

Hogarth moralized

Hogarth, William London, 1831

Noon.

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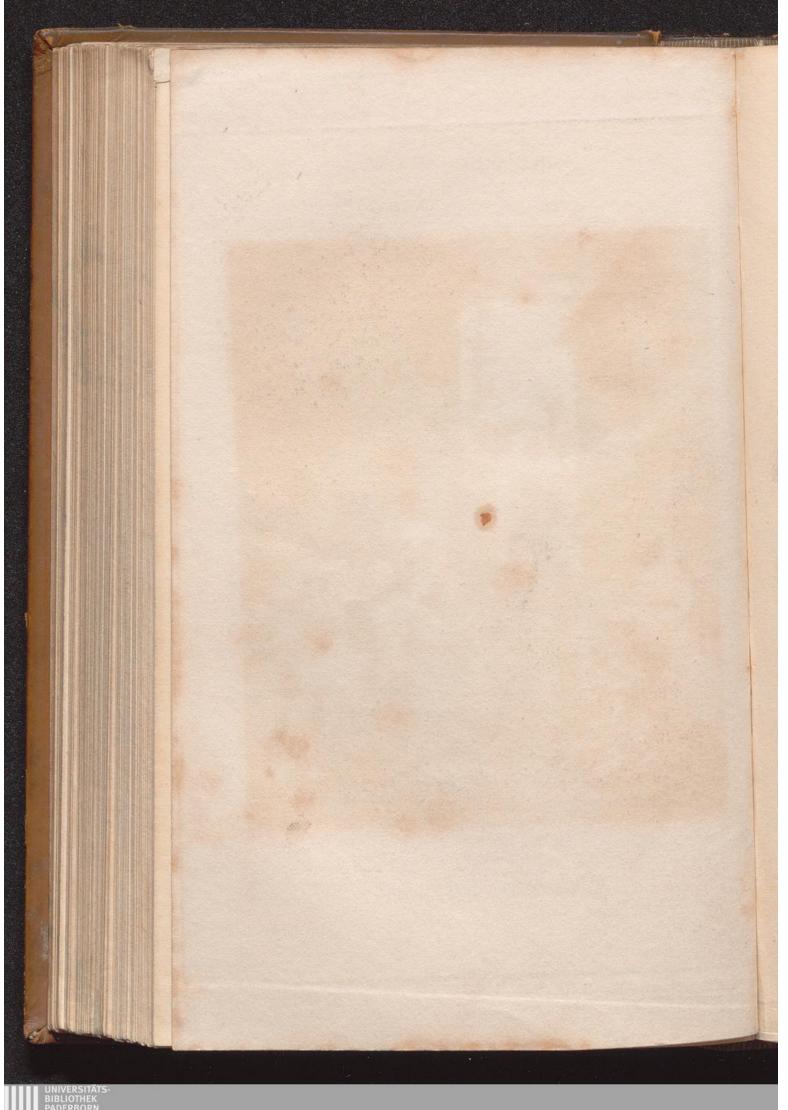
NOON.

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 fulltrimmed 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.







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 windmill 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.