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## **Hogarth moralized**

**Hogarth, William**

**London, 1831**

Morning.

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## 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.

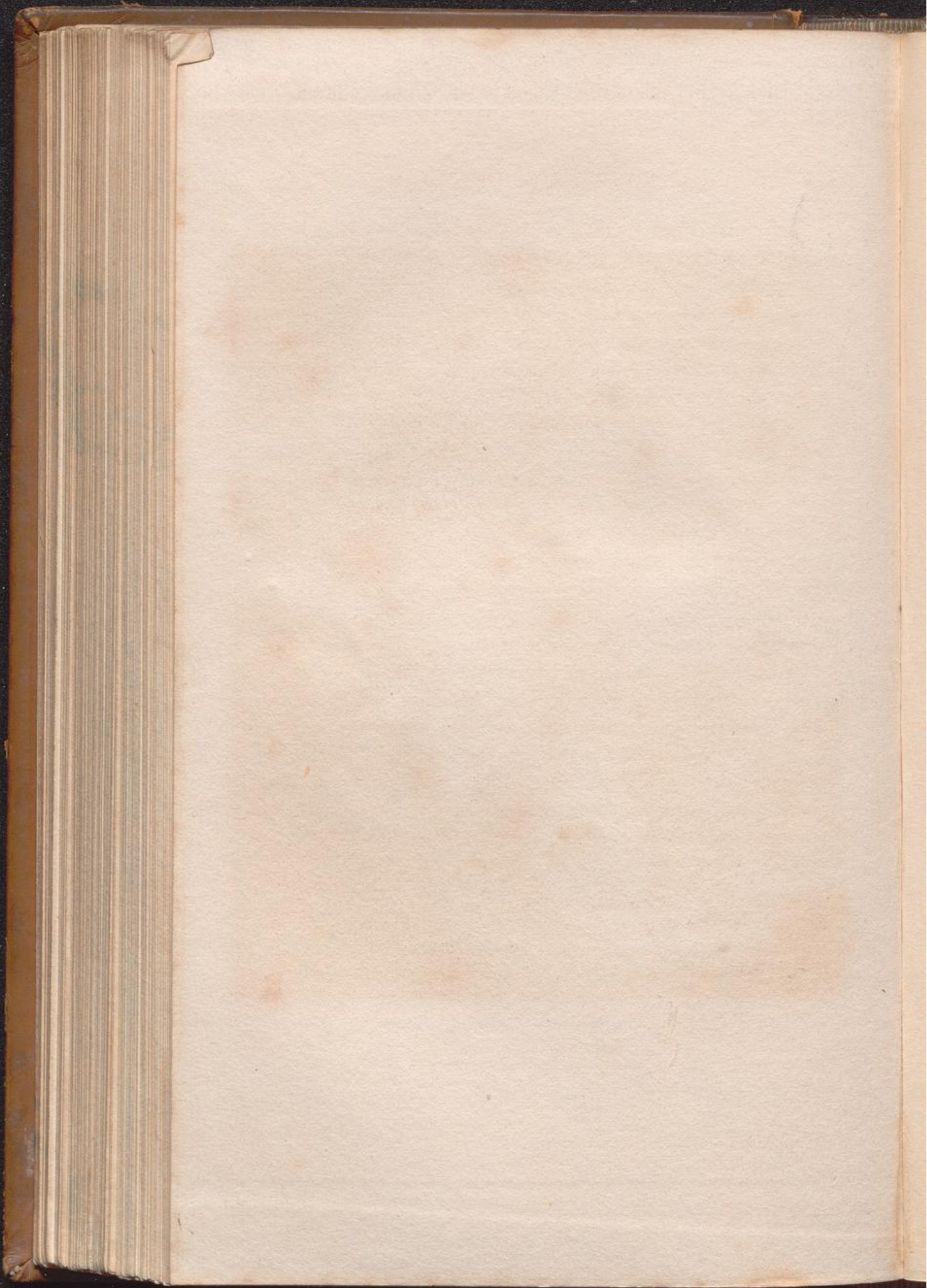
"And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands."



*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 ethereal 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.]