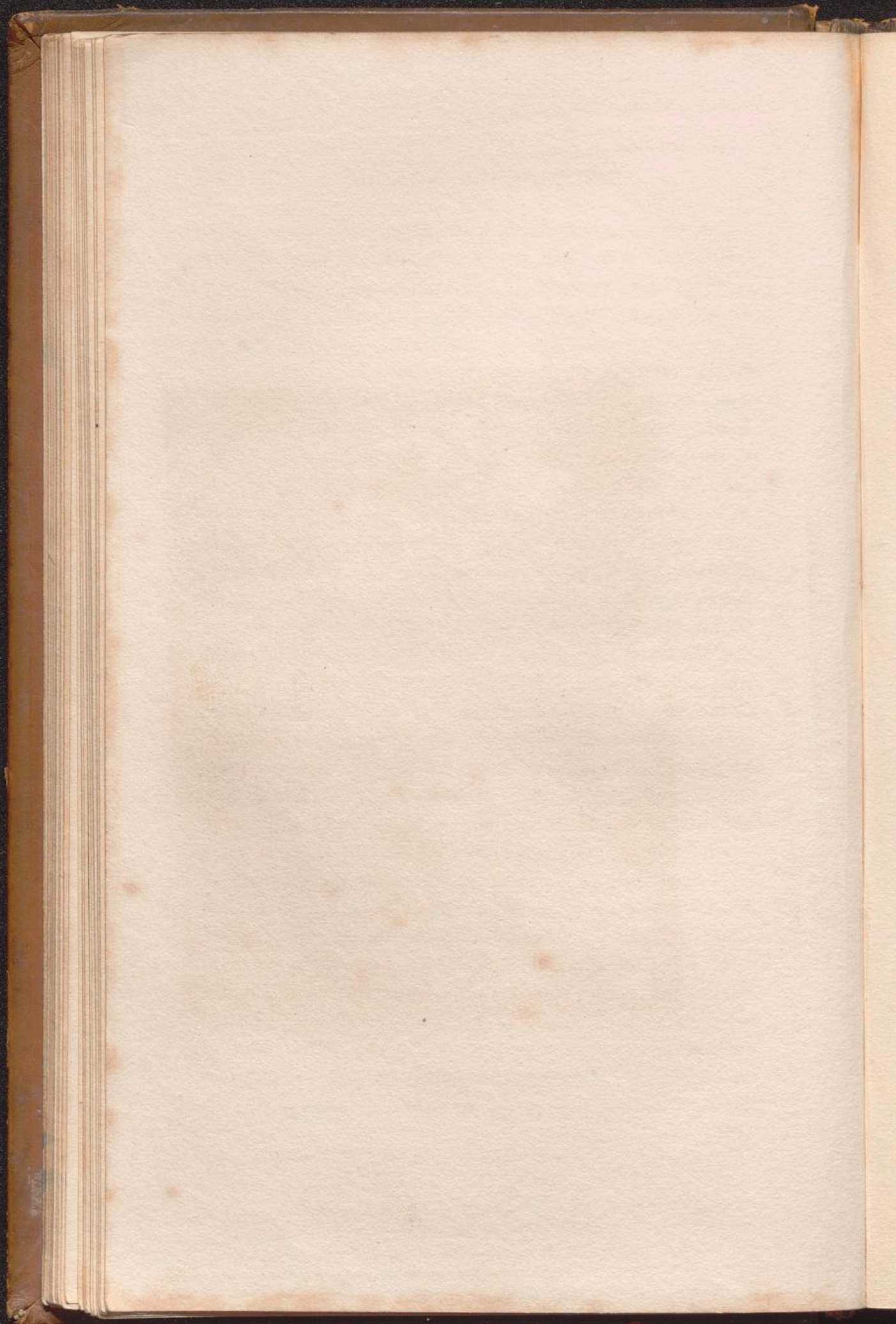
In order to do this properly he has been under a necessity of destroying, in some measure, the consistency of the piece; many little things being here observed, which are seldom, if ever, met with at the funerals of the poor; such as the escutcheons, (viz. the arms of her profession, three spigots and fossets,) the giving of gloves and mourning rings, &c. One thing, however, this teaches us, namely, the folly of mankind in making expensive funerals, particularly of those who cannot afford it; but such is the general pride of the world, as to be always aiming at something above them; the poor apeing, as it were, the vanities of the rich. We dress up the dead for public notice as on a bridal-day, and take great pains to adorn our persons with all the outward formalities of grief, as if our future good fortune depended on the elegant appearance we made. That this was the Painter's meaning is evident, from one of the women viewing the body; and another tricking herself out before the glass. The company here assembled are supposed to be of our heroine's profession; and as it has been remarked that none are more saintly than "a whore at a christening," so it may be here observed, that none seem more distressed at a funeral. In one corner sits an old procuress, howling for the dead, with a bottle of nantz by her side. Hence are we taught in the first place, that these wretches have so long made hypocrisy their trade, as to have tears at will; for so steeled are their hearts to any degree of tenderness, that they cannot be presumed to proceed from sorrow; and in the second, that amidst all their seeming concern, they miss no opportunity of drinking, under



W. H. W. 1831

THE HAREM'S PROGRESS. PL. 6

Published by John Major, 50, Piccadilly, Sept. 1, 1831.



a pretence of recruiting their wasting spirits. One would naturally imagine, that at this silent scene of mortality, the voice of conscience would be heard ; but on the contrary we see the ear obstinately shut to its loudest calls, and a propension to sin stifling the little spiritual appulses of reflective thought.—View then the lustful undertaker, unappalled at the ghastly corpse, fixing his beastly eye upon the woman, whose glove he is pulling on, and she, unaffected at the awful solemnity, artfully robbing him of his handkerchief. Near the door are two mourners, in all the pride of affliction, one of whom is turning up her eyes in hypocritical ejaculations. Such people accustom themselves to a certain set of good words, as, 'tis what pleases God, the Lord's will be done, we are all mortal, and the like ; which they run over at particular times, just as a bell-man does his godly rhymes, without thinking what they say or being the least affected by it. The same inattention to the solemnity of the meeting is visible even in the minister, who, though in years, is so particularly employed with his agreeable neighbour, (who has in her hand a sprig of rosemary, formerly distributed on these occasions), as, through absence of mind, to spill his wine upon his handkerchief. The boy, winding up his top, keeps up the spirit of the piece, and adds not a little to its humour. Thus we see the farce of life is carried on, even to our latest hours ; and we continue our follies, without intermission, to the grave.

From this distressful story, let me warn my female readers of the lurking danger that threatens them : as there is no greater Christian virtue than chastity, none more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to man, it is the interest of every young woman to be particularly attentive to it : 'tis not that I imagine them ill inclined in their disposition ; but, 'tis

their natural easiness of temper, and their too favourable opinion of the world, that exposes them to the perils I have mentioned. Men, however they may detest the loss of virtue in the women, are continually laying snares to rob them of it; and the women, who are not proof against the attacks of the men, too often fall their victims: "she who lends a patient ear" says an ingenious writer, "to the praise of her wit and beauty; may do it at first, perhaps, to gratify vanity only; but the flattery bewitches her in the end, and she, insensibly, inclines to a kindness for that person, who values her so much; she begins with thinking his passion, to be only an esteem; and, as such, will cherish that out of vanity, which she afterwards will reward out of love: she will be apt to put the best constructions on whatever he says, or does: his rudeness will be taken for the violence of his passion, and easily obtain pardon: she, by degrees, suffers in him, what she would look on as insolent in another; and, fancying in herself, that one who loves her so much, can never entertain a thought injurious to her, she forgets that all his compliments are mercenary; all his passion, lust; that to hear him, is immodest; to be pleased with him, wicked; and, that if she does not fly in time, she will catch the flame that is kindled in him, and perish in it for ever."

Have a care, then, how you presume on the innocence of your first intentions; you may as well, upon the confidence of a sound constitution, enter a pest-house, and converse with the plague, whose infection does not more subtly insinuate itself than this sort of temptation. And as in that case a woman would not stay to learn the critical distance to which she might approach with safety, but would run as far from it as she could; so in this, it no less con-

cerns her to remove herself from the possibility of danger, and, how unfashionable soever it may be, put on such a severe modesty, that her very looks may guard her, and discourage the most impudent attacks—Had our heroine followed this prudential rule, she would, in all probability, have avoided those dreadful rocks on which she split: innocently listening to the deceitful tongue of her betrayer, she made a shipwreck of that virtue, that would otherwise have carried her through life with honour. Make it then your determined rule, to fly the company of every man, who would insinuate himself into your favour by flattery: depend upon it, he has some artful designs at bottom: if his intentions are honest and sincere, he would begin his suit by an application to your parents or guardians; when, therefore, he makes any advances unknown to them, be assured they are such as you ought by no means to give the least encouragement to: she, who descends to treat with a lover, whatever he may tell her of being her captive, his purpose, generally is to make her his. He pretends to be entirely at her devotion, when all the time, he is working her destruction; which when he has once acquired, he will triumph over as a victor o'er his conquest. Need I, after this, say any more to deter you from falling into such a course of life, as these pages have described? If it is necessary, I should tell you that a woman by losing her reputation, loses every friend she has; exposes herself to the derision of the world, and becomes the object of contempt; no person of credit will be ever seen in her company; she does not partake of the comforts of society, nor does she reap one blessing that is even common to her sex: while others are enjoying the sweets of happiness, she is completely miserable; jeered by the world, and pointed

at by all her acquaintance, she wastes her days in scorn and reproach, lives a burthen to herself, a disgrace to her sex, and a nuisance to the neighbourhood : thus, the servitude of a prostitute, is the most slavish in the world ; for, besides all the interests of another life, which she basely resigns, she sacrifices all that is valuable in this ; she puts her reputation, wholly in the power of him, who has debauched her ; and, which is more, her reformation too ; should she have an inclination to return to virtue, she dares not lest he should divulge her former errors. She subjects herself not only to his lust, but to all his humours and fancies ; nay, to the humours and fancies of all, who have been privy to her intrigues ; lest what she has done should be revealed. Some, indeed, have hoped to prevent accusation by impudence, and by seeming to despise shame have endeavoured to avoid it. But what misery are such creatures fallen into ! Need there be a hell to punish them ? They are insulted by wretches as abandoned and miserable as themselves, and have no defence against their insults, but that of insensibility. Better, in such cases, would it be for them could they return to their original nothing than be obliged to drag on a wretched life of shame and contempt, and stand fully exposed to the intolerable wrath of the God of Purity ; which the conscience of the hardened sinner, in some measure, anticipates at her dying hour, when the poor distracted soul, pursued by bitter and severe reflection, raves round its clay-tenement, runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help ; but shrieks in vain, till hurried on to the precipice of despair, it headlongs falls, and sinks into eternity, there to meet the vengeance of an angry God, and receive the punishment allotted for the sinner.—Reflect then on this, ye unthinking females ; shun the horrid gulph, while heaven has left

it in your power, and draw not temporal misery on your families, and eternal vengeance on yourselves.

It would be unpardonable were I not here to take some notice of the *Asylum*,* the first of those charities, that have any connection with the foregoing story, instituted as a prevention against a life of prostitution ; where, by the interposing hand of humanity, such girls, as are destitute of any legal parochial settlement, are preserved from that misery, they would otherwise be hardly able to avoid. Rescued, then, by god-like, British charity, which we are happily remarked for, the most forsaken of the human race, who were before, perhaps, lurking amid the despairing haunts of wretchedness, exposed to the inclemencies of the midnight air, sleeping on cinder heaps and dunghills, feeding on husks and rinds and prepared thus, as a judicious writer once observed, through their extreme want, and a total darkness of their minds to plunge into every kind of crime, without remorse ; and ripening into theft, prostitution, robbery, and murder ; become truly sensible of the happiness of a virtuous course, avoid the rocks and shoals of iniquity, serenely cut through the seas of life, and steer their way into the port of endless bliss.

* A house of refuge for deserted female orphans, under twelve years of age, supported by public benefaction.

[This set of prints completely established Hogarth's fame. "A Subject," says Mr. Ireland—"so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. At a time when England was coldly inattentive to every thing which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations. The whole series were copied on fan-mounts, representing the six plates, three on one side and three on the other." These fans, Mr. Nichols informs us, used to be given as the most useful of all presents to the female servants in Hogarth's house.]

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.*

PLATE I.

OF all the follies in human life there is none greater than that of extravagance, or profuseness; it being constant labour, without the least ease, or relaxation. It bears, indeed, the colour of that which is commendable, and would fain be thought to take its rise from laudable motives, searching indefatigably after true felicity: now, as there can be no true felicity without content, it is this, which every man is in constant hunt after; the learned, for instance, in his industrious quest after knowledge; the merchant, in his dangerous voyages; the ambitious, in his passionate pursuit of honour; the conqueror, in his earnest desires of victory; the politician, in his deep-laid designs; the wanton, in his pleasing charms of beauty; the covetous, in his unwearied heaping up of treasure; and the prodigal, in his general and extravagant indulgence.—Thus far it may be well;—but so mistaken are we in our road, as to run on in the very opposite tract, which leads directly to our ruin. Whatever else we indulge ourselves in is attended with some small degree of relish, and has some trifling satisfaction in the enjoyment; but in this the farther we go, the more we are lost; and when arrived at the mark proposed, we are as far from

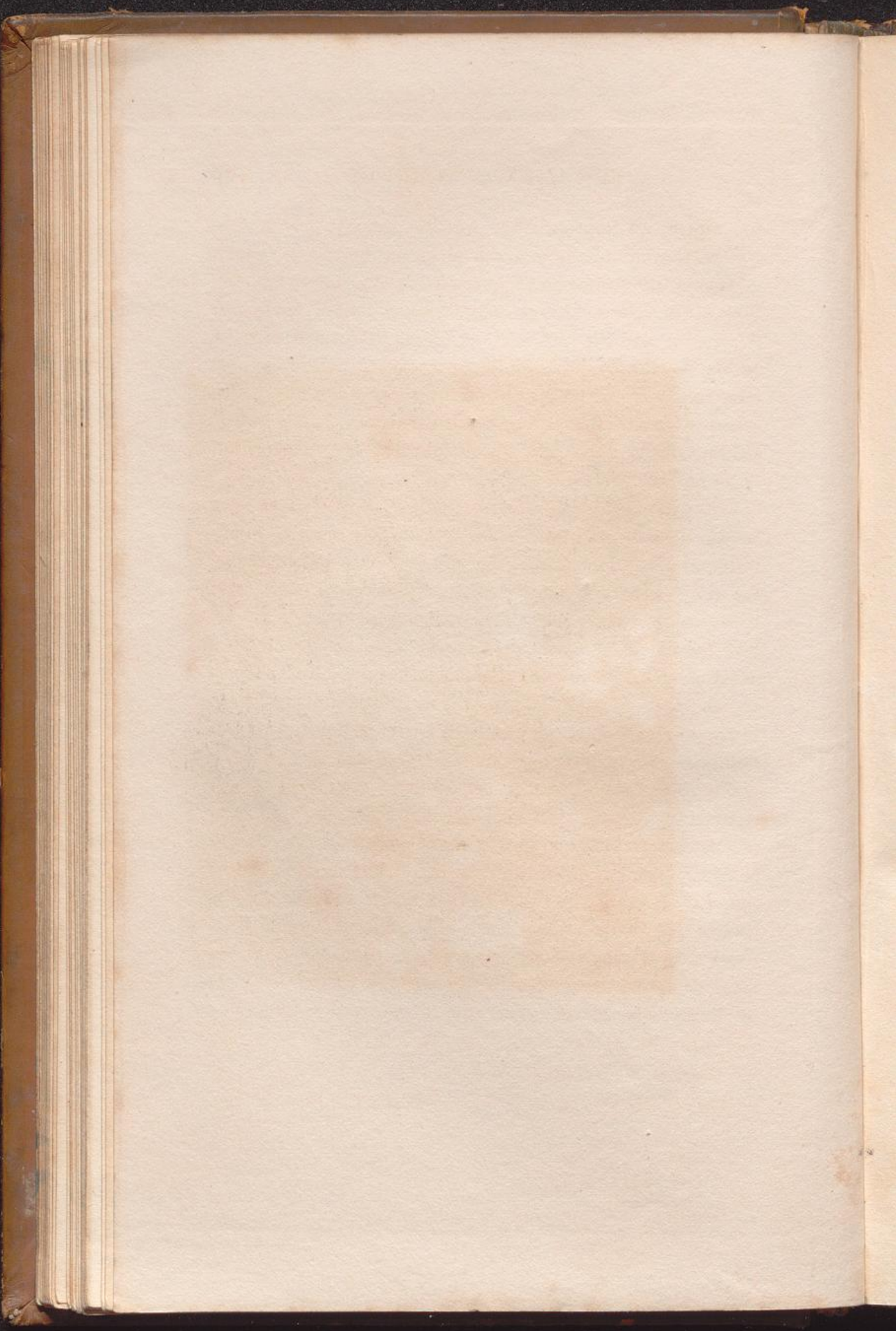
* [Portraits introduced. Figg, a prize fighter, Dubois, a fencing master, Bridgeman, the King's gardener, and Handel. The originals of this series are in the possession of J. Soane, Esq.]



W. H. Wale sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. PL. I.

Published by John Major 50, Fleet Street Jan. 21. 1834.



the object we hunt, as when we first set out. Here then we are inexcusable in not attending to the secret dictates of reason, and in stopping our ears at the timely admonitions of friendship. Headstrong and ungovernable, we pursue our course without intermission ; thoughtless and unwary, we see not the dangers that lie, immediately, before us ; but hurry on, even, without sight of our object, till we bury ourselves in that gulph of woe, where perishes at once health, wealth, and virtue ; and whose dreadful labyrinths admit of no return.

Struck with the foresight of that misery, attendant on a life of debauchery, which is, in fact, the off-spring of prodigality ; our author has in the scenes before us attempted the reformation of the worldling, by stopping him, as it were, in his career, and opening to his view the many doleful calamities awaiting the prosecution of his proposed scheme of life : he has, I say, in hopes of reforming the prodigal, and at the same time deterring the rising generation, whom Providence may have blessed with earthly wealth, from entering into so iniquitous a course, traced out the life of a young man, hurried on through a various succession of different pursuits, for the few years nature was able to support itself ; and this from the instant he might be said to enter into the world, till the time of his leaving it. But as the vice of avarice is equal to that of prodigality, and the ruin of children is often owing to the indiscretion of their parents, he has opened the piece with a scene, which, at the same time, that it exposes the folly of the youth, shews us the imprudence of the father, who is supposed to have hurt the principles of his son by depriving him of the necessary use of some of that gold, he had, with the greatest covetousness, been hoarding to no kind of purpose in his coffers.

The history opens, then, representing a scene crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and laying before us a most beautiful contrast, such as is too general in the world, to pass unobserved ; nothing being more common, than for a son to squander away that substance,* his father, perhaps, had his whole life been amassing.—Here, we see the young heir at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the university of Oxford, just arrived at home, upon the death of his father. Eager to know the possessions he is master of, the old wardrobes, where things have been rotting time out of mind, are instantly wrenched open ; the strong chests are unlocked ; the parchments, those securities of treble interest, on which this avaricious monster lent his money, tumbled out ; and the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded with griping care, now exposed to the dishonest hands of those about him. To explain every little mark of usury and covetousness, such as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c. the piece of candle stuck upon a save-all, on the mantle-piece ; the rotten furniture of the room ; and the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe ; would be unnecessary : the more striking things, I shall take the liberty of animadverting on. From the vast quantity of papers, falls an old, written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, viz. “ May the 5th 1721, Put off my bad shilling.” Hence are we taught, that so penurious is the disposition of the miser, that, notwithstanding he may be possessed of many large bags of gold, the fear of losing a single shilling, is a continual trouble to him. In one

* [“ Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor :
This year a reservoir to keep and spare ;
The next a fountain spouting through his heir.”]—POPE.

part of the room, we see a man hanging it with black cloth; too general a custom on these occasions among people of fortune, who, through ostentation and a false notion of grandeur, will often expend as much in one day, as would maintain a small family for years. On this hanging are fixed escutcheons by way of dreary ornament; these escutcheons contain the arms of the covetous, viz. three vices, *hard screwed*, with the motto, Beware. On the floor lie a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved for the weight of iron in the nails, and has been soling with leather cut from the covers of an old Family-Bible: an excellent piece of satire, intimating, that such men would sacrifice even their God, to the lust of money. From these, and some other objects too striking to pass unnoticed, such as, the gold falling from the breaking cornice; the jack and spit, those utensils of original hospitality locked up through fear of being used; the clean and empty chimney, in which, a fire is now just going to be made for the first time, and the emaciated figure of the cat, we are given to understand, that such is the natural temper of the covetous man as to suspect all about him to be rogues; he continually fears the evil day is coming; on that account deprives himself of the necessities of life, and starves, as it were, in the midst of plenty.—But, see the mighty change!—View this unfortunate youth (for the catastrophe undoubtedly proves him so) left to himself, upon the death of his father, possessed of a goodly inheritance. Mark, how his mind is affected!—determined to partake of the mighty happiness, he falsely imagines others of his age and fortune enjoy; see him running headlong into extravagance, withholding not his heart from any joy; but implicitly pursuing the dictates of his will.—How is he

caught by every splendid shew and glittering appearance! —Diversion's joyful train welcomes his approach, and Vanity, in the mask of Happiness, embraces him; Beauty opens all her charms before him, and Mirth shakes him by the hand.—Now, his ear dances to Music's soft vibrations; his senses are exquisitely charmed, and his spirits are upon the wing. He is, as Solomon says, in the midst of men-singers, and women-singers, he becomes for a while the admiration of the women, and the envy of the men; and is seemingly placed in the very centre of felicity. To take this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the tailor, whom we see here taking his measure, in order to trick out his pretty person; but so bewitching is the sight of gold, as to draw more this man's attention than even the business he was sent for. In the interim, enters (with her mother) a poor girl whom this man has debauched under professions of love, and promises of marriage; in hopes of meeting with that notice, she had the greatest reason to expect; but he, corrupted with the wealth of which he is now the master, forgets every engagement he once made, finds himself too rich to keep his word, and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother, as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promise. Not the sight of the ring given as a pledge of his fidelity; not a view of the many affectionate letters he at one time wrote to her, of which her mother's lap is full; not the tears, nor even the burthened condition of the wretched girl, could awaken in him one degree of tenderness; but hard-hearted and unfeeling, like the generality of wicked men, he turns her off to weep away her woes in silent sorrow, and curse with bitterness her deceitful betrayer. One thing more I should take notice of, which is, that this unexpected

visit, attended with abuse from the mother, so alarms the attention of our youth, as to give that old pettifogger behind an opportunity of robbing him. Hence we see, that one ill consequence is generally attended with another; and that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, seldom come alone.*

* In justice to our author, the lines engraven at the bottom of each plate should not be omitted; the following then are those which are annexed to this.

O vanity of age, untoward,
 Ever spleeny, ever froward!
 Why those bolts, and massy chains,
 Squint suspicion's jealous pains?
 Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
 Lay'st thou in a useless store?
 Hope along with time is flown,
 Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.
 Hast thou a son? in time be wise,—
 He views thy toil with other eyes:—
 Needs must thy kind paternal care,
 Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there:
 Whence then shall flow that friendly ease,
 That social converse, home-felt peace,
 Familiar duty, without dread,
 Instruction from example bred?
 That youthful mind with freedom mend,
 And with the Father, mix the Friend.

[“ In this print, the drawing and disposition of the figures are tolerably good, the light is properly distributed, and the perspective accurately represented; but the whole wants mass. To display the hoard, it was necessary to open the boxes and doors; and though an exhibition of the heterogeneous collection, heaped together by this wretched defrauder of himself, most forcibly describes the disposition of the man—it hurts the repose of the picture. Breaking the back ground into so many parts, destroys that breadth which ought to be considered as a leading excellence. J. I.]

[The countenance of the deserted girl is here preserved as in the

PLATE II.*

We are next to consider him as launched in the world. Having first performed the last office with respect to his father, that of attending him to the grave; and in a manner very different to the appearance he made while living, burying him with the utmost pomp and parade; and having equipped himself with all the necessities to constitute him a man of taste, he plunges at once into all the fashionable excesses, and enters with spirit into the character he assumes.

View him then at his levee, attended by masters of various professions, supposed to be here offering their interested services. He, who stands foremost, is readily known to be a dancing-master; behind him, are two men, who, at the time when these prints were first published, were noted for teaching the arts of defence, by different weapons, and who are here drawn from the life; one of whom is a Frenchman,† teacher of the small sword, making

first state of the plate; as Mr. Ireland observes it was afterwards “altered for the worse.” Making it, at the same time to disagree with the face of the same character as afterwards introduced.]

* [To the principal figure in this and the preceding plate, Mr. Gilpin objects that in the first it is unmeaning, and in the second ungraceful; but in order to defend Hogarth, Mr. Ireland takes him at his word, considering that the youth has not been educated, in all respects, to grace the fortune that awaited him; and thinks both the conception and the execution of the author equally praiseworthy.]

† One Du-Bois, remarkable for his high opinion of the science of defence, preferring it to all others. He was killed in a duel by one of the same name.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 2.

Published by John Major 50 Fleet Street, Jan 21 1831.

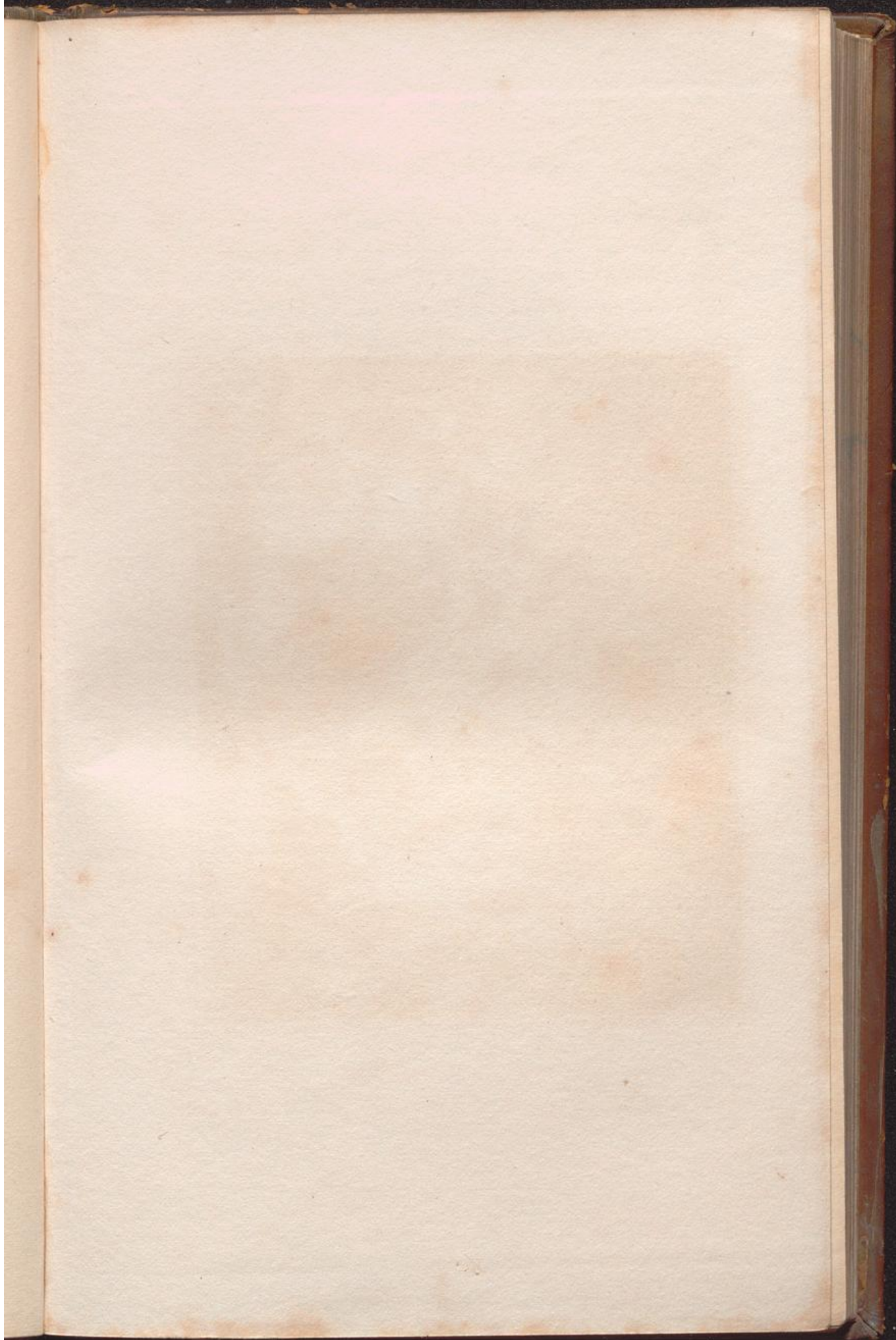
a thrust with his foil; the other, an Englishman,* master of the quarter-staff; the vivacity of the first, and the cold contempt visible in the face of the second, beautifully describe the natural disposition of the two nations; namely, the boyish levity of the one, and the manly solidity of the other. On the left of which last stands a layer out of gardens,† drawn also from the life, offering a plan for that purpose. A taste for gardening, must be acknowledged to have been the ruin of numbers, it being a passion that is seldom, if ever, satisfied, and attended with the greatest expence. The more improvements we make, the more we are desirous of making; nor can we be induced to desist, till such time as we can support our extravagance no longer. In the chair sits a professor of music,‡ at the harpsichord, running over the keys, waiting to give his lesson; behind whose chair hangs a list of the presents, one Farinelli, an Italian singer, received, the next day after his first performance at the Opera-house; among which, there is notice taken of one, which he received from the hero of our piece, thus; "a gold snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, by J. Rakewell, Esq." By these mementos of extravagance and pride, (for gifts of this kind proceed oftener from ostentation, than generosity) and by the engraved frontispiece to a poem, dedicated to our fashionable spendthrift, lying on the floor, which represents the ladies of Britain sacrificing their hearts to the idol Farinelli, crying out, with the greatest earnestness, "One God, one Farinelli," we are given to understand that dissipation and luxury hath overspread the politer world; that they are desirous of supporting their general character, even at the

* Figg the noted prize-fighter.

† Bridgeman, a man at that time in great esteem.

‡ Handel.

expende of their good sense and reason ; that they rashly run into the greatest inconsistencies ; that they revel, without pleasure ; hear, without ears ; see, without eyes ; admire, without taste ; commend, without knowledge, and adore, without love ; and that they are eager to sacrifice their fortunes to the fashion of the times. The principal figure in this plate, is that of him, with one hand on his breast, the other on his sword, whom we may without much difficulty discover to be a bravo in pay ; he is represented, as having brought a letter of recommendation from one, disposed to do all sorts of service. This character is rather Italian than English ; but is here introduced to fill up the list of persons generally engaged in the service of one, who indulges himself in every species of profusion. Our author would have it imagined, in the interval between the first scene and this, that the young man, whose history he is painting, had given himself up to every fashionable extravagance, that is to say, that he had imbibed a taste for cock-fighting, and horse-racing ; two amusements, which the man of fashion can no ways dispense with ; notwithstanding they have been the ruin of thousands. This is evident from his rider bringing in a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won, and his saloon being ridiculously ornamented with the portraits of some few celebrated cocks. It is not that there can be any great pleasure in such sort of diversion ; it only furnishing opportunities of keeping up the spirit of gaming, in laying considerable bets on such a cock, or such a horse. The figures in the back part of this plate represent tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and such other persons as generally fill the antichamber of a man of quality, except one, who is supposed to be a poet, and has written some pane-





W. H. Wood sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS - PL. 3.

Published by John Major 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 7, 1831.

gyric on the person, whose levee he attends, and who waits for that approbation he already vainly anticipates. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this scene is to teach us, that the man of fashion is too often exposed to the rapacity of his fellow creatures, and is commonly a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.*

PLATE III.†

To confirm this, see him now at such an hour of night, when sober and considerate people are taking their rest, in order to rub through the day with satisfaction, revelling at a tavern, supposed to be the Rose, in Drury Lane, (a house

* The lines engraved at the bottom of this plate are,

Prosperity, with harlot's smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles,
How soon sweet foe, can all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind;
Lead faith and love with golden chain,
And sprinkle lethe o'er the brain!
Pleasure on her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus moves with her along;
And smooth Lyæus ever young:
And in their train, to fill the press,
Come apish dance, and sworn excess.
Mechanic honour, vicious taste,
And fashion, in her changing vest.

† [“ This design” says Mr. Ireland, “ may be a very exact representation of what were then the amusements of a brothel; so different are the manners of 1792 from those of 1734, that I much question whether

noted, at that time for the reception of abandoned women, and such persons, as took more delight in lewd and licentious enjoyment, than in the more rational entertainment of mutual conversation :) with a number of those ragged unfortunate girls (I say ragged, though some of them are artful enough to conceal their being so, by keeping on their cloaks) of which the streets of London in an evening are full. Behold him here, after having in the bucks' phrase beat the rounds, overset a constable of the night, and knocked down a watchman, evident from the staff and broken lanthorn, which he is supposed to have brought off with him in triumph, together with his naked sword, which he was not able to re-sheath; I say, behold him in consort with the major part of his company, absolutely drunk, and to that degree, as not to know his right hand from his left; intimated by the buckling of his sword-belt. In this absence of reason, and unguarded situation, for such surely it may be called, when we are either mad or stupid with the fumes of liquor, he is robbed of his watch, and of every thing of value, by the girl whose hand is in his bosom. One would naturally imagine, that a man, the next day upon the return of his senses, when his blood is in some respect cooled, and the fumes of his night's debauch evaporated, would see the folly of his steps, consider the treatment he met with, detest such abandoned company, and resolve to avoid it for the future; but on the contrary, so rash and inconsiderate is

a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern of the metropolis." Not to "paint the devil blacker than he is," must always be owned as a candid adage, and we trust that even to the present day, if the children of darkness continue as numerous, they are less mischievous from being less gregarious. The end of our great satirist must, at least in part, have been answered.]

youth, as not to regard the precipice before it ; so stupid and insensible, as not to be awakened even by the scourgings of pain. Had our debauchee indulged himself with a few minutes serious reflection, it is presumed he would not have returned to that vice by which he was then a sufferer : (plain by the box of mercurial pills lying on the floor, supposed to have fallen from his pocket) no ; he acts like the silly moth, that flutters about the candle ; though it frequently sings its wings, it will not desist ; but, obstinately bent on its own destruction, continues on its idle round till it approaches too near the flame ever to escape again, and meets its death untimely and unthought of. In the early part of the evening, the company is supposed, from the beastly covering of the floor, and the destruction of the furniture, viz. the torn pictures and the broken looking-glass, to have been at high romps ; tired however at last with such wild sort of merriment, they are now seated, in order to indulge their lascivious inclinations, glut their insatiable throats with liquor, and feast their ears with sounds of seeming harmony ; a little ragged wench, whose action declares the pitch of her imagination, being called in for that purpose, to bawl out ballads of obscenity, and two blind street musicians to accompany her. To increase this uproar, two of the company are at high words, one of whom is spouting wine in her companion's face, the other in return, threatening her with a knife ; behind them is another, in excess of anger at being neglected, wantonly putting a candle to a map of the world, swearing she will fire the globe and expire in its flames ; intimating the wicked disposition of these creatures, who care not what extensive mischief they occasion, so they can revenge themselves and gratify their licentious humour. In the front is a woman stripping herself in order to exhibit

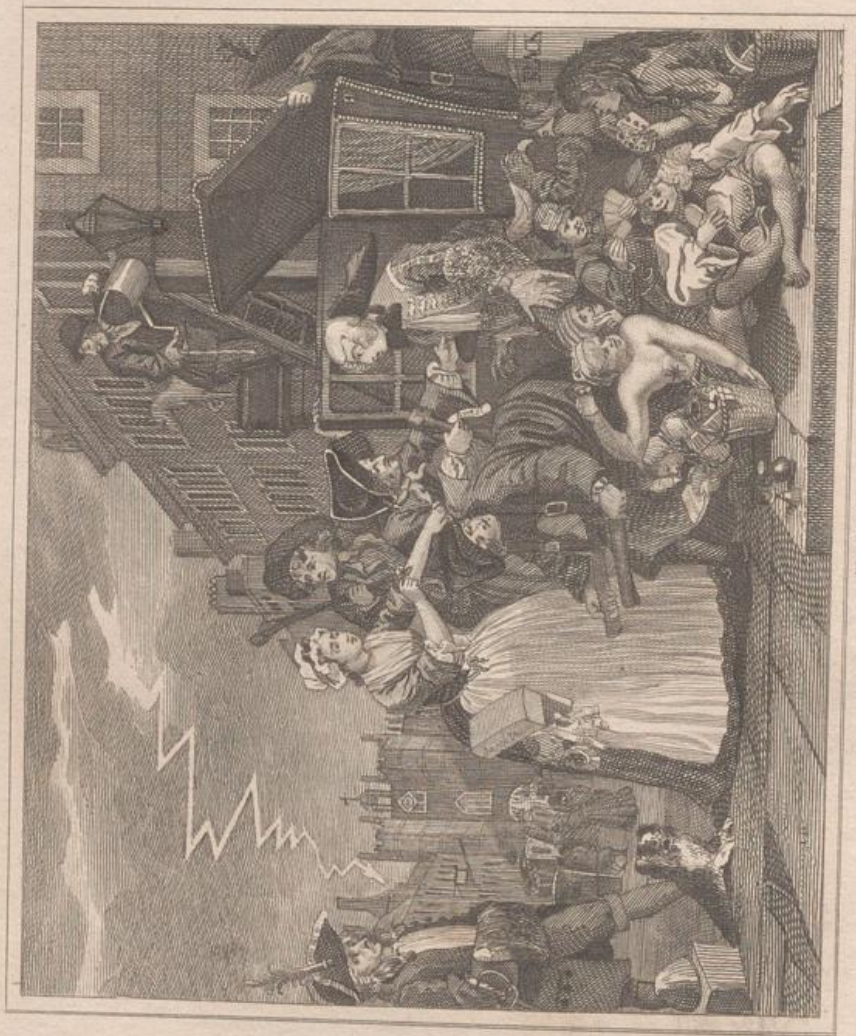
some indecent postures,* a filthy talent she was celebrated for; that large dish, the man† is bringing in, being designed as an apparatus of one of her positions. By such studied libidinous entertainment, if entertainment it can be called, the beastly debauchee gives a loose to his desires, and indulges his lust at the expence of every thing that is decent, rational, and manly.‡

* A woman who exhibited such postures publicly for a maintenance.

† One Leatherhead, a noted porter, who belonged many years to the Rose tavern, remarkable for his universal knowledge of the women of the town.

‡ The poetry engraved on this plate is,

O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good !
Woman, formed for social love,
Fairest gift of powers above !
Source of every household blessing,
All charms in innocence possessing :
But turn'd to vice, all plagues above,
Foe to thy being, foe to love !
Guest divine to outward viewing,
Ablar minister of ruin !
And thou, no less of gift divine,
Sweet poison of misused wine !
With freedom led to ev'ry part,
And secret chamber of the heart ;
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
And shew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in with covert treason,
O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
To ransack the abandon'd place,
And revel there with wild excess ?



W. J. M. 1831.

THE RAKES PROGRESS, PL. 4.

Published by John Major, 50 Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

PLATE IV.

By such excesses as these, it is no wonder he should at last be reduced, it being impossible to support extravagance long; for wealth profusely spent, wastes, as liquor from a leaking cask: as a proof of this, see him stopt in his career by the hand of a sheriff's officer; arrested as he is going to court, it being the birth-day of the late Queen,* which happened on the first of March, the day sacred to the tutelar saint of Wales. This sufficiently appears by the significant strut of the self-sufficient Welchman, proud of the enormous leek which, in honour of the day, he carries in his hat. By the shallow importance of his face, we learn the disposition of that people, who vainly boast of what they have no pretensions to, and signalize themselves in empty pride and senseless particularity; for no other motive could sure induce him to wear his sword on the wrong side. During this unexpected disaster of our fashionable spendthrift, the young woman whom he had formerly debauched, and whom providence had made the mistress of a little money, in the millinery way, very opportunely passes by; and, with a heart full of tenderness and affection, gives him a convincing proof of her continued love; returns his baseness with unmerited kindness; pays the debt, and sets the man at liberty. Hence we perceive the virtuous constancy of the female sex, whose affection, when once rooted, the severest treatment can hardly alienate; and on the contrary, the fickle disposition and killing cruelty of the other, which prides itself in the ruin of virgin innocence, and glories in acts of studied barbarity. In this view of St. James's,† we

* Queen Caroline.

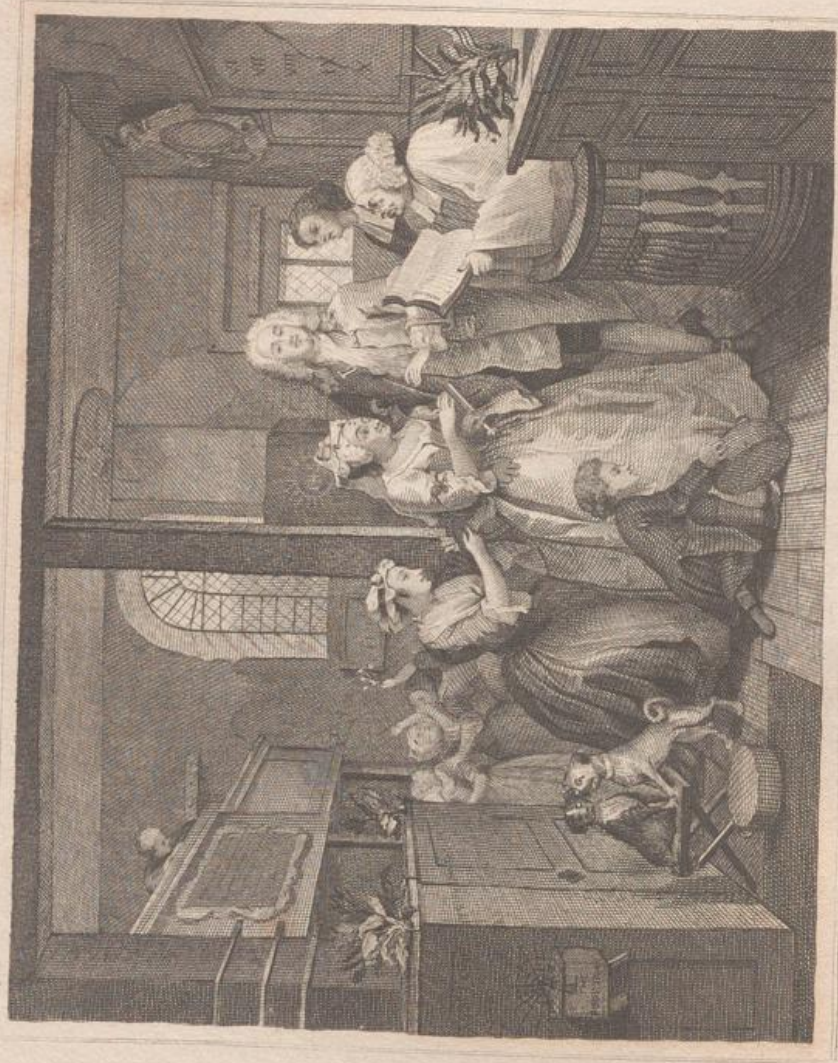
† The Royal Palace.

have at the same time that of White's,* a house, against which, for its continued iniquity, heaven seems now to direct its severest vengeance. By way of contrast, and to shew us that the true spirit of gaming subsists as well in low life as in that of high, our author has humorously represented an assembly of shoe-blacks, chimney-sweepers, postilions, and others, gambling with the greatest earnestness; and distinguished it in opposition to that of White's, by the name of Black's.† He has brought to our view also, the various ways of gaming among the lower class of people, such as the tricking cups and balls, the pricking in the belt, the throwing of dice, and playing at cards. One is supposed to have lost his clothes, and is now proposing to play for his basket and brushes; an evident proof of the madness of such persons who will often enter so far into the vice in question, as to play away every individual thing they possess, and strip themselves naked, even of a maintenance. To carry on and perfect the scene, as a contrast to that of the Chocolate-house before-mentioned, Mr. Hogarth has given us a little smutty politician, with a pipe in his mouth, conning over the Farthing-post.‡ The figure of the Lamp-lighter spilling the oil, through inattention to his business, on our hero's head, a circumstance too common, though here conveniently introduced, is calculated only to enrich the piece and support its humour, it being our author's intention to make his prints as well entertaining as instructive.

* A Chocolate-house in St. James's-street, London, called after the name of the man who kept it; formerly the rendezvous of the first gamesters in the land.

† [This very admirable underplot was an after-thought of the author. In the first state of the plate there was a shoe-black stealing a cane in the place of the present group.]

‡ A Newspaper then called by that name, and sold for a farthing.



T. Smith. sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. - PL. 5.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

This unexpected arrest is the fore-runner only of like misfortunes, being as it were the beginning of his sorrows ; unable now to discharge his just debts, the showers of distress are coming heavy on him, nor has he any other means of sheltering himself from the impending storm, than by an union with an old rich widow, to whom he had made his addresses, under the mask of hypocrisy.*

PLATE V.

Behold him then at the altar, embracing the happy opportunity of recruiting his wasted fortune by a marriage with this deformed and superannuated female, ordinary even to a proverb, and possessed but of one eye. Youth and beauty, though they were the least of his aim, were the reigning objects of hers. Amazing folly of the sex, who pay no regard either to decency or discretion, so they indulge their vanity, and satisfy their wanton inclinations !—With respect to the men, money is their only idol ; domestic happiness

* The following are the lines affixed to this plate.

O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good !
Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd
The sacred gates he watch'd to guard :
Approaching views the harpy Law,
And Poverty, with icy paw,
Ready to seize the poor remains
That Vice hath left of all his gains.
Cold Penitence, tame After-thought,
With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,
Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd.

being least regarded (though we cannot but observe his inward inclinations by his amorous leer upon the girl behind, even in the most solemn part of the matrimonial service, which his affected bride imagines directed to herself, and which she returns with a squint of satisfaction.) As this wedding was designed to be a private one, they are supposed to have retired for that purpose to the church of St. Mary-la-bone;* but as secret as he thought to keep it, it did not fail to reach the ears of that unfortunate young woman whom he had formerly seduced, and who is here represented, entering with her child and mother, in order to forbid the solemnization. They are however opposed by the pew-opener, lest, through an interruption of the ceremony, she should lose her customary fee, and a battle consequently ensues. A manifest token of the small regard paid to these sacred places. By the decayed appearance of the walls of this building, the torn belief, and cracked commandments, our author would humorously and effectually intimate the great indifference shewn to the decency of churches in country parishes, which are in reality more like hovels than places of worship; (this, whatever may be thought of it, is little less than profane) and at the same time the great decay of Christian piety, and general disregard to all things sacred. With respect to the dogs, they are introduced only as a droll emblem of the subject in hand; being one of the

* A small village, formerly in the outskirts of London; now joined to it, by the great increase of buildings.

[It is almost superfluous to remark upon the immense enlargement of this parish since the first appearance of this work,—it being such as to have demanded five new churches for the use of the inhabitants, although the old one is still in existence and service continues to be performed in it.]

pug breed,* paying his court to a one-eyed bitch. On one of the pews are the following lines ;

THESE : PEWES : VNSCRVD : AND : TAN : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
TO : WIT : A : VALT : FOR : BVRIAL : THERE : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR HIM : AND : HIS

By the orthography of which, and its wretched metre, we are taught the folly and vanity of mankind, in immortalizing their names at the loss of their good sense and reputation. The only thing further to be taken notice of, is that of the poor's box, whose perforation is humorously covered with a web, where a spider is supposed to have been a long time settled, not finding so good a resting-place before ;† and it is probable she might have continued there much longer, had not the overseer, in private, searched the box with a view of stealing its contents. Hence are we given to understand, that dissipation so far prevails as to drive humanity from the heart ; and that so selfish are we grown, as to have no feeling for the distresses of our fellow-creatures ; a matter which, while it disgraces the christian, even degrades the man.‡

* Trump, a favourite dog of Mr. Hogarth's, which he has painted in many of his pieces.

† [Adverting to this incident, as also to the cracked commandments, and the creed destroyed by the damps of the church, Mr. Ireland observes, " These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour, were perhaps never equalled by an exertion of the pencil ; excelled they cannot be."]

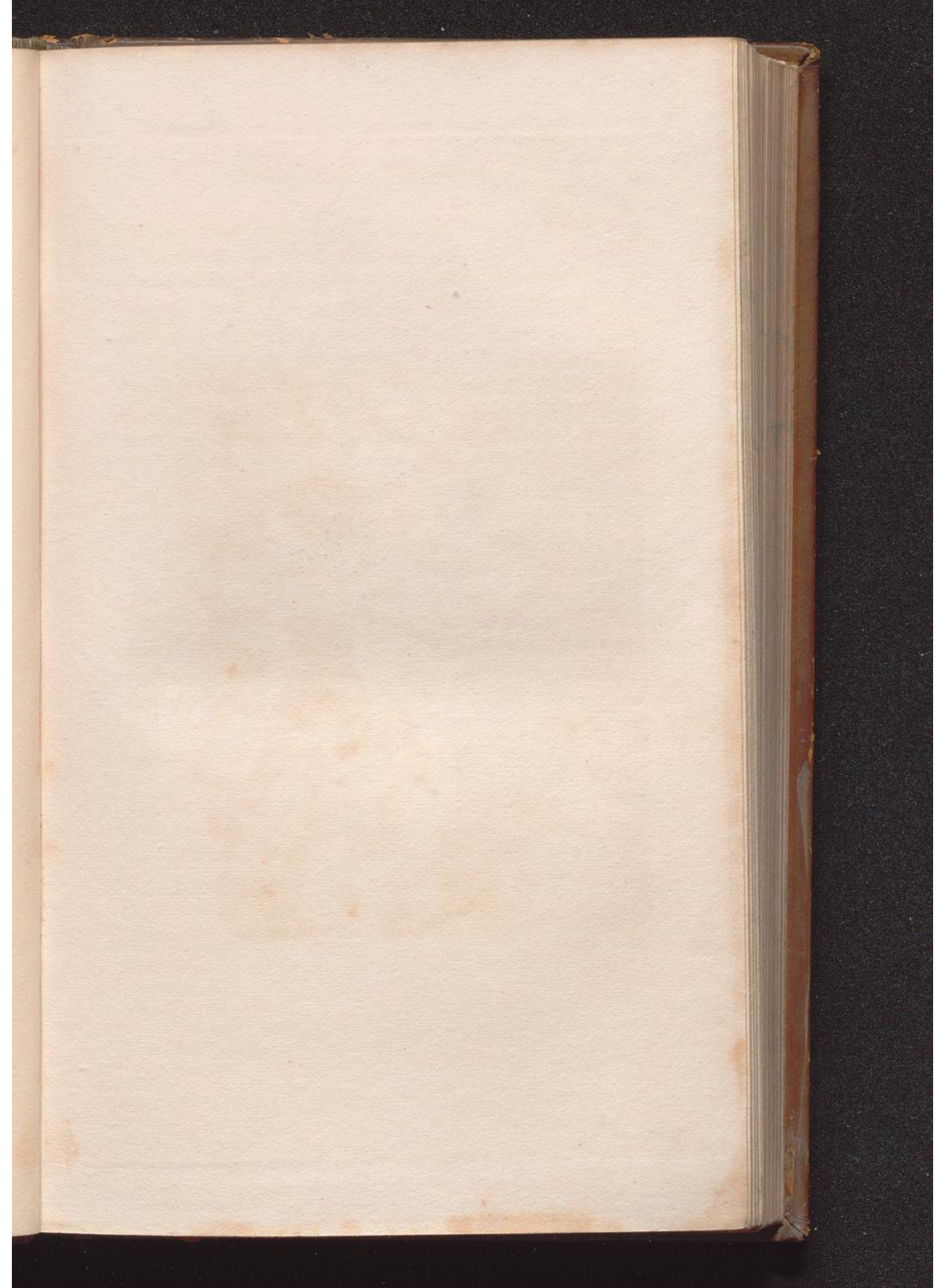
‡ The poetry beneath this plate, is,
New to the school of hard Mishap,
Driv'n from the ease of Fortune's lap,
What shames will nature not embrace,
T' avoid less shame of lean Distress ?
Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
And mask Deformity with shew ;

Flushed now with money, and once more master of a fortune, one would naturally imagine he would endeavour to avoid those rocks on which he split before, and be careful not to reduce himself to that distressed situation he was lately in; no, on the contrary, he hurries into his usual extravagance, with this difference only, that whereas before he never cherished a single thought of gain, he now seems to make it his chief study; in hopes then of adding to his wealth, he rashly takes the most effectual step to lessen it. Strange infatuation, that men should be so blind to their interest, and see not their error 'till their ruin is inevitable!

PLATE VI.

View him then in pursuit of his favourite scheme at a gaming-table, in the middle of the night, in company with gamesters and highwaymen, and sharpers; for at these public tables all sorts of people are admitted that have money to play with; see him, after a run of ill-luck, upon his knees, in a desperate fit of phrenzy, gnashing his teeth, and imprecating divine vengeance upon his head. On his right hand sits a highwayman by the fire-side, (which is covered with a grate, to prevent such accidents as might accrue from the rage of the company) vexed to the soul to think he should have lost, in a short space of time, that which he had hazarded his life in the obtaining of; and so absorbed is he in reflection, as not even to observe the boy who is jogging him, and bawling to him to take his water. Behind him

Gold can avert the sting of Shame,
In Winter's arms create a flame,
Can couple Youth with hoary Age,
And make antipathies engage.





C. Pyle sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 6.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 1. 1831.

stands one who has met with the same fate, biting his nails with self-anger. At the small table sits a usurer, a common attendant on these occasions, lending money to one of the players at an exorbitant interest. Behind him sits another loser, ready to beat his brains for madness, and cursing his ill fortune with bitterness. Behind him further back is another, in a mood of the greatest rashness, striking with his naked sword at the person supposed to have won his money, whose murder he would certainly accomplish, if not prevented by the intervention of another. To add to this scene of horror and general confusion, they are suddenly alarmed by the watchman with the cry of fire, which is presently found to issue from the wainscot of the room they are in. A noble emblem of the place, intimating that the hope of a gamester is but as a smoke; and that his pernicious vice is as destructive as fire itself. From this incident we also learn, that so perfectly engrossed is the attention of the persons present, that had it not been for the timely entrance of this man, they would probably have been all burnt before the fire was discovered. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this plate is to create in us an abhorrence of the vice in question, by representing, in its true light, the dreadful consequences of a passion for gaming. Admitting that for a while we have an uncommon share of good luck, still the satisfaction we enjoy on that account, when the tables turn, will in no measure compensate for the bitterness and vexation that attends our loss: nay, it often throws us into a fit of desperate discontent, when even murder shall become the sequel, and heighten the catastrophe.*

* These are the lines annexed to this plate.

Gold, thou bright son of Phœbus, source,
Of universal intercourse;

F

PLATE VII.

By a very natural transition, Mr. Hogarth has passed him from a gaming-house into a prison;* the inevitable consequence of extravagance. He is here represented in a most distressful situation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a course of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gamester, having first made away with every valuable he was master of, and having now no other resource left to retrieve his wretched circumstances, he at last vainly promising himself success, commences author, and attempts, though inadequate to the task, to write a play, which we see lying on the table, just returned, with an answer from the manager of the theatre, to whom he had offered it for acceptance, that his piece

Of weeping virtue, sweet redress,
And, blessing those, who live to bless;
Yet, oft, behold this sacred trust,
The fool of avaricious lust,
No longer bond of human-kind,
But, bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.

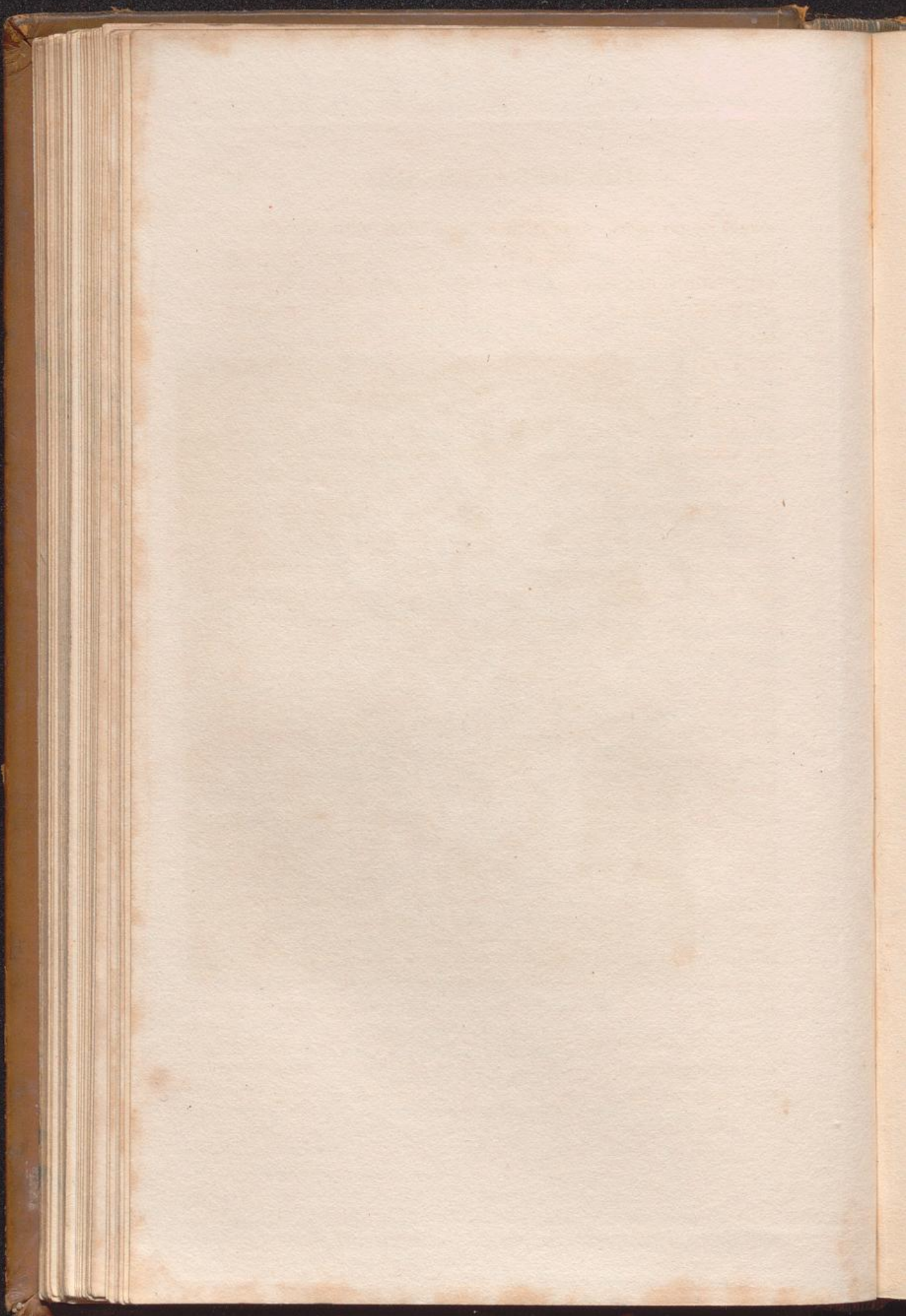
What chaos such misuse attends!
Friendship stoops to prey on Friends;
Health, that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night:
Doubt and mistrust are thrown on heaven,
And, all its pow'r to chance is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
Of hopes, of moments, pangs of years! }
Sad purchase of a tortur'd mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd.

* Supposed to be that of the Fleet.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 7.

Published by John Mayor 50 Fleet Street, Sept. 1831.



would by no means do. Struck speechless with this alarming incident, all his hopes vanish, and his most sanguine expectations are changed into dejection of spirit. To add to this distress, he is reproached by his wife, and upbraided for his perfidy, in concealing from her his former connections, (with that unhappy girl, who is here present, with her child, the innocent offspring of her amours, fainting at the sight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him further) and plunging her into those difficulties, she never shall be able to surmount. To heighten also the scene, see the underturnkey pressing him for his prison-fees, called garnish-money, and the boy refusing to leave the beer he called for, without being first paid for it. Among those assisting the fainting mother, one of whom we observe clapping her hand, another applying the drops, is a man, crusted over as it were with the rust of a goal; supposed to have started from his dream, having been disturbed by the noise, at a time when he was settling some affairs of state; to have left his great plan unfinished; and to have hurried to the assistance of distress. We are told, by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a scheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics some persons are troubled with, who will neglect their own affairs in order to busy themselves in that which no ways concerns them, and which they in no respect understand, though their immediate ruin shall follow it: nay, so infatuated do we find him, so taken up with his beloved object, as not to spare a few minutes in the decency of his person. In the back part of this room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable search after the Philosopher's Stone. Strange and unaccountable!—Hence we are taught, as well as by that pair of human wings on the tester of the bed, that

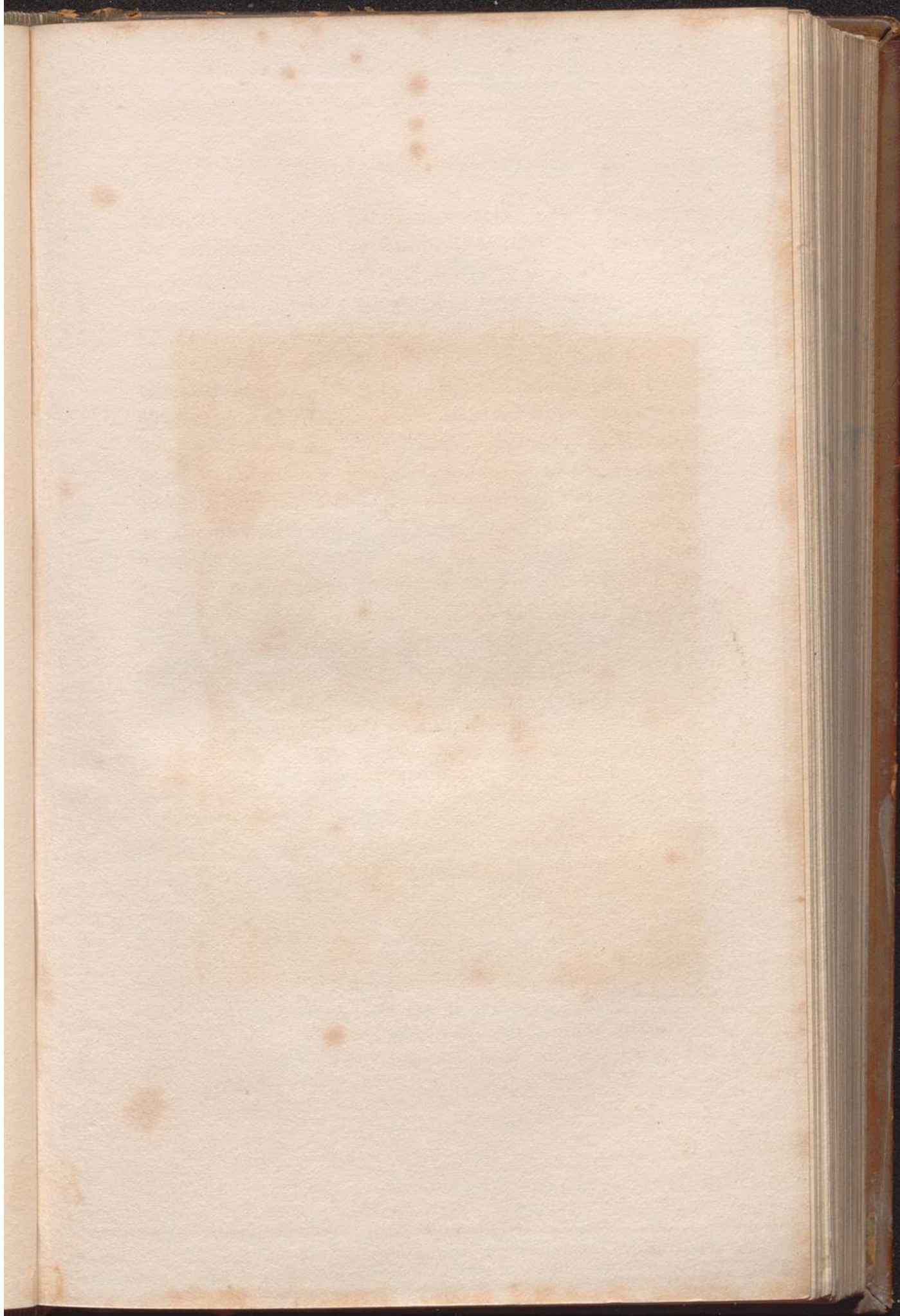
scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary ; and that more men owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident in life whatever.

In this upset of his life, and aggravation of distress, we are to suppose him almost driven beyond his reason. Now, for the first time, he feels the severe effects of pinching cold, and griping hunger. At this melancholy season, reflection finds a passage to his heart. Now, rolls he, in his mind, the folly and sinfulness of his past life ;—considers within himself, how idly he has wasted that precious substance, he is, at present, in the utmost need of ;—looks back with shame on the iniquity of his actions, and forward with horror, on the rueful scene of misery that awaits him ; till his poor brain, torn with excruciating thought, loses at once its power of thinking, and falls a sacrifice to merciless despair.*

* The following are the lines annexed to this plate.

Happy the man, whose constant thought,
(Tho' in the school of Hardship taught,)
Can send remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch :
Who, self-approving, can review,
Scenes of past virtues that shine thro'
The gloom of age, and, cast a ray,
To gild the ev'ning of his day !

Not so the guilty wretch confin'd,
No pleasures meet his roving mind,
No blessings fetch'd from early youth,
But, broken Faith, and, wretched Truth,
Talents idle, and, unus'd
And, every gift of heaven abus'd,
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors, still, to horrors tost,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And, gives the helm to mad Despair.





W. H. White sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. PL. 8.

Published by John Mayor, 50 Fleet Street, Sep. 21, 1831.

PLATE VIII.*

See him then raving in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity, removed from one place of confinement to another, namely, the hospital of *Bethlehem*, the senate of mankind, where each man may find a representative; there, we behold him trampling on the first great law of nature, tearing himself to pieces with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent any further mischief, he might either do to himself or others. Madness, sad blemish of our nature!—Was it not for this charitable institution, what dreadful consequences would ensue!—How would the poor distracted being when the restraint of fear and shame were fled, and when stubborn self-will had lost its guard; how would it waste in endless ravings, exist a torment to itself, and a terror to mankind! But beneath this friendly roof, nursed by the tender interposing hand of humanity, we often see the shattered senses

* [Respecting this print, Mr. Ireland relates the following anecdote of that excellent artist, and amiable man, Mr. Mortimer. "He was once requested to delineate several of the Passions, as they are personified by Mr. Gray. One of the subjects proposed was,

'Moody Madness laughing wild amid severest woe.'

The instant this line was read to him, he opened a portfolio, took out the eighth plate of the *Rake's Progress*, and pointing to the principal figure, exclaimed, 'Sir, if I had never seen this print, I should say it was not possible to paint these contending passions in the same countenance. Having seen this, which displays Mr. Gray's idea with the faithfulness of a mirror, I dare not attempt it. I could only make a correct copy; for a deviation from this portrait, in a single line, would be a departure from the character.'"]

resume their former powers, and useless members restored once more to society. Still, to this doleful place, we behold our hero followed by his former mistress, and are hence taught the wonderful effects of love and friendship, which will stand firm and unshaken in the storms of distress, and will not desert us, even amid the soul-distracting tempest of adversity. Our author, in this scene of horror, has taken an opportunity of pointing out to us the various causes of mental blindness, for such surely it may be called when the intuitive faculties are either destroyed or impaired. In one of the inner rooms of this gallery, No. 54, is a despairing wretch imploring Heaven for mercy, whose brain is crazed with lip-labouring superstition, the most dreadful enemy of human kind, which attended with ignorance, error, penance, and indulgence, too often deprives its unhappy votaries of their senses. The next in view, is one man drawing lines upon a wall, in order if possible to find out the longitude, and another before him looking through a paper, by way of telescope; by these expressive figures we are given to understand, that such is the misfortune of man, that while, perhaps, the aspiring soul is pursuing some lofty and elevated conception, soaring to an uncommon pitch, and teeming with some grand discovery, the ferment often proves too strong for the feeble brain to support; the intenseness of thought disconcerts the slender fibres; the thin partitions and inclosures, which keep the ideas separate, and ranged in a beautiful order, are burst asunder by the force of the labouring imagination; and the whole magazine of notions and images, lie jumbled together, and mingled in wild confusion. It may probably be wondered at, why Mr. Hogarth should have introduced into this piece, so trifling an object

as a tailor, for such that man is intended to represent, who is staring at the mad astronomer, with a sort of wild astonishment, wondering through excess of ignorance, what discoveries the heavens can possibly afford; proud of his profession, he has fixed variety of patterns in his hat, by way of ornament; has covered his poor weak head with shreads; and makes his measure the constant object of his attention: I say, it may probably be wondered at, why so trifling a character should be here introduced; among others, whose insanity is supposed to be owing to passions of a more exalted nature; but the wonder will immediately cease, when it is known that a certain nobleman,* some few years since, had such an unaccountable passion for cutting out, and making up of clothes, as to keep several men for that purpose in his house, with whom, and in which employ, he spent the major part of his time and fortune. He was of opinion that a tailor should be born such, that he ought to be master of the various rules of proportion: man being a beautiful animal, and his form not designed to be destroyed by the lacerating hands of a mangling cloth-cutter. Behind this man stands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating that too great a love for music had been the cause of his distraction. On the stairs sits another, crazed by love, (evident from the picture of his beloved object round his neck, and the words, "charming Betty Careless," upon the banisters, which he is supposed to scratch upon every wall and every wainscot,) and wrapt up so close in melancholy pensiveness, as not even to observe the dog that's flying at him. Our author would insinuate, by the handkerchief round his neck, that love seldom, if ever, works this unhappy effect upon the truly brave, the sensible, and

* Lord L——r.

manly ; but preys thus only on the fribble, the ignorant, and effeminate. Behind him, and in the other inner room, No. 55, are two persons maddened with ambition, which is a kind of dropsy ; the more we drink the more we covet. These men, though under the same influence of the same passion, are actuated by different notions, one is for papal dignity, the other for regal ; one imagines himself Pope, and saying mass ; the other fancies himself a King, is encircled with the true emblem of Royalty, Sceptres being little less than straw, and Crowns than Chaff, and is casting contempt on his imaginary subjects, by an act of the greatest disdain. To brighten this distressful scene, and draw a smile from him, whose rigid reasoning might condemn the bringing into publick view this blemish of humanity, are two women introduced, walking in the gallery, (a customary thing at *Bedlam*,) as curious spectators of this melancholy sight ; one of whom is supposed, in a whisper, to bid the other observe the naked man, which she takes an opportunity of doing, by a leer through the sticks of her fan. An admirable lesson to the prude, who is here taught that fallacies of all kinds are odious, more particularly hers, which seldom fails to bring the laugh upon itself. To complete the whole, is a draught of the halfpenny reversed, (struck in the year 1763,) against the wall, representing the Britannia, also craz'd ; an emblem of the disposition of the times, which were then so extremely unaccountable, as to savour strongly of madness ; nor are they so much altered since, but that, at present, the satire is equally seasonable.*

* The lines to this plate are,
 Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
 What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain ? }
 Tyranny of Fancy's reign !

Thus, imagining the hero of our piece to expire raving mad, the story is finished, and little else remains, than to close it with a proper application. Reflect, then, ye parents, on this tragic tale; consider with yourselves, that the ruin of a child is often owing to the imprudence of a father. Had the young man, whose story I have related, been taught the proper use of money; had his parent given him some insight into life, and graven, as it were, upon his heart the precepts of religion, possessing him with an abhorrence of vice; had he instilled in his mind the duties of a son, a husband, and a father; and with the liberal education he was giving him, shewn him the claim society had to his best services; I say, had he done this, instead of studying how to enrich himself at the expence of all that was good and virtuous, our youth would, in all probability, have taken a contrary course, lived a credit to his friends, and an honour to his country; but raw and unexperienced in the ways of

Mechanic Fancy that can build
Vast labyrinths, and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
Shapes of horror, that wou'd, even,
Cast doubt of mercy upon heaven.
Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
Would split the shaking sides of spleen.

O vanity of age! here, see,
The stamp of Heav'n effac'd by thee.—
The head-strong course of youth, thus run,
What comfort from this darling son!
His rattling chains, with terror hear,
Behold, Death grappling with Despair;
See him, by thee, to ruin sold.
And, curse thyself, and curse thy gold.

life, he idly imagined he was accountable to no one for his conduct ; that there was no true pleasure but in the gratification of his passions ; and that his treasures were inexhaustible ; led thus unthinkingly into a track of wickedness and profusion, he soon made a shipwreck of his virtue, and fell an early sacrifice to ignorance and error.

Having through the course of these pages made such reflections on the particular incidents that occurred, as renders it unnecessary to say more, I shall only beg leave to address myself, by way of conclusion, to such persons as this history alludes to, namely, gentlemen, whom fortune has placed in an exalted station. Let me tell you then, from the mouth of an experienced moralist, that you cannot, without unpardonable guilt and reproach, waste and fool away your life and fortune. You ought to reflect, that you owe more to God and your country, than others do. To God, to his providence you owe it, that you are born to those fortunes which others toil for. Oh ! consider, you are masters of that time which others are forced to devote to their wants and necessities, and that you are placed at first in those advantageous heights, which others climb to by slow and tedious steps. Your guilt is therefore greater than the poorer man is capable of ; while you invade the honour of that God, from whom alone you derived yours ; while you dethrone him who raised you, and employ all your power and treasure against that being from whom you received them. And as you owe to God, so do you to your country, more than other men. You are those who should be the support and ornament of it ; you are placed in higher orbs, not that like meteors, your ominous blaze should be the gaze and terror of the multitude ; but that like stars, you might lighten

and beautify, animate and impregnate the inferior world. If your virtues do not more distinguish you from the crowd than your fortunes, you are exposed, not honoured, by the eminence of your station; and you debauch and betray your poor country by your sin and folly, which your example, your wisdom, your courage, and your bounty, with all those other great virtues which persons of your rank should shine with, should protect, enrich, and raise to the highest reputation of virtue and power. Reflect well on this, and shudder.

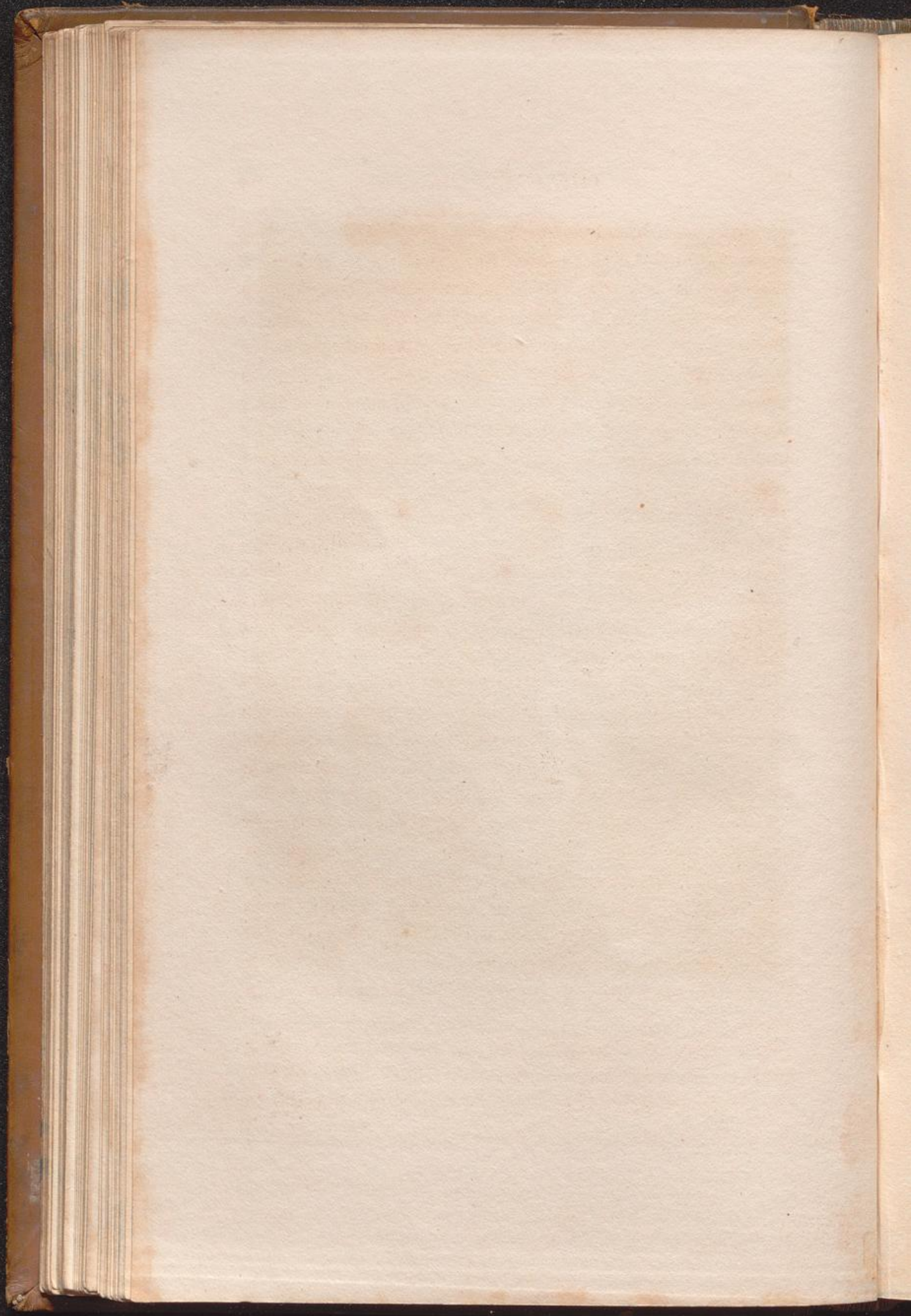
THE ELECTION.*

PLATE I.

IF any scenes in life can be truly said to be full of humour, those of a Country Election certainly may, being crowded with such variety of grotesque characters, as cannot but draw a smile, even from the most grave and rigid philosopher ; and though in these before us, our author has been rather lavish, still I am confident they are no other than natural,

* [“ Of the likenesses of living persons” (observes Mr. Cunningham) “ introduced into these designs, it is scarcely necessary to speak. These are merits which are temporary and fleeting : faces are forgotten as generations pass away ; and of all the millions who lived and breathed in 1756, a few names only remain on the sunny side of oblivion. All who smarted from the artist’s satire are as cold and silent as himself ; and by inserting in my narrative the names of Thomas Potter, Dr. Shebbeare, the Rev. Dr. Cosserrat, and Sir John Parrell—nay, even of Lord Melcombe and the Duke of Newcastle, I add but little to the interest of these four pictures. The merits of original fancy, natural action, ceaseless humour, and amusing and instructive incident, are matters of another kind ; and these keep, and will keep, the works of Hogarth as fresh and interesting as they ever were.”

For the originals of this series Garrick gave 200*l*. In 1823 they became the property of John Soane, Esq., for the munificent price of 1732*l*. 10*s*. It is well observed by Mr. Dallaway, that “ since Hogarth’s death, his genius has been justly estimated ; and it would have been well rewarded had he received during his lifetime one half of what his works have produced.” At Mr. Baker’s sale, the original etchings of these four subjects sold for 39*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*., and a finished proof of the Election Dinner alone, in its first state, for thirty guineas !]



and am persuaded there has been no election for a century back without exhibiting some such drollery as is here remarked. It may therefore be no unpleasing thing, after the sad relation of two such melancholy stories, as those of the Progress of the Harlot, and the Rake, to amuse the reader with something not quite so serious. Let this part then be considered as a farce, to divert the attention from a tragic representation, and exhilarate the spirits of an affected audience. Not that these scenes are without some lessons of morality, for where bribery, hypocrisy, and venality are in view, there must we observe the tottering christian and the falling man; and thence may we draw this judicious conclusion, that when designing hypocrisy unbars the gates of bribery, then will the dirty sons of shameless venality rush like a torrent through the golden portals, beating down all that is just and honest in their way.

Our author, then, has begun his piece with an entertainment at a public-house in the county town, opened by one of the candidates for the reception of his friends, some time before the poll, in order to secure his interest; for there is no one thing an Englishman loves so much as his belly; and such is the idle notion of the world, that a man is more or less a gentleman, the more or less free he spends his money. To preserve the connection of this piece, we are to suppose it a general election for knights of the shire, when two members of the whig party are chosen, in opposition to two others of the tory. But when the court and country are put in different scales, the weight of the first, at least in appearance, makes the second kick the beam, those in the tory interest are obliged to wear the faces of the whig, in order to carry the point in question. Such is the case of the party present; evident by the slashed picture of the

king, which they are supposed to have demolished through a pretended aversion to the court, and the flag, on which is painted, "Give us our eleven days," alluding to the alteration of the stile, in the year 1752, which gave great displeasure throughout England; these things, with some others, such as the foppish dress of the candidate, the name of the person next him (one of his agents), viz. Sir Commodity Taxem, known by the address of a letter, just presented him by that leering cobbler, who has him by the hand, and whom he solicits, thinking he has taken him in for some service, and by the motto on the butcher's favour (who is pouring gin on the broken head of another), namely, "for our country;" I say, by these and many other circumstances, it is past doubt that the party present are tories, under false colours. To confirm this further, see the opposite party throwing in bricks and stones at the window, one of which has knocked down an attorney from his seat, who was employed in casting up the votes. Without is a flag, carried by the mob, bearing these words, "Marry and multiply, in spite of the devil and the court," and the effigy of a Jew, on whose breast is written, "No Jews," alluding to those two unpopular acts that passed about the same time. To revenge this riotous proceeding without, see one man throwing a stool out in return, and another emptying a vessel of urine on their heads. For on these occasions, the greater the riot the more jovial is the merriment; the wounds and sufferings of the mob, being considered only as trophies and honours of the time.* It is very well known, that at these

* [Sherlock writes to a Frenchman at Paris thus: "It is worth your while to come to England, were it only to see an election and a cock-match. There is a celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion in these two scenes that words cannot paint, and of which no countryman of yours

seasons, all sorts of decency and distinction are laid aside, and that drunkenness and condescension are the greatest virtues. Would a gentleman reflect to what meanness he is obliged to submit, in order to obtain a rank of precedence, he would not, sure, when he has obtained that rank, look down on the person to whom he, at one time, humbled, and to whom he must again do the same, with such disdain and contempt; but such is the case, of which the circumstance I remark is a striking instance, that the ingratitude of mankind is risen to so high a pitch, as too often to despise the very friend who served them. As a proof of this amazing condescension, see here an assembly of all ranks of people; view the candidate paying his respects to a female voter, an old toothless jade, who in obedience to the word of command, viz. "Kiss him, Moll," (from the man above her, who is shedding the fiery ashes on the member's wig,) is not only doing that, but taking other indecent liberties with him, while the girl is endeavouring to rob him of his ring. Before this woman is one Abel Squat, a dealer in ribbons, gloves, and stockings, bought as presents on the occasion, for which he has received a promissory note of fifty pounds, payable in six months, a thing he little relishes, convinced that a bird in hand is worth two in a bush. At the middle of this table, on the further side, sits a crooked object ridiculing one of the fidlers for his enormous length of chin, not considering his own deformity, even in that very part; a striking instance of the folly of such persons, as condemn in others what is too conspicuous in themselves.

can form even an idea." The obvious truth of this assertion only serves to point out how fully both subjects were suited to the display of Hogarth's talents.]

In front, is a boy making of punch* in a mashing tub, intimating the great quantity of liquor that is swallowed at such meetings, of some kind of which, one of the corporation, behind the young woman, near the window, seems to have got his full. But in order to shew that this entertainment does not consist in drinking only, but that eating to excess, is also part of it, our author has introduced a parson and an alderman, (of all classes of men known to be the greatest gutlers) feeding their bellies to the destruction of their health. Though the dishes are removed from table, we see this voracious divine feasting, luxuriously on the remains of a haunch of venison, even when all the rest have done, indulging his palate by heating it over a chafing dish of coals, though he is almost fainting with the heat.

I cannot avoid relating here, what I once heard, at a country election, it being extremely applicable to the occasion, shewing us, what part the pulpit gentry bear at these times of public rejoicing. An occasional rustic attendant at a public house, whose name was Nicodemus, and whose business it was to serve out the liquors, having stepped without the door, in the morning of the election day, to view the entry of the pollers into town, was soon followed by a brother waiter, who called out with the utmost vociferation, "Nicodemus,—Nicode—mus," and, on being answered, "here, here" replied, "more rum and tobacco for the clar—gy."

With respect to the alderman, behold him, after dinner, gorged with oysters, dying, with one upon his fork, and a

* [The open back of the chair in the middle of the picture, denotes the first state of this plate, as also the lemons lying near the mash-tub of punch. Hogarth afterwards removed them on being informed that "election punch" was acidulated only with vitriol and cream of tartar !]

barber surgeon vainly attempting to recover him, by bleeding. Behind this man's chair is a puritan with up-lifted hands, refusing to take a bribe, and his wife abusing him for so doing, "Curse your squeamish conscience," says she, "is not your wife and children starving? Have they cloaths to their backs, or stockings to their feet?—Take it,—or by all that's just you rue the consequence." Beneath the window is an old gentleman afflicted with the gravel; and on his right hand, sits one* making game of him, he is exhibiting that droll performance of winding a handkerchief round his hand, marking the back of it with charcoal, in imitation of eyes and nose, his thumb and fore-finger serving for the mouth, which he moves in conformity to the song he sings; namely, that of "An old woman cloathed in grey, &c." In this position the hand represents the face of an old woman, which with the motion of the thumb and the humour of the performer, fails not to draw upon the object of ridicule the laugh of the company. In this room we are to imagine a variety of noises, loud and boisterous, which is encreased in order to keep the spirits upon the wing, by the addition of a few gut-scrapers, and a north country bag-piper, which last performer seems gently interrupted and teased by that itching disorder peculiar to the Scotch. The only thing in this plate further to be noticed, is the elector's coat of arms against the wainscot; viz. three guineas proper, with the motto, "speak and have;" whose crest is a bawling mouth; hence are we taught, that in elections, honesty is shut out of doors; that gold is the

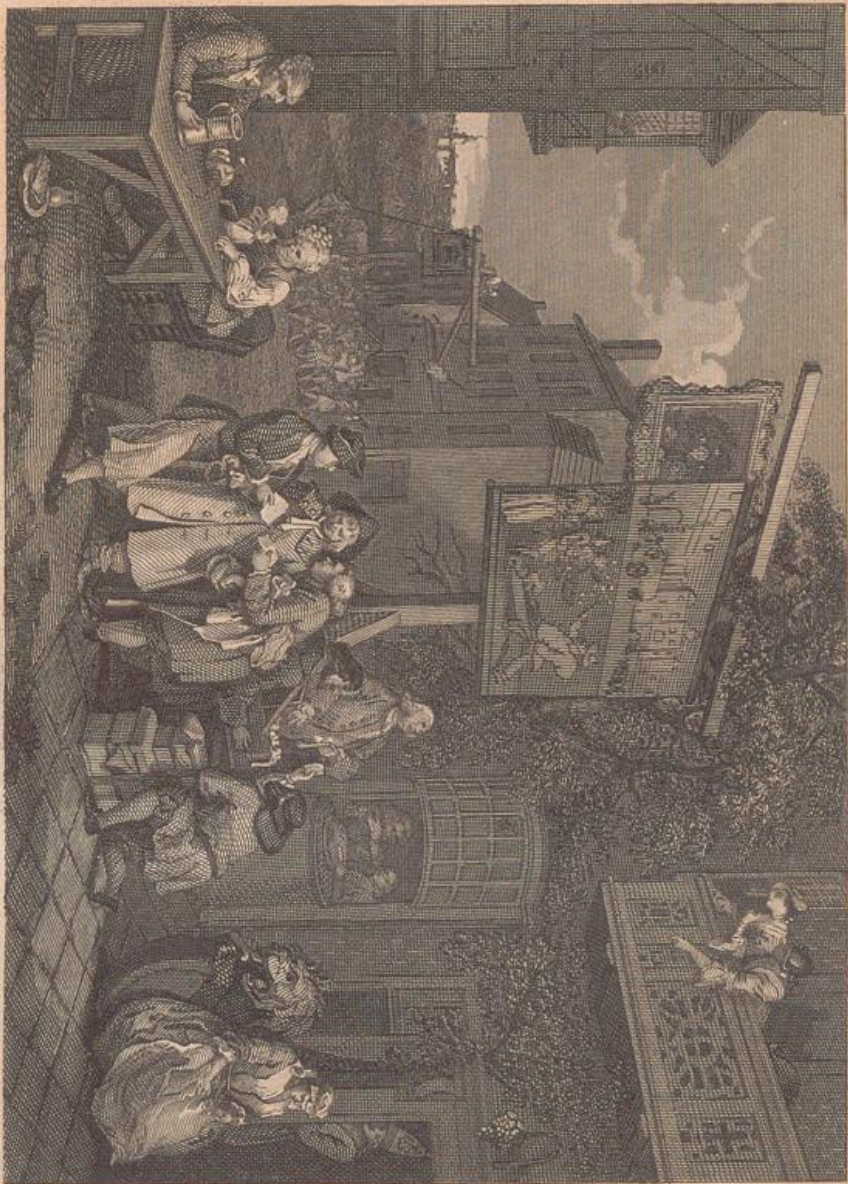
* Mr. Parnel (drawn from the life,) an Irish gentleman, by profession an attorney, remarkable for his drollery and uncommon humour. [This was introduced at his own request—he said he was so well known, that it would promote the sale of the prints.]

most prevailing argument, and that on these occasions, he who can make the most noise is the best instrument for party, and is sure to gain the greatest share of money and temporary favour.

Though this scene is exhibiting within doors, there are others equally interesting without. Here votes are called together, as birds to a net, by a decoy ; abroad, the fowler is upon the hunt, canvassing from parish to parish, of which the reader will have some idea, from the following print.

PLATE II.

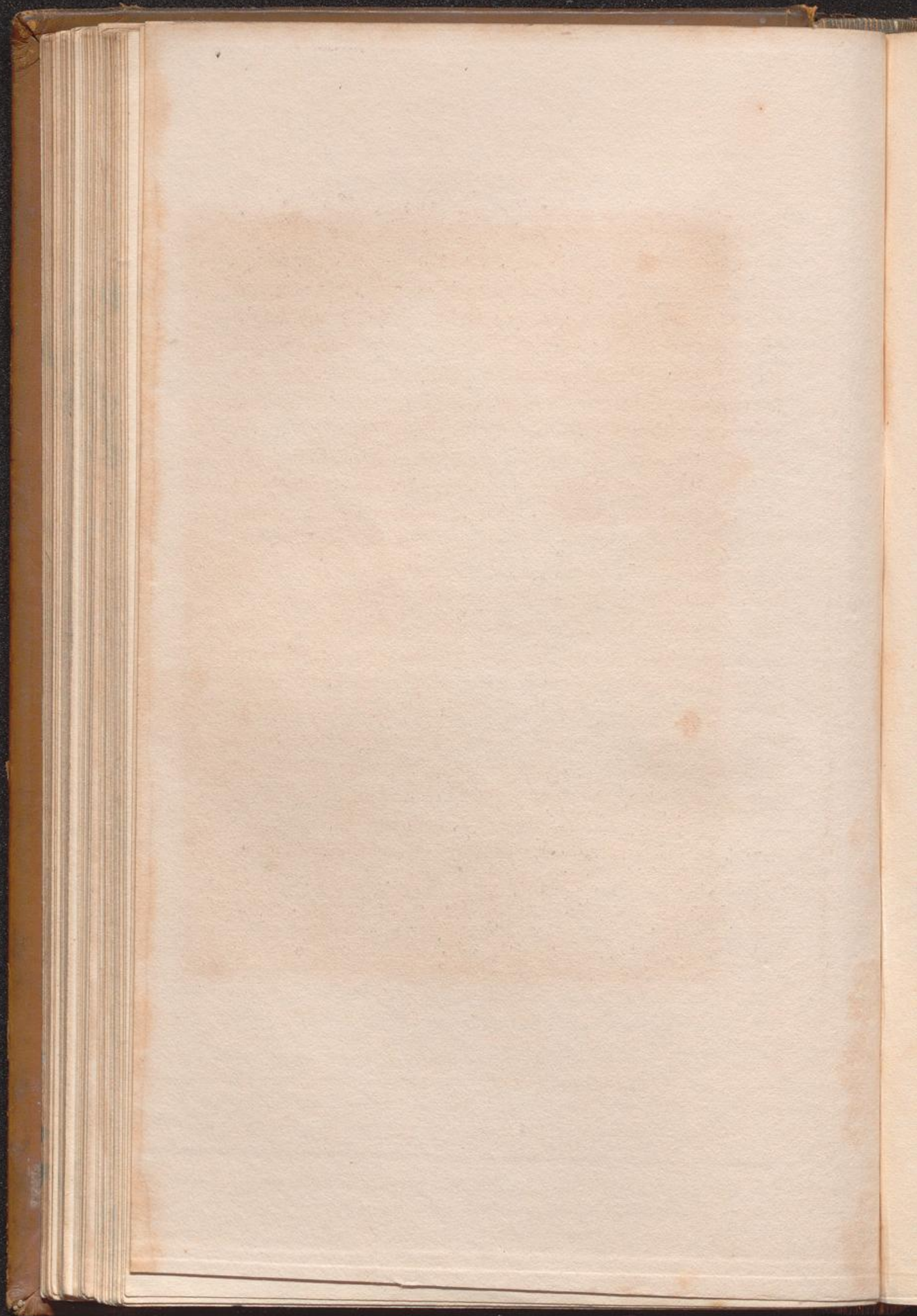
TAKE a view now of the opposite party, canvassing in a country village, strewing as it were money among the inhabitants ; for at these times no one thing paves the way so well as gold, which, as a celebrated writer observed, is the strongest argument, and a most wonderful clearer of the understanding ; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant ; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities ; silences the loud and clamorous ; and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties. No wonder then it should have the same effect upon a people to whom money is a God, and who consider the accumulation of wealth (as is the now-prevailing opinion of the world) to be the sole object of a christian's view. Mark, here, an agent for one of the candidates making interest with the ladies ; "gain but the women," has been an old saying, "you are sure of the men ;" see him offering them presents from the box of a travelling



W. H. Woodhouse, sc.

THE ELECTION. - PL. 2.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.



Jew, in which there is such variety, that they know not what to accept, so wavering and undetermined is the female choice in general. In order to gain their favour, which is oftener effected by baubles and sights, than by any degree of patriotism, he is supposed to entertain the village with a puppet-show, for admission to which a porter has just brought from the printer's some quires of tickets, together with a quantity of bills, usually distributed on these occasions, requesting of the electors their vote and interest. The cloth bearing the insignia of this exhibition is hoisted to the sign post, and is allusive to the subject we are upon; the lower part of which represents Punch profusely throwing money to the populace; the upper part, a view of the treasury loading a waggon with money, in order to secure a parliamentary interest. In this piece, Mr. Hogarth has taken an opportunity of ridiculing the clumsiness and absurdity of the building of the Horse-guards in the heaviness of its steeple, which he has made to resemble a butt; and the lowness of the gateway, by taking off the coachman's head, as he passed through it, when his majesty went first to the House of Lords after it was finished; making the man, in reality, as he is customarily called the King's Body coachman. In the front of this piece stands a country freeholder, beset on both sides by emissaries of different parties,* presenting cards of invitation to dinner, in order to curry

* [Upon this interesting trio, Mr. Ireland remarks, "I am tasteless enough to prefer this to Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. From Hogarth the hint was indisputably taken, but exquisite as is the face of Thalia, and it is perhaps not to be paralleled in any other picture, the countenance of the actor, from the contention of two passions, has assumed a kind of ideotic stare, of which our honest farmer has not an iota."]

favour ; one of whom, viz. he in the cap, is supposed to be an attendant to the Crown ; the other, the master of the Royal Oak ; both are offering bribes, but one a much larger than the other ; and the determination of the farmer is sufficiently known by the cast of his eye, which expressly declares, that though his necessity obliges him to take a fee from both, his conscience bids him vote for him that gives him most. That woman counting her money, which the grenadier eyes with so much wishfulness, is mistress of the inn ; and is introduced to shew us, that the general attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon that saint-seducing object, money ; she sits upon the head of an old ship, fixed at the door, as is commonly seen at public-houses, which represents a lion ready to devour a flower-de-luce (the French arms) ; emblematical of the natural animosity that constantly subsists between the two nations, England and France. As this scene would be imperfect without some eating and drinking, which is, as it were, the very life of parliamenteering ; our author has given us two men hard at it in the larder ; one, tearing a fowl to pieces with his teeth, and the other playing away upon a buttock of beef. On the opposite side of this plate are two alehouse politicians, a barber* and a cobbler, who with a total ignorance of men and measures, are settling the affairs of state, and planning out of sieges with halfpence and pieces of a tobacco-pipe. During the barber's supposed harangue, which we are to imagine was graced with numerous hesitations, variety of blunders and nonsense of seeming moment, see the one-eyed cobbler, snuffing the snuff of self-consequence,

* George Alexander Stevens, in his lecture upon heads, has given us the words of this powdered politician ; his Sir Full-fed-Domine Doublechin, being evidently taken from this political barber of Mr. Hogarth's.

and whiffing his tobacco with an air of importance. To set forth the surly pride of one of these menders of shoes, on a time of election, permit me to relate a little anecdote, that happened in a borough town not far from London. In the course of the canvass, the member, who, in order to save appearances, had kissed the voter's wives, with guineas in his mouth, applied for a vote to a low-bred surly chap of the same stamp with this man before us. He began his application with professions of esteem and enquiries of health ; and closed it with saying, "he flattered himself that he had always lived in such repute, as to have the voice of every one there, and among the rest, that of his ;" and on being asked, "what he meant by slobbering the women-folk," replied, "'twas his customary method of expressing his joy in seeing them." "Why don't you, then," says the cobbler, "express your joy in seeing me, the same way?" This was no sooner complied with, than the rough-hewn freeman slips the guinea from his mouth to his pocket, and turns upon his heel with a laugh of derision, telling the 'squire, "that he might now kiss his ——, for that he had promised his vote to t'other man." But to return to my subject ; as in the first plate the persons present wore only the cloke of reality, in this, they shew themselves absolutely in earnest. The people having here assembled to break the windows, tear down the sign, (which one is sawing through on the top) and demolish the house, opened by the contrary party ; and so resolute are they in their determinations, as even to dare the discharge of a gun ; so headstrong and ungovernable is an English mob, that the more they are opposed, the greater ravage they make. We are however to understand, that their inveteracy here is actuated by a twofold principle, that of a spirit of opposition, and their

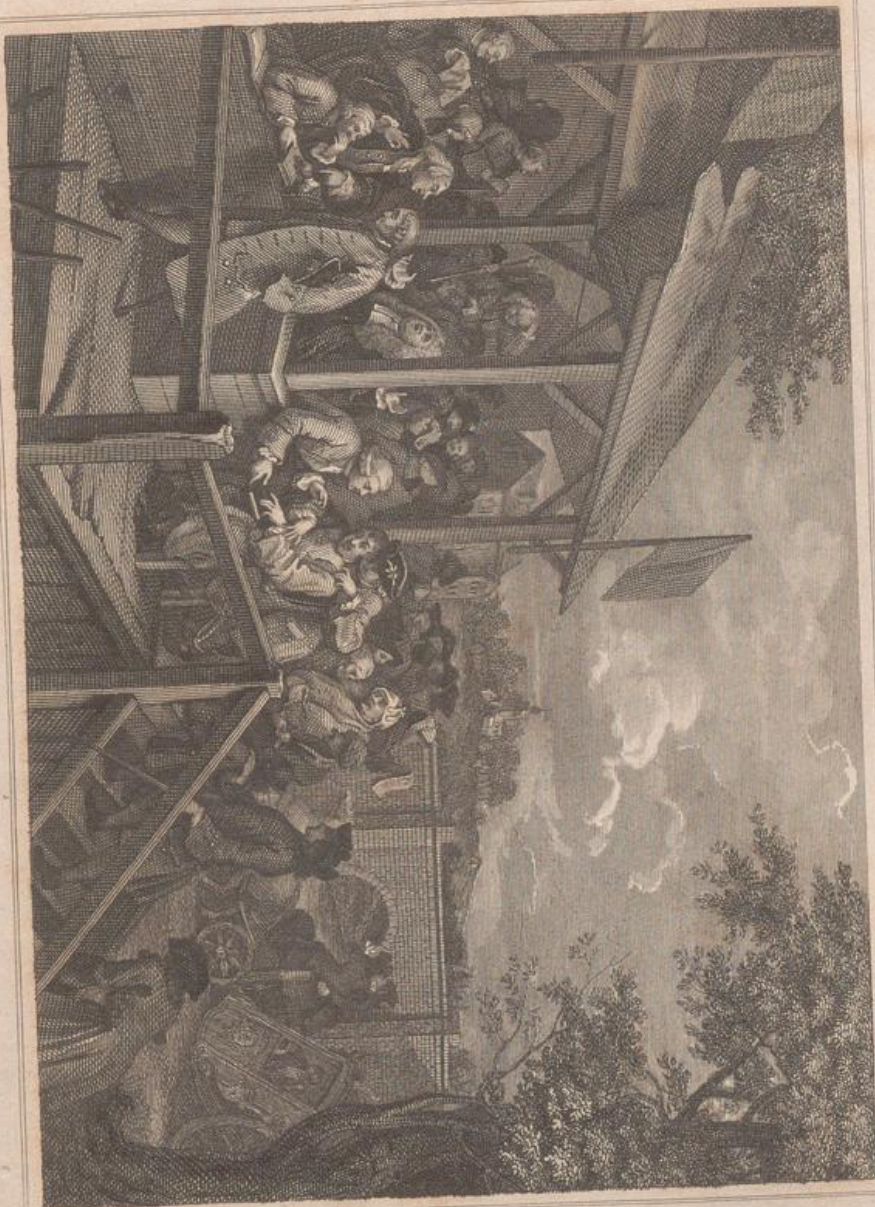
abhorrence of excise, (this riot being at the office of excise*) a law, which though it may be particularly necessary, has been and still continues to be extremely unpopular.

In this state of tumult and dissipation, the time is spent till the day of election, when every agent is supposed to head his party, and march into town with a formal procession; the bells ringing, music playing, streamers flying, and people shouting. It is almost impossible to conceive the noise, the hurry, the bustle, and joyous confusion of the populace, each party striving to be loudest, and endeavouring by all the acts of riot and opposition to suppress the other. Now all business is superseded by enjoyment, fighting and feasting is the employment of the day, all distinction is laid aside, and the beggar is as great as the lord. Having then made all the interest possible, and secured every vote in their power, the next step is to poll them.

PLATE III.

Accordingly, see both parties at the hustings, taking every advantage in their power, and, to swell the number of votes, polling the maimed, the sick, the halt, and the blind. The tory interest is distinguished by the orange-coloured flag, and is that on the right, where they are swearing a pensioned officer, who has lost the major part of his person in the service of his country, and who is, here, supposed under a necessity of voting for the court, in order to secure his little pay; so ungrateful is the state in general, as to take notice of, and, reward but a few, except its interest is

* In country-places, the Excise-office is generally held at public-houses.



W. H. Worsington, sc.

THE ELECTION. PL. 3.

Published by John, Major 50, Fleet Street, March 31, 1831.

immediately concerned. An oath, however light of it may be made, is one of the most sacred acts of man, being a solemn appeal to heaven, for the truth of the cause in question : whoever therefore is so presumptive as to take a false one, or so rash as not to consider what they are about, is sure to draw upon themselves the anger of the Almighty, and lay themselves open to the vengeance of the God of Truth : an act of this sort being a public affront, and a barefaced mockery of his justice. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is commonly looked upon merely as a ceremonial, which the laws of this kingdom have enjoined, in judicial matters, and as such does not always answer the wise design. As a proof how little its solemnity is apt to affect us, take notice, that on the officer's laying his wooden stump upon the book, the swearing clerk bursts into a fit of laughter, which he endeavours to stifle with his hand, and which is not a little encreased by the two counsellors disputing the legality of the oath. By which last we are given to understand, that these black-robed gentry of the bar, so hackneyed are they in the ways of quibbling, will harangue longer and louder in a case of this sort, than when truth is on their side, and integrity before them. On the other hand see the whigs, distinguished by the blue flag and favours, polling a man who has lost the use of his limbs and senses by the palsy, the latter of which is in some measure assisted by the whispers of one* behind him, who is directing him whom to vote for. By the shackle on this man's leg, and the paper in his pocket, whose title is, "The Sixth Letter to the People of England," we learn, that he came into disgrace for being the author of that publication. Behind him is another freeholder, brought almost dying

* Dr. Shebbeare, a physician, who was pilloried, and imprisoned two years in the King's Bench, for a libel against his Majesty.

["The Doctor frequently said in a public coffee-house, that he

from his bed. So great is the opposition, and so hard run are they supposed to be, as to be under a necessity of procuring of votes, even at the risk of life. Hence have we a further proof of the general craving after money, when a man shall run such great lengths to obtain it, though it is more than probable, the step he takes may occasion his death; and though he has the greatest reason to think he shall not live to enjoy it. On these particular occasions, each party endeavours to lessen the other in the eyes of the public; nor do they stick at any one meanness, in order to accomplish it. It is something very astonishing that gentlemen, men who pride themselves in that appellation, should descend to such wretched shifts, in order to support their cause: things I am confident they would loudly condemn in others; but such is the self partiality of mankind, as to view their own failings through the diminished sight of the telescope, when at the same time they will shuffle to themselves that end, which shall greatly magnify the failings of others. In this view of things, we are to suppose all manner of calumnies and invectives thrown out by one party against the other; and lest they should not spread sufficiently, which is seldom if ever known to be the case, they are committed to press, and distributed up and down among the people. To this end then are those ballads, bearing the print of a gibbet, (an emblem of the contents) which the woman is crying, and which a cluster of men are reading with so much glee. There are many little strokes of humour in this and the other plates, which it might be injudicious to remark, as their discovery must undoubtedly give some pleasure to the person who searches for them; but, as perhaps it may be expected, would have a pillory or a pension. In each of these points he was gratified; Lord Mansfield complimented him with the first, and Lord Bute rewarded him with the second. J. I."]

that I should take some notice of those under this shed, seated above the rest ; let it suffice to say that they are two magistrates, in opposite interests, attending the poll ; one of whom seems not to like the account of it, and the other, so sure within himself of the success he anticipates, as to be lost in the pleasing reverie. This, fully appears, by his inattention to that person on his right, who is sketching off his face on paper. Regretting the sad situation of England, under these scenes of venal corruption, Mr. Hogarth has introduced Britannia in her chariot, breaking down, and her life in danger, through the indiscretion and obstinacy of her coachman, who is at cards with the footman on the box, and who, in contempt of all the cries, and calls of his mistress, is determined to play on, let the consequence be what it will. An admirable stroke on administrations, in general ; whose prevailing principles, too often are interest and ambition, which, though they are productive of the most dreadful events, they never fail to pursue, notwithstanding their country's safety is at stake ; but, like these worthless servants before us, are determined to play their game without interruption ; to ennoble and enrich themselves, at the expense of all that is great and valuable. Would to God that such men would seriously consider that by distressing the state, of which they are the supporters, they, in fact, distress themselves ; for if the body suffers, the arms, the head, and all its members must suffer likewise ; if the carriage be upset, of which these men are the charioteers, they must undoubtedly fall with it ; and it will as little avail them, that the vehicle was not their own, as the ridiculous thought of escaping did the indolent and inconsiderate Hibernian, who, when at sea, in a violent storm, was called up to assist upon deck, for that the vessel was sinking, and the whole crew would be lost, replied, " what care I for the vessel or the crew ?—"

"sink, and be d——d ;—I am only a passenger." Nay, let them reflect that they are answerable to the public for their conduct, who have entrusted them, as it were, with their properties and lives ; and that if they make a wrong use of the power committed to their hands, though they may chance to escape an examination in this life, they will most assuredly meet with a severe one in the next.

PLATE IV.

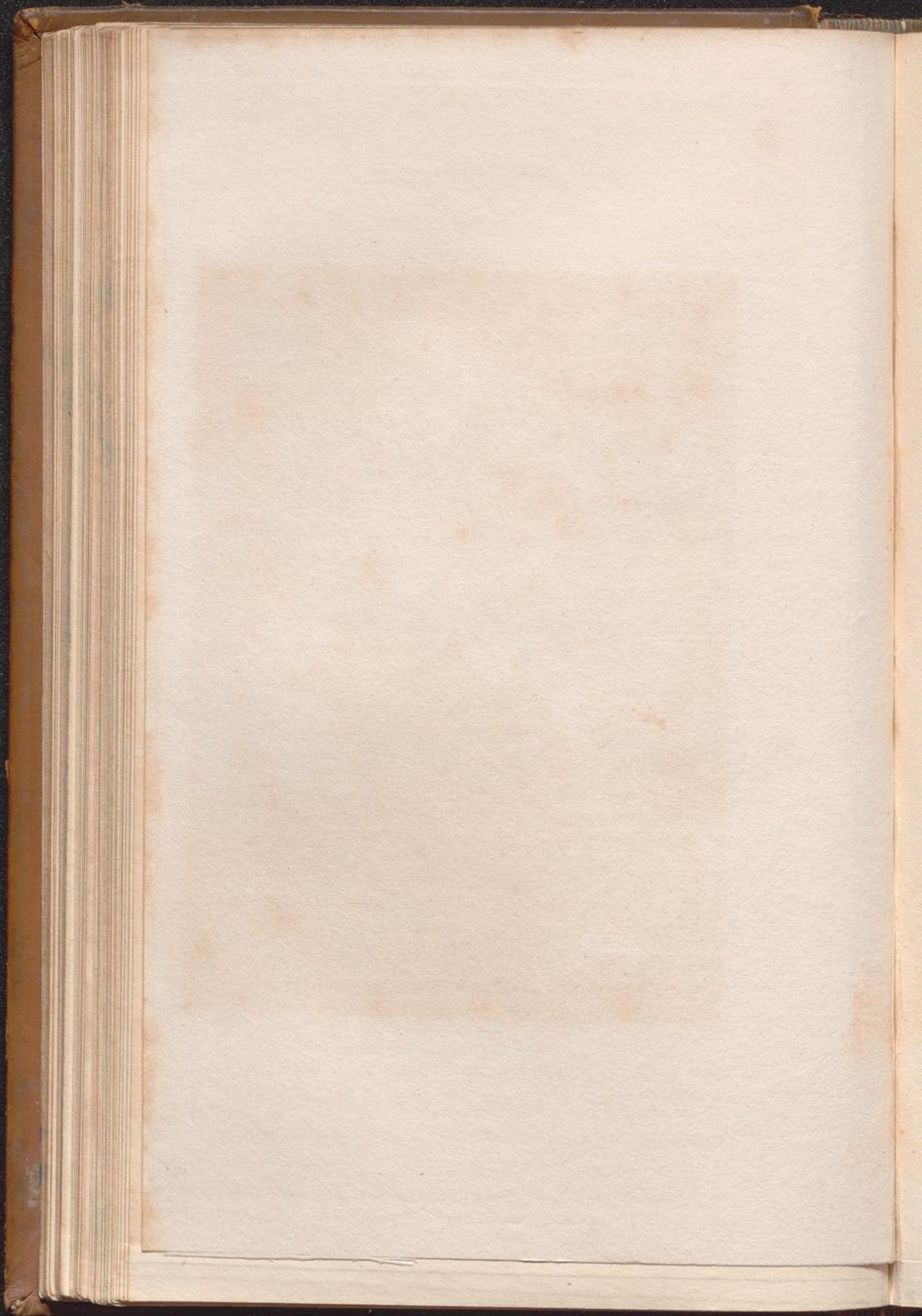
The whig party having, with the greatest difficulty, obtained that victory they wished for, see them now chairing their members, for though one only is in sight, the shadow against the court-house declares the other not a great way off. A tumultuous procession of this kind never fails of producing a general confusion. They are here supposed to have just passed a farmer's yard, hurrying pigs, geese, and every thing before them ; and as one accident seldom comes alone, behold the sow, having just overset a woman, who is near being trampled on by the mob. To add to this scene of uproar, out runs a thrasher from the barn, in defence of his pigs, and rashly strikes with his flail at the first person in his way, a bold courageous tar, who repays him smartly in his own coin. The necessity this poor man is reduced to, of leading about a dancing bear, for maintenance, is a most severe reflection on the ingratitude of the government, who will suffer an honest seaman, who has undergone the greatest hardships, nay, lost his limbs in the defence of the nation, to stroll about the country, begging, as it were, the charity of his fellow-subjects, and depending on strangers for that relief he is supposed to be denied by those, who were very particularly indebted to him. This winnow of



W. H. Johnson, sc.

THE ELECTION. - PL. 4.

Published by John Mayor 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 11. 1831.



corn, in raising his flail, accidentally strikes one of the carriers on his temples ; stuns him with the blow, and deprives him of his strength, which had near proved fatal to the member, by a sudden overthrow, had it not been prevented by the immediate assistance of another. An accident so unexpected frightens a young lady looking over the churchyard-wall, who seems by her fainting to have a greater concern in the gentleman's misfortune, than we might at first be aware of. To increase this confusion, behold the bear falling foul of the tubs of garbage, the monkey squealing, and his piece taking fire. The action of the chimney-sweeper on the wall, must be allowed a fine stroke of moral humour. "Avast," says he, "my lads," to the thresher and the sailor, "avast, death, (imitating its ghastly grin) has put on its spectacles, and watches an opportunity to lay you by the heels," intimating, that unless they speedily desist, the loss of life may be the dreadful consequence. Against the church is a sun-dial, with the motto, WE MUST ; a pun, alluding to the name of the time-piece it is on ; viz. "We must *die—all*." Mr. Hogarth has in this taken an opportunity of transmitting to future ages the excessive ignorance of a certain monied man, of good family, who, thinking it extremely smart, had it immediately painted upon his clock in the front of his house. A convincing proof that it is not always in the power of education to impart sense. To shew us, that fighting and feasting are the usual attendants of tumultuous rejoicing, he has thrown into this piece a woman beating her husband for leaving his business, who, by his thread round his neck, and the scissors by his side, is supposed to be a tailor. Why tailors should be represented as the most cowardly and hen-pecked of mortals, unless it be, that working with a needle unmans them, I am at a loss

to determine ; but such is the general contempt that profession lies under, as, in all cases of meanness, to be the butt of ridicule. In one corner of this plate is a soldier, whom we are to understand, by his being stripped, by his broken sword, and by his wounds, to have been also fighting, and who is now comforting himself with a quid of the best virginia, which is generally to the lower class of people a heal for every sore. With respect to feasting, see two men carrying out a barrel of beer to the populace : another licking the dregs of an empty cask ; and to complete the whole, a dinner of many covers, conveying to the best house in the place, that of the attorney's (known by a clerk writing in an upper room), for the entertainment of some particular persons, to whom feasting at a public house would have been disagreeable : among these, a group of whom we see at the window, is a certain popular nobleman* (distinguishable by the ribbon) who is universally known to busy himself greatly at these particular seasons, establishing an interest by making court to the lowest of the people. One other thing I cannot help taking notice of, which is the introduction of a French cook, who is looking on the naked soldier with an eye of contempt. A sufficient declaration of the insincerity of modern popularity, who, while she roars out, " England for ever, betrays in her luxurious appetite, a dislike of her country, in the loathing of its natural food, and a craving for the unsubstantial dainties of the French. Thus in these, as in all other scenes of life, hypocrisy is the reigning principle and the tongue is a constant traitor to the heart.

Though my intention is only to explain these plates, I cannot close this subject, without one observation ; which is, that mankind, from the highest to the lowest, are slaves

* The Duke of Newcastle.

to venality ; and it is something strangely astonishing, that men should exclaim against the very thing they are guilty of themselves. Can we much wonder at being sold, when we absolutely sell ourselves, or should we be angry at that, which we are studious to bear a part in ? I cannot endure to hear men exclaim against placemen and pensioners, when, had they an opportunity, they would act the very same. If it is in any respect dangerous, that our properties should be in the disposal of such men, why do we suffer it, when in our power to prevent it ? A man no sooner accepts a place, than he vacates his seat in the house of commons ; if, therefore, it was the determined resolution never to elect a person who holds any post under the government, the complaint would immediately cease, and we should hold our properties in our own hands ; but when the venal constituents abandon their interest, by selling their votes, it must be acknowledged that they are instrumental to their own misfortunes, and bring their miseries on themselves.*

* [Wonderfully rich in character and incident as are each of these four subjects, the first plate is considered greatly to surpass the rest for highly wrought humour. Mr. Charles Lamb in his elegant Essay on Hogarth's genius and character, observes that more than thirty distinct classes of face, are here brought together into a room and so disposed about, and so partaking of the spirit of the occasion, that nothing but an election could have assembled them. The same author, also, justly remarks upon the dumb rhetoric of the scenery—"for tables and chairs, and joint stools in Hogarth are living and significant things." Mr. Ireland has given us Hogarth's own remarks on two of the characters in this piece—the butcher with "*pro patria*" in his cap and his wounded companion. The truth is, that he was his own commentator, as far as delicacy permitted, and that all the essential information as to the real meaning of his works came directly from himself. Dr. Trusler having simply access to the same papers afterwards possessed by Mr. Ireland—but during our author's life, he was chiefly anxious to get his thoughts

transferred to the French language, in order to increase the sale of his works abroad; and for this purpose, he employed Roquet the enameller—whose task, however, ends with the March to Finchley. The contents of his pamphlet are brought forward by Dr. Trusler, “These two patriots, says Hogarth, who, let what party will prevail, can be no gainers, yet spend their time, which is *their* fortune, for what they suppose right, and for a glass of gin lose their blood, and sometimes their lives in support of the cause, are, as far as I can see, entitled to an equal portion of fame with many of the emblazoned heroes of ancient Rome: but such is the effect of prejudice, that though the picture of an antique wrestler is admired as a grand character, we necessarily annex an idea of vulgarity to the portrait of a modern boxer. An old blacksmith in his tattered garb is a coarse and low being;—strip him naked, tie his leathern apron round his loins,—chisel out his figure in free-stone or marble, precisely as it appears,—he becomes elevated, and may pass for a philosopher or a deity.”

With respect to the amazing variety of countenances presented in the works of Hogarth, it is quite plain that whenever he saw a remarkable one, he knew at once the cause of it. Whether it were a freak of nature, a professional distortion in high or low life, or one of the thousand and one ridiculous shapes assumable by that best of all friends to a comic painter—AFFECTATION! Accordingly he introduced into his works, on suitable occasions, what he never omitted any opportunity of adding to his sketch book; or when that was not at hand, he drew the faces upon his thumb-nail. Mr. Dallaway extracts the following curious article from Mr. Baker's sale catalogue: “Six sheets containing sixty-four small sketches of heads, very spiritedly executed with a pen, belonging to many of the prominent characters subsequently introduced into his principal works.” It was sold for 31*l.* 10*s.*]



W.H. Wain, sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. PL. I.

Engraved by John May for 50. Fleet Street, Jan. 11. 1731.

THE MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.*

PLATE I.

ALTHOUGH there is no one step of greater consequence to us, or on which the happiness of man so much depends, as that of marriage; still so rash and presumptive are we, as to pay very little regard to it, otherwise than as it suits, or clashes with our interest; that imposer on our fate which leads us on to misery in the dark, smoothing over our misfortunes with a shew of felicity. On talking upon this subject, most men shall speak as with the tongue of a philosopher; they shall tell you that the joys of wedlock consist in having a discreet and affectionate wife; but when they are about to enter on the state, you shall hear them opening in a different language; nothing then shall satisfy but money: she that has most, is most amiable; and she that has none, is totally deserted. 'Tis this unhappy way of thinking that introduces into so many families a cold indifference between man and wife, which, when it has once taken root, seldom fails of growing into a settled and confirmed hatred, the general fore-runner of very dreadful con-

* [For the originals of these six noble pictures, Hogarth could obtain but 115*l.* 10*s.* in his life-time, (the mode of sale was by a sort of raffle or auction;) yet they were in frames worth four guineas each! This took place in 1750; in 1797, vide Introduction, p. ix. Mr. Angerstein gave 1381*l.* for them, and they are now open to public inspection in the National Gallery, Pall Mall.]

sequences. In order then to create in us an abhorrence of such lucrative alliances, Mr. Hogarth has in the following scenes, pictured out in the most striking colours, the fatal end of what he calls a Marriage-a-la-mode; a well-adapted term, being too general and fashionable a thing among us, to savour of the least impropriety: and because this folly is more conspicuous among the great he has taken his subject from high life; and as an impartial person should, has drawn it with the pencil of veracious observation.

We are then to suppose, that an Alderman of the city of London, a man immensely rich, whose wealth was acquired by trade, in order to ennoble his family, (so ambitious are we in general, and so fond of titular honour) had been, some time, looking out for a matrimonial alliance with some man of fashion, who might be glad to accept such a proposal, with a view of recruiting a wasted fortune. We are also to imagine, that it was not long before he met with the wished for opportunity, there being many of the English nobility with encumbered estates, upon the watch to catch at an offer of this kind, in order to free them. View then the wealthy cit, all necessary preliminaries being before adjusted, at the house of a British Earl, signing and sealing the marriage settlement, and paying his daughter's stipulated fortune. See him, with all the appearance of a person of property, accustomed to the tale of money, casting his eyes on what his clerk, an old faithful servant, has just counted down. On the other hand, behold the peer, the father of the bridegroom, full of his titles and nobility, (which he has just traced on the tree of consanguinity, from William the Conqueror) in a position which indicates an egotism swelled with the greatest pride. Methinks I hear him say, "'tis I; my arms; my titles; my castle; my ancestors." Nay, so

fond is he of his rank, that every thing about him wears the mark of distinction; even his crutches, the mortifying monitors of his infirmities, are ornamented with coronets. He is represented as lain up with the gout, that disorder, in particular, being the usual consequence of irregular living, which men of quality too often give a loose to. Neither is an irregular debauched life the parent of one disorder only, but of a complication. This is intimated by the mark of the evil on the son's neck, covered with a patch, which we are to suppose inherent in his blood, carried down from father to son through many generations. Astonishing, that men should pursue their pleasures to the prejudice of their health, and that the pain they suffer should not deter them from such excesses as cause it! Behind, on a settee, are the bride and bridegroom, in positions of dislike, he taking snuff and looking in the glass; she playing with her ring, seeming to listen with indifference to the soft things that a young barrister is saying to her, whose attendance here was to draw up the marriage articles. The other counsellor, (a serjeant) is examining the plan of my Lord's new building, and viewing with admiration (that declares him full of empty significance and conceit, greatly characteristic of the law-sworn counsel) the beauty of the edifice, on which he is supposed to have spent the whole of his fortune, not even reserving sufficient to complete it. So rash and inconsiderate are monied men in general, as fondly to imagine there is no end to their wealth! The number of idle servants that are seen in the court yard without, serve also to denote the destructive pride that surrounds this man of quality: swelled with his exalted situation in life, his eyes are shut to his follies; and puffed up with grandeur, he has not leisure to

cast even a thought on consequences, but is totally blind to impending ruin.

Matters amicably adjusted, and preliminaries settled, we are to suppose the fatal knot tied, that knot on which depends our temporal happiness or misery. Now is this young couple cast from under the parental wing, launched forth into the world, and left wholly to themselves ; possessed of such an annual income as sets them far above the reach of want ; placing them in the midst of every earthly blessing. Happy might they now have been could they e'en have thought so, nay doubly happy if they loved ; but where affection is wanting, felicity is banished ; for heaven has so framed our natures for this intimate society, that without it even amid the affluence of fortune, and the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aching void in the solitary breast that can never know a plenitude of happiness. To this misfortune is owing the utter destruction of this unthinking pair, and all those melancholy consequences rising in the sequel of the story.

PLATE II.

That indifference which precedes a marriage of this sort, seldom fails to follow it. When we unite ourselves by contract, we would generally live separate by inclination. Tired of one another, nothing is more common than for the husband to grow sick of home, to stay out in an evening as late as possible, and for the wife to wear away the tedious hours by entertainments, cards, and other acts of dissipation.

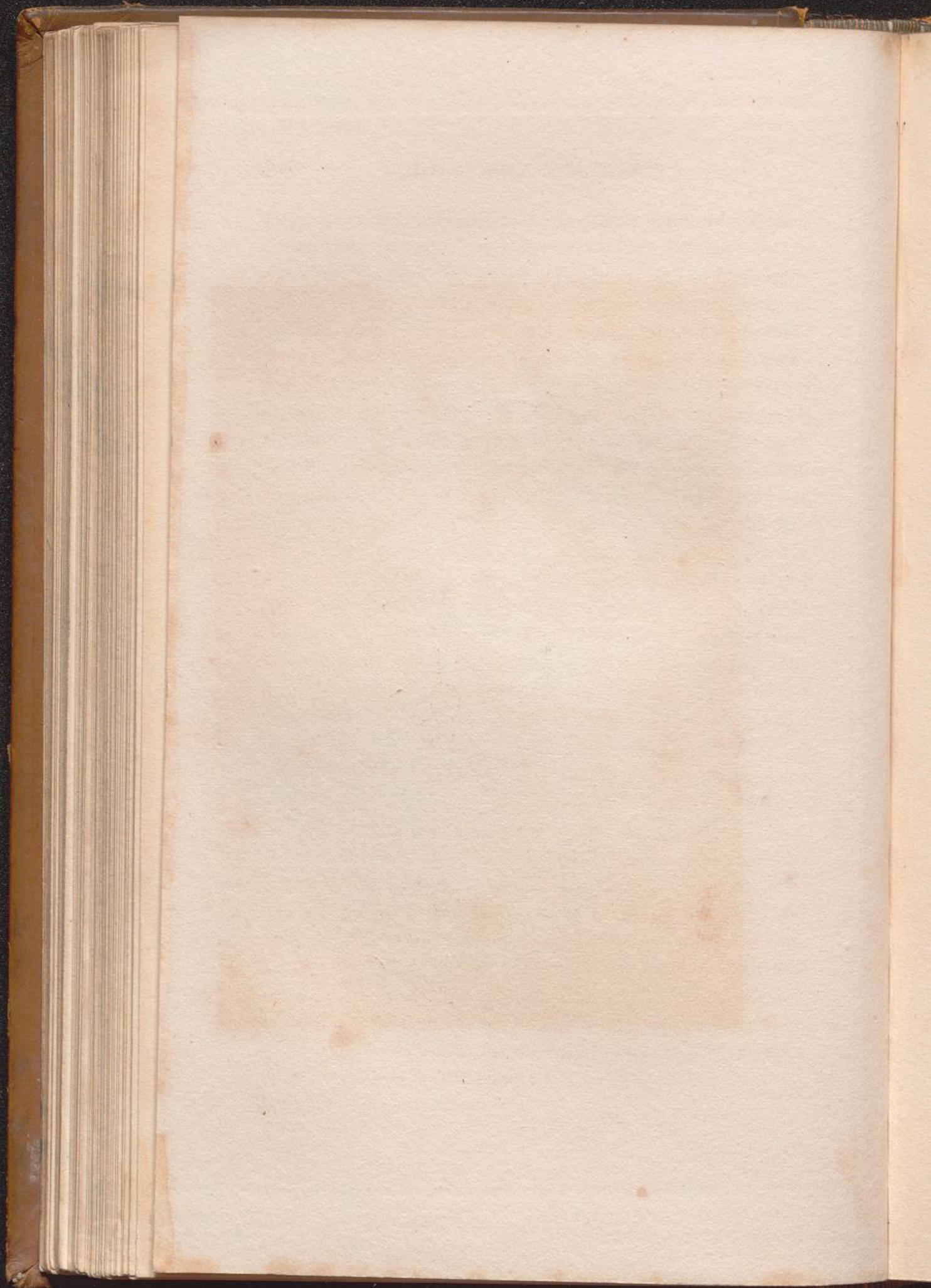
This plate then before us represents a saloon in this



M. H. Worthington, sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. — PL. 2.

Published by John Murray, 50, Fleet Street, London, 1831.

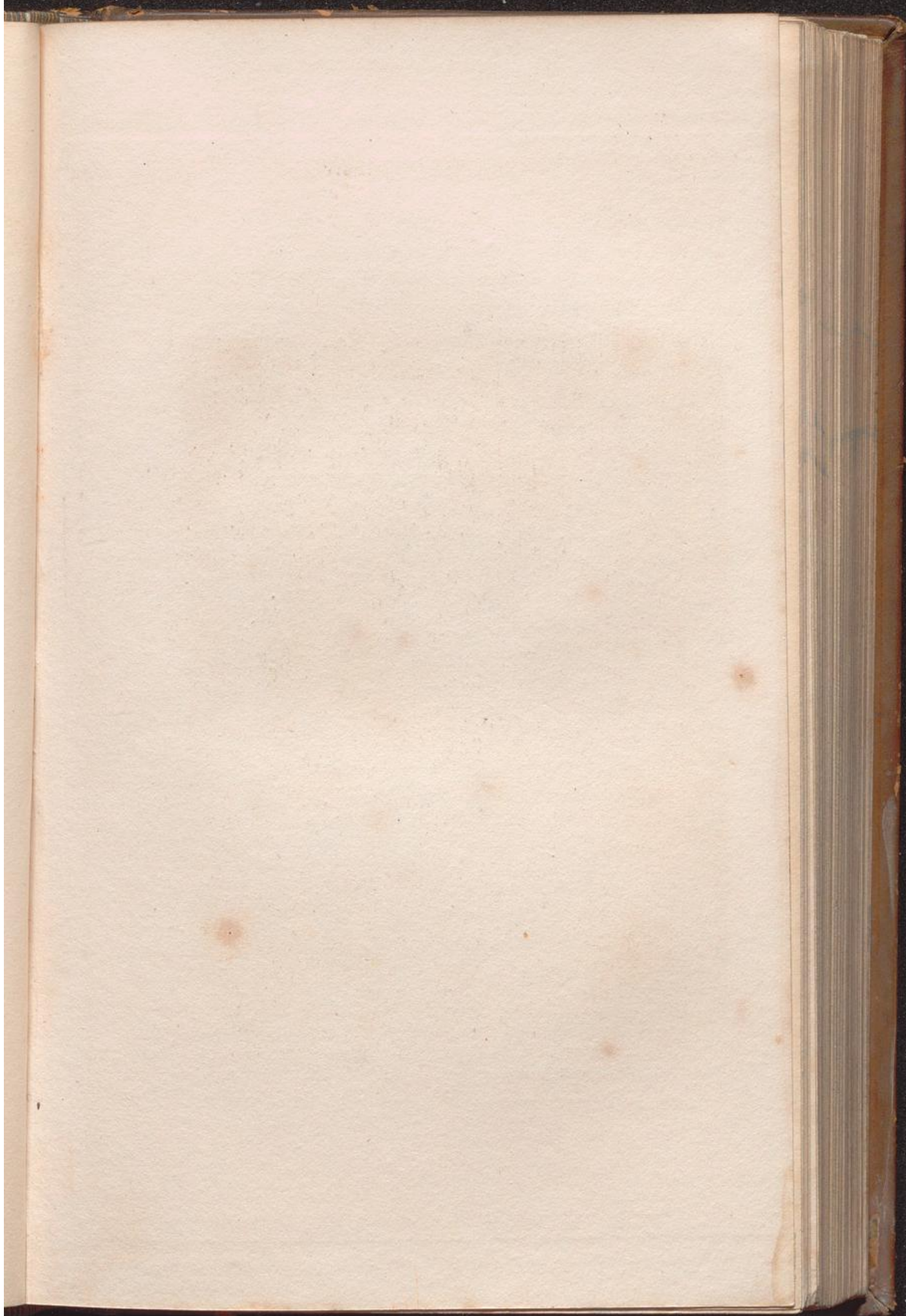


young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a card assembly. The clock tells us, 'tis noon. We are to suppose then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night, a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reigns within the house; and that after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the back ground of this plate, who, we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights. By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are a disgust, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements. With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced as from the indifference that gives rise to them, springs the destruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand we are to suppose her actuated by soft desire, totally neglected by her husband; on the other by way of contrast, that he is just returned from the apartments of some woman fatigued and satiated. And as pleasures of this sort are seldom uninterrupted, we are told by the female cap in his pocket, and his broken sword, that he has been engaged in some riot or uproar. An old faithful steward who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity, (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the great disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it

impossible. See him then returning in an action of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. To shew us the great and general extravagance of nobility,* Mr. Hogarth has humourously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the bad pay of people of quality, who will run themselves largely in debt, and refuse every timely payment, even to the ruin of their tradesmen. By the book of regeneration in his pocket, we are given to understand that he is tainted with enthusiasm; and though his heart is inclined to good, that he is an unhappy follower of those men whose reigning principle is hypocrisy, and who will publicly shudder for the misfortunes of those, whose downfall they secretly rejoice at. There is one other thing which I cannot pass over in silence, and that is an immodest painting in the further part of the room, with a curtain drawn before it; calculated to inflame a wanton imagination, though designedly concealed from public view, A manifest token of the depraved taste of its owner, and a completion of his vitiated character.

Led then from one act of ill-conduct to another, the hero

* [The editor cannot help observing, that upon this head Dr. Trusler, in many places, carries his remarks much farther than his author warrants. Hogarth never intended these subjects as a general satire upon the upper classes, who are as rational in their amusements, considering their enlarged means, as the rest of mankind. To be as liberal in the expenditure of their incomes as they can possibly afford, is but patriotism without the ostentation of the name. All that Hogarth means to enforce, as Mr. Walpole expresses it—is, that “the different vices of the great and the vulgar, lead by various paths to the same unhappiness.” In Hogarth's own descriptions of these six subjects—referred to hereafter—there is no sort of insinuation as to the incompatibility of virtue and talent with rank and station.]





W. H. W. del.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. PL. 3.

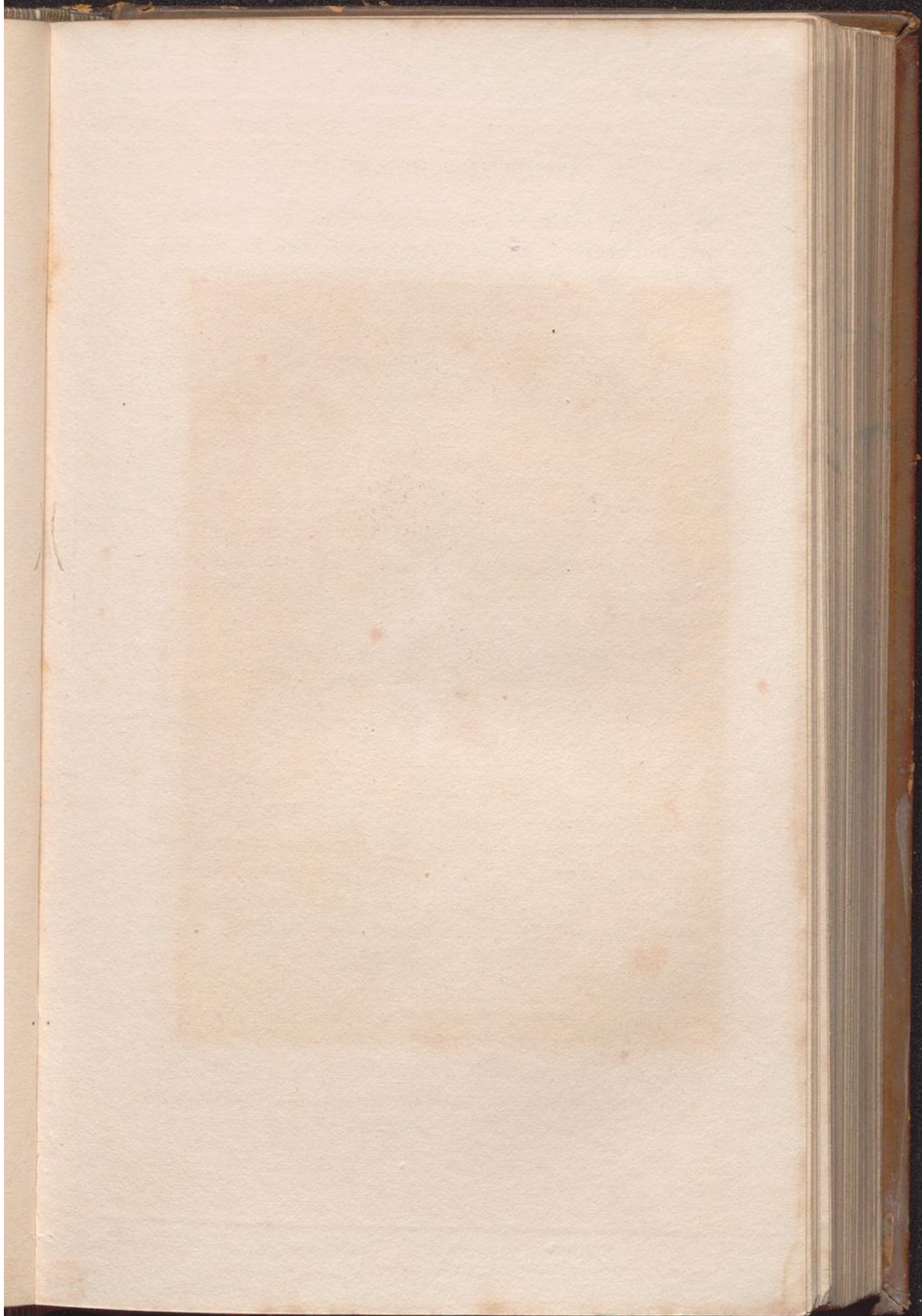
Published by John Major 50. Fleet Street, March 31. 1834.

of this piece meets his destruction in hunting after pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the event of his proceedings; but determined to embrace the trifling happiness in view, covets, and runs into the company of abandoned women; rouses by that means the resentment of his wife, and with the greatest rashness seals his unhappy fate.

PLATE III.

Disease is universally known to be the general attendant of debauchery. 'Tis on this account our author has introduced the hero of this piece at the house of an empiric, where he would have had no occasion to be, but in consequence of his lewd course of life. He is represented as having brought with him two females with whom he has been acquainted, that the doctor might determine to which of the two he might attribute his disorder, both of them being supposed to have been some time under cure. His being prejudiced in favour of the girl, we are to imagine, occasions a quarrel between him and the woman, which proceeds to the greatest extremities, even to that of fighting. The doctor, unconcerned at this dispute, and solicitous for little but himself, increases the noise by thundering to the mute-struck girl, "Vat?—you vont take your pe—els?" angry to think his medicines are so little regarded. The contrast between this girl and the woman with respect to the age, the timidity, the softness of the one; the rage, the fury, and the harshness of the other, is doubtless exceeding beautiful, and strongly characteristic of the simplicity that dwells in those who are unaccustomed to vice, and the natural fero-

city inherent in such as are long habituated to it. Though both the quack, and his apartments are objects rather foreign to the purpose, yet Mr. Hogarth has taken this opportunity of ridiculing the folly of such men, as enter upon a profession they are wholly unacquainted with; and by representing this empiric as a Frenchman, censures the government of this kingdom for tolerating a foreigner to exercise here, what would not be permitted in his own country that of preying upon the constitution of the public. Although he was formerly a barber, he is now, if we may judge by the appearance of his house, not only a surgeon, but a naturalist, chemist, mechanician, physician and apothecary; and to complete the character, he is supposed to have invented, through a great opinion of his own abilities, two machines, extremely complicate, for the most simple operations: one to set a dislocated limb, the other—to uncork a bottle. On the first of the two lies a folio treatise on the nature of these instruments, in French, whose title-page is, “An Explanation of two grand machines, one for re-setting the collar-bone, the other for drawing a cork; invented by Monsieur De la-Pillule. Inspected and approved by the Royal Academy at Paris.” An admirable rub on the ignorance of the French, and on the superficial knowledge of mechanic heads in general, who fondly imagine they have performed wonders, if they find themselves able to bring about even ordinary things by very extraordinary means. In the glass case are three figures, viz. a skeleton of a man that had been executed, intimated by the gallows above, a man in muscles, and a plaster head, on which hangs the doctor’s wig. By the disposition of these figures, which is that of the bones, supposed to be cautioning the flesh not to be advised by that head of self-consequence beside him; lest, in a little time, he





W. H. Worthington, sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. PL. 4.

Published by John Major 50, Fleet Street, March 31, 1831.

should be reduced to bones only, like himself; we are taught the folly of applying to quacks for a cure, when we find ourselves in any respect disordered; they being of little service, otherwise than that of removing a life-sick patient from a tormenting and troublesome world.

The old nobleman is now supposed to be dead, and the young Lord in the entire possession of his estate. In consequence of this, he launches out into every piece of folly and extravagance, has his levees, his routs, &c. and becomes totally a dupe to the foibles of his wife.

PLATE IV.

See then in this fourth plate a group of figures, greatly amusing by the variety of characters they represent. Let us begin with the principal, that of madam at her toilette, under the hands of her valet-de-chambre, sitting to have her hair dressed. Such being the folly of people of rank, that as they take their modes from France, they have no opinion of any other than French dressers. By the china figures on the floor, which her black boy has brought home, she is supposed to be just returned from an auction, or sale of goods, at which places women of quality are generally taken in. 'Tis pride only, and a determination of rivalling their acquaintance in expence, that causes them to buy, or they would not purchase, as they often do at an exorbitant price, a villanous jar or a wretched pagod, which they have not the least occasion for, and which have neither beauty or value to recommend them. Let any one cast an eye on the various lots, and observe the precious acquisition our heroine has made, which by the catalogue on the floor, seems to have been once the property of Sir Timothy Baby-house,

and I am persuaded he must think the same. Among these is a porcelaine figure of Actæon, to whose horns the boy, with a leer upon his lady, is archly pointing, as emblematical of the ridiculous appearance of his master. It has ever been foolishly considered among the first rank of people, as a mark of grandeur, to have frequently at their houses one of those melodious animals, which are fetched from Italy at a great expence: such a one* is here singing, and is particularly well drawn for one of those unfortunate wretches that too often fall a victim to the musical madness of the Italians. His diamond buckles, rings, solitaire and earrings, tell us the many valuable presents the ladies have made him, who are generally wrapt up in any thing they think uncommon. As a proof of this, see Lady Charlotte dying away at the ravishing sounds of this melodious singer, and the mellow notes of the warbling flute. Not so the country gentleman on her left,† he having no relish for

* Farrinelli, a celebrated Italian singer. [Walpole and others consider this to be CARESTINI.]

† [It has been gravely insisted upon that this is not a gentleman asleep, nor a gentleman at all; but a bailiff in possession! (Vide letter to Mr. Nichols. Anecdotes, 4to. vol. iii. p. 87.) Fortunately, however for the settlement of this point, Mr. Ireland presents us, at the end of his second volume, with the explanations of the whole six pictures, which Hogarth gave to Mr. Lane, at the time of his becoming the purchaser of them. The descriptions in question, not only serve to confirm the general accuracy of Dr. Trusler, in matters of fact, but at the same time, give us the artist's own word for it, that he here expressly intended to contrast the devotee of country sports with a whole knot of affected admirers of the fashionable world, and with this enraptured lady in particular.

The following are his words:—"The woman there seems charmed almost to fainting, but the rest of the company do not seem so sensible of it. The country gentleman fatigued at a stag or a fox chase is fallen asleep."

these exalted pleasures, and supposed to be fatigued with riding, is fallen fast asleep. Next him sits one who, by the fan upon his wrist, we are told is more a woman than a man, a disciple of Anacreon's, a very heretic in love. This man pretends to be moved at what he hears, and puts us in mind of those effeminate creatures, who affect a delicacy they are perfect strangers to, and draw contempt on themselves in that very instant in which they would wish to be most admired. On the left of him sits another unaccountable with his hair in buckle; one of those personages that pass their whole lives in endeavouring to please, without success: a very *petit maitre* who constantly degrades the man to support the coxcomb. On the opposite side of the chamber is that young barrister, otherwise engaged, (whom we saw in the first plate talking to the bride) lying on a sofa; he seems, by his picture hanging in this room, to have ingratiated himself into the favour of the family, and by his situation here, to have profited by the indifference of the husband; for however strange it may appear, experience shews us, that in matters of intrigue, the husband is no less a dupe to the artful designs of his wife, let the indifference that subsists between them be as great as it may. He is

Now, in justice to our author, how ought this modest outline to be filled up—for there is not a finer conceived piece of satire in all his works? Even the closed eyes of the singer denote a drowsy kind of ecstasy, and the black footman is leering at him in obvious ridicule of the affected raptures produced in the die-away lady—while of the two remaining characters, one adapts a “a foolish face of praise” to compatibility with a comfortable doze, and the other is faintly endeavouring to think of something else!—This is Hogarth's delineation of a supposed musical treat! The enraptured lady and the sleeping gentleman, are since known to be portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fox Lane, afterwards Lord and Lady Bingley.]

represented as offering his mistress a ticket for a masquerade, which she on her part does not hesitate to accept. The figures, to which he is pointing in the screen, those of a friar and a nun in secret converse, intimate the purposes of his heart, tell her in express terms, that if she is as willing as he, they may then have an opportunity of enjoying each other under the serviceable mask of innocence, unseen by the inquisitive eye of censure. All that I shall further remark in this plate, is a few complimentary message cards lying scattered on the floor; the contents of which are as follow, "Lady Squander's company is desired at lady Townley's drum next Monday." "Lady Squander's company is desired at lady Heatham's drum-major next Sunday." Sunday, in particular! amazing wickedness of the age, that the greatest riot should be fixed on the most sacred day!—"Lady Squander's company is desired at Miss Hairbrain's rout." Among which is one from a foreigner, visible from its orthography. "Count Basset begs to no how lade Squander sleapt last nite." From these few cards, it is very evident in what an idle manner people of fashion trifle away their time, and in what acts of dissipation they waste those precious hours that ought to be spent in matters of greater moment. Little do they imagine they shall, one day or other, answer for this ill-conduct, or they would not, surely, mill-horse-like, pursue their incessant round, and take such pains to pay their visits to any lord, but the Lord of the whole earth.

PLATE V.

The fatal consequence of going to the masquerade is here shewn to perfection. The ticket was accepted to favour an



W.E. Mason sc.
 MARRIAGE A LA MODE. — PL. 5.
 Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 10, 1831.

assignation ; the assignation took place, and the catastrophe is dire. Happy is our heroine to find an opportunity of enjoying the company of her spark ; happy was the barrister to take an advantage of the supposed weakness of her husband ; but behold the dreadful end of such illicit and unwarrantable proceedings !—They are supposed to have retired from the ball to some bagnio, in order to give a loose to their enjoyment. But what are we to imagine brought the husband here ?—Suspicion, and eagerness to know the truth. Her indiscreet behaviour had long given birth to his jealousy, and her going to this place of amusement without him, confirmed it. Determined to see the event of her misconduct, he secretly follows her from his house to the masquerade, from the masquerade to the bagnio ; rashly gives them an opportunity of undressing, that he might have the satisfaction of discovering them in bed. Had he shewn himself at their entrance into the house, it might have answered his purpose equally, and in all probability this bloody scene would have been prevented ; but instead of this, he goes after them to the chamber, and thirsting for revenge, unsheaths his sword, bursts open the door and attacks his rival, who was also prepared, in case of any interruption ; a thrust or two passes between them ; and the husband is wounded mortally. The noise this occasioned brings up the watch and a servant of the house, who seem thunderstruck at the ghastly spectacle : alarmed at this accident, the young counsellor thought proper to secure himself by an escape from the window in his shirt ; and his mistress, struck at the same time both by remorse and horror, and actuated in some measure by concern, falls on her knees to her dying husband, wringing her hands, with tears in her eyes ; and in blubbered accents confesses her guilt, imploring his

forgiveness. Now, though too late, begins to work that sorrow, which had it found way into her breast before, might have prevented this dreadful act, and perhaps have laid the basis of their future happiness ; but, on the contrary, she pursued her vicious inclinations, even to the death of her husband, and was content to seal her misery, so she gratified her wanton passion. Nor was his imprudence less than hers ; for his corrupt course of life roused her resentment ; his unfaithfulness to the marriage-bed being, as it were, the prelude to her inconstancy ; and in order to punish it, he meets his own death in seeking that of his rival's. Thus he fell an untimely sacrifice to his revenge, and a victim to the wrath of Heaven.

PLATE VI.

Though the young barrister fled from the window, it was of little or no availment, much like the fluttering of a bird ensnared in a net, that tries, even to the last, to escape the hands of the fowler ; he reaches the ground, 'tis true, but is presently taken by the watch, and the next day committed to prison, there to bewail his past imprudencies, and settle his accounts with his Creator. Madam is conducted to her house, and left to repent her hasty steps at leisure. On the report of this melancholy story, the tradesmen of her lord, (who had long foreborn carrying matters to extremities, through the hopes that they should be, one time, paid) rush on her to seize the remaining effects. She, therefore, being ill disposed to settle any sort of account, we are to imagine makes a friend of her father, throws her affairs into his hands, leaves her home and returns to his house ; supposed to be somewhere near London bridge, we having a view of



W. H. Worthington, sc.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. — PL. 6.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 1831.

it from the window in its original state when covered with houses. Let us pass over the many sad hours she is presumed to wear away in hateful meditation, and hasten to the scene before us ; a scene of aggravated distress and horror. Left to the dreaded leisure of her thoughts, she becomes conscious of having been the destruction of her husband, her lover, (for by the dying speech before her we are told he has been tried and executed) her reputation, and her happiness ; and foolishly thinks she has no other refuge from the terrors of her mind than to destroy herself. Unhappy situation, to have less reason and resolution when we stand most in need of them ! Little does she reflect upon the consequences of so presumptive an act, but hopes only to ease the anguish of her mind, by depriving herself of the power of thinking. In this disordered state, she artfully sends a servant for a dose of laudanum, swallows it with the greatest eagerness, and by that means puts an end to her miserable being. Thus, instead of appeasing the vengeance of heaven by a hearty contrition ; through a mistaken view of extenuating her crime by the death of herself, she doubly enhances her guilt ; and with the design of quieting the terrors of a tormented conscience, she rashly casts herself suddenly at the bar of judgment, there in the utmost agonies of fear and despair, to wait the dreadful sentence of an avenging judge. See her, then, in the last moments of her life seized with death, as she and her father were sitting down to dinner. A physician and apothecary are immediately sent for ; but all assistance is vain, it being now too late. The first is returning in all the pride of physical consequence, and the latter severely reprimanding the servant for fetching the deadly potion. The starched tight-dressed figure of the one, and the trembling relaxed state of the

other, added to the appearance of his coat, which seems to have been an old one of his master's, afford an agreeable contrast, and cannot fail drawing a smile, even in this scene of distress, which is not a little heightened by the old family servant in tears, bringing the poor little infant, the diseased and rickety offspring of debauched parents, to take its last farewell of its expiring mother. The great niggardliness that prevails in this house is visible from the ancient furniture of the room, the beggarly dinner served up upon the table, the emaciated figure of the fleshless dog; and the covetous disposition of its master, (who seems more attentive to the least acquisition, than the most tragical event that can happen) by his drawing the ring from his daughter's finger. By way of completion, it may not be unnecessary to take notice of the pictures in this plate, which are on subjects far different from what we have seen in the foregoing; and are expressive of the want of taste and elegance in such persons as pass their whole life in the accumulation of wealth.* They are also introduced here as a contrast to those we saw in the possession of the Earl. The magnificence of the one, and the meanness of the other, are equally as worth notice as the strange subjects they represent. However, in general, 'tis neither analogy, taste, or decency, that is consulted in the choice of pictures, but the broker of whom we buy them, who on his part recommends those

* ["The very furniture of his rooms"—says Mr. Walpole, "describe the characters to whom they belong; a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The Rake's levee-room, the Nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in Marriage-a-la-mode, the Alderman's parlour, the Poet's bed chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age."]

by which he gets the most, without paying much regard either to the painter or the painting. A strong proof of the ignorance of nobility :—tell them, such or such a painting, whether it be so or not, is an original, and you secure the sale of it, let the price be what it will, as 'tis oftener the rarity of a thing that attracts the buyers, than its peculiar ornament, its intrinsic value, or a competent knowledge of its merit. 'Tis just the same with respect to books ; a person who prides himself in being curious, shall give more money for a worm-eaten edition of Elzevir, which he cannot understand, than for the most valuable set of books in the English language, which shall both improve his mind and ornament his study ;—for my part, when I hear of such a man, I cannot help thinking of a particular person of the last age, that bought a vast quantity of clothes, not because they had any thing peculiar to recommend them, or that he wanted them for wear, but only because they were made by such a particular tailor.

Having now laid before the reader such incidental remarks as occurred through the course of this history, one would naturally imagine there should be no occasion to dwell longer on the subject, or to tire his ears with a repetition of that, of which he has had an ocular demonstration ; but such is the perverseness of mankind, that what they are told they will scarcely give credit to ; and what they even see, they will find means to elude the force of. To such 'tis in vain to apply ; for arguments will still be but arguments ; they may persuade, but cannot compel ; demonstration itself not being able to confute a resolved will ; all then I shall further say on this subject is, that I would fain persuade myself, that those who are not totally deaf to instruction, will profit by the tragic story, and by a timely prevention, avoid in their own families what has shocked them in

this. Let me hope, then, ye relentless parents, who pay no regard to the happiness of your offspring, and who would sacrifice a child to the lust of riches, I say, let me hope, at least, that a fear of shame and disgrace will have some sort of influence, and that what natural affection cannot bring to bear, will be effected by the dread of calamitous events. Force not a son or a daughter to a step they may have occasion to rue; but study their true and lasting happiness, which in matrimony consists not in abundance of wealth, but in union of mind and conformity of temper; advise them as you please; but cease from compulsion; and learn when you exert your authority not to lose sight of your tenderness; and while you support the man, not to drop the father.

On the other hand, ye sons and daughters, whom marriage has launched into life, consider well, ere it be too late, the destructive consequences of opposite inclinations. That silly pride of keeping up the prerogative either of a husband or a wife, has been the cause of many an undoing; and the happiness of that couple, that might have lived in the greatest harmony and affection, has been often upset through the prevalence of petulance and peevishness. It is your express duty to study the disposition of each other, to look over the common frailties of each particular sex, and to avoid all extravagance, irregularity, and other failings that may occasion disgust. This, if you do with care and exactness, marriage will become a blessing, and your home a paradise.

[In conception, character, drawing, penciling, and colouring, it will not be easy, perhaps not possible, to find six pictures painted by any artist, in any age or country, in which such variety of superlative merit is united. J. I.]

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.*

As our future welfare in a great measure depends on our first setting out in the world, and as we derive our success in life from our own active endeavours ; it may not appear inconsistent with reason to say, that our good or ill-fortune is chiefly owing to our diligence, or sloth, in the early part of our lives, which if well followed in the course of our youth becomes habitual, and is as it were moulded with our natures. This, I think, Mr. Hogarth has made appear in the following history of the Two Apprentices, by representing a series of such scenes as follow naturally, in order, a course of industry or idleness, and which he has decorated with such texts of scripture as teach us their analogy with holy writ. Now, as example is far more convincing and persuasive than precept, these prints are undoubtedly an excellent lesson to such young men as are brought up to business, by laying before them the inevitable destruction that awaits the slothful, and the infallible reward that attends

* [The hint for contrasting the very opposite characters of this set of prints is taken from the old comedy of "Eastward Hoe." Touchstone, a plain and honest old citizen and goldsmith, has two apprentices, Golding and Quicksilver: the former is a counterpart of Hogarth's Goodchild, and the latter has many of the dispositions of Mr. Thomas Idle.

In the comedy, as in the prints, young Golding becoming a magistrate, Quicksilver is brought before him as a criminal. In later days, James Love the comedian, re-dramatised this eventful history, and the celebrated Tom King performed the good apprentice.]

the diligent. It was this motive that induced the Chamberlain of London to have them hung up in his public office, as the most useful furniture he could think of, and as a pattern to every person in trade ; hoping they would follow his example. These sheets then may not be unuseful, or unproductive of good consequences, if put into the hands of the rising generation.

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW 'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

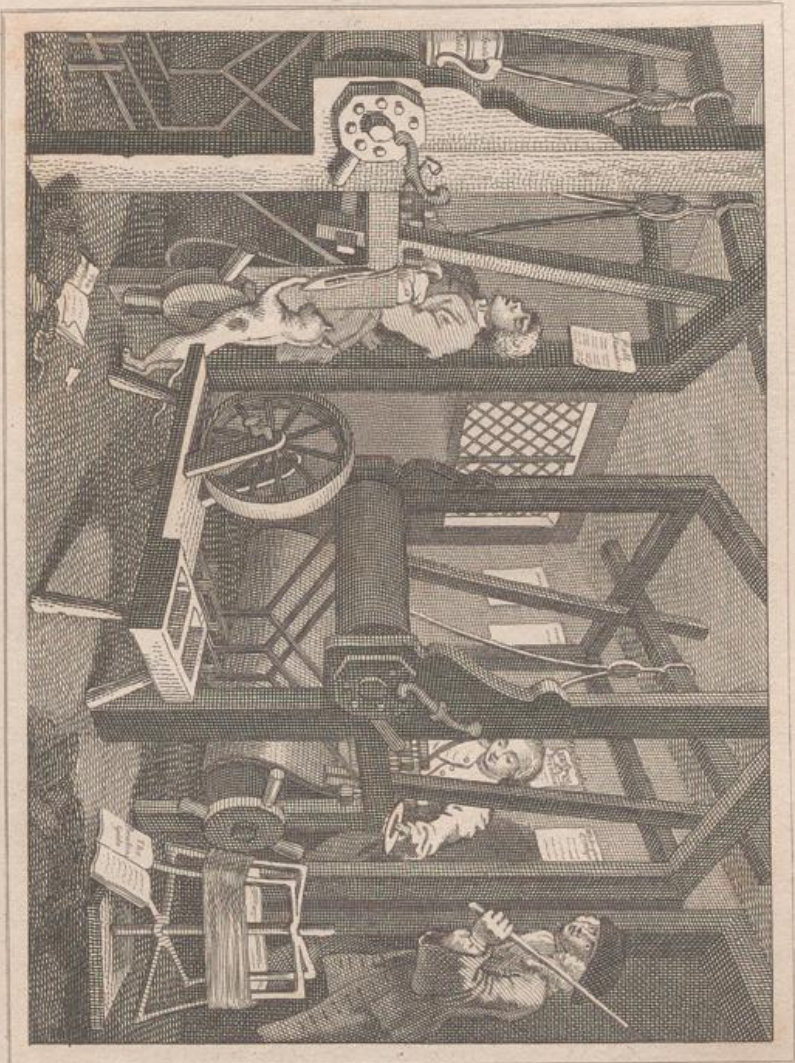
Proverbs, Chapter xxiii. Verse 21.

"The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

Proverbs, Chapter x. verse 4.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

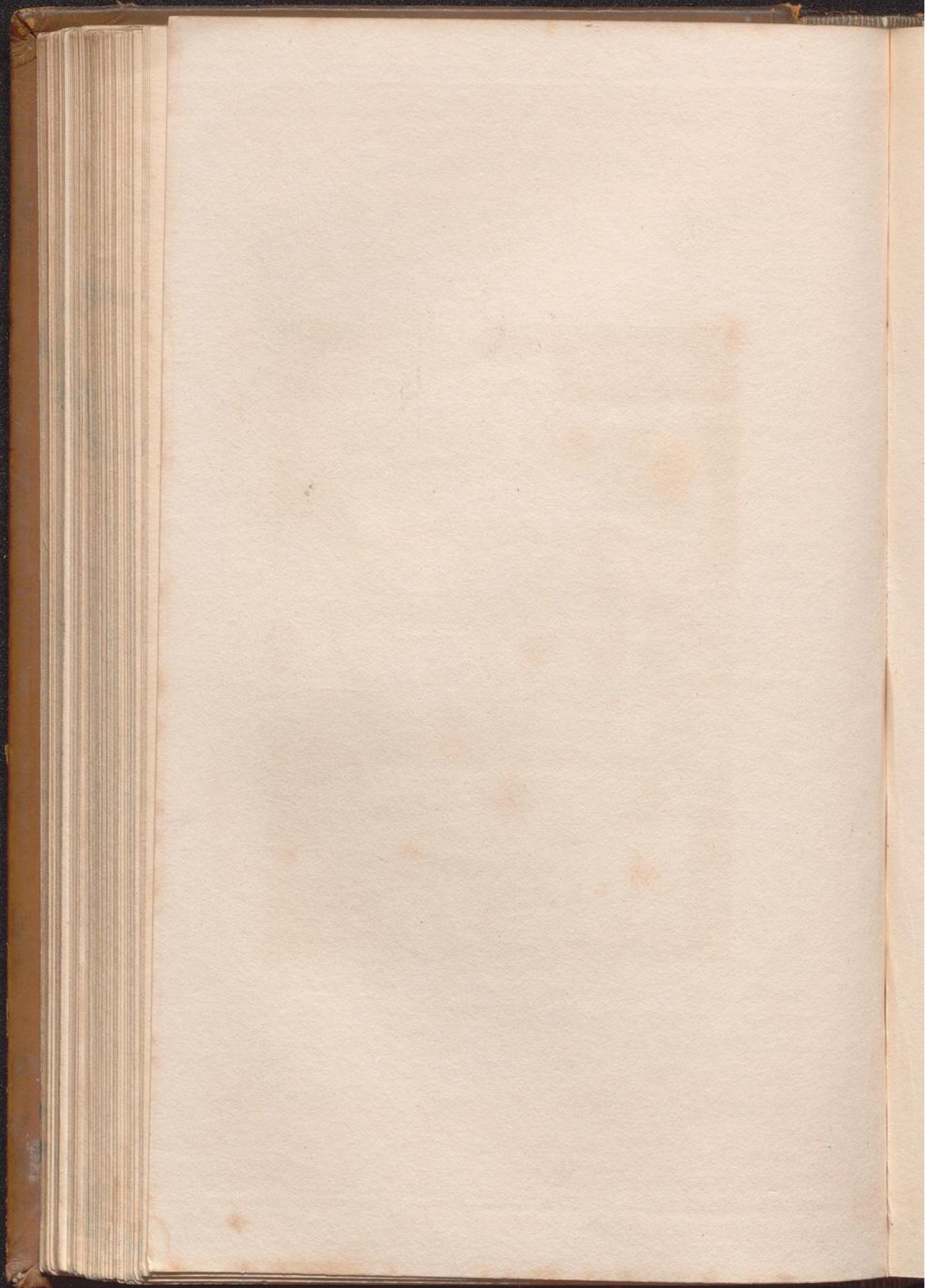
View then the noble contrast ; see the fellow 'prentices at their looms in the workshop of a Spital-fields weaver. Observe in the one a serene and open countenance, the distinguished mark of innocence ; and in the other a hanging downcast look, the index of a corrupt and vicious heart. The industrious lad is here diligently employed at his work, and his thoughts are wholly taken up with the business he is upon. His book, called the Prentice's Guide, supposed to be given him for instruction, lies fair and open, beside him, as perused with care and attention. The employment of the day seems his constant study ; and the interest of his master his continual regard. Even in his leisure hours, the usual times of recreation, he is not without a thought on the obligations of his station, but passes his time in exact conformity to his sense of duty ; and we are given to understand by those ballads pasted on the wall behind him,



P. Hughes, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. P.L.I.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Jan. 21. 1831.



which contain the histories of the London 'Prentice, Whittington, the Mayor, &c. that if his boyish follies ever lead him to lay out a penny in youthful amusements, it is on things that may improve his mind and correct his understanding. On the contrary, his fellow-'prentice, overpowered with beer, plain from the half-gallon pot before him, is with his arms folded, fallen asleep; a manifest token of laziness, brought on by a love of liquor. Such is the misfortune of many men, that the errors they imbibe in their youth become habits in their age; for we find (so fond are some of drinking) that when they cannot meet with others who will run with them into equal excess, rather than not indulge themselves in their beloved vices, they will even get drunk alone. From the cat's playing with the shuttle, we learn, how fast he is locked in sleep; so inattentive is he to his own and master's interest, as to suffer that to be done, during his insensibility, which will give him additional trouble when he awakes, and verify the old proverb, "lazy folks take the most pains." The ballad, containing the history of Moll Flanders, fixed up behind him, shews us the bent of his mind towards that which is bad; and his book of instructions lying torn and defaced upon the ground, how regardless he is of any thing tending to his future welfare. His master stealing in, with an angry countenance, and an uplifted stick, gives us to understand, that the consequence of his sloth is a present beating; and the emblematical figures* of a pair of fetters, a cat-o-nine tails, and a halter, (if he goes on as he has begun) what he may expect in future; whereas the regalia on the other side, viz. the golden chain, the sword and mace, are pictured to denote that preferment and honour are the rewards of diligence and labour.

* [The ornaments of the engraved frames of the original prints.]

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A
CHRISTIAN.

Psalm cxix. Verse 97.

"O how I love thy law ; it is my meditation all the day."

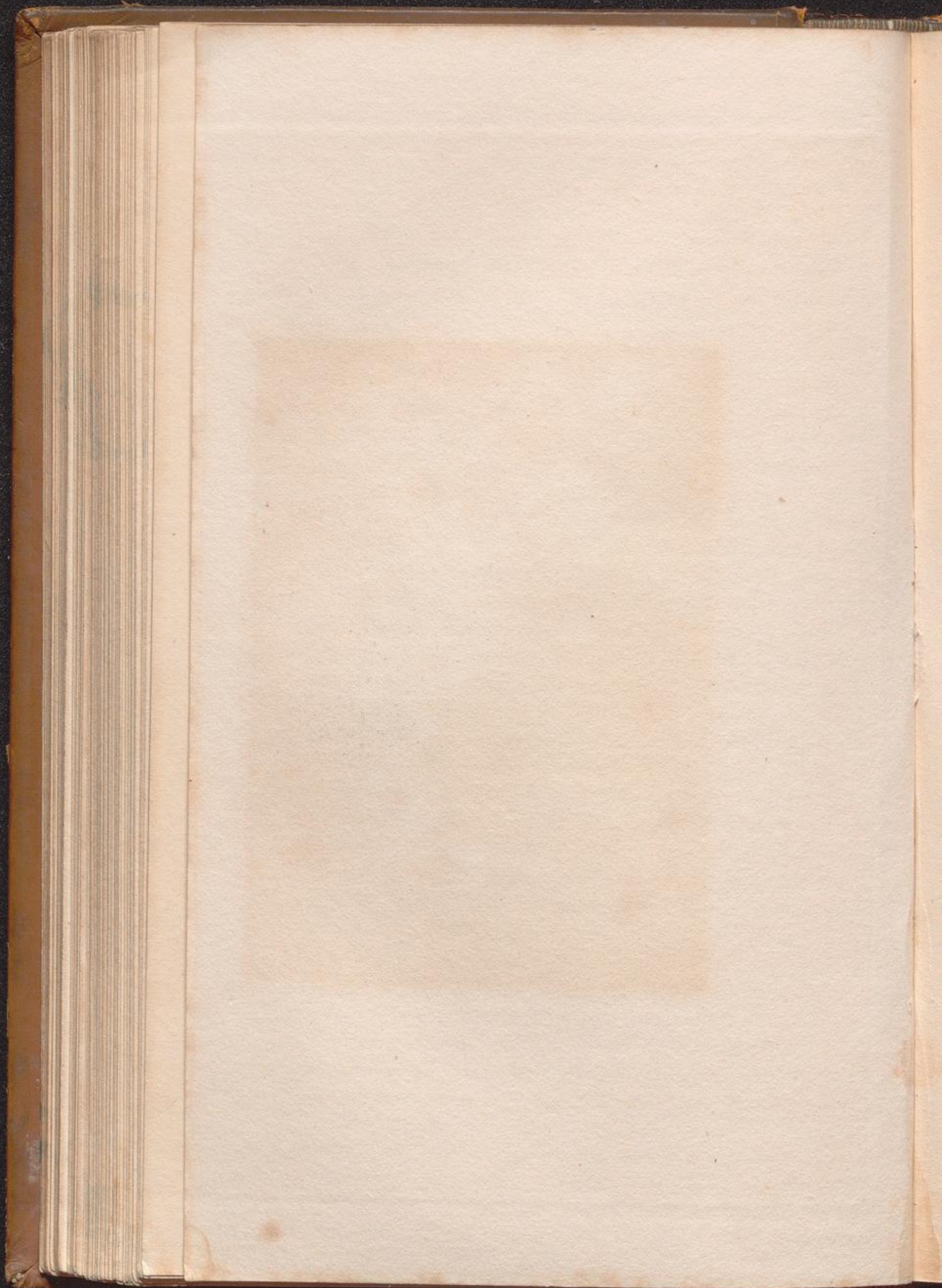
But as the very best of our services are ineffectual with respect to the end proposed, unless attended with the blessing of heaven, this plate represents to us the industrious young man performing the duty of a Christian in the service of his God ; by which we are taught, that an attention to our eternal welfare should be a great part of our concern, and go hand in hand with our temporal, in opposition to the general practice of mankind, who vainly think, that to eat, drink, dress, and live, is the *summum bonum*, or chief good on which our thoughts should be constantly employed. We see him here attending the public service in a devout and decent manner ; (joining in that particular part of it, psalm-singing ; which is too often neglected by those who are even constant attenders of divine worship) not in a lazy indolent posture, sitting, or lounging, as is frequently the custom, but standing up, as a mark of sacred respect to that God whose praises he is chaunting out ; and as a proof that this appearance is not only outward, the calmness and well-meaning disposition of his countenance sufficiently declare an inward purity, and that his gestures are the immediate result of a fervent heart. A bright example of piety, and a lively contrast to the man asleep beside him, which shews us how often people are induced to be present, on these solemn occasions, merely through fashion, and that they may not pass for heathens, without the least regard to their



P. Andrew, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS, PL. 2.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, March, 31, 1831.



spiritual interest ; choosing rather to sleep away their salvation, than to sit out as they profanely call it, the dull and tedious service of the church. Surely such persons as make a convenience of public worship, as is the case with many, must imagine the clergy are appointed by the parish to amuse its inhabitants in an idle hour, which they are not permitted to employ in their respective occupations, or they would not pay so little regard to what they hear. His giving a person near him (who is supposed to be his master's daughter) a sight of his book, tells us that he cares not for himself alone, but that while he serves his own soul, he is not unmindful of his neighbour's. By the hassocks turned without the pew, except one beneath his own feet, we learn, that whilst others, regardless, sit or loll through the petitionary part of the service, he performs it on his knees, intensely adoring the God on whom he rests his confidence, and as an humble supplicant at the throne of heaven for mercy. The trussed-up figure of the preposterous woman behind him, intimates, that after the manner of many others, she is as much swoln with pride as corpulency ; that she thinks herself of the greatest consequence, which she endeavours to make known, (church being the usual place of such exhibitons) by rivalling her neighbours in the number of ribands at her breast, and in the enormous size of her fan ; things full as expressive as the most costly jewels, being the greatest ornaments within the reach of her pocket. The other figure, that of the pew-opener on the left, denotes the decent behaviour of the devout worshipper : though age and infirmities prevent her rising, still she is intent on the solemn office, and pays her adoration to the utmost of her power. Upon the whole, we are to learn from the general tenor of the piece before us, that our well-

being in this life depends upon a conscientious regard to the duties of a Christian, and on our being particularly careful with respect to the next.

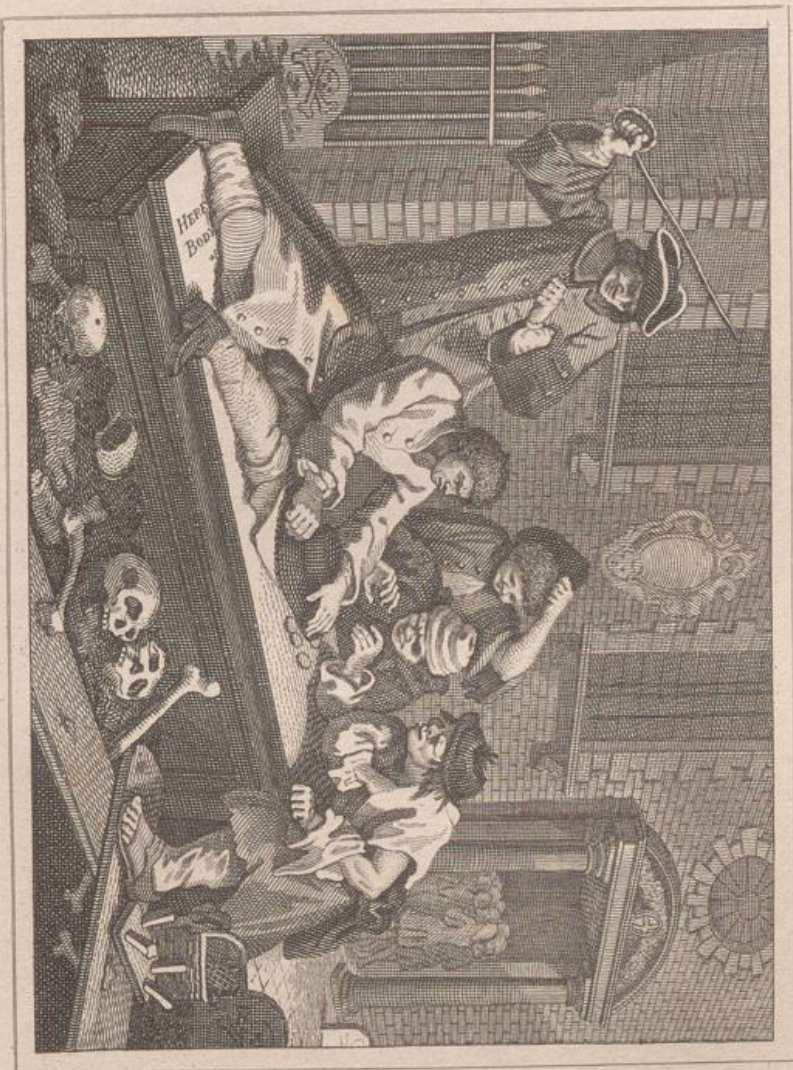
PLATE III.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCHYARD DURING
DIVINE SERVICE.

Proverbs, Chapter ix. Verse 29.

"Judgments are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools."

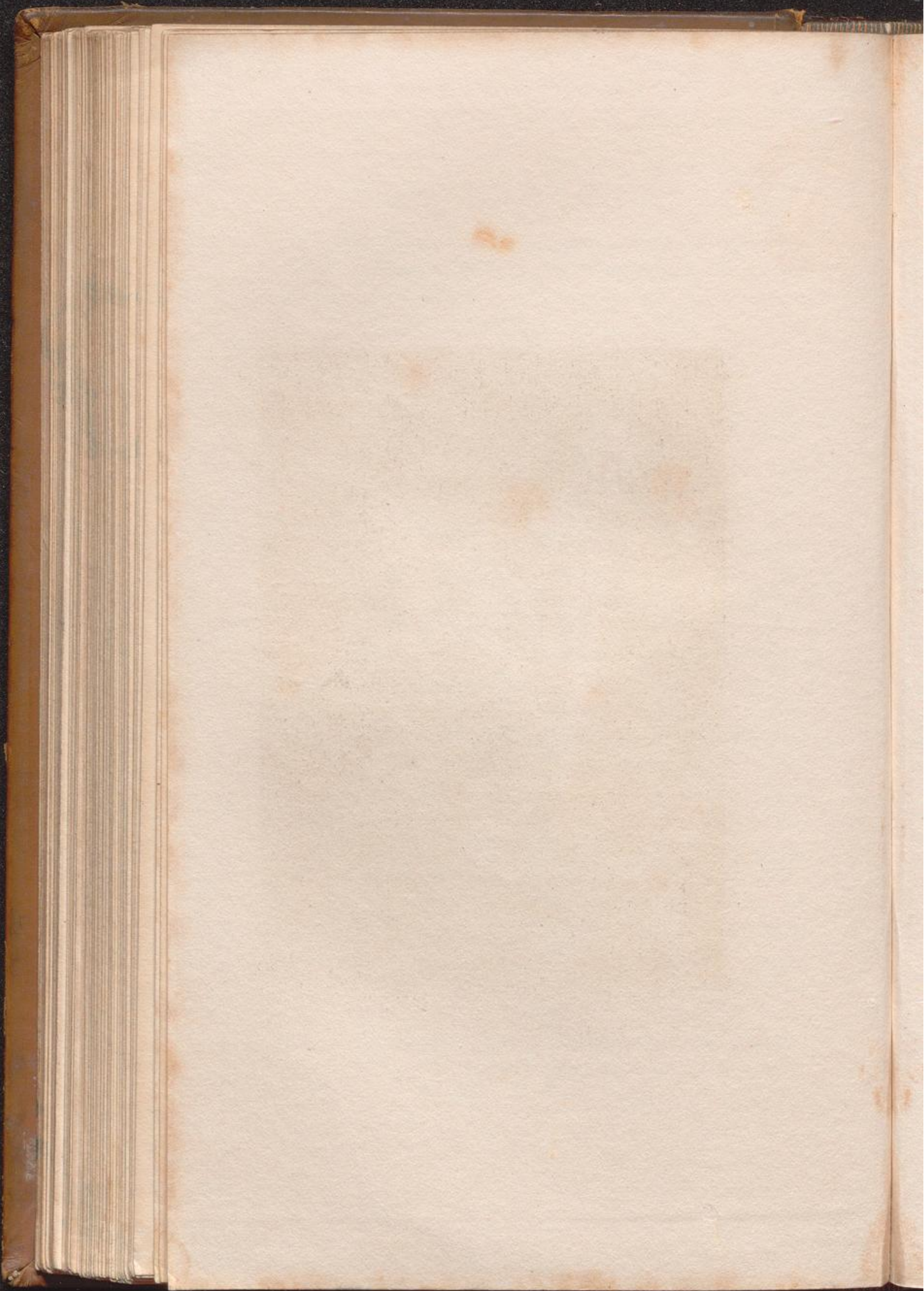
As a contrast to the last plate, that of the industrious young man performing of the duties of a Christian, is this, representing the idle 'Prentice at play in the churchyard during divine service. As an observance of religion is allowed to be the foundation of virtue, so a neglect of religious duties has long been acknowledged the forerunner of every kind of wickedness, the confession of malefactors at the place of execution being a doleful confirmation of this sad truth. Here we see him, while others are intent on the holy office, transgressing the laws both of God and man, gambling on a tomb-stone with the off-scouring of the people, the meanest of the human species, shoe-blacks, chimney-sweepers, &c. for none but such ignorant abandoned wretches would deign to be his companions; and so callous is his heart, so wilfully blind is he to every thing tending to his future interest, that the tombs, those standing monuments of mortality, cannot rouse him, nor even the new-dug grave, the skulls and bones, those lively monitors of our latter end, awake him from his sinful lethargy, open his eyes in the midst of danger, or pierce his heart with the least reflection. Such an instance of hardened

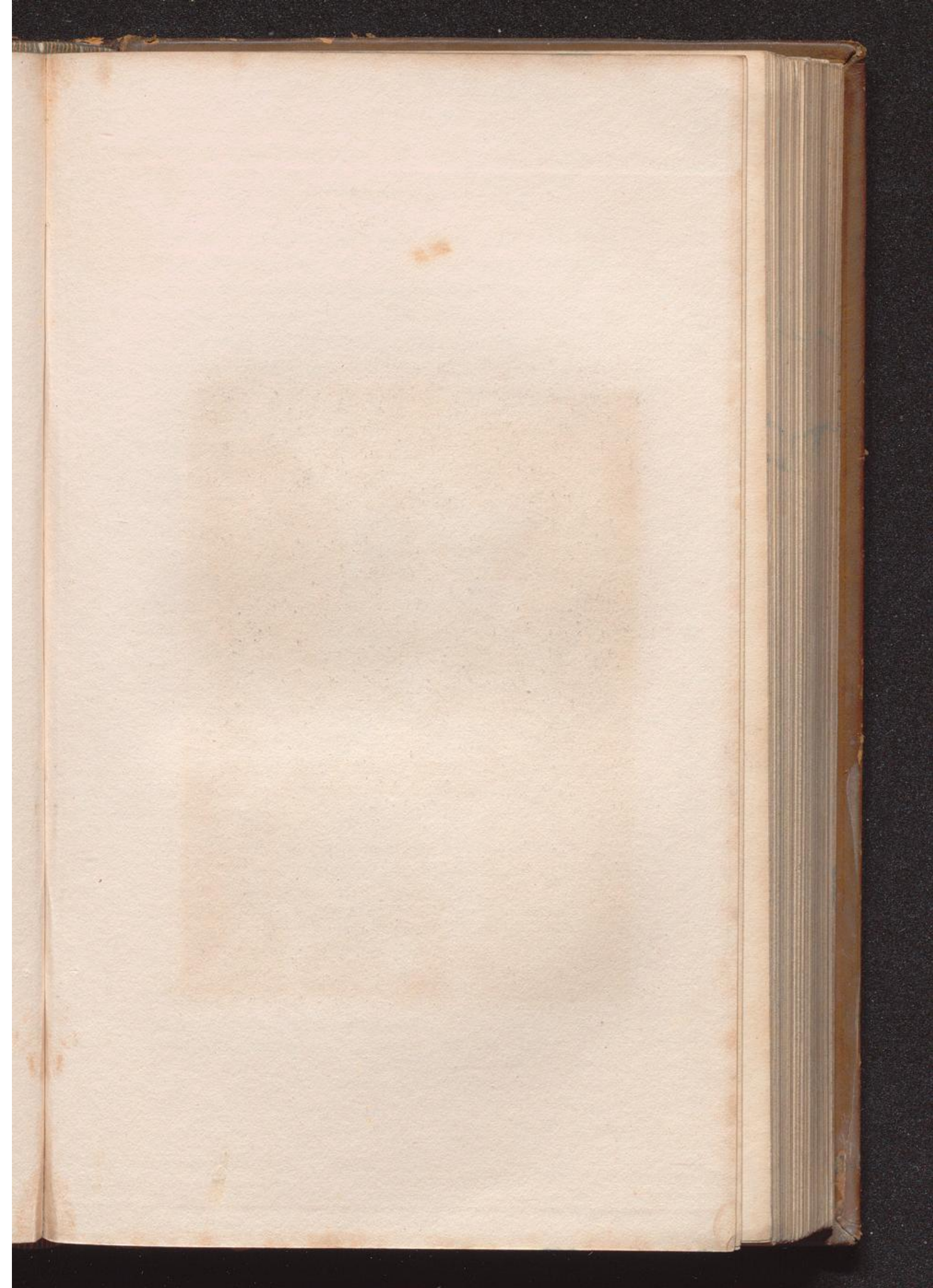


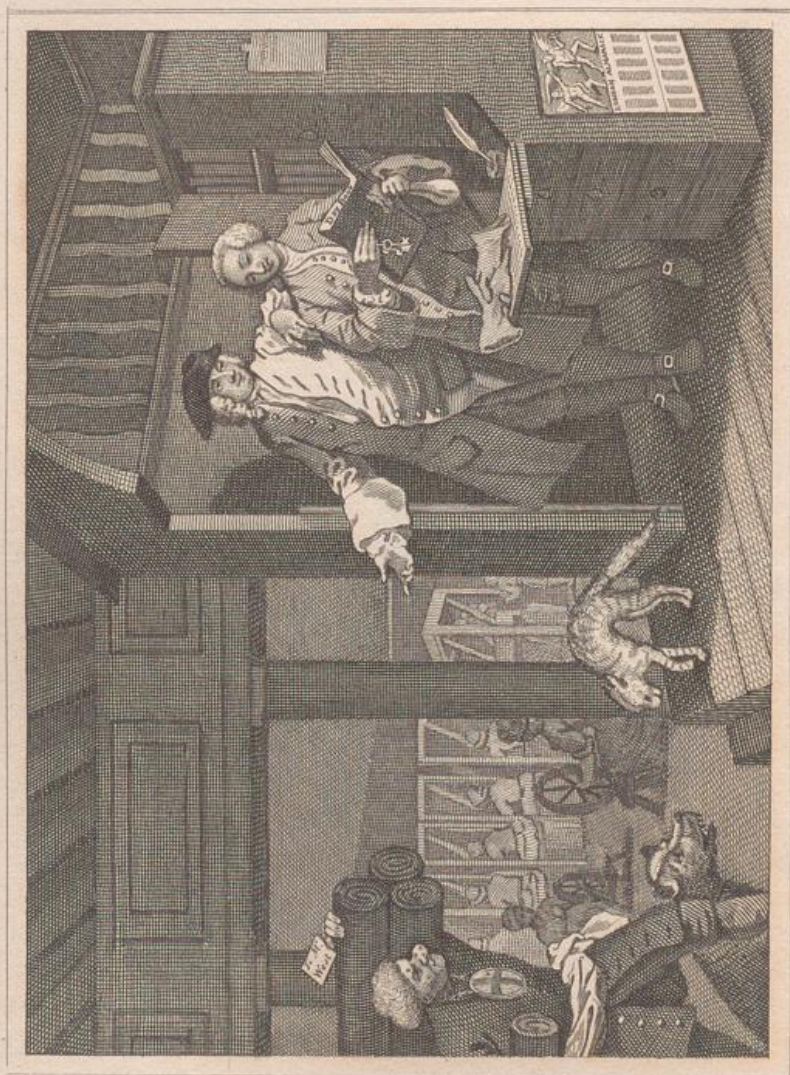
F. Audley, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS, PL. 3.

Published by John Mayor, 50, Fleet Street, Jan'y 11. 1831.







P. Audinot, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. PL. 4.

Published by John Major, 59, Fleet Street, March 31, 1831.

viciousness as is not to be paralleled ! —The hand of the boy employed upon his head, and that of the shoe-black in his bosom, are expressive to the utmost of filth and vermin ; and that he (the apprentice) is within a step of being overspread with the beggarly contagion. His obstinate continuance in his crime, 'till removed by the blows of the watchful beadle, gives us to understand that stripes are prepared for the back of fools ; that disgrace and infamy are the natural attendants of the slothful and the scorner ; and that there are little hopes of any alteration, 'till he is overtaken in his sin by the avenging hand of Omnipotence, and feels with horror and amazement, the unexpected and inevitable stroke of death. Thus, dreadfully, does the obstinately incorrigible person shut his ears against all the alarming calls of Providence, and sin away even the possibility of Salvation !

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE, AND ENTRUSTED
BY HIS MASTER.

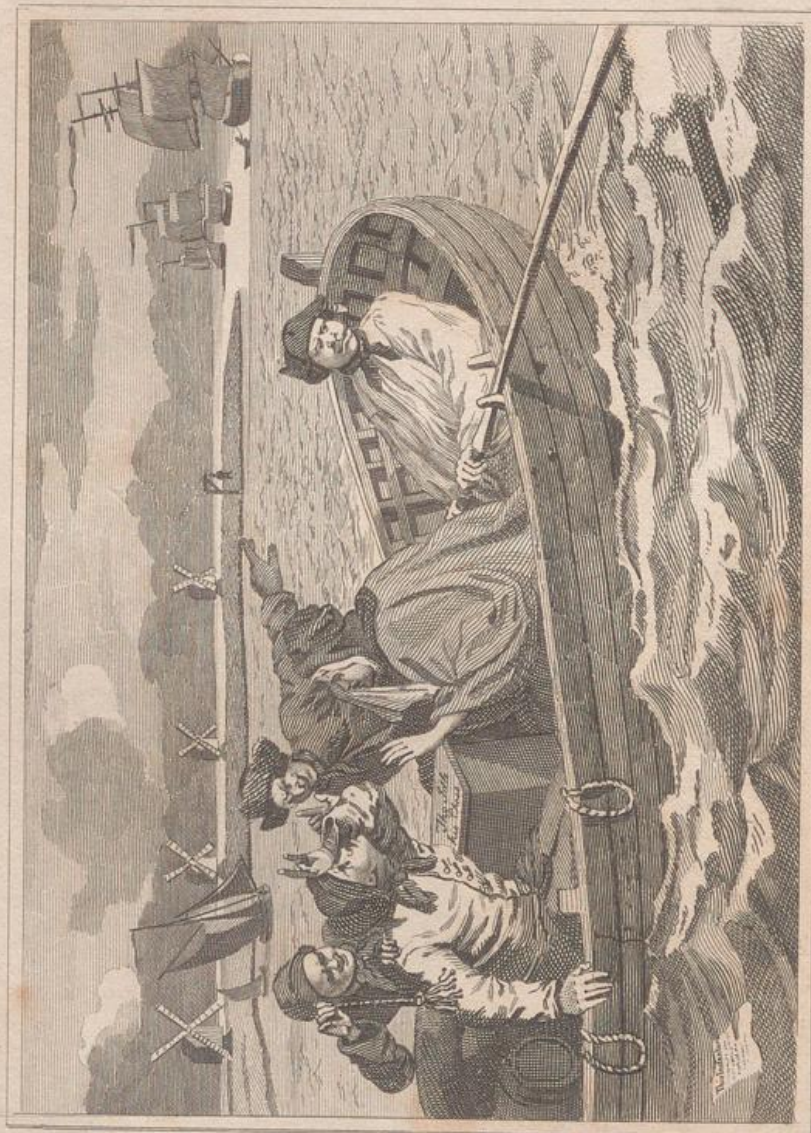
Matthew, Chapter xxv, Verse 21.

“ Well done thou good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.”

The industrious youth, by a discreet and steady conduct, we are to imagine, attracts the notice of his master, and becomes a favourite : accordingly we behold him, here, (exquisitely continued from the first and second prints) in the compting-house (with a distant view of the looms, and of the quilsters winding quills for the shuttles, from whence he was removed) entrusted with the books, receiving and giving orders, (the general reward of honesty, care, and

diligence) evident in the delivery of some stuffs by a city-porter, from Blackwell-Hall. By the keys in one hand, and the bag in the other, we are taught that he has behaved himself with so much prudence and discretion, and given such instances of fidelity, as to become, now, the keeper of untold gold : the greatest mark of implicit confidence. The integrity of his heart is visible in his face. The modesty and tranquillity of his countenance tell us, that though the great trust reposed in him is an addition to his happiness, yet that he discharges his duty with so much becoming diffidence and care, as not to betray any of that pride which usually attends so great a promotion. The familiar position of his master, leaning on his shoulder, is a further proof of his esteem, declaring that he dwells as it were, in his bosom, and possesses the greatest share of his affection : circumstances that must sweeten even a state of servitude, and make a pleasing and indelible impression on the mind. The head-piece to the London-Almanack, representing Industry taking Time by the fore-lock, is not one of the least beauties in this plate, as it intimates the danger of delay, and advises us to make the best use of time whilst we have it in our power ; nor will the position of the gloves, on the flap of the escritoire, be unobserved by a curious examiner, being expressive of that union that subsists between an indulgent master and an industrious apprentice.

The strong-beer nose and pimpled face of the porter, (though it has no connection with the moral of the piece) is a fine caricatura, and shews that our author let slip no opportunity of ridiculing the vices and follies of the age, and particularly here, in laying before us the strange infatuation of this set of people, who, because a good deal of labour requires some extraordinary refreshment, will even



A. Denson, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS, PL. 5.

Published by John Mayor, 50, Fleet Street, March 31, 1831.

drink to the deprivation of their reason and the destruction of their health. The surly mastiff keeping close to his master and quarrelling with the house-cat for admittance, though introduced to fill up the piece, represents the faithfulness of these animals in general, and is no mean emblem of the honesty and fidelity of the porter, and of that universal harmony that dwells within this house.

PLATE V.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

Proverbs, Chapter x, Verse 1.

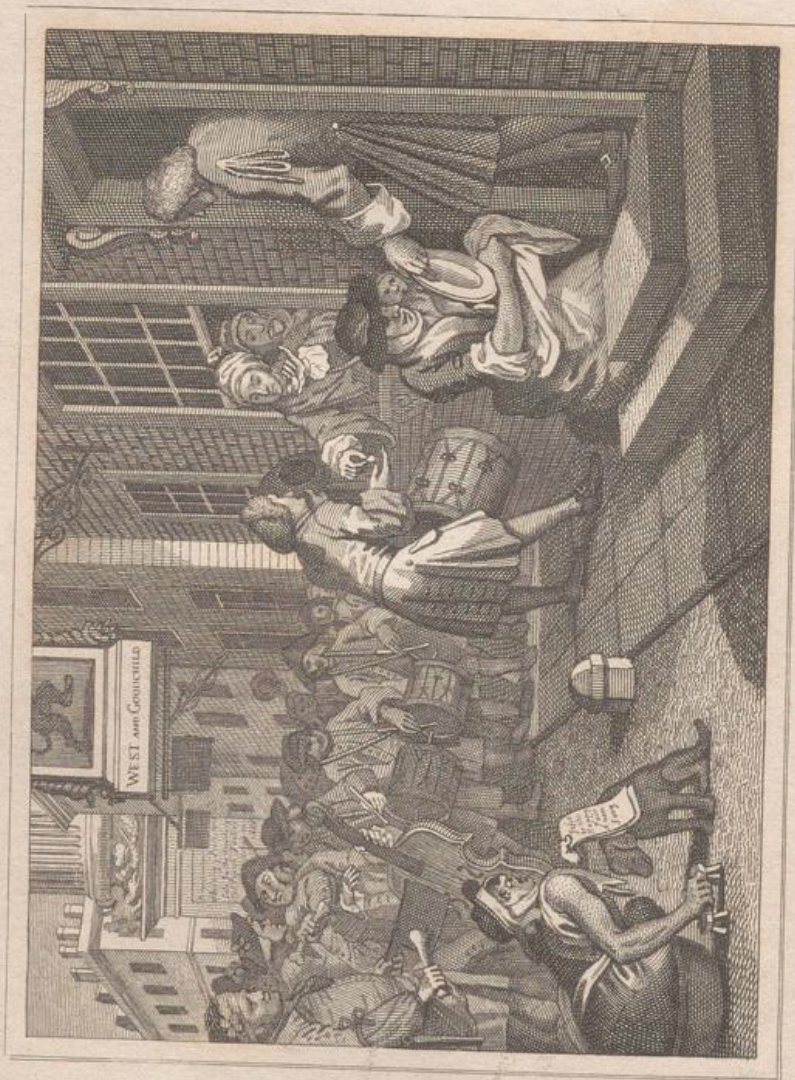
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

On the other hand, the idle 'Prentice having, by his continual bad behaviour tired out the patience of his master, is turned away and sent to sea, in hopes that, being absent from the vices of the town, and out of the reach of his wicked companions, together with the discipline of the sea-service, might work that reformation, his friends had little reason to expect while he continued on shore. See him then in the ship's boat, off from land, the stage of all his crimes, making toward the vessel in which he is to embark. The disposition of the different figures in the boat, and the expression of their faces, tell us, as particularly as if we heard them speak, the subject of their discourse, which is relative to his idleness. His insolent behaviour and impudence to every one present, his application of his hand to his forehead, by way of horns, supposed to have been dictated to him by the place, in the river, which they have just passed, that of Cuckold's-Point,* and his throwing his

* A place, by the water-side, (so called) three miles below London-bridge.

indentures into the water with an air of contempt, prove, that he is not at all affected by his present condition, and how little he regards the persuasions, nay, the tears of a fond mother, whose heart seems ready to burst with grief, fearing the fate of her darling son. Well might Solomon say, a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother ; it being natural for a parent to be interested in the well-being of a child (be that child ever so bad ;) to rejoice in a foresight of its happiness, and sorrow even in a distant view of its misery ! —One would naturally imagine, from the common course of things, that reflection would now and then find a passage to his heart, and be a means of softening, in some measure, the ruggedness of his disposition ; but on the contrary we observe him, in the vulgar phrase, a dog so hardened, as to beget, even in the seamen (who are themselves almost in a state of incivilization) an abhorrence of his behaviour, and draw from them an intimation of what he is to expect, unless he alters for the better ; namely, first, a whipping, indicated by the cat-o-nine-tails hung over his shoulder, by the boy behind him ; and in the end a gallows, which the boatswain is pointing at ; too often the dreadful consequence of sloth, which is in fact the parent of every kind of wickedness.*

* [The great physiognomist, Lavater, does Hogarth the honour to illustrate a part of his system by a copy of this print—accompanied by the following observations. “ Here are the traits of drunkenness with thoughtless stupidity. Who can look without disgust ? Would these wretches have been what they are, had they not by vice erased nature’s works ? Can perversion be more apparent than in the middle profile ?”]



Published by

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS, - PL. 6.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 2, 1831.

PLATE VI.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND
MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

Proverbs, Chapter xii, Verse 4.

"The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

Here we see the industrious youth increasing in his happiness, taken into partnership by his master, (evident from their joint names upon the sign) and married to his daughter; the subject of this plate being finely continued from the second and fourth. By the young man's appearing in his cap and gown at breakfast, in company with his amiable spouse, we are to suppose it morning, and by the congratulations of the mob, gathered in such numbers from his well-known benevolence and generosity, the morning after marriage. Even in this hour of dissipation, in this feast, and riot of the senses, he is not inattentive to the distresses of others, nor deaf to the voice of humanity. The natural feelings of his heart, and his desire that others should, in some measure, partake of his felicity, are visible from the servant's distributing by his order to the necessitous, and his giving the master-drummer gold, to gladden the hearts of his comrades. In this groupe of figures, the true spirit of this nation is exquisitely described, in the earnestness with which one of the butchers, standing, with his marrow-bone and cleaver, observes the fortunate receiver for the other drums; and the anger expressed in the countenance of his fellow, who is elbowing, out of the first rank, the ruffled French performer on the base-viol; demanding that precedence, the English have been always masters of. That

cripple, on the left of this piece, was intended for a well-known beggar called Philip-in-the-tub, (from his being reduced to the shift, we see, in order to supply his unhappy want of limbs) who in the principal towns of Ireland, and the Seven Provinces, as well as in those of Great Britain, was a constant attendant at all weddings as an epithalamist. He is supposed to be here bawling out the old song of Jesse, or The happy pair. But whilst our attention is drawn to the moral history of the piece, we must not forget the other design of the painter, that of exhibiting to view the extravagance of custom, in the assembling of so great a number of drummers, fiddlers, butchers, &c. who because in former days, the weddings of those who were respected in the parish were usually celebrated with instruments of joy, (the public congratulations of their poorer neighbours) do now, on such particular occasions, gather round the house, not out of any regard to the persons whose marriage they attend, but merely through a view of obtaining money; and though perhaps they might in this be, in some respect, justifiable, yet grown to extortion (the common practice of latter days) it is criminal, deserving the watchful care of magistracy, and, the interposition of the law; for to so great a pitch of insolence are these wretches arrived, that if their extravagant demand is not complied with, from sounds of congratulation they proceed to those of insult; and from being formerly instruments and marks of respect, they are now become a general nuisance. Such is the pernicious prevalence of some customs, supported and encouraged by the ill-judged liberality of the public!



P. Audouin, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. — PL. 7.

Published by John Major 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

PLATE VII.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA AND IN A GARRET
WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

Leviticus, Chapter xxvi, Verse 36.

"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

The idle apprentice, as appears by this print, is advancing with large strides towards his fate. We are to suppose him returned from sea, after a long voyage, and to have met with such correction abroad for his obstinacy, during his absence from England, that though it was found insufficient to alter his disposition, yet it determined him to some other way of life, and what he entered on is here extremely evident, (from the pistols beside the bed, and the trinkets his companion is examining, in order to strip him of) to be that of the highway. He is represented in a garret with a common prostitute, the partaker of his infamy, awaking, after a night spent in robbery and plunder, from one of those broken slumbers, which are ever the consequence of a life of theft and debauchery. Though the designs of Providence are visible in every thing, yet they are never more conspicuous than in this; that whatever these unhappy wretches possess, by wicked and illegal means, they seldom if ever comfortably enjoy. In this scene, we have one of the finest pictures imaginable of the horrors of a guilty conscience. Though the door is fastened in the strongest manner with a lock and two bolts, and with the addition of some planks from the flooring, so as to make his retreat as secure as possible; though he has attempted to drive away thought by the powerful effects of spirituous liquors, plain, from the glass and bottle upon the floor, still he is not able to fence out his guilt, or steel his breast against reflection. Behold

him roused by the accidental circumstance of a cat's coming down the chimney, and the falling of a few bricks, which he fears to be the noise of his pursuers ! Observe him starting in his bed ; and all the tortures of his mind imprinted in his face ! He first stiffens into stone ; then all the nerves and muscles relax ; a cold sweat seizes him ; his hair stands on end ; his teeth chatter ; and dismay and horror stalk before his eyes. How different is the countenance of his wretched bed-fellow ! wherein unconcern and indifference to every thing but the plunder, are plainly apparent. She is looking at an ear-ring, which with two watches, an etwee, and a couple of rings, are spread upon the bed as part of last night's robbery. The phials on the mantle-piece declare that sickness and disease are common to prostitution ; and the ragged and beggarly appearance of the room, its wretched furniture, the hole by way of window, (by whose light she is examining her valuable acquisition, and against which she had hung her old hoop-petticoat, in order to keep out the cold) and the rat's running across the floor, are just and sufficient indications that misery and want are the constant companions of a guilty life.

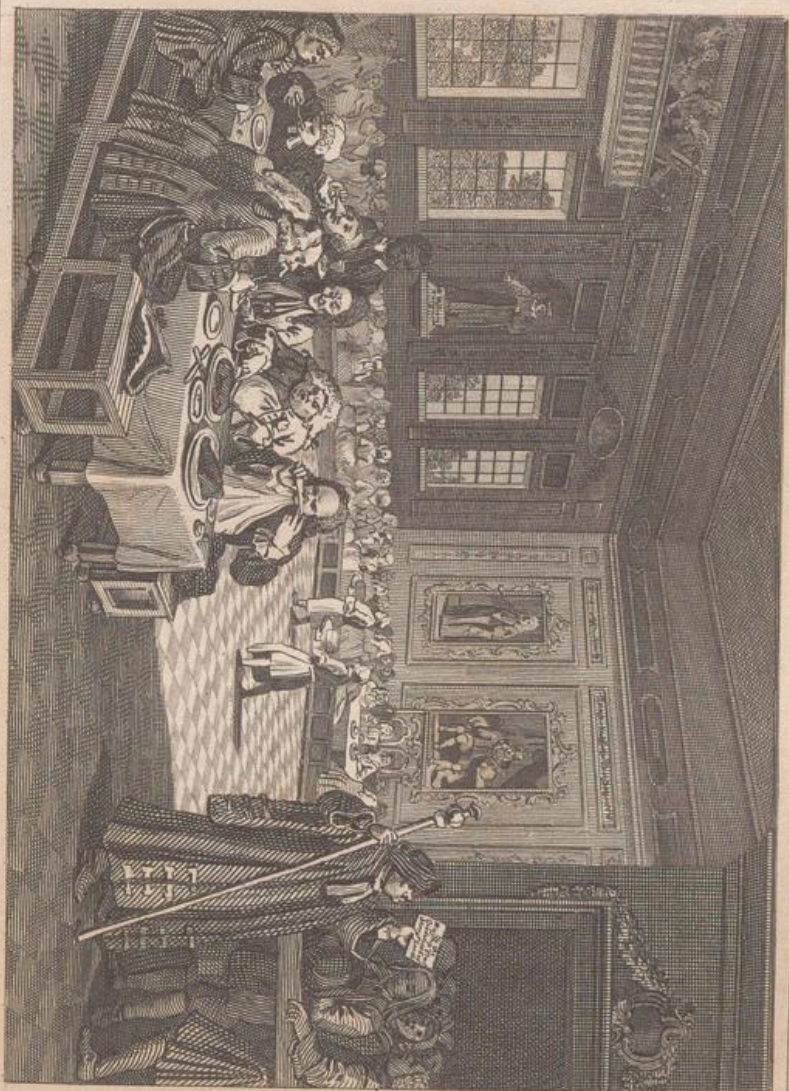
PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF
OF LONDON.

Proverbs, Chapter 4, Verse 7, 8.

"With all thy gettings, get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee ; she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her."

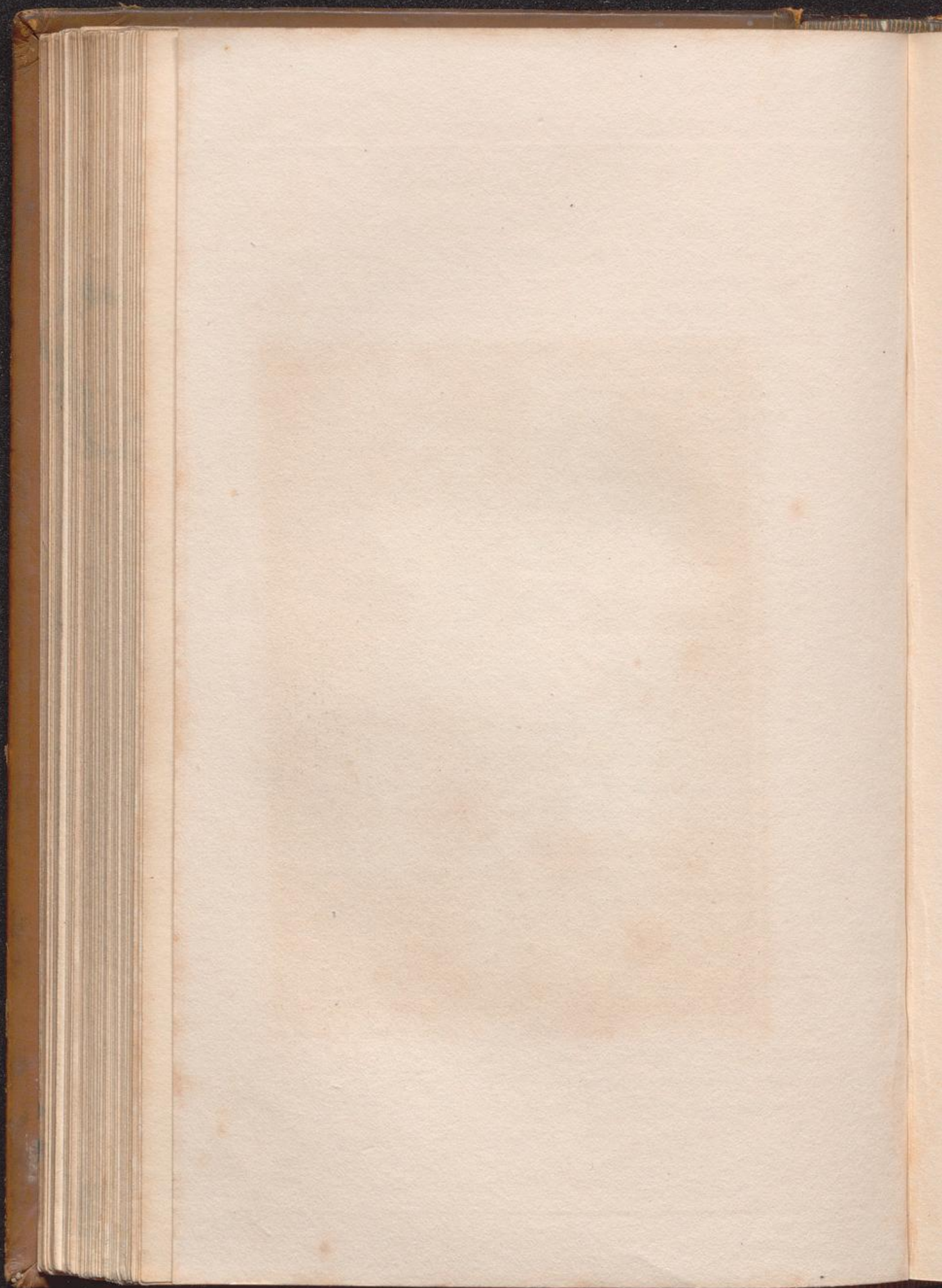
The progress of virtue and vice, together with their respective rewards and punishments, have hitherto kept pace



A. Duncanson, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. PL. 8.

Published by John Mayor 50 Fleet Street April 11 1831.



with each other ; we have seen the slothful apprentice, the obstinate, the drunken, the abandoned Idle, in several stages of his life, running the race of lewdness and infamy ; we have traced him through various scenes of his folly, and find him at last so harassed and tormented with the apprehensions of guilt, that even the sound of a shaken leaf can terrify him, and render him a burthen to himself ; while his fellow-apprentice, the industrious and honest Goodchild has trod the paths of innocence and virtue, is happy in the possession of an amiable bride, meets with the respect of all who know him ; loves, and is beloved by every neighbour. This print is a farther continuation of the happiness that attends on diligence and goodness. We now find his conscientious discharge of the duties of a tradesman, his punctuality and other necessary qualifications, have recommended him to the notice of the chief magistrate, as a proper person to serve the honourable office of Sheriff of the opulent city of London and county of Middlesex ; (that being an introduction to the dignity of Lord Mayor) in which exalted situation he is now represented as treating the liverymen of his company, with their wives, at the hall.

Mr. Hogarth has here, as in most of his pieces, given us the strongest proofs of his unequalled humour, by introducing a few remarkable characters, (as being the life of a city-feast) in their superior excellence of guttling and guzzling ; in which noble and elevated employ, the whole company indeed seems to be happily engaged ; representing to us, at one view, the various ways of what we call laying it in. In these public entertainments do some men place their chief delight, studying the indulgence of their palates, and the gratification of their luxurious appetites above every other thing whatever ; eating to the sound of music ; boasting a

refined taste ; and proud of those accomplishments the sensible man despises. Pity is it that they should not, now and then, experience that necessity numbers of people are driven to, through the absolute want of a hearty meal ! Were this to be the case, I am convinced they would not take such pains to feast and pamper a wanton appetite, at the expence of all that is manly, rational, and sober. At the door is a crowd of people, supposed to have brought a delinquent to justice ; one of these has presented a letter, addressed to the worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq. Sheriff of London, which the beadle takes, with the utmost mark of self-consequence, snuffing up his nose, declaring in the plainest terms, what vast importance he thinks himself of, and at the same time giving us to understand, that no outward mark of significance is sufficient to express the notions a man will sometimes entertain of himself.

PLATE IX.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE, AND
TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICES.

Proverbs, Chapter vi, Verse 26.

“ The adulteress will hunt for the precious life.”

Let us turn now again from the picture of Diligence, and take a further view of the progress of Sloth and Infamy, by following the idle 'prentice a step nearer to the approach of his unhappy end. We must remember to have seen him, in the third plate, herding with the worst of the human species, the very dregs of the people ; one of his companions at that time being a one-eyed wretch, who seemed hackneyed



T. Andrews, sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS, - PL. 9.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 11, 1831.

in the ways of vice. To break this vile connection, he was sent to sea; but no sooner did he return, than his wicked disposition took its natural course, and every month he lived served only to perfect him in fresh degrees of villainy. He presently discovered his old acquaintance, who we are to suppose rejoiced to find him so ripe for mischief; with this worthless abandoned fellow he enters into engagements of the vilest nature, those of robbery and murder. Thus blindly will men sometimes run headlong to their own destruction! About the time when these plates were first published, which was in the year 1747, there was a noted house in Chick-lane, Smithfield, that went by the name of the Blood-bowl house, so called from the various scenes of blood that were there, almost daily, carried on; it being a receptacle of whores and thieves; where the greatest infamy was practised: and where, there seldom passed a month without the commission of some act of murder. To this subterraneous place of iniquity, (it being a cellar) was our hero soon introduced where he is now represented in company with this accomplice, and others of the same stamp, after the perpetration of the most horrid act of barbarity, (that of killing a passer-by, and conveying him into a place under ground, contrived for this purpose) dividing the ill-gotten booty, which consists of two watches, a snuff-box, and some other trinkets. In the midst of this villainous enjoyment, if enjoyment it can be called, is he betrayed by his strumpet, (a proof of the treachery of such wretches) into the hands of the high constable, and his attendants, who had with better success than heretofore traced the inhuman murderer to his horrid haunt. The back ground of this print serves rather to give us a representation of night-cellars in general, those infamous places of resort for the

dissolute and abandoned of both sexes, than a further illustration of our author's chief design ; however, as it was Mr. Hogarth's intention in the history before us, to encourage virtue, and expose vice, by placing the one in an amiable light, and pointing out the other in its most heightened scenes of wickedness and impiety, in hopes of deterring the half-spoilt youth of this metropolis from, even, the possibility of the commission of such infernal actions, by frightening them from these wretched places ; as this, I say, was manifestly his intention, it cannot be thought a deviation from the subject. By the skirmish behind the woman, without a nose ; the scattered cards upon the floor, &c. we are told, that drunkenness and riot, disease, prostitution and ruin, are the dreadful attendants of sloth, and the general fore-runners of theft and murder ; and by the halter hanging from the cieling, over the head of the sleeper, we are taught two things ; the indifference of mankind, even in a state of danger, and the insecurity of guilt in every situation.

PLATE X.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON ; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

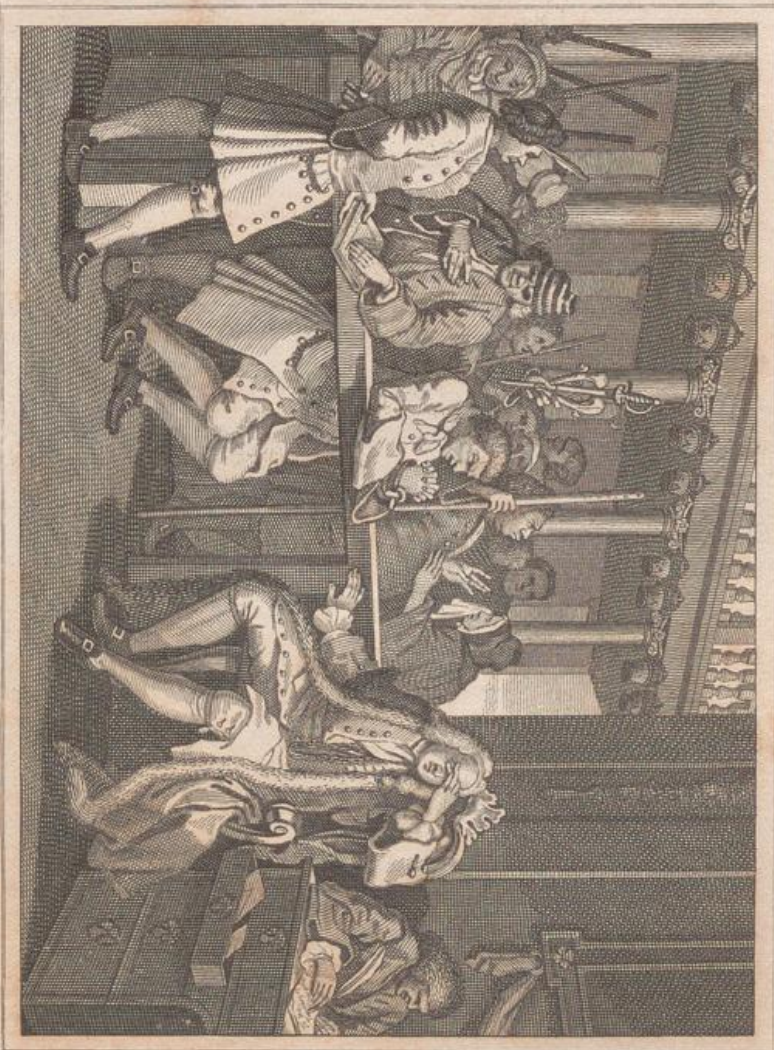
Leviticus, Chapter xiv, Verse 15.

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."

Psalm xix, Verse 16.

"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands."

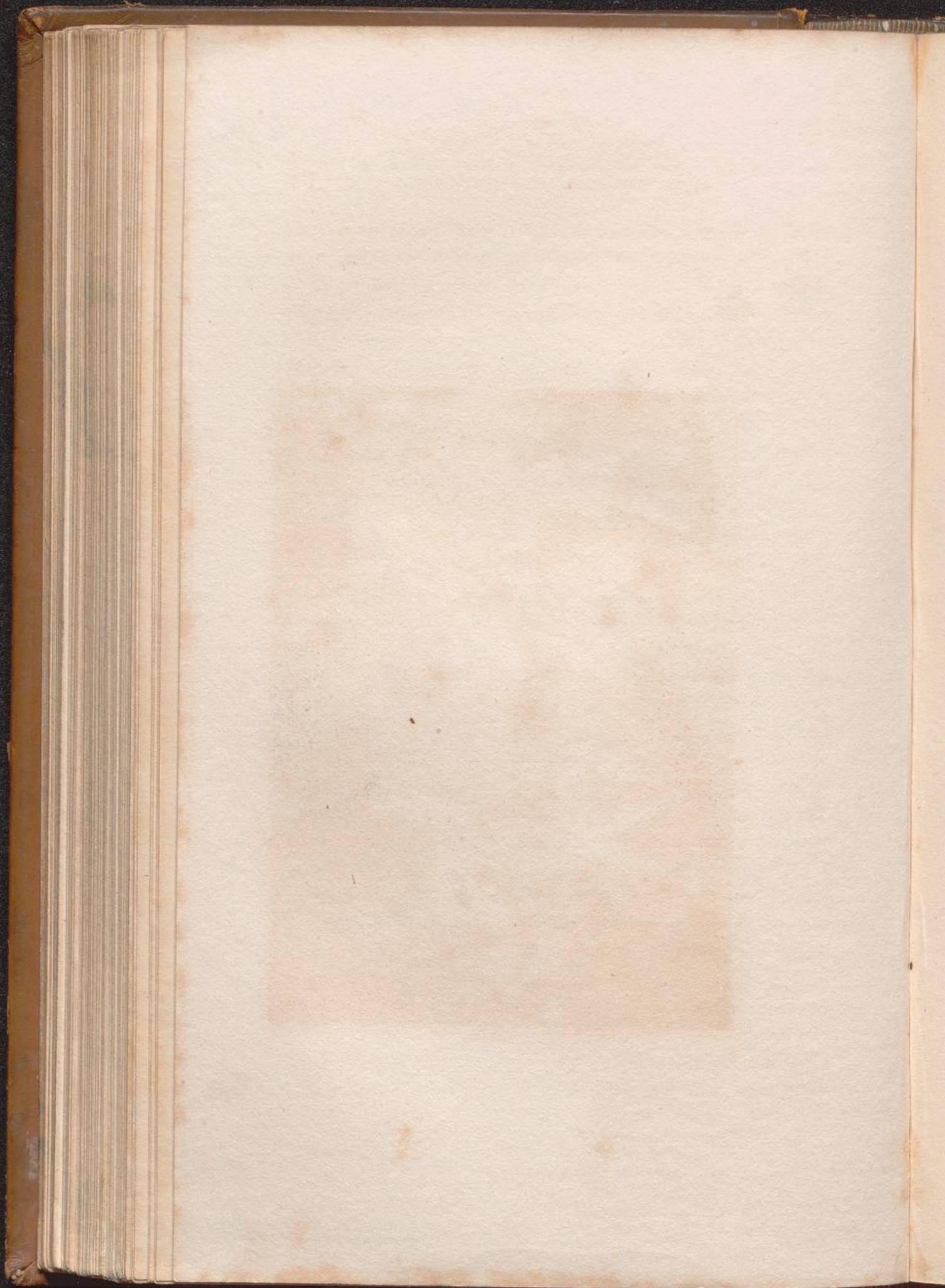
Imagine him now handcuffed, and dragged from his infernal haunts through the streets to a place of security,



J. Audinot. sc.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. PL. 10.

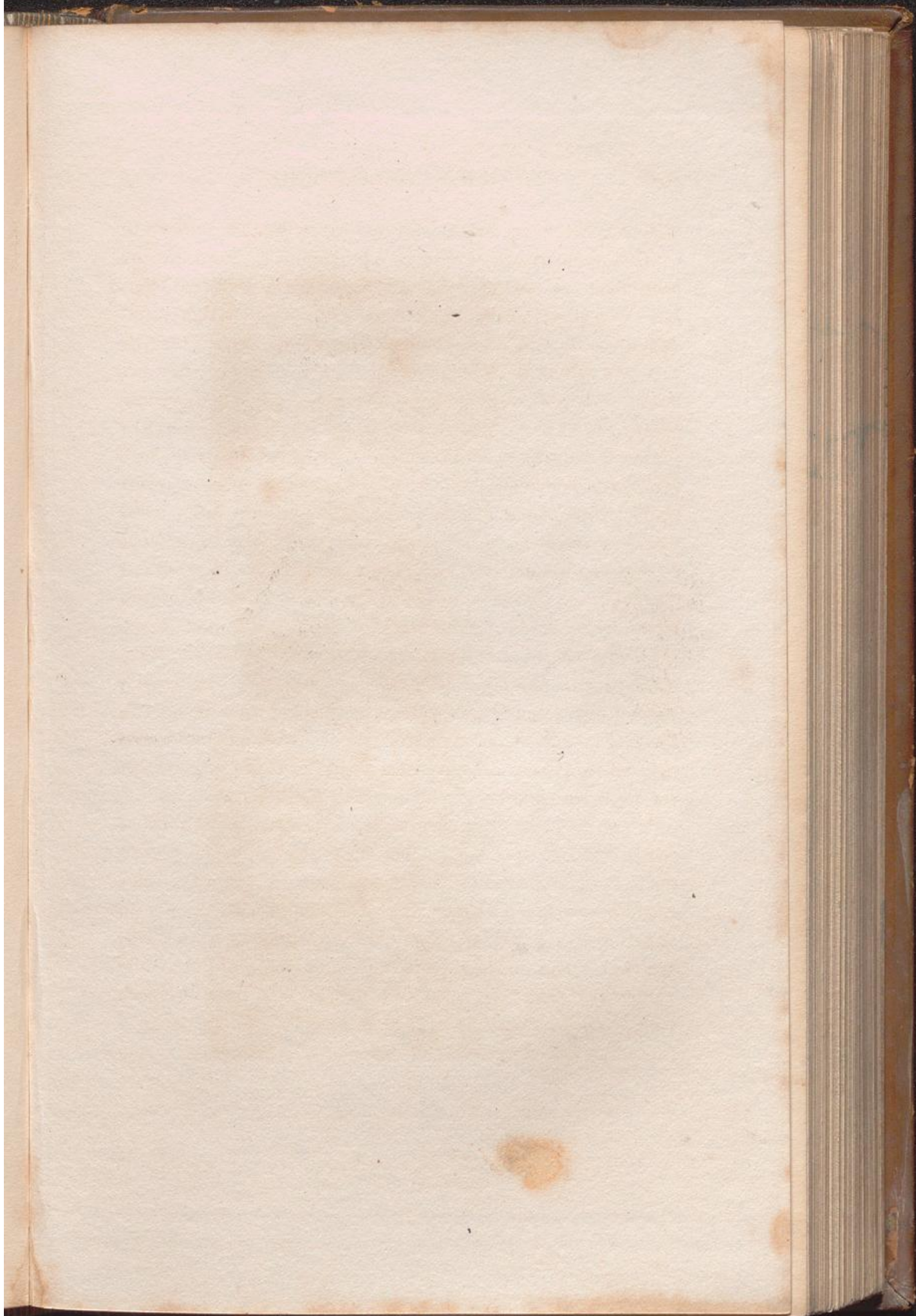
Published by John Mayor, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 7, 1831.

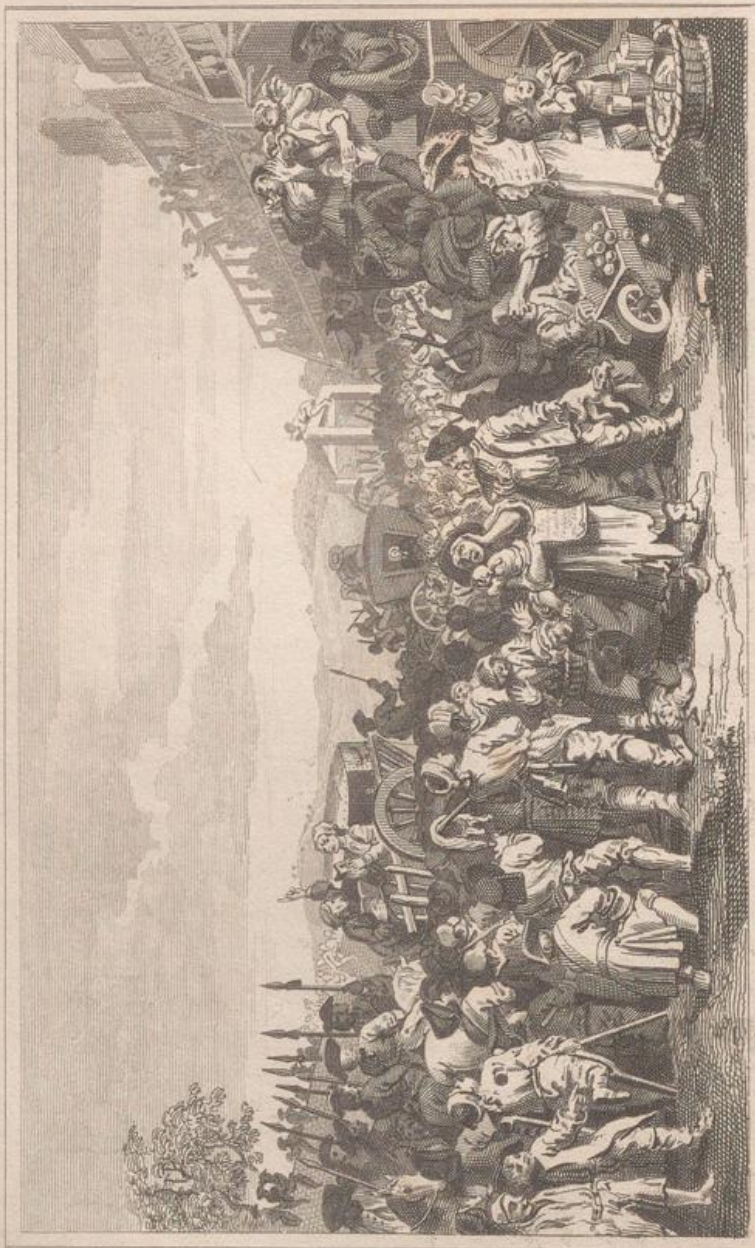


amid the scorns and contempt of a jeering populace ; and thence brought before the sitting magistrate, (which to heighten the scene and support the contrast is supposed to be his fellow-apprentice, now chosen an alderman) in order to be dealt with according to law. See him then at last, having run his course of iniquity, fallen into the hands of justice, betrayed by his accomplice ; a further declaration of the perfidy of man, when even partners in vice are unfaithful to each other. This is the only print among the set, excepting the first, where the two principal characters are introduced ; in which Mr. Hogarth has discovered his great abilities, both in description, and a particular attention to the uniformity and connection of the whole. He is here at the bar, with all the marks of guilt imprinted on his face. Now, if his fear will suffer him to think, must he reflect on the happiness of his fellow 'prentice and the misery of himself ; upon his exalted situation, and the dreadful downfall of his own ; at one instant he condemns the persuasions of his wicked companions ; at another, his own idleness and obstinacy ; however deeply smitten with his crime, he sues to his judge upon his knees, for mercy, and pleads in his cause, the former acquaintance that subsisted between them, when they both dwelt beneath the same roof, and served the same common master : but here was no room for lenity ; murder was his crime, and death must be his punishment ; the proofs are incontestible, and his *mittimus* is ordered, which the clerk is drawing out. Let us next turn our thoughts upon the alderman, in whose breast a struggle between mercy and justice is beautifully displayed. Who can behold the magistrate here, without praising the man ? How fine are the painter's thoughts of reclining the head upon one hand, while the other is extended to express pity

and shame ! pity, for his fellow 'prentice, and shame, to think human nature should be so depraved. It is not the gold chain or scarlet robe that constitutes the character, but the feelings of the man within. To shew us that application for favour, by the ignorant, is often idly made to the servants of justice, who take upon themselves on that account a certain state and consequence not inferior to magistracy, the mother of our delinquent is represented in the greatest distress, as making interest with the corpulent, self-sworn constable, who with an unfeeling concern seems to say, "Make yourself easy, for he must be hanged : " and to convince us that bribery will even find its way into courts of judicature, here is a woman, in some other cause, seeing the swearing clerk ; who has stuck his pen behind his ear that his hands might be both at liberty ; and how much more his attention is engaged to the money he is taking, than to the administration of the oath, may be readily known, from the ignorant, treacherous evidence being suffered to lay his left hand upon the book ; strongly expressive of the sacrifice even of sacred things to the inordinate thirst of gain.

From Newgate, (the prison to which he was committed, where during his continuance he lay chained in a dark dismal cell, deprived of the cheerfulness of light ; fed upon bread and water, and left without a bed to rest on) was he removed to the bar of judgment, and condemned to die by the laws of his country ; with the short space of but two or three days allowed him between that and his time of execution, to make his peace with God.





INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS - PL. II.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

PLATE XI.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

Proverbs, Chapter i, Verse 27, 28.

"When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them, then they shall cry unto God but he will not answer."

Behold him then on that dreadful morn drawn in a cart, attended by the sheriff's officers on horseback, with his coffin behind him, through the public streets to Tyburn,* there to receive the just reward of his many crimes; a shameful, ignominious death. The ghastly appearance of his face, and the horror painted on his countenance, plainly describe the dreadful situation of his mind, which we must imagine agitated with shame, remorse, confusion, and terror. The careless position of the Ordinary† at the coach-window, is intended to shew how inattentive those appointed to that office sometimes are of their duty, giving room for heresy, which is excellently expressed by the itinerant preacher in the cart, instructing the despairing malefactor from a book of Wesley's.‡ Mr. Hogarth has, in this print, digressing from the history and moral of the piece, taken an opportunity of giving us a humourous representation of an execution or a Tyburn fair; such days being made holydays, produce scenes of the greatest riot, disorder, and uproar; being

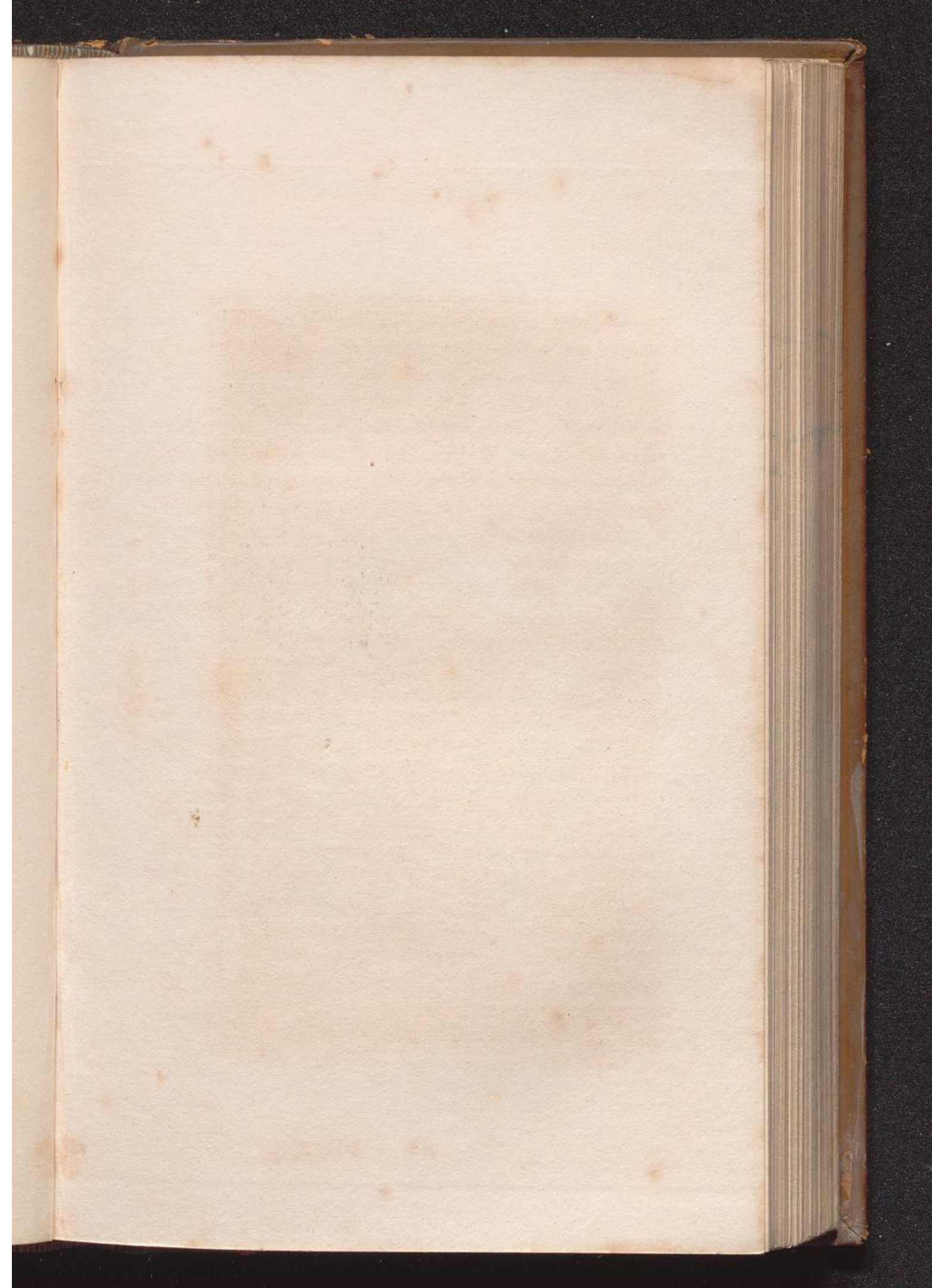
* The then general place of execution, in the out-skirts of London, near Hyde Park wall, having a distant view of two villages, situated on eminences about a mile from each other, Hampstead and Highgate.

† The chaplain of Newgate, whose office is to attend malefactors to the gallows.

‡ A leader of a sect called Methodists.

generally attended with such hardened wretches, as come not so much to reflect upon their own vices, as to commit those very crimes which must, in time, inevitably bring them to the same shameful end. In confirmation of this, see how earnestly one boy watches the motions of the man* crying his cakes (while he is picking his pocket;) and another waiting to receive the booty! We have here interspersed before us a deal of low humour, but such as is common on occasions like this. In one place we observe an old bawd turning up her eyes and drinking of gin, the very picture of hypocrisy; and a man indecently helping up a girl into the same cart: in another, a soldier stept up to his knees in a ditch of water to put his hands up the petticoats of a woman standing before him, at which two boys are laughing: such is the effect of ill example! Here we see one almost squeezed to death among the horses; there another trampled on by the mob. In one part is a girl clawing the face of a boy for oversetting her barrow; in another, a woman beating a fellow for throwing down her child. Here we see a man flinging a dog among the crowd by the tail; there a woman crying the dying speech of Thomas Idle, printed the day before his execution, and many other things too minute to be pointed out; two or three more, however, I must not omit taking notice of, one of which is, the letting off a pigeon, bred at the gaol, fly from the gallery, which hastes directly home, an old custom to give an early notice to the keeper and others of the turning off or death of the criminal: another, the skeletons hanging on the outside of the plate, as emblematical of a

* Tiddy-doll, a noted man so called from the burden of a song he always sung in praise of the cakes he sold; and who made it his business to attend at all fairs and other places of low public resort.





INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS. PL. 12.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, March 31, 1831.

murderer's being hung in chains :* and the last, that of the executioner's smoaking his pipe upon the top of the gallows ; whose position of indifference betrays an unconcern that nothing can reconcile with the shocking spectacle, but that of use rendering familiar ; and declares a truth, which every character in this plate seems to confirm, that a sad and distressful object loses its power of affecting, by being frequently seen.†

PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Proverbs, Chapter iii, Verse 16.

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour."

Having seen the ignominious end of the idle 'prentice, nothing remains but to represent the completion of the other's happiness, who is now exalted to the highest honour, that of Lord Mayor of London ; the greatest reward that ancient and noble city can bestow on diligence and integrity. Our author has here, as in the last plate, given a loose to his humour, in representing more of the low part of the Lord Mayor's shew, than the magnificent ; yet the honour done the city, by the Prince and Princess of Wales is not forgot. The variety of comic characters in this print serves to shew what generally passes on such public processions as these, when the people gather to gratify their

* This was formerly the custom, but the law ordains him now to be anatomized.

childish curiosity, and indulge their wanton disposition or natural love of riot. The front of this plate exhibits the oversetting of a board on which some girls had stood, and represents them sprawling upon the ground; on the left, at the back of the scaffold, is a fellow hugging a woman, and another below, enjoying the opportunity he has given him of feasting his lascivious eye: near him is a blind man, straggling in among the crowd, and joining in the general hollow: before him is a Militia-man, so completely drunk as not to know what he is about; a figure of infinite humour. Though Mr. Hogarth has here marked out two or three particular things, yet his chief intention was to ridicule the city-militia, which is composed of undisciplined men of all ages, sizes, and height; some fat, some lean, some tall, some short, some crooked, some lame, and all in general so unused to muskets, that they know not how to carry them. One, we observe, is firing his piece, and turning his head another way, (a pretty fellow for a soldier!) at whom the man above is laughing, and at which the child is frightened. The boy, on the right, crying "a full and true account of the ghost of Thomas Idle," supposed to have appeared to the Mayor, preserves the connection of the whole work. With respect to the *cornu-copiae*, or horns of plenty, on the outside of the plate, they are introduced as symbolical of that abundance that fills the hands of the diligent.

Thus have we seen, by a series of events, the prosperity of the one, and the downfall of the other; the riches and honour that crown the head of industry, and the ignominy and destruction that await the slothful. After this, it would be unnecessary to say which is most the eligible path to tread. Lay the roads but open to the view, and the traveller

will take the right, of course ; give but the boy this history to peruse, and his future welfare is almost certain.*

* [" Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A. who wrote an excellent Life of Hogarth for Rees's Cyclopaedia, free from the least taint of that professional jealousy in which Barry and others have indulged—speaks highly of this set of prints, as having " probably effected much more good by a plain intelligible exhibition of an unvarnished tale, directly pointed to the most common intellects than Lectures or Sermons of the utmost eloquence could produce. The impression they made at the time, is now almost incredible."

Mr. Phillips's general view of our author's merits is well worth extracting.

" In his own original manner, and in that alone, distinct from every one, he was super-excellent; conceiving his subjects with most consummate intelligence, and executing them with appropriate character and style."

In justice to Mr. Phillips it should be noticed, that he appears to be the only *Painter* that is found bestowing unequivocal praise upon Hogarth. As for Gilpin, (a sort of brother artist) " surely he went further than he intended," when he says " that his figures on the whole are inspired with so much life and meaning, that the eye is kept in good humour in spite of its *inclination* to find fault;" for this is high praise indeed.

However, it was the felicity of Hogarth, " gloriously to offend:"—and perhaps it might soothe the jealousy of painters yet unborn, to have it *settled*, that he " snatched" his graces from " beyond the reach of art."—Perhaps no one in modern days having shewn a similar audacity save the worthy George Cruikshank.

Certain it is that Reynolds, Northcote, Fuseli, and even the unmercenary Barry, speak of Hogarth with only negative praise. Poor dear Barry—who all but starved upon the theory of his art, while Hogarth lived handsomely upon the practice of it—he sets up, forsooth, a Mr. William Penny, as greatly his superior in attempting and reaching the heart. But who and what was this gentleman?—Mr. C. Lamb, upon inquiring amongst those better acquainted than himself with the " illustrious obscure," finds him distinguished as the painter of a death of Wolfe, which missed the prize the same year that West gained it; and

also as painter of the "dead alive" to the Royal Humane Society!—thus was the illustrious Hogarth to be supplanted by one who probably reached *Barry's heart* by telling him to go on starving, and never mind the capriciousness of public taste.

But in the endeavour made throughout the present volume, to bring forward the best authorities in favour of our author, the able and masterly essay on his genius and character by Mr. Charles Lamb, must be laid under further contribution—he comes forward, like Mr. Cunningham, as a volunteer, in the double capacity of *eulogist and champion*—and vindicates him nobly against the attacks more particularly of his jealous brethren.

"It is the fashion with those who cry up the great Historical School in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an Artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life, with the being a vulgar Artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view: and accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons, would, perhaps, have looked with great complacency at Poussin's celebrated picture of the *Plague at Athens*. Disease and death, and bewildering terror in *Athenian garments*, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, "within the limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own St. Giles's, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one,—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessaries, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Every thing in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of 'strange

images of death.' It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as any thing which Michael Angelo ever drew, but every thing else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupify;—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of phrenzy which goes forth over the whole composition. To shew the poetical and almost prophetic conception of the Artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures, which he had strewed in profusion over the scene of the action, he shews you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by the direction of the parish-beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject, could only have been conceived by a great genius.

"Shakspeare, in his description of the painting of the Trojan War, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole.

For much imaginary work was there,
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand,* a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

* It is singular that Mr. Lamb should have overlooked on this occasion, a yet more remarkable exemplification of the subject, occurring in the left corner of "*Calais Gate*" where Hogarth has introduced his own portrait making the sketch—the guard arresting him as a spy, places his *hand* only upon his shoulder, while there is nothing else to indicate his presence but the halberd brought into the picture above the painter's head.

"This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the Artist in his conceptions half way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser Artists shew every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

"When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least we are perpetually perplexing, instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin above-mentioned, and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

"We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shewn by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life, a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.

"I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds; but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England."*

The further perusal of Mr. Lamb's Essay will shew what pains have been taken to deprive our author of his well earned laurels.

Hogarth was far from undervaluing the old masters—indeed Mr. Cunningham, in his life of Reynolds, claims for him a *better comprehension* of the "*scope and character*" of their works than belonged to Sir Joshua himself!

* The original of this able disquisition on the merits of Hogarth, appeared in No. III. of the "Reflector," 1811. Reprinted in Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes, 4to. vol. iii.

In adverting to the "historical style," or rather to that of the "*grand historical*," in the sense that great painters have loved to use it, there is yet no occasion to admit that Hogarth was not an historical painter; neither could he help it, if his dramatic power of representing *domestic history* in the way that came home to "mens' business and bosoms," gave more vivid delight than the exploits of kings and heroes; or than stale religious or mythological subjects.

Constantly placed upon self-defence, he thus modestly but firmly and sensibly vindicates that particular application of his abilities which has so long delighted the world. "I thought the style of painting which I had adopted, admitting that my powers were not equal to doing it, might one time or other come into better hands, and be made more entertaining and more useful than the eternal blazoning and tedious repetition of hackneyed beaten subjects, either from the scriptures, or the old ridiculous stories of Heathen Gods."

"In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class."

Yet with persons of a certain class, "to admire Hogarth," says Mr. Cunningham, "amounts to treason against the great masters," and again, "It has been observed that Reynolds *admired one style and painted another*;" that with Raphael and Michael Angelo and the "great masters" and the "grand style" on his lips, he dedicated his own pencil to works of a character into which little of the lofty, and nothing of the divine could well be introduced." So much for "the incessant cry of all Academies about the study of the "grand style." Hogarth's proudest appellation is that of the "*Painter of the People*," who, with the constant *disposition to be pleased*, will never thank any one for teaching them to find fault with their own peculiar favorite.]

THE INVASION.

FRANCE.



THE settled* enmity between England and France, together with the dastardly disposition of the one and the brave spirit of the other, have given occasion for frequent triumph on our side, and dejection of spirit on theirs. This, added to the good pay of our soldiery, and the trifling pittance their government allows, has given rise to many sarcastic strokes against them, which whether they deserve or not, has been attended with this good consequence, that the mean opinion we thereby entertain of their strength and valour,

* [Let us hope that in the present day we may read for "settled enmity" *settled amity*.]

and our natural love of liberty dreading a despotic yoke, have whetted the courage of Britain to such an edge, that our enemies now fear to approach us. It was under this notion of things that Mr. Hogarth designed the following prints, as a contrast the one to the other, strongly describing the natural disposition of the two nations, the one preparing the attack, the other making ready to defend.

Behold then a scene in France, representing an embarkation of the French troops, in order to invade England ! Remark their unwillingness to go, by the necessity the officers are in of goading them on with the point of their spon-toons ! The fore-ground of this plate exhibits to our view a forlorn cabaret, or ale-house, whose sign is a wooden-shoe, with a board, on which is written, " Soup-meagre a la sabot royal," Soup-meagre at the royal wooden-shoe. A broth made of herbs and fat, (far unlike the rich gravy soups of England) meat being there to the poor as great a rarity as here a joint of venison ; this is intimated by the neck bones of beef, void of flesh, hanging within the window ; by the weak, emaciated figures of the meagre Frenchmen ; and by the general joy they shew at the sight of their colours, on which is written in large letters, " Vengeance, avec le bon bier et bon beuf d'Angleterre." Vengeance, with the good beer and good beef of England ; and to which that officer is pointing, by way of encouragement, who is roasting a brace or two of frogs before the fire. It may probably be wondered at, why a gentleman should be thus meanly employed, when so near a public-house, but when we are told that frogs are a dainty, which every one knows not how to dress, the wonder will immediately cease. Though the soldiers relish not this expedition, the clergy seem greatly to enjoy it, eager for an opportunity of exercising their studied

persecution : This we are given to understand by a sledge of instruments preparing to be put on board, which contains scourges, gibbets, wheels, and other engines of torture, intended for a British Inquisition. Among these are an image of St. Anthony, and a plan of a monastery, proposed to be built at Blackfriars. Thus are we taught what dreadful steps our enemies would take, could they once obtain a footing on our island; the merciless disposition of popish bigotry being well described by the secret satisfaction the priest enjoys in feeling the sharpness of the persecuting axe. Happy then are we, under the mild government of a prince, who labours to protect our religion and laws from the tyrannical encroachments of black superstition and arbitrary sway ! One thing more we learn from the plate before us, which is, that notwithstanding the British subjects are but a handful in comparison to those of France, yet by our native prowess and the justness of our cause, we have with continual success reduced their men to so small a number, that they are glad to make shift with real invalids, and their women are obliged to manure the land themselves.*

* Beneath this plate are engraved the following lines.

With lanthorn jaws and croaking gut,
See how the half-starv'd French-men strut,
And call us English dogs !

But soon we'll teach these bragging foes,
That Beef and Beer give heavier blows
Than soup and roasted frogs.

The priests, inflam'd with righteous hopes,
Prepare their axes, wheels and ropes,
To bend the stiff-neck'd sinner ;

But should they sink in coming over,
Old-Nick may fish 'twixt France and Dover,
And catch a glorious dinner.

ENGLAND.



As a contrast to the last plate, observe here the jovial sons of liberty at their general rendezvous! Take notice of the stout-hearted peasant enlisting in defence of his country! Lest the shortness of his stature should exclude him from the service, he is deceiving the serjeant by rising on his toes, ambitious of bearing the honourable name of soldier. See here before us a well-built ale-house, the scene of joy and noble living, known by the sign of the late gallant Duke of Cumberland, who by his warlike genius became a terror to his foes. Beneath this sign is written—not *Soup-meagre a la sabot royal*, but “Roast and boiled every day.” Before the door is a table spread, on which is a buttock of beef and

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a half-gallon-pot of Stingo. At this festive board mirth takes the lead and valour crowns the feast. This we learn from the song, "Britannia rules the waves," upon the table, and by the boy lying at his ease and playing "God save the King" upon his fife; but more particularly from the collected attention of the soldier and sailor to the horrid ugly figure of the French King, which a grenadier is dawbing on the wall: his putting into his mouth the words, "You take a my fine ships, you be de pirate, you be de teef, me send my grand armies, and hang you all," produces from the tar a roar of approbation, and a more particular attention from the soldier, giving their girls an opportunity of indulging a wicked thought, by measuring the breadth of the painter's shoulder.

The mere cast of the eye upon these plates, one would imagine, should be sufficient to enliven the heart of a Briton, and inspire him with that love for his native country, as to make him heroically stand forth in the cause of liberty, and despise the least infringement of it.*

* The lines annexed to this plate are,

See John the soldier, Jack the tar,

With sword and pistol arm'd for war,

Should Mounsir dare come here!

The hungry slaves have smelt our food;

They long to taste our flesh and blood,

Old England's Beef and Beer.

Britons, to arms! and let 'em come;

Be you but Britons still, STRIKE HOME,

And lion-like attack 'em.

No Pow'r can stand the deadly stroke,

That's giv'n from hands and hearts of Oak,

With Liberty to back 'em.



O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, &c.

Though the government of France is more attentive to its military establishment than any one thing else, yet what is very extraordinary, it is wanting in the most essential point to support it, that of making a sufficient allowance to the soldiery; the pay of a common man being no more than five sols, (two pence half-penny English) a day, out of which two sols, or one penny, is kept back towards the purchasing of shoes, stockings, &c. On the sum then of three half-pence a day, with the further advantage only of bread, fire, candle and lodging, (there being barracks in every town) are they obliged to subsist, and pay for washing, mending, hair-

powder, and other things ; *Soup-maigre* is their chief provision, though they sometimes regale themselves with Horse-beans boiled in grease; no wonder then they should be so poor, both in body and spirits, as to become objects of pity and ridicule, particularly as military men, to whom strength and courage is most essentially necessary.

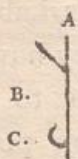
The scene before us is supposed to be taken from the landing of a sir-loin of Beef at the gate of Calais, which is here represented as it now stands. By the direction fixed to it, namely, "For Madam Grandsire, at Calais," we learn it is going to the English inn in that city. Though luxury in France is no stranger, particularly to the upper class of people, witness the corpulency of the full-fed friar, yet by the secret pleasure the priest receives at the sight of so large and noble a joint, we are taught how rare so substantial a piece of meat is, even among them, they feasting chiefly on fricasees, hashes, and minced-meat. The general consternation it causes among the soldiery is very expressive of their poor living, and the French Cook's sinking under the weight of it, a manifest token of their debilitated condition, brought on by constantly feeding on soup-maigre. This is further represented by the scanty messes they were going to lap, till their attention was summoned to something more important. On the right of this plate, are two men carrying a kettle, one of whom is communicating his surprize to his comrade on the stability of English food in general. Behind this man is an Irishman, (a prisoner of war) distinguished by his vulgar face and shortness of stature, but at the same time that Mr. Hogarth has marked out that country by these defects, he has taken an opportunity of paying it a compliment, with respect to bravery, by painting his hat with a hole in it, made as is supposed by a musket ball in the heat

of action. In the fore-ground is a Scotchman (a prisoner also) scarr'd in the service, (this plate being published during the war between France and England) sitting on the ground, with his dinner beside him of bread and onions, deploring his unhappy situation. On the other side are three old women who get their living by selling of herbs about the streets, got together admiring the face of a scate, it being so much like their own. As poor as these Frenchmen are in pocket, they are very attentive to their dress, intimated by the bags to their hair, and the centinel's paper ruffles, though his shirt is out at elbows, and he is obliged to keep up his breeches with a skewer; remarkable instances of their beggarly pride and vanity: if they have not a coat to their backs, they will take great pains to adorn their heads, and if they have but a penny in their pockets, they will lay it out in powder for their hair; nay, you may often see a blacksmith at his forge with his face covered with soot, and his hair dressed as if going to court; so great and astonishing is the folly of the French! Through the gateway we have a distant view of the carrying of the Host,* and the people on their knees, adoring it as it passes, another remarkable instance of their ignorance, and that of all roman catholic countries in general, who pay more regard to the outward shew of religion than to the vital part of it, and prostitute the most sacred things to low and idle purposes, further represented by the emblematical figure of the third person in the most holy Trinity, being made use of as a sign to a Cabaret, or villainous alehouse. When Mr. Hogarth was at Calais, and sketching out the gate, he was seized on as a spy, and carried before the Commandant; but

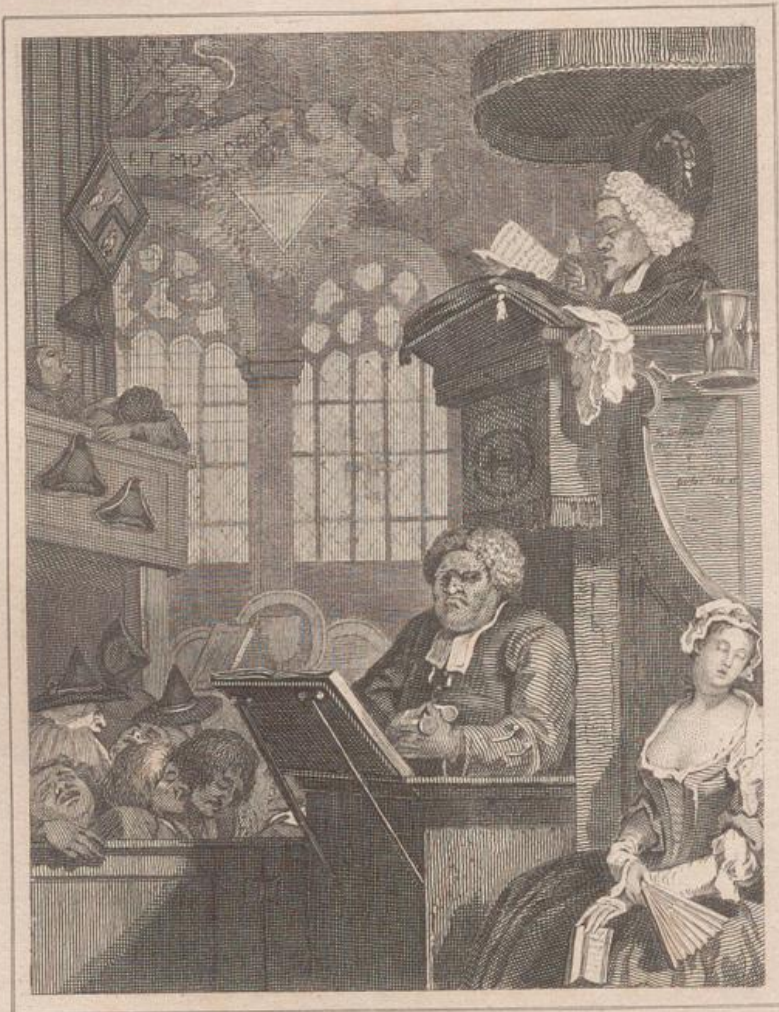
* A religious ceremony of carrying the consecrated wafer to the houses of the sick, in hopes of re-establishing health.

when it was known who he was, he was speedily set at liberty. This circumstance occasioned his introducing himself here, with the guard clapping him upon the shoulder.* Upon the whole, this excellent picture is, with great justice, reckoned as one of the most capital performances of our inimitable artist, and declares him well acquainted with the true spirit of satire.

* [As before noticed, the hand and the halberd of the guard brought into the picture, denote the presence of the guard—but Hogarth had an opposite whim of composing a subject by extrusion only. He could tell a story with only three lines, thus :—

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- A. A. The perspective line of the door.
 - B. B. The end of a Serjeant's pike who is going in.
 - C. C. The dog's tail who is following him.

Mr. Dallaway remarks, that “ Carracci amused himself with such whims, which if never seen by Hogarth, the coincidence of fancy is very singular.”]



E. Smith. sc.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Jan^y 1. 1831.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.*

It has been said by some that have undertaken to dive into the cause, that the decay of christian piety is, in a great measure, owing to the indifference and oscitancy of the clergy, with respect to their pastoral office; they are appointed to teach, say they, and watch over the people committed to their care, with a particular income peculiar to their employ; but on the contrary, they pay little regard to any thing except the pecuniary advantage they receive, valuing the flock but for the fleece: this is a heavy and severe charge against them, such as, in my opinion, they no way deserve; indeed there have been ministers of that stamp, (such as Mr. Hogarth has here thought proper to satyryze), who by unfortunately falling within the pale of the church, have by their uncommon laziness and stupidity brought the credit of religion to a very low ebb. But notwithstanding there have been such men among us, and I fear are at present some few, yet it is an act of injustice and cruelty to condemn the innocent with the guilty, and brand a body of men with that public censure that ought only to fall on individuals. It is the unhappy case of the clergy, (owing I believe in some to their slender income and state of dependance) that though their duty enjoins them to cry aloud and spare not, they are absolutely afraid, fearing to give offence. Were they to go round among their people, inculcating those duties their office requires of them, charging them strictly to be

* [Portrait introduced—Dr. Desaguliers, the preacher.]

just in their respective dealings with men, and urging them earnestly to attend the public service of God, they would be looked upon as meddling and impertinent ; were they in their pulpits to exclaim loudly against the particular vices of the age ; were they to ring in the ears of their congregations the punishment reserved for the sinner ; were they to press home the solid and severe truths christianity dictates, and tell the people of their faults, they would immediately be stigmatized. Thus is the poor priest condemned for doing his duty, as his God requires. But what is more remarkable, I have often observed, that those very persons who censure the active minister, are most ready to condemn the inactive one : he, I mean, who suffers his parishioners to wear away their lives in a state of thoughtlessness. Such is the perverseness of mankind, that I have known a minister's delivering himself a little freer from the pulpit than is the general custom, to have been a bar to his future preferment ; when these are the only men that should be advanced, that they might be able to do more good in their respective generations. Not but that we have reason to complain of some who have forsaken the church, and wrested the scriptures to answer particular purposes ; with respect to such men, I must take the liberty of saying, that I am afraid it has been more necessity than principle that has determined them to the steps they have taken, presuming they would not have left the church could they have selected a congregation under the present establishment, without being reduced to the necessity of taking refuge under the act of Toleration. I am sorry to say it, the pastoral office seems now to be made little better than a convenience ; a rectory, or a vicarage, being considered only by a parent as a tolerable provision for a child. It is the greatest misfortune of the

church of England, that the patrons of benefices should be so wilfully blind to the interest of religion ; nothing being now studied but the serving a friend, with an eye to their own advantage. Thus the cause of Christ is made subservient to the worldly interests of man, and the whole body of the clergy suffer for what they are in no wise blameable.

In this sleeping congregation we have the most striking idea of the great effects of modern oratory, that of lulling a number of people into a state of insensibility, after the manner of Sir William Temple's tale-tellers in Scotland*, by a tolling monotony of what they do not understand. The scene is here taken from a country church ; the congregation consisting chiefly of the lower class of people, and the ill-judging minister, supposed to be addressing them in language they cannot comprehend, which we are to imagine not his own, his vacant face declaring an empty head, and the rising pimple, that he spends more of his time over the bottle than in his study. With great humour is he represented as preaching on Matt. xi. v. 28. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;" he, owing to his exceeding stupidity, having a happy talent of quieting a restless body by slumber. The first thing we may learn from the piece before us, is, how inattentive the generality of mankind are to matters of the greatest importance ; and from the prayer-book's (dropping from the hand of the dozing woman) being open at the matrimonial ser-

* Persons whose employ was to sit by the bedside of any one fatigued or jaded with too much exercise, and relate some story of a cock and a bull, a giant or a dwarf, in a uniform tone of voice, in order to lull the person to sleep : and if he chanced to wake in the course of the night, these tale-tellers proceeded in their hum-drum story till the weary person was again buried in repose.

vice, we are taught how industrious they are to stop their ears to improvement, and fence out reflection, by amusing themselves with what they think the most entertaining. With great propriety is that text of scripture written against the pulpit. "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain!" Galat. iv. ver. 11. The hum-drum drawling manner of the indolent preacher, is very evident from the visible effect upon his hearers. Instead of being full of his subject, possessed with the very spirit of it, and labouring under the weight of those conceptions which it inspires; instead of pressing upon the audience with that torrent of tender and manly eloquence, as to animate the cold, rouse the stupid, melt the obdurate, and bend the stubborn, we see the purse-proud priest seated in his pulpit, poreing over his discourse, which is supposed to be delivered in such a yawning manner, that one would almost think he talked in his sleep: nay, by his handkerchief beside him for continual use, we are told that coughing, hawking, and spitting, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, the figures, and ornaments of his. Methinks when I hear such preachers, I fancy the chimes going to the tune of a psalm, so little seem they affected with what they say! The truth is, there is too much resemblance between them; they both go as they are set, and one almost as mechanically as the other; only there is this unhappy difference in the case, that the bells often call people to their devotion, whereas these thoughtless, lazy, listless preachers, do but make them sick of it. The common method of hurrying over the sermon, lest dinner should wait, and the fear of exceeding their customary time (expressive to the greatest degree of the degeneracy of the clergy) is denoted by the hour-glass beside him as a monitor, lest he should dwell a little longer

than ordinary. By the figure of the clerk, we may observe the consequence that officer of the church would fain be thought of; and by the screwing up of his face, we are given to understand that one chief part of religious deportment is supposed, by the ignorant and superstitious, to consist in outward appearance and fantastical grimace; a well-pointed reflection on the ridiculous custom of those who, when they talk of religion, do it so precisely, after a canting, whining and sighing manner, with an affected tone, and ill-contrived look, as if they were conjuring or telling fortunes; a custom that has of late brought religious matters into contempt. And as a farther proof that the distortion of his face is merely affectation, see him amorously leering on the naked bosom of the female near him! Upon the whole, this piece is an excellent satire on the slovenly, indecent method of some of our modern clergy, and the spreading lukewarmness of religion.*

[* "The original picture was in Sir Edward Walpole's collection; the present proprietor I do not know."] J. I.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION AND FANATICISM,

A MEDLEY.

As there is nothing in this world but what has at one time or other been abused, so it is the unhappy case of Religion, to share the same fate. Some of its ministers have suffered the cause of God to grow languid in the minds of men, as we have seen in the last plate, while others have carried it even to enthusiasm, as it is evident in this, working up the passions of weak and credulous people to a degree of desperation. As I would be extremely tender in passing my opinion upon these men, I shall not divine any cause for the measures they take, but hope they proceed from principle; then, however misled they may be, they will still deserve the character of upright. But whatever favourable constructions may at present be put upon them, it must be allowed that they have been universally condemned; the conduct of their disciples, and the extraordinary effects of their doctrine, such as lust, melancholy, and madness, having great reason for censure. The credulity of this country has long been matter of triumph to our enemies and astonishment to all Europe, to think that a nation where literature and learning flourish, should so frequently betray such excessive weakness. To make good this assertion, we need look but a few years back, and we shall see, from time to time, what strange impostures have been carried on to serve particular purposes; which were so artfully contrived as to work the wished-for effect on the ignorant part of mankind, and even deceive the more knowing. To shew the absurdity of these



T. E. Nicholson, sc.

THE MEDLEY,

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things, to laugh the notions of them out of countenance, and expose the amazing credulity, superstition, and fanaticism of the age, Mr. Hogarth published this plate in the year 1762. Wherein he has collected variety of materials, and though it was impossible to preserve consistency, has given us a group of very laughable characters, and entered into the different subjects with great spirit and humour.

By the thermometer on the right, fixed in the heart of man, our author would teach us, that lukewarmness in religion is the foundation of all this excess. He has set it upright on two books, viz. WESTLEY'S * Sermons, and Glanvil† on Witches, to shew us that superstition and credulity is the ground-work of fanaticism. The blood in this tube, in its ascending state, rises from lukewarm to love, which he would have understood to be heat of constitution; from love to lust, which by placing a glory round the word, he would have considered as the enthusiast's greatest good below. But as the heat encreases, it proceeds from lust to ecstasy; from ecstasy to convulsion fits; from convulsion fits to madness; and thence to raving, which is represented in the clouds, attended with two cherubs sounding the trump of joy; as when once the unhappy mortal is got to that pitch he is arrived at his ultimate end, and the completion of his teacher's wishes. In its descending state, when the blood looses its power of acting, it falls from lukewarm to lowness of spirits; thence to sorrow; from sorrow to agony, the utmost stretch of the senses; from agony to settled grief; thence to despair; from despair to madness; and from madness to suicide; one of these two extremes being the general consequence of enthusiasm. The upper

* A leader of a sect called Methodists.

† An author, who wrote some years since in favour of witchcraft.

part of this thermometer is decorated with a representation of the appearance of the Cock-lane ghost,* knocking to the girl in bed, (one of the many instances of the credulity of the English,) and the drummer of Tedworth, another well-known story.† The power of a spell was once universally believed, and is generally so in country places to this day. This is excellently set forth by the poor bewitched shoe-black vomiting up hob-nails, crooked pins, and other things.‡ In this woman's hands is put a bottle, in which she is represented as having attempted to confine the spirit, which being of an aerial nature has found its way out by forcing

* At the time this plate was published, the town was greatly amused by a family in Cock-lane, Smithfield; a child of which, a girl about twelve years old, pretended to be continually haunted, while in bed, with the knocking and scratching of some invisible agent against the wainscot of whatever room she was in, resembling the noise a living person could make with his fingers. An imposture so artfully contrived, and carried on for such a length of time as attracted, among the rest, the notice of several of the clergy, who fondly imagined it to be something supernatural, and busied themselves a long time in asking it questions, which they supposed it answered by determinate knocks, in the affirmative, or negative.

† This was a remarkable affair that happened in the year 1661, at Tedworth, in Wiltshire, at one Mr. Mompesson's. The story was as follows. An idle fellow of a drummer had been up and down the country, by the authority of a feigned pass of some neighbouring magistrate, which pass Mr. Mompesson discovered to be false; in consequence of this he punished the fellow, and took away his drum, which he lodged in his own house; after this, his house was beset for two or three years with a continual drumming, and the whole family was tormented: nay, things grew to such a pitch as to draw several clergymen, and some people from the king to enquire into it. The drummer was taken up tried for a wizzard at the assizes at Salisbury, and transported.

‡ Bewitched persons are said to fall frequently into violent fits, and vomit needles, pins, stones, nails, stubbs, wool, and straw.

the cork.* Her basket stands upon a book of demonology, written by king James the first; a proof that these idle notions existed as well among the great and learned as among the poor and illiterate. Within her basket, we observe one of Mr. Whitfield's Journals; by this we are taught that she is a blind follower of that teacher.† But the most astonishing thing of all is, that of the noted rabbit-woman,‡ who some years since made the people believe that she brought forth rabbits instead of children; and so far imposed upon their credulity, as to bring even some of the physical tribe to espouse her cause. We see her, here, lying in the foreground of this plate, in all the seeming throes of labour, with some friendly hand giving her a glass of comfort which she has broken with her teeth. Mr. Hogarth would give us to understand, by the general tenor of this print, that the chief principle of these teachers whom he here satyrizes, is interest; this we may learn from the checquered habit of the preacher, who he supposes to change his outside form as

* It was a supposed remedy against witchcraft to put some of the bewitched person's water with a quantity of pins, needles, and nails into a bottle, cork them up, and set them before the fire, in order to confine the spirit; but this sometimes did not prove sufficient, as it would often force the cork out with a loud noise like that of a pistol, and cast the contents of the bottle to a considerable height.

† Another methodistic leader, differing from Mr. Westly in some tenets, but holding with him the doctrine of inspiration.

‡ One Mary Tofts, of Godalming in Surrey, who in the year 1726, pretended that she bred rabbits within her, and so far imposed on Mr. John Howard, surgeon at Guildford, and Mr. André, surgeon to the king, as to prevail on them to espouse her cause. Nay, to such lengths did she carry the matter, as to draw the attention of his majesty himself, who sent down Sir Richard Manningham, one of his physicians, to enquire into it, when he presently discovered it to be an imposture.

ready and often as the Proteus* of pantomime. From the person of the clerk, (who by his squinting, will be readily known) represented as a voracious harpy, with eager wings and griping talons, and from the descending cherub, which our author has humourously painted with a post-boy's cap upon his head, as a messenger express from the other regions, bearing in his mouth a letter addressed to Money-trap, he would teach us, that lucre is their only object; but if from nothing else, we might gather it from his representing the poor's box as a mouse-trap, intimating their collecting of money, under the notion of charity, which when they have once in possession, they take care to secure. In order to this (says he, in colours, which are equally as expressive as words) they preach up excess of love, establish love-feasts, and recommend holy kisses among the faithful brethren, hold up the rod of terror, and thunder out damnation with the utmost vociferation. The first of these things he has set forth by an extract of one of Mr. Whitfield's hymns, from page 130, hanging from the clerk's desk, which contains these words,

Only love to us be giv'n,
Lord! we ask no other heav'n.

By painting a glory round the word love, as round that of lust, in the thermometer, he would have it understood, that they mean one and the same thing, and that this thing is the ultimate end of all the enthusiast's desire; farther confirmed by the male and female votaries beneath the pulpit. The second is described by his holding out in one hand the figure of a witch giving suck to a cat,† flying on a broom-

* Harlequin.

† It being said that the familiar with whom a witch converses sucks

stick, and the devil bearing a gridiron, in the other, as emblematical of the lost sinner broiling on the flames of hell. The third is represented by the crack in the sounding board, occasioned by the loudness of his voice, and the scale of vociferation hanging beside him, the lower note of which resembles the roaring of a bull, greatly distant from the natural tone, and is contiguous to the bawling mouth above, bellowing out Blood, blood, blood, blood. Considered in this light, with great propriety, is that text of scripture written upon his book, "I speak as a fool," it being evidently the height of folly to attempt to convince a weak mind by terror! And such must the congregation be, in general, or they would not hug themselves in their fond conceits; which they apparently do, in setting so much value upon those figures of a ghost, we see up and down among them, and which they are supposed to idolize as much as the roman-catholics do the figure of the cross. Nay, that our author designed to draw a parallel between them is manifest, not only from this, but also from the head of the minister, which he describes as shaven into a circle, in imitation of the heads of some particular orders of priests abroad; so that by his wig falling off he is, as it were, discovered to be a Jesuit in disguise. To inform us that enthusiasm gains most ground among the poor and illiterate, whose credulity is greatest, he has introduced a man (who by the altar and sacrificing knife before him appears to be a Jew, for sects are generally formed of a mixture of other persuasions) killing a louse, strongly characteristic of the state of his congregation; and has decorated the pulpit with three figures, alluding to three known stories of apparitions, (expressive of the people's

her right breast in shape of a little dun cat, smooth as a mole, which when it has sucked, the witch is in a kind of trance.

M

weakness) Mrs. Veal, Julius Cæsar,* and Sir George Villars.† Those on whom threats and terrors will not make an impression, are often brought over by cant and tears: this, says our author, has often produced wonderful effects; working by sympathy and persuasion; beside it declares the sincerity of the preacher. See then the clerk with piteous face and a crying cherub on either hand, whining out the hymns in dolorous tone! We have here exhibited, in one view, the various effects of superstition; it melting some into tears, winding others into a settled grief, and driving others to madness. Behold then behind a poor despairing wretch, frightened out of his senses by an itinerant lay-preacher beside him, pointing to the branch above, which is here humourously described as a horrid infernal head with horns, whose rotundity serves to represent a globe of hell, as newly drawn by Romaine ‡! The front of this branch is disposed into a face; round one of the eyes is written Molten-lead lake; round the other, Bottomless-pit; down the nose, Pitch and Tar rivers; on the line across the face, Horrid zone; on one cheek, Parts unknown; on the other Brimstone ocean; round the mouth, Eternal damnation gulph; and on the little sphere above, Desarts of New Purgatory. But to shew us that, even amidst all this terror, the hearts of some are so extremely callous, and so far buried in the

* The first of these stories may be found in the preface to a book called Drelincourt upon death; the second, in the roman history.

† Father to the duke of Buckingham, who was stabbed by one Felton, at Portsmouth. It is said Sir George appeared after he was dead to one who had been his servant, charging him to inform his son of the design laid to destroy him, which took place as he foretold it, through the duke's obstinacy in not avoiding it.

‡ A clergyman of the same way of thinking with Mr. Whitfield.

lethargy of sin, as no alarm can awaken, Mr. Hogarth has represented one of this congregation asleep, and the devil taking that opportunity to whisper him in the ear; and to complete the whole, and inform us that it is such schism in the church that brings religion into contempt, he has drawn a Turk looking in at the window, and smiling at their amazing folly. If this be Christianity, says he, GREAT PROPHET! I thank thee that I am a Mahomedan.*

* Beneath this plate is engraved the following text of scripture.

"Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

1 John, iv. 1.

["For useful and deep satire," Mr. Walpole considers this the "most sublime" of all Hogarth's works. Mr. Ireland who views it in the same light, observes, that "to check this inundation of absurdity, which deemed carnal reason profane, and was not to be combated by argument, Mr. Hogarth engraved this print; It contains what must ever operate as a complete refutation of those, who because they were his opponents in politics, have impudently asserted, that he lost his talents in the decline of life; for though the delineation was made in his sixty-fourth year, in satire, wit, and imagination, it is superior to any of his preceding works."]

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

AMIDST all the follies of the age, there never was a greater than the immoderate passion of the people for music. Though amusement and recreation are sometimes necessary, yet when carried to excess they become vicious and shameful. Now, so far did the luxury of this kingdom extend at the time when this plate was first published, which was in the year 1741, and which seems at present rather to encrease than diminish, that Italians (as being supposed to be the greater proficient) were brought over at the greatest expence, and the poorest and least skilled among them, who had not sufficient merit, and who were not able to continue in their own country, soon discovering our folly, gathered here in flocks, and took possession of the place. When here they were encouraged, and their wretched abilities looked upon as supernatural; they introduced a new style of music, which suited well the growing levity of this nation. The noble and elevated was immediately transformed into the trifling and insignificant, and the solemn and majestic sounds of heart-felt British harmony, gave place to the tinkling frippery airs of Italian sing-song. Such was, and such still continues to be the depraved state of the English!

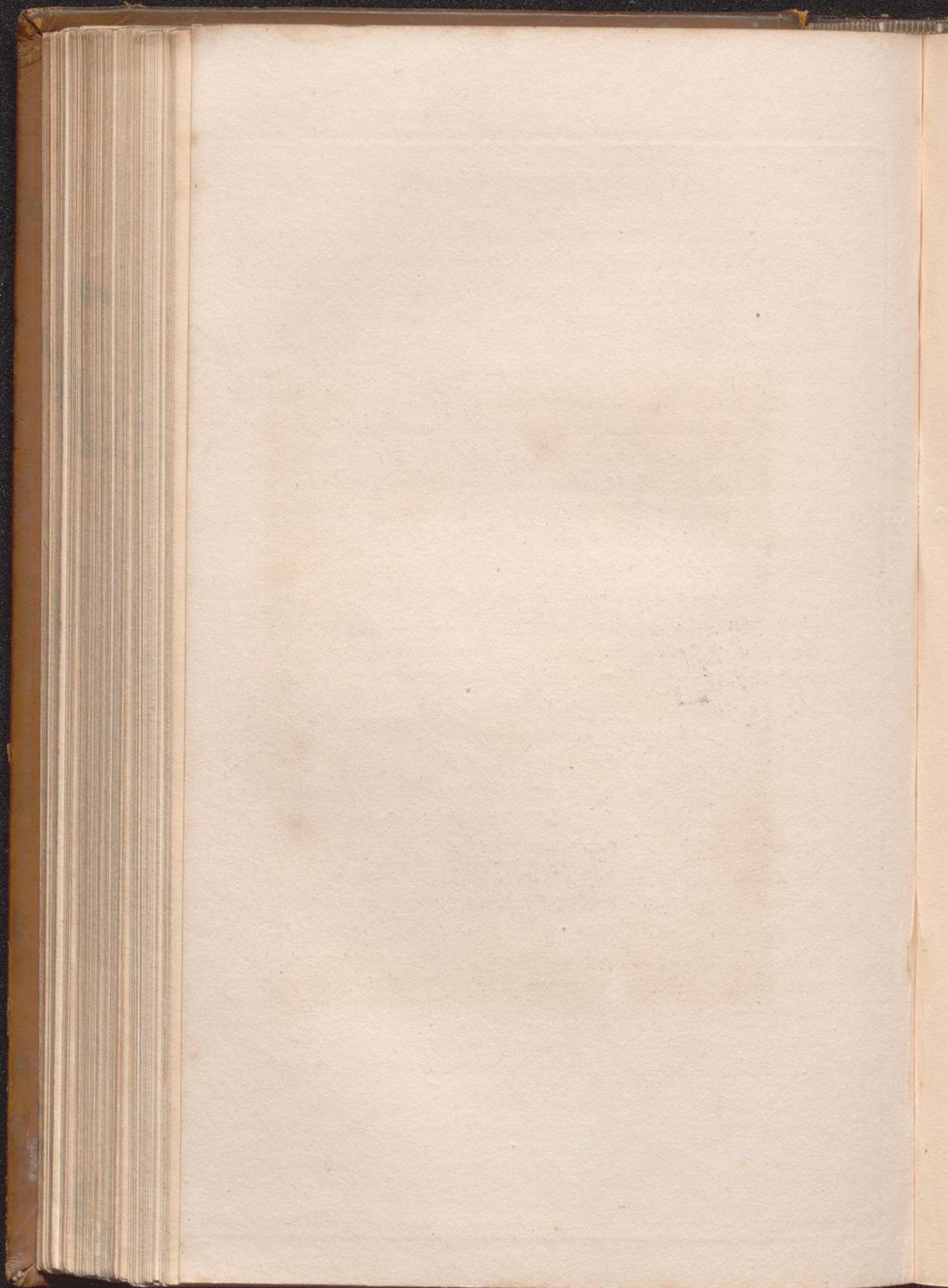
To ridicule this degeneracy of the age, Mr. Hogarth published the print before us; wherein he has represented an Italian professor of music at his study, enraged to the greatest degree at the collection of noises beneath his window,



W. H. Wood, sc.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, March 31, 1851.



which seem gathered in order to annoy him. He is, by the inscription on the house over the way, supposed to live in the neighbourhood of a pewterer, whose constant hammering is no small disturbance. Our author seems here to have let none of the most material or customary noises of London streets escape him. In front are some children at their noisy sports, one of whom is hollowing and beating a drum; another dragging a tile upon the stones, and another winding a racket. In one place is a ballad-singer bawling out "the Lady's fall," with a squalling infant in her arms; in another, a man grinding a cleaver, whose machine standing on the foot of a dog, sets him yelping. Here we see a girl crying her milk, and there a sow-gelder sounding his horn; here, a fellow dissonantly blowing his hautboy, there another crying of fish; in one place a paviour ramming down the stones, in another a dustman ringing his bell. To these are introduced the chattering of a parrot and the squalling of cats; and to complete all, from the top of the chimney is heard the cry of the sweeper, and from the tower of the church the ringing of bells, it being by the flag supposed to be a day of rejoicing. One thing more I must not omit taking notice of, which is the play-bill against the house, acquainting us that the Beggar's Opera was performed that night for the sixty-second time, Miss Fenton* playing the part of Polly, Mr. Walker that of Macheath, and Mr. Hippisly, that of Peachum. This serves to commemorate the great success of that dramatic performance, and in that success the extraordinary taste of the town. Thus by filling the plate, by properly disposing the different figures, and by preserving a beautiful contrast in the various persons and faces, Mr. Hogarth has not only pleased the under-

* Afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

standing and accomplished his design, but has also ravished the eye with a pleasing group of lively characters.*

[* Mr. Walpole, who loves to point out the *dramatic* powers of our author, very consistently remarks upon this print—"The Enraged Musician tends to *farce*." But, says Mr. W., speaking of his lighter subjects,—“When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry and fun. He never laughed like Rabelais at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but like Swift, combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale he means to tell.” The remarks of Mr. W. are well exemplified in this one-act farce. Rich as it is in *situations*—as dramatists say—there is no violation of probability in bringing so many and so various annoyances together at one point of time.

The hero of this print, Mr. Ireland informs us, was a Mr. John Festin, eminent for his skill in playing upon the German flute and hautboy, and much employed as a teacher of music. He himself gave Hogarth the story to work upon. “At nine o’clock in the morning” said he “I once waited upon Lord *Spencer*, but his lordship being out of town, from him I went to Mr. V——n, now Lord V——n. It was so early that he was not arisen. I went into his chamber, and opening a shutter, sat down in the window-seat. Before the rails was a fellow playing upon the hautboy. A man with a barrow full of onions, offered the piper an onion if he would play him a tune. That ended, he offered a second for a second tune, the same for a third, and was going on: but this was too much; I could not bear it; it angered my very soul—“Zounds!” cried I, stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my profession; he is playing upon the *hautboy* for onions.”

Hogarth would naturally think that these *airs* of the professor deserved nothing but ridicule. He ought rather to have admired the *relish* for music demonstrated by the humble patron of his humble brother—an *onion* was as much to either of the latter, as a *guinea* to a fashionable amateur. “The whole” says Mr. I, “of this *bravura scene* is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observed, that it *deafens* one to look at it. The scene seems to be taken from the lower end of St. Martin’s-lane; it is certainly intended to represent the steeple of St. Martin’s Church.”]



W. H. WOOD, sc.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, March, 21. 1831.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

NOTWITHSTANDING it has ever been the universal opinion that the encouragement of literature would be productive of the greatest advantages to a nation, yet such is the general dissipation of mankind, that we cannot be prevailed on to stand forth in its cause. A man may rack his brains for years together in search of truth, and when found it shall be totally disregarded. Business and pleasure so engage the people, that learning is no other than a drug, and an author the greatest object of contempt. The uncommon scarcity indeed of men of sound learning, and the multitude of scribblers that at present infest the age, have given sufficient cause for this general contempt; but yet it must be acknowledged as very extraordinary, that distress should ever attend a writer, and poverty be as it were entailed upon him. To represent then on the one hand the low ebb to which literature is arrived, and on the other to expose the vanity and folly of such men as undertake to write upon subjects they are wholly unacquainted with, and to give us an insight of the distress they, by this means, bring upon themselves, was the design of Mr. Hogarth in the piece before us: how far or how well he has succeeded, I shall leave the spectator to determine.

This plate then in the first place describes in the strongest colours the distress of an author, without friends to push him forward in the world. His living in one room, and that room a garret, and appropriated to all the common offices

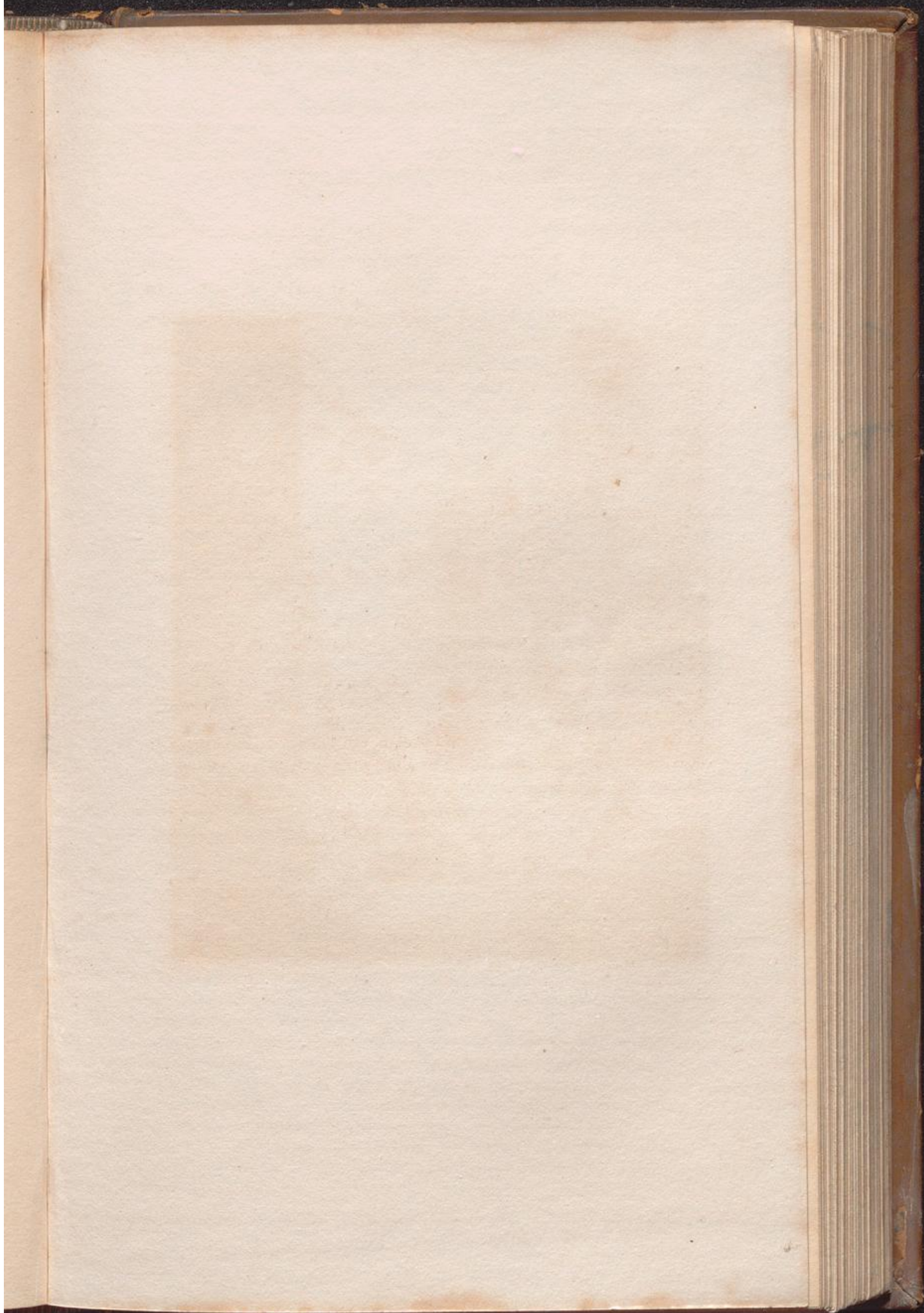
of life, is a convincing argument of his extreme penury. His being reduced to the necessity of sitting without his breeches while they are mending ; without a shirt, till that he wears be dry ; his want of a night-cap, evident by his covering his head with the only wig he is master of, a tye ; and above all the empty safe, are confirmations of the fact. The confusion and litter of the place tells us, that to maintain a decent appearance without doors, engages the whole attention of his wife. This is more manifest by his shirt and shams hanging to dry, which she is supposed to have washed over night ; and her mending his breeches, paying no regard to her crying infant. A melancholy proof of the lordly ascendancy of some husbands, who imagine their wives attention should be turned to them only ; and of the ridiculous fondness of some wives, in studying to adorn the object of their affections at the expence of the quiet and reputation of their families ! The other ornaments of his person, viz. the tye-wig, the sword, and full-trimm'd coat, plainly denote how anxious a man, who rises above the generality of his fellow-creatures on account of some liberal endowment, is of appearing above them with respect to dress, absurd to the greatest degree ; for among the judicious part of mankind, he who attempts to pass upon the world as greater than he is, will be constantly the butt of ridicule, and will meet with the derision of all who know him. The long cloak hung against the wainscot, is to shew us that the wife, often spending her time in working for her husband, and adjusting the *minutix* of her family, is obliged to neglect her own person, and cover her rags as the philosopher did his coals, (when he fetched them himself,) with his cloak. But on the other hand we are taught, by the same means, how essential it is that a man of this profession

should keep up appearances, as his success in life in a great measure depends upon the favours of the great, he can have no hopes of that favour but from personal attendance, and that attendance supported by a gentleman-like appearance. This often puts him to the sad necessity of laying out the major part of his substance on his back, while his wife and children are perhaps pinched with cold and perishing with hunger. The scene here is supposed to be in the morning : the entrance of the milk-girl, with open mouth, and her presenting the tally, chalked with long arrears, heighten the distress, for though they supported nature in the most sparing manner, yet so low is the author's pocket, that he is not able to wipe off the old score. But while we admire the connection of the piece, we must not omit observing the countenance of the wife (a fine contrast to that of the girl's) whom we are to imagine struck almost speechless at the thoughts of so large a debt to pay, and not a farthing to discharge it. The abusive language of the wench, and the crying of the child, confuse the father's brain, who has risen early, in order to finish a poem "on the comfortable enjoyment of riches," (a subject he can have but small ideas of) which a hungry belly urges him to get done by dinner time.—Though we may gather from this print what little regard is paid to men of merit, and at how low an ebb literature is, yet in the second place we may learn, (which indeed Mr. Hogarth more particularly alluded to) by the author's face, declaring him on a knotty point; by Bysshe's Art of Poetry laying open before him, denoting his capacity but shallow; by his small collection of books, the Sketch of the Gold Mines, the Grub-street Journal, and the beggary that surrounds him, how apt men are to mistake their talents, to set genius and nature at nought, fancy them-

selves master of every subject, and thus through confidence, conceit, or self-opinion, waste that precious time in fruitless attempts which, if well employed, would enable them to pass through life with ease and comfort, and procure them a decent provision. For as Swift says, it is an uncontroled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. The greatest inattention to material things, (owing to the unexpected entrance of the girl, which has put all into confusion) is seen, by the cat's being suffered to suckle her kittens on our hero's best and only coat, and the dog to carry away the provision of the day.—How strangely mistaken are the notions of some men! how great and palpable the folly of the world!*

[* It seems to be inherent in our very natures to enjoy the miseries of the proud and petulant—it is this feeling alone that gives a *zest* to the contemplation of such subjects as the foregoing. Let us hope however, that the very reverse is the case with respect to the woes of the meek and lowly. Who but would wish to rush into the bard's desolate apartment, to relieve, at least the placidly amiable wife, whose countenance exhibits all but *contentment itself* even in so pitiable a condition? "If this was a Portrait," as Walpole says on a far different occasion—"it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."]

The original picture is in the Collection of Lord Grosvenor.





A. Durand. sc.

BEER STREET.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

BEER-STREET AND GIN-LANE.

BEER-STREET.

As all countries have their peculiar manners, customs, fashions, and the like, so are they no less particular in their food, especially their liquors. Italy, Spain, and Portugal excel in wines; France in wines and brandy; Holland in geneva; the East-Indies in arrack; the West in rum; and England in beer. And as most provinces in other kingdoms boast their peculiar sorts of wines or spirits, so do most counties here their respective malt liquor. Some brew their amber, some their brown. Nottingham, Burton, and Dorchester are as renowned in England as Bourdeaux, Champagne, and Burgundy in France. But what principally bears the bell with us is the porter brewed in London: a wholesome cordial, that taken in moderation recruits the spirits of the working man, and renews that strength which labour impairs. Pity 'tis, it should be burthened with any tax!* Such however is the natural depravity of men, that

* [The striking moral conveyed by the contrast between this and the succeeding print, will be more strongly felt than ever in the present day, when the legislature have so recently passed an important enactment for the welfare of the people as respects the easy purchase of their most wholesome beverage. That best "Barley wine," which as *Izaak Walton* delightfully says, "Our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which PRESERVED THEIR HEALTH AND MADE THEM LIVE SO LONG, AND TO DO SO MANY GOOD DEEDS!"]

(fond of new things, not contented with the old) when English gin first received birth from the still, in imitation of that of Holland, gin-drinking among the lower class became the fashion; that fashion in time grew up into habit, and introduced into this metropolis wretchedness, disease, and death. Sensible of the prevailing custom, and shuddering at the unhappy consequences, Mr. Hogarth designed these two prints (and published them in the year 1751) as a contrast, setting forth the fattening healthy qualities of the one, and the emaciating deadly properties of the other.

See then in the view before us a general cessation of work, and all parties regaling themselves with a refreshing draught of this chearing liquor. On the left we have a group of jovial tap-house politicians, a butcher, a drayman, and a cooper. The drayman is deceitfully whispering some soft things to a servant maid, who is described as all attention to what she hears; this we may gather from the appearance of her eyes and hands; and by her having the key of the street-door with her, she is supposed to have stepped out of some neighbouring house, at dinner-time, for a tankard of porter, which the family is waiting for: thus, while this figure serves to fill the piece, her loitering by the way gives us a lively representation of the generality of servants, who pay little or no regard to their duty, but neglect their business, and waste their time. The butcher is splitting his sides with laughter to see the girl so easily imposed on, and the cooper behind with a pipe in his mouth, a full pot in one hand and a shoulder of mutton in the other, enjoying the determination, that where good eating and drinking is there must true happiness and jollity reside. On the table before them is the daily advertiser, and his late Majesty's speech on Tuesday

the 29th of November, 1748,* which our author has introduced here by way of commemoration, it being much admired; and to heighten our idea of the present festive enjoyment, it being at a time when the tumults of war were subsided, and this country, as at present, blessed with a happy peace. On the right is a city-porter, supposed to have just set down his load in order to recruit his spirits with a heartening draught. This load Mr. Hogarth has humourously made to consist of a parcel of books consigned to Mr. Pastem, the trunk-maker in St. Paul's church-yard; as (on account of their subjects and execrable performances) being fit for nothing but waste paper. The books in sight are in folio, as follow; Lauder on Milton, Modern Tragedies, vol. 12. Hill on Royal Societies, Turnbull on Ancient Painting and Politics, vol. 9999. In the midst of this plate are two fish-women loaded with British herrings, which at the time these prints were published became very plentiful under the protection of the British fishery. Our author has here taken an opportunity of paying his ingenious friend Mr. Lockman, secretary to the society, a compliment, by putting into one of these womens hands a ballad, written by him on the herring fishery, and sung at Vauxhall with great applause. Behind are some paviours at work; further back is a dame of quality in a sedan going to court, it being supposed by the flag displayed on the steeple to be a birth-day; and so corpulent is she, that was it not for a draught of porter by the way, her chairmen would not be able to carry her. In

* In this speech are these words in view, "Let me earnestly recommend to you the advancement of our commerce, and cultivating the arts of peace, in which you may depend on my hearty concurrence and encouragement."

painting this lady, our author has not forgot to ridicule the enormous size of the hoop in those days, which when pulled up on each side resembled the wheels of a carriage. Though Mr. Hogarth has thought proper in this print to shew the advantage almost every individual receives from the drinking this valuable liquor, which is at so low a price as to be within the compass of a poor man's pocket, yet he has given us a painter (painting a sign, viz. the barley-mow) in all the appearance of want, though happy and smiling under it. Whether he intended the leanness and tattered condition of this man as a contrast to the corpulent, tight-dressed figures of the men below, or whether meant to draw a compliment upon himself by lowering his own profession while he raises those of others, is immaterial; let it suffice to say it completes the group by making it pyramidical;* thus it pleases the eye and perfects the piece. But let us carry our observation still farther, and we may notice at the top of a house a taylor's workshop, whose men within seem to partake of the general joy, the bricklayers' shew, on the roof of the next house, at the arrival of their expected beer. This house is an ale-house, the landlord of which is supposed to be growing rich by his repairing it, in opposition to his neighbour, Nicholas Pinch, the pawnbroker, who finds it difficult to live for want of trade; see this man's house quite decayed, ready to fall over his head, intimated by the sign, props, and rat-trap in the chamber; and observe him taking in a half-pint of beer through a hole in the door, not daring to open it, or shew his face abroad; such professions thriving only on the miseries of others, and starving when the public prosper. The general design of this print was, if

* Vide the preface to the work.

possible, to depreciate the pernicious custom of gin-drinking, whose destructive quality is represented in the next, and to shew mankind, if they must needs have recourse to strong liquors, that, that of beer is by much the most wholesome.*

* At the bottom of this plate are engraved the following lines :

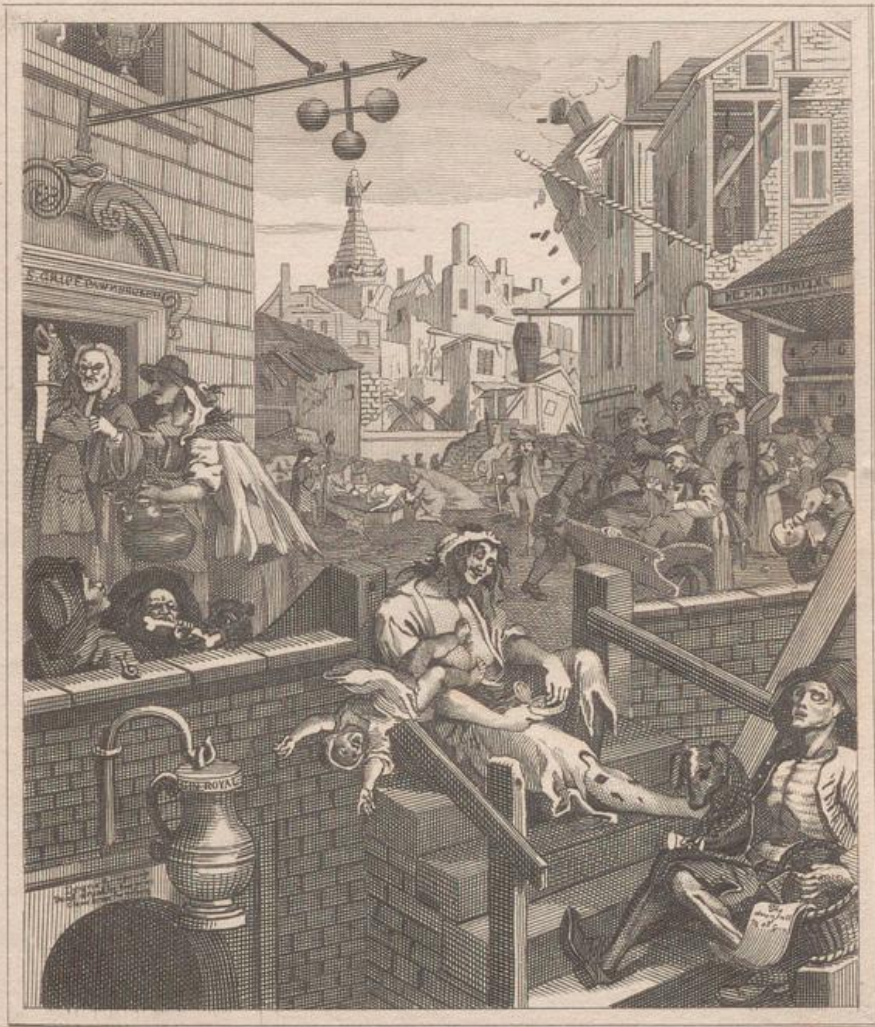
Beer (the happy produce of our isle)
Can sinewy strength impart,
And wearied with fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Labour and art upheld by thee,
Successfully advance :
We quaff thy balmy juice with glee,
And water leave to France.

Genius of health, thy grateful taste
Rivals the cup of Jove,
And warms each English gen'rous breast
With liberty and love.

GIN-LANE.

As a contrast to the last print, we observe in this the pernicious effects of British spirits becoming general among the poor. Behold here the scene of health and gladness vanished, and that of disease and wretchedness introduced! How shudders the heart at the ghastly sight! How turns the eye from the pallid view! But as we learn to live by looking on the dead, 'tis hoped this appearance of horror will teach us a lesson of temperance. May it create in mankind an abhorrence of the deadly evil, and make them timely avoid the destruction that attends it!—Let us then probe the wound, in order to its cure. As we remarked in Beer-street the houses to be fair and good-conditioned, excepting that of the pawnbroker's, which was ready to fall, so we perceive the houses here in general old and ruinous, excepting that of master Gripe's. By this we are taught that poverty is the usual attendant on gin-drinking, and that where this vice prevails, none are known to thrive but such as feed upon the property of others. This abominable liquor is, among the vulgar, very justly called by the name of Strip-me-naked, it being found to waste the substance of those poor wretches that accustom themselves to the drinking it, by a continual drain, not leaving them at last the bare necessities of life; for this infatuating poison leads them on, and almost obliges them to repair the gnawings of one dram by the burning aid of a second. See them, then,



GIN LANE.

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in order to support this endless expence, carrying their things to pawn, whilst they have ought to pledge! Take notice of the broker examining the articles, lest he should lend too much upon them! Remark his grinding disposition in his countenance! Finely is this idea heightened by the boys below; they are both supposed accustomed to the fatal drench, as indeed are all the people present. One is stupified and fast asleep giving the snail (an emblem of the pawnbroker) an opportunity of crawling over him; the other tormented with raging hunger, and having nothing to eat, gnawing a bare bone, which the greedy cur, (equally emblematical) is tearing from him. It may probably be wondered at, why these beggarly loan-offices should have been so long distinguished by the sign of three balls, disposed in so particular a manner; but a moment's consideration will convince us of the propriety, it being universally allowed to be *two to one*, that things once lodged in these houses are ever got out again. As a proof that this custom of drinking gin is encouraged among the poorer people, and prevails among all ages of them, before the house of Killman, the distiller, is a woman pouring this deadly potion down her infant's throat; two charity girls drinking to each other in the same, and one drenching her mother, who is already so much intoxicated as to be under the necessity of being wheeled home in a barrow. The customary use of this liquor is as destructive as a pestilence, destroying numbers of people yearly, bringing on death by various ways. Some it fills with diseases, others it throws into a decline; some it drives to despair, and others it maddens. A picture of the first we have in the drunken beast upon the steps, whose legs are broken out in ulcers; she is

taking snuff, careless of her infant, who is falling from her arms into the area of a gin-cellar, over whose entrance is humourously written a public invitation, viz. "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, clean straw for nothing." Though rather foreign to our purpose, yet led to it by the figure before us, I cannot help taking notice of another bad custom among the poor, that of snuff-taking, which some will do in great quantities, wasting sixpence or more a week in that useless pernicious drug, while their children are crying for bread, and they have none to give; of the second, we have a representation in the man at the bottom of the steps, who lived by selling of gin, and is supposed to have just expired, worn away by the frequent use of it; and in the woman at the back of this plate, whom two men are putting into a shell, by order of the beadle of the parish,* whose chief attention seems fixed upon the care of her child beside it: of the third, is the barber, hanging in his chamber above; murdered by his own hands; and of the fourth, are the cripple fighting, and the madman behind dancing, with a pair of bellows on his head and a spit in his hand, on which he has spitted an infant in the absence of its mother. These, with the rest, are most melancholy instances of the dreadful consequence of the sin of drunkenness, which however it may escape the punishment of human justice, will most assuredly meet with the vengeance of divine.†

* Viz. St. Giles in the fields.

† This plate is enriched with the following stanzas.

Gin, cursed fiend, with fury fraught,
Makes human race a prey;
It enters by a deadly draught,
And steals our life away.

If, then (as I meet with it in the remarks of a very eminent enquirer) after the most accurate calculation it be certain, that since the introduction of spirituous liquors (for it is not gin only that is destructive) the number of births, yearly, has been for some time decreasing, so that it is now a fourth part less than it was forty years ago; and the burials increasing at a dreadful rate, so that the nation, in London only, has lost near fifteen thousand people every three years; the fruit of the womb being blasted before it has seen the light; besides, the lives of those who have come into the world being shortened; if it be certain, as it is affirmed by tradesmen in the city, that the bodily strength of the people is so decayed, within the memory of those alive, that working men are not able to carry two thirds of what they could formerly, with ease; if it be evident that, by the excessive use of these liquors, the spirit of industry must be sunk, and the hands which should carry on the trade and manufactures of the nation enfeebled; if it be in the power of every miscreant to inflame his blood, and fit himself for the execution of the most horrid barbarity for two-pence; if villains, by an inflaming draught of gin, derive boldness to perpetrate mischief; if, by this means, we find that neither our lives or properties are safe; if the number or good condition of a people are the strength and

Virtue and truth, driv'n to despair,
It's rage compells to fly;
But cherishes with hellish care,
Theft, murder, perjury.

Damn'd cup, that on the vitals preys,
That liquid fire contains,
Which madness to the heart conveys,
And rolls it through the veins!

security of a nation, and both these are by the prevalency of this poison daily declining, and of consequence our naval and military force decaying; if the number of the poor be, through the effect of a universal debauchery daily increasing, and consequently the consumption of the food, cloathing, and houshold-furniture lessening, and our home-trade, and manufactures sinking; if the infection be every day spreading from the capital through the manufacturing towns and provinces; if health, life, and soul are all going to destruction, gibbets groaning with the load of encreasing malefactors brought to a dreadful end by the force of this maddening drench; if death and hell are ever opening their jaws and swallowing our wretched fellow-creatures by thousands; if these things are so, is it not time to blow a trumpet and sound an alarm, an alarm that may reach the ears of those who have it in their power to remedy this calamitous evil, and prevent the impending misery?*

* [The striking moral tendency of these two prints does immortal honour to the worthy Hogarth; he did all that he could do in writing, as it were, the word Poison upon every "quartern" measure in the kingdom!—neither is the wrath of his commentator much overcharged. May "answering" or rather unanswering "gin-shops"—now that the beer trade is thrown open,

"Sourer sighs return!"]

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY.*

THE just analogy between Painting and Poetry has been matter of long observation ; each art equally affecting the passions, though through the channel of different senses : nay, so great is their similarity, that they in some sort partake of each other's peculiar properties. In poetry we see with our ears, and in painting we hear with our eyes. Poets have been frequently luxurious in their rural descriptions of the different parts of the day, and by a faithful delineation of nature, have pleased the imagination and delighted the understanding. Our Author, in the prosecution of his studies in the sister art, has, in his turn, given us a humourous representation of such scenes as occur, at those particular times in the metropolis ; which may serve as a burlesque to the other, and will give those who have not an opportunity of being present, some idea of what passes without the circle of their knowledge.

* [With respect to these four prints, Mr. Ireland makes it a merit, that Dr. Trusler had them turned so as to appear to the spectator the same as the original paintings—but in this instance we entirely differ with him. It is certainly much to be regretted, that Hogarth did not transfer his identical self to the copper by using the mirror ; from the neglect of which, his buildings are turned from east to west, and his figures are left-handed. Yet in the blaze of his excellence, there are few that even think of the objection, great as it is ; but as we all fix upon some particular figure in a subject, as a sort of meridional point from which to survey the whole, it is equally due to those who have been long used to the originals, as well as to such as have that pleasure to come, not to introduce a disagreeable perplexity, under the idea of an improvement. Hogarth having chiefly multiplied his works by his own hand, the value of paintings have been attached to his plates. Mr. Ireland suggests that he was not ignorant of the mirror, but that he thought it of little consequence.]

MORNING.

The place from whence this first scene is taken is Convent, or Covent-garden; the time, break of day, or Morning; the season, Winter; evident from the icicles and snow upon the tops of the houses; yet as cold as it may appear to be, we have here an old maid going to seven o'clock* prayers, (with her half starved shivering servant behind her carrying her prayer-book; a fine contrast to the figure of his mistress) dressed in a single lappet-head and without a handkerchief; a manifest token of her vanity and pride, in adorning her person at the expence of her health. But while we admire one part of this ridiculous character, we must not forget the other, it being a well-pointed satire on such persons as make themselves singular with respect to public worship, merely to attract the notice of their neighbours, and to pass upon the world as sincere and conscientious. Lest it should be matter of wonder that such a number of people should be so early assembled, it must be observed, this market begins in the winter season some hours before 'tis light. On one side of this plate are two boys going to school with their satchels on their backs.† A little further

* ["The church dial a little before seven, marks of little shoes and pattens in the snow, and various productions of the season in the market, are an additional proof of that minute accuracy with which this artist inspected and represented objects that painters in general have neglected."] J. I.

† This thought was probably taken from Swift's morning in town.

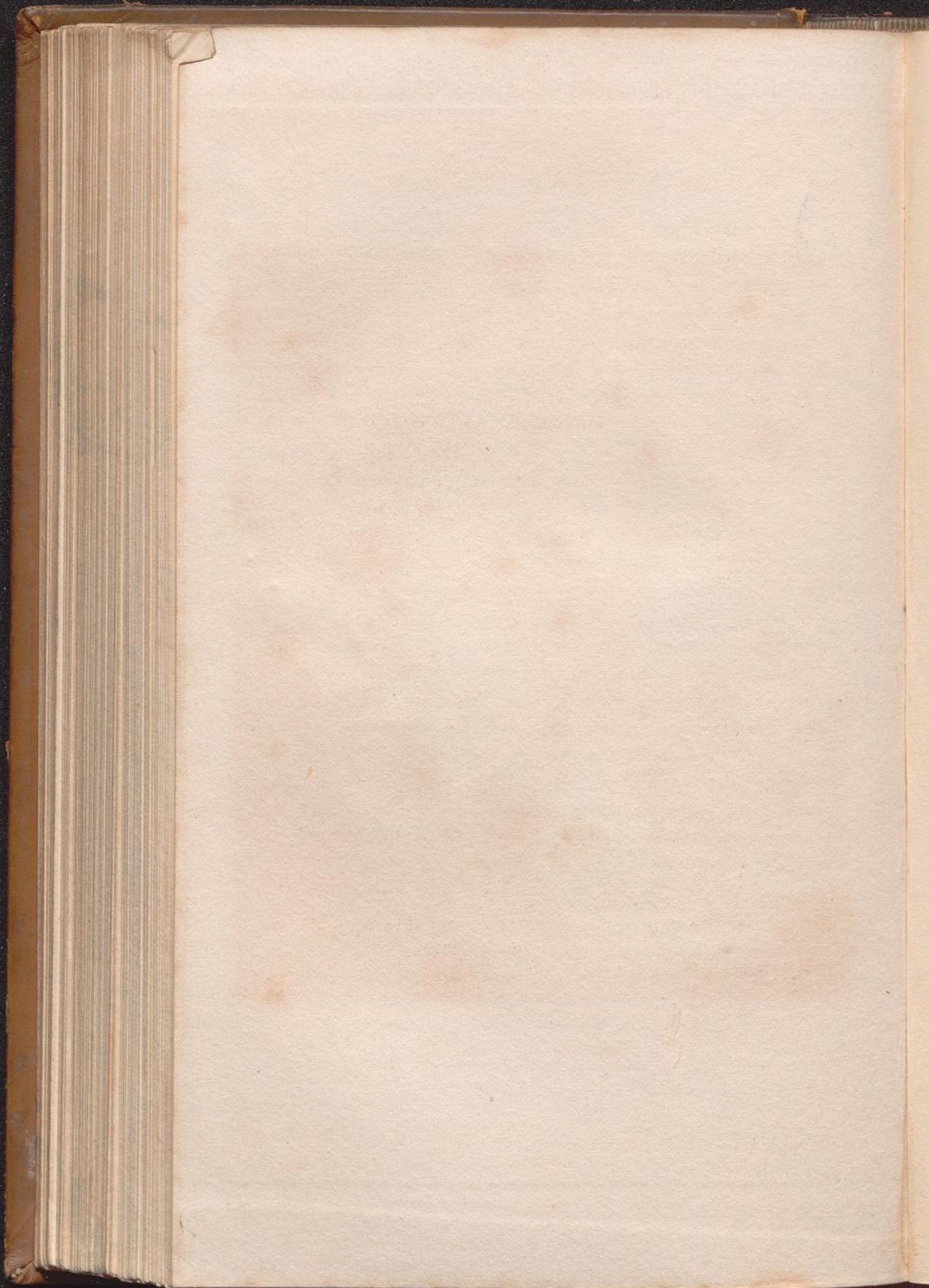
"And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands."



T. H. Nicholson, sc.

MORNING.

Published by John Major 50. Fleet Street. March 31. 1831.



back is Dr. Rock,* exhibiting his medicines to sale, imposing upon the credulity of the people. On the other side is a group of figures of another cast, representing two rakes (supposed to have been all night at Tom King's Coffee-house,† where we see the people rioting) amourosly besetting two gardeners girls attending the market, an invasion on the public peace, with some other things, such as breaking of windows, knocking down of watchmen, wilful frays, &c. which gentlemen, heated and inflamed with wine, would have considered only as a frolic, or a piece of innocent amusement; though such sort of merriment has been often found to be a great nuisance, and sometimes productive of the most fatal consequences. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that the legislative power has not taken this matter into consideration, the present punishment for such offences not being sufficient to put a stop to them. The only thing further to be noticed in this plate is the clock in front of the church, which seems to be greatly decayed by the figure of Time, above: beneath is written this motto, *Sic transit gloria mundi*, "Thus passes the glory of the world;" intimating the frailty and instability of life, which posts away like the fleeting hours, and crumbles into nothing by length of time.‡

* A Quack, who got a fortune by vending his medicines about town like a mountebank.

† At that time a noted night-house, frequented by Irish gamesters and rakes of the town.

‡ ["In the Progress of an Harlot, and the Adventures of a Rake, Mr. Hogarth displayed his powers of painting history. Holding the mirror up to nature, he shews

'Virtue her own feature, vice her own image,
And the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.'

Had he exhibited no other specimen of his art, these fourteen prints would have given him a right to the title of a moral painter, and thus was he denominated by Mr. Fielding in his *Adventures of Joseph Andrews*. In the present Series, he treads poetic ground. A description of the day, particularly the morning, has been generally deemed the bard's peculiar province. Considering Homer as the father of Poesy, the whole family of Apollo have echoed his notes, and run their divisions of fancy upon his scale. With one of them,

‘ The morn wak’d by the circling hours,
Unbars the gates of light.’

With another, she “sows the earth with orient pearl.” Attended by a star as gentleman usher,

‘ She draws night’s hurried curtains, and proclaims
The new-born day forth dawning from the east.’

Is now, the grey Aurora, then the meek eyed morn ; arrayed in a dewy robe, with saffron streamers, placed in a glittering chariot bespangled with dew-drops, and drawn by etherial coursers ; where, holding the reins with her red hands, she drives the day.

These heathenish descriptions may be very beautiful in their way ; but hear our own Shakspeare,

‘ Night’ tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain’s top.’

Again,

‘ The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And ’gins to pale her ineffectual fire.’

This is picturesque—poetical!—intelligible to the peasant or the philosopher, to the classic admirer of ancient mythology, or the man who never heard that the gates which Aurora unbars, are made of purest chrystal.

The pictures drawn by Homer, and all the long list of etcæteras who have debased his splendid images by the mixture of their own dross, have their scenes laid in the country ; but Hogarth has represented his *dramatis persona* in the centre of a great city. Had the learned author of *Hudibras* been a painter, I believe he would have done the same. It

will not be easy to select two lines that have more wit, than his description of the morning.

‘ Now, like a lobster boil’d, the morn
From black to red began to turn.’ *

This is appropriate to either city or country.

In Mr. Hogarth’s *Four Times of the Day*, there is only one scene laid out of town ; and that may, I think, be properly enough called a London Pastoral, for it is at the pleasant village of Islington. The three others are described as in the most public parts of the metropolis, and exhibit a picture which will give a very correct idea of the dresses and pursuits of London in 1738.” J. I.

* [Charles Cotton, whose vein of humour strongly resembles that of Butler, wrote four sets of “ quatrains” expressly on Morning, Noon, Evening and Night.

“ The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn ;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To shew the way Sol’s steeds must tread.

The sable cheeks of sullen night,
Are streak’d with rosy streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear,
To shade the other hemisphere.

Now doors and windows are unbarr’d,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about good-morrows fly,
As if day taught humanity.

The sleek-fac’d school boy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes ;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue’s slow.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm,
But let’s take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven’s eye sees all we do.”

Morning, (20 Stanzas) —Poems, 8vo, 1689.]

NOON.

IN this second plate we have a representation of Noon, with a view of the French congregation coming out of the chapel in Hog-lane, St. Giles's, it being supposed to be Sunday ; which affords us an agreeable contrast between the finery of some of the people, and the beggarly situation of the place, not a little heightened by the group of figures on the other side of the way, and the dead cat lying in the kennel, supposed to be lately stoned to death by the cruelty of the neighbouring boys. Mr. Hogarth has here taken an opportunity of ridiculing the folly of the French fashions with respect to dress, it being customary in France for people to go extremely gay themselves, and at the same time dress up their children like old men and women. Frequently shall you see a girl of seven years of age in a sack, or suit of cloaths, and a boy of five, in a sword and full-trimmed coat, with a bag to his hair that shall cover his back. So strange are their notions ; so ridiculous their manners !—On the opposite side are two houses, a cook's and a distiller's ;* (such being shops of the greatest business in that part of the town)† humourously distinguished by their contrasted signs ; the one having a head without a body, called the Baptist's head ; the other, a body without a head, commonly known by the name of The good woman. As a further contrast to this last sign, see the termagant

* Vide Gin-lane.

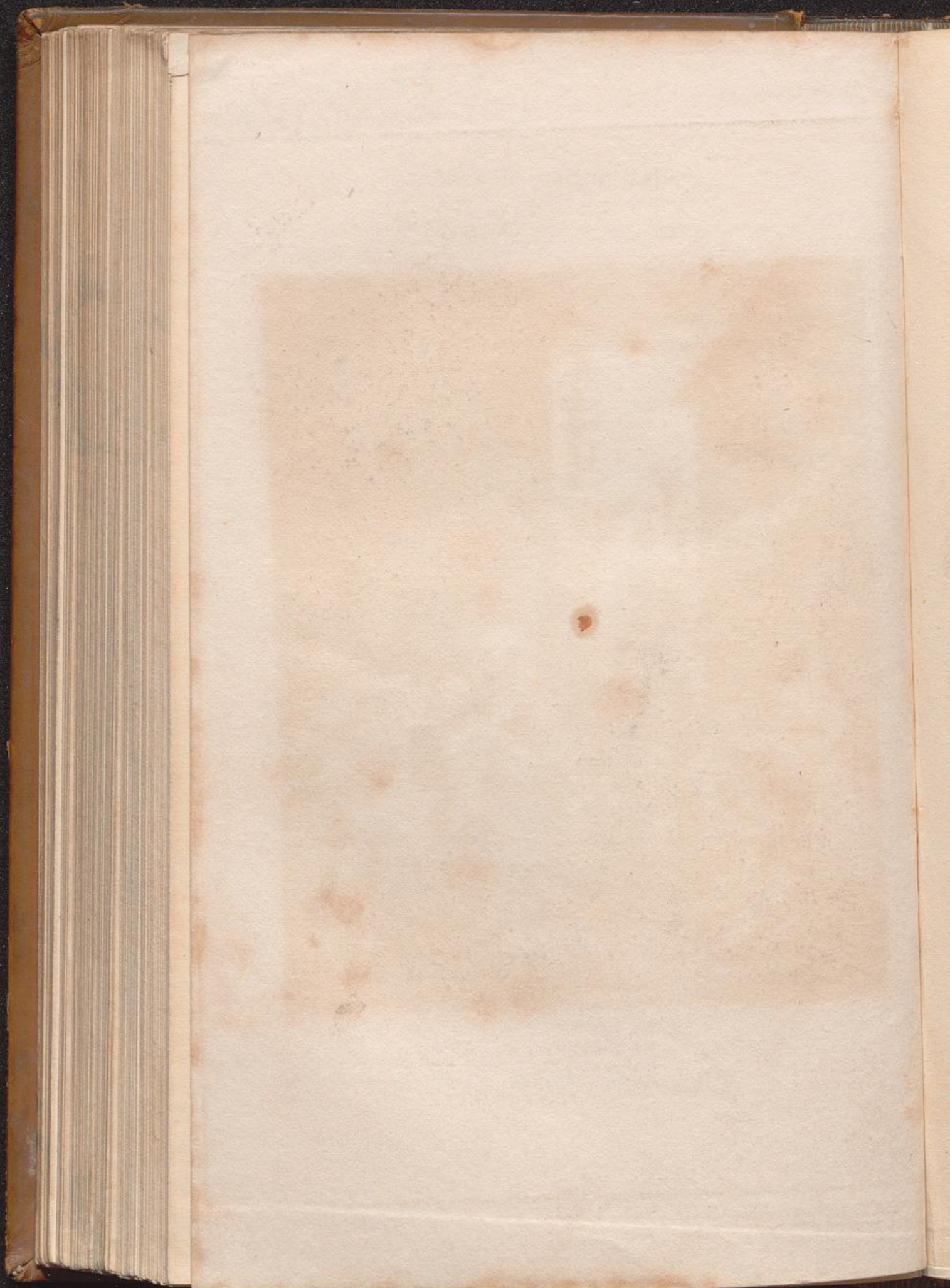
† It being inhabited by the lowest class of people.



T. E. Nicholson. sc.

NOON.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 1, 1731.



quarrelling with her husband, and in heat of passion throwing their dinner out of window ! and so great is their noise supposed to be, as to draw in a number of passers-by to enquire the matter. The group on the left, consists of a boy roaring for the misfortune he has met with, that of breaking the dish, and throwing down the pudding he was sent to fetch from the baker's, the remains of which a girl is collecting from the ground and eating : and of a servant wench, kissed by a black in her way home with a smoking pye ; things we every day meet with in London streets. In that group on the right are two old hypocritical women, saluting each other with a kiss of seeming friendship ; though we may learn from their looks, they would destroy one another in their hearts : the characteristic of the French, and a lively picture of the generality of the great among us ; who being rivals in pride and ambition, will, to serve their own purposes, caress those they would willingly tear in pieces ; and embrace those whose throats they would rejoice to cut.*

* [“ The scene is laid at the door of a French Chapel in Hog-lane ; a part of the town at that time almost wholly peopled by French refugees, or their descendants.

A kite blown from an adjacent field (at that time there was a wind-mill at the bottom of Rathbone-place) being entangled on the roof of the Chapel, hangs pendant on the wall. One of Hogarth's commentators asserts, that this is introduced only to break the disagreeable uniformity of a wall. It certainly has that effect ; but he so rarely presents any object without a particular and pointed allusion, that I am inclined to think he had some other meaning. May it not be designed to intimate that the good people who compose the congregation, after being blown out of their own country by a religious storm, found a peaceful harbour under this roof, safely sheltered from the hurricanes of enthusiasm, or the blasts of superstition ?”] J. I.

EVENING.

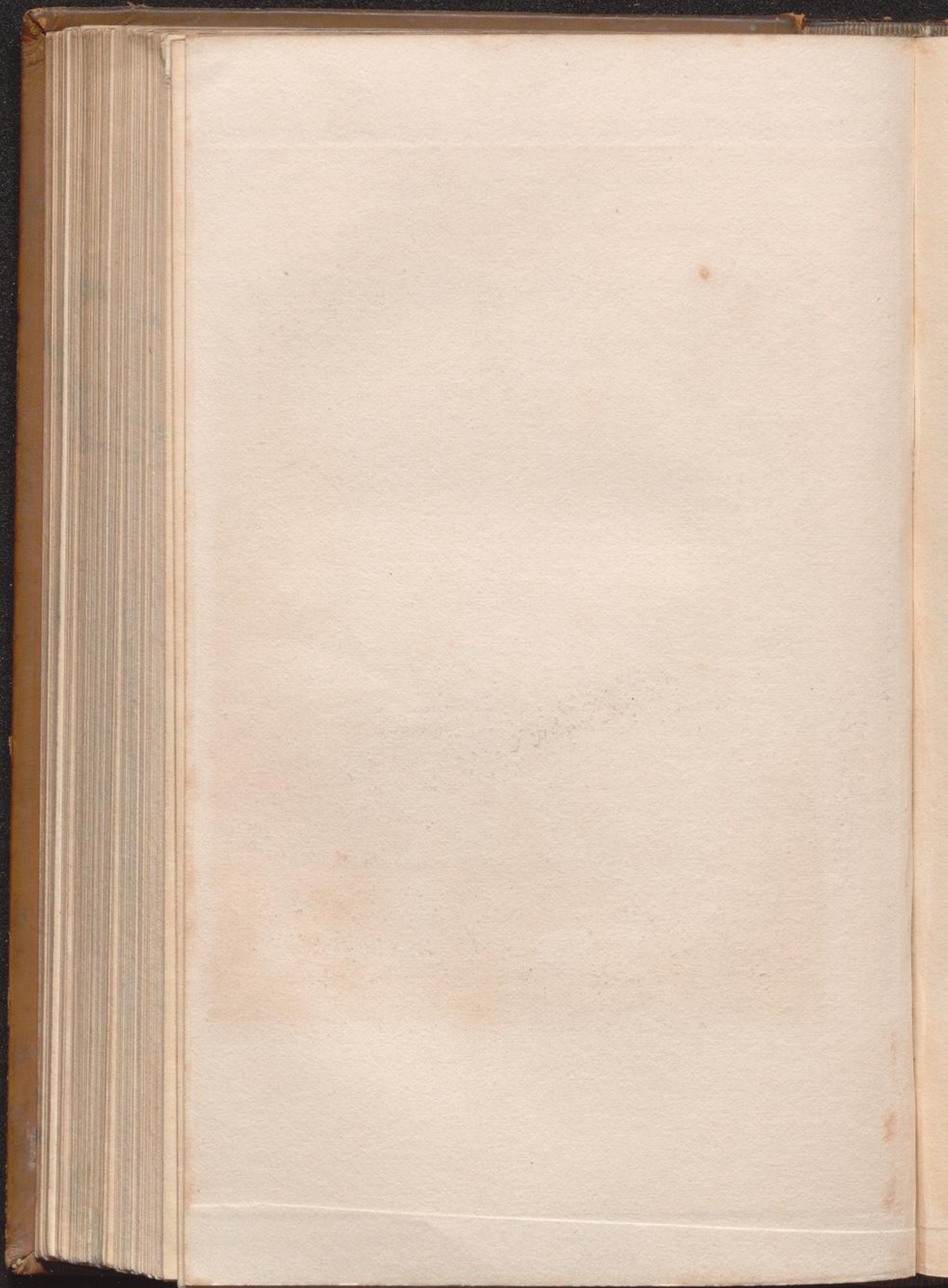
IN the description of Evening, we have the return of a family homewards, after their Sunday afternoon's walk to some tea-house, or place of entertainment in the out-skirts of London, there being abundance of such places, the resort of the lower and middling class of people, whose pocket will not admit of any other recreation. The spot from whence this scene is drawn, is that of the house known by the sign of Sir Hugh Middleton at the New-river-head, near Sadler's-Wells, where we see several people smoking, and sweltering themselves, refreshingly and agreeably, it being supposed to be in the heat of summer. This house was formerly in great repute, though dwindled now into little better than an ale-house. The family we are speaking of are citizens, and are imagined to be so much jaded by the heat, and length of way, as to render their evening recreation toilsome and laborious : for under a mistaken notion of pleasure, people will often so fatigue themselves, that they shall not get the better of it for a month after ; but such is the case with many men, that their wives must be obeyed, it being but reasonable, say they, to enjoy one's self a little of a Sunday afternoon, when one has been slaved almost to death, the whole week before. This appears to be the circumstance of the family before us, where the woman is presumed to be master of her husband, his property, and his honour : the first of which is visible by his carrying the child ; the second, by the money they have been spending ; and the last our author has artfully con-



T. B. Nicholson, sc.

EVENING.

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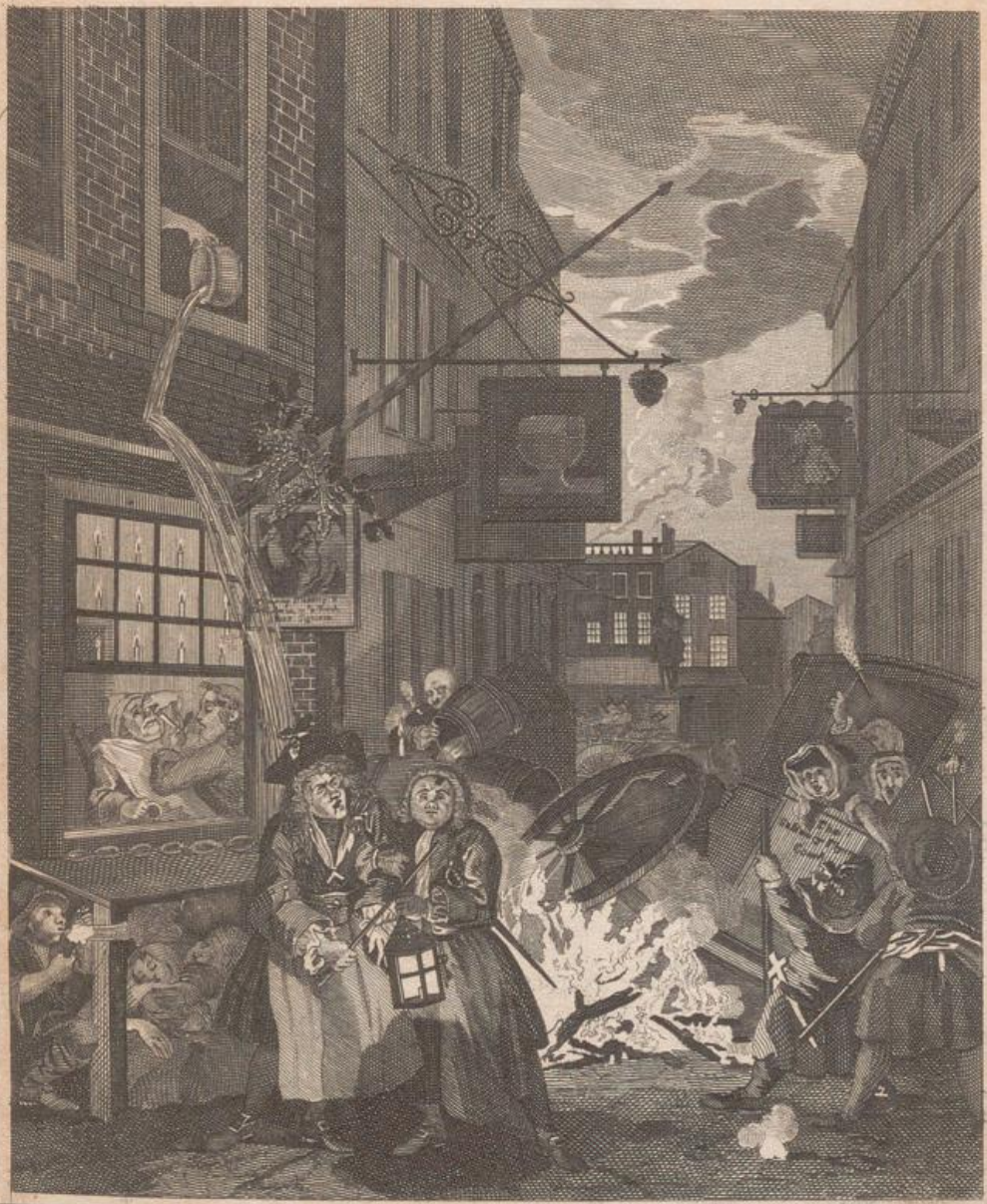


trived to shew, by fixing a cow so judiciously behind, as to make the horns appear just above his head. The spaniel before, and the children behind, seeming to partake also of this agreeable recreation, (for by the servant's loosening the girl's shoe, we find she is as tired as the boy) convince us, that satisfaction is oftener sought than found, and that we commonly weary ourselves in the vain and laborious pursuit of pleasures.*

* ["It is not easy to imagine fatigue better delineated than in the appearance of this amiable pair. The lady's aspect at once explains her character; we are certain that she was born to command. The hopes of the family, with a cockade, riding upon papa's cane, seems much dissatisfied with female sway. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl, it is scarcely possible to conceive. Upon such a character, the most casual observer pronounces with the decision of Lavater."] J. I.

NIGHT.

THE last plate in this set is a description of Night, and that a rejoicing one, viz. the 29th of May; evident from the bonfires, the oaken bough upon the barber's pole and the oak leaves some have fixed in their hats. The scene is taken from the narrow part of Charing-Cross, as it formerly stood before the way was widened, looking from Whitehall; and exhibits to view the Rummer tavern on one side, and the Cardigan's head on the other; at that time two noted bag-nios. We see here the Salisbury flying-coach, just set out from the inn, overturning, and its passengers in the utmost fright, encreased by the entrance of a burning serpent into the coach, thrown by some unlucky boy. Though on these nights of festivity such things are countenanced, many and great are the accidents that have attended them, houses set on fire, people burnt, and limbs broken. 'Tis true, indeed, the law of this country is particularly careful of the general good, but in attending to greater evils, it unfortunately overlooks the less, and gives the unbridled populace an opportunity of doing a great deal of mischief, under the idle pretext of mirth and diversion. On the other side is a free mason in his apron and ensign of his order, (whom the waiter of the public-house is leading home from his lodge) described as overpowered with liquor, and by the cut on his face, as having been in some fray. Scarce out of one dilemma but into another, a maid from a window above empties a chamber-pot into the street, and its contents fall just upon his head; another nuisance too often met with in



A. Dunson sc.

NIGHT

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 2, 1831.

some parts of London. On the right of this man is the house of a barber-surgeon, illuminated with candles, whose sign is—a hand drawing a tooth; the head in exquisite pain: beneath is written, “Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch. *Ecce signum*, i. e. behold the sign.” An emblem of the operator’s abilities. Nay, through the window we discover the joint operation of shaving and bleeding by a drunken ‘prentice. Beneath is a beggar’s bagnio, one of the places where such poor wretches as cannot find any better lodging are obliged to pig in together, in common. Though dark, we are able to discern them perfectly by the light of the boy’s link, which he is blowing, in order to set fire to a squib. Many are the hardships the poor in London are reduced to, which the opulent have no idea of; for beside the want of necessary food, they are frequently in distress for a night’s lodging, even in the coldest and worst of weather. Each parish indeed provides, in some measure, for its own poor, but there are many objects* at such distances from their respective parishes, as to be wholly out of the reach of their assistance; constrained therefore through want of this necessary care, they are often obliged to throw off every sense of virtue and honour, and become little better than the brutes of the creation; a circumstance that calls loudly for the attention of the public, as well in relation to its own safety, as with respect to the care it is indebted to the necessitous; want being found to nurse up vice, till it grows and ripens into villainy. Behind is a nightman employed in his profession; and further back a

* [Within the last ten or fifteen years, various places of shelter for the “houseless poor” have been provided in different parts of London—they owe their first institution to the active benevolence of a gentleman of the name of Hicks, in the city.]

family carrying off their goods by stealth, fearing that they should fall a prey to their landlord,

Upon the whole, though there are many other circumstances to be met with in London streets, that might serve to distinguish the various parts of the day, yet these, which Mr. Hogarth has noticed, seem to be the most striking, and are sufficient to declare him a proficient in his art, and well skilled in the knowledge of the town.*

* ["Mr. Walpole truly observes, that this print is inferior to the three others; there is, however, broad humour in some of the figures.

The wounded free-mason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank bumpers to the craft till unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir Thomas de Veil, and, from an authenticated portrait which I have seen, I am inclined to think it is so, notwithstanding Sir John Hawkins asserts that 'he could discover no resemblance.' When the knight saw him in his magisterial capacity, he was sober and sedate; here he is represented a little disguised.

The original pictures of Morning and Noon were sold to the Duke of Ancaster for fifty-seven guineas; Evening and Night to Sir William Heathcote for sixty-four." J. I.

FOUR GROUPS OF HEADS.

EVERY one that is the least acquainted with Mr. Hogarth's performances, is sensible, that his excellence principally consisted in describing the character and inward disposition of mankind in the features of the face; for it was his opinion, that by the time a person reaches the age of forty, every man's disposition is painted on his countenance, unless the features have been customarily distorted by hypocrisy; that is, if an envious or malicious person frequently puts on pleasant and agreeable looks, or a good-natured chearful person often knits his brow, to serve particular purposes, that then the features which have repeatedly undergone such unnatural distortions become set, by the above time of life, and the envious or malicious person looks pleasant and agreeable while the good-natured and chearful person appears morose and ill-natured. In such particular cases, the inward sentiments can never be discovered by outward appearance; but nevertheless in general, the face must be allowed to be an index of the heart. Our author's intention, in sketching these assemblages of heads, was by way of humourous receipts for certain subscriptions; but though they were principally designed as discharges for money received, they are no less valuable for the subjects they represent, being each of them, a burlesque upon particular scenes of life. The first is

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.*

This is a representation of some part of one of the Royal Theatres, exhibiting at bottom one end of the orchestra, behind a corner of the pit, and above part of the side-boxes, wherein are two fantastic figures, one in amorous parley with an orange-girl and the other presenting a lady with a pinch of snuff in all the affectation of finical politeness; it being extremely unfashionable for people of the first rank to pay any attention to the drama; their whole occupation during the performance being ogling, staring, trifling and talking, and the last frequently so loud as to disturb other people. It has been often remarked, that the laughing face discovers the depth of understanding, and generally corresponds with the heart. Thus at one time have we seen the simper of prudish affectation and the grin of boyish folly; at another have we observed the smile of approving favour, and heard the roar of sapient applause. Here, then, may we feast our eyes, please our imaginations, and study mankind in the many droll appearances of delighted fancy. The next is

* ["From the first print that Hogarth engraved to the last he published, I do not think there is one, in which character is more displayed than in this very spirited little etching. It is much superior to the more delicate engravings from his designs by other artists, and I prefer it to those that were still higher finished by his own burin." J. I. Considering the propriety of the above remark, the editor feels particularly happy that Mr. G. Cruikshank has had the kindness to copy the whole of the four groups for this work.]

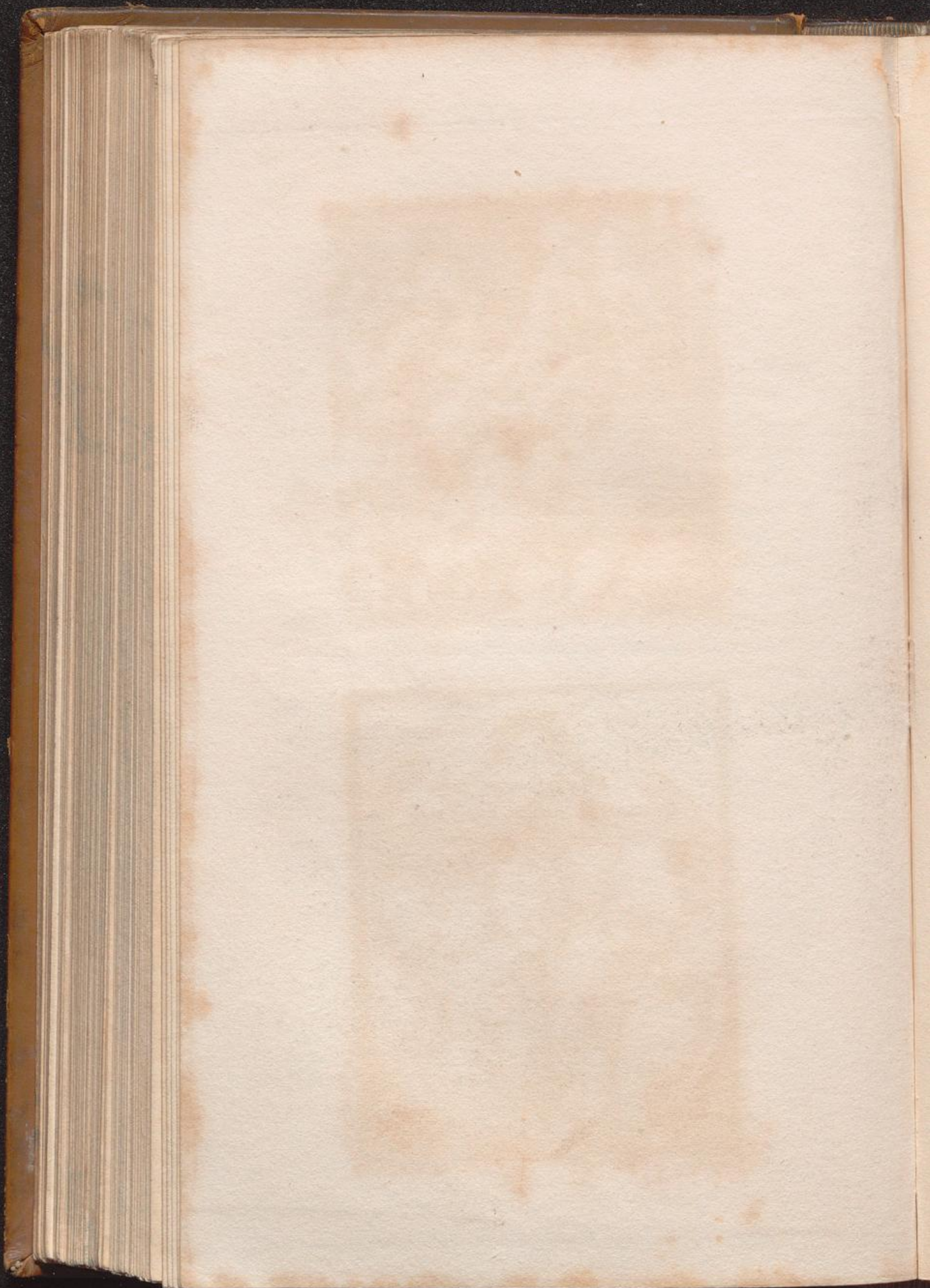


THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE



THE COMPANY OF UNDERTAKERS.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet St. June 30, 1751.



THE PUBLIC LECTURE.*

Here we have a strange collection of Geniuses, as well graduates† as under graduates‡ of one of the universities, gathered in order to attend the solution of some philosophical question. They are habited according to their different ranks or colleges; some in round caps, some in square ones, and others in hats, the badge of a master's degree. They all seem very attentive, but few of them able to comprehend. They are in general described as a parcel of lubberly boys, supposed as it were, to be turned wild from school, unpolished and unknowing. By the subject the lecturer is discussing, in which we perceive he admits a *vacuum*,§ a subject that has puzzled philosophers in all ages of the world, we are taught how idly and to what little purpose, lads at the university pass the greater portion of their time, and the folly of that part of academical education, which consists in teaching what, in fact, is not to be taught, and unravelling things in their nature incomprehensible. The third is

* [The scene is laid at Oxford, and the person reading universally admitted to be a Mr. Fisher of Jesus College, Registrar of the University, with whose consent this portrait was taken.] J. I.

† Those who have taken a degree.

‡ Those who have been admitted to no degree.

§ Space unoccupied by matter.

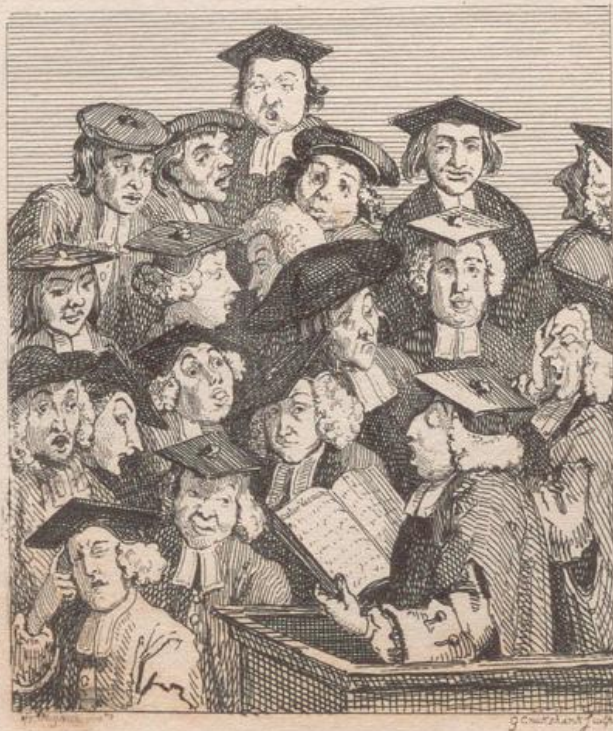
THE CHORUS.

In this plate is exhibited a number of singers, with their respective parts before them, joining in that chorus, in the Oratorio of Judith, composed by Mr. Handel,* "The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne;" in which any one that has ever been present at a vocal performance may readily discover, by the distortion of the mouth, the bass from the tenor, and the tenor from the treble. In no group of faces is there a greater contrast, a more uncommon variety, or a more ridiculous appearance to be found, than in that which is composed of a number of choral singers, whose difficulty of sounding particular notes, obliges some to writhe their features, and whose insufferable affectation is the cause of that distortion in others. Nay, 'tis not their faces only, but their whole bodies are engaged in this laborious task, dividing the time with their heads, their shoulders, and their feet. In such universal agitation is the director of the band, above, in beating the time, that we see he has been under a necessity of tying on his spectacles with a string round his head; and it would have been well had he fastened on his wig also, having shaken that off at the commencement, which he is supposed not to miss, through eagerness of attention to the business he is upon. The last is

* [According to Mr. Ireland, not Handel but De Fesch; but Mr. I thus expresses his accordance with Dr. T's. remark a little below. "To paint a sound is impossible; but as far as art can go towards it, Mr. Hogarth has gone in this print. The tenor, treble and bass of these ear-piercing choristers are so decisively discriminated, that we all but hear them."]

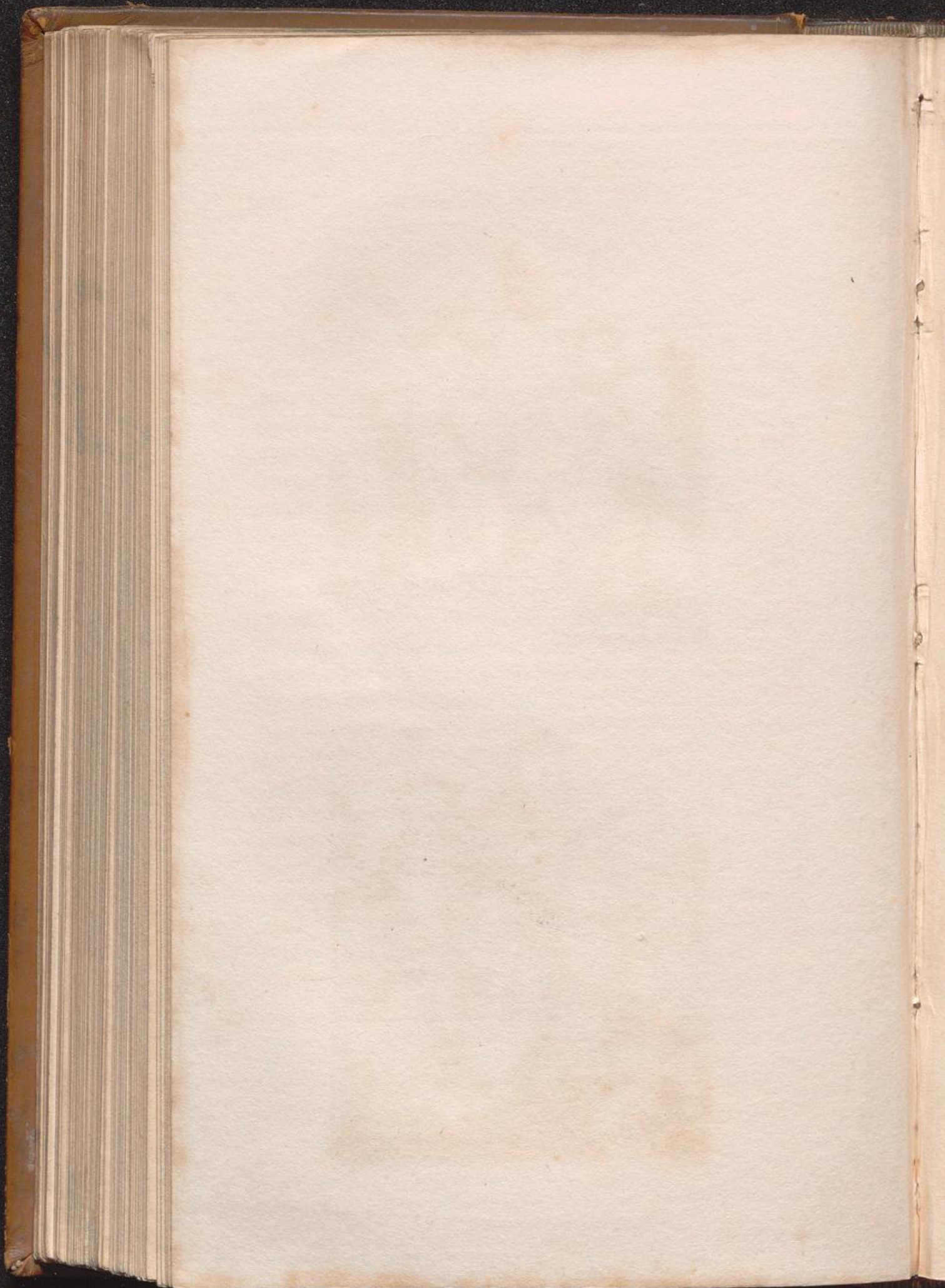


THE ORATORIO.



THE PUBLIC LECTURE.

Published by Hoger, 40 Fleet Street, June 30th 1850.



THE UNDERTAKERS ARMS.

THIS is designed with much humour, according to the rules of heraldry, and is called The Undertaker's Arms, to shew us the connection between death and a quack-doctor, as are also those cross-bones on the outside of the escutcheon. When an undertaker is in want of business, he cannot better apply than to some of those gentlemen of the faculty, who are for the most part so charitably disposed as to supply the necessities of these sable death-hunters, and keep them from starving in a healthy time. By the tenor of this piece, Mr. Hogarth would intimate the general ignorance of such of the medical tribe, and teach us, that the little knowledge they possess resides in their voluminous wigs and golden-headed canes. They are represented in deep consultation, upon the contents of a urinal. Of the three figures above, that with the divided face was intended for Dr. Ward,* one of whose cheeks was marked with claret; the other, on the opposite side, was designed for the elder Taylor, the noted oculist. The head of this man's cane being painted with an eye, and one of his as closed, tells us that both are to be understood as equally concerned in the consultation.† The middle one is a mountebank's merry-andrew, (having in his hand an oaken towel, with a head of the second magnitude)

* A late celebrated quack.

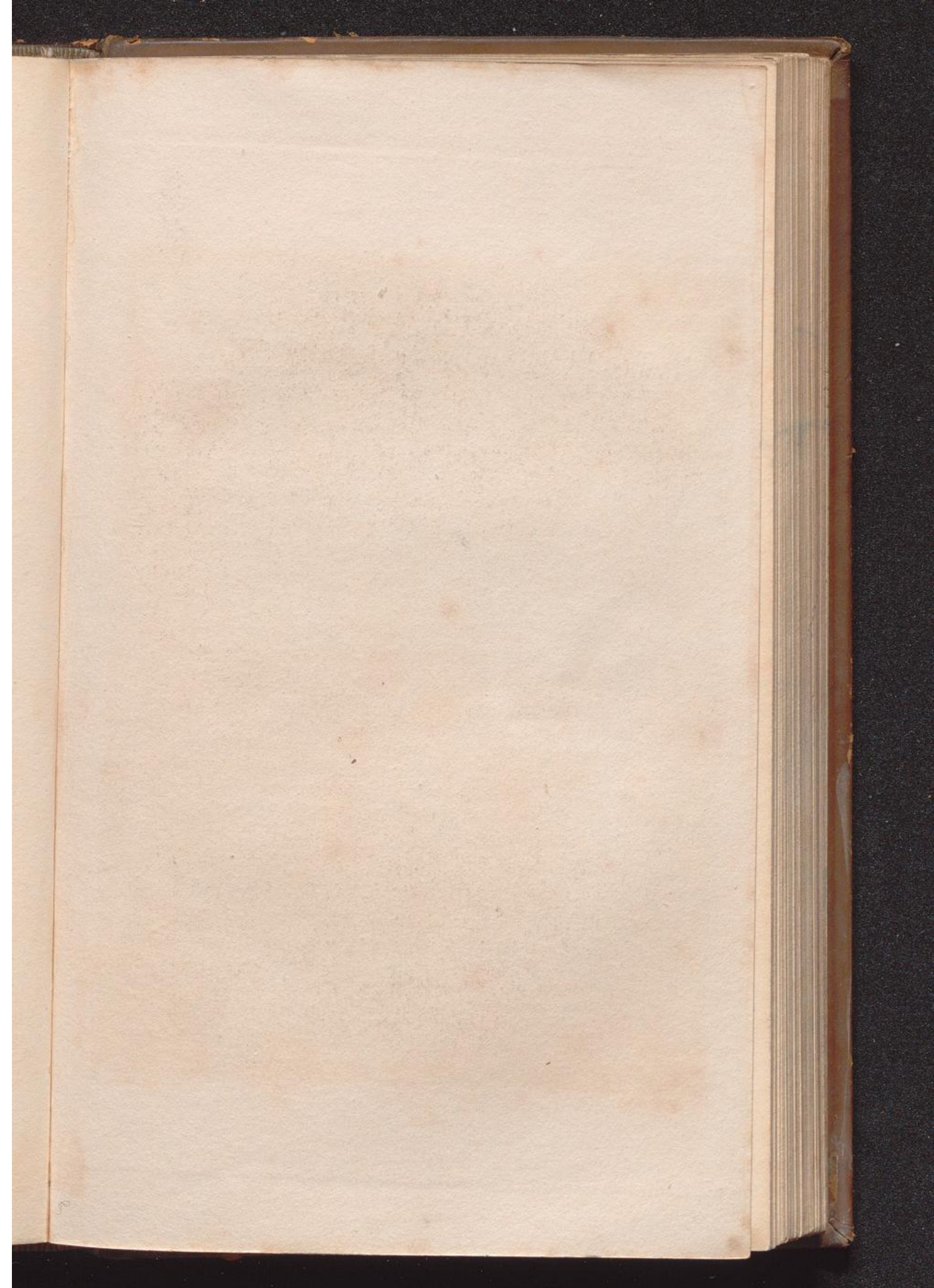
† [Intended for Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, who was vindicated by many, as Mr. Ireland informs us—from the unkind things said of her by her medical brethren, for “not more than nineteen out of twenty of her patients died under her hands.”]

here placed, to shew us the great judgment of these men in physical debates whose knowledge in medicine, we are to suppose, in no respect greater than that of him who deals out physic on a public stage, taking advantage of a credulous multitude, to vend his pernicious drugs under a specious pretence of their being specific. But as our author's own illustration of this coat of arms, engraved at the bottom of the plate, may give a greater insight into the subject, it is added, as follows : "The company of undertakers beareth, sable, a urinal, proper, between twelve quack-heads of the second, and twelve cane-heads, or, consultant. On a Chief,* Nebulæ,† ermine, one complete doctor, issuant, checkie, sustaining in his right hand a baton of the second. On his dexter and sinister sides two demi-doctors, issuant, of the second, and two cane-heads issuant, of the third ; the first having one eye, couchant, towards the dexter side of the escutcheon ; the second, faced, per pale, proper, and, gules, guardant.—With this motto,—*Et plurima mortis imago.*"‡

* "A chief betokeneth a senator, or honourable personage, borrowed from the Greeks, and is a word signifying a Head ; and as the head is the chief part in a man, so the chief in the escutcheon should be a reward of such, only, whose high merits have procured them chief place, esteem, or love amongst men. Guillim."

† "The bearing of clouds, in arms, (saith Upton) doth import some excellencie."

‡ The general image of death.





THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY. — ENG^d BY W. H. WATT.
Published by John Mayor 50, Fleet Street, Jan 21, 1831.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.*

As there was no extraordinary scene or particular occurrence that our author was not attentive to, so there was no instruction or entertainment that could be drawn from such scenes, that he ever omitted. By this he became the Phoenix of his time, and one of the most useful members of society. He was remarkable for a peculiar sagacity in describing a number of little circumstances that escaped the generality of spectators, which served to compose, enrich, and diversify his paintings. This uncommon qualification is very conspicuous in the plate before us; the general subject of which is the march of the foot-guards to their place of rendezvous on Finchley-Common, in their way to Scotland against the rebels, in the year 1745.

The spot this scene represents is Tottenham-court-turnpike, from whence we have a view of two delightful villages, situated on eminences, about a mile distant from each other, viz. Hampstead and Highgate. These serve to fill up the back part of the plate. The first object that presents itself below these hills is a body of soldiers marching in tolerable order, with their baggage-waggon beside them. This regularity is indeed less observed in front, but that is occasioned by the interruption they meet with, owing to the narrowness of the passage through the gate, and the licence allowed to the sons of liberty on quitting their home. A

* [This far-famed production of Hogarth was presented by him to the Foundling Hospital, where it still remains, and in excellent preservation.]

young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the first group ; he is accompanied, or rather seized on and beset by two women of different cast, disposition, and character. We are to understand they are both with child, and are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him with tears, the other to alarm him with threats ; nay, so obstreperous is the last, that the serjeant, behind, finds himself obliged to interfere. They are engaged also in different parties, one being a ballad-singer, the other a news-carrier ; the former selling prints in favour of the government, the latter against it. This we learn from the song of God save the King, and the picture of the duke of Cumberland, among other things, in the basket of the first ; the Remembrancer, the London Evening-post, and the Jacobite Journal, in possession of the last ; nay, we are further told, by the cross on the news-carrier's cloke, that as these women differ in other matters, so do they in religion, one being a roman-catholic, the other a protestant. On the left of this group is a young officer kissing a milk-girl ; this gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and of which a chimney-sweeper's boy appears very desirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a pastry-cook behind, who seems to enjoy the piece of roguery, which the man beside him is pointing at, and at the same time is stealing one of the pies from his head. Thus, in laughing at another, we often draw the laugh upon ourselves. Behind the pastry-cook is a man carrying a barrel of strong beer, which one soldier has artfully pierced with a gimlet, in order to fill his canteen, while another is keeping guard lest any should interrupt him. This last is comfortably drunk. A little further back is a priggish lieutenant, bringing up the rear of the company

before him, stalking in all the pride of military march, coveting the notice of the women. On the right of the principal group is a Frenchman, represented as a man of some importance, in order to render him more ridiculous. He is whispering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter he had just received, which we are to suppose relative to the event that occasions this march. Behind this Frenchman is an ale-house, in front of which is a drummer, who by beating on his drum, endeavours to shake off the thoughts of leaving his family, who in vain attempt to affect him by their tender farewells. On his right is a fife, adding his noise to that of the drum; this lad,* by the sweetness of his figure, is a beautiful contrast to the ruggedness of those objects about him. There are in many places of this excellent picture objects perhaps less proper to describe than to paint. Whence is it that the ear is more offended with indelicacy than the eye? Because we can look on certain objects in a picture, and pretend not to see them;† but it is not so easy to listen, and pretend not to hear. The object I am going to take notice of is, however, not too gross to be mentioned; it being that only of a soldier, to whom a journey to Montpellier would be much more beneficial than this to Scotland; love having given him a wound more real than that of which the Mirtillas and

* [This is a portrait of a clever boy whom the Duke of Cumberland noticed, and afterwards presented to an Ensigncy.]

† [This ingenious apology for any supposed indelicacies that occur in Hogarth (for supposed only, we still contend they are, whilst reproof and reformation are ever in the artist's mind,) serves at the same time, as an excellent hint to persons having occasion to view classical collections of paintings, where there are those frequent examples of "naked and elevated nature," so much desiderated by Barry—we can only see, and pretend not to see—and yet if the collection be very

Coridons so much complain of in romances. He is represented in excess of pain, reading a bill of Dr. Rock's posted up against the house. His improper situation obliges the girl, whom a curiosity of seeing the crowd has drawn to the window, to cover her eyes with her hand, but whether she does this effectually, shall be left to the spectator; he may imagine what he pleases. In the group, on the right classical indeed, there is positively no resting place for the eye of the uninitiated.

The situation is precisely that of George Colman's "simple servitor of heaven"—for the first time in the saloon of the rich squire.

"Titian's fam'd goddess in luxurious buff,
Was the first piece the parson thrust his nose on:
This prurient picture surely was enough,
Ozias to confound,
So he turn'd round,
Upon a plump Diana, with no clothes on!"

Out of the frying pan into the fire!—How much better, had it suited the pure taste of the worthy curate, to have found himself amongst "the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre!"

Certain it is, that none but a painter of the most consummate skill is endurable in the said elevated department of art, the richest drapery being produced with far less pains than a graceful nudity, which after all is but "barely decent."

In a very recent instance of public criticism, a good hint is thrown out as to the most profitable application of the talents of a first-rate modern artist—"Shall we tell him why"—says the critic—"a certain performance remains unsold?"—"They were naked and not ashamed"—"but others are."

In Hogarth, however, there are none of these startling difficulties—nothing that one cannot at least evade for a time, although, like good judges, we may "save the point" for future consideration."

Sir Peter Lely's ingenious mode of displaying female beauty probably gave the hint for the following lines by Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

"Your night-gown fastened by a single pin,
Fancy improves the wondrous charms within."]

of this plate, opposite to that of the drummer, is another soldier exceeding drunk, whom his comrade (who has snatched up a hen from her brood of chickens, and conveyed it into his pouch) is in vain endeavouring to give a draught of water; a sort of female suttler offering him a glass of gin with more success, which the infant on her back, who seems too well accustomed to this pernicious liquor, is trying to get at; for so general is the use of it among the lower class of people become, as to be the comforting cordial of every age.* Behind the group last mentioned, at some distance, is a grenadier handling a child that is watching the linen very rudely; her action of defence giving us to understand that he is carrying matters a little too far. This gives another before him, an opportunity of carrying off a shift that was hung up to dry, the property of the publican, whose house is three story high, and whose windows are full of women of the town. Their different degrees of rank are well described by the different manner in which they are dressed, which humourously agrees with the particular story in which the painter has placed them. In one window is an †old procuress lifting up her hypocritical eyes, praying for their safe return; in a second, an artful jade, pretending to refuse a letter which an officer below is conveying to her, with all the seeming protestations of sincerity, on the point of his spontoon; in a third, is one handing a glass of spirits to another; and in a fourth, one, apparently of better disposition than the rest, casting a piece of money into the hat of a poor cripple below. On the other side, behind, are two fellows stripped, and boxing; a circumstance we seldom

* Vide the print of Gin-lane.

† [A portrait of Mother Douglas, also introduced in the eleventh print of Industry and Idleness.]

miss seeing wherever there is a crowd. In this contest, more seem engaged than the two men who are fighting. Here we see a woman, supposed to be the wife of one of them, eager to get in to part them, but kept back; there a fellow encouraging him, who appears to flag, through the loss of an eye. But the principal figure is the cobbler* above, near the sign-post, who is finely described, with doubled fists, ready to fly at him who seems the victor; or, in the bruisers phrase, to take up the conqueror. In short, to give a particular description of every minute object in this print, the task would be almost endless. Let it suffice to say, that herein is a faithful representation of nature, which speaks for itself, and so largely enriched with the true *vis comica* or spirit of humour, that the more we examine it, the greater pleasure we have; and the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.

[Men of the first abilities, from Hogarth's time downwards, have exhausted their ingenuity in bearing testimony to the dramatic effect of this extraordinary picture, no material point of which is lost sight of by Dr. Trusler—but the climax of eulogy rests with Arthur Murphy. "The æra may arrive, when, through the instability of the English language, the style of Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones shall be obliterated, when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages which the manner-painting hand of Hogarth has called into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvas, and that admirable picturesque Comedy, the March to Finchley, will

* [This is a portrait of one Jockey James, who had a son that, for the "time of day," appears to have been quite a "pet of the fancy."]

perhaps divert posterity as long as the Foundling Hospital shall do honour to the British Nation."

Gray's Inn Journal, vol. i. No. 20.

Yet at the same time it is lamentable to know that works capable of giving delight to millions, are ever misrepresented by the envious or malignant few: so much so, that, had it not been for Hogarth's "constitutional serenity of mind," he would not have known whether he had in reality delighted the public, or committed some new offence, whenever he had completed one of his best productions. Thus his admirers will feel greatly obliged to Mr. Cunningham for his able exposition of circumstances arising from the publication of the "March to Finchley."

"It was inscribed before publication to George the Second, and a print was sent to the palace for royal examination and approval. The king, himself a keen soldier, had naturally expected to see a more serious and orderly work—one more in honour of those favourite guards who had marched so readily against the rebels. The first question was to a nobleman in waiting—"pray who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Painter—I hate painting and poetry too! neither the one nor the other ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, an please your Majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a painter burlesque a soldier!—he deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight." Such is the story: it is easier to transcribe than to believe it literally. The painter, however, by all accounts, was mortified by the reception which his work received from his Majesty. He certainly dedicated it in a pet, to the King of Prussia, as an encourager of art, and received a handsome acknowledgment from Frederick.

Hogarth meant no more by this work than a piece of humorous and good-natured satire. The freedom which an Englishman enjoys, allows him to laugh at the failings and the follies of high and low; the ministers of the crown, the ministers of the church, judges, courtiers, sailors and soldiers, are all alike liable to be satirized and lampooned. No one can walk along our streets without observing in almost every print-seller's window, the most audacious caricatures and representations of the highest as well as humblest of the land; the toleration of such works is only a proof of the liberty of the people, and the good sense and good nature of their rulers.

When, however, Wilkes quarrelled with Hogarth, he discovered on a sudden the malice of the March of the Guards to Finchley, and rated the artist soundly. These are the words of honest conscientious John: "In the year 1746, when the guards were ordered to march to Finchley, on the most important service they could be employed in—the extinguishing a Scotch rebellion, which threatened the entire ruin of the illustrious family on the throne, and, in consequence, of our liberties, Mr. Hogarth came out with a print to make them ridiculous to their countrymen and to all Europe; or perhaps it was rather to tell the Scots, in his way, how little the guards were to be feared, and that they might safely advance. That the ridicule might not stop here, and that it might be as offensive as possible to his own sovereign, he dedicated the print to the King of Prussia as an encourager of the arts. Is this patriotism? In old Rome, or in any of the Grecian states, he would have been punished as a profligate citizen, totally devoid of all principle. In England he is rewarded, and made Serjeant-painter to that very king's grandson."

How little all this bitterness of Wilkes was called for, or deserved, a few dates will show. The battle of Culloden, which extinguished the rebellion and the hopes of the House of Stuart for ever, was fought and won in 1746, and the print of which Wilkes complains was published in 1750. What a hardened hater of his country Hogarth must have been—and what indomitable rebels those Scotchmen, who, after rotting four years on the Moor of Drummossie, were ready to profit by the information of the painter that the guards were not to be feared, and that they had nothing to do but to advance boldly on London! There is nothing so blind as anger. The very heads of their chiefs were blackening in the sun and wind on Temple Bar three years before this horrid print made its appearance; and Mr. Wilkes had published many numbers of the North Briton, and eaten many a good dinner in company with Mr. Hogarth, before he discovered that treason had been committed in the March to Finchley.”]*

[* It is worthy of remark, that the print from this picture forms one of the exceptions to the artist's general custom of engraving without the use of the mirror—the figures face you as in the original, which is of about double the size of the print. A finished proof in its earliest state (Prussia spelt with one S,) has produced thirty-five guineas !]

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.



THOUGH encouragement of merit is one of the most political acts of society, yet to the disadvantage and disgrace of this country, it is here totally disregarded. A number of ingenious men of all professions have spent their days in obscurity, who if brought into light, would have been particularly serviceable to the community, and an honour to this nation. The patriotic society of arts and sciences has, indeed, been at some pains and expence to cultivate genius, by giving pecuniary rewards to men of merit; and the public have already felt the good effects of that laudable

institution ; but still, through the smallness of its fund, it is not able to do that good, which would necessarily flow from universal private encouragement. Such however is the envious and ungrateful disposition of mankind, that we see no merit in any thing ; so far from encouraging ingenuity, we do not allow it its just praise ; nay, we study to deprive it of the little it may chance to meet with. Men of invention were formerly adored ; whereas now, there is no such thing as invention in being. Whatever discovery is made, was known by many before. Sensible of this prevailing folly, and by the way of disarming the envy of his cotemporaries, Mr. Hogarth humourously engraved the plate under consideration, as a head-piece to his receipt for the subscription-money of his *Analysis of Beauty* ; a treatise, wherein are some judicious discoveries in the art of painting, (particularly that of the serpentine line being the line of beauty) that do honour to his memory, and will serve as a standing testimony of his superior skill and ingenuity.

This plate then, as a fable, exposes the folly of such persons as have been mentioned. Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, in the year 1499, entered upon a voyage in search of a new continent, at the expence of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain ; when he fell in with the vast continent of America. Upon his return to Spain, instead of meeting with that praise the great undertaking was entitled to, and the service he had done the Spaniards demanded ; they ungratefully made light of it, and considered it as what any one could equally have done. It was but, said they, sailing in such and such a latitude, and land stood right before him. To convince them of their strange way of thinking, and expose them to the reproach

of self-conviction, he is supposed, at a public entertainment, upon removal of the covers, to have proposed to some of these envious boasters, (the company present) their setting up an egg upon its smaller end. They are here represented as having been a long time busied in attempting it, but to no purpose. At last Columbus, to convince them it was readily to be done, if they knew but how to set about it, strikes the egg against the table, flattens its end, and sets it up; saying at the same time, "Now, gentlemen, you can all do it."—The effect this produces upon their minds is visible in their faces, and serves to shew the absurdity of people's crying out, there is no art in doing a simple thing, when, in reality, simple things frequently require great readiness of thought, and solidity of judgment. With respect to the eels,* they allude to the serpentine line, or line of beauty, which our author has described in that manner, as most consonant with eggs, they being both eatables, and by this

* ["Two eels twisted round the eggs upon the dish, are introduced as specimens of the line of beauty; which is again displayed on the table cloth, and hinted at on the knife blade. In all these curves there is peculiar propriety; for the etching was given as a receipt-ticket to the analysis, where the favorite Serpentine line forms the basis of his system. In the print of Columbus, there is evident reference to the criticisms on what he called his own discovery; and in truth the connoisseurs remarks on the painter were dictated by a similar spirit to those of the critics on the Navigator: they first asserted there was no such line, and when he had proved that there was, gave the honour of discovery to Lomazzo, Michael Angelo, &c. &c.

When Hogarth was asked why he did not bestow an answer to some trumpery prints attempting to ridicule his system, he neatly replied, "because he had not seen one that was likely to live the time it would take to engrave a plate."] J. I.

means preserved a consistency on the table, and an analogy between the case of Columbus, and that he expected to meet with himself.

Learn then from hence, ye snarling critics, not to expose yourselves in attempting to ridicule others ; and know that silence is the greatest test of wisdom !

THE COCK-MATCH.

As there are few scenes in life expressing the folly of mankind that Mr. Hogarth has not taken an opportunity of exposing ; this among the rest is also worthy of our notice, being, like that of horse-racing, one of the fashionable diversions calculated to support the spirit of gaming, which this country is remarked for. Exclusive of this, I am persuaded it can afford very little entertainment, unless we delight in cruelty, and find pleasure in giving pain ; for, an act of cruelty it must, certainly, be allowed, to be instrumental to the sufferings of nature, to behold with satisfaction two poor animals seeking the death of each other, and to rejoice at the sight of blood.

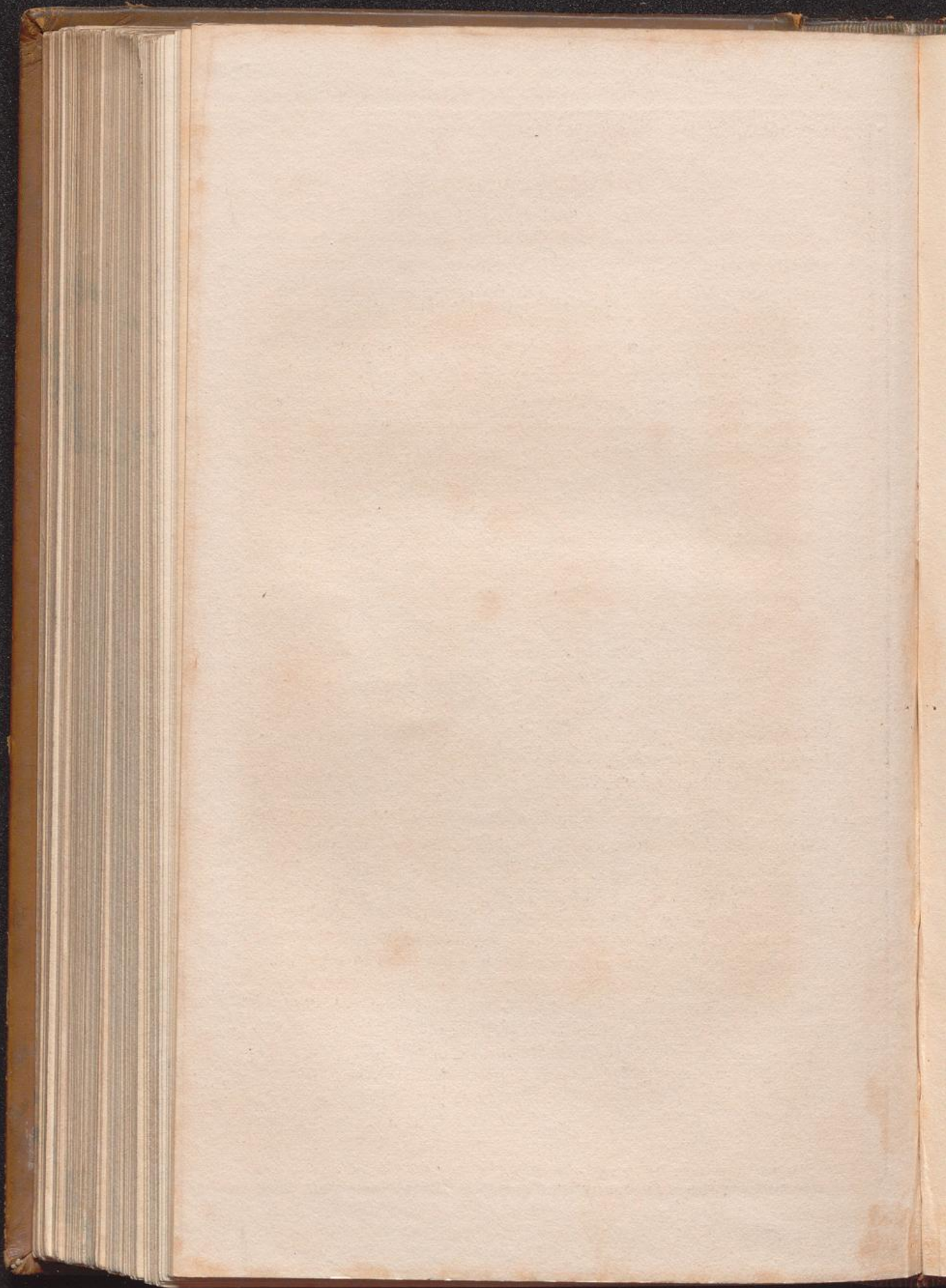
Take notice then of this group of gamblers of all ranks, as well noblemen as butchers, chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, post-boys, thieves, and blackguards of all denominations ; I say noblemen, for to what meanness will not men submit to gratify their reigning passion ? Read in their faces the disposition of their hearts. Look stedfastly on him in the middle ; see him lost in the enjoyment of his favourite amusement ; eager to bet, and full of cash, he is the dupe of every one present, who are but too ready to take the advantage of his weakness. In this confused state of his mind is one villain purloining a bank-note from him ; behind whom is another actuated by envy, wishing to do the same, and grudging his neighbour the happy opportunity. The next but one above the last I noticed is a blind man, who with that old sporter on the other side, (supposed to



THE COCKPIT.

Published by John Mayor & Co. Fleet Street, Sep. 21. 1831.

W. H. Washington del.



have lost his hearing, and the use of his limbs by age) is introduced, by way of intimation, that so bigoted are we to our particular inclinations, that although we have not powers to indulge them so much as we could wish, still are we desirous to partake of the enjoyment, though it be even but a taste. Next the pit, on the left of this plate, is one man registering the bets; another, with a bag, containing a favourite cock for a by-battle; and near him another, with the utmost eagerness bawling out, "Ginger against Pye, for that piece; who says done?" Above, without the pit, is a Frenchman turning up his nose at this insipid entertainment, dropping his snuff in the eyes of the man below him. Indeed many of our diversions have met, and do still meet with the contempt of foreigners, who from such vulgar and low-bred amusements have too justly looked upon us with an eye of disdain, and considered us as a rough and unpolished people.* That picture hanging against the wall is the portrait of one Nan Rawlings, a noted woman who lived by gaming, and who for that purpose made it her business constantly to attend horse-racing, cock-fighting, and all sorts of

* ["The people of France," says a recent public journalist, "occasionally rate us, and with some reason, for our passion for animal combats; but in reality, these things take place as frequently, and with more brutality, on their side of the water. The following is from a bill lately circulated," inviting to the "amusements" of bull and bear baiting, boar hunting, &c. on *Sunday*, March 20, 1831. "The *Sieur Montesque* sells and buys all sorts of dogs. A great and bloody battle every Monday! Nothing will be neglected to render the combat obstinate. Heated irons for the use of amateurs, should the dogs not loose their hold at the word of command. Sporting and heavenly airs suited to the amusements will be played turn and turn about. Children and Ladies half price." "From such amusements," says the narrator, "whether in Paris or London"—"Good Lord deliver us!"]

public diversion. In the middle of the pit is the shadow of a man drawn up in a basket to the cieling, (there being no room to introduce the figure) a punishment inflicted on such persons as bet more money than they have to pay; he is represented as offering his watch to redeem his liberty. On this side of the pit are a number of persons at the same employ, betting, and taking of bets; among whom is one overpowered with liquor, looking with concern on his almost-empty purse, and condemning himself for his folly in playing it away.

Upon the whole, the moral tenor of this piece is to create in us a disgust of such vulgar entertainment, and an abhorrence of such inhuman merriment, where the gentleman is disgraced and the man degraded.

[“The scene” says Mr. Ireland is probably laid at Newmarket, and in this motley group of peers, pick-pockets, gentlemen, gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie being the principal figure, is entitled to precedence. In a former print (the March to Finchley) we saw him an attendant at a boxing match; and here he is president of a most respectable society assembled at a Cock-pit. What rendered his lordship’s passions for amusements of this nature very singular, was his being totally blind. In this place he is beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, a lineal descendant of Filch, taking advantage of his blindness and negligence, endeavours to convey a bank note, deposited in our dignified gambler’s hat, to his own pocket. Of this ungentleman-like attempt his lordship is apprised by a ragged post-boy, and an honest

butcher ; but is so much engaged in the pronunciation of those important words, Done ! Done ! Done ! Done ! and the arrangement of his bets, that he cannot attend to their hints ; and it seems more than probable that the stock will be transferred and the note negotiated in a few seconds.

A very curious group surround the old nobleman, who is adorned with a ribbon, a star, and a pair of spectacles. The whole weight of an overgrown carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces our illustrious personage upon a man beneath ; who being thus driven downwards, falls upon a fourth, and the fourth, by the accumulated pressure of this ponderous trio, composed of the upper and lower house,—loses his balance, and tumbling against the edge of the partition, his head is broken, and his wig shook from the seat of reason, falls into the cock-pit.

A man adjoining enters into the spirit of the battle,—his whole soul is engaged. From his distorted countenance, and clasped hands, we see that he feels every stroke given to his favourite bird in his heart's core,—ay, in his heart of hearts ! A person at the old peer's left hand is likely to be a loser. Ill humour, vexation, and disappointment, are painted in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper above is the very quintessence of affectation. He has all the airs and graces of a boarding-school Miss. There are those who remember the man, and assert that his character is not heightened in the portrait. A sanctified quaker, and a fellow beneath, who, by the way, is a very similar figure to Captain Stab in the Rake's Progress, are finely contrasted.

A French Marquis on the other side astonished, is exclaiming, Sauvages ! Sauvages ! Sauvages !—Engrossed by the scene, and opening his snuff-box rather carelessly, the contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who, sneezing

and swearing alternately, imprecates bitter curses on this devil's dust that extorts from his inflamed eyes,

"A sea of melting pearls which some call tears."

Near him is an old cripple with a trumpet at his ear, through which a person in a bag-wig roars in a manner that cannot much gratify the auricular nerves of the company; but as to the object to whom the voice is directed, he seems totally insensible to sounds, and, if judgment may be formed from appearances, might very composedly stand close to the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral when it was striking twelve.

The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag, is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey: the gravity of this experienced veteran, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed by the grinning woman behind, and the heated impetuosity of a fellow stripped to his shirt, throwing his coin on the cock-pit, and offering to back Ginger against Pye for a guinea.

On the lower side there is only one tier of figures; a sort of an apothecary and a jockey are stretching out their arms and striking together the handles of their whips in token of a bet. An hiccuping votary of Bacchus displaying a half-emptied purse, is not likely to possess it long, for an adroit professor of legerdemain has taken aim with an hooked stick, and by one slight jerk will convey it to his own pocket. The profession of a gentleman in a round wig is determined by a gibbet chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber who lifts up his stick in the corner, has probably been refused payment of a wager by the man at whom he is striking.

A cloud-capt philosopher at the top of the print coolly smoking his pipe, unmoved by this crash of matter and wreck of property, must not be overlooked; neither should

the dog be neglected, for the dog gravely resting his fore paws upon the partition, and contemplating the company, seems more interested in the event of the battle than his master. Like the tremendous Gog and terrific Magog of Guildhall, stand the two cock-feeders ; a foot* of each of these consequential purveyors is seen at the two extremities of the pit.

As to the birds whose attractive powers have drawn this admiring throng together, they deserved earlier notice :

“ Each hero burns to conquer or to die,
What mighty hearts in little bosoms lie ! ”

Having disposed of the substance, let us now attend to the shadow on the cock-pit ; and this it seems is the reflection of a man drawn up to the cieling and there suspended as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay. Though suspended, he is not reclaimed ; for in this degrading situation he offers to stake his watch against money in another wager on his favourite champion.

The decorations of this curious theatre, are a portrait of Nan Rawlins (a famous cock-feeder) and the King's Arms.

In the margin at the bottom of the print, is an oval with a fighting cock inscribed “ Royal Sport,” and underneath it is written “ Pit Ticket.”

Of the characteristic distinctions in this heterogeneous assembly, it is not easy to speak with sufficient praise. The chimney-sweeper's absurd affectation sets the similar airs of the Frenchman in a most ridiculous point of view. The old fellow with a trumpet at his ear, has a degree of deafness that I never before saw delineated : he might have lived in the same apartment with Xantippe, or slept com-

* Vide Mr. Lamb's quotation from Shakspeare, p. 113, ante.

fortably in Alexander the coppersmith's first floor. As to the nobleman in the centre,—in the language of the turf, he is a mere pigeon, and the peer with a star and garter, in the language of Cambridge, we must class as a mere quiz. The man sneezing you absolutely hear ; and the fellow stealing a bank note, has all the outward and visible marks of a perfect and accomplished pick-pocket ; Mercury himself could not do business in a more masterly style."] *

* [Although the works of Hogarth in general are far from requiring a lengthened commentary, there are few persons who will not survey this particular print with additional interest, after reading Mr. Ireland's excellent description. In proportion as the various subjects have appeared to demand, (and it occurs chiefly in the lighter ones), the editor has every where endeavoured to blend the most valuable parts of this gentleman's labours with the work of Dr. Trusler. At the same time, it is perhaps only doing justice to other and more recent aids to say, that the attempt has been to render this a variorum edition of Hogarth in miniature.]

THE COUNTRY INN-YARD.



In order to give such persons as are unaccustomed to travelling in a stage-coach some small idea of the entertaining scene that occurs on its leaving an inn and proceeding on its journey; and to give some description of the manners and strange appearance of its passengers, Mr. Hogarth designed the print before us, which must be allowed to be as full of incident and humour as the subject will admit of; and by way of further enlivening it, he has supposed the time to be that of electioneering, which is usually attended with hurry, mirth, and uproar; a season of festivity, when

business is laid aside and pleasure takes the lead. But not to trespass any longer on the patience of my reader, I refer him to the plate itself, that he may enjoy it in its true spirit, and feast his imagination with the view.

Behold then a well-disposed group of inside and outside passengers in their travelling dresses : for, whether people cover themselves on these occasions so whimsically by way of disguise, or in order to keep themselves warm and preserve their better cloaths ; whether on either, or, both accounts, I shall not take upon me to determine ; but such is the prevalence of custom, that stage-coach passengers affect a meanness in their outward appearance, and dress themselves in a very awkward and ridiculous manner. As a proof and illustration of this, see the monied man, on the right of the steps, of whom the post-boy is in vain soliciting his customary fee ; I say monied man, for his coming part of the way in a post-chaise, his sword, and covetous disposition import him such ; see him in all the outward show of poverty and meanness ! Take notice of the lusty old gentlewoman getting into the coach, in much such another dress, with her fellow-traveller behind, handing in her dram bottle ! a convenience elderly women generally carry with them, either under a pretence of keeping the dust from the throat, the cold from the stomach, or supporting their spirits under a fatiguing journey. The other passengers are the tall old lady, in a joseph and a velvet travelling hood ; and the man in front discharging his bill. This man, (an original) we are told, by the act of parliament in his pocket and his threatening countenance is cautioning his landlord against imposition, idly imagining his carrying with him the act against extortion, and his significant looks, will save him a little money on the road ; I say idly, for so accus-

tomed are masters of country inns to all dispositions, that they will carry their point though they are obliged to swear to some, and plead conscience to others. Travelling in a stage-coach with agreeable company of different turns of mind is certainly pleasureable ; for there mirth is tempered with solidity, and good-humour is supported with pleasantry ; so that the passengers may be considered as a little society, where harmony presides and good-fellowship's in waiting. But now, on the other hand, let us imagine six lusty people, of perverse and opposite tempers, crammed into a narrow jolting carriage on a sultry day with a squawling child ; some pulling the windows up, others quarrelling to have them down, and all crowding for room ; one wanting to stop, another ordering the coachman to go on ; in short, conceive them almost smothered with dust and sweltered with heat, scolding, fretting, stewing, with the child squalling, and you will have a just idea of the present company proceeding on their journey. On the top of this vehicle are two men, finely contrasted, an English sailor and a French footman, this inn being supposed on the Dover road ; one in high spirits, the other in low, alluding to the situation of the two nations in the year 1747. To add to the scene, we are to conceive this inn-yard in the greatest noise, from the roaring of the drunken fellow at the window, the sounding of the horn, the landlady bawling and ringing the bar-bell for her maid, whom a fellow is kissing in the passage ; and the uproar among the people at the back of this plate, who are chairing a man dressed up like an infant in swaddling cloaths, with a rattle in one hand, and a horn-book in the other, in ridicule of the age and incapacity of their representative ; for so venal are we grown, and so

degenerate in our principles, that let the candidate be what he will, if he has but money he is sure to succeed.

[“ Among the writers of English Novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank ; he was the novelist of nature, and has described some groupes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. Nothing can be better described than this scene ; we become of the party—the vulgar roar of the landlady is no less apparent than the grave insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he presents to an old gentleman is extremely moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shews that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition. They are in general less sinned against than sinning. An ancient lady getting into the coach, is from her breadth a very inconvenient companion for such a vehicle ; but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance, and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman, with sword and cane in his hands, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postillion, who solicits the customary fee. An old woman smoking a short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her ; cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the world's vanities go their own way. Two passengers upon the roof of the coach, afford a good specimen

of French and English manners. Ben Block of the Centurion, surveys the subject of Le Grand Monarque, with ineffable contempt.

The first floor window is occupied by two pleasant fellows: one of them furiously blowing a French-horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, resulting from an extra number of bumpers to the success of his favourite candidate. Beneath them a gentleman takes a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not disturbed by the clangor of a great bar bell, or more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The back ground is crowded with a procession of active citizens who have chaired a figure with a horn-book, a bib, and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramston. The horn-book, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.

Under the sign of an angel, who seems dancing a minuet upon a cloud, is inscribed, THE OLD ANGLE INN, TOM^S. BATES FROM LONDON." J. I.

The singularities and inconveniencies of early stage-coach travelling are excellently described and ridiculed by the author of "Tales of an Antiquary," vol. iii. p. 96.

"The Ashborne Dispatch" said the Bill of Invitation, "is a new Posting Coach, excellently well provided with relays throughout the whole of the journey; and being drawn by three horses, one of which is driven by a Post-boy, is much more speedy and safe than the Derby Mercury, which hath but two, and no Postillion! 'Tis an entire new coach, with all the last improvements; and it starteth from the Talbot Inn, nigh unto the Spittle hill, in

the Town of Ashborne at 4 of the clock in the morning of the Monday in every fourth week; and God being willing, it getteth in to the Bear and Ragged Staff Inn, at the north-west corner of West-Smithfield, before bed-time on the following Monday night, which is three days sooner than Slowpace's Derby Mercury, and notwithstanding its speed it is perfectly secure! The Ashborne Dispatch is set forth and run by Giles Hooftrötter, who hath been at great charges to have the same carefully driven, and watched by an armed guard. The coach carrieth but four passengers; and tickets for places may be had by giving timely notice."*

* Compare this with the worshipful and witty Charles Cotton's relation of his journey to, instead of from, the same neighbourhood, after a visit to London—and the description will not seem overcharged.

Regardless of expence, it took the hasty and impetuous angler four days and nights (probably about the year 1685) to get back to his favourite trout stream.

"Know then, with horses twain, one sound, one lame,
On Sunday's eve I to St. Alban's came,
Where, finding by my body's lusty state,
I could not hold out home at that slow rate,
I found a coachman, who my case bemoaning,
With three stout geldings and one able stoning,
For eight good pounds did bravely undertake,
Or for my own, or for my money's sake,
Through thick and thin, fall out what could befall,
To bring me safe and sound to Basford Hall."

Once at home again, he thus continues his epistle to his friend John Bradshaw, Esq.

"My river still through the same channel glides,
Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
And my poor fishing-house, my seat's best grace,
Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place,
I left it four months since, and ten to one
I go a fishing ere two days are gone."

The subject of travelling is of such very general interest that the reader "especially if he be an honest angler" will excuse a further remark, namely, that few indeed are those who leave their homes but with stronger feelings of regret than of hope, whatever it be that calls them away. On taking what he calls a "Voyage" to Ireland, and which he has most wittily described in verse—the ruling passion of the man is apparent in his address to his beloved river!

"And now farewell Dove where I've caught such brave dishes,
Of over-grown golden, and silver scal'd fishes;
Thy trout and thy grayling may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear!" Poems of C. Cotton.

In the present highly improved state of stage-coach travelling, there is a frequent instance of minute refinement which may have escaped general notice. On the coming in of the vehicle, the guard strikes up "Sweet Home" upon the keyed bugle, and on going out, probably

"Isabel, Isabel, fare thee well!"

or, "I will return safe back again to the girl I left behind me."

In former days the guard was furnished with a huge blunderbuss more calculated to alarm than give confidence to the passengers; but now, the exhilarating notes of an agreeable instrument remind them of the best feelings of their hearts!]

THE COMPANY OF STROLLERS.

IF variety is any way entertaining, or if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention ; none can be more filled with contrasted subjects, nor can the *vis comica* be more conspicuous : every group is crowded with humour, every subject with matter of laughter. Here we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and inconsistency united with propriety ; royalty let down by the ensigns of beggary, and beggary set off by the regalia of royalty. Most people are indeed acquainted with stage exhibitions, but few have any idea of their apparatus. Mr. Hogarth, therefore, desirous of communicating that satisfaction he frequently enjoyed himself, and of profiting by the design, published this plate in the year 1738, when the attention of the public was called to this set of people, it being just before the act against strolling players took place. This salutary law, though it put a stop for a time to things of this sort, yet like some other good laws presently lost its influence ; when new companies, phoenix-like, rose with vigour from the dying embers of former ones, by which means scenes are continually produced, similar to this before us, and the subject, far from being antiquated, is rendered daily novel.

The place from whence this scene is taken is supposed to be a barn belonging to an inn in some country town, intimated by the corn and flail aloft, the hen and chickens at roost, (though here) upon a wave, and the eggs upon the



THE COMPANY OF STROLLERS. — ENG'D BY T. F. NICHOLSON.

Published by John Mayor & Co. 50 Fleet Street, June 30, 1837.

bed. The time is evening ; the company from the theatres at London, dressing, and preparing to perform a farce, which we are told by the play-bill on the bed is called *The Devil to pay in Heaven* ; (a very suitable subject !) with entertainments of tumbling and rope-dancing. Such we are to conceive their poverty, that they have but one room for all purposes ; witness the bed, the gridiron, the urinal, the food, and all the stage apparatus ; viz, scenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, brushes, clouds, waves, ropes, besoms, drums, trumpets, salt-boxes, and other musical instruments ; crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanterns, cushions, periwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and contrivances for conjuring ; thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poison, candles and clay. The characters they are dressing for in this farce, are Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, and Cupid ; with devils, ghosts, and attendants. Jupiter, we see, is holding Cupid's bow, directing the little fellow to reach his stockings, which were hung up to dry upon the clouds. Queen Juno is rehearsing her part, while the sable goddess Night, represented by a negro girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's hose. Diana, though stripped, is raving in all the high-swoln rant of tragedy ; while Flora, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flour from a drudging-box, heedless of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame. On the right of her is Aurora, with her rosy face, ridding the charming intoxicated Syren of some of her close companions ; while she is comforting a female hero, wrapt up for the tooth ach, with a glass of spirits, who, greatly unlike the generality of her sex, is weeping at the thoughts of wearing the breeches ; for the smallness of a strolling company frequently obliges

women to play the parts of men, and men to fill the characters of women; nay, by the monkey's being habited in the further corner, we are made acquainted that the farce they are going to perform, has such a variety of characters, that they are under a necessity of making the monkey perform the part of an attendant. Beneath this woman's feet is a girl dressed up by way of Eagle, cramming a new-born infant with scalding pap. Humourously has our author set the pannikin upon the act of parliament against strolling players, and that upon a crown, intimating this company's mortified contempt of that judicious law, and their great abhorrence of this step of government. At the back of this plate are two young devils (their horns just budded) contending for a draught of beer: we may judge of their drought by their eyes. Behind them is a female tumbler, and the ghost employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order to assist them in some sanguine representation. The faces of these two women are finely contrasted; in one we observe age and pleasantry; in the other youth and distress. But the greatest piece of humour in the whole is the agreeable engagement of two of the company in a cloud above; who, though retired from the eyes of all below, are unguardedly open to the discovery of a man through the broken roof. Mr. Hogarth, by giving them the names of Oedipus and Jocasta,* would intimate, that so lost are

* Oedipus was the son of Jocasta, by Creon, king of Thebes. His father being told by the oracle, that he should one day be slain by him, gave him to a shepherd with orders to kill him. This shepherd not having resolution to slay him with his own hands, left him in the woods, where he thought he would die with hunger. A herdsman going that way by chance found him, took him home, and presented him to the queen, who brought him up as her own son. When he was grown up

these people to every sense of virtue, that they hold all things in common, and give a general loose to unbridled appetite. Well might the legislative power think them worthy its attention : wisely did it enact a law for their suppression ; and pity is it 'tis so little regarded !

Mr. Horace Walpole thinks that this print, for wit and imagination, ought to be ranked as the first of Hogarth's works : and Rouquet, in the only mention he makes of it, says, "*Les comédiens de campagne sont représentés dans une grange, au milieu d'un mélange ridicule de misère et de pompe théâtrale, se préparant à jouer une tragédie.*"

The scene is laid in a barn,* and intended for the state dressing-room of a strolling company. Here, at one hour the gallant Hotspur laces on his leathern armour, and at another, the lively Beatrice laces on her stays. The time is evening, and the actors from London are preparing to perform a farce, which by the play-bill is declared to be *The Devil to pay in Heaven*. The dramatis personæ are principally deities, and deities of the first order. On the bill are

he went in search of his father, whom he slew through ignorance in a scuffle that happened between them ; thence returning to Thebes, he in the same ignorance married his own mother, Jocasta, and had issue by her.

* In the gardens at Herenhausen palace, a complete theatre is cut out of the green sod in the garden : there is a green room of shrubberies for the retreat of the actors. Near this vernal playhouse is a fine orangerie, a wilderness of evergreens, a multitude of fountains, and pieces of sculpture that would fill the warehouses of half the statuaries in London.

" This is true taste ; and whoso likes it not,
Is puppy, coxcomb, blockhead, fool, and sot."

the names of Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, Cupid ; two devils, a ghost, and attendants. To this divine catalogue is added, rope-dancing, tumbling, &c.* The inferior performers are two musical kittens, a pair of fiery dragons, one Roman eagle, and, though last mentioned, not least in consequence, a venerable monkey.

Seated upon an inverted wheelbarrow, which may occasionally serve for a triumphal car, a lady, who by her haughty demeanour and imperial crown, we know to be the ox-eyed Juno, is majestically stretching out her leg, and pathetically rehearsing her part. Descended from her ebony car, with sooty face, and star-bespangled robe, sweeping the ground, the sable goddess Night is mending her majesty's stocking. The star of evening, which sheds its sober light above her head, is apparently formed of a brass instrument used in making pastry. A venerable female, with one eye, who by the dagger in her mantle we conjecture to be the Tragic Muse,† is cutting off a cat's tail in order to extract a sanguine stream, for some murderous representation, or that

“ The mailed Mars on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood.”

But this savage amputation, which seems to excite no emotion in the operator, is warmly resented by the feline sufferer.

* These elegant amusements were at that time introduced into our royal theatres.

† This gentlewoman has generally been considered as intended for the ghost : from her employment, I rather think she is the representative of Tragedy :

“ Death in her hand, and murder in her eye.”

The sage Melpomene herself could not go through her business with more philosophic indifference.

ferer, who, enraged at the pain, is revenging this barbarous indignity, by tearing with teeth and talons, the female tumbler who holds her; and, could she speak, would vehemently exclaim in the words of Shakspeare,

“Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!”

Two little devils, with horns just budded, are eagerly contesting their right to a flagon of ale, out of which one is drinking, and seems determined to get to the bottom, if it were a mile. The flagon has been placed on a Grecian altar, with a loaf of bread, and pipe of tobacco, which being still lighted, the smoke ascends in curling eddies; the grateful incense is inhaled by all present,

“And heavenly fragrance fills the circuit wide.”

The fascinating female stripped to her chemise, her head decorated with feathers and flowers, is marked by her crescent, to be the goddess of the silver bow,—the chaste Diana.

A principal figure near the altar, with one foot resting upon her hoop, stands,

——— “Like feathered Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;”

impressed with the dignity of her character, and inspired with dramatic fervour, she rehearses her part. At her right hand the blooming Flora is seated at her toilet; and the toilet of Flora is a wicker hamper, to which hangs a label, inscribed jewels; from whence we may naturally infer it contains the glittering regalia of the company. Her robe of various dyes is carelessly thrown over it as a veil; and placed upon it, is somewhat like part of a coffee-mill with a candle in it, a broken looking-glass, broken comb; and an oyster-shell, containing what Mr. Warren emphatically calls,

love-inspiring rouge, "to dye the white rose to a bloody red." One hand holds a candle, with which she delicately pastes up her hair—"sweets to the sweet!" the other grasps a dredger, to powder her head.

Jupiter and Cupid are jointly engaged in reaching down a pair of stockings that are hung to dry on a cloud. The little archer—

"Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents"—

the little archer has wings, but they will not exalt him to the cloudy canopy; he is obliged to mount a ladder.

On the ground beneath him, is Aurora, designated by

"The bright morning star, day's harbinger,"

glittering in her hair. Her rosy fingers are employed in the service of the charming, though intoxicated syren, who offers the female hero (that is perhaps intended to personate Ganymede), a glass of spirits. This the cup-bearer of Jupiter very gladly accepts, in the hope of relief from an aching tooth, the raging of which is intimated by his countenance, and the handkerchief, that once was lost by the chaste Desdemona, being held up to his face.

"There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at toil and sufferance."

In one corner a lady, who personates Jove's eagle, is feeding a child.

—"Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Is plac'd the saucepan, with the infant's food."

The child, terrified with the enormous beak hanging over its head, refuses the offered nourishment. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty Bolingbroke ;

“ And when young Harry did the crown purloin,
He wept—because it was not current coin.”

In the other corner a monkey, in a long cloak, bag-wig, and solitaire, is degrading the plumed helmet of Alexander.

Two kittens seem happily engaged ; one of them in a style that shews she has a fine finger, “ touches the trembling lyre ;” the other, rolls an orb imperial. Near them are a number of balls,* and two cups ; which intimate that this company of comedians practice slight of hand, and, to fill their house, will sometimes condescend to play legerdemain tricks. In the same part of the print are three emblems of the law,—two judges’ periwigs, and a halter.

A mitre, filled with tragedies and farces, and a dark lantern, are placed upon a pulpit-cushion. Whether the artist intended these for symbols of the church, and designed to hint at the dark cloud which long enveloped the mysteries of religion, or had any other meaning, must be determined by those who have studied polemic divinity, and considered ecclesiastical history, more than I have.

A trunk, which has occasionally served for the concealment of Iachimo, and been displayed as the coffin of Juliet, is now placed with the end upwards, and become a reading-desk for the ox-eyed Juno. Upon it is a tinder-box, and

* By the halter near them, I once conjectured that these balls were intended to represent bullets, and designed to intimate that some one of this noble company might, on a leisure evening, in humble imitation of the heroic Captain Macheath, endeavour to turn his lead to gold ; and, like that great man, be in consequent danger of making an exit with a rope round his neck.

the thunder-bolt of Jove; a salt-box, and a rolling-pin. The two last articles have much importance in the catalogue of the properties of their orchestra. Their leading musical instrument, the sonorous bass-viol, leans against the altar, and the sweet-sounding lyre lies on the floor.

Ten small tallow candles stuck in clay, will be fastened to a hoop, which, suspended by a pack-thread over the centre of the stage, must form a most magnificent chandelier.

On that bed which has been pressed by gentle Desdemona, and softened the sleep of beauteous Imogen, are two play-bills and four eggs. One of the eggs is broken, the others may be intended to render the silver-toned syren's voice more softly musical.

Two sets of waves, which gave the tempest-tost vessel an appearance of being suspended

“Twixt the green sea and cloudy canopy
Of o'er-arching heaven,”

are in a dead calm, resting against the wall. One of them is become the roosting-place of a hen and chickens.

The frieze, festooned column, and arched door, form part of their grand scene, but they, and the vase with flowers, are in too elegant a style for their accompaniments.

The spirit-stirring drum, martial trumpet, and enchanted besom, make an admirable trophy. The two first may serve to call the shallow Richmond to arms, or rouse Macbeth to more than mortal deeds; the latter is unquestionably used in the incantations of Hecate, and sometimes bestrid by one of the weird sisters, to

“Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.”

The two dragons will astonish a rustic audience, and the

rattling car, rolled over elastic planks, will make dreadful thunder !*

The British flag must wave for every nation upon earth :† may be borne before Macedonia's madman in his triumphal entry, or wave upon the battlements of Macbeth's castle. It is either the ensign of Henry, or the standard of Coriolanus.

The straw deposited in a corner, may serve for the bed of Lear, the head of Edgar, or the hands of fair Ophelia.

Canopied by an opaque cloud, inscribed *Œdipus* and *Jocasta*, and evidently intended as a scene in Lee's mad play,‡ we discover the heads of two figures reposing in the straw, instead of the garden, "as was their custom in the afternoon."

A fellow, clambering to the top of the barn, is profanely prying into the hallowed mysteries of the green-room. A

* We are told by John Milton that cannon were invented by the devil. We are told by Alexander Pope, that stage thunder was invented by that great critic John Dennis, who was so jealous of his bolt being wielded by an improper hand, that being once in the pit at Drury-lane theatre when the company were performing *Macbeth*, and hearing the bowls rattling over his head, he started from his seat, grasped his oaken stick, and exclaimed, with an emphasis that drowned the voices of the players, "Eternal curses light on these scoundrels ! they have stolen my thunder, and don't know how to roll it !"

† Our royal theatres have sometimes violated the costume. We have seen the head of Cato covered with a periwig that emulated Sir Cloudesly Shovel's ; a prince of Denmark decorated with the order of St. George ; *Othello* habited as a captain of the foot guards ; and Kent, the tough old Kent, as a Chelsea pensioner.

‡ In the second act of *Œdipus* is the following stage direction : "The cloud draws that veiled the heads of the figures in the sky, and shews them crowned with the names of *Œdipus* and *Jocasta* written above, in great characters of gold."

little lower is the Roman eagle and standard ; close to them a paint-pot, palette, and pencils. The very natural appearance of two rural scenes which lean against the wooden wall, evince that some eminent artist has united two professions, and is both painter and hero to the company. "Hills and dales are of his dressing." He can delineate the blasted oak, or nodding turret ; the lofty castle, or humble cottage, with such brilliancy of colouring, and splendour of effect, that the astonished connoisseur exclaims,

"There is something in this more than nature,
If philosophy could find it out."

A target, close to the altar is richly embossed with Medusa's head. A salt-box before the divine Juno, is chalked with hieroglyphic marks, that might have been originally made by this sovereign daughter of the drama, as a check on an alehouse-score. This economical attention to Cocker's Arithmetic is very necessary with even a royal revenue ; for thrift's a blessing, if men steal it not.

"He who to-night is seated on a throne,
Calls subjects, empires, kingdoms, all his own,
Who wears the diadem and regal robe,
Next morning shall awake as poor as Job."

The chemise, apron, cap, and ruffles, hanging upon a rope to dry, display marks of laudable industry, and prove that these dignified personages, maugre their exalted rank, wash their own linen. The gridiron close to the bed, intimates that they are not above broiling their own beef-steaks.

The expression of the figures in this print is admirable. Nothing can exceed the mock-heroic dignity of Juno : she is as haughty as one of her own peacocks. The Tragic Muse has been so frequently up to the ears in blood, that

she laughs at the tortures of a poor quadruped whose tail she is cutting off. The faces of the tumbler, the cat, and Medusa, in beauty and character, "contend for mastery." A little devil who has his fist clenched, and threatens the other for drinking so deep, is admirably marked: from the eyes of his twin-brother, with the vessel to his mouth, we see that he highly relishes, and greedily inhales the delicious draught.

The group, formed by the five preceeding characters, is well composed, and their various dispositions most forcibly delineated. In the ranting representative of the pale moon,—unblushing, unabashed impudence; in the Syren, mawkish intoxication; and in Ganymede, an appearance of that agony which arises from the tooth-ach.

Notwithstanding the candle, that is near setting fire to the hamper of jewels, we see through a breach in the thatch, that this is a day-light picture: in so shattered a tenement, it is not easy to determine from what source the figures are illuminated.

By an act of parliament, which lies upon the bed, we are informed that this diabolical drama will be their last performance; and when this abstract and brief chronicle of the times, have fretted their hour upon the stage, and made their exit, the barn will be appropriated to its proper uses;

"Rich harvests bury all their pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land."

That time come,

— "This glittering show
Of canvass, paint, and plaster, shall lie low;
These gorgeous palaces, yon cloud-capt scene—
This barn itself, will be a barn again:
The spirit-stirring drum will cease to roar,
The prompter's whistle will be heard no more;

But echoing sounds of rustic toil prevail,
 The winnowing hiss, and clapping of the flail :
 Hither once more may unhous'd vagrants fly,
 To shun th' inclement blast, and pelting sky ;
 On Lear's own straw may gypsies rest their head,
 And trulls lie snug in Desdemona's bed." J. I.*

* [With a pleasing variety of expression, and, if possible, a warmer degree of admiration, Mr. Cunningham, thus corroborates the general praises of this inimitable performance.

"There is no limit to the drollery. The wit, the humour, and amusing absurdities of this performance are without end. Into the darkest nook the artist has put meaning, and there is instruction or sarcasm in all that he has introduced. There is such a display of the tinsel wealth and the symbols of vulgar enjoyment of the strolling community—such a ludicrous intermixture of heaven with things of the earth, earthy, and such a contrast of situations and characters, that the eye is never wearied, for the mind is ever employed. This wondrous picture was sold to Francis Beckford, Esq. for 27*l.* 6*s.* : he thought the price too much, and returned it to the painter, who afterwards disposed of it to Mr. Wood of Littleton for the same price. The genius of Hogarth was frequently obliged to bow to the parsimony of the rich, and the presumption of the ignorant." Amongst other aims of satire, Mr. C. thinks the scene well "calculated to ridicule the ornamental painters in those days, who filled parlours and halls with mobs of the heathen divinities."]



T. E. Nicholson, sc.

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

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A MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

AMONG all the vices mankind is guilty of, that of immoderate drinking is not one of the least. We some how or other in this run counter to the dictates of nature. So infatuated are men, that in order to gratify a friend, or indulge an insatiate appetite, they will frequently make beasts of themselves, and give rise to disorders, they shall not sometimes get rid of for years to come. Other vices, in the commission of them, afford some degree of pleasure, but drunkenness carries its punishment along with it. What is it but a distemper in the head, a subversion of the senses, a tempest in the tongue, a storm of the body, the shipwreck of virtue, a woeful loss of time, and a voluntary madness? It is like a sudden land-flood, that brings down from the higher grounds abundance of filth and nastiness. In short, 'tis a vice of so irrational, so beastly a nature, as to well deserve the severest censure. Sensible of this, our author holds forth to view the picture of the drunkard, shews us the various effects of ebriety, and lashes the offender with a scourge of his own providing. Mr. Hogarth's reproof, in this scene, has been rather too personal, he having pointed out here a particular club, and satirized its members. However, as some of the gentlemen are still alive, I shall make no other than general remarks, there being many at present whom each character will fit; thousands whom each object in the plate will aptly represent.

Here then we see assembled a set of sociable beings, met,

if we can believe it, for the sake of conversation and the mutual enjoyment of each other's company ; but how far this rational entertainment took place, the scene before us will give us to understand. Though we are to suppose they met at the beginning of the evening, we are told by the clock and the expiring candles that the hour now is four in the morning ; notwithstanding which the bowl is just replenished. By the number of empty flasks upon the mantelpiece, and other objects upon the floor, we learn what a quantity of liquor they have swallowed. Excess of drinking produces various effects on different constitutions ; some it sickens, others it maddens, and others again it stupifies ; but still it strikes at the understanding, and deprives the man of his only guard, his reason. How finely are these characters here described, and with how great a fund of humour !—In front are two so far gone as to lose the use of their legs : on the right is one not quite so lost, but still enough to fire his ruffle instead of his pipe. This man we learn by the news-papers in his pocket is a coffee-house politician, one of those extraordinary beings who talk of what they do not understand, and foment sedition, through a desire of being thought wiser than their neighbours. Better were it such men were always senseless, than that their tongues should run to the disgrace of themselves and the destruction of society !—On the right of him is one sick to the heart, reaching to vomit. The next is one of those jolly parsons, (eager to drink an indecent toast) who pride themselves more in the number of bottles they can carry off, that is swallowed without being intoxicated, than in any one thing else whatever. Behind is a barrister at law, brimful of wine, attempting to listen to his drunken client. The faces and position of these two are highly executed, as

are indeed those of all the rest. On the left of this plate is one fast asleep, and snoring as loud as one could imagine; and near him two veterans at the bottle, back to back, seemingly set in for it for hours to come; two of those nightly heroes, who by frequent use can bravely drink, while others fall; and boast sobriety even in the greatest act of intemperance: a striking instance of the infatuation of some men, who pride themselves in their folly, and glory in their very weakness. To give a picture of the drunkard, has been thought by many sufficient to make the vice detested. Agreeable to this, suffer me, as a sequel to the plate before us, and as a further dissuasive from the evil, to present you his portrait, drawn in words, by a divine of our church. How deserving is he, says he, of respect, when we behold him tottering and staring with his mouth as open as his eyes, perhaps driveling, and doing other unseemly actions, fit to make such as see him sicken at the sight of him?—If he be not too far gone, as the phrase is, the idiot is very apt to be mighty fond of every one he meets, will entertain them with a particular detail, interlarded with a thousand oaths, of the number of bottles he can carry off; and inform them how often he has been drunk that week; and what jovial souls, that is what incorrigible sots he has lately conversed with; and when he has stunned your ears with this long bead-roll of nonsense, and blown his hot beastly sour breath in your face till you are heartily fatigued with his impertinence; then he lays fast hold of you, roars out the most private affairs of his family; and though perchance you should be an utter stranger to him, yet if any one has been so unguarded as to entrust him with a secret, out it comes at all adventures, no matter for the consequence: further, to let you know he is of some consideration, he will

give you the history of all his acquaintance, and if he can recollect one instance of their ill conduct you are sure to have it with large additions, to let you understand they are all as bad as himself. He concludes, either by oversetting some of the company and tumbling with them on the floor, and by that means giving the rest an opportunity to retire; or, retiring himself, with an invective against sobriety, humming over an old song, to prove himself in the right, and condemn the behaviour of his soberer company. A very wise scheme of life this!—But observe him when his head begins to settle. How low are his spirits sunk! What secret resolutions does he make, and how does he detest himself! When the qualm however is once gone off, and he feels his conscience giving him a check, then he repeats the nauseous draught, and thus his life is one continued scene of riot and excess. In short, he renders himself a torment to his family, troublesome to his acquaintance, and useless to the commonwealth.

“ Think not to find one meant resemblance here ;
We lash the vices, but the persons spare.
Prints should be priz'd, as authors should be read,
Who sharply smile prevailing Folly dead.
So Rabelais laugh'd, and so Cervantes thought :
So Nature dictated what Art has taught.”

“ Notwithstanding this inscription, which was engraved on the plate some time after its publication, it is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits ; but Mr. Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the

characters. Some of them the world might perhaps mistake; for though the author was faithful in delineating whatever he intended to pourtray, complete inebriation so far caricatures the countenance, that, according to the old trite proverb, "the man is not himself." His portrait, though given with the utmost fidelity, will scarcely be known by his most intimate friends, unless they have previously seen him in this degrading disguise. This would render it difficult to identify men whom the painter did not choose to point out at the time; and nearly sixty years having elapsed, it becomes impossible. All who composed the group, with the artist by whom it was delineated,

"Shake hands with dust, and call the worm their kinsman."

Upon the authority of Sir John Hawkins, of Anecdotal memory, we are enabled to pronounce the divine to be intended for Henley,* the high-priest of Clare-market. The

* Of Henley's absurdities we have heard much; but they had their source in an adoption of that manner which he knew would be agreeable to his auditors, rather than in ignorance. The following circumstance proves he was a man of some humour.

"I never," says a person who knew little about the doctor, "saw Orator Henley but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them."

Henley. "Pray what is become of our old friend, Dick Smith? I have not seen him for several years."

Gentleman. "I really don't know. The last time I heard of him, he was at Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies."

Henley (with some surprise.) "At Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in one sentence there are two mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West, but in the East Indies."

knight's opinion is corroborated by an original sketch of Orator Henley christening a child, which is in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ireland, and evidently intended for the same character. It has that clerical rubicundity of face, which marks our smoking parson, who in this print is characteristically exhibited with a corkscrew, occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger.*

"No loftier theme his thought pursues,
Than punch, good company, and dues.
Easy, and careless, what may fall,
He hears, assents, and fills to all;
Proving it plainly by his face,
That cassocks are no signs of grace."†

Gentleman (with some heat.) "That I deny!"

Henley. "More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you."

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice.) "Well, be it where it will, I thank God, I know very little about these sort of things."

Henley. "What you thank God for your ignorance, do you!"

Gentleman (in a violent rage.) "I do, Sir—What then?"

Henley. "Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for."

* Lord S—h, not very eminent for his reverence of the clerical habit, being once in a company where there were a number of clergymen, offered in a whisper, to lay a considerable wager with the gentleman who sat next him, that among the ten parsons there was not one prayer-book. The wager was accepted, and a mock dispute gave him occasion to ask for a prayer-book to decide it. They had not one.—He soon after privately offered to lay another wager with the same gentleman, that among the ten parsons there was half a score corkscrews. This also was accepted; and the butler, being previously instructed, coming into the room with a bottle of claret, and a broken corkscrew, requested any gentleman to lend him one. Every priest who was present had a corkscrew in his pocket!

† These lines are from Banckes's poems, page 87, in which a

The roaring Bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig, and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head. He is probably drinking destruction to fanatics, and success to mother church, or a mitre to the jolly parson whom he addresses.

The lawyer, who sits near him, is a portrait of one Kettleby, a vociferous bar-orator, who, though an utter barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented. He was

contracted copy of the print is the head-piece of an epistle to Hogarth. The bard, with true poetic vanity, pathetically exclaims,

“ Alas ! that pictures should decay ;
That words alone can wit* convey :
But words remain—Oh, may this verse
Remain, etc.”

Little did this rival of Stephen Duck imagine, that the words “ which alone can wit convey,” would not have preserved his two volumes from the trunk-maker, to whom every verse had been long since consigned, had not this little print, and another copy from the same artist, sometimes induced a collector to purchase the volumes.

The concluding lines of his poem are not, however, so contemptible.

“ In vain we ransack Rome and Greece,
To match this Conversation piece ;
In vain our follies would advance
The names of Italy and France :
Labour and art elsewhere we see,
But native humour strong in thee ;
In thee—but parallels are vain,
A great original remain.
Go on to lash our reigning crimes,
And live the censor of the times.”

* [Vide note from Arthur Murphy, on the March to Finchley, where a high compliment is paid to Hogarth from a directly opposite mode of reasoning. Wit upon canvass has the obvious advantage in speaking a universal language.]

farther remarkable for a diabolical squint, and a Satanic smile. In the Causidicade are a number of lines dedicated to the honour of this amiable person. They begin with—

“Up Kettleby starts with a horrible stare.”

The poor maudlin who is addressing him, when sober, must be a fool; but, in this state, it would puzzle Lavater to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate, that in a poi—poi—point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau—cau—cause, that he ought to have won,—and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain! This may very probably be true; for the poor man's tears shew that, like the person relieved by the good Samaritan, he has been among thieves. The barrister grins horribly at his misfortunes, and tells him he is properly punished for not employing a gentleman. “If,” rejoins he, “your cause had been in my hands, good or bad, it would have received the sanction of the court, and we should have come off with flying colours.”

A gentleman with a black periwig, politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a sociable pipe.

The justice,—

“In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd”—

the justice having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation; meditating severe punishments on the dissolute peasant, who gets drunk with ale, or viler liquors, he resolves for the future to act with magisterial harshness, and display his zeal for law, and detestation of crimes. His left elbow, supported by the table, and his right by a chair, with a pipe in one hand, and a stopper in

the other, he puffs out the bland vapour with the dignity of an alderman, and fancies himself great as Jupiter, seated upon the summit of Mount Olympus, enveloped by the thick cloud which his own breath has created.

With folded arms, and open mouth, another leans back in his chair. His wig is dropped from his head, and he is asleep: but though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where nasal sounds are the music, he is qualified to be leader of the band.

The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, by the cockade in his hat, we suppose to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary bathes it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the Craftsman and London Evening in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, very unluckily mistakes his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and sets fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and solitaire, with his hand upon his head, would not now pass for a fine gentleman, but in the year 1735 was a complete beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous scenes, he has drank rather more than agrees with him.

The company consist of eleven,* and on the chimney-

* Those gentlemen who wish to enjoy

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”

would find some use in adopting the old threadbare adage,

“Not more than the Muses, nor fewer than the Graces.”

Poor Mortimer, the painter, whose convivial talents were hardly to be paralleled, had such a dislike to large companies, that he used to say, “if he invited the twelve apostles to supper, he would certainly take two evenings to receive them, six being a sufficient number, be the society ever so good.”

piece, floor, and table, are three-and-twenty empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, shew that this select society have not lost a moment. The overflowing bowl, full goblets, and charged glasses prove that they think

“ ’Tis too early to part,”

though the dial proclaims four in the morning !

“ What have we with day to do ?

Sons of Care, sons of Care, ’twas made for you.”

Even the clock is like the company, irregular ; for the minute-finger and hour-hand do not agree. Over the chimney-piece is a picture, of which we can discover enough to guess that it has once been a landscape ; but, like the understandings of the gentlemen present, is so obscured by smoke and vapour, as to appear a mere chaos, without one clear and distinct form. The fumes of punch, the smoke of pipes, and effluvia of candles sunk into the sockets, must render the air delightfully balmy, and produce ambrosial fragrance.

The different degrees of drunkenness are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor simpleton who is weeping out his woes to honest lawyer Kettleby, it makes mawkish : the beau it makes sick ; and the politician it stupifies. One is excited to roaring, another lulled to sleep. It half closes the eyes of justice, renders the footing of physic unsure ; and lays prostrate the glory of his country, and the pride of war.

On the 22d of March, 1742, for the benefit of Mr. Hippisley, was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre, a new scene, called a Modern Midnight Conversation, taken from Hogarth’s print, in which was introduced, Hippisley’s Drunken Man, with a comic tale of what really passed between him-

self and his old aunt, at her house on Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire.

Having described the individuals of which this print is composed, let us for a moment reflect upon the vice it is intended to satirize; and, considered in a moral point of view, it may have as good an effect, as the sight of an intoxicated slave had upon the young men of Sparta. This people sometimes made a slave drunk, that their sons, disgusted by the sight, might avoid the practice.*

* It has been conjectured, that the character in a night-cap, who, from his appearance, and the authority of some poems published at the time, I have pronounced to be a justice of peace, is intended to represent one Chandler, a book-binder, who worked for Mr. Hogarth, and in the latter part of his life kept a public-house, at the sign of the Bible, in Shire-lane, Temple-bar. The conjecture is founded on the very strong resemblance it bears to this man, who was remarkably deaf; and it must be acknowledged that the character appears so in the print, but the wig and hat hung behind him are too consequential for a mechanic.

I have been told, that the original picture was some years since found in an inn in Gloucestershire, and is now in the possession of J. Calverley, Esq. of Leeds, in Yorkshire. J. I.

[Since, one of 26 originals of Hogarth on sale by Private Contract, at No. 6, Pall-mall, 1820. In France and Germany this is considered the best of all our artist's single prints.]

THE FAIR.

THE tumultuous scenes of life, to such as have discernment, are found to be crowded with infinite humour. As a proof of this, we need only to refer to the lord-mayor's-shew, in this work, the execution scene, the March to Finchley, the election prints, and this before us ; where every one that is the least acquainted with them, must allow each group to be droll, real, and natural. The subject of the plate under consideration is that of the Borough fair, (a fair held some time since in the borough of Southwark, though now suppressed, on account of the ill consequences attending such meetings in very populous trading places.) Fairs were originally designed as general markets, though now, through the licentiousness of the times, they are reduced to little else than seasons of dissipation, riot, and intemperance. This of the Borough was ever composed of the inhabitants of town and country, and therefore of all fairs was one that afforded the greatest variety ; especially, as of late years, it was devoted to every thing loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

The principal group upon the left consists of the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company, pointed out by the paper lanthorn hanging in front to be that belonging to Cibber and Bullock, ready dressed to exhibit (as Mr. Hogarth has drolly applied it) the fall of Bajazet. Here we see merry-andrews, monkeys, queens, and emperors sinking in one general confusion ; and that



SOUTHWARK FAIR. — ENG'D BY T. E. NICHOLSON.
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the crash may appear the greater, the stand beneath is humourously supposed to consist of earthen-ware and china. Notwithstanding the fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it, through a collected attention to other objects: witness the boys and women gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures. Thus frequently are our thoughts so much engaged as to render us often insensible of our danger. Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the stage-mutiny, whose figures are as follow. On one side is Pistol strutting, (crying out, *Pistol's alive*) Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and many other characters of Shakespeare carrying flags in triumph, bearing these inscriptions, Liberty and Property; we eat; &c. on the other, the manager bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, it cost 6000*l.* a scene-painter having laid his brushes aside and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding up an ensign, bearing the words, *We'll starve 'em out*. In the corner is a man quiet and snug, hugging a bag of money, laughing at the folly of the rest; and behind a monkey perched upon a sign-iron, supposed to be that of the Rose-tavern in Drury-lane, squeaking out, *I am a gentleman*. These paintings are in general designed to shew what is exhibited within; but this alludes to a dispute that arose (at the time when this print was published, which was in the year 1733) between the players and the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, when young Cibber, the son of the Laureat, was at the head of the faction. As these places are crowded with exhibitions of different kinds, in order to amuse the idle and fill the pockets of their respective proprietors, we must consider the whole as directed to one point of view. Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and

on the other a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast slipping over a line, strained from one place to the other. I remember on this subject, that a prelate being asked permission for a rope to be fixed to the steeple of a cathedral church for that purpose, replied, the man might fly to the church whenever he pleased, but he should never give his consent to any one's flying from it. At the back of this plate is Lee and Harper's great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told is represented the siege of Troy. The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve; and a scene in Punch's opera. Beneath is a mountebank exalted on a stage eating fire, to attract the public attention; while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. Further back is a shift and hat carrying upon poles, designed as prizes to the best runner and wrestler. In front is a group of strollers, parading the fair in order to collect an audience for their next exhibition; in which is a female drummer, at that time well known and remarked for her beauty, which we observe has caught the eye of two countrymen, one old and the other young. Behind these men is a buskined hero, beset by a Marshalsea-court officer and his follower. These ill-looking fellows are well described. To the right is a savoyard exhibiting her farthing show and behind a player at back-sword, riding a blind horse round the fair, triumphantly, in all the boast of self-important heroism, affecting terror in his countenance, glorying in his scars, and challenging the world to open combat, a folly the English are remarked for. To this man is one directing the attention of a country gentleman, taking that opportunity to rob him of his handkerchief. Next him is an artful villain, decoying a couple of country unthinking

girls to their ruin. Further back is a man kissing a wench in the crowd; and above a juggler performing some dexterity of hand. It would be needless and endless to enter into a dissertation on the various matter of this plate; let it suffice to say it presents us many groups of spirited and laughable characters; shews us to what degeneracy the taste of the people is now arrived; and it is hoped, while it pleases the eye, will improve the understanding.

The following illustrations from Mr. Ireland's work will amply repay the perusal of the curious reader. As before hinted, the worthy doctor was far less qualified than Mr. Ireland to descant upon the most humorous of our author's works.

“ At a time when martial hardihood was the only accomplishment likely to confer distinction, when war was thought to be the most honourable pursuit, and agriculture deemed the only necessary employment, there was little social intercourse, and so few retail dealers, that men had no very easy means of procuring those articles which they occasionally wanted. To remove this inconvenience, it was found necessary to establish some general mart, where they might be supplied. Fairs were therefore instituted, as a convenient medium between the buyer and seller, and were at first considered as merely places of trade. They were generally held on the eve of saints' days. Some of them continued open many weeks, and had peculiar privileges, to encourage the attendance of those who had goods upon sale. The pedlar travelled from city to city, or from town to town, with his moveable warehouse, and furnished his customers with what served them until his periodical return.

As men grew more polished; their wants increased, their intercourse became more general, and the importance of

commerce was better understood. The merchant deposited his goods in a warehouse, and the trader opened a shop. Fairs deserted by men of business, gradually changed their nature, and, instead of being crowded by the active and the industrious, were the haunts of the idle and dissolute.* Such were they at the time of this delineation, which was made in 1733, and may be considered as a true picture of the holiday amusements of that period. At the head of these we must place what were then called stage-plays; a most favourite diversion of your Englishmen ever since the time

“When sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy’s child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild.”

In these humble representations some of our greatest actors made their first appearance; and not a few of them, even after they had attained high eminence, ranted, strutted, and bellowed, through all the days it was kept open, to their own emolument, and the heart-felt pleasure of the Wapping beaux, and the black-eyed beauties of the Salt-petre Bank.

The play now enacting appears to be the Fall of Bajazet:† and it is performed to the life; for the unsure scaffolding, too weak to bear the terror-working stamps of the furious Turk, tumbles to the ground. The tyrant’s turban

* They were at last carried to such a height of licentiousness, as to demand the interposition of the legislature; and no reformation being to be wrought by lenient measures, Southwark Fair, and many others, were suppressed.

† A booth was built in Smithfield the year this print was published, for the use of T. Cibber, Bullock, and H. Hallam, at which the Tragedy of Tamerlane, with the Fall of Bajazet, intermixed with the comedy of the Miser, was actually represented. The bill of fare, with which these gentlemen tempted their customers, may properly enough be called

is shaken from his head, the truncheon is dropped from his hand, and with the moralizing Tamerlane he joins the general crash, and threatens destruction to the china jars and

an olio, and the royal elephant sheet on which the titles of their plays are printed, throws the comparatively diminutive bills of a theatre royal into the back-ground.

In some of the provinces distant from the capital their dramatic exhibitions are still given out in the quaint style which marked the productions of our ancestors. This sometimes excites the laughter of the scholar, but it whets the curiosity of the rustic, and whatever helps to fill a theatre, or a barn, must be the best of all possible methods. From the mode of announcing some late productions at the two Royal Theatres, there seems good reason to expect that the admirers of this writing will soon be gratified by having it introduced in the London play-bills; or at least in the London papers; where hints of "the abundant entertainment which is to be expected from the comical Edwin, whose very look excites a laugh; or the tragical Holman, whose "every gesture draws a pitying tear;" sometimes make their appearance in the shape of "a correspondent's opinion." But leaving the mighty characters who tread the London boards to their admirers, let us return to humbler scenes, and give one example out of the many which they annually afford.

A play bill, printed some years ago at Ludlow, in Shropshire, was nearly as large as their principal painted scene, and dignified with letters that were truly capital, for each of those which composed the name of a principal character were near a foot long. The play was for the benefit of a very eminent female performer, the bill was said to be written by herself, and thus was the evening's amusement announced.

"For the benefit of Mrs. ***** By particular desire of B—— G——, Esquire, and his most amiable lady; this present evening will be performed a deep tragedy, containing the doleful history of King Lear and his three daughters; with the merry conceits of his majesty's fool, and the valourous exploits of General Edmund, the Duke of Gloucester's bastard. All written by one William Shakspeare, a mighty great poet, who was born in Warwickshire, and held horses for gentlemen, at the sign of the Red Bull, in Saint John's Street, near West Smithfield; where was just such another playhouse as that to which we hum-

bowls which are beneath. Not only the heroes and heroine of the drama, but both band and musical instruments are involved in the ruin. The band, it is true, consists of—a solitary fiddler, and the instruments are,—a violin and a salt-box. A monkey and Merry-Andrew seem the only two animals likely to escape injury in this universal wreck. Corporeal dexterity, at such a time, is more useful than mental acquirements.

The Amazonian, with a hat, a feather, and drum, is a beauty of Mr. Hogarth's school, belongs to a company of comedians, and is beating up for an audience. The gaping astonishment of two rustics, who are looking at her, is imitantly described. One of them, awe-struck by her figure, has pulled off his hat, in reverence of her charms. The other, "wonders with a foolish face of praise."

A buskined hero, arrayed perhaps for an Alexander, has his career of glory stopped by a sheriff's officer, who pays no respects

"To Macedonia's madman, or the Swede."

The monarch seizes his sword, but the bailiff's follower secures his arm, and aims a bludgeon at his head.

A younger branch of the family of the Simples, with a whip in one hand, and the other hooked on the arm of a young girl, who may probably be his sister, is so lost in

bly invite you, and hope for the good company of all friends round the Wrekin.

"All you who would wish to cry or to laugh

You had better spend your money here than in the ale-house, by half,

And if you likes more about these things for to know,

Come at six o'clock to the barn, in the High-street, Ludlow :

Where, presented by live actors, the whole may be seen :

So vivant Rex, God save the King, not forgetting the Queen."

gaping astonishment at the surrounding objects, that he neglects his pockets, which an adroit candidate for Tyburn is clearing of their contents. While one fellow kisses a girl,* another endeavours to decoy her two companions. A prize-fighter, furrowed with honourable scars, makes his triumphal entry on a blind horse, and, calling up a face of terror, wields his sword, and hurls a proud defiance to all who dare appear as his competitors.

A juggler, in a senatorial wig, displays magic wonders with the cups and balls: above him is represented a fellow with a pair of artificial legs extended on a board: one of these legs, a man beneath is either attempting to break, or using as a lever, to give a summerset to a tumbler, who kneels upon the other. A hat displayed on the end of a pole, is the prize of the best wrestler on the green; and a Holland chemise will reward the fair racer swiftest of foot.

A quack doctor, in laced hat, long periwig, and embroidered coat, mounted upon a stage, and attended by his Merry-Andrew, dispenses his medicine of infallibility. To attract the notice of a gaping crowd, he puts lighted tow into his mouth, and puffs out the flame.

The ancient joke of Punch's horse picking the pocket of the chequered fool of the farce, is displayed in the balcony; on one side of which is a bout at cudgels, by puppets all alive!

Under a show-cloth, which announces "The Siege of

* I have heard a person, who was ambitious of being thought able to detect the plagiarisms of painters, assert that the artist took this hint from Jupiter and Io. The Southwark Fair nymph does not, however, appear to be embracing a cloud.

Troy* is here," are a company rehearsing some part of the play. By a sun upon the breast of the figure in a mitre, we know him to be the high-priest of Apollo, the venerable Chryses. While one arm of this sage of many sorrows is twined round a pole which supports the wooden horse, the other is stretched out in moving supplication, and he entreats the hearers to

"Relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to his arms again."

Chryseïs, however, is perfectly satisfied with her situation. Seated in all the pride of conscious beauty close to the haughty Atrides, and glorying in his protection, she prefers the lover to the parent. The inexorable chief nods his plumed crest, grasps his truncheon, and looks with threatening brow on all around.

"No tears subdue him, no entreaties move,
He dares avenging Phœbus son of Jove."

A little fellow, with long hair, playing upon the bagpipes, is attended by a dancing dog, dressed *en militaire*, and with one foot dancing two Fantoccini figures. His Madame Catharina does not excite the attention she merits; the woman with a dice-box has superior attractions, and a country fellow, in a coat which seems to have been the Sunday habiliment of his forefathers for many generations, is trying his fortune, though earnestly dissuaded by his more prudent son from putting his pence in so perilous a situation. The woman, with that energetic eloquence which

* The Siege of Troy was a celebrated droll, in high estimation at fairs; printed in 1707. The author, Elkannah Settle,

"For his broad shoulders fam'd, and length of ears."

marks the orators of Billingsgate, rates the boy for daring to doubt her honesty. On the other side, a Savoyard music-grinder, with her galante show, is attended by a dwarf drummer, and taxing the little people who prefer a wonderful and surprising prospect of every court in Europe, to a pennyworth of gingerbread. In the distance a set of figures have been engaged at quarter-staff, then a favourite amusement, and the conqueror, waving his flag of victory, is hoisted upon the shoulders of another man; and thus triumphantly exalted, the air echoes with loud and reiterated acclamations in honour of his prowess.

Having dispatched the herd of characters who people the scene on earth, I reserved to a class by themselves, those who are buoyant in the air.* The figure vaulting on a rope was designed for Signora Violante, who signalized herself in the reign of George the First; she was succeeded by some inferior performers, but the science of rope-dancing and riding has now arrived at its acme, and is in such estimation with the public, that Doctor Johnson's prophecy may, at a future day, be wholly fulfilled in our royal theatres:

“ Perhaps where Lear has rav'd and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps, (for who can guess th' effects of chance,)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.”

The man descending from a steeple is intended to represent one Cadman, who, in the memory of some persons now

* In Mr. Horace Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in the reign of George II.* he prefaces the account of William Hogarth in the following manner. “ Having dispatched the herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself that great and original genius, &c.” I thought the term very happily applied, and pointedly appropriate to most of the characters it enumerates; but I remember a second-rate artist being marvellously offended at the freedom of the appellation; and observing,

living, performed the same feat at St. Martin's in the Fields, from the steeple of which he descended into the Mews. In an experiment of the like nature at Shrewsbury, the rope breaking, he was dashed to pieces.

A show-cloth over the Fall of Bajazet is almost a direct copy from a very coarse etching made by John Laguerre, son of Louis Laguerre, whom Pope has immortalized for his sprawling saints. On the upper part of the print is inscribed, the Stage Mutiny. It alludes to some disputes between the managers of Drury-lane, and such of the actors as were spirited up to rebellion by Theophilus Cibber, and seceded to the Haymarket, in 1733. As this made much noise in its day, it may not be unentertaining to relate some of the circumstances which occasioned it.

The patent of Drury-lane being renewed, Mr. Booth, who found his health decline, began to think it was time to dispose of his share and interest in the theatre. The person upon whom he fixed for a purchaser was John Highmore, Esq. a gentleman who had unhappily contracted an attachment to the stage, from having one night performed the part of Lothario for a wager.* A treaty between them that the names of Canaletti, George Lambert, Francis Cotes, Frank Hayman, and Samuel Scott, deserved more respect than to be classed in a Herd.

* Mr. Highmore was originally a man of considerable fortune, but White's gaming-house, and the Drury-lane patent, exhausted his finances. Having exhibited himself as an unsuccessful actor, and an unfortunate manager, he in 1743 completed the climax by publishing a poem entitled Dettingen, which proves him a very indifferent writer. In 1744, he a second time appeared in the character of Lothario, for the benefit of Mr. Hurton, but seems to have had no requisites for the stage. He was, however, a man of strict integrity, and high honour, and frequently suffered heavy losses, rather than violate any engagement, though it might be only verbal, which he had once made. Such

commenced soon after Wilks's death, and concluded by Mr. Highmore's agreeing to purchase one half of Booth's share, with the whole right in the management, for two thousand five hundred pounds. Mr. Wilks had previously appointed Mr. Ellis, his deputy in the conduct of the theatre. The introduction of two strangers into the management, gave much offence to Colley Cibber, who to avoid being troubled with the importance of one of his coadjutors, or the ignorance of the other, authorized his son to act for him, in every thing that concerned his share in the management. The first season ended with some profit to the new patentees; but Mr. Highmore, disgusted by the impertinence of young Cibber, determined to exonerate himself from his interference, and for the sum of three thousand guineas purchased the elder Cibber's right in the theatre. Two years had hardly passed before the principal actors, encouraged by Theophilus Cibber, determined to revolt from the patentee; and as the Little Theatre in the Haymarket was then unoccupied, agreed to rent it from the proprietor, and opened their campaign with the comedy of *Love for Love*, at which they were attended by an elegant and crowded audience. The patentees, though weakened by this desertion, began to act at the usual time. To supply the place of those who had left their service, they had recourse to such actors as could be procured from the itinerant companies; but, with all the help they could obtain, their performances were inferior to those exhibited at the Haymarket, and losses came so heavy

a person was very unfit for a coadjutor with men who were so busied in qualifying themselves for personating the characters of others, that they had no leisure for any attention to their own.

[How strongly this account of Mr. Highmore reminds us of the more recent history of Romeo Coates.]

upon Mr. Highmore, that he was under the necessity of giving up the contest, and sold his property to Mr. Charles Fleetwood.

Upon this dispute is built the print from which the show-cloth was copied, and probably announces the performance of a farce entitled "The Stage Mutineers, a tragi-comic, farcical ballad-opera, acted at Covent Garden, in 1733;" which is a burlesque on this contest. Theophilus Cibber, who was leader of the malecontents, is in this farce characterized by the name of Ancient Pistol; all his speeches being in that high-flown, mock-heroic style with which Shakspeare has marked that boasting coward. The scene is supposed to be in the playhouse, and the time during a rehearsal.

In 1740 a pamphlet was published for J. Mechell, at the King's-Arms, Fleet-street, entitled, "An Apology for the life of T—— C——, Comedian; being a proper sequel to the Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber; with an historical view of the stage to the present year. Supposed to be written by himself, in the style and manner of the poet laureat:" but in reality the work of Harry Fielding. The following passage, relative to this subject, occurs in page 16, &c. "In that year, when the stage fell into great commotions, and the Drury-lane company, asserting the glorious cause of liberty and property, made a stand against the oppressions of the patentees;—in that memorable year, when the theatric dominions fell in labour of a revolution, under the conduct of myself; that revolt gave occasion to several pieces of wit, and satirical flirts, at the conductor of the enterprize. I was attacked, as my father had been before me, in the public papers and journals; and the burlesque character of Pistol was attributed to me as a real one.

Out came a print of Jack Laguerre's, representing in most vile designing, this expedition of ours, under the name of the Stage Mutiny; in which, gentle reader, your humble servant, in the Pistol character, was the principal figure. This I laughed at, knowing it only a proper embellishment for one of those necessary structures to which persons out of necessity repair."——Again, p. 88.—“At the fair of Bartholomew we gained some recruits; but, besides those advantages over the enemy, I myself went there in person, and publicly exposed myself. This was done to fling defiance in the patentees' teeth; for, on the booth where I exhibited, I hung out the Stage Mutiny, with Pistol at the head of his troop; our standard bearing the motto, ‘We eat.’”——Whether this account, which Cibber is made to give of his own conduct, is entirely jocular, or contains a mixture of truth and falsehood, cannot now be ascertained. Hogarth might have transferred a circumstance from Bartholomew to Southwark Fair; or Fielding, by design, may have misrepresented it, alluding at the same time to Hogarth's print.

To return to the show-cloth.—A figure seated in the corner, with his head bound with laurel, was intended for old Cibber, then poet laureat. With a bag of money upon his knee, he rejoices in the sum he has realized, and laughs at those who are enduring the storm. Under his feet is inscribed, “Quiet and snug.”—The tall, thin, stooping figure was meant for Mr. Highmore. He holds in his hand a scroll, on which is written, “It cost 6000 pounds;” and is again characterized by the representation of a monkey astride the sign-iron of the Rose tavern, with a label, on which is written, “I am a gentleman.”*—The man in his

* The general observation, at the time, was, “What business had a gentleman to make the purchase?”

shirt, with a paint-pot and brushes at his feet, who takes up the cudgels for the new patentees, is John Ellis, the painter. He was pupil to Sir James Thornhill, deputy-manager for Mr. Wilks, and principal scene painter to the theatre. By the favour of the Duke of Montagu and Sir Robert Walpole, he was appointed great master of the wardrobe, and keeper of the lions in the Tower; but was much happier in attending a pugilistic exhibition, at Broughton's academy, than in the exercise of his profession. His figure appears muscular, but hardly leads one to suppose, what is yet certainly a fact, that Rysbrack, when he produced what Mr. Walpole (now Lord Orford) very emphatically calls, that exquisite summary of his skill, knowledge, and judgment, the Hercules, in Mr. Hoare's temple, at Stourhead, modelled the legs of the god from those of Ellis.—The figure in the back-ground, with a tremendous plume of feathers, and flowing periwig, grasping his truncheon in a style of defiance, may be Mills, in the character of Bajazet. On the flag which is borne between Mr. Highmore and Ellis, is inscribed, "We'll starve them out." On that borne in the rear of the seceders, on the opposite side, is written, "We eat." The figure near it is probably intended to represent Johnson, in Sir Hugh Evans; as that with a truncheon in his hand, who stands next him, may be intended for Bardolph; but who the performer was, I am not sufficiently versed in dramatic history to determine; it would probably be known at that time, by the ends of two cudgels, which rise in parallel lines immediately behind his head, and may intimate, that this gentleman like Theophilus Cibber, was under some obligations to his wife, for giving him a title he was not born with.—The Sir John Falstaff was certainly intended for Harper, who was eminent in that character; as "Pistol's

alive," was indisputably meant for the younger Cibber. The masculine gentlewoman, waving a flag, on which is inscribed "Liberty and Property," is, I think, clearly intended as a protraiture of the notorious Mistress Doll Tearsheet; but who was the actress that personated this fair friend of the fat knight, I really do not know.

The show-cloth underneath, with the tall figure, and two spectators, is a representation of Maximilian, a giant from Upper Saxony. That with the wooden horse, is explained by the inscription above it, "The Siege of Troy is here." Mr. Victor, in an eulogium upon Boheme the actor, says that "his first appearance was at a booth in Southwark Fair, which, in those days, lasted two weeks, and was much frequented by persons of all ranks, and both sexes. He acted the part of Menelaus, in the best droll I ever saw, called the Siege of Troy."

Adam and Eve upon another show-cloth, may probably allude to the representation of somewhat compiled from an old mystery, called the Creation.*

The old puppet-show joke of Punch wheeling his wife into the jaws of destruction, which is underneath, is well known. By the paper lantern, dwarf drummer, and little figure, at a temporary door, it appears that the royal wax-work, and whole court of France, are at the Royal Oak.

It is a little remarkable that in this almost endless variety of holiday amusements there should be no exhibition of wild beasts, or wonderful quadrupedes. A roaring lion, raging

* The licentiousness of the present age is a favourite topic with some of our popular writers; yet the drama is considered as the mirror of public manners; and the drama is rather more correct, and less indelicate, than it was in the year 1327, when, in a play of the Olde and Newe Testament, performed at Chester, the actors who personated

tiger, and fierce cat-a-mountain, would have had a large audience, and a learned pig, or an overgrown Lincolnshire ox, might have made the proprietor's fortunes, at that time, as they have done at this.

The amusements of the fair at this period continued a fortnight,* and were unquestionably attended with much loss of time, and productive of some habits of dissipation among the lower ranks of people who attended them. A visit to a family in the vicinity would have been a delightful entertainment, and the pleasure much heightened if the lady of the mansion happened to be fond of dumb creatures. A whistle, drum, and trumpet, in the possession of three little masters, with a barking lap dog, screaming parrot, and canary bird in full song, must form a concert of such heavenly harmony, as

“ Would bring an angel down ! ”

For those who delight in pointing out examples of Hogarth's bad spelling, this print affords a fine field. The name of Cibber has only one b. In the Fall of Bajazet, the z appears to have been originally an s. We'l starve them

Adam and Eve, trying to represent these two characters to the life, came upon the stage quite naked ! What modern manager could have dressed, or rather undressed, his performers with a stricter regard to propriety ?

* I cannot learn in what year the duration of this fair was shortened ; but suppose, from the following circumstance, very soon afterwards. This print was published in 1733, and, on the 24th of June, 1735, the court of alderman came to a resolution touching Bartholomew fair, “ that the same shall not exceed Bartholomew eve, Bartholomew day, and the day after : and during that day nothing but stalls and booths shall be erected for the sale of goods, wares, and merchandizes, and no acting be permitted.”

out. The e final in wax worke, these syllable dissectors may perhaps deign to acknowledge was then customary.

In my enumeration of the actors who appear on the show-cloth, &c. I may sometimes be wrong: let it be received as conjecture founded on the best intelligence I could obtain; and be it remembered, that to procure positive information of circumstances which happened in the year 1733, is not easy. The memoranda to be found in magazines, and other perishable prints of the day, are not always to be depended upon. Even now these authentic documents, sometimes lead those who implicitly believe them into error.* J. I.]

[* The editor is indebted to an antiquarian friend for the following entirely new matter relative to this entertaining subject.

Mr. Walpole in the Fourth Volume of his *Anecdotes of Painting*, which was first printed in 1771, erroneously says of the present design of Hogarth, "his *Bartholomew Fair* is full of humour." This was revised by Mr. Dallaway in the last edition of that work; but in 1790 and 1791, Pennant repeated the mistake in the first two editions of his *Account of London*, when speaking of West-Smithfield, by saying "that the humours of this place will never be lost, as long as the inimitable print of *Bartholomew Fair* of our Hogarth shall exist." A note was afterwards attached to this passage also, in which the print was called "rather Southwark Fair; but the same humours might be found in both." From these authorities, and from the resemblance between the tower of the old Church of St. George, Southwark,*

* Of this Church, perhaps the only representations are the view in Hogarth, and a very slight figure in the plan of the parish of St. George, Southwark, in Strype's edition of Stow's *Survey of London*, edit. 1720,

and that of St. Bartholomew the Great in West-Smithfield, arose some doubt and confusion as to the real Fair intended to be represented. Mr. Ireland, though he never supposed it to be any other than that of Southwark, was at one time in a mistake as to the very spot which the painter had designed; since he says in his illustration of the plate that "the scene where this crowd of busy people are assembled, is probably an exact representation of what it then was. *Newington Church*, with a lozenge-dial, &c. remains nearly in the same state in which it is here delineated." This error, however, he acknowledges in a note in his *Anecdotes of Hogarth*, printed after the work itself, "to save," as he says, "any good-natured critic the trouble of pointing it out." The fact is, that the principal part of Southwark Fair extended only to St. George's Church on the south, embracing some of the turnings on the west, and several of the Courts and Inns on the east side of St. Margaret's-hill; from which circumstance it appears, in the seventeenth century, to have been called St. Margaret's Fair. Its principal seat, however, was the open fields and bowling-green behind the prisons of the old King's Bench and Marshalsea, still called Snows' Field and Bowling-green-lane; and it will be found that the actual scene of Hogarth's picture was, most probably, laid in the latter.

As the original advertisement of this print and the eight

vol. ii. page 26; which, however, agree together in the form of the tower. The old building was ordered to be taken down in 1733, by the Act 6th Geo. II. c. 8; and the present was erected on its site as one of Queen Anne's fifty new churches. The foundation was laid in 1734, and the edifice was completed in 1736. *Bray's Hist. Surrey*, iii. p. 637. The best description of the old St. George's Church, will be found in Edward Hatton's *New View of London*, 1708, vol. i. p. 245.

plates of the Rake's Progress, given by Nichols, appeared in *The Country Journal, or the Craftsman*, of Caleb D'Anvers, for Saturday, December 29th, 1733; and as it states that the engraving of the Fair is already finished,—it is not unlikely that Hogarth designed it chiefly from the Southwark Fair immediately preceding, or, possibly, from several previous, adding some touches of humour from each. Their principal features would not greatly vary, as the advertisements of the larger shows, prove that their situation was generally the same. The extent and frequency of these advertisements as a matter of expense, will probably excite less surprise, when the reader is informed that in 1733 the price of inserting those of a moderate length was only two shillings.

The performance at "Lee and Harper's Great Booth" in the centre of the picture, is supposed by Mr. Ireland to be the Siege of Troy, in accordance with the show-cloth of the Trojan Horse and its inscription, "The Siege of Troy is here," suspended over the stage; and also because he recognises Chryses, the Priest of Apollo, in the figure with a mitre on his head and a sun on his breast, with his daughter Chryseïs, seated on his right hand. It does not appear, however, that the Siege of Troy had been performed by this company at Southwark for many years previous to the publication of this print; or that Chryses or Chryseïs were even characters in the piece. But as if Hogarth's picture had brought that famous Droll again into popularity, in *The Craftsman* of September 14th, 1734, it is thus announced for representation:

"At Lee's Great Theatrical Booth, on the Bowling-Green behind the Marshalsea, down Axe and Bottle Yard, during the time of Southwark Fair, (which begins the 8th of September, and ends the 21st), will be presented the most celebrated Entertainment called the Siege of

Troy. With its Decorations, Machinery and Paintings; far exceeding any thing of the like kind that was ever seen in the Fairs before. The Scenes and Cloaths being entirely new. All the Parts to be perform'd to the best Advantage, by Persons from the Theatres. The Part of Paris, by Mr. Hulett. King Menelaus, by Mr. Roberts; Ulysses, Mr. Aston; Simon, Mr. Hind; Captain of the Guard, Mr. Mackenzie; Butcher, Mr. Pearce: Taylor, Mr. Hicks; Cassandra, Mrs. Spiller; Venus, Mrs. Lacy; Helen, by Mrs. Purden; Bristle, the Cobler, by Mr. Morgan; Cobler's Wife, by Mrs. Morgan. With several Entertainments of Singing and Dancing by the best Masters. N. B. There being a Puppet-show in Mermaid-Court, (leading down to the Green,) called The Siege of Troy; these are to forewarn the Publick, that they may not be imposed upon by a Counterfeit, the only celebrated Droll of the kind was first brought to perfection by the late famous Mrs. Mynn's, and can only be performed by her Daughter Mrs. Lee,* and no other.

The picture of the Trojan Horse at Lee and Harper's booth in Hogarth's print, may perhaps be regarded as only the ordinary custom of showmen exhibiting the name and scene of a former favourite piece, though it might not be actually performing at the time. If the advertisement of this very show for the Fair of 1733 can be accepted as an illustration, the characters on the stage are those of a Droll taken from the scripture history of the Jews; in which probably the dresses of the Pagan story were still used. The following bill, therefore, of this exhibition from *The Daily*

* Mrs. Mynns exhibited The Siege of Troy at the Queen's Arms Tavern, next the Marshalsea Gate, in the Southwark Fair of 1715. Upon the suppression of that Fair, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by Anne Mynns and her daughter, Hannah Lee, stating that they had resided 30 years in the parish, during which they had yearly, by their servants, performed Drolls at the Fair, in two booths, which, with their contents, were worth 2000*l.*; and asserted, as a proof of their public utility, that they first introduced on their stage those eminent actors Powell and Booth. The petition prayed a compensation, but it was rejected. *Bray's Hist. Surrey*, iii. 632.

Post of Monday, September 10th, 1733, perhaps accurately describes the performance in Hogarth's engraving.

" At Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth, on the Bowling Green behind the Marshalsea in Southwark, during the time of the Fair, will be presented a celebrated Droll called Jephtha's Rash Vow : or The Virgin Sacrifice. With the Comical Humours of Captain Bluster and his Man Diddimo. The part of Jephtha, by Mr. Hulett; Elon, Mr. Roberts; Jethro, Mr. Hewet; Zekiel, Mr. Morgan; Diddimo, Mr. Hicks; Miriam, Mrs. Purden; Nurse, Mrs. Morgan; Capt. Bluster, Mr. Harper. To which will be added, a New Pantamime-Opera, (which the whole Town has lately been in Expectation to see perform'd) call'd The Fall of Phaeton. The whole intermixed with Comic Scenes between Punch, Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine. N. B. We shall begin at Ten in the Morning, and continue Playing till Ten at Night. N. B. The true Book of the Droll is printed and sold by G. Lee, in Blue-Maid Alley, Southwark; and all others (not printed by him), are false."

Before quitting Lee and Harper's show, it may be observed that the figure blowing a trumpet on the stage on the left, is probably a performer called "Charles, the Merry Trumpeter of Oxford," the advertisements for whose benefit used generally to be issued about the end of the Fair. There appear to be none of his bills for the year 1733, but in 1729 he announces,

" At the Desire of several Gentlemen and Ladies. For the Benefit of Charles, the Merry Trumpeter, a Batchelor, who used to Sound with Mr. Bullock, will be presented a diverting Comedy, call'd A Bold Stroke for a Wife. To which will be added a Comic Dance between Scaramouch and a Countryman; the Part of the Countryman by Charles the Trumpeter; at Lee's Booth on the Bowling-Green, Southwark, To-morrow, being the 14th of October. The doors will be opened at Six, and begin precisely at Seven.

In 1731 he announces the same piece, " with entertainments between the Acts, particularly the Black and White

Joak to be sounded by Charles, and also a Joak of his own.

And 'tis well if it takes,
If not the Trumpeter breaks."

On the right of the principal show Hogarth has represented a smaller one of puppets, at which the scriptural "Motion" of "The Old Creation of the World," is performed with "Punch's Opera:" the painting in front being divided between the pictures of Adam and Eve, the Beasts, the Serpent, and the Tree of Knowledge, in Eden; and of Punch wheeling his wife into a terrific flaming mouth. There is no advertisement of this exhibition, but in No. 5931 of the Harleian MSS. is an original bill of the time of Queen Anne, stating that "at Crawly's Show, at the Golden Lion, near St. George's Church, during the time of Southwark Fair, will be presented, The whole Story of the Old Creation of the World, or Paradise Lost, yet newly Reviv'd, with the Addition of Noah's Flood; and the Ball of Little Dogs from Lovain." The same scripture puppet-show, succeeded by different entertainments, and interspersed with other occasional scenes, appears to have been exhibited by several showmen; and in the bill of one named Matthew Heatly, of about the same period as the preceding, it is entitled, "A Little Opera called The Old Creation of the World Newly Revived, with the Addition of the Glorious Battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The Contents are these. 1. The Creation of Adam and Eve. 2. The Intreagues of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden. 3. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise, &c. Likewise several rich and large Figures, which dance Jiggs, Sarabands, Anticks, and Country-Dances, between every Act; compleated with the merry Humours of

Sir John Spendall and Punchinello, with several other things never yet exposed." It is most probable that the Duke of Marlborough's victory mentioned in this bill, was that of Malplaquet, September 11th, 1709,* since the puppet-show of the Creation of the World with Noah's Flood, is introduced in the *Tatler* of May 14th in the same year, as a fashionable exhibition at Bath; but the title of Punch's Opera was not adopted by Robert Powel until perhaps a year or two after. It does not appear that the puppet-show in Hogarth's print was connected with that of Lee and Harper which stands close beside it, but it will be remembered that the bill of the larger exhibition announces "comic scenes between Punch," &c. perhaps performed by both figures and living actors.

* It is rather remarkable that in Hogarth's print there is not any exhibition of a public event, like the above; which might accurately determine the year when it was designed; but in the engraving of the very curious fan-mount picture of Bartholomew Fair, published by Mr. Setchel, of King-street, Covent-garden, there is a small show of "the Siege of Gibraltar," fixing the time of its execution to the year 1729, instead of 1721 as supposed by the publisher. The Spaniards first opened the trenches before Gibraltar, February 22nd 1726-27; but Lee and Harper's Company did not act *The Siege of Bethulia*, containing the Ancient History of Judith and Holofernes, at Bartholomew Fair, which is performing at their booth in the same view, until 1729. In that Fair, also, the first picture exhibited at Fawkes's Temple of Arts, was "a fine view of the City and Bay of Gibraltar, with the English Fleet under sail, as if really on the sea: and the Spanish Forces marching and counter-marching as regularly as troops going into real action." It may be farther observed that the figure in Mr. Setchel's print supposed to be Sir Robert Walpole, is decorated with a star and ribband; but that minister did not receive the Order of the Bath until 1725, nor of the Garter until the year following.

Between the two centre shows rises the tower of the old Church of St. George, Southwark, from the battlements of which a man is gliding headlong down a rope, who is believed to represent Robert Cadman, a celebrated Steeple-flyer. He broke his neck in January 1740, in attempting to descend from the spire of St. Mary, Shrewsbury, a height of 216 feet, over the Severn, whilst it was frozen, upon a cord which was stretched too tightly, and was buried at that place, in the church-yard of St. Mary-Friars.*

The right hand of the picture terminates by an end view of the Royal Oak Public-house, at which are two exhibitions; the lower part of the building being occupied by Fawkes the Juggler, whilst a transparent inscription upon a lanthorn suspended against the upper, announces the "Royal Wax Worke. The whole Court of France is here." In a series of verses composed upon Hogarth's print, and published a few years after it in the Poems of Banckes, already referred to, it is stated that the "young Louis XV. of France, his queen, children, prime-minister, &c. were this year exhibited in Smithfield and the Borough, at very reasonable prices, to spectators of all degrees. Our artist, however, had forgotten himself as to the matter of which these great personages were made; the whole town having

* It has been stated by persons who were present at the time of this accident, that after the body had touched the earth it rebounded several feet upwards. Owen's *Account of the Ancient and Present state of Shrewsbury*, 1808, 12mo. pp. 264, 265, where will be found Cadman's epitaph; and in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1740, vol. x. p. 89, is a poetical piece, "On the Death of the famous Flyer on the Rope at Shrewsbury." In an account of his descent from the highest of the rocks at Bristol Hot-Wells, printed in *The Weekly Miscellany* of April 17th 1736, this person is called Thomas Kidman.

been informed by their Master of the Ceremonies, that they were of a composition far exceeding wax." The particulars of this exhibition may be gathered from the ensuing advertisement of it which appeared October 6th, 1733, little more than a fortnight after Hogarth's Southwark Fair had terminated.

"To be Seen, one month longer, in the same Room where the Temple of Solomon was shewn, at the Royal Exchange, the Figures of their Majesties of France, the Dauphin, the three Princesses, the Duke De Bourbon, Prince of Condé, Cardinal Fleury, &c. represented to the Life, in a new composition which far exceeds wax. All of them completely dress'd, and as big as the Life, and dress'd in Habits given by these great Personages, out of their respective Wardrobes, to the Artist, who was lately employed by his Most Christian Majesty, and, with his Leave, copied them from the Life; which have been seen, and highly applauded, by their Majesties of Great Britain, the Royal Family, and most of the Nobility. To be seen from Nine in the Morning till Ten at Night, at 6*d.* within the Bar, and 3*d.* without the Bar. N. B. The Proprietor of the said Figures designs to go in about a Month's Time for Foreign Parts."

Before the lower part of the Royal Oak appears the well-known show-cloth of Fawkes, the Juggler, which is said to contain the only representation of his portrait, whilst the artist himself is exhibiting in front of it, producing a living bird out of a small cup and holding them up to the audience beneath. An advertisement issued by him October 20th 1724, will shew the character of his ordinary performances in legerdemain; as well as those of his tumbler, whose feats are also represented upon the same show-cloth.

"At the Blue-Boar, next door to the Castle-Tavern in Fleet-street. The famous Mr. Fawkes performs his most surprising Tricks by Dexterity of Hand with his Cards, Eggs, curious Indian Birds, Mice, and Money; which curiosities no Person in the Kingdom can pretend to show like himself: Together with the wonderful Activity of Body per-

formed by his Posture-Master, who far exceeds all that ever shew'd in Europe, who transforms his Body into such various Shapes, as surpasses human Faith to believe without seeing: Likewise the Italian Scaramouch Dance, with Two Heads, Four Legs, and but One Body, to the Admiration of all Spectators. Note, We have had the honour to perform before his present Majesty, King George, the Prince, and the Quality of the whole Kingdom with great Applause. This is the last night of performing here; and on Monday next he removes to the Cock and Half-Moon in Chancery-Lane. Beginning every Evening at 5 o'Clock and again at 7. N. B. Any Gentlemen or Ladies may have a private Performance any time of the Day giving an Hour's Notice.—Vivat Rex."

An Advertisement of the same professor of legerdmain issued for Bartholomew Fair, in 1728, thus describes some other of his performances, and particularly those exhibited in the present print. "He turns Cards into a Living Bird; blows the spots off and on at pleasure; commands a Card out of any person's hands; conveys a Card into an Egg; changes them into various Pictures; throws the pack up to the cieling, where he causes them to stick and come down one by one; he changes little Balls into Living Birds and Beasts, and multiplies One Ball into an Hundred in a moment: He produces a shower of Gold and Silver out of an Empty Bagg; and likewise a variety of Eggs, and a curious collection of beautiful Birds from the East and West Indies."

Banckes's verses descriptive of this print, however, observe that

"There Yeates and Pinchbeck change the scene
To Slight of Hand, and Clock-machine;
First numerous eggs are laid, and then
The pregnant bag brings forth a hen:"

whence Mr. Ireland concludes that Pinchbeck was present

at the same show with his Panopticon. This probably refers to a large musical instrument with pictures and moving figures, which he called "The Grand Theatre of the Muses," and exhibited in various parts of London between 1729 and 1732, and which he advertised at Bartholomew Fair in the former year. Fawkes, himself also, appears to have possessed a similar piece of mechanism made by the same ingenious artist, as may be seen in his ordinary advertisement for this place.

"Fawkes, at his Booth over against the Crown Tavern, near St. George's Church, in Southwark, during the Time of the Fair, will perform the following Entertainments.—1. His surprizing and incomparable Dexterity of Hand, in which he will perform several intirely new Curiosities, that far surpass any Thing of that Kind ever seen before.—2. A curious Musical Clock, that he lately purchas'd of Mr. Pinchbeck, Clock-Maker in Fleet-street, that plays several fine Tunes on most Instruments of Musick, and imitates the melodious Notes of various Kinds of Birds, as real Life: Also Ships sailing, with a number of curious and humourous Figures, representing divers Motions, as tho' alive.—3. Another fine Clock or Machine, call'd Arts' Master-piece, or the Venetian Lady's Invention, which she employ'd Workmen to make, that were 17 years contriving; the like of which was never yet made or shewn in any other Part of the World, for Variety of moving Pictures, and other Curiosities.—4. A Famous Tumbler, just arrived from Holland, whose Performances far exceed any Thing of that Kind in this Kingdom.—Also his little Posture Master, a Child of about five Years of Age; that performs by Activity such wonderful Turns of Body, that the like was never done by one of his Age or Bigness before."

In 1733, however, the exhibitions of Pinchbeck and Fawkes were united, and announced in the following bill for Bartholomew Fair, that for Southwark not appearing.

"This is to give Notice. That Mr. Pinchbeck and Fawkes, who have had the Honour to perform before the Royal Family, and most of the

Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom with great Applause, during the Time of Bartholomew Fair, will divert the Publick with the following surprising Entertainments, at their great Theatrical Booth, the lower end of Mrs. Lee's, facing the King's Head on the Paved Stones. First, The diverting and incomparable dexterity of Hand performed by Mr. Pinchbeck, who causes a Tree to grow out of a Flower-Pot on the Table, which blossoms and bears ripe fruit in a Minute; also a Man in a Maze, or a Perpetual Motion, where he makes a little Ball to run continually, which would last was it for seven years together only by the Word of Command. He has several Tricks entirely new, which were never done by any Person but himself. Second, The famous little Posture-Master of nine years old, who shews several astonishing Postures by Activity of Body, different from any other Posture-Master in Europe. Third, The amazing Musical Clock, lately made by the famous Mr. Pinchbeck, which has two beautiful Moving Pictures, and performs on several Instruments, a great Variety of fine Pieces of Musick, composed by Signior Corelli, Albinoni, Bononcini, Mr. Handel, and many other celebrated Masters; it plays them either Single or in Concert, and in so just a manner that scarce any Hand can equal. Fourth, A curious Machine being the finest Piece of Workmanship in the World, for Moving Pictures and other Curiosities. Fifth, The Artificial View of the World. Wherein is naturally imitated the Firmament, spangled with a Multitude of Stars; the Moon's Increase and Decrease; the Dawn of Day; the Sun diffusing his light at his Rising, the beautiful Redness of the Horizon at his Setting as in a fine Summer's Evening. The Ocean is also represented, with Ships under Sail, as tho' several Miles distance; others so near that their Shadows are seen in the Water, and, as they pass by any Fort, Castle, &c. they salute it with their Guns, the Report and Eccho of which are heard according to their seeming distance. Every Day during the Time of the Fair will be presented the following Prospects, viz. 1. The famous City of Constantinople in Turkey. 2. Is a fine Prospect of the King of Sweden's Pleasure-House and Garden. 3. The famous City of Venice.—Beginning every Day at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, and ending at Ten at Night.—N. B. While the Booth is filling, the little Posture-Master will divert the Company with several Wonders on the Slack-Rope."

The only other public character on the right hand of this

picture is James Figg, the Prize-Fighter, entering the Fair on horseback, who has been already noticed. There does not appear to be any printed account of his making such a public challenge, but he frequently issued advertisements about the time of Tottenham-Court, Bartholomew, and Southwark Fairs, of battles to be fought at his Amphitheatre; especially in 1730, when he was to engage Holmes, the principal swordsman of Ireland, on September 16th.

Immediately beneath Punch's Opera, near the centre of the print, is a stout figure in a full-dress suit emitting from his mouth a cloud of smoke. As he appears to be elevated on a stage, and is attended by a mountebank holding out a bottle, this personage has been supposed to be the notorious empiric, Doctor Richard Rock; but Mr. Steevens has conjectured that he might be only an ordinary Fire-Eater, and perhaps Powell was the most eminent in the time of Hogarth.

The figure swinging on the slack-rope between the booths of Lee and Harper and Cibber, is commonly stated to be Signora Violante; but in the advertisements of her feats exhibited at the Haymarket Theatre in 1732, they stated to be "on the straight rope;" and it is therefore possible that the performer may be *Signor* Violante, who was not less famous.

To the left of the rope-dancer is a show-cloth representing Maximilian Christopher Müller, an extraordinary individual "near Eight Foot high, his Hand a Foot, and his Finger Six Inches long, Born at Leipsick in Saxony, A. D. 1674;" as it is stated beneath a large whole-length portrait of him engraven by Boitard, which is apparently of nearly the same design as the picture in Hogarth: it is also stated to have been "drawn from the life at London, April 1733."

At some little distance below this is the sign of the Half Moon which stands on the East side of the Borough High-street, an old and celebrated Inn. Immediately in front, is the tumbling scaffold of Cibber and Bullock, with the practical *Fall* of Bajazet. Banckes in his Poems unaccountably calls the piece being played there, the *Fall of Fair Rosamond*, which, as there does not appear to be any advertisement of these performers for the *Southwark Fair* of 1733, might possibly be the drama actually presented; but it has been already observed that they really acted the piece here attributed to them at the *Bartholomew Fair* of the same year, and some particulars of it will be found in the following announcement from *The Daily Post* of Tuesday, September 4th. From the names contained in it, it has been conjectured, that the performer grasping the upright timber is Hall, and the one in a helmet Hallam. It may be observed also, that some of the characters in the show-cloth of the *Stage Mutiny*,* appear to have been really exhibited at this booth; and that Fielding's account of Cibber's performance at Bartholomew Fair mentioned on page 237 is thus shewn to be quite accurate.

"At Cibber's, Griffin's, Bullock's, and Hallam's Great Theatrical Booth, near Hosier Lane in Smithfield, during the Time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented the Tragedy of Tamerlane the Great, with the *Fall of Bajazet*, Emperor of the Turks. Taken from the Works of Nicholas Rowe, Esq. late Poet-Laureat. The Part of Tamerlane, by Mr. A. Hallam; Bajazet, Mr. Hall; Axalla, Mr. Cross; Selima, Mrs. Grace; Omar, Mr. Jones; Mirvan, Mr. H. Tench; Haly, Mrs. Charke.

* The piece which this picture is supposed to refer to was published in 1732, under the title of "*The Stage Mutineers; or a Playhouse to be Lett, a Tragi-Comi-Farcical-Ballad-Opera, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden; By a Gentleman, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Price 1s.*"

To which will be added, at the particular Desire of several Persons of Distinction, The Comical Humours of Sir John Falstaff, Justice Shallow, Ancient Pistol, and others, taken from Shakspeare:* As it has been several times perform'd at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane with great applause. Intermix'd with Songs made to Ballad-Tunes. A Company of Italian Rope-Dancers, Posture-Masters, Tumblers, &c. are provided to entertain the Audience till the Droll begins."

Directly beneath the corner of the falling stage is a short and stout person playing upon a huge pair of bag-pipes, and working two figures of dancers with his foot; beside whom is an animal dressed up and standing on its hind-legs, which appears to have been part of rather an old exhibition at this place, since Evelyn in his *Diary*, September 13th, 1660, says — "I saw in Southwark at St. Margaret's Faire, Monkies and Apes dance, and do other feates of activity on ye high-rope; they were gallantly clad à la mode, went up-right, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hatts; they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dauncing-master; they turn'd heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands and on their

* This entertainment appears to have been one of those ancient comic pieces invented by Robert Cox, during the persecution of the Stage in the Civil Wars, called Humours or Drolleries. They were blended with rope-dancing, &c. to disguise the acting, and consisted of a combination of the richest comic scenes of Marston, Shirley, Shakspeare, &c. and the well-known rare Collection of them appeared in 1662, for the use of performers at fairs. The title and argument of each piece often indicates the source whence it was taken; as "The Bouncing Knight, or the Robbers robbed," from Henry IV. Part I.; "The Equal Match," from "Rule a Wife and have a Wife, &c. These Humours became extraordinary favourites, and so entirely filled the capacious Red Bull Theatre that as many persons went away as entered.

heads without extinguishing them, and with vessells of water without spilling a drop."

It is observed by Mr. Ireland in his remarks on Hogarth's Fair, that it is rather remarkable it should contain no exhibition of wild or extraordinary animals; which it is, however, known were to be seen in Southwark, though they do not appear to have been advertised in the papers like the performances of the other shows. An anecdote is related of Dr. Johnson, Mallet, and others, going to see a large Russian bear at this Fair; and Ireland adds that the late Mr. Pinchbeck, meaning Christopher Pinchbeck, of Cockspur-street, who died in 1783, the manufacturer of the famous imitative gold,—frequently spake of one of his brothers who was a showman, and gave a considerable sum for an elephant for which he took an apartment in Southwark Fair. "But the passage to this room," added he, "was so narrow, that though my poor brother got the beast into it, a' never could get un out on't; a' stuck in the middle, and died! so, sir, you sees that my poor brother lost all his money. Ah! he was a most unfortunate dog in every thing he took in hand; and so was I, God knows!"—To these notices may be added that at the end of the advertisement of Yeates's Great Theatrical Booth at Southwark Fair in *The Daily Post* of Monday, September 10th, 1733, is inserted. "Note: At a large Room near this Booth, are to be seen without loss of time Two Large Ostriches, lately arriv'd from the Desarts of Arabia, being Male and Female."

The original grant of a Fair in Southwark was contained in the Charter given to that Borough by Edward IV., in 1463, when it was appointed to be held on the 7th, 8th and 9th days of September, the Eve, the Feast, and the Mor-

row, of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; whence it was frequently called "the Lady-Fair." This privilege was confirmed in 1551, by the Charter of Edward VI. and a Court of Pie-powder was attached to the Fair, with the power of arresting and carrying away all felons, &c. to Newgate. It appears, however, to have been of little value as a commercial meeting, being, as Strype observes, noted "chiefly for shows; as drolls, puppet-shows, rope-dancing, music-booths, and tippling-houses." The time of its duration was extended by custom to a fortnight, but on September 8th, 1743, it was again limited to three days, and public notice given that any persons offering any interludes, &c. should be taken up as vagrants. Previous to this, it had been usual for many years for the keepers of booths and shows to make a collection for the debtors in the Marshalsea, but in consequence of this regulation they declared themselves unable to contribute; which was so much resented by the prisoners, that they threw stones on to the bowling-green over the prison wall, when several persons were wounded, and a child killed. The Fair was then removed to the Mint, and Suffolk-street; and though on June 17th, 1762, the Common Council of London came to a resolution that the Lady-Fair in the Borough should be neither proclaimed nor held for the future, yet it was not until 1763, that it was entirely suppressed. On September 19th in that year, however, the High-Constable, and upwards of an hundred inferior officers, by order of the Borough Magistrates, went to Suffolk-Place, and caused the persons who had began to erect booths, &c. to take them down again; which proceeding entirely abolished the Fair in Southwark.

At a sale of pictures in 1746, belonging to Mrs. Edwards, Hogarth's original painting of this Fair, sold for £19. 8s. 6d.;

after which it appears to have been in the mansion called Valentine's in Essex, the property of Sir Charles Raymond and then of Donald Cameron, Esq. It was again sold in October 1797, and again at the European Museum in June 1800. There are two extremely rare, though spurious, engravings of this picture, both being of a very considerable size. The more uncommon print is on wood, and the other is very coarsely executed on copper, having the subject placed the same way as the painting, and some additions on each side; as the perfecting of Figg's horse, &c. An impression from this plate is in the Hogarth Collection in the Print-Room at the British Museum; and beneath it is the following inscription in nine columns.

Southwark Fair: done from y^e Original of Mr. W. Hogarth. Printed and sold by H. Overton and J. Hoole at y^e White Horse without Newgate, London.

From various Parts, for various Ends, repair
 A vast mix'd Multitude to Southwark Fair.
 Stage-Players now of Smithfield take their leave,
 And hither come, more Shillings to receive.
 For this their Painted-Cloths, full wide display'd,
 Tell ev'ry Branch of the Dramatick Trade.
 Whether in Tragedy you take delight;
 Or Comedy your Fancy more invite;
 Or Punch's Opera best entertain;
 Or the Stage-Mutiny's rebellious train;
 Or Monsieur Bag-pipes little dancing Twain.
 All, down to lowest Farce and Raree-Show,
 Are here exhibited, to High and Low.
 Harper and Lee their Trojan-horse display,
 Troy's burnt and Paris kill'd, nine times a-day.*

* This appears to have been the ordinary number of performances of the theatrical shows at Fairs. It is stated in the Memoirs of Weston in the *London Magazine* for February, 1776, vol. xlv. p. 61, that when he

Here Maximilian does himself uprear,
 To whom like Pigmies all the rest appear.
 The Fall of Bajazet, alas ! too true !
 Cibber and Bullock here present to view.
 Ambitious Pug, advanced, thus chatt'ring cries
 " While Great Men fall, see how we Monkeys rise !"
 The Court of France, all fresh and in it's prime,
 May here be seen too,—without loss of time.
 On the Parades the Players march along,
 Each proper habited, a shining throng !
 Our Merry-Andrews, joking, swell the train,
 To tempt the gazers to flock in amain ;
 While the Fair Drummer, beating loud alarms
 Invites you to her—Show, as well as —Arms.
 Lo ! from the steeple Violante flies
 Loud shouts and acclamations rend y^e skies :
 This Dame the Slack-Rope volts with equal ease,
 Both which, by diff'rent ways, surprize and please.
 The Prize-fighter, so daring to behold
 And the Fire-eating-man, need not be told.
 Some come with more intent to see these shows,
 Wenching and drinking many more propose ;
 My prim Young Master, almost half afraid,
 Cracks a Commandment with his Mother's Maid.
 Others, how few ! blest with Love's purest flames,
 Come to divert their Children and their Dames.
 Sharpers of every Rank, with box and dice
 To gull young Heirs and Prentices to vice.
 Ev'n Catch-Poles, too, like Tygers seeking prey,
 Hither repair, poor Debtors to dismay :
 Nor Kings, nor Emperors, these Furies spare,
 But as they plague the World, disturb the Fair."

was engaged at Yates and Shuter's booth at Bartholomew Fair, he walked the gallery in his stage-dress " and played nine times a day for a guinea." The outside stage of these shows was technically called the Parade ; see line 24 of the above verses.]

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE,

IN THE YEAR 1742.

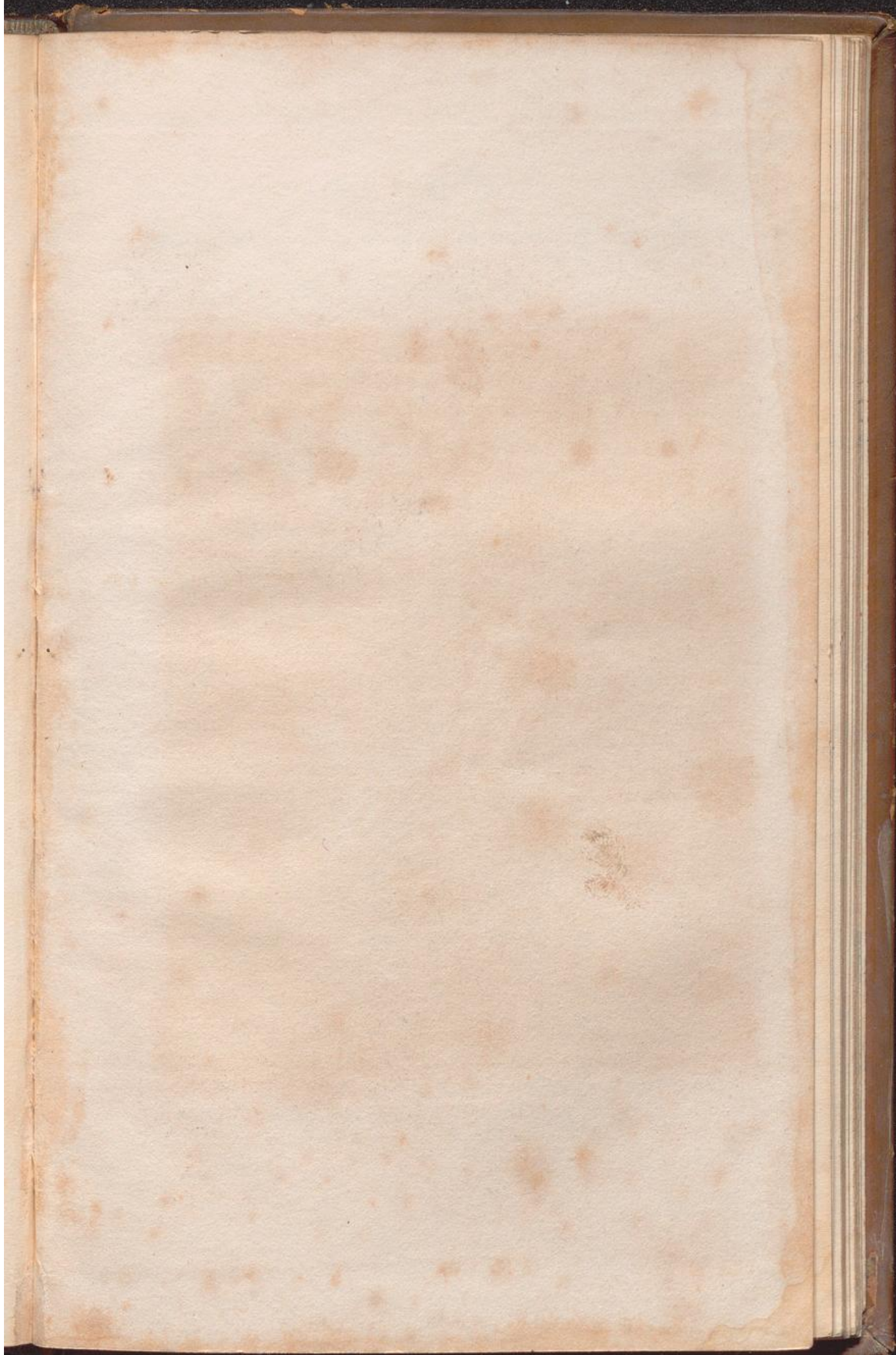
The picture from which this print was copied, Hogarth painted by the order of Miss Edwards, a woman of large fortune, who having been laughed at for some singularities in her manners, called in the artist to recriminate on her opponents, and paid him sixty guineas for his production.

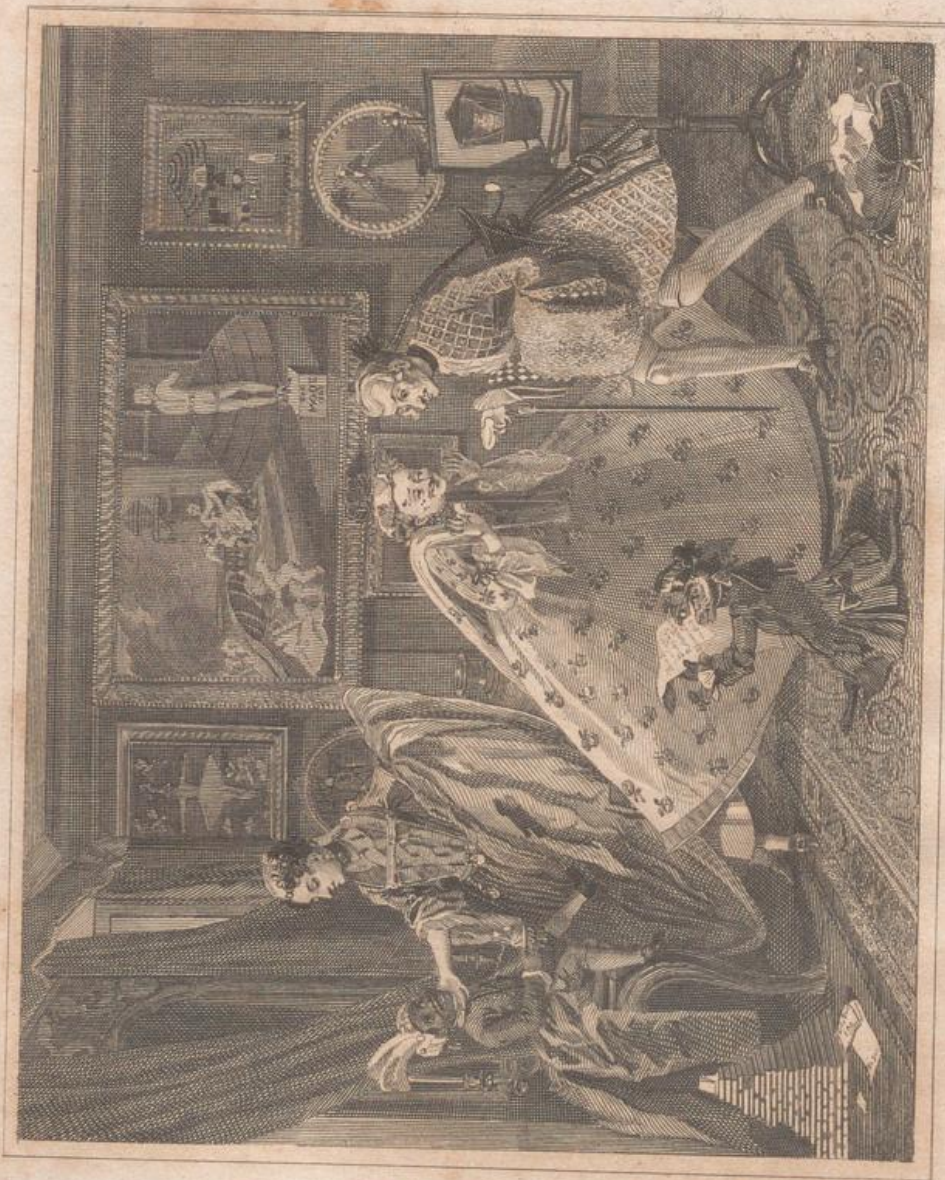
It is professedly intended to ridicule the reigning fashions of high life in the year 1742: to do this, the painter has brought into one group, an old beau, and an old lady of the Chesterfield school, a fashionable young lady, a little black boy, and a full dressed monkey. The old lady, with a most affected air, poises between her finger and thumb, a small tea-cup, with the beauties of which she appears to be highly enamoured.

The gentleman, gazing with vacant wonder at that, and the companion saucer which he holds in his hand, joins in admiration of its astonishing beauties!

“ Each varied colour of the brightest hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue,
In every part their dazzled eyes behold,
Here streak'd with silver—there enrich'd with gold.”

This gentleman is said to be intended for Lord Portmore, in the habit he first appeared at Court on his return from France. The cane dangling from his wrist, large muff, long





A. Dorian, sc.

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE

Published by John Mayor, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 1, 1831.

queue, black stock, feathered chapeau, and shoes, give him the air of

——— “An old and finish’d fop,
All cork at heel, and feather all at top.”

The old lady’s habit, formed of stiff brocade, gives her the appearance of a squat pyramid, with a grotesque head at the top of it. The young one is fondling a little black boy, who on his part is playing with a petite pagoda. This miniature Othello has been said to be intended for the late Ignatius Sancho, whose talents and virtues were an honour to his colour. At the time the picture was painted he would have been rather older than the figure, but as he was then honoured by the partiality and protection of a noble family, the painter might delineate what his figure had been a few years before.

The little monkey, with a magnifying glass, bag-wig, solitaire, laced hat, and ruffles, is eagerly inspecting a bill of fare, with the following articles pour dinner; cocks combs, ducks tongues, rabbits ears, fricasey of snails, grande d’oeuts beurre.*

In the centre of the room is a capacious china jar; in one corner a tremendous pyramid, composed of packs of cards, and on the floor close to them, a bill inscribed, “Lady Basto Dr to John Pip, for cards,—£300.”

The room is ornamented with several pictures; the principal represents the Medicean Venus, on a pedestal, in stays and high-heeled shoes, and holding before her a hoop petticoat, somewhat larger than a fig-leaf; a Cupid paring down

* “For eating and drinking we know the best rules,
Our fathers and mothers were blockheads and fools;
’Tis dress, cards, and dancing, alone should engage
This highly enlighten’d and delicate age.”

a fat lady to a thin proportion, and another Cupid blowing up a fire to burn a hoop petticoat, muff, bag, and queue wig, &c. On the dexter side, is another picture, representing Monsieur Desnoyer, operatically habited, dancing in a grand ballet, and surrounded by butterflies, &c., inscribed insects, and evidently of the same genus with this deity of dance. On the sinister, is the drawing denominated exotics, consisting of queue and bag-wigs, muffs, solitaires, petticoats, French heeled shoes, and other fantastic fripperies.

Beneath this is a lady in a pyramidical habit walking the Park; and as the companion picture, we have a blind man walking the streets.

The fire-screen is adorned with a drawing of a lady in a sedan chair—

“ To conceive how she looks, you must call to your mind
 The lady you’ve seen in a lobster confin’d
 Or a pagod in some little corner inshrined.” }

As Hogarth made this design from the ideas of Miss Edwards, it has been said that he had no great partiality for his own performance, and that, as he never would consent to its being engraved, the drawing from which the print is copied, was made by the connivance of one of her servants. Be that as it may, his ridicule on the absurdities of fashion,—on the folly of collecting old china,—cooking,—card playing, &c., is pointed, and highly wrought.

At the sale of Miss Edwards’s effects at Kensington, the original picture was purchased by the father of Mr. Birch, surgeon, of Essex-street, Strand. J. I.

THE POLITICIAN.



A politician should (as I have read)
Be furnish'd in the first place with a head !

ONE of our old writers gives it as his opinion, that there are
“ onlie two subjects which are worthie the studie of a wise
man ;” i. e. religion and politics. For the first, it does not
come under inquiry in this print,—but certain it is, that too
sedulously studying the second, has frequently involved its

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votaries in many most tedious and unprofitable disputes, and been the source of much evil to many well-meaning and honest men. Under this class comes the Quidnunc here pourtrayed; it is said to be intended for a Mr. Tibson, lace-man, in the Strand, who paid more attention to the affairs of Europe than to those of his own shop. He is represented in a style somewhat similar to that in which Schalcken painted William the Third,—holding a candle in his right hand, and eagerly inspecting the Gazetteer of the day. Deeply interested in the intelligence it contains, concerning the flames that rage on the Continent, he is totally insensible of domestic danger, and regardless of a flame, which,—ascended to his hat,—

“Threatens destruction to his three-tail’d wig.”

From the tie-wig, stockings, high-quartered shoes, and sword, I should suppose it was painted about the year 1730, when street robberies were so frequent in the metropolis, that it was customary for men in trade to wear swords, not as now (1797), to preserve their religion and liberty from foreign invasion, but to defend their own pockets from domestic collectors.

The original sketch Hogarth presented to his friend Forrest; it was etched by Sherwin, and published 1775. J. I.

FINIS; OR THE TAIL-PIECE.

As many of Mr. Hogarth's admirers were desirous of having his works bound up together, considering them as much, if not more worthy of study than many books that are extant, he thought it necessary, in order to complete the whole, and preserve that consistency he had been ever observant of, to add some print, by way of tail-piece, in contrast to the customary frontispiece of the generality of publications. What then should this be? Something allusive to The End. In the following plate, then, he gives us a collection of such things as bear indeed some affinity to the Latin word *Finis*, which we meet with in the last leaf of every book; but that it may not be totally barren, of design and humour, takes this opportunity of ridiculing the many glaring absurdities that are often seen in old celebrated pictures of serious cast, (owing to the ignorance of their painters, in introducing low, obscene, and frequently profane matter into them) by mixing here the mean with the sublime, and the trifling with that of much importance. Analagous therefore to Swift's art of sinking in poetry, he calls it the Bathos, or manner of sinking in sublime paintings, and inscribes the plate to the dealers in dark pictures.

As there is no great connection among that variety of objects we observe in this print, excepting of a conformity with the end, I shall not confine myself to any order, but mention the various matter as it occurs. On one side then we see a ruinous tower, having in front a decayed clock, or

time-piece ; contiguous to that a grave-stone, and nearer to us the remains of a column, against which lies the figure of Time in the utmost agony breathing out his last. The emblems with which he is customarily painted, viz. his scythe and hour-glass lie broken beside him. In one of his hands is a fractured pipe ; in the other a roll of parchment containing his will, in which he has bequeathed all and every atom of this world to blank Chaos, whom he has appointed his sole executrix. This will is sealed and witnessed by the three sister Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Beneath this will lies a shoemaker's last and a cobbler's end. On the left of these is an empty ragged purse, a commission of bankruptcy, with the seal affixed, supposed to be taken out against poor Nature, and a play-book opened at the close of the last act, where *exeunt omnes* stands forth to view. In the middle is the remnant of a bow and quiver, a crown destroyed, and a worn-out scrubbing-brush. On the other side of this plate is a withered tree, a decayed cottage, and a falling sign of the world's end, described by the terrestrial globe, bursting out in flames. At the foot of this post is our author's print of the Times* set on fire by little better than a snuff of burning candle. Near this lies a cracked bell ; a broken bottle ; a piece of old rope, or a rope's end ; a besom worn to the stump ; the stock of a musquet ; a whip lashed away to the handle ; a capital of the Ionic order, and a fractured painter's palette. At some distance is seen a man hanging in chains, and a ship foundering at sea ; and to complete the whole in the firmament above, is the moon†

* A political print published in September 1762, in favour of lord Bute's party, which being merely temporary, was not thought of consequence enough to appear in this collection.

† It is well known that the moon receives her light from the sun.

darkened by the death of sol, who with his lifeless coursers, lies stretched upon a cloud, his chariot wheels broken, and his source of light extinguished.

Thus, however jumbled together may the objects in this plate be with a design of exposing the absurdities of some ancient paintings; they serve to put us in mind that life is little better than a jumble of incidents, that the end of all things approaches, and that a day will sooner or later come, when Time itself shall be no more.

MEMENTO MORI.*

The labours of this great painter to the passions, are now at an end; and this is the last page of his eventful and instructive histories.—Those which he had formed into a series, added to the single prints, portraits, &c. had become so numerous as to form a large volume. A concluding plate seemed necessary, and we are told, that a few months before he was seized with that malady which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he had in contemplation A
LAST ENGRAVING.

After a dinner with a few social friends, at his own table, enjoying

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,”

the board crowned with wine, and each glass circulating convivial cheerfulness, Hogarth was asked,—“What will be the subject of your next print?”—“THE END OF ALL THINGS!” was his reply. “If that should be the case,” added one of his friends, “your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter.” With a look that conveyed a consciousness of approaching dissolution, and a deep sigh he answered, “There will so; and therefore, the

* Remember thy latter end.

sooner my work is done the better." With this impulse, he next day began this plate, and seeming to consider it as a TERMINUS TO HIS FAME, never turned to the right or left until he arrived at the end of his journey. The aim of this OMEGA to his alphabet, was two-fold; to bring together every object which denoted the end of time, and throw a ridicule upon the bathos and profundity of the ancient masters.

That the bathos is not confined to the poet, but hath at sundry times, and in divers manners, been of sovereign use to the painter, I am well convinced. My opinion was originally formed upon the inspection of many ancient and modern pictures, innumerable volumes of ancient and modern prints, and an annual attendance at THE ROYAL EXHIBITION: it was confirmed by the perusal of some papers on the arts, which came into my possession by one of those fortunate accidents which happen to few men above once in their lives.—Walking, some years ago, through Harp-Alley, I observed a porter carrying an old trunk without a cover, in which was a little picture, in a broad and deep ebony frame, a few mutilated pamphlets, a parcel of prints, and an old manuscript volume bound in vellum. He laid down his load at a broker's shop; I inspected it, and seeing the book inscribed MART. SCRIB. purchased the whole lot, and joyfully conveyed my prize home. Eagerly inspecting the contents, I found the picture was Dutch, and turned to a tint sombre as the frame; by the help of clear water I brought out the colours,—and

"Oh! Jephtha, judge of Israel,—what a treasure!"

To have painted it must have been the labour of a long life.
Such a green-stall!—such a cabbage!—a cauliflower!—a

string of Spanish onions!—a bunch of carrots!—a lobster!—a brass kettle!—and a sun-flower!—I never beheld before. So clear! transparent! vivid! It was forcible as Rembrandt! brilliant as Rubens! and, for finishing,—the most accurate work of Denner! the most delicate penciling of the Chevalier Vanderwerff!—compared with this charming tableau, would appear hasty sketches!

The pamphlets were German, and touched of the transmutation of metals; to discover which,—who can calculate the loads of charcoal that have been burnt,—the retorts that have been burst,—or the heads that have been turned! That this grand *arcanum* of nature will at some future day be revealed, I have no doubt; and there is little reason to fear but the benefit will be reaped by this island,—BECAUSE, Britain is highly favoured by the gods,—and several great calculators have clearly proved, that without some such miraculous assistance,—Britain must be undone by her enormous national debt.

The prints were Flemish:—but these subjects are foreign to my manuscript. First craving pardon for the digression, to that I proceed:

By time,* it was turned to the colour of old parchment,—but that it was written by the righte cunnyng hand of Martinus Scriblerus, there can be little doubt.

When he sent some literary memoranda to Arbuthnot,† he recommended to the doctor “the recovery of others” which lay “straggling about the world.”

* “What shall withstand old Time’s devouring hand!
Where’s Troy? and where’s the maypole in the Strand?”

† I may be told that this is a mistake, and that it was either to Pope or Swift. It was the fate of Arbuthnot to twine laurel for the brows of

Let it be also remembered, that though this prodigy of science presented to our English Cervantes numerous tracts, he might not think that the doctor would have a proper value for those on painting. That Martinus was a competent judge of the arts, is proved by his fifth chapter on Sinking in Poetry. Now, as the family of the Scribleri with all their alliances and collateral relations, have, time immemorial, been distinguished for the *cacoethes scribendi*, of whatever he was a judge, *certes*, he would write, and that which he hath written, I have happily preserved. With a few extracts* I present the reader.

It is entitled, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ;

OR, THE ART OF SINKING IN PAINTING;

and thus it is introduced:

THE PROLEGOMENA.

“Great and manifold have been the benefits (my dear countrymen) which Poesy hath derived from that innumerable army of critics and commentators, who fabricated fences to keep her in bounds, and bore blazing torches to irradiate her path. Lamentable is it to consider how few lights have been held out unto her sister art; who, notwithstanding an equal or prior claim, hath been suffered to wander through her dreary night, with no other illumination than the glow-worm on the bank, or the *ignus fatuus* in the ditches. For the use and service of the poet there is an

his friends. I know it was a partnership account, but surely the doctor was first in the firm.

* Should any lord, knight, esquire, artist, or spirited bookseller, choose to purchase the whole copy, I am ready to treat with him upon proper terms.

ocean of commentary; while the painter hath no other stream, in which to slake his thirst for instruction, than that which creeps among the weeds in the meadow, or gurgles over the pebbles in the valley.

“From intense application to the mysterious tablets of my great ancestors, for ages professors of astrology and chemistry in the universities of Germany, I am empowered to see by anticipation.

“For me it is decreed to strike the rock of nature with the rod of science, and liberate the fountain of truth, whose waters shall fertilize this ungenial isle. Ye whose well poized pinions enable you to soar above this our terrestrial globe, and dip your pencils in the rainbow!—come, and contemplate the magic mirror of Martinus Scriblerus.

“Conscious am I that this our divine muse, who hath not unaptly been styled journeywoman to Nature, is now in a profound sleep: but, in the coming century, she shall awake from her trance, shake the dust from her many-coloured mantle, and dazzle the surrounding nations. Blest with the power of penetrating the cloud of time, which is impervious to vulgar sight, I see, as in a vision, the wonders of another age; and should these lucubrations be neglected by my contemporaries, happy am I in the confidence that by their posterity they will be sought for, as were the Sybil’s leaves, regarded as the oracles of Apollo, and considered as the touchstone of true taste. To the age of whom they are worthy, and who are worthy of them, I dedicate these my labours.

“The few who have written upon art, have endeavoured to inculcate simplicity of action, anatomical correctness, symmetry of parts, harmony of colouring, easy folding of

drapery, and due attention to the disposition of figures. These can only be classed among the idle dreams of visionary speculation; resign yourselves to my guidance, and attend unto the lessons of truth.

“In every animal there is an original instinct, tending towards that for which it was by nature designed. In man, there is a natural bias to the bathos;* but he must be instructed, or rather compelled, into any relish or taste for what is denominated the sublime.

“To prove this my position, shew a collection of drawings or paintings to a child—it will be irresistibly attracted by glittering colours,—forced expressions, and grotesque, or what are commonly called caricatured countenances. Let the savage, who is not vitiated by idle rules, and has never seen painted canvas, be taken into a picture gallery,—his natural taste will direct him to similar objects. By what the artist calls a quiet picture, he will quietly pass;—but let the figures be crowded, the attitudes extravagant, and the colours gaudy,—his astonishment and admiration are ensured.

“These facts being granted, and they cannot be denied, why should we not take the genuine undebauched disposition of man, in preference to that ideal nature which hath misled many famed painters and writers; of whose fantastic dogmas I cannot too strongly caution you to beware. Should you in the course of your early studies have contracted any of this ancient erugo,—it is corrosive,—consider it as the dross of science, and scatter it in the air, for with my precepts it cannot coalesce. Ideal beauty is a childish absurdity. Painting is, or ought to be, an imita-

* [I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. FALSTAFF.]

tion of nature, and that can never be a good picture which representeth things that never did or can exist."

After many more pages to the same purport, this great philosopher divideth his subject. The table of contents to a few of his chapters, which will give a general idea of his plan, is hereunto annexed.

" CHAP. I. OF THE STORY.

"The principal character in your piece should be an illustrious person ; but as great men may sometimes, for their recreation and diversion, or worse purposes, be taken up in mean and trivial matters, in such situations, it is proved from many right worthy examples, they may, and ought to be delineated. The Emperor Domitian should be represented killing flies ; Nero playing upon the fiddle ; Julius Cæsar kicking a foot-ball ; and Commodus at a bull-baiting.

" CHAP. II. RELATETH UNTO THE ALLEGORY.

"To raise an historical picture above vulgar expression, it should be seasoned with allegory, and elevated with metaphorical allusions and figures.

" CHAP. III. OF THE TIME.

"In this there should be variety, and if your story have not a sufficient number of great and famous persons to render it important and interesting, you may embellish it with such portraitures as suit your purpose. Their not having lived in the same age or nation, is of little import.

" CHAP. IV. OF THE MACHINERY.

"The machinery, *id est*, the celestial and infernal powers, must be brought into your picture on every great or difficult

occasion, This will not only give your delineations a classical and learned air, but account for any wonderful action, which the world might think your hero could not perform without supernatural assistance.

“CHAP. V. TREATETH OF THE EPISODE.

“To vary the pleasure of the spectator, an historical picture should be diversified with an episode; especial care being taken that it have no congruity with the main subject; for the name deriveth from that which is superadded to the original plan, and ought no more to appear a part of it, than an insect appeareth as a part of the animal to which it adhereth.

“CHAP. VI. DESCRIBETH THE NATURE AND END OF THE
HYPERBOLE, OR IMPOSSIBLE.

“This image is of eminent use in giving a cast of grandeur and greatness to what would, without it, appear trivial and mean. It excites astonishment; and the majority of mankind being most delighted with that which is most marvellous, is a good and sufficient cause for your works being well strewed with wonders.”

For the contents of eighteen succeeding chapters, treating of the cumbrous, the inflated, the glittering, the infantine, the pun-ical, the vulgar, and sundry other styles, I have not room; but quitting the BATHOS of Martinus Scriblerus, must proceed unto that of William Hogarth.

It is well worthy of the title, for a more heterogeneous compound of ludicrous and serious objects was never displayed in one print. Some of his images the artist has gleaned from the common field of the poor company of punsters; and for others, hath soared into the airy regions

of mythological allegory. He ascends from an inch of candle setting fire to a print, to the chariot of the sun, which, with Apollo Pæan, and his three fiery coursers, sinks into endless night :—mounts, from the COBLER'S END, twisted round a WOODEN LAST, to the WORLD'S END, elegantly exemplified by a bursting globe on an alehouse sign. He has contrasted the worn-out brush with the broken crown ; and opposed to the empty purse,—a commission of bankruptcy, which, sanctioned with the great seal of a hero upon a white horse, is issued and awarded against NATURE,—by Heaven knows who ! He has joined the huge cracked bell of the cathedral to the broken bottle of the tavern ! and set in opposition to the mutilated column and capital of IONIA, the rope's-end of a man of war. The bow which, drawn by the old English archer, gave force fraught with death to the barbed arrow, is unstrung and broken :—the mutilated firelock, divested of its tube, shall no more thin the ranks of contending armies :—the tottering tower, funeral yew, death's-head, cross bones, and HIC JACET of a country churchyard, are opposed by the hard worn out besom, blighted oaks, falling post, and unthatched cottage. In what the painters call the sky, we have not only the son of Latona, but Luna in a veil : in the distance, a ship is sinking into the bed of the ocean, and a gibbet is erected on the shore ; to this, in conformity with the wise institutions of our polished ancestors, and for the luxury of those strong-beaked birds that feast their young with blood,—a lord of the creation is suspended.*

* The writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of being cast away, thus concludeth : After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet : my pleasure at this cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me I was in a civilized country."

“ONCE,—on our quick’st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of TIME
Stole, ere we could effect them :”

now,—his scythe, tube, and hour-glass being broken, his progress is ended ! his sinews are unstrung ! his hour of dissolution arrived !—and with those five capital letters, that have concluded the labours of so many learned authors, and which, conjoined, form the word FINIS,——

“He ends his mortal coil, and breathes his last :”

By his WILL, the great globe itself, and all which it inherits, is bequeathed to CHAOS,—appointed sole executor : and this his last act, is witnessed by the PARCÆ.

His print of THE TIMES, which gave rise to so much abuse of this wonderful painter, and excellent man, is in a blaze. The palette, on which he spread the varying tints of many-coloured life,—is broken :—the whip of satire—armed with which he

——“dared the rage
Of the bad men of this degenerate age,”

and scourged those that were safe from the law, and laughed at the gospel :—the whip of satire—divested of its lash,—lies unheeded on the earth.

THE BOOK OF NATURE, in which he was so deeply read, and from whence he drew all his images, is open at the last page. The characters that compose his pictured tragi-comedies have passed in review before us ; and with the words engraven on the last leaf of that volume which he so well studied, I will conclude this ;

EXEUNT OMNES.*

J. I.

* [The philosophic composure with which our truly great artist set about this FINIS to his extraordinary labours, was only consistent with the lasting good tendency which he felt conscious of having infused into

all his most important works; considering his amazing talents and the just and happy application of them.—Hogarth was, perhaps, the last man upon whom any one should have attempted to fix those charges of over-weening pride and absurd vanity with which some persons have endeavoured to blacken his amiable and hearty character: the proofs of his generosity and confiding disposition, are on the contrary, evident and satisfactory. “He gave me,” says Mr. Walpole, “what few sketches had not been forced from him by his friends. He had kept no suite himself, and had forgotten several in which he had been concerned!” How inconsistent this with the charges of vanity or egotism! nay the very story told of his walking home through the rain, forgetting that his own carriage was waiting for him at the Lord Mayor’s door—proves that he had nothing of the kind about him. Had Hogarth appeared otherwise than satisfied with works that gave such unbounded delight to others, he would have been called a dolt and an idiot, whose demeanour totally belied those proofs of universal intelligence with which his pictures abound; but those who allow a common mechanic to exult over his daily ploddings, will deny the same natural gratification to works of the very highest intellectual character—worthy of occupying the eye and the mind for all time!

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought.”——

Still more delightful, in minds of a certain construction, to repress the self gratulations of honest genius, and to teach, if possible, the greatest artist that he must “die before he truly lives.” His prices are unmercifully run down,—he must hear the remarks of every real or pretended critic, who from good or bad motives, can get within his studio, and the life of a daily labourer is much to be preferred, if he possess not a truly magnanimous mind.

Yet still, if, with the Poet,

“A favorite has no friend,”——

if a “partial evil” is found in the chilling blasts of envy,—the broad sunshine of admiration, proves his “universal good!” If the whisper of detraction is brought close to his ear, the loud echo of applause resounds from afar!

Such was eminently the case with William Hogarth; his extraordinary talents would have rendered him second to no one in whatever way he had happened to apply them: but it is enough for the lovers of

art and of sound morality, that they became devoted to Dramatic Painting in its highest perfection—that the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy by turns, or in conjunction, claimed and proved him to be their own! “He used colours instead of language,” and was the SHAKSPEARE of a profession that must ever be proud of his immortal name.] J. M.

