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Hogarth moralized

Hogarth, William

London, 1831

The Harlot's Progress.

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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.]

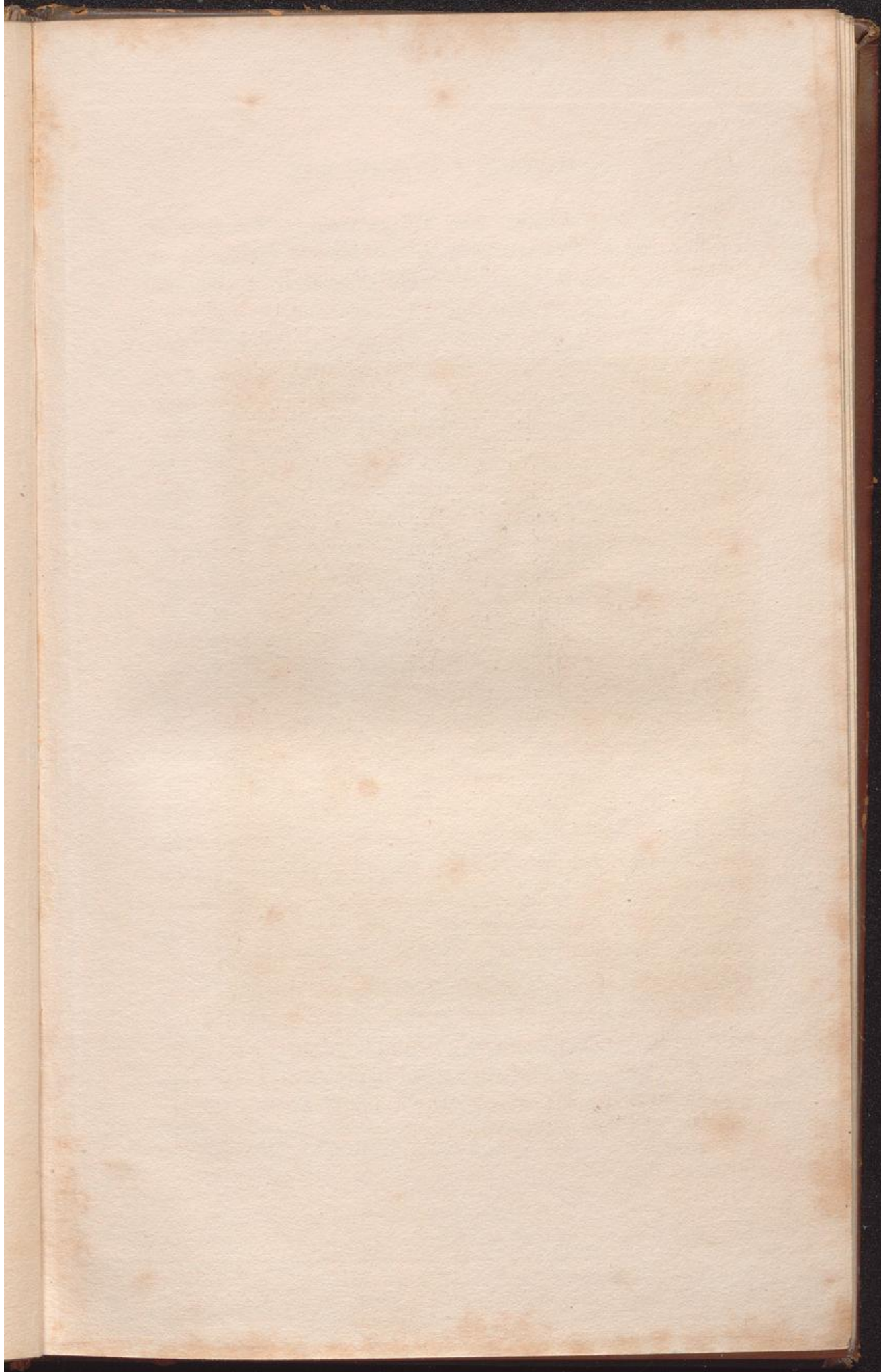
Our author has here described her as the daughter of a country curate, in order to shew us the amazing frailty of the sex ; that, notwithstanding she might have been brought up properly instructed in the paths of virtue, yet is there such an enchantment in vice as to allure the person on, who once gives 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 scissars, 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





W. H. Place, sc.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS. PL. 2.

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

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

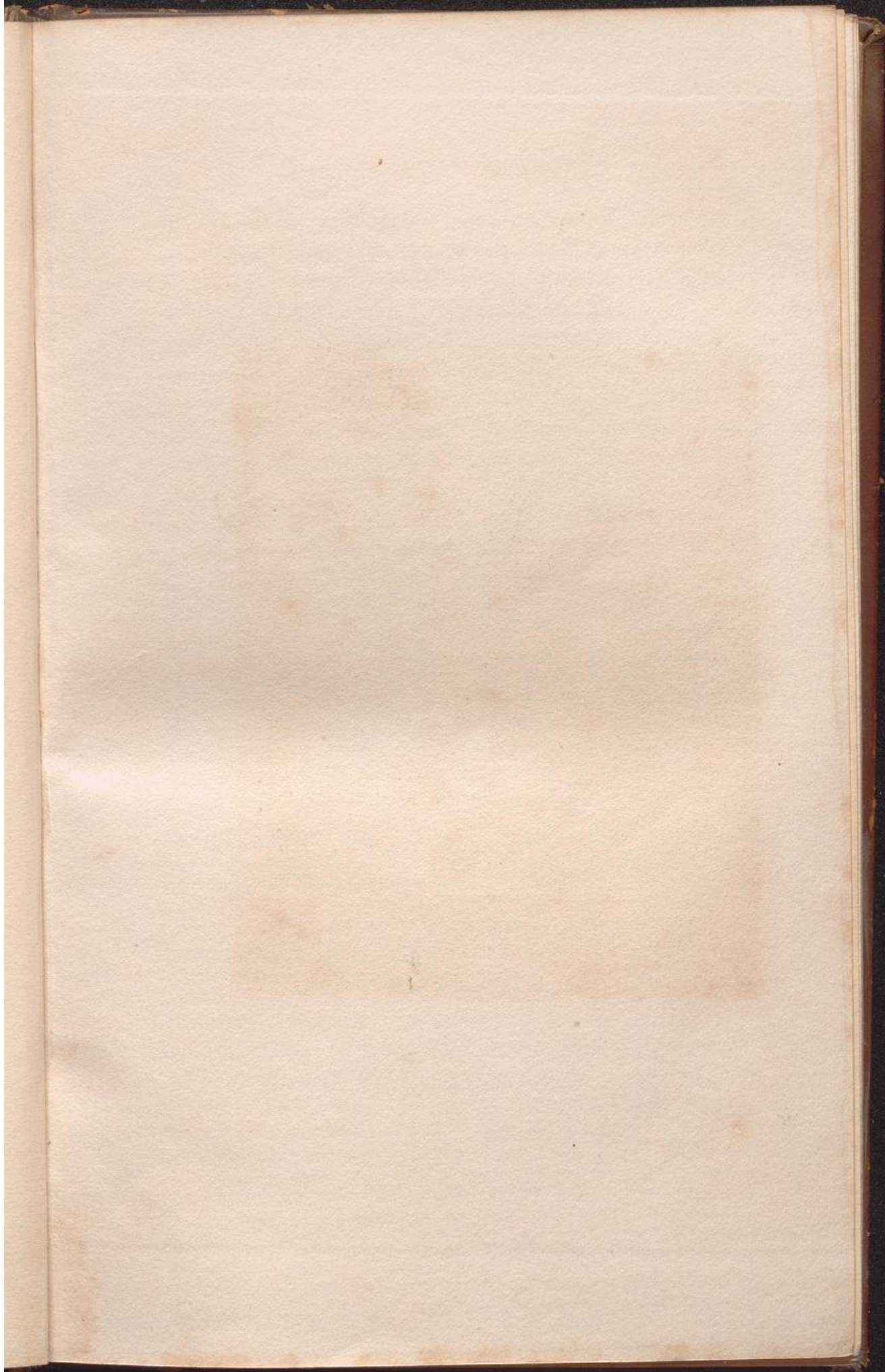
* ["In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot, the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table, the start of the black boy, the cautious trip of theu ngartered and barefooted retreating gallant, and the sudden spring of the scalded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





Duncan, 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-

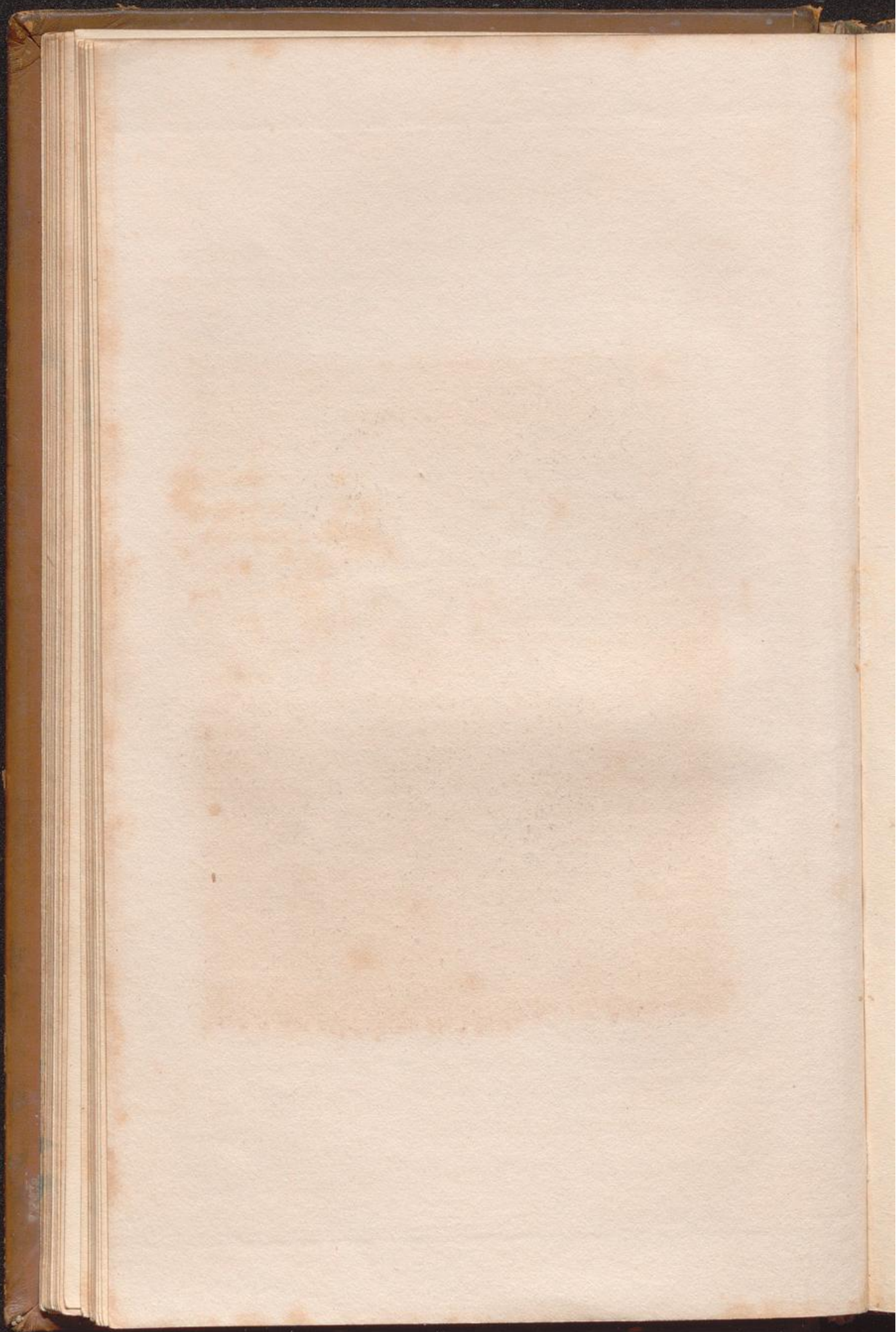
* A house of correction.



R. H. W. s. s.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS, PL. 4.

Published by John Major, 52, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.



ing from dishonest principles in himself, giving his bleary-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.

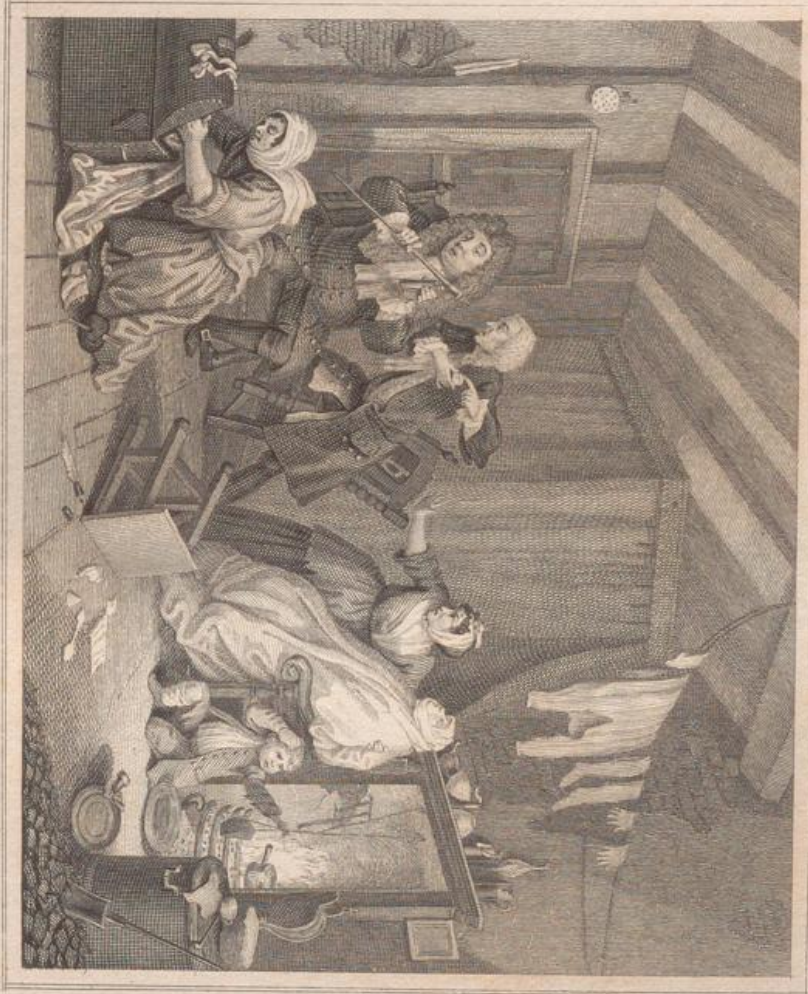
In this disagreeable situation we are not to imagine her without some degree of reflection ; what then more natural, than to think of the many anxious moments she has given her tender and affectionate parents, and to recollect her former ease and happiness?—Such like considerations heighten her distress, 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.

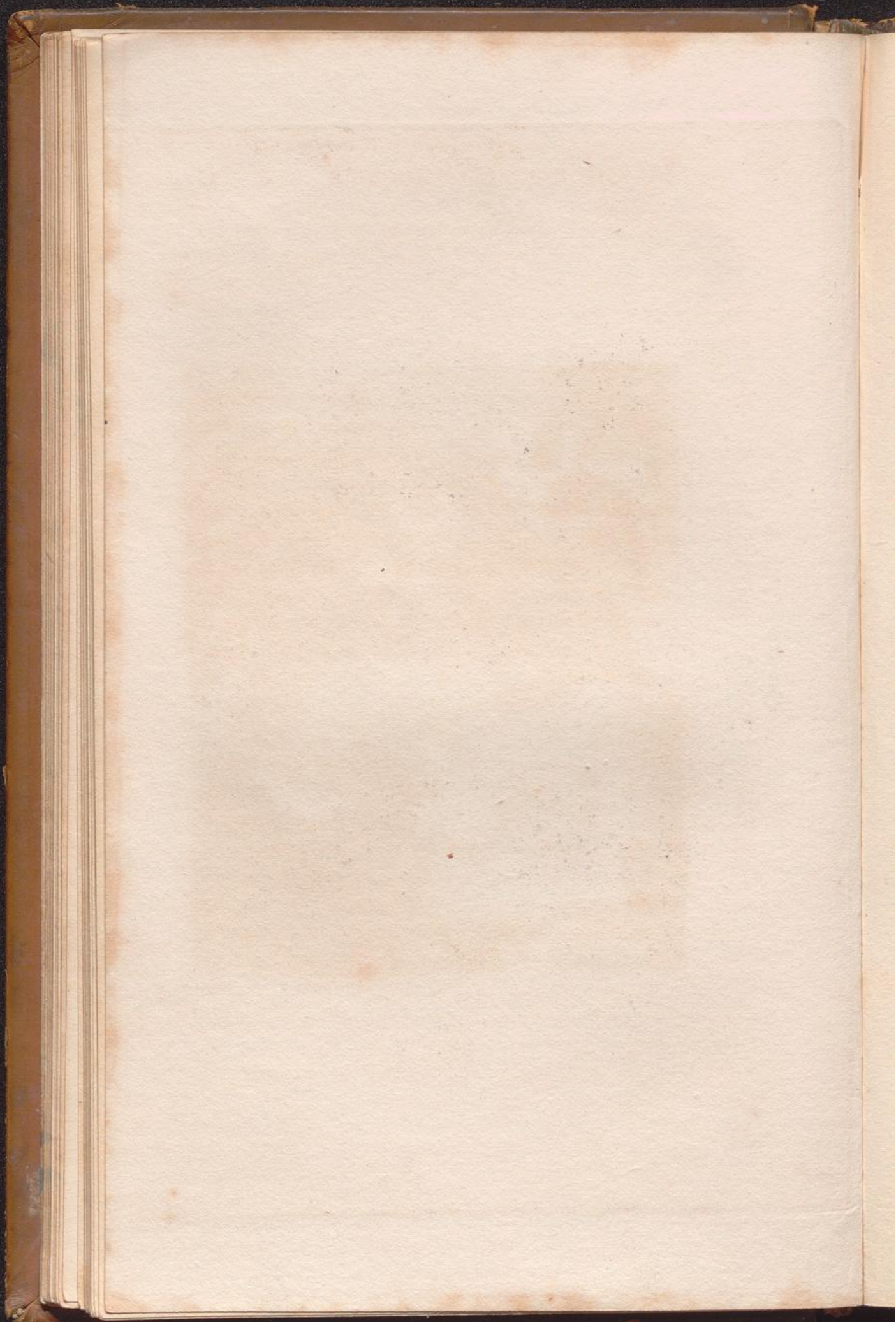
View her, then, in all the extremity of penury, visible from the general appearance of her chamber, the coals lying in one corner, the candles in another, dying of the disease peculiar to her profession.—What must have been her thoughts, before the power of thinking left her !—gladly could she have wished 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



C.P. 1834

THE HARRIOTS' PROGRESS, PL. 5.

Published by John Murray, 15, Pall Mall, London, W.

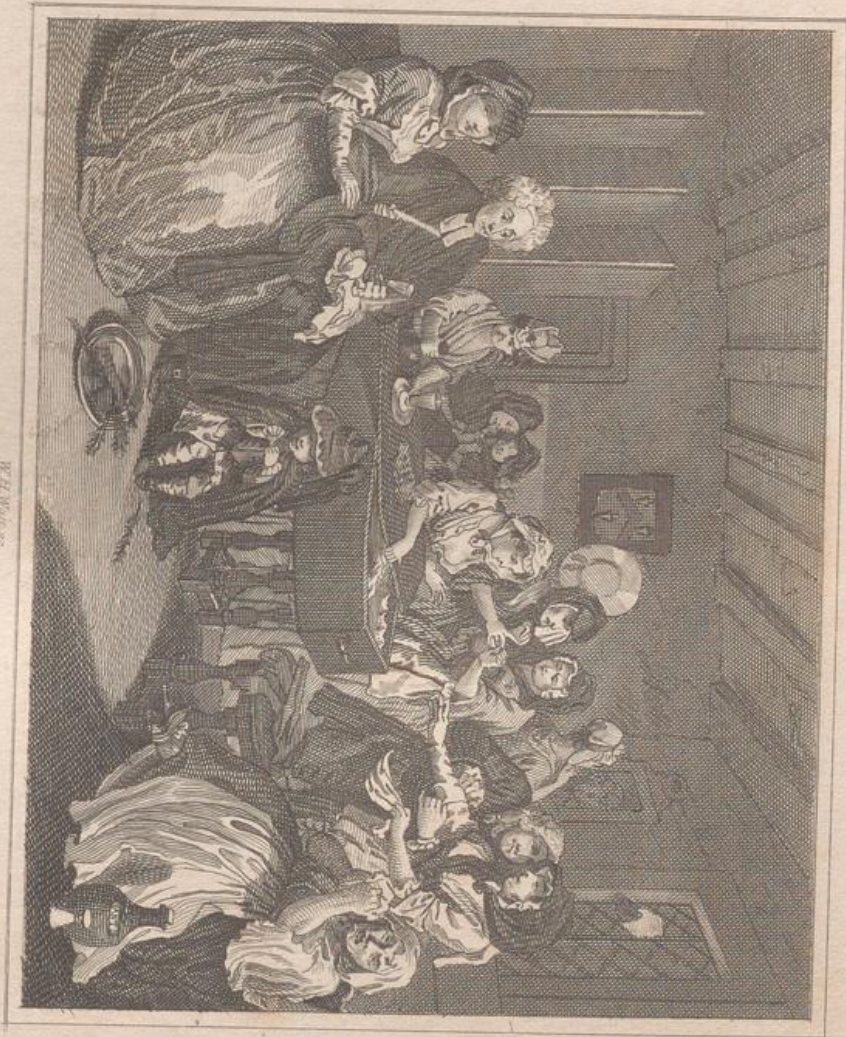


efficacy, take notice of two quacks, noted at that time for boasting of their skill in venereal cases, absolutely at high words, whose medicine was the best, over-turning the table; and this at a time so very improper, without paying the least attention to their expiring patient. A manifest token of 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.

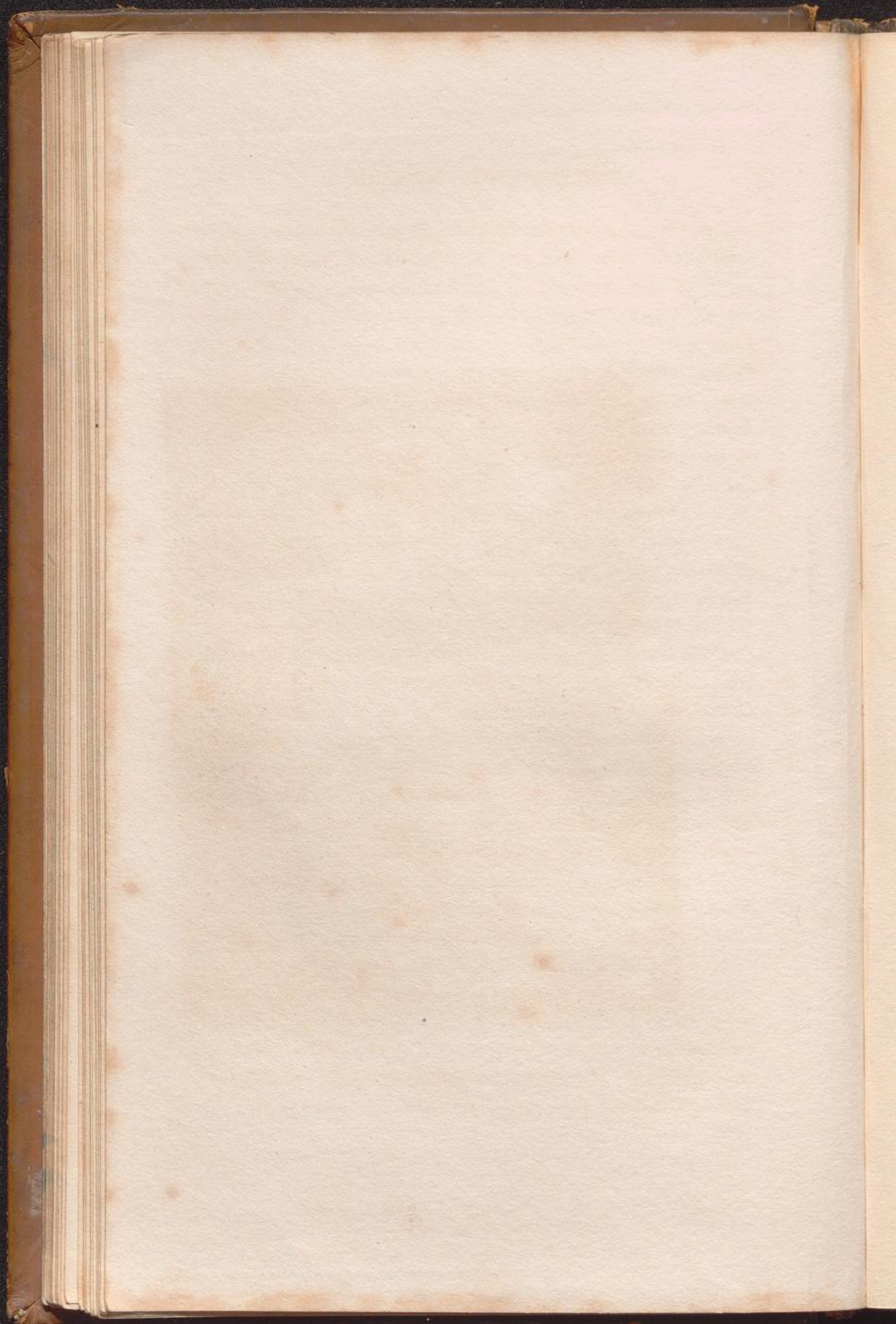
In order to do this properly he has been under a necessity of destroying, in some measure, the consistency of the piece; many little things being here observed, which are seldom, if ever, met with at the funerals of the poor; such as the escutcheons, (viz. the arms of her profession, three spigots and 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. Walker

THE HARRIOTS'S PROGRESS. PL. 6

Published by John Major, 50, Pall Mall Street, Sept. 21, 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.]