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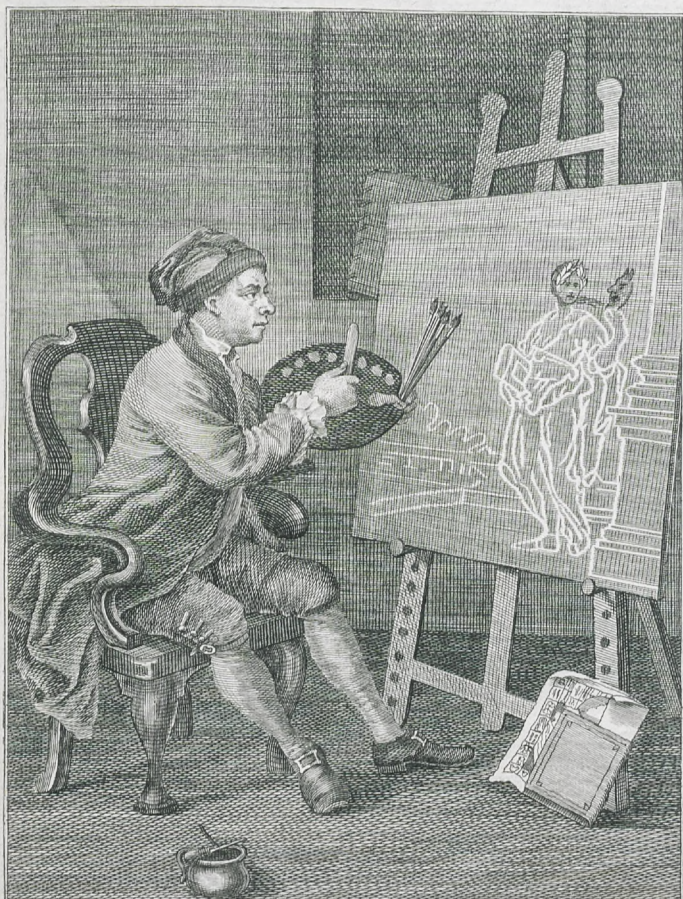
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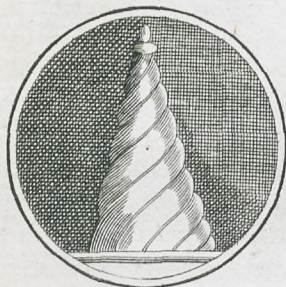
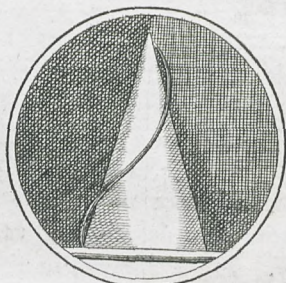
THE author of these sheets hopes to stand excused in his omission of the print of the *TIMES*, it being merely a temporary publication, now out of date; and, of hose of *BEFORE*, and, *AFTER*, they being of too ludicrous a nature to have a place in this work.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

SO much having been said, in the course of this work, of Mr. *Hogarth's* abilities, and, excellence; any thing more, on that head, would be deemed tautology. I shall only say, (as to usher a book into the world without a preface, would, in this age, be thought an absurdity) lest I should be condemned, for want of taste, and, not entering a little more into the spirit and execution of our author's performances, that I never designed to point out that which stands so visible to the world, or, pay the public so ill a compliment, as not to imagine them as capable of judging of beauties and deformities, as one that never made them his study. My intentions, in giving the following explanations, were to bring some minute objects to view, which lay concealed amid a crowd of larger ones; to hold the painter forth in a moral light, and, convince the age, there is more in his design, than to ridicule and lash the follies of it. For the time our author lived, no one could apply himself more than he did, to the service of the public. He stands the foremost in the list of artists, both with respect to execution, and, discovery. It was long the opinion of his profession, that the standard of beauty was a right line; in consequence of this, *In recto, decus* *, became an established maxim. Indeed, of late years, it has, rather, been considered in a moral view; yet, still, it is plain, it took its rise from imagery; for, in the

* Beauty consists in a right line.

frontispiece of the Universal History, is engraved an upright column, with the above-mentioned motto, beneath; a sufficient proof of my assertion. Mr. *Hogarth* was the first person that contradicted this erroneous notion; he published a treatise *, in order, to shew, that the line of beauty is serpentine; agreeing in this with the ancients, who worshipped the goddesses of beauty under a conical form, as at *Paphos*, in the island of *Cyprus*. The medals struck, when a Roman emperor visited the temple, confirming it; of which the plate, (Fig. I.) is a representation.

N^o I.N^o 2. *Dent Sculpt.*

Simulacrum deæ, non effigie humanâ; continuis orbis latiore initio, tenuem in ambitum, metæ modo, exurgens et ratio in obscuro †. Tacitus *Hist. lib. 2.* So again, *Venus a Paphiis colitur, cujus simulacrum nulli rei magis assimilè, quam albæ pyramidi* ‡.

* Analysis of Beauty, 4to. Price 15s.

† The image of the goddess, not of human form, is an orbit, winding from a broad base, upwards, to a point.

‡ *Venus* is worshipped by the *Paphians*, under the similitude of something very much resembling a white pyramid.

Maximus Tyrius, *ann.* 157. Hence, it appears, that our author has revived what, for many years, laid buried in oblivion. Now, compare this plate to that beside it, (Fig. 2.) which is a true copy of the precise line of beauty, as it stands in the first explanatory print, in his *Analysis*, and, you will find them extremely similar. Who, then, can doubt the judicious discovery, or, hesitate a moment at adopting it; especially, when a view of every one of our author's publications corroborate the fact, they being allowed to charm the eye, which they could not do, was not every group pyramidal, and, did not the serpentine line flow very conspicuously throughout? † Here, then, is judgment; here, is masterly care! sufficient to perpetuate our author's memory to the end of time. Thus much for the painter; now, for the man. As *he* must be a faithless biographer, who trumpets forth the perfections of his hero, and, conceals his foibles; and, as the best of us all are liable to little weaknesses, which we cannot disavow; on these considerations, I flatter myself, I may be allowed to say, that Mr. *Hogarth* could not avoid the infection of the times, but employed his talents in *political* matters, a subject none can take part in, be it on which side it will, without drawing on his head the malevolence of some. Whether led by principle, or, interest, I shall not say; but, the print, below, sufficiently declares, he directed his artillery against the leaders of faction, and, held with the court; a faithful servant to that master, in whose employment he was ‡.

† Two right lines, touching the outside of the figures in every group, will be found to meet, above, in a point, forming an angle within.

‡ Mr. *Hogarth* was, at that time, serjeant-painter to the king, which place he enjoyed to the day of his death.



THIS is a fine *caracatura*, and, no small likeness of *John Wilkes*, then, member for the borough of *Aylesbury*, in the county of *Buckingham*; a man, who stood forth as the leader of a party, formed against the administration. The views, with which he acted, are, now, publicly known, and, he lies under that disgrace, he gathered for himself. *Liberty*, he roared out on all occasions, and, was the very bellweather of his flock. With an eye to this, Mr. *Hogarth* has represented him, as having been twirling the cap of *liberty* (a fool's-cap) upon the end of a stick; for, a *fool's-cap* it proved to him, it having banished him his country, entailed upon him beggary, and, made him the laugh of a jeering populace. On the table, beside him, are two papers of the *North-Briton*, of which he acknowledged himself the author*. In defence of this man,

* No. 45, and, 71, the first of which was burnt by the common hangman.
rose

P R E F A C E.

v

rose another *, who called himself *his* friend ; one, who indeed, possessed extraordinary talents, as a writer, but, who was as remarkable for a vitiousness of character : if he had any discretion, it was that of joining the popular side ; but, that can hardly be called a *discretion*, when, had he lived a few years longer, *he* would, probably, have experienced an equal fate with his cotemporary, *Wilkes*. This man, a *minister*, once, I think, he called himself, tho' he afterwards wisely laid aside that sacred office, he could only disgrace ; this man, I say, took up the pen against Mr. *Hogarth*, and, in an epistle to him, which he published, charged him with envying every man that had any degree of excellence, and, with his being a friend to no one : this naturally drew on him Mr. *Hogarth's* resentment, and, was the occasion of his publishing the following print,



(Dent, Sculp.)

In order, to enter into the spirit of this print, the reader

* Charles Churchill.

must be told, that the person it was designed to represent, was stout, lusty, and, broad-shouldered, equally rough in his person, as his manners, and, one who prided himself in being frank, and, open; consequently, among the politer part of mankind, was considered as *bearish*. This, added to the received notion, that robustness proceeds from coarseness of living, and, carries with it a stamp of vulgarity, determined our author to hold him forth in the character of a bear, or, “a “*Russian Hercules*, (yet, no small likeness of the man) regaling himself” with a pot of porter, “after having killed the “monster *Caracatura*, that so sorely galled his *virtuous* friend, “the *heaven-born WILKES* *;” and, has admirably described, by his hugging the pot, and, the drops falling from his mouth, his secret enjoyment of that delicious drink. He has tied a band about his neck, alluding to his profession; described it as torn, to intimate his having been in some fray; and, put ruffles about his paws, in order, to ridicule his general custom of wearing them. With his left paw, he holds a knotted club, which, by the letters *NB*, above, he would have us understand to be the *North-Briton*, a weekly publication he, and, his friend, Mr. *Wilkes*, were engaged in: a production, Mr. *Hogarth* evidently considered, as containing little else than falsehood, by writing on this club, *infamous fallacy*, and, describing its knots, as so many notorious, injurious lies. By way of enriching the piece, this picture is raised from the floor, on which lie a painter’s pallet, and, a graver’s tool, emblems of our author’s joint profession, by two or three books, on one of which is entitled, *A new way to pay old debts, a comedy*, by Massenger; on another is written, *Great George-street*†, a list of the subscribers to the *North-Briton*; with

* These words, between inverted commas, are Mr. *Hogarth*’s own words, engraved at the bottom of the plate.

† The place where Mr. *Wilkes* resided.

begging-box, over it, to intimate their writing that paper merely for support. On one side, is *Trump*, a faithful dog of Mr. *Hogarth's*, contemptuously treating the epistle that gave rise to this print: on the other, a political painting, to the following purpose: in one place, Mr. *P—t* * is represented sitting at his ease, with a millstone hanging over his head, on which is written, 3000l; † firing a mortar-piece, levelled at a dove, bearing an olive-branch, (the symbol of peace) perched on the standard of *England*. He is attended, on each hand, by the two giants of *Guildhall* ‡, with pipes in their mouths, referring to the support he met with from the city of *London*; particularly, that of a wealthy American §. One of these giants is putting a crown on the hero's head, as if aiming at supreme power; the other is holding in his hand, a shield, containing the Austrian arms, which Mr. *P—* is spurning from his feet. On the other side, is Mr. *Hogarth*, leading *Wilkes* and *Churchill* in a string; the first described as a monkey, riding on a hobby-horse, with the cap of liberty on the top of it, and, the *North-Briton* in his hand: the second, as a muzzled bear, ruffled, with a band about his neck, and, a laced hat upon his head ||, he flogging them, and, making them dance to the scrapings of a fiddler, designed to represent a nobleman ¶ who patronized them in the year 1763, when this print was published, who, for his unmeaning face, has ever been described, without a feature. It would be folly to animadvert on the subject of this painting, the circumstances being well known, (it being a temporal matter) and, now, out of date. Suffice it to say,

* Now earl of *Ch—m*.

† Alluding to his saying, *Hanover* was a mill-stone round the neck of *England*, on account of the expences attending it; and, his afterwards adding to the public expences, by accepting a pension of 3000l. a year.

‡ Two wooden figures, erected in *Guildhall*.

§ Alderman *B—kf—d*.

|| Mr. *Churchill*, though a clergyman, generally appeared in ruffles, and, a laced hat.

¶ Earl *T—ple*.

it, at that time, answered our author's purpose, and, was much admired by the public*.

PERMIT me, now, to say, during the publication of this work, in numbers, I have been blamed by some, for making the pages breathe so great an air of piety; and, censured by others, for, here and there, an indecent, or, unbecoming expression. With respect to both, I endeavoured to avoid them, as far as was consistent with my original plan. While I *moralized*, I studied to *explain*; and, while I *explained*, I studied to *moralize*. Some there are, that can *never* approve; I address not myself to such, but, to the *candid* reader, who, in *censuring*, knows how to *make allowance*, and, in *condemning*, has mercy, sometimes, to *acquit*. However culpable I may have been, with regard to the charge brought against me, I have taken some pains to do my author justice, having suffered nothing to escape me, of moment, or, importance. I have also, with the approbation of his widow, given the public a complete edition of the works of that celebrated artist, and, that, at a price much less than any of the copies have been ever sold for. As a *copy*, this small edition may claim the preference; for, to give the engraver his due, they have great spirit and delicacy: whereas, such other impressions as have been hitherto published, are of so poor a nature, as to be a disgrace to the memory of Mr. *Hogarth*, a manifest injustice to his family, and, a gross imposition on the public.

* At the bottom of the plate, are the following lines:

——But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye.——

Dragon of Wantley.

✍ FOR the lines at the bottom of the several plates, Mr. *Hogarth* was obliged to Mr. *Hoadly*, son of the bishop of *Winchester*, and, some others.

H O G A R T H

M O R A L I Z E D.

T H E

H A R L O T ' s P R O G R E S S .

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.



Colbald & Dent for Lombard Street

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

AT the time, when these prints were first published, there existed a notorious lecher, 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, 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 etwees, the sordid pay and badge of infamy: her face, by the disgusting 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 gets 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 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.



Corbould & Dent sc.

HERE, then, we see her launched into high life, in keeping by a Jew, in the midst of splendor 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 mat-
ters

ters 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 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 surprize 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 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, a-while, 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 oeconomy, spending even the last shilling, extravagantly, though it is very uncertain, when they shall be mistresses of another.



Verdubbeld & Dent's Lombard Street

VIEW, then, her amazing downfall; every good thing she, once, was mistress of, is, now, intirely, 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* * (plain 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, 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,

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

generally

generally herd. As to her laced head-dress, and, taudry cloak, they may be considered, as necessities 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, 'tis 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! 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.

IMAGINE her, then, with her worthless servant, in opposition to all her cries and intreaties, 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.

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

† Dr. *Gibson*, Bishop of *London*.

‡ Sir *John Gunston*, of *Covent-Garden*.

§ A house of correction.



I Corbould & Bentle

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 furliness proceeding from dishonest principles in himself, giving his bleak-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

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, intirely, 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, reinstating 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 beneath its friendly roof, and, lived an honour to her sex, 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.

* 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; supported, also, by voluntary contribution.



Engraved by J. Smith

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 hanging 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 venders, 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 efficacy, take notice of two quacks *, noted, at that time,

* The meager figure is, Dr. *Mixebank*, a foreigner.

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 completed: 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.



C. Gould & Son sc.

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 fosslets,) 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 faintly, 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

from sorrow; and, in the second, that, amidst all their seeming concern, they miss no opportunity of drinking, under 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 sett 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 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 lady, 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 victim: 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;

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 concerns 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 intirely 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: that 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;

may,

ing, 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 headlong 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, was I not here to take some notice of the *Asylum* *, the first of those charities, that has 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.

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

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, track, 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 the object we hunt, as when we first set out. Here, then, are we 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, at all, into so iniquitous a course, traced out the life of a young man, hurried on, through a various succession of different pur-

suits, 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, in 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.



Forbush & Co. Sculp.

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 avaritious 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

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 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 soaling 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 cornish; 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, *with-holding 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!—Diversions 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-fingers, and, women-fingers*, he becomes, for a while, the admiration of the women, and, the envy of the men; and, is, seemingly, placed in the very center of felicity. To take this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the taylor, whom we see, here, taking his measure, in order, to trick out

his pretty perion; 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 a poor girl (with her mother) whom this young 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*.

We are, next, to consider him, as launched into 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

* 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.

himself

himself with all the necessaries 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 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

* 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.

† Fig, the noted prize-fighter.

‡ Bridgeman, a man, at that time, in great esteem,

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. Rakerwell, Esq.*" By these memento's 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 G—D, one *Farinelli*," we are given to understand, that, dissipation and luxury hath over-spread the politer world; that, they are desirous of supporting their general character, even, at the expence 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, horseracing; 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. 'Tis 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 taylor's, peruke-makers, milliners, and, such other persons, as, generally, fill the antichamber of a man of quality, except

* *Handel,*

one, who is supposed to be a poet, and, has written some panegyric 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.

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, swoln Excess,
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taste,
And, Fashion, in her changing vest.



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

rated, 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 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, singes 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 kinds of 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‡.

* *Aratine*, 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!



By such excesses as these, 'tis no wonder, he should, at last, be reduced,
it being impossible to support extravagance long; for, wealth, profusely

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?

spent,

spent, wastes, as liquor from a leaking cask : as a proof of this, see him stoop 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, formerly, debauched, and, whom Providence had made the mistress of a little money, in the millinary 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 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, humourously, represented an assembly of shoe-blacks, chimney-sweepers, postillions, 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 cloaths, 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-

* Queen *Caroline*.

‖ The royal palace.

† 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 gamblers in the Land.

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 *.

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.

† A News-paper, then, called by that name, and, sold for a farthing.

* 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.



5

Caricatured by David Scaugh.

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 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 so-

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

lemnization. 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, humourously, 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 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 humourously, 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. *Hogart's*, which he has painted in many of his pieces.

† The poetry beneath this plate, is,

New to the school of hard Mishap,
 Driv'n from the ease of Fortune's lap,

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!

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



6

Charles J. Smith del.

VIEW him, then, in pursuit of his favourite scheme, at a gaming-table; in the middle of the night, in company with gamesters, 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 his 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, 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 smoke;

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;
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.



Engraved by J. G. Smith for J. B. G. & Co. London.

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 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 off-spring of her amours, fainting at the sight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him farther) and, plunging her into those difficulties, she never shall be

* Supposed to be that of the Fleet.

able to surmount. To heighten, also, the scene, see, the under-turnkey 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, are we 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*.

* 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.

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.



SEE him, then, raving, in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity, removed from one place of confinement to another, namely, the hospital of *Betlehem**, 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

* *Betlehem*, or, *Bedlam*, formerly, a religious house, in *London*; now, converted into an hospital for Lunatics, indebted for its support, in a great measure, to voluntary contributions.

being, when the restraints 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, 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 taylor, 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 shreds; 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 cloaths, as to keep several men, for that purpose, in his house, with whom, and, in which employ, he spent the major part of his

* Lord L———R.

time and fortune. He was of opinion, that, a taylor, 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 bannisters, 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, 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 dropy; the more we drink, the more we covet. These men, though under the 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 else 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 *Britannia*, also, craz'd; an emblem of the disposition of the times, which were, then, so extremely unaccountable, as to favour 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!
 Mechanic Fancy that can build
 Vast labyrinths, and mazes wild,
 With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
 Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!

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 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

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 fold,
And, curse thyself, and, curse thy gold.

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.

H O G A R T H

M O R A L I Z E D.

THE
E L E C T I O N.

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, 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's just and honest, in their way.

G

OUR



Published according to Act of Parliament 1706.

Carton & Dent Sculp.

THE ELECTION.

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, as, 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 flashed 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 farther, 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 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.

THE ELECTION.

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, brought, 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 farther side, sits a crooked object, ridiculing one of the siders, 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. 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, in a chaffing 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 publick 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, — Nicodemus,*" and, on being answered, "here, here," reply'd, "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 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,

THE ELECTION.

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 clothed 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, greatly, 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 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.

* Mr. Parnel (drawn from the life), an Irish gentleman, by profession, an attorney, remarkable for his drollery, and, uncommon humour.

TAKE



2

Published according to Act of Parliament 1766.

Corbould & Dent Sculp

THE ELECTION.

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 *Athena*, 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 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 favour; one of whom, *viz.* he, in the cap, is supposed to be an attendant at 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

THE ELECTION.

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 faint-seducing object, money; she sits upon the head of an old slip, 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 half-pence, 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, 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 voters 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 flobbering 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,

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

here,

THE ELECTION.

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.

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



THE ELECTION.

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, 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 hackney'd 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, 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

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

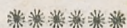
THE ELECTION.

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 investives 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, 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 to 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 expence of all that is great, and, valuable. Would to God, that such men would, seriously, consider, that by distressing the state, of
which

THE ELECTION.

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.

THE



ERRATUM, in Part II.

In the last page, but two, line 21, for *heighten* this distressful scene, read *brighten*, &c.



4-

Published according to Act of Parliament 1766.

Corbould & Dore Sculp.

THE ELECTION.

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 thresher 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 winnower of 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 church-yard 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 crease 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 scissars by his side, is supposed to be a taylor. Why taylor's 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 ELECTION.

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 groupe 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 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.

* The D ——— of N ———.

END OF PART III.

THE

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

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 impose 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 consequences. 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 favour 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.



1

Dent Sculp.

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 eye 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

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 of snuff, and, looking in the glass; she, playing with her ring, seeming to listen with indifference, to the soft things that 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 tyed, 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 aking 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.



2

Dent Sculpt.

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 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 cloaths, 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

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 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.



3

Dent Sculp

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 sollicitous 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 ferocity 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

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 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.



Carbould & Dent Sculp.

SEE, then, in this fourth plate, a groupe 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, setting 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 villainous 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 *Adæon*, 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 ex-
pence;

pence: 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, ear-rings, 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 finger, and, the mellow notes of the warbling flute. Not so the country gentleman on her left; he having no relish for 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 cockcomb. On the opposite side of the chamber, is that young barrister, otherwise engaged, (whom we saw, in the first plate, talking to the bride) laying 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 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 in-flight cards lying, scattered, on the floor; the contents of which, are, as follow. "Lady *Squander's* company is desired at lady *Towny'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* roof." Among which, is one from a foreigner, visible from its orthography. "Count

* *Farrinelli*, a celebrated Italian singer.

"*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.



5

Dent Sculp

THE fatal consequence of going to the masquerade, is, here, shewn to perfection. The ticket was accepted, to favour an assignation; the assignation took place, and, the catastrophe is dire. Happy was 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

satif.

satisfaction of discovering them in bed. Had he shewn himself at their entrance into this 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 rivals. Thus, he fell an untimely sacrifice to his revenge, and, a victim to the wrath of Heaven.



Corbould & Dent Sculp.

THOUGH the young barrister fled from the window, it was of little or no availment, much like the fluttering of a bird, enfnared 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 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 off-spring 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, 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,

fo, 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 cloaths, 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 taylor.

HAVING, now, lain 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 off spring, 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 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, e'er 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
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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.

ERRATUM, in the RAKE'S PROGRESS.

From the first note, page 25, *dele*, *Arctine*.

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ERRATA, in the ELECTION.

In the fourth page, line 28, *for* heating it in a chaffing-dish of, &c. *read*, heating it over a chaffing-dish of, &c.

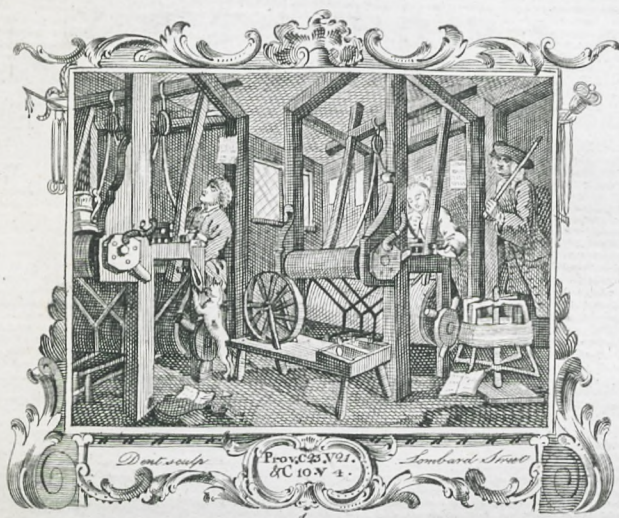
In the page, opposite plate IV. line 26, *for*, crease this confusion, *read*, increase this confusion.

I N D U S T R Y,

A N D,

I D L E N E S S.

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 own 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, perswasive, 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 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.



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, down-cast 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, 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, over-powered with beer, plain, from the half-gallon pot before him, is, with his arms folded, fallen asleep ; a manifest

token

spoken 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 general rewards of diligence, and, labour *.

* The texts, that grace this plate, are,

“The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowiness shall cloath a man with rags”.

Prov. xxiii. v. 2.

“The hand of the diligent maketh rich”.

Prov. x. v. 4.



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 spiritual interest;

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 neighbours. By the hassocks turned without the pew, except one, beneath his own feet, we learn, that, whilst others, regardless, sit, or, lo! 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 suppliant, 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 exhibitions) by rivalling her neighbours, in the number of ribbands, 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* *.

* The scripture, annexed to this plate, is,

“O, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day.”

Psaln cxix. v. 97.



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 church-yard, during divine service. As an observance of religion is allowed be the foundation of virtue, so a neglect of religious duties has, long, been acknowledged the fore-runner 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 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 over-spread with the beggarly contagion. His obstinate continuance in his crime, 'till removed by the blows of the watchful
beadle,

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 over-taken 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 *!



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 counting-house (with a distant view of the looms, and, of the quillsters, 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

* The portion of holy writ, engraved beneath this plate, is,
 "Judgments are prepared for Scorners; and, stripes for the back of Fools".

Prov. xix. v. 29.
 one

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, 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 *.

* The text, to this plate, is,

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

Matth. xxv. v. 21.



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 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,

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

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 text of scripture, adorning this plate, is,
 “A foolish son, is the heaviness of his mother”.

Prov. x, v. 1.

HERE,



6

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, in 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 ! *

* To this plate, is added the following portion of scripture.
 "The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband".

Prov. xii. v. 4.



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. Tho' 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; tho' 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 his 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 earring, 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 *.

* The text of scripture, that illustrates this plate, is,
 " The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

Leviticus, xxvi. ver. 36.



THE progress of virtue, and, vice, together with their respective rewards, and, punishments, have, hitherto, kept pace 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 harraressed, 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 *Goodechild*, 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.

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 *.

* The portions of scripture, engraved at the bottom of this plate, are,

“With all thy getting, get understanding.

“Exalt her, and, she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when

“thou dost embrace her.”

Prov. iv. ver. 7, 8.



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-ey'd wretch, who seemed hackneyed 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 was, 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 farther 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 ceiling, 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 *.

* The text, to this plate, is,

“ The adulteress will hunt for the precious life.”

Prov. vi, v. 26.



IMAGINE him, now, hand-cuffed, and, dragged from his infernal haunt, through the streets, to a place of security, 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 is the painter's thought, 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-swollen 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.

* Beneath this plate, are engraved the following texts, alluding to the two different characters represented in it.

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

Psaln ix. v. 16.

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."

Leviticus, xix. v. 15.



Prov C LV27.28

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, 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 humorous representation of an execution, or, a *Tyburn-fair*; such days being made holy-days, produce scenes of the greatest riot, disorder, and, uproar; being 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, stepped up to his knees in a ditch of water, to put his hands up the petti-coats 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 overstepping her barrow; in another, a woman beating a

* The 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 *Highbury*.

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

‡ A leader of a sect called *Methodists*.

|| *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.

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 of a pigeon, bred at the goal, 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 skeleton's hanging on the outside of the plate, as emblematical of a 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 †.

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

† The words, that heighten the moral part of this scene, are,

“When fear cometh as desolation, and, their destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress cometh upon them,”

“Then shall they call upon God, but, he will not answer.”

Prov. i. v. 27, 28.



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 presence of 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 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, straggled 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.

* His present Majesty's father.

† The text of scripture, appropriated to this plate, is,

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

Prov. iii. ver. 16.

ERRATUM,

IN

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

P. 64, l. 4, *for setting, read sitting.*

THE

T H E I N V A S I O N.

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; 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 to attack, the other, making ready to defend.

* *Vide*, the introduction to *Calais-gate*; p. 104.

1

F R A N C E



Just back according to Act of Parliament, March 6, 1870.

Don't Soup.

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 spontoons! 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 fabot 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 boeuf 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

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, purposed 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 ax. 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 †.

* A particular spot, in *London*.

† Beneath this plate, are engraved the following lines.

With lantern 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, *Dever*,
And, catch a glorious dinner.



Published according to list of Parliament March 8. 1756.

Dent sculp.

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 ! Left 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, 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, laying 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,

* Strong-beer,

“ and

"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.

C A L A I S - G A T E.

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 halfpence, 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.

* A poor soup, made, only, with herbs and fat.



NO THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, &c. &c.
Good faith,

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 GRAND-SIRE, 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*, *basques*, 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 burden of a well-known song.

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 felling 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 *Hof**, 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, 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.

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

T H E

S L E E P I N G

C O N G R E G A T I O N.

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 satyrize) ; 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, tho' 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 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 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 willfully 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 mini-

* 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 *bum-drum* story, till the weary person was again buried in repose.

ster, 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 pimples, 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. ver. 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 dosing woman) being open at the matrimonial service, 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*, drawing 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, poring 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, least 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

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.

T H E

M E D L E Y.

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 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 mislaid 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 given great reason for such 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 flourishes, 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 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, tho' 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.

*Dent Sculpt*

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. W—T—L—Y'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 increases, 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 mo-

* A leader of a sect, called *Methodists*.

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

tal 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 loses 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 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

* 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, amongst 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.

way out, by forcing 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. *W——*'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, laying in the fore-ground of this plate, in all the seeming throws 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 chequered habit of the preacher, who, he supposes to change his outside form as ready and often as the *Proteus* || of *phantomime*. From the person of the clerk, (who by his fawning, will be readily known) represented as a voracious harpy, with eager wings, and, gripping 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,

* It was a supposed remedy against witchcraft to put some of the bewitched persons 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. *W——*y in some tenets, but, holding with him the doctrine of inspiration.

‡ One *Mary Toft*, 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. *St. André*, surgeon to the king, as to prevail on them as 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.

|| *Harlequin*.

Q 2

bearing,

bearing, in his mouth, a letter addressed to St. *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. *W——d'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 broomstick, and, the devil, bearing a gridiron, in the other, as emblematical of the lost sinner broiling over 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

* It being said that the familiar with whom a witch converses, sucks her right breast, in shape of a little dun cat as smooth as a mole, which, when it has suck'd, the witch is in a kind of trance.

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 weakness) Mrs. *Veal*, *Julius Caesar* *, 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; besides, 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 roundity serves to represent a globe of hell, as newly drawn by R——ne ‡! 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

* The first of these stories may be found in the preface to a book, called, *Dredincourt 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. *W—t—d*.

all this terror, the hearts of some are so extremely callous, and, so far buried in the 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.

T H E

ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

A MIDST 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 vitious 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 increase than diminish, that *Italians* (as being supposed to be the greater proficients) 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 stile 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!



Dent, sculpt.

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, 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 of 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 of 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 fow-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

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 *Beggars Opera* was performed that night, for the sixty-second time, Miss *Fenton** playing the part of *Polly*, Mr. *Walker*, that of *Macbeath*, 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 understanding, and, accomplished his design, but, has also ravished the eye with a pleasing group of lively characters.

* Afterwards D---s of R---h---n.

T H E

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



Dante Scott

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 tell 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 *minutiae* of her family, is obliged to neglect her own person, and, cover her rags, as the philosopher did his coats, (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 themselves 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,

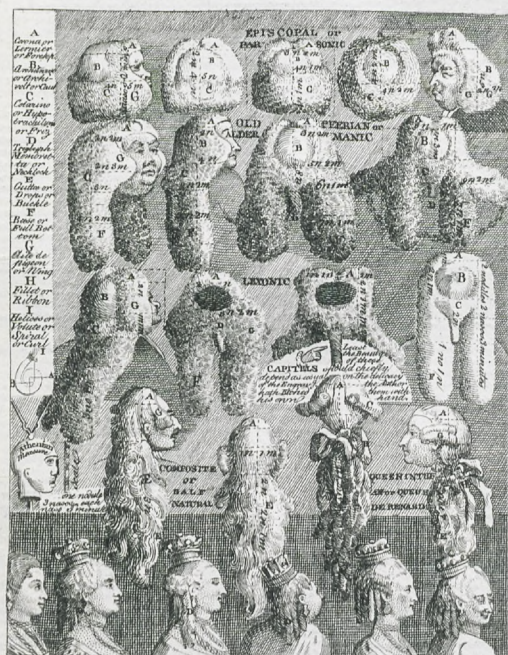
says, it is an uncontroled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure, who understood his own talents, nor, a good one, who mistook them. The greatest inattention to material things, (owing to the unexpected entrance of the girl, which has put all into confusion,) is seen, by the cat's being suffered 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!

T H E
F I V E O R D E R S
O F
P E R I W I G S.

SUCH is the pride of the *English*, with respect to dress, that unless they exceed every thing, that is common, they look upon it as mean and vulgar; and, such their depraved taste, that gentility, and, distinction, in their opinion, consist in singularity, abundance, and, superfluity: instead of vying with each other, in matters of real excellence, in greatness of disposition, and, nobility of sentiment; they think little or nothing of it, and, childishly imagine, that expence implies worth, and, that profusion confers dignity. At his present Majesty's coronation,

106 THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

tion, when every one who had a right to walk in procession, strove to make the best appearance possible ; the folds of a robe, and the largeness of a wig, was more studied than either ease, or, becomingness, confounding taste, with impropriety ; and, elegance, with absurdity. To ridicule this folly of the people, Mr. Hogarth published this print, representing to us five orders of periwigs, alluding to the capitals of the five orders in architecture, and, measuring them, as he himself calls it, *architectonically*, giving us to understand the great particularity of some persons, with respect to these ornaments of the head.



Pontefract

THE first he describes, is the *episcopal*, or, *parsonic*, alluding to the *Tuscan* order, as being the most simple and solid, having but few ornaments, and, being the most massive. These were such as were worn by the bishops, in whose faces he has not forgot the general overbearing pride of the dignified clergy.

THE

THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS. 127

THE second, is the old *peerian*, or, *aldermanic*, corresponding to the *Doric*, which consists of rather more ornaments than the *Tuscan*; whose *frieze* is divided by *triglyphs*, and, *metopes**. These were worn by the aldermen of the city of *London*, two of whose little-meaning faces are exhibited to view. That remarkable five-tail'd periwig, on the right, was worn by his lordship, the mayor; two of whose tails hung down in half-curles before, the other three, behind.

THE *Lexonic* † is the third, answering to that of the *Ionic*, a kind of mean proportional between the solid and delicate manner, adorned with *volutes*, or, spiral curles. These were such as were worn by the gentlemen of the law; and, least, the beauty of these *capitals* should chiefly depend, as usual, on the delicacy of the engraving, our author has declared, by words written on the shoulders, beneath one of them, that he etched them with his own hand.

THE next two, on the right, are of the fourth order, called, *Queerinthian*, or, *queue-de-renard* (that is, *fox-tail*), agreeable to the *Corinthian*, the richest and most delicate, adorned with fillets, and, a number of *volutes*. These, in front, resemble the ears of a fox, or, the wings of a pidgeon, and, were tied behind with great bunches of ribband. They were worn by the major part of the nobility.

THE other two are of the fifth and last order, called the *Composite*, or, *half-natural*, correspondent to the *Composite*, or, *Roman*, so called, because composed by the people of *Rome*, out of the *Corinthian* and *Ionic* orders, as this is out of the *Queerinthian* and *Lexonic*, decorated with *volutes*, &c. This was worn by some of the nobility, as of higher and nobler institution.

THE *scale* by which the measurement is made, is of *Athenian* measure, and, proportioned to a block; as we see on the left of this plate. It is thus divided; into *nodules* †, *nasos* ||, and, *minutes*; every *nodule* being three *nasos*, each *nasos*, three *minutes*. As each of the *capitals*, or, periwigs, are ruled, the curious examiner may easily prove their exactness, by the application of a pair of dividers. If it should be asked, why this minute exactness? The answer is obvious. As the degree of understanding is thought, by some, to be proportioned to the size of the wig, too great a niceness could not be observed.

* These orders will be best understood by those who have some knowledge of architecture.

† From the *Latin*, *Lex*. i. e. Law.

‡ From *nodule*.

|| From *nasus*, i. e. nose.

128 THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS.

THE bottom part of this print represents the heads of six ladies, from the lowest to the highest, according to their rank of precedence, the minor walking first; the faces of the whole are extremely well known. They were introduced, here, to shew the various ways of dressing the female head. The *Triglyph membretta*, or, *drop-curl*, was preserved throughout the whole, as conforming to some established order, and, to preserve the uniformity of English peerage, which partakes of the follies, as well as the dignities of the nation*.

* On the different parts of these *capitals*, are letters by way of reference to their names in the margin of this plate; and, at the bottom of the plate, is engraved the following advertisement.

"In about *seventeen years*, will be completed, in six volumes, folio, price
" *fifteen guineas*, the exact measurements of the PERIWIGS of the *antients*;
" taken from the statues, bustos, and, basso-relievos of ATHENS, PALMIRA,
" BALBEC, and, ROME. By MODESTO, *periwig-meter*, from LAGADO.

" N. B. None will be sold, but, to *subscribers*."

E R R A T A.

In the M E D L E Y.

Page 115. l. 16. *for*, who, *read*, whom.

Page 116. l. 20. *for*, giving suck to a cat,
read, sucked by a cat.

T H E

T H E

B E N C H.

IT having been universally acknowledged that Mr. *Hogarth* was one of the most ingenious painters of his age, and, a man possessed of a vast store of humour, which he has sufficiently shewn and displayed in his numerous productions, the general approbation his works receive is not to be wondered at. But, as owing to the false notions of the public, not thoroughly acquainted with the true art of painting, he has been often called a *caracaturer*, when, in reality, *caracatura* was no part of his profession, he being a true copier of nature *, to set this matter right, and, give

*—"The works of a comic history-painter differ from those performances, which the *Italians* call *caracatura*; where, we shall find the true excellence of the former to consist in the exactest copying of nature; insomuch, that a judicious eye instantly rejects any thing *outrè*; any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma-mater*.—Whereas, in the *caracatura*, we allow all licence. Its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and, all distortions, and, exaggerations, whatever, are within its proper province."

—"He who should call the ingenious *Hogarth* a burlesque painter, would do him very little honour; for, sure, it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or, any other feature of a preposterous size, or, to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men, on canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter, to say his figures *seem to breathe*; but, surely, it is a much greater, and, nobler applause, that *they appear to think*." — *Preface to Joseph Andrews*.

the world a just definition of the words, *character*, *caracatura*, and, *outrè*, in which humourous painting principally consists, and, to shew their difference of meaning, he, in the year, 1758, published this print; but, as it did not quite answer his purpose, giving an illustration of the word *character*, only, he added, in the year, 1764, the group of heads above, which he never lived to finish, though he worked upon it the day before his death. The lines between inverted commas, are our author's own words, and, are engraved at the bottom of the plate.



Dent Sulp.

“ THERE are hardly any two things more essentially different than
 “ *character*, and, *caracatura*; nevertheless, they are, usually, con-
 “ founded, and, mistaken for each other; on which account, this expla-
 “ nation is attempted.”

“ IT has, ever, been allowed, that, when a *character* is strongly
 “ marked in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the
 “ mind, to express which, with any degree of justness, in painting,
 “ requires the utmost efforts of a great master. Now that which has,
 “ of late years, got the name of *caracatura*, is or ought to be, totally,
 “ divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing; it may
 “ be said to be a species of lines that are produced, rather by the hand of
 “ chance, than of skill; for, the early scrawlings of a child, which do

“ but

“ but barely hint an idea of a human face, will, always, be found to be
 “ like some person, or, other; and, will, often, form such a comical
 “ resemblance, as, in all probability, the most eminent *caracaturers* of these
 “ times will not be able to equal, with design; because their ideas of objects
 “ are so much more perfect than children’s, that they will, unavoidably,
 “ introduce some kind of drawing: for, all the humorous effects of the
 “ fashionable manner of *caracaturing*, chiefly, depend on the surprize
 “ we are under, at finding ourselves caught with any sort of similitude in
 “ objects absolutely remote in their kind. Let it be observed, the more
 “ remote in their nature, the greater is the excellence of these pieces. As
 “ a proof of this, I remember a famous *caracatura* of a certain Italian
 “ singer, that struck at first sight, which consisted only of a straight
 “ perpendicular stroke, with a dot over it. As to the French word,
 “ *outrè*, it is different from the foregoing, and, signifies nothing more
 “ than the exaggerated out-lines of a figure, all the parts of which
 “ may be, in other respects, a perfect, and, true picture of nature. A
 “ giant, or, a dwarf may be called a common man, *outrè*. So any part,
 “ as a nose, or, a leg, made bigger or less than it ought to be, is that
 “ part, *outrè*, which is all that is to be understood by this word, inju-
 “ diciously used to the prejudice of *character*.” See, EXCESS.
Analysis of Beauty *. chap. 6.

To prevent these distinctions being looked upon as dry, and, unentertaining, our author has, in this group of faces, ridiculed the want of capacity among some of our judges, or, dispensers of the law, whose shallow discernment, natural disposition, or, wilful inattention, is, here, perfectly described in their faces. One is amusing himself, in the course of the trial, with other business; another, in all the pride of self-importance, is examining a former deposition, wholly inattentive to that before him; the next, is buried in thoughts quite foreign to the subject, and, the senses of the last are locked fast in sleep.—On what a tottering basis must the laws of a country stand, when so little regard is paid either to the character, or, ability of their protectors!

* A quarto treatise, embellished with copper-plates (price fifteen shillings) written, by Mr. Hogarth, with a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste; and, here, referred to, as farther explanatory of the subject in hand.

T H E
F O U R S T A G E S
O F
C R U E L T Y.

THOUGH humanity is the distinguishing characteristic of the British nation ; I mean that part of it which we call the better sort of people, yet, the lower class of Britons are no less remarkable for their studied barbarity, insomuch that foreigners have frequently taken notice of the cruelty of English pastimes, which we certainly must have derived from the *Goths*, and, *Scythians* : but, one would imagine, as the times grew more civilized, this merciless disposition would have gradually decreased, whereas, on the contrary, we grow more sanguinary, and, indulge our savage inclinations at the expence of all that is rational, humane, and, religious. Does not the epicure even torture the creature to pamper his voluptuous palate ? Are not lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, and, fowls sewed up, testimonies of our outrageous living ? Nothing is more shocking, or, horrid, than the prospect of some of our modern kitchens covered with blood, and, filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image, says Mr. *Addison*, of a giant's den, in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered

tered heads, and, mangled limbs of those, who were slain by his cruelty. Notwithstanding these things, with some others I shall mention, are matters deserving the severest censure, yet, our author has taken no notice of them, having confined himself to a representation of such scenes of barbarity only, as are become more general among us, and, which seem to have been nursed up in our nature, from our very childhood.



Dent Sculp.

IN this first plate, then, we have several groups of boys, at their different barbarous diversions. One is throwing at a cock, the universal *Shrove-tide* amusement; beating the harmless, feathered animal to jelly; another is tying a bone to a dog's tail, in order, to hurry him through the streets, with fear and pain: see, this lad enjoying his brutality, grinning at the faithful creature, who is licking the hand of his merciless master! A third is burning out the eyes of a bird, with a red-hot knitting-needle, in order, to make it sing; it having been found, that some song-birds will not sing, while their attention is taken off by any thing about them: a barbarous custom, chiefly practised upon bullfinches.

Behind,

Behind, is a number of boys diverting themselves by hanging up two cats, by their tails, purposely to make them fight, which, in these cases, they frequently do, till they die. Above these, from a window, is one throwing out a cat, with a pair of blown-up bladders fastened to her sides, designed to keep her a long time in the air, before she falls to the ground; and, on the left of this plate, in front, is a merciless wretch, hallooing, and, clapping on a dog, to worry also one of the tabby kind, which, when once set on, they seldom leave till life issues from the mangled, lacerated creature. It has been judiciously observed, that the conceit of a cat's having nine lives, hath cost, at least, nine lives in ten of the whole race of them; scarce a boy, in the streets, but has, in this point, outdone even *Hercules* himself, who was renowned for killing a monster that had but *three* lives. The general animosity against this useful, domestic animal is strange, and, unaccountable! But, the principal group, in this plate, is that of a boy's piercing a dog, with an arrow, a deep-studied piece of barbarity. The chief figure, in this group, is the hero of this set of prints: we are told his name is *Tom Nero**, by his companion, behind him, not quite so inhuman as the rest, who is drawing his effigy, in charcoal, upon the wall, hanging upon a gibbet, intimating the fatal end, he imagines this *genius* will come to. He is represented as one belonging to a charity-school, and, by the badge upon his arm, we learn, to that of *St. Giles*; that parish, consisting of a number of low-rented houses, having been long the receptacle of the lowest class of people. Mr. *Hogarth*, in cloathing him in this tattered uniform, designed to cast an oblique reflection on the bad conduct of these schools, about twenty years ago; but, through the inspection of parish-officers, and, the care of the trustees of these charities, they are now, happily, reformed, and, become useful nurseries of the poorer youth of this kingdom. In this group we have a beautiful contrast, in a struggle between cruelty and compassion; we see here a young gentleman, returning from school, evident by his satchel, on his back, with tears in his eyes, pleading in behalf of this tortured animal, and, even offering his tart, for his redemption; which the other hard-hearted wretch refuses, barbarity being his chief delight. Hence, we learn, the great benefit and necessity of education, without which, we are little better than savages,

* So called, from the tyrant, *Nero*, one of the roman emperors, who, among other acts of cruelty, is said to have tortured and killed the Christians, upon stages, for pleasure, in the day-time; and, in the night, to burn their bodies, instead of torches, wrapped up in pitched cloaths.

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY. 135

it being that which softens a rugged disposition, civilizes mankind, and, makes them useful members of society*.

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

While various scenes of sportive woe
The infant race employ,
And, tortur'd victims, bleeding, show
The tyrant in the boy,

Behold, a youth of gentler heart!
To spare the creature's pain,
O take, he cries, — take all my tart;
But, tears, and, tart are vain,

Learn, from this fair example, you,
Whom savage sports delight,
How CRUELTY disgusts the view,
While PITY charms the sight.

THAT

*Dent Sculp*

THAT spirit of inhumanity, which we observed in the last plate, growing up in youth, is, in this second stage of cruelty, ripened, by manhood: here, we see *Tom Nero*, the hero of our piece, become a hackney-coachman, a profession, in which he has an opportunity of displaying his brutal disposition; for, of all merciless wretches, hackney-coachmen are some of the greatest; they flog the poor, dumb animals, which are, generally, advanced in years, the whole day through; and, to obtain the long-trot, as they call it, or, to back, briskly, always lash at the eye. The sight these villains imagine of little or no consequence to a draught-horse, otherwise than, being a tender part, and, very useful to cut at; and, if these poor jaded creatures do not back to their liking, when the lash of their whip is gone, they frequently quit the box, beat them over their eyes and nose, with the but end, and, kick their shins, in a most unmerciful manner. Convinced of this barbarous treatment of the horses, by the drivers, our author, has described him, as cruelly beating his poor beast, for not rising, though in his fall, by the over-

setting

setting of the coach, he has had the misfortune to break his leg; and, so sensible is the afflicted creature of the unkindness of his master, that we perceive the big, round drop trickling down his cheek, a manifest proof of his inward feelings. Pity is it such barbarous wretches should be suffered to live!—However, his behaviour attracts the notice of a passer by, who is taking the number of his coach, in order, to have him punished. The humane countenance of this man, opposed to the rigid, severe one of the other, affords us an agreeable contrast, and, keeps up the spirit of the piece. In some measure, to brighten the scene, our artist has described this coach, as carrying four barristers from *Thavies-inn*, to *Westminster-Hall*, the longest, *shilling* fare, for which they are supposed to club their three-pence each*; a circumstance extremely general, and, what has long been matter of public ridicule; and, cannot fail of drawing a smile, even, here, in this scene of horror. On the right, is represented one of those inhuman wretches, whose employ is to drive cattle to and from *Smithfield* market. Behold him, beating a tender, over-driven lamb, with a club-stick, for not going on; and, the poor, faint creature dying under his blows, its entrails issuing from its mouth! Further back, is a drayman, belonging to a brewer, asleep, riding upon the shafts†, and, his dray running over a child, that had been playing with his hoop. Still, further back, is a great, lubberly fellow, riding upon a laden ass; and, as if the beast was not sufficiently burthened, he has taken up a porter, with a load upon his back, behind him. Observe, the over-laden animal, ready to sink under the weight, and, the foremost rider paying away upon his shoulders, while a man behind is goading him on with a pitchfork! Through a notion that an ass can carry a greater weight than a horse, these poor animals are often unmercifully overloaded. On the back-ground of this plate, are a number of people, diverting themselves with baiting, or, worrying a bull; one of the cruel amusements of this nation. It having been found expedient to bait bulls before they are killed, in order, to make the flesh tender, under this pretence, they are often tied to a stake, and, worried to death, by dogs, and, men, with sticks, and, goads, who do it, even, at the risk of their lives,

* These gentlemen, so well versed in the art of quibbling, in order, to avoid the laugh, go, now, but three in a coach, by which means, they pay only one penny more than formerly.

† The law has provided against any one's riding upon a cart, without a person to watch the horses, making it a penalty so to do; but, notwithstanding this, the law is so badly executed, that accidents of this sort frequently happen.

it frequently happening, that a man is tossed and gored by the horns of the enraged beast. Another barbarous diversion this country is distinguished for, is cock-fighting, here, intimated by the bill pasted up against the house; but, the most extraordinary amusement of all, and, that strongly characteristic of our natural disposition, was what we formerly met with at Broughton's * *amphitheatre*, (which the legislative power has, now, thought proper to suppress) where, men were often engaged to fight with broad-swords, for the entertainment of the public, and, a limb laid open, by a artful stroke, was generally accompanied with a roar of applause. Amazing, that such things should ever have been tolerated in a christian country ! †

* *Broughton*, the proprietor of this place, was himself a bruiser, and, had one of his eyes beat out, by a man he fought with, for a wager.

† The following are the lines beneath this plate.

The generous steed, in hoary age,
Subdu'd by labour, lies ;
And, mourns a cruel master's rage,
While nature, strength denies.

The tender lamb, o'er-drove, and, faint,
Amidst expiring throws,
Bleats forth its innocent complaint,
And, dies beneath the blows.

Inhuman wretch ! say, whence proceeds
This coward cruelty ?
What interest springs from barb'rous deeds ?
What joy, from misery ?

CONTINUED



CONTINUED acts of barbarity, are found, in time, to divest men of their natural feelings ; for, he that would not hesitate to torture, and, destroy a harmless, helpless animal, would not, but through fear of the law, scruple to murder a fellow-creature. Nay, the laws themselves are, sometimes, not able to prevent such horrid perpetrations. As a proof of this assertion, Mr. *Hogarth* describes the hero of this piece arrived at such a state of insensibility, as to be past feeling ; no tendernefs is supposed to affect him ; no sense of distress, to move him. Let us, then, take a view of cruelty, in perfection, and, see, to what horrid lengths his disposition has carried him. As hackney-coachman, his barbarity did not pass unnoticed ; his treatment of his horses became publicly known, and, was attended with a discharge from his place : being therefore at a loss for a maintenance, his wicked turn of mind soon led him upon the road, intimated by the pistols and watches found upon him. During the time he followed this iniquitous practice, we are to suppose him, to have made himself acquainted with a young woman, a servant to some lady residing

140. THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

residing in the country, whom we are to imagine he deceived by lies, and, false protestations. Indeed, the women are generally credulous, and, too apt to listen to the object of their affections, but, in the case before us, it is presumed this woman was not one of the strictest honesty, or, virtue; otherwise, she would not have suffered a lawless passion to have overcome her, and, led her into acts of ingratitude, and, theft. May this rueful scene be a warning to the sex, and, put them upon their guard, when tempted by a male acquaintance; make them sensible of their tottering situation, and, teach them how to trust mankind!—The hapless, young woman, before us, gave up her virtue to a faithless villain, listened too fondly to his idle tale, gave way to temptation, robbed her mistress, by his directions, of all the plate she could get at, and, met him, by appointment, in the middle of the night, (evident from the owl, and bat, upon the wing) in the church-yard, at some little distance from the house she lived at. There we are to suppose them to have words, because she brought not more off with her; the dreadful consequence of which, was this, that she fell a victim to his murderous hand; nor could her declared affection for the wretch, nor, all her intreaties for the babe within her, avert him from his bloody purpose. A letter from her, found within his pocket, will give us a just idea of his barbarity; its contents are as follow :

“ Dear Tommy,

“ My mistress has been the best of women to me, and, my conscience
“ flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am
“ resolved to venture body and soul, to do as you would have me,
“ so do not fail to meet me as you said you would; for, I shall bring
“ along with me all the things I can lay my hands on: so, no more,
“ at present, but I remain your’s, ‘till death,

“ Ann Gill.”

Her cries, and, shrieks are supposed to have reached the house from whence she came, and, brought her fellow-servants, though too late, about her, but, still time enough to secure the murderer. Here, then, we see him seized, by the gardener, cook, footmen, and, the neighbouring men. Behold him, now, for the first time, struck with remorse of conscience, shuddering at the horrid deed, stiffened at the sight of the bloody knife, and, all his guilt upon his countenance! In the midst of this confusion, he is hurried away to prison, where we may conceive him in a dark dungeon, heavy chained, waiting for
his

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY. 241

his trial, in all the horrors of dismay, the natural consequence of his deadly crime.*

* The stanzas, to this plate, are,

To lawless love, when once betray'd,
Soon crime to crime succeeds ;
At length, beguil'd to theft, the maid
By her beguiler, bleeds.

Yet, learn, seducing man ! nor, night,
With all its fable cloud,
Can screen the guilty deed from sight :
Foul murder cries aloud,

The gaping wounds, and, blood-stain'd steel,
Now, shock his trembling foul :
But, oh, what pangs his breast must feel,
When death his knell shall toll !



Dent. Sculp.

HAVING represented the progress of cruelty in its different stages, our author comes now in this last plate, to shew us its punishment, the reward that attends it in *this* life : with respect to that the atrocious sinner will meet with in the *next*, he has left to be dictated by every man's secret monitor, his conscience. After his trial, he is condemned to die, by the voice of his country, and, is, accordingly, carried to the place of execution * ; thence to surgeon's-hall, in order, to be anatomized ; that being the final part of his sentence. Here, we see *Tom Nero* under the surgeon's hands, (intimated by the initial letters of his name, pricked upon his arm, a thing the lower class of people are very fond of) upon whose body a lecture is supposed to be read, relative to the various constructions of the parts. Behold, and, shudder at the ghastly sight, the

* *Vide* page 93.

punishment consequent upon his crime ! See, his wicked, blasphemous tongue pulled from the root, his guilty eye-balls, wrung from their sockets, and, his iniquitous heart, torn from his body, which the dog is gnawing beneath the table ! To give us a true idea of this scene of horror, in one place, is a man pulling the entrails into a bucket, and, in another, some skulls, and, bones, boiling in a caldron, by way of cleaning and whitening them, in order, to have them linked together by wires, as they were connected in the human frame. Two of these skeletons we observe above, whom our author has humourously described as pointing with a grin to the physician's, or, surgeon's arms upon the chair, *viz.* a hand, feeling the pulse, intimating, that death is too often the consequence of our too great opinion of these self-important nature-menders. By the letters over the heads of these figures, we learn that one consists of the bones of *James Field*, the noted bruiser, the other those of *Maclane*, two notorious fellows that died by means of a rope. Though our attention is chiefly called to the moral of the piece, we cannot but remark the humour of the painter who has, in some measure, enlivened this shocking scene, by the many droll faces he has, here and there, interspersed, declaring the tenor of their supposed conversation. However, one thing more he particularly alludes to, and, that is, the unfeeling heart of a dissector, which is found to grow so callous by his practice, as to lose entirely its natural sensibility*.

* The legislative power sensible of this, have excluded surgeons and butchers from ever being jury-men, concluding they cannot have adequate ideas of the sufferings of others.

The verses, to this plate, are as follow,

Behold, the villain's dire disgrace,
Not death, itself, can end !
He finds no peaceful burial-place,
His breathless corse, no friend.

Torn from the root, that wicked tongue,
Which daily swore, and, curst !
Those eye-balls, from their sockets wrung,
That glow'd with lawless lust !

His heart, expos'd to prying eyes,
To pity has no claim ;
But, (dreadful !) from his bones shall rise,
His monument of shame.

HAVING,

HAVING, now, explained the various matter of the prints, before us, suffer me, as a commentator on their moral tendency, to observe the scandal, barbarity is to a civilized people, and, its great disgrace to a christian country. Man has implanted in him a natural tenderness which *might* be nursed up into perfection; so that I am of opinion, the several degrees of cruelty that exist at present, are owing to bad education; but, methinks, were this the case, we should never observe any act of cruelty in the better sort of people, those who have had the advantages of a liberal instruction, yet, on the contrary we find them take great delight in hawking, hunting, and, other rural diversions, which, however innocent they may be thought, are exceedingly savage and barbarous; nay, upon the running down of a stag, the giving the bloody knife into the hand of a stranger, or, lady, if any present, to put the finishing stroke to the heart-spent, expiring animal, is looked upon as a compliment; so mistaken are we in our notions, and, so depraved in our ideas! Did I not consider that so corrupted is mankind as to be out of conceit with any thing religious, and, on that account, fear to treat this work with too great an air of piety, lest it should miss of its intended end, that of insinuating instruction, under the appearance of entertainment, I say, did I not consider this, I could produce several arguments both from reason and scripture to condemn our unmercifulness to the brute creation, but, as I would not destroy the effect these prints may have upon the public, I shall leave every one to make his own reflections upon the subject, and, content myself with saying it is the duty of parents to encourage a spirit of compassion in their children, and, punish in them the least appearance of cruelty; by this means, they would be brought up in principles of humanity; and, as habit is second nature, what they wanted in disposition, they would find by education.

B E E R - S T R E E T,

A N D,

G I N - L A N E.

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 *Bordeaux, 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, (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.

BEER STREET.



Dent, del.

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

fore 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 pavours, 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 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

* 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."

to the corpulent, tight-dressed figures of the men below, or, whether he 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 pyramidal*; 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, intimidated 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 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†.

* *Vide*, the preface to the work.

† 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.



Don't fault!

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

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 insatiating 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, 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 pawn-broker) 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 a 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 in to 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 of 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 twopence; 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.

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 †

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, security of a nation, and, both these, are, by the prevalence 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 food, cloathing, and, household-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?

T H E
F O U R T I M E S
O F T H E
D A Y.

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 humorous 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.



MORNING

Best Sculpt.

THE place, from whence this first scene is taken, is *Convent*, or *Convent-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. Left it should be matter of wonder, that such a

* A market for vegetables.

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY. 155

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 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 up all night, at *Tom King's* Coffee-house, ‡ where we see the people rioting) amorously 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 by 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 passes away like the fleeting hours, and, crumbles into nothing, by length of time.

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

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

† 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.



NOON

Dent Sculpt

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 have been 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

* *Vide*, The Four Stages of Cruelty, page 122.

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 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, by 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, care for those, they would willingly tear in pieces; and, embrace those, whose throats they would rejoice to cut.

* *Vide*, Gin-Lane, page 150.

† It being inhabited by the lowest class of people.



EVENING

Dent Sculp

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

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY. 159

a little of a *Sunday* afternoon, when *one* has been flayed, 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 contrived 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 pleasure.



N I G H T.

Done Sculp.

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 *White-hall*; and, exhibits to view the *Rummer* tavern on one side, and, the *Cardigan's* head, on the other; at that time two noted bagnios. 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 chamberpot into the street, and, its contents fall just upon his head; another nuisance too often met with in 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. Tho' 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, besides 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

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY. 162

ripens into villainy. Behind, is a nightman, employed in his profession; and, further back, a family, carrying off their goods, by stealth, fearing 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.

F O U R G R O U P S

O F

H E A D S.

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 agree-

Y

able

162 FOUR GROUPS OF HEADS.

able 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 humorous 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,

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,

* One of those women, who sell fruit in the play-houses.

THE PUBLIC LECTURE.

*Dent Sculp.*

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,

* 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 fingers, 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

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,

THE

E R R A T A ;

IN THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

Pag. 140. Line 6. *for*, overcome, *read*, overcame.

Ibid. Line 16. *for*, consequence, *read*, consequence.

THE UNDERTAKERS' ARMS.



Dent sculp.

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

* A late, celebrated quack.

to be understood as equally concerned in the consultation. The middle one, is a mountebank's merry-andrew, (having in his hand, an oaken *torvel*, with a head of the second magnitude) 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, † *Nebula*, ‡ 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, conchant, 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 fenator, 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.

T H E
M A R C H
T O
F I N C H L E Y.

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 descrying 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.

* A place, about ten miles north of *London*.



Don't Judge!

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY. 171

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 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 *cantine*, 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

* Just without the skirts of *London*.

of the company before him, stalking in all the pride of military march, covering 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 has 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 *Montpelier*, would be much more beneficial, than this to *Scotland*; love having given him a wound more real than that, of which the *Mirtilles*, and, *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 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 op-

* A noted advertising quack.

† *Vile*, the print of *Gin-Lane*.

portunity 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 procurefs, 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, 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 on him, who appears to flag, thro' 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, and, to throw out any reflections on the various matter, would be needless. 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.

C O L U M B U S

BREAKING THE

E G G.

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 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

* *Vide*, note to page 131.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG. 176

are some judicious discoveries in the art of painting, (particularly, that of the serpentine line's being the line of beauty) that do honour to his memory, and, will serve as a standing testimony of his superior skill, and, ingenuity,



De Witt

THIS plate, then, as a fable, exposes the folly of such persons as have been mentioned. *Christianus Columbus*, a Genoese, in the year 1499, ventured round the globe, in search of undiscovered land, 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 entituled 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

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 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!

T H E

C O C K - M A T C H .

AS there are few scenes in life, expressing the folly of mankind, than *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.



Pit Ticket

Dent Sculp.

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 of 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 have lost his hearing, and, the use of his limbs, by age) is introduced, by way of intimation, that so bigotted 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

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 an 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 public diversion. In the middle of the pit, is the shadow of a man, drawn up, in a basket, to the ceiling, (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
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.

* *Vide*, The Election, page 41.

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 accustomed 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 pleasurable; 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 swadling 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.

T H E
C O M P A N Y
O F
S T R O L L E R S.

IF variety is any ways 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, *phœnix*-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



Dent sculp.

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 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-swollen 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 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 disregarded!

* *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, 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.

P A U L

B E F O R E

F E L I X.

THOUGH I have avoided treating this work, with an air of piety, as much as possible, consistent with my original design, that of improving the mind, under the appearance of amusement, in order, to obviate that heaviness, so opposite to the spirit of our author's performances; yet, I am, now, upon a subject, that cannot be handled otherwise than seriously, unless I was inclined to laugh at religion, and, make a mock of sacred things. Indeed, whenever Mr. *Hogarth* found himself under a necessity of indulging a serious turn, (for, though he was the child of humour, he was, still, the child of virtue) he, at the same time, sensible of the degeneracy of mankind, in striving to banish all sober reflection, I say, sensible of this, and, falling in, for wise purposes, with the disposition of the public, he ever introduced something droll, in hopes of surprizing the unthinking man into virtue, and, correcting his vices, under the mask of entertainment. This was his design, in the plates before us; where, first, he treats the subject seriously; afterwards, with that fund of humour, of which he, of all his cotemporaries, was the greatest master.

*De Wit Sculp*

THE subject of the plate, under consideration, is that of the preaching of St. Paul, when brought, as a prisoner, from Jerusalem to *Cæsarea*, and, summoned to appear before *Felix*, the governor of *Judea*, as we find it recorded in holy writ, to answer to many misdemeanors, alledged, though maliciously, against him. This *Felix* was a favourite, a creature of *Claudius Cæsar*, then, emperor of *Rome*. He was particularly sensual, and, avaricious; and, exercised in *Judea*, where he was appointed governor, says the Roman history, a royal power, with a mercenary soul. When this is considered, the heads, on which the apostle spoke, appear to be chosen with great art and propriety, and, calculated to rouse the person to whom they were addressed, from that state of insensibility, into which he had long been plunged. He treated of *righteousness*, (that is, justice) *temperance*, and, *judgment to come*. How admirable a lesson is this conduct of St. Paul to the modern preachers of the age!—Suffer me, reader, here, to indulge a reflection, the plate, before us, inspires me with.—In this age, when a man preaches, to establish his reputation, and, makes the cause of religion subservient to his own, he, generally, makes choice of subjects that will display his talents, and, flatter his hearers: thus, was he to address himself to a set of lukewarm worshippers, he would discourse only

only on *morality*, simply so called, and, be afraid to pronounce that venerable name, at which every knee should bow: was he to preach before such whimsical persons, as are offended at the recommendation of good works, he would talk of nothing but election, reprobation, and, the irresistibleness of grace: was he to ascend the pulpit before an unbridled court, he would preach only on the gospel liberty, and, the extent of divine mercy. I am sorry to say it, but true it is, that some of the clergy have found out an art of connecting their interest with their duty; an art truly detestable, though too frequently practised. Thus, a *polite* preacher tries to accommodate his sermons to the disposition of his hearers, and, is very *careful* not to touch on subjects that may give *offence*; though treating on such subjects is, perhaps, his immediate duty. Upon this principle, had *Felix* shewn any desire of knowing the gospel, *St. Paul* had a fine opportunity of ingratiating himself, in a very pleasing manner. The christian religion being favourable to all men, *St. Paul* might have discomfited upon one of those points, that would have flattered his ennobled hearer; he might have spoken of the greatness of sovereigns, and, its relation to that of the supreme Being; he might have said, *the magistrate carries not the sword, in vain*; that God, himself, has told them, *they are gods, and, children of the Most High*. But, all this art was unknown to our apostle; he pierces the stubborn heart of *Felix*, penetrates to the centre of his passions, finds a way to that conscience, that had long been buried; and, shakes the sinner in his greatest security. He preaches of *righteousness, temperance, and, judgment to come*. He preaches of *righteousness*: here, he supported the rights of the widow, and, the orphan; made it appear, that kings and magistrates are established to uphold the interests of the people, and, not to follow their own caprices; that the end of sovereign power, is, that all may be happy under the vigilance of one, and, not that one should prey upon the substance of all: that abuse of power betrays a baseness of soul, and, that 'tis an act of cruelty to oppress the wretched, who have nothing but their cries or their tears, to defend them. He preaches of *temperance*: here, he set forth the disorders of luxury, and, its inconsistency with christianity. In short, he preaches of *judgment to come*; and, 'twas this that gave weight to his ministry: he proved the truth of it, described its preparation, displayed its dreadful pomp, and, made its awful sounds resound in the ears of *Felix*, who, at that time, knew no other god, than an incestuous *Jupiter*, or, a voluptuous *Venus*. He sets before him the great, and, the small; *Felix*, the favourite of *Cæsar*; and, *Paul*, the prisoner of *Felix*; he sets them before him, all summoned with a *Rise, ye dead, from your graves, and, come to judgment*. At this, his mind is alarmed, his heart quakes, the roll drops from his trembling

trembling hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one against another, and, his whole frame thudders.—It were sincerely to be wished, that every preacher would endeavour, in this respect, to imitate *St. Paul*; not suffer their self-interest to connive at irreligion, but stand forth in the cause of God, be it as unpopular, or, as unfashionable, as it may!—What a surprizing sight is here!—The governor trembles, while the prisoner speaks with firmness! The prisoner, though in chains, makes his judge tremble! Behold the miraculous force of conscience!—Take notice of the united attention of the whole court; and, remark the effect in their faces! One is enraptured at his doctrine; a second, receives the dreadful truths with salutary fear; a third, is inwardly convicted; a fourth attends, with eagerness, to catch the heavenly accents, from his tongue; and, *Tertullus*, under the column, on the left, ceases his accusation, with disappointed amazement. With respect to *Ananias*, the high-priest, his eyes and position manifestly declare his abhorrence of the man, give us to understand, that the apostle's words rankle in his heart, and, that though he secretly feels the power of conviction, still he cannot smother his professed hatred of the christians. This plate, for the boldness of its figures and disposition, their variety of expression, and, the beauty of its colouring, may be reckoned one of our author's most capital performances. There are one or two things, in this print, that may not be unnecessary to take notice of, though they have no connection with its subject; those are the pageants, consisting of a cross, to which a piece of silk is hung, bearing the following inscription, S. P. Q. R. that is, *Senatus Populusque Romanus* *; and a bundle of rods, with an ax bound up in the midst of them, so as the top may appear, called *Fascis* †. These trophies, or, pageants, were, usually, carried before the magistrates, or, heads of the people, upon any solemn occasion; and, are, here, introduced to fill up the piece, and, preserve a consistency ‡.

* The senate, and, the Roman people.

† *Id est*, a bundle. These *Fascis*, by their number, declared the dignity of the person, before whom they were carried, Thus, among the *Romans*, a dictator had 24 *fascis* carried before him; a consul, 12; and, a prætor, 2.

‡ At the bottom of this plate, is engraved the following text of scripture: “And, as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and, judgment to come, *Felix* trembled.” *Acts* xxiv. 25.



Dent Sculp

THERE is very little difference between this plate and the last, otherwise, than that the expressions in the countenances of the first, vary, in some measure, from those we meet with in this; and that, here, is introduced *Drusilla*, the wife of *Felix*, in conformity to sacred record; whom our author has described, as a fine woman, to whose natural beauty he adds a lustre, by the contrasted faces of the people round her. Indeed, the presence of *Drusilla* serves to heighten the character of *St. Paul*, whose subject of discourse, before *Felix*, on this occasion, seems to be chosen with more sagacity and propriety. *Drusilla* was a Jewess; her first husband was a Heathen king, who, in order, to please her, submitted to the most rigorous ceremony of Judaism. Notwithstanding this, *Felix* happening to see her, fell in love with her, and, in opposition to that sacred knot, that bound her to one husband, aimed at obtaining her. He urged his suit, and, was heard. *Drusilla* broke through her first engagements, left her legal husband, and, married him; for *Felix*, a Roman; *Felix*, the governor of *Judea*, and, favourite of *Cæsar*, was a conquest too noble to lose. Thus, we see, greatness and riches have attractions, which can be scarcely withstood, and, against which the purest virtue has need of all her fortitude, to arm her. When we consider, then, the characters of *Felix* and *Drusilla*,

Drusilla, we shall much more admire that part of *St. Paul's* sermon, which treated of *temperance*: for, besides the effect it had upon the luxury and licentiousness of *Felix*, it made *Drusilla* sensible, that there is nothing more odious, in the eyes of the world, than a woman without honour; that modesty is the greatest ornament of her sex; that an attachment, if not cemented by virtue, must be of short duration; and, that those who admit of criminal conversation, are the first to detect it. In short, it taught them both, that virtuous actions are the test of a good heart, and, that, when the heart is bad, the mind can never be at ease.

HREE,

E R R A T U M,
IN THE COUNTRY INN-YARD.

Page, 181, line 19. *for* hood; and, the man, *read*, hood, the child, and, the man.



HERE, we see the matter treated with that spirit of humour, for which our author was so much distinguished; and, lest the bigotted religionist should censure him, as profane, for so doing, let it be considered, that such is the degeneracy of mankind, that naked truth often displeases, which, if dressed up, according to the fashion of the times, would be greatly admired. This consideration has given him an opportunity of ridiculing *Rembrandt's* manner of painting*, which he has, here, done with great vivacity. So much for the design: now, for the explanation. The principal persons, before whom *St. Paul* is preaching, are *Felix*, *Drusilla*, the high-priest, and, *Tertullus*: the rest are hearers. *Felix* is known by his temples being wreathed with laurels, the customary tire of a Roman governor: *Drusilla* is painted, with a dog in her lap; (alluding to the ridiculous occupation of our modern ladies) the high-priest is described, as ready to fly at our apostle, with rage; and, *Tertullus*, as a serjeant-at-law, is represented, in a fit of mortified anger, tearing his brief, or, the accusation he, unjustly, brought against him. It would be unnecessary to repeat my remarks on what *St. Paul* is saying: I shall only

* A Dutch painter, who, constantly, in his scripture-pieces, introduced some absurdity or other, as, a cat and dog fighting, &c.

observe, that he excites the astonishment and fear of all; which last seems to have worked so strongly upon the governor, as to relax all his powers of retention, and, empoison the surrounding air, with a smell something less odorous than court-perfumes. The positions of *Drusilla*, the person, next her, the *fascis*-bearer, above, and, the three, below her, are finely executed; and, the expression of their faces, is great and masterly. Mr. *Hogarth* has not forgot to introduce a whining, hypocritical old woman, or, two, and, a person asleep, into the group of by-standers, in order, to complete the scene: had *this* been omitted, it must have been declared imperfect. He has pictured *St. Paul*, as a little man, has placed him upon a stool, that he might command the whole court, and, be able to *lay down* the law, to *all*. An angel is represented, as holding this stool, and, is supposed to have closed his eyes, with collected attention. Now, as wickedness is ever upon the watch, to ensnare the unwary, and, take advantage of an unguarded moment, we must acknowledge, 'tis, here, admirably described. A black dog, belonging to *Felix*, an emblem of his malicious master, is creeping, to fly at this celestial inhabitant; and, the devil is taking this opportunity to saw the apostle down. On the left of this plate, is one of *Satan's* spies, gathering the pieces of the torn accusation*, as they fall from *Tertullus's* hand, reading what he said upon the subject, and, turning up his nose at its want of sufficient virulence; intimating the disposition of a suborned witness, who will study to blacken the accused to the utmost of his power, and, if innocence should chance to bear up against it, condemn himself, for not having done it completely. Another thing we must not omit taking notice of, is, the pedestrian figure of *Justice*, on a pedestal, differently represented to what she usually is. Here, we see her, corpulent, grown fat by the law, hardly able to bear up against the bags of gold hanging at her side; one of her eyes uncovered, and, that directed, with a look of caution, to *this* court of judicature; her hair, on her blind side, standing on end; one scale weighing down the other, and, instead of the sword, she is, customarily, painted with, holding, in her hand, a butcher's knife, (a symbol of persecution) on which is engraved the city-dagger†, (alluding to the metropolis being the seat of justice) and, that pointed to-

* The words of this accusation may be seen in the 24th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

† In the arms of the city of *London*, the principal thing is a dagger.

wards the bench; giving us to understand, that, though our laws are wisely framed, yet, such is the frequent, partial distribution of them, that offenders often escape the *lash*, while innocence falls beneath the *blow*. 'Tis, therefore, incumbent on the magistracy, if they hope, themselves, to be acquitted hereafter, to act with that uprightness, impartiality, and, justice, that distinguish the good man from the bad,

E R R A T U M,

I N T H E C O M P A N Y O F S T R O L L E R S.

Page, 185. line 27. *for*, wrapt up *for*, *read*, complaining of, &c.

MR. GARRICK,
IN THE CHARACTER OF
RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC performances, when judiciously chosen, conducted with decorum, and, well represented, have been ever considered as conducive to the good of society, in their improvement of the mind, their open correction of vice, and, public commendation of virtue. In theatrical exhibitions, the follies of the age are exposed, and, its virtues appear, in all their lustre. By these means, man has been led to avoid the one, and, embrace the other. Hence, it frequently happens, that society reaps a benefit, which it would not, probably, meet with, from the most prudent counsels, and, experienced lessons of the wise and aged. For this purpose, then, in populous cities, the sanction of government has been granted to these public amusements, and, inspectors of plays appointed, that nothing might be exhibited, tending to corrupt the heart, or, hurt the morals of the people. Under such good regulations are our plays in *London*, that there cannot be a finer school, and, happy are the public, when provided with an able instructor; for, such I call an experienced player, who feels the character he represents, and, gives its instructive parts their due weight. While he is admired for his excellence, he should be honoured for his importance, he being of more real service to the community, than many books of instruction extant: for, to this school we flock, through inclination, and, listen to what we are, there, taught, with great attention. Here, are the passions roused, reflection is set to work, and, the heart is wrought upon: the mind gives way to conviction, and, impressions are made, that are not easily effaced. Let us, then, pride ourselves in the existence of a GARRICK, and, let us tell it, with pleasure, to succeeding ages, that he *may have been equalled, but, was never exceeded.*



Don't jump

THE part, before us, in which Mr. Garrick is represented, is that of *Shakespeare's Richard the third*. Those who are acquainted with this prince's character, need not be told, that he was, naturally, bold, courageous, and, enterprizing; that, when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and, applied his mind to the exigency of affairs. This may suffice for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent, in order, to repose himself upon his bed, and, ease the fatigues of the preceding day. See him, now, hastily rising, at dead of night, in the utmost horror, from his own thoughts, being terrified, in his sleep, by the dreadful phantoms of an affrighted imagination, seizing on his sword, (a poor protection against an inward alarm!) by way of defence, against that foe, his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, as to actuate every nerve and muscle, and, even force the ring from his finger. By this, we see, that when the heart is affected, it communicates its sensibility to the extremest parts of the body, from the center, to the circumference; as distant water is put in motion, by circles, spreading from the place of its disturbance. The paper, on the floor, containing these words,

“ Jockey,

"Jockey, of Norfolk, be not so bold;

"For, Dicken, thy master, is bought, and, sold;"

brought him by the duke of Norfolk, saying, he found it in his tent; and, lying, here, unattended to, as a mark of contempt; tells us, that, let a man steel himself ever so much against the arrows of conscience, still, they will find a way to his breast, and, shake the sinner, though in his greatest security. And, indeed, we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving of severest punishment; for, providence has wisely ordained, that sin shall be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender, through his worldly greatness, would, frequently, in this life, escape unpunished, and, the design of heaven, would, then, be frustrated. But, *Richard*, though he reached a throne, and, by that means, was exempt from the sufferings of subjects, yet, he could not divest himself of his nature, but, was obliged to give way to the workings of the heart, and, bear the tortures of a distracted mind: for kings, tho' kings, are men. The expression in his face, is a master-piece of execution, and, was a great compliment paid by Mr. *Hogarth* to his friend, Mr. *Garrick*; yet, far from being unmerited, as all that have seen him in the part, must acknowledge the greatness of the player. More might be said in his praise, but—Mr. *Garrick* is still alive. Without the tent, we have a distant view of the camp, and, of the royal guard, warming themselves by some blazing wood; objects, with others in this print, designed to fill up, and, enrich the piece, whose moral tenor informs us, that conscience is armed with a thousand stings, which royalty itself is not secure from; that, of all tormentors, reflection is the worst; that crowns, and, sceptres, are baubles, compared with self-approbation: and, that nought is productive of solid happiness, but inward peace, and, serenity of mind.

M O S E S

BROUGHT BEFORE

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

IN paintings, be the subject almost what it will, it is sure to please, if the colouring be bright, the figures well disposed, and, the execution masterly; circumstances we never fail of meeting in Mr. *Hogarth's* works; where art is so judiciously blended with nature, that every object seems to speak and think. In no one plate is his peculiar excellence more conspicuous, than in this, which he has greatly set off, by an introduction of age and infancy, the ordinary, and, the comely; youth and beauty, exclusive of all things else, being found to captivate the eye, and, charm the imagination. But, as it is an ill compliment to our author, to be continually pointing out those beauties, that are sufficiently visible of themselves, I shall break off, and, let the picture speak for itself.

THIS



Dent sculp.

THIS picture, among the many at the *Foundling-Hospital*, was one designed, both to decorate and recommend that noble charity; and, surely, Mr. *Hogarth* could not have pitched upon a subject more applicable to the occasion. Every one must know the design of this charitable house of compassion, which is calculated for the maintenance and education of exposed, and, deserted infants; an institution of so political and merciful a nature, as to be, in all respects, worthy the royal sanction, with which it is honoured. Let the spectator keep this in view, and, call to mind the story of *Moses*, who was hid by his parents, for three months, from the wrath of *Pharaoh*, who had commanded every male child, of the Hebrew women, to be cast into the river, and, he must acknowledge their similitude. When they could hide him no longer, his mother put him into a basket, made for that purpose, laid him in the flags, by the river's side, and, thus, left him to the mercy of providence. It chanced, that *Pharaoh's* daughter came down to this place, in order, to wash herself: and, seeing the basket, directed one of her maidens to bring it to her. When the child was brought, it cried, and, thus, excited her compassion: upon which his sister, *Miriam*, who had, unknown to her mother, stood by, and, watched him; and, at that time, had not quitted the place; proposed to the princess,

ness, her going to fetch a Hebrew nurse for it: the royal maid consenting, she fetched its own mother, whom the princess considering only as a nurse, had instantly to take it, telling her, she would, herself, reward her for her trouble. Some time after, when the child was grown a little older, this great and amiable personage had him brought to her, and, adopted him her son. This last circumstance forms the subject of the print, before us; where, on one side, we observe the illustrious fair-one seated, in all the pride of eastern magnificence, and, with a gracious countenance, (royalty's greatest glory) holding out her compassionate hand, inviting the infant to her. On the other side, we see the mother-nurse receiving, with tears in her eyes, her stipulated wages, distressed to the utmost, at the thoughts of parting with her dearest child. The benevolence of the princess, the wonder and concern of her attendants, the self-importance of her treasurer, the innocent alarm of the boy, and, the grief of its mother, are shewn in their respective faces, and, present us so fine a group of expressions, as can scarcely be equalled. Reflect, now, on the *Foundling-Hospital*, and, see, in this history of *Moses*, the princely design of that merciful house of refuge, where the deserted, helpless babe, is rescued from the jaws of destruction; where it is brought up, to be useful to society, to bless its heavenly benefactors, and, to know its divine creator. The Hebrew woman, here, parting with her infant, though not directly similar, must awaken in us the idea of a necessitous parent, perhaps, a mournful widow, with a disappointed, wounded heart; and, with all that distress, woe, and, despair, that attend the dreadful lot of exclusion, carrying back, to an empty abode, her famishing child; when nothing but extreme want and necessity could so far have prevailed over parental affection, and, the ties of nature, as to induce her to take the tender, young creature, from her bosom, and, resign it to the hands not whom, under public care. This thought, as well as that of saving deserted children from perishing, whom unnatural parents shall, at any time, leave to be picked up by the inquisitive eye of public benevolence, one would imagine, should be sufficient to claim the concurrence of individuals, (whom providence may have enabled to assist) to the support of government; that the charitable door of this friendly roof might be always open; and, that exclusions so grievous, to particular persons, and, so hurtful to the community, might be no longer known*.

* Beneath this plate, is engraved the following text of holy writ:
 "And the child grew, and, she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and,
 "he became her son; and, she called his name *Moses*." *Exodus*, 2. verse 10.

A

M I D N I G H T C O N V E R S A T I O N .

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 of 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,



Dent's engraving

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 mantle-piece, 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 ruffie, 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, swallow, 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 we can 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 dissuative 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 fots, 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 any 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

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 fettle.—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*.

* At the bottom of the plate, are engraved these words; added some time after its first publication, through a desire of Mr. Hogarth's, not to give offence, by its personality.

Think not to find one *meant* resemblance there;
 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 *taught*, and, so CERVANTES *thought*;
 So nature *dictated* what art has *taught*.

E R R A T U M,
 IN PAUL BEFORE FELIX.
 Page, 192. line, 7. *for*, detect, *read*, detect.

T H E

F A I R.

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 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.

T H E



Dont chausset.

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 lantern 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 the crash may appear the greater, the stand, beneath, is humourously supposed to consist of earthen-ware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it, through a collected attention to other objects: witness the boys and woman 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

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, or, 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, 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.

† A bailiff.



F I N I S ;

O R, T H E

T A I L - P I E C E.

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. Analogous, 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.



J. Dine del.

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*, *Clotbo*, *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‡, 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.

M E M E N T O M O R I ||.

* A political print, published in *September*, 1762, in favour of lord *Bute's* party, which being merely temporal, was not thought of consequence enough to appear in this collection.

† Alluding to our author's profession.

‡ It is well known, that the moon receives her light from the sun.

§ The sun; pictured by poets, as being drawn in a chariot, by four horses, daily, round the earth.

|| Remember thy latter end.

F I N I S.

A N

I N D E X

O F T H E

CONTENTS of this VOLUME.

A	
A dministration, condemned,	Beggar's Opera, some account
Page 52	of ——— p. 121
Bad one illu-	Birds, blinding them censured
strated by a story	133
Affection, the want of it in	<i>B—lt—n</i> , dutcheſs of
married people, the cauſe of	121
their ruin —	<i>Bon mot</i> of a prelate
57, 59	208
Ambition —	Books, certain ones censured
38	147
Arts and ſciences, the ſociety of	Boxing-match, a view of one
174	170
Aſylum, ſome account of it	Bribery, its effects
16	47, 92
Author, his apology <i>Pref.</i> viii.	Bridewell, ſome account of it
Authors, their diſtreſs 123, 124	8
Their pride, <i>ibid.</i> their folly	<i>Bridgman</i> , the gardener
<i>ibid.</i>	21
	<i>Broughton</i> , the prize-fighter
	138
	Bull-baiting, a barbarous diver-
	ſion ——— 135
B	
Bailiffs, their office	
26	
Barber-ſurgeons, ridiculed	C
160	
Bawds, their artfulneſs	<i>Calais-gate</i> , a view of
3	105
Bawdy-houſe, its revels deſcrib-	Canvaſſing for votes, deſcribed
ed —	47. Story relative to it
25	48
Beauty, the line of, what <i>Pr.</i> i, ii	Caracatura and Character, a
<i>B—kf—d</i> , alderman <i>Pref.</i> vii	diſtinction between them
Bedlam deſcribed	129—131
37, 38	Cats,

Cats, worrying of them censured, p. 134. How accounted for *ibid.*

Chairing a member, a view of

55

Chairing cross, a view of 159

Charity, the great want of it 30

Charity schools censured, 134,

150

Chartres, Col. some account of him — — 3

Ch—th—m, earl of *Pref.* vii

Children, advice to, in marriage

70, 71

Chorus-singers burlesqued 163

Christians, their duty 76

Church, how we should behave

there 76, 77. The conse-

quence of neglecting it 78

Churches, the gross neglect of

them — — 30

Churchill, Charles, some account of *Pref.* v. vii

Clergy, their distress and folly,

2. Their officiancy and luke-

warmness, described, 107,

108. What owing to, *ibid.*

Coach, travelling in a stage,

ridiculed, 182. Its passengers

described — — 181

Coachmen, hackney ones, their

barbarity to their horses

136, 137

Cock-lane ghost, an account of

114

Cock-pit, a view of one 178

Cocks, throwing at them con-

demned, 133. Fighting them

cruel — — 135, 177

Columbus, some account of 175

Conscience, a guilty one de-

scribed, 85, 86, 197. Its ef-

fects, 198

Covent-garden, a view of 154

Counsellors going 4 in a coach,
ridiculed — — P. 137

Credulity of the English 113—

118

Cruelty, its disgrace to a chri-

stian country — — 144

Cuckolds ridiculed 159

Cudgel-player ridiculed 209

D

Devotion, outward, censured

154

Diligence — — 73

Draymen, the ill consequence of

their riding on the shafts 137

Dress, the pride of women in it

at church, 77. Folly of the

French — — 106, 156

Drovers, their cruelty 135

Drummer of *Tedworth* 114

Drummers at weddings, a nui-

sance — — 84

Drunkard, described 204, 205

Drunkennes, its ill effects 150,

151, 203. Defined 202

Drußilla, some account of 191

Du-bois, the fencing-master 21

Duelling — — 67

E

Ear, why 'tis more offended

with indelicacy than the eye

172

Education, the good effects of it

135

Election, feast described, 43, 44.

Its riots, 43, 56, 182. Story

relative to one 44

Electors arms — — 45

English, their folly with respect

to music — — 119

Enthusiasm described 113—118

Epicure, his cruelty 132

Evening,

Evening, described, p. 158. Its
walk in summer ridiculed *ib.*
Execution of a malefactor, a
view of one, 93. Described 94

F

Fair, view of one, 207. Its
origin — — 206
Fanaticism described 113, 118
Farinelli — — 22, 65
Fascis, Roman, what 190
Felix, some account of 188
Fig, the prize-fighter 21
Fleet-prison — — 34
Foundling-hospital, some ac-
count of — — 200, 201
French troops, embarkation of,
100. Their bad pay 104.
Bad food, 105. Their pride
106
Frolics, inconsiderate 155
Funeral of a whore, satirized 12

G

Gaming, the folly of it 32, 33
Gaming-house, described 32
Garrick, Mr. complimented
196, 198
Gentlemen, advice to young
ones — — 39, 40
Gibson, bishop of London, his
pastoral letter satirized 7
Gin, its pernicious effects 149--
152
Gunston, Sir John 7
Guttlings, its disgrace 88

H

Hampstead, a distant view of
93, 170
Handel — — 22
Happiness, our mistaken no-
tions of it — — 17

Heir, the extravagance of a
young one, p. 18—40. His
levee — — 21
Highbate, a distant view of, 93,
170
Hog-lane, St. Giles, a view of
156
Honesty, its consequence 80
Hoops, their enormous size ri-
diculed — — 147
Horse-guards, building, ridi-
culed — — 47
Host, a view of the carrying it
105
Hypocrisy, a characteristic of
the French and Great, 157.
In religion laughed at 13

I

Jew-bill — — 43
Inn-keepers censured 182
Jocasta, the story of 186
Judges ridiculed — 131
Judicature, courts of, ridiculed
193—195

K

King, his speech, Nov. 29, 1748,
commemorated 147

L

Laugh, its various distinctions
163
Leatherhead, porter to the Rose-
tavern, *Drury-lane* 25
L—c—st—r, lord 37
Lock-Hospital — 7
Lockman, Mr. complimented 147
Lord-mayor's shew, view of it,
96. Described — 98

M

Madness, various kinds of it
37, 38
Magdalen—

<i>Magdalen-house</i> , some account of it — — —	p. 9	Pawn-brokers censured, p. 148,	150
Magistrate, a criminal brought before one — —	91	Periwigs, the folly of great ones, 126, 127. The different orders of those worn at the coronation — —	<i>ibid.</i>
Maid, an old one ridiculed	154	<i>Philip</i> in the tub — —	83
Marriage act — — —	43	Philosophy — — —	37
Men, their faithlessness	140	Physicians, their pride	69
Merit disregarded, a disgrace to this country	174	Players, good ones, of what use, 196. Strolling ones dressing, described — —	185
Methodists, the rise of	108	Plays, of what service to society	196
Miser ridiculed — —	19	Politician ridiculed, 35. Censured — —	204
<i>Mizebank</i> , Dr. satirized	10	Polling at an election described	51, 52
Monument of <i>London</i> , a view of	83	Poor, their distresses	160
Morning described	154	Porters of <i>London</i> , their folly	80
<i>Moses</i> , the story of	200	Preacher, bad one described,	110. Mercenary ones, <i>ditto</i> , 115. The degeneracy of modern ones
Murder, a horrid instance of	139		188, 189
Murderer dissected	154	Prude, condemned	38

N

<i>Nero</i> , the emperor, some account of — —	134
<i>N</i> — —, duke of	56
Night described, 160. A rejoicing one, <i>ditto</i>	<i>ibid.</i>
Night-cellar, a view of one	89
Noon described — —	156
<i>North-briton</i> , Pref.	v, vi

O

Oath, the little regard paid to it	51
<i>Oedipus</i> , the story of	186

P

Painting and poetry, their similitude — —	153
Paintings, old ones ridiculed,	210—212
Palace, <i>St. James's</i> , a view of	26
Parents, advice to	39, 70
<i>Parnel</i> , Mr. complimented	45
<i>Paul</i> , St. the story of, 188. His preaching — —	<i>ibid.</i>

Q

Quacks, satirized	10, 62, 167
Quality, people of, their character, 22. Pride, 58. Indifference in wedlock, 60 61. Extravagance, 61. Depraved taste, <i>ibid.</i> Their folly, 64. in buying pictures, 69. china, 64	

R

Rabbit-woman, an account of	115
Rake, his adventures	24
<i>Rawlins, Nan</i> — —	179
Religion,	

I N D E X.

v

Religion, want of it shewn, p. 110,	111	Tories — — —	P. 43
<i>Rembrandt</i> — —	193	<i>Tottenham-court</i> turnpike, a view	171
<i>Richard</i> the third, his character	197	of — —	
<i>Rock</i> , Dr. — —	155	U	
<i>R—ne</i> , Rev. Mr. —	117	Venality — —	56
<i>Rout</i> — —	60	Viciousness hardened, described	78, 82
S		<i>Villars</i> , Sir <i>George</i> , his apparition	117
<i>Sadlers-wells</i> , a view of	158	Universities, their public lec-	164
Sailors, their hardship	55	tures ridiculed	
Serpentine line <i>Pref.</i> i, ii		W	
<i>Shedbeare</i> , Dr. — —	51	<i>Ward</i> , Dr. — —	167
Sheriff's feast described	88	Weavers at work	74, 79
Sloth — —	73	Wedding, a fashionable one	29
Soldier, enlisting one, 102. Eng-		Whigs — —	43
lish described, <i>ib.</i> French, <i>ditto</i>	100	<i>White's</i> chocolate-house ridi-	27
Squibs, the ill consequence of	160	culed — —	
them — —		<i>Wh—tf—d</i> , Rev. Mr. described	115
Stile, new — —	43	<i>Wilkes</i> , Mr. some account of	<i>Pref.</i> vi, vii
Suicide — —	69	Witch, painted — —	116
Superstition — —	37	Witchcraft, an old woman's	115
Surgeon's Hall, a view of it,		cure of — —	
142. Their unfeeling dispo-		Women, their danger from their	
sition — —	143	lovers, 13. Advice to them,	
T		14. Their credulity	140
Tale-tellers of <i>Scotland</i> , de-		Women of the town, their ex-	
scribed — —	109	travagance and inconstancy,	
<i>Taylor</i> , chevalier — —	167	4, 5. Hypocrisy, 5, 12. Dis-	
Taylor, ridiculed — —	38, 55	stress, 6, 10. Punishment, 8.	
<i>T—mple</i> , lord — <i>Pref.</i> vii		Funeral, 12. Arms, <i>ib.</i> Infir-	
Theatres, the employ of the	163	merity, 85. Treachery	89
polite there — —			
Time, its instability, 155, Its			
end described — —	211, 212		

F f

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An INDEX of the PLATES in this Work,
as they were published in Numbers, with
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12.	{ Rembrandt,	1 ditto	193	}	- 2 6
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	{ Moses before Pharaoh's				
	{ daughter,	1 ditto	199	}	- 2
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