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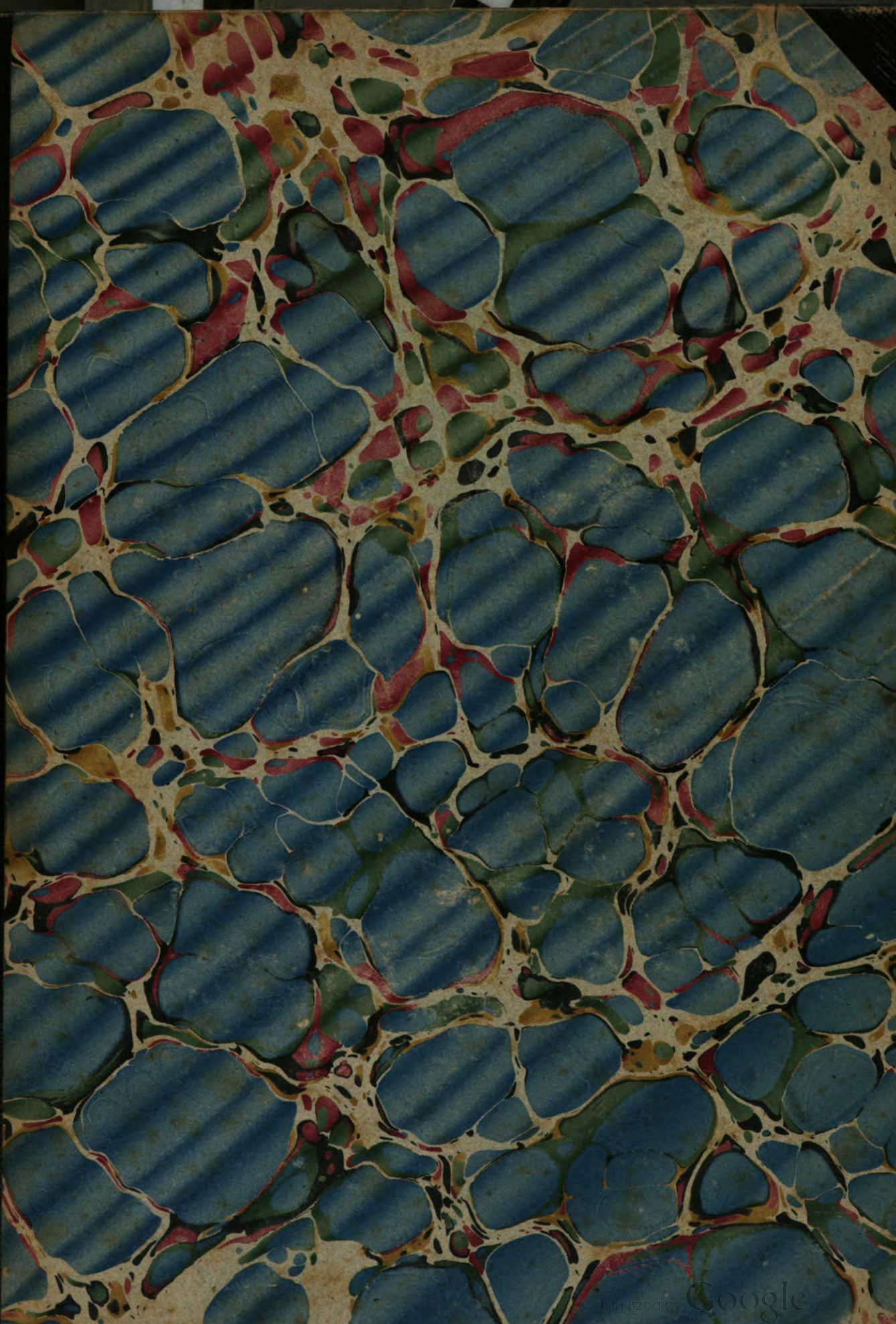
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CAPTAIN THOMAS COCHRANE.

FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Engraved by B. Wall from the Original by H. Kneller.

JOHNS & CO. Temple of the Muses Finsbury Square, London.

CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.

CAPTAIN CORAM was born in the year 1668, bred to the sea, and passed the first part of his life as master of a vessel trading to the colonies. While he resided in the vicinity of Rotherhithe, his avocations obliging him to go early into the city and return late, he frequently saw deserted infants exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, and through the indigence or cruelty of their parents left to casual relief, or untimely death. This naturally excited his compassion, and led him to project the establishment of an hospital for the reception of exposed and deserted young children; in which humane design he laboured more than seventeen years, and at last, by his unwearied application, obtained the royal charter, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for its incorporation.

He was highly instrumental in promoting another good design, viz. the procuring a bounty upon naval stores imported from the colonies to Georgia and Nova Scotia. But the charitable plan which he lived to make some progress in, though not to complete, was a scheme for uniting the Indians in North America more closely with the British Government, by an establishment for the education of Indian girls. Indeed he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his private interest, that in his old age he was himself supported by a pension of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year, raised for him at the solicitation of Sir Sampson Gideon and Dr. Brocklesby, by the voluntary subscriptions of public-spirited persons, at the head of whom was the Prince of Wales. On application being made to this venerable and good old man, to know whether a subscription being opened for his benefit would not offend him, he gave this noble answer: "I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess, that in this my old age I am poor."

This singularly humane, persevering, and memorable man died at his lodgings near Leicester-square, March 29, 1751, and was interred, pursuant to his own desire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where an historic epitaph records his virtues, as Hogarth's portrait has preserved his honest countenance.

"The portrait which I painted with most pleasure," says Hogarth, "and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital;

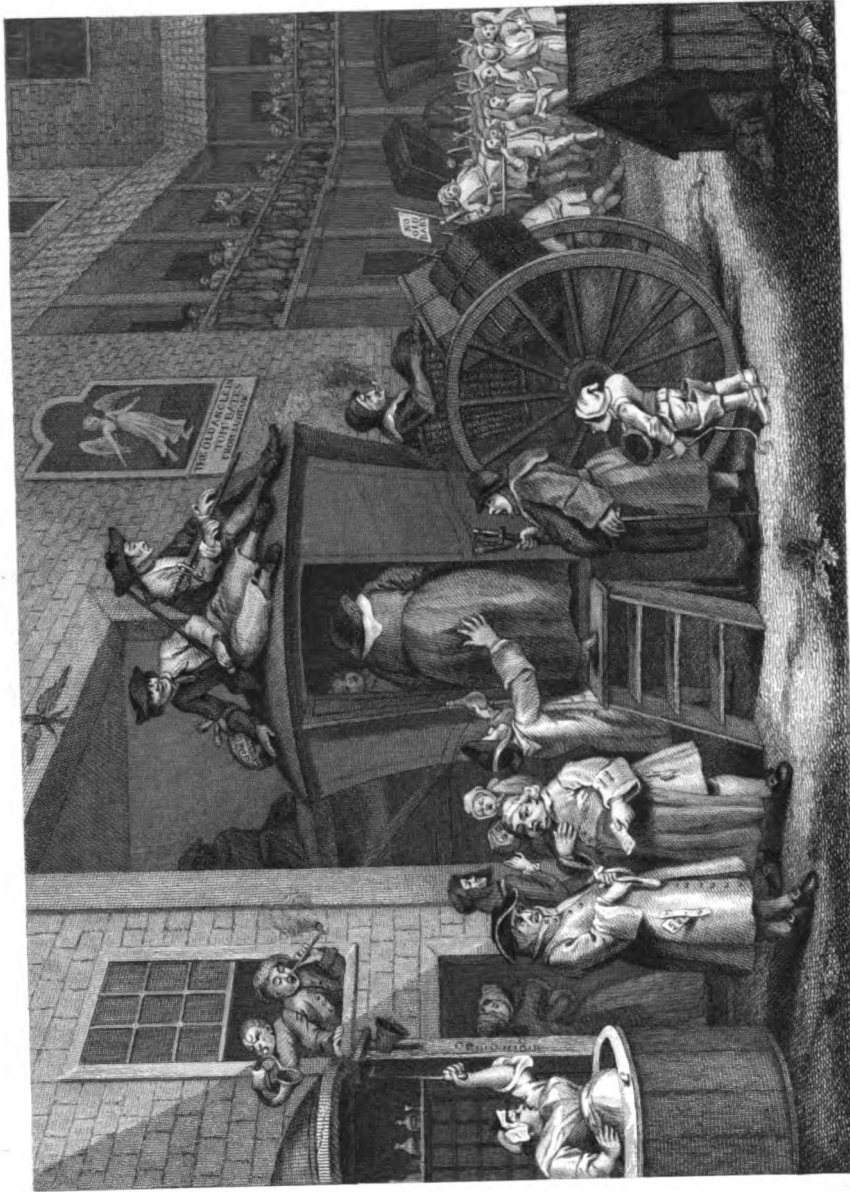
and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it.

“ For the portrait of Mr. Garrick in Richard III. I was paid two hundred pounds, (which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait,) and that too by the sanction of several painters who had been previously consulted about the price, which was not given without mature consideration.

“ Notwithstanding all this, the current remark was, that portraits were not my province; and I was tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of my art, for the practice brought the whole nest of phyzmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets. All these people have their friends, whom they incessantly teach to call my women harlots, my *Essay on Beauty* borrowed, and my composition and engraving contemptible.

“ This so much disgusted me, that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to; for I found by mortifying experience, that whoever would succeed in this branch, must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him. Whether or not this childish affectation will ever be done away is a doubtful question; none of those who have attempted to reform it have yet succeeded; nor, unless portrait painters in general become more honest, and their customers less vain, is there much reason to expect they ever will.”

Though thus in a state of warfare with his brother artists, he was occasionally gratified by the praise of men whose judgment was universally acknowledged, and whose sanction became a higher honour, from its being neither lightly nor indiscriminately given.



W. G. & CO. LONDON.

Engraved by W. G. & CO. from the Original Design by J. H. P. Jones.

Jones & Co. Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square, London.

THE COUNTRY INN YARD ; OR, THE STAGE COACH.

The poet's adage, *ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE*,
Has stood the test of each revolving age ;
Another simile perhaps will bear,
'Tis a *STAGE COACH*, where all must pay the fare ;
Where each his entrance and his exit makes,
And o'er life's rugged road his journey takes.

Some unprotected must their tour perform,
And bide the pelting of the pitiless storm ;
While others, free from elemental jars,
By fortune favour'd and propitious stars,
Secure from storms, enjoy their little hour,
Despise the whirlwind, and defy the shower.

Such is our life—in sunshine or in shade,
From evil shelter'd, or by woe assay'd :
Whether we sit, like Niobe, all tears,
Or calmly sink into the vale of years ;
With houseless, naked Edgar sleep on straw,
Or keep, like Cæsar, subject worlds in awe—
To the same port our devious journeys tend,
Where airy hopes and sickening sorrows end ;
Sunk every eye, and languid every breast,
Each wearied pilgrim sighs and sinks to rest.

E.

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

A portly gentleman, with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postilion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her : cheered by the fumes of her tube, she lets the vanities of the world go their own

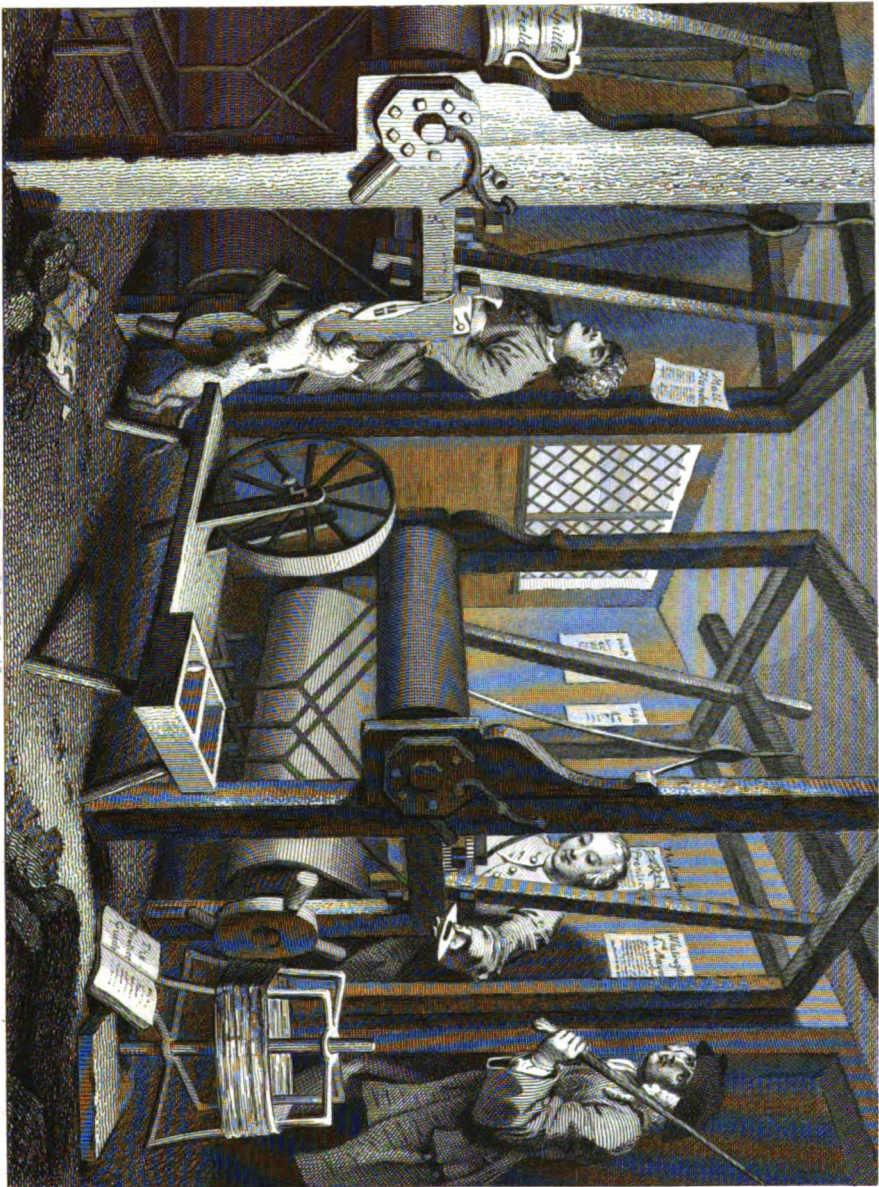
way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of French and English manners. Ben Block, of the Centurion, surveys the subject of La Grande Monarque with ineffable contempt.

In the window are a very curious pair; one of them blowing a French-horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness, which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a traveller taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell, or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

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

Some pains have been taken to discover in what part of Essex this scene is laid; but from the many alterations made by rebuilding, removal, &c. it has not been positively ascertained, though it is probably Chelmsford.

* At this election a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing a child in his arms: as he whipped it he exclaimed, "What, you little child, must you be a member?" This election being disputed, it appeared from the register-book of the parish where Lord Castlemain was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself a candidate.



Engraved by E. Smith.

REJOICING AND JOLENNES.

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW 'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

From the original design by H. G. H. H. H.

James K. & Co. 10, 11, of 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

As our future welfare depends, in a great measure, on our own conduct in the outset of life, and as we derive our best expectations of success from our own attention and exertion, it may, with propriety, be asserted, that the good or ill-fortune of mankind is chiefly attributable to their own early diligence or sloth ; either of which becomes, through habit in the early part of life, both familiar and natural. This Mr. Hogarth has made appear in the following history of the two Apprentices, by representing a series of such scenes as naturally result from a course of Industry or Idleness, and which he has illustrated with such texts of scripture as teach us their analogy with holy writ. Now, as example is far more convincing and persuasive than precept, these prints are, undoubtedly, an excellent lesson to such young men as are brought up to business, by laying before them the inevitable destruction that awaits the slothful, and the reward that generally attends the diligent, both appropriately exemplified in the conduct of these two fellow-'prentices ; where the one, by taking good courses, and pursuing those purposes for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country ; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as shown in the last of these instructive prints.

In the chamber of the city of London, where apprentices are bound and enrolled, the twelve prints of this series are introduced, and, with great propriety, ornament the room.

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW-'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

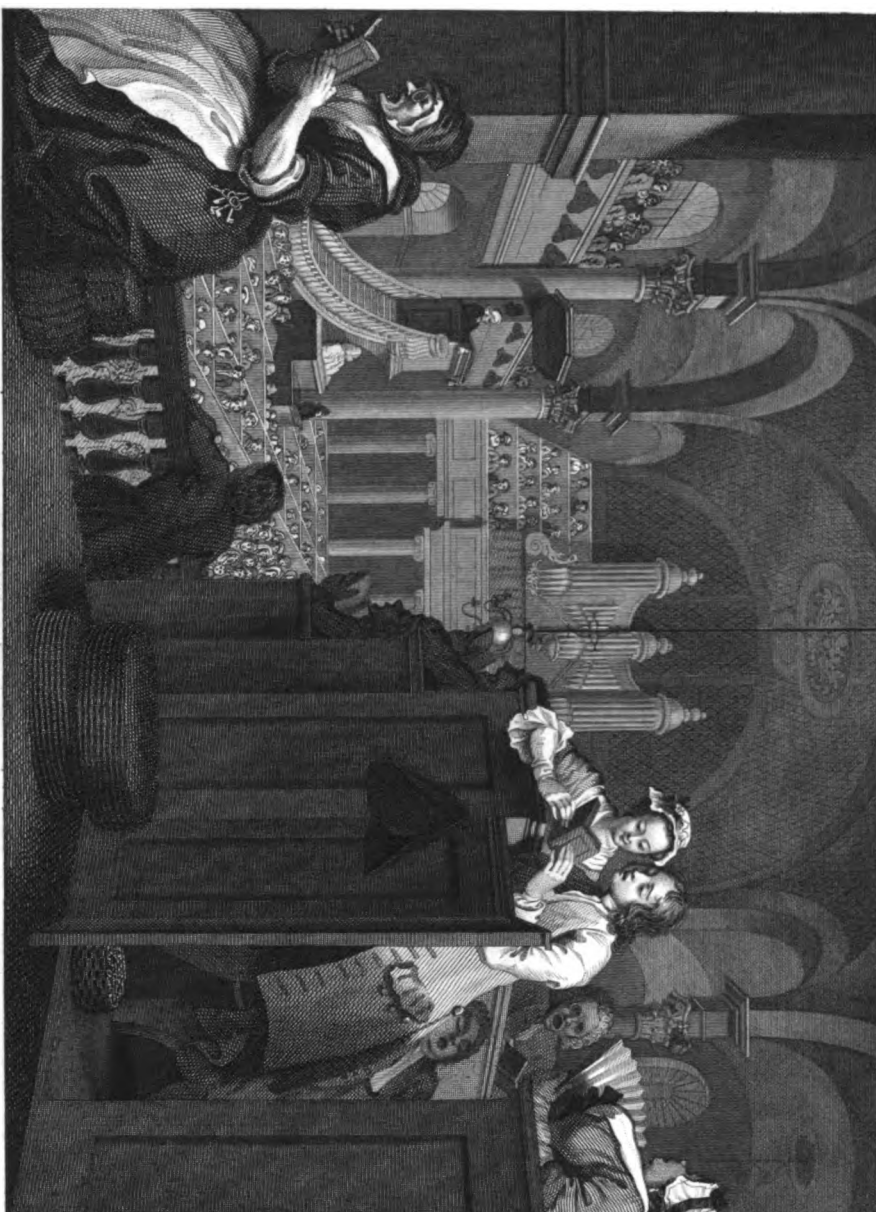
“ The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.”

Proverbs, chap. xxiii. verse 21.

The hand of the diligent maketh rich.”—Proverbs, chap. x. verse 4.

THE first print presents us with a noble and striking contrast in two apprentices at the looms of their master, a silk-weaver of Spitalfields : in the one we observe a serene

and open countenance, the distinguishing mark of innocence ; and in the other a sullen, down-cast look, the index of a corrupt mind and vicious heart. The industrious youth is diligently employed at his work, and his thoughts taken up with the business he is upon. His book, called the " 'Prentice's Guide," supposed to be given him for instruction, lies open beside him, as if perused with care and attention. The employment of the day seems his constant study ; and the interest of his master his continual regard. We are given to understand, also, by the ballads of the London 'Prentice, Whittingham the Mayor, &c. that hang behind him, that he lays out his pence on things that may improve his mind, and enlighten his understanding. On the contrary, his fellow-'prentice, with worn-out coat and uncombed hair, overpowered with beer, indicated by the half-gallon pot before him, is fallen asleep ; and from the shuttle becoming the plaything of the wanton kitten, we learn how he slumbers on, inattentive alike to his own and his master's interest. The ballad of Moll Flanders, on the wall behind him, shows that the bent of his mind is towards that which is bad ; and his book of instructions lying torn and defaced upon the ground, manifests how regardless he is of any thing tending to his future welfare.



Engraved by G. Kneller

THE INSTRUCTIONS AND THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN

OF A C. S. S.

THE INSTRUCTIONS THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN

From the Original Manuscript by G. Kneller

Printed by G. Kneller, at the Office of the Secretary, London

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF
A CHRISTIAN.

"O how I love thy law ; it is my meditation all the day."—Psalm cxix. verse 97.

THIS plate displays our industrious young man attending divine service in the same pew with his master's daughter, where he shows every mark of decent and devout attention.

Mr. Hogarth's strong bias to burlesque was not to be checked by time or place. It is not easy to imagine any thing more whimsically grotesque than the female Falstaff. A fellow near her, emulating the deep-toned organ, and the man beneath, who, though asleep, joins his sonorous tones in melodious chorus with the admirers of those two pre-eminent poets, Hopkins and Sternhold. The pew-opener is a very prominent and principal figure ; two old women adjoining Miss West's seat are so much in shadow, that we are apt to overlook them : they are, however, all three making the dome ring with their exertions.

Ah ! had it been king David's fate
To hear them sing——

The preacher, reader, and clerk, with many of the small figures in the gallery and beneath, are truly ludicrous, and we regret their being on so reduced a scale, that they are scarce perceptible to the naked eye. It was necessary that the artist should exhibit a crowded congregation ; but it must be acknowledged he has neglected the rules of perspective. The print wants depth. In the countenance of Miss West and her lover there is a resemblance. Their faces have not much expression ; but this is atoned for by a natural and pleasing simplicity. Character was not necessary.



Engraved by E. Smith.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

1851.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH.

From the "Lancet" written by E. Smith.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE III.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH-YARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

“ Judgments are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools.”
Proverbs, chap. xix. verse 29.

As a contrast to the preceding plate, of the industrious young man performing 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 to be the foundation of virtue, so a neglect of religious duties has ever been acknowledged the forerunner of every wickedness; the confession of malefactors at the place of execution being a melancholy confirmation of this truth. Here we see him, while others are intent on the holy service, 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 would deign to be his companions. Their amusement seems to be the favourite old English game of hustle-cap, and our idle and unprincipled youth is endeavouring to cheat, by concealing some of the half-pence under the broad brim of his hat. This is perceived by the shoe-black, and warmly resented by the fellow with the black patch over his eye, who loudly insists on the hat's being fairly removed. The eager anxiety which marks these mean gamblers, is equal to that of two peers playing for an estate. The latter could not have more solicitude for the turn of a die which was to determine who was the proprietor of ten thousand acres, than is displayed in the countenance of young Idle. Indeed, so callous is his heart, so wilfully blind is he to every thing tending to his future welfare, that the tombs, those standing monuments of mortality, cannot move him: even the new-dug grave, the skulls and bones, those lively and awakening monitors, cannot rouse him from his sinful lethargy, open his eyes, or pierce his heart with the least reflection; so hardened is he with vice, and so intent on the pursuit of his evil course. The hand of the boy, employed upon

his head, and that of the shoe-black, in his bosom, are expressive of filth and vermin ; and show that our hero is within a step of being overspread with the beggarly contagion. His obstinate continuance in his course, until awakened by the blows of the watchful beadle, point out to us, that “ **stripes are prepared for the backs of fools;**” that disgrace and infamy are the natural attendants of the slothful and the scorner ; and that there are but little hopes of his alteration, until he is overtaken in his iniquity, by the avenging hand of Omnipotence, and feels with horror and amazement, the unexpected and inevitable approach of death. Thus do the obstinate and incorrigible shut their ears against the alarming calls of Providence, and sin away even the possibility of salvation.

The figures in this print are admirably grouped, and the countenances of the gamblers and beadle strikingly characteristic.



Engraved by J. Thompson.

COUNTING-HOUSE.

PLATE 3.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE A FAVORITE, AND ENTERED BY HIS MASTER.

From the Original Design by J. Thompson.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE AND INTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

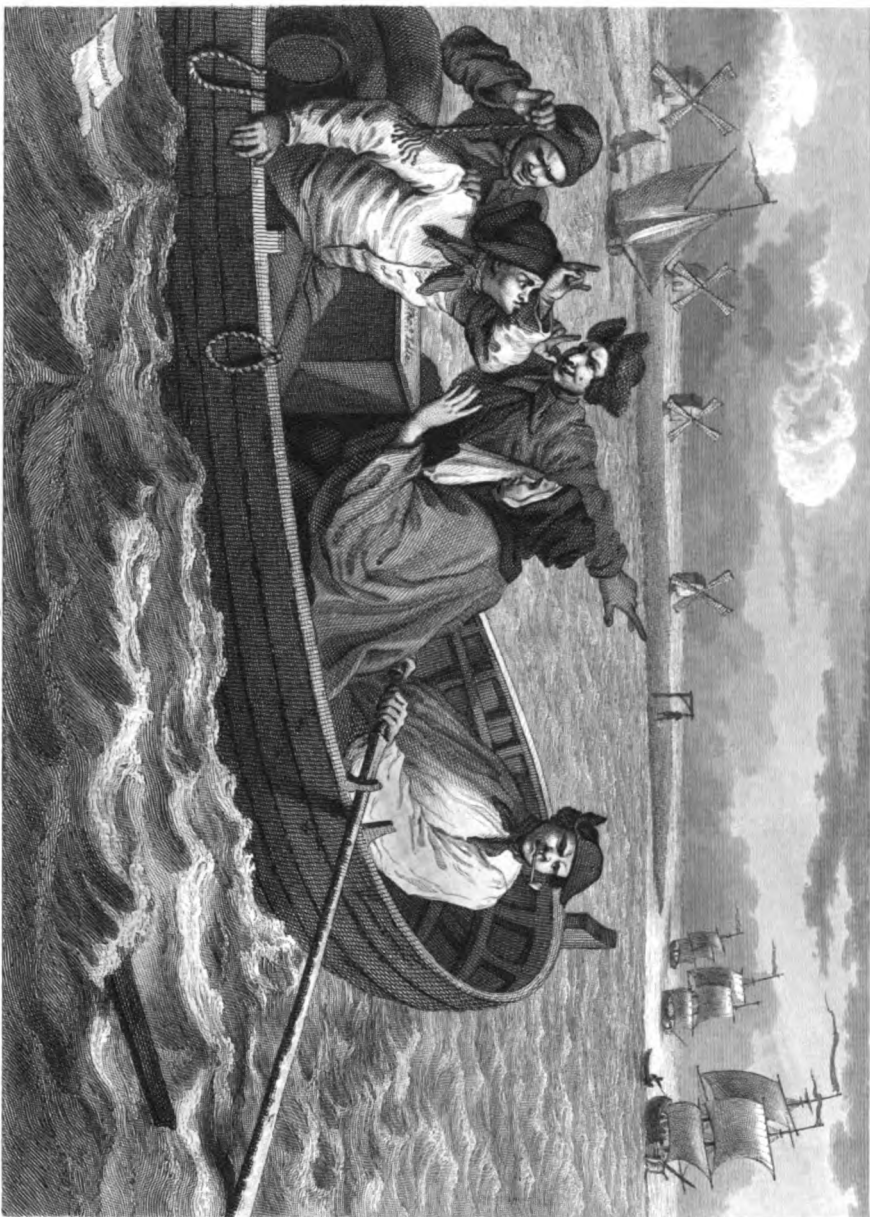
“ Well done, thou good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.” Matthew, chap. xxv. verse 21.

THE industrious apprentice, by a discreet and steady conduct, 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 quilsters, winding quills for the shuttles, from whence he was removed) entrusted with the books, receiving and giving orders, (the general reward of honesty, care, and diligence,) as appears from the delivery of some stuffs by a city porter, from Blackwell-hall. By the keys in one hand and the bag in the other, we are shown that he has behaved himself with so much prudence and discretion, and given such proofs of fidelity, as to become the keeper of untold gold : the greatest mark of confidence he could be favoured with. 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 such becoming diffidence and care, as not to betray any of that pride which 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 utmost share of his affection ; circumstances that must sweeten even a state of servitude, and make a pleasant and lasting impression on the mind. The head-piece to the London Almanack, representing Industry taking Time by the fore-lock, is not the least of the 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 they have no connexion with the moral of the piece, are a fine caricatura, and show 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 class 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.

In this print, neither the cat, dog, nor the porter are well drawn, nor is much regard paid to perspective ; but the general design is carried on by such easy and natural gradations, and the consequent success of an attentive conduct displayed in colours so plain and perspicuous, that these little errors in execution will readily be overlooked.



Engraved by W. Wood.

UNDOING STORY AND MODERNNESS.

CHAPTER 2.

THE LITTLE PRENTICE TURN AWAY AND SENT TO SEA

From the original drawing by the author.

From the Temple of the Moses Foundation, London.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE V.

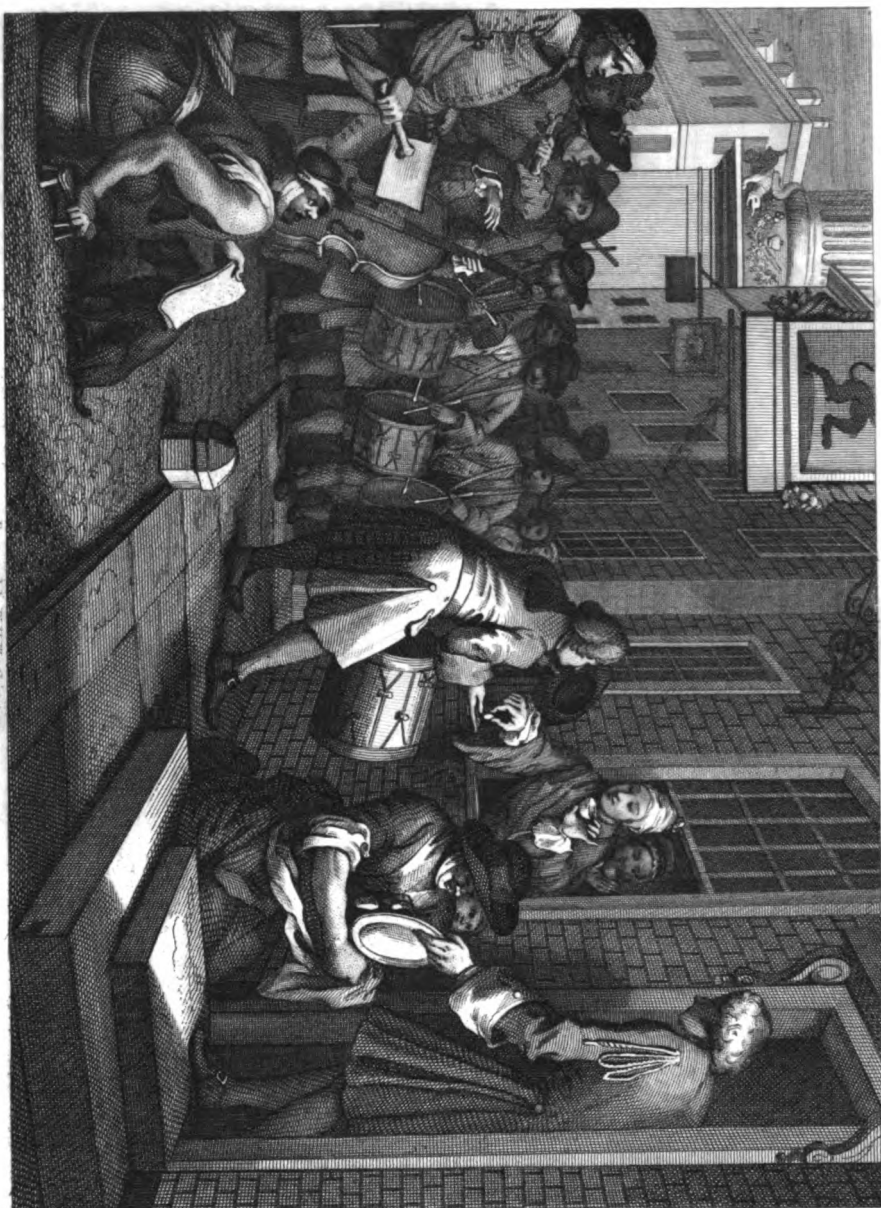
THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

“ A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.” Proverbs, chap. x. verse 1.

CORRUPTED by sloth and contaminated by evil company, the idle apprentice, having tired the patience of his master, is sent to sea, in the hope that the being removed from the vices of the town, and the influence of his wicked companions, joined with the hardships and perils of a seafaring life, might effect that reformation of which his friends despaired while he continued on shore. See him then in the ship's boat, accompanied by his afflicted mother, making towards the vessel in which he is to embark. The disposition of the different figures in the boat, and the expression of their countenances, tell us plainly, that his evil pursuits and incorrigible wickedness are the subjects of their discourse. The waterman significantly directs his attention to a figure on a gibbet, as emblematical of his future fate, should he not turn from the evil of his ways; and the boy shows him a cat-o'-nine-tails, expressive of the discipline that awaits him on board of ship; these admonitions, however, he notices only by the application of his fingers to his forehead, in the form of horns, jestingly telling them to look at Cuckold's Point, which they have just passed; he then throws his indentures into the water with an air of contempt, that proves how little he is affected by his present condition, and how little he regards the persuasions and tears of a fond mother, whose heart seems ready to burst with grief at the fate of her darling son, and perhaps her only stay; for her dress seems to intimate that she is a widow. Well then might Solomon say, that “ a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother;” for we here behold her who had often rejoiced in the prospect of her child being a prop to her in the decline of life, lamenting his depravity, and anticipating with horror the termination of his evil course. One would naturally imagine, from the common course of things, that this scene would have awakened his reflection, and been the means of softening the rugged-

ness of his disposition,—that some tender ideas would have crossed his mind and melted the obduracy of his heart ; but he continues hardened and callous to every admonition.

The group of figures composing this print has been copied by the ingenious Lavater ; with whose appropriate remarks we conclude our present description. “ Observe,” says this great analyst of the human countenance, “ in the annexed group, that unnatural wretch, with the infernal visage, insulting his supplicating mother ; the predominant character on the three other villain-faces, though all disfigured by effrontery, is cunning and ironical malignity. Every face is a seal with this truth engraved on it : ‘ Nothing makes a man so ugly as vice ; nothing renders the countenance so hideous as villainy.’ ”



Engraved by W. H. Woodbury.

COLLEGE OF ANTI-ETHNICITY

CHAPTER

THE ENDERB'S PRENTICE GOT OF HIS TIME & MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

from the "Lippard's" series by Howard

THE ENDERB'S PRENTICE GOT OF HIS TIME & MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VI.

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

"The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." Proverbs, chap. xiii. verse 4.

THE reward of industry is success. Our prudent and attentive youth is now become partner with his master, and married to his daughter. The sign, by which this circumstance is intimated, was at first inscribed **GOODCHILD and WEST**. Some of Mr. Hogarth's city friends informing him that it was usual for the senior partner's name to precede, it was altered.

To show that plenty reigns in this mansion, a servant distributes the remains of the table to a poor woman, and the bridegroom pays one of the drummers, who, according to ancient custom, attend with their thundering gratulations the day after a wedding. A performer on the bass viol, and a herd of butchers armed with marrow-bones and cleavers, form an English concert. (Madame Pompadour, in her remarks on the English taste for music, says, they are invariably fond of every thing that is full in the mouth.) A cripple with the ballad of Jesse, or the Happy Pair, represents a man known by the name of Philip in the Tub, who had visited Ireland and the United Provinces; and, in the memory of some persons now living, was a general attendant at weddings. From those votaries of Hymen who were honoured with his epithalamiums, he received a small reward. To show that Messrs. West and Goodchild's habitation is near the monument, the base of that stately column appears in the back-ground. The inscription which until lately graced this structure, used to remind every reader of Pope's lines,

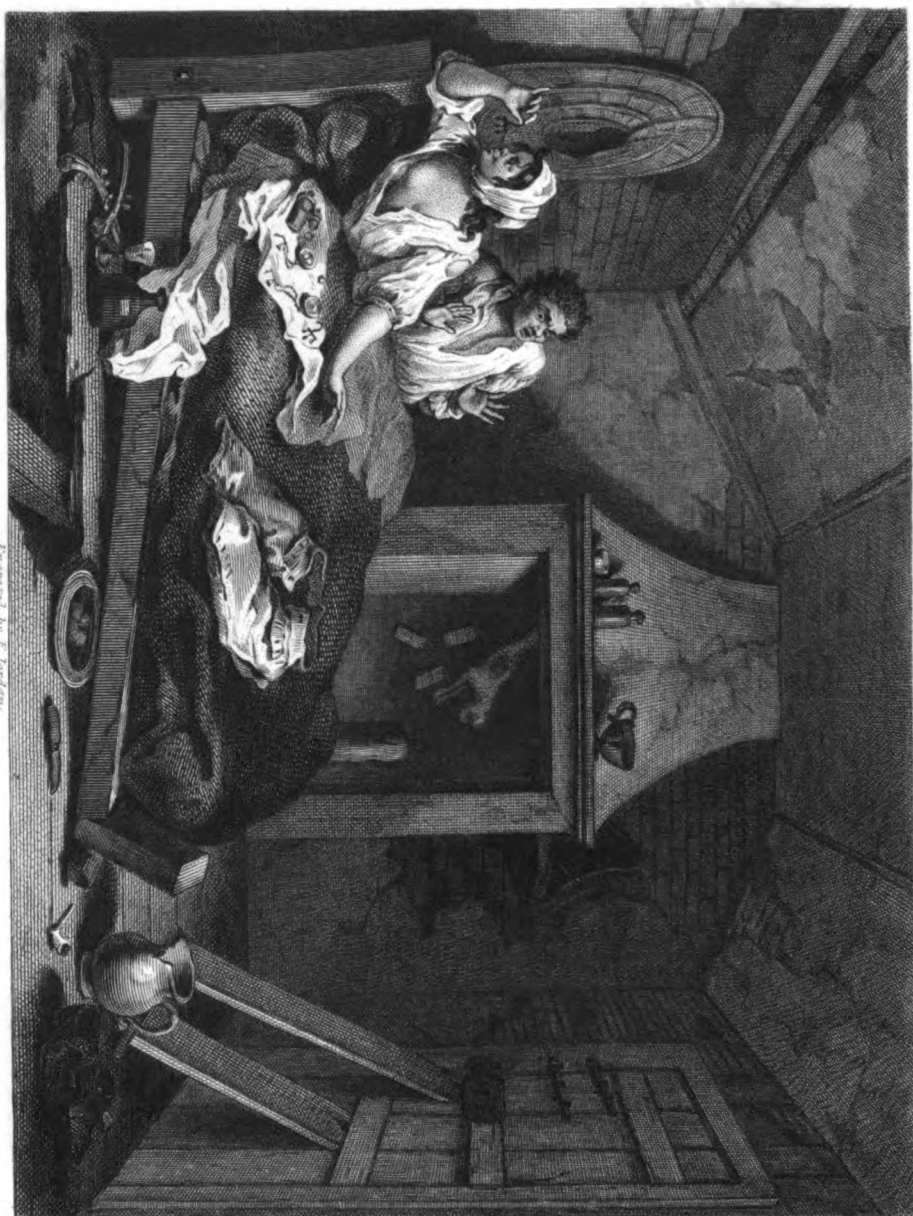
Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, rears its head, and lies, &c.

The duke of Buckingham's epigram on this magnificent pillar is not so generally known :

Here stand I,
The Lord knows why ;
But if I fall—
Have at ye all !

A footman and butcher, at the opposite corner, compared with the other figures, are gigantic ; they might serve for the Gog and Magog of Guildhall.

It has been said that the thoughts in this print are trite, and the actions mean, which must be in part acknowledged, but they are natural, and appropriate to the rank and situation of the parties, and to the fashions of the time at which it was published.



Engraved by E. Jordan.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY AND THE DOCTOR'S SON

PLATE 2

THE DOCTOR PRESENTS HIMSELF FROM SEA AND IN A GARRET WITH A PROSTITUTE

When the Doctor's Son is in the Garret

THE DOCTOR'S SON IS IN THE GARRET

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VII.

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

“The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him.” *Leviticus*, chap. xxvi. verse 6.

THE idle apprentice, as appears by this print, is advancing with rapid 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 pursue some other way of life; and what he entered on is here but too evident (from the pistols by the bed-side, 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 consequences of a life of dishonesty and debauchery. Though the designs of Providence are visible in every thing, yet they are never more conspicuous than in this,—that whatever these unhappy wretches possess by wicked and illegal means, they seldom comfortably enjoy. In this scene we have one of the finest pictures imaginable of the horrors of a guilty conscience. Though the door is fastened in the strongest manner with a lock and two bolts, and with the addition of some planks from the flooring, so as to make his retreat as secure as possible; though he has attempted to drive away thought by the powerful effects of spirituous liquors, plain from the glass and bottle upon the floor, still he is not able to brave 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 believes to be the noise of his pursuers! Observe his starting up in 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! in whom unconcern and indifference to every thing but the plunder are plainly apparent. She is looking at an ear-ring, which, with two watches, an etwee, and a couple of rings, are spread upon the bed, as part of last night's plunder. The phials on the mantel-piece show that sickness and disease are ever attendant on prostitution; and the beggarly appearance of the room, its wretched furniture, the hole by way of window, (by the light of which 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.



Engraved by G. Armstrong.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE INDUSTRIOUS BRENTLE GROWN RICH AND SHEEP OF LONDON.

From the original drawing by G. Armstrong.

London: R. G. & Co. Temple of the Most of Insolvency Square London.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

^a With all thy gettings get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee ; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her." Proverbs, chap. iv. verse 7, 8.

FROM industry become opulent, from integrity and punctuality respectable, our young merchant is now sheriff of London, and dining with the different companies in Guildhall. A group on the left side are admirably characteristic; their whole souls seem absorbed in the pleasures of the table. A divine, true to his cloth, swallows his soup with the highest *goût*. Not less gratified is the gentleman palating a glass of wine. The man in a black wig is a positive representative of famine; and the portly and oily citizen, with a napkin tucked in his button-hole, has evidently burnt his mouth by extreme eagerness.

The backs of those in the distance, behung with bags, major perukes, pinners, &c. are most laughably ludicrous. Every person present is so attentive to business, that one may fairly conclude they live to eat, rather than eat to live.

But though this must be admitted to be the case with this party, the following instance of city temperance proves that there are some exceptions. When the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Chamberlain, &c. of the city of London were once seated round the table at a public and splendid dinner at Guildhall, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman B—, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch,—I am within reach of both, sir?" "Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, Sir," replied the Alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon which are at this end of the table." "Mr. Alderman A—," continued the Chamberlain, "which would you choose, sir?" "Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B—, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal the old Chamberlain rose from his seat, and, with every mark of

astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes round the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called "Silence!" which being obtained, he thus addressed the pretorian magistrate, who sat in the Chair: "My Lord Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move, that your Lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals, that two Aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either turtle soup or venison."

Notwithstanding all this, there are men, who, looking on the dark side, and perhaps rendered splenetic, and soured by not being invited to these sumptuous entertainments, have affected to fear, that their frequent repetition would have a tendency to produce a famine, or at least to check the increase, if not extirpate the species, of those birds, beasts, and fish, with which the tables of the rich are now so plentifully supplied. But these half reasoners do not take into their calculation the number of gentlemen so laudably associated for encouraging cattle being fed so fat that there is no lean left; or that more ancient association, sanctioned and supported by severe acts of parliament, for the preservation of the game. From the exertions of these and similar societies, we may reasonably hope there is no occasion to dread any such calamity taking place; though the Guildhall tables often groaning under such hecatombs as are recorded in the following account, may make a man of weak nerves and strong digestion, shake his head, and shudder a little. "On the 29th October, 1727, when George II. and Queen Caroline honoured the city with their presence at Guildhall, there were 19 tables, covered with 1075 dishes. The whole expense of this entertainment to the city was 4889*l.* 4*s.*

To return to the print;—a self-sufficient and consequential beadle, reading the direction of a letter to Francis Goodchild, Esq. Sheriff of London, has all the insolence of office. The important and overbearing air of this dignified personage is well contrasted by the humble simplicity of the straight-haired messenger behind the bar. The gallery is well furnished with musicians busily employed in their vocation.

Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.

Besides a portrait of William the Third, and a judge, the hall is ornamented with a full length of that illustrious hero Sir William Walworth, in commemoration of whose valour the weapon with which he slew Wat Tyler was introduced into the city arms.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE IX.

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

“ The adulteress will hunt for precious life.” Proverbs, chap. vi. verse 26.

FROM the picture of the reward of diligence, we return to 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 see him in the third plate herding with the worst of the human species, the very dregs of the people ; one of his companions, at that time, being a one-eyed wretch, who seemed hackneyed in the ways of vice. To break this vile connexion he was sent to sea ; but, no sooner did he return, than his wicked disposition took its natural course, and every day he lived served only to habituate him to acts of greater criminality. He presently discovered his old acquaintance, who, no doubt, rejoiced to find him so ripe for mischief : with this worthless, abandoned fellow, he enters into engagements of the worst kind, even 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 numerous scenes of blood that were almost daily carried on there ; it being a receptacle for prostitutes and thieves ; where every species of delinquency was practised ; and where, indeed, there seldom passed a month without the commission of some act of murder. To this subterraneous abode of iniquity (it being a cellar) was our hero soon introduced ; where he is now represented in company with his accomplice, and others of the same stamp, having just committed a most horrid act of barbarity, (that of killing a passer-by, and conveying him into a place under ground, contrived for this purpose,) dividing among them the ill-gotten booty, which consists of

two watches, a snuff-box, and some other trinkets. In the midst of this wickedness, he is 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 him to this wretched haunt. The back ground of this print serves rather as a representation of night-cellars in general, those infamous receptacles for the dissolute and abandoned of both sexes, than a further illustration of our artist'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 exhibiting the other in its most heightened scenes of wickedness and impiety, in hopes of deterring the half-depraved youth of this metropolis, from even the possibility of the commission of such actions, by frightening them from these abodes of wretchedness; as this was manifestly his intention, it cannot be deemed a deviation from the subject. By the skirmish behind, the woman without a nose, the scattered cards upon the floor, &c. we are shown that drunkenness and riot, disease, prostitution, and ruin are the dreadful attendants of sloth, and the general fore-runners of crimes of the deepest die; and by the halter suspended from the ceiling, over the head of the sleeper, we are to learn two things—the indifference of mankind, even in a state of danger, and the insecurity of guilt in every situation.



Engraved by A. Donnan.

THE INDUSTRIOUS TRINITY. A GROUP OF THREE MEN.

BY THE

THE INDUSTRIOUS TRINITY. A GROUP OF THREE MEN. THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE BEFORE HIM IN HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

from the original design by A. Donnan.

From a copy of the original design by A. Donnan.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE X.

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

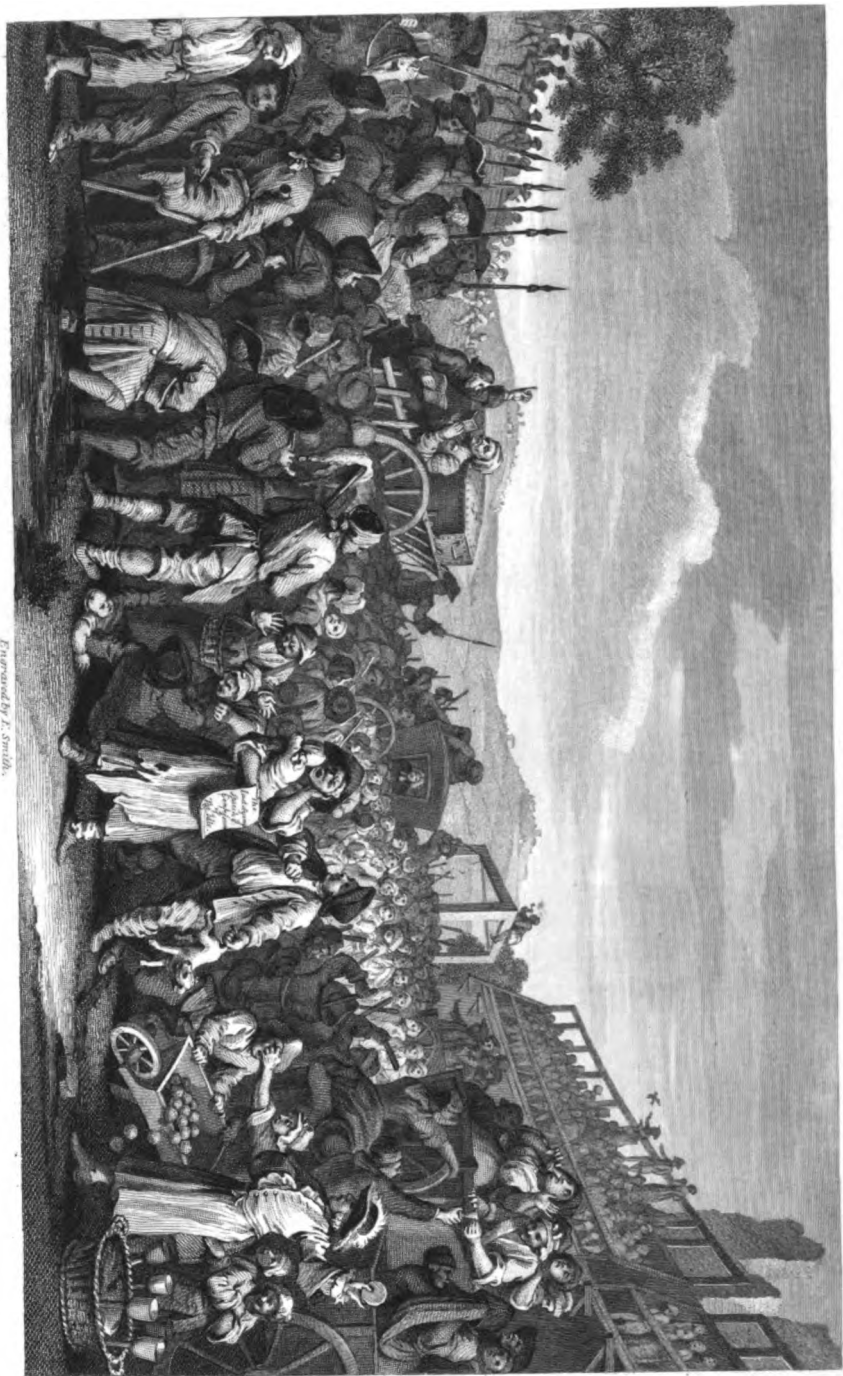
"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment." Leviticus, chap. xix. verse 15.

"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." Psalms, chap. ix. verse 16.

IMAGINE now this depraved and atrocious youth hand-cuffed, and dragged from his wicked haunt, through the streets to a place of security, amidst the scorn and contempt of a jeering populace; and thence brought before the sitting magistrate, (who, to heighten the scene and support the contrast, is supposed to be his fellow-'prentice, 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, being betrayed by his accomplice; a further proof 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 shown his great abilities, as well in description, as in a particular attention to the uniformity and connexion of the whole. He is now at the bar, with all the marks of guilt imprinted on his face. How, if his fear will permit him to reflect, must he think on the happiness and exaltation of his fellow-'prentice on the one hand, and of his own misery and degradation on the other! 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 the magistrate, 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 incontestable, 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 thoughts of reclining the head on one hand, while the other is extended to express the pity and shame he feels that human nature should be so depraved ! It is not the golden chain or scarlet robe that constitutes the character, but the feelings of the heart. To show 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-swoln 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 feeing 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 known from the ignorant, treacherous witness 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 dismal cell, deprived of the cheerfulness of light, fed upon bread and water, and left without a bed to rest on) the prisoner was removed to the bar of judgment, and condemned to die by the laws of his country.



Engraved by E. Smith.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE II.

THE HALL PRESENTED BY TYBURN.

From the original design by T. Smith.

Jones & Co. Temple of the Muse, Finsbury Square London.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

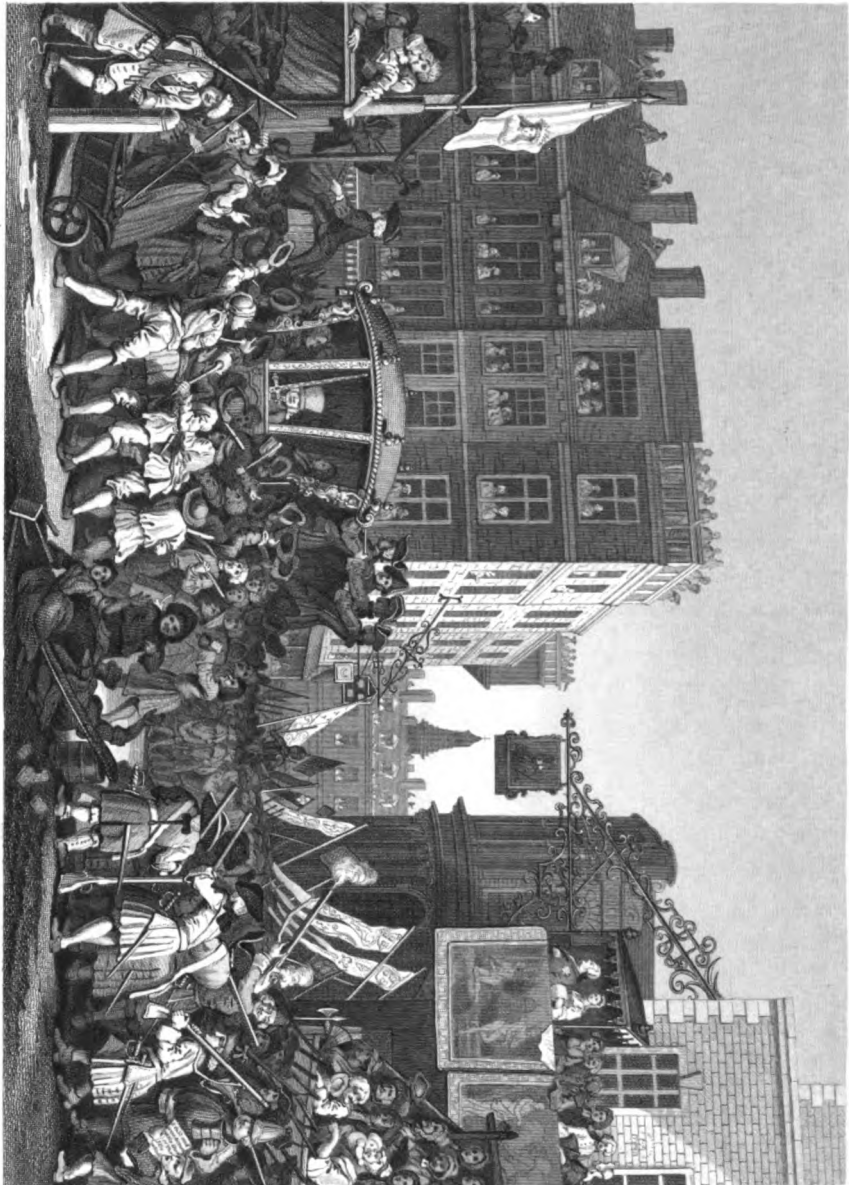
PLATE XI.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

“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.” Proverbs, chapter i. verse 7, 8.

THUS, after a life of sloth, wretchedness, and vice, does our delinquent terminate his career. Behold him, on the dreadful morn of execution, 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 crimes,—a shameful ignominious death. The ghastly appearance of his face, and the horror painted on his countenance, plainly show the dreadful situation of his mind; which we must imagine to be agitated with shame, remorse, confusion, and terror. The careless position of the Ordinary at the coach window is intended to show how inattentive those appointed to that office are of their duty, leaving it to others, which is excellently expressed by the itinerant preacher in the cart, instructing 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 holidays, produce scenes of the greatest riot, disorder, and uproar; being generally attended by hardened wretches, who go there, not so much to reflect upon their own vices, as to commit those 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 selling 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 a glass of gin, the very picture of hypocrisy; and a man indecently helping up a girl into the same cart; in another, a soldier sunk up to his knees

in a bog, and two boys laughing at him, are well imagined. Here we see one almost squeezed to death among the horses ; there, another trampled on by the mob. In one part is a girl tearing the face of a boy for oversetting her barrow ; in another, a woman beating a fellow for throwing down her child. Here we see a man flinging a dog among the crowd by the tail ; there a woman crying the dying speech of Thomas Idle, printed the day before his execution ; and many other things too minute to be pointed out : two, however, we must not omit taking notice of, one of which is the letting off a pigeon, bred at the gaol, fly from the gallery, which hastes directly home ; an old custom, to give an early notice to the keeper and others, of the turning off or death of the criminal ; and that of the executioner smoking his pipe at the top of the gallows, whose position of indifference betrays an unconcern that nothing can reconcile with the shocking spectacle, but that of use having rendered his wretched office familiar to him ; whilst it 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.



Engraved by J. Fisher.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

PART II.

THE EMPLOYERS' TENTH LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

from the original designs by J. Fisher.

London: Printed and Sold by J. Fisher, 1840.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

“Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.” Proverbs, chap. iii. ver. 16.

HAVING seen the ignominious end of the idle apprentice, 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 artist 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 show than the magnificent; yet the honour done the city, by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is not forgotten. The variety of comic characters in this print serves to show what generally passes on such public processions as these, when the people collect 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 saluting a fair nymph, and another enjoying the joke: near him is a blind man straggled in among the crowd, and joining in the general halloo: before him is a militia-man, so completely intoxicated as not to know what he is doing; 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 was at this period composed of undisciplined men, of all ages, sizes, and height; some fat, some lean, some tall, some short, some crooked, some lame, and in general so unused to muskets, that they knew not how to carry them. One, we observe, is firing his piece and turning his head another way, 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,” which is supposed to have appeared to the Mayor,

preserves the connexion of the whole work. The most obtrusive figure in his Lordship's coach is Mr. Swordbearer, in a cap like a reversed saucepan, which this great officer wears on these grand occasions. The company of journeymen butchers, with their marrow-bones and cleavers, appear to be the most active, and are by far the most noisy of any who grace this solemnity. Numberless spectators, upon every house and at every window, dart their desiring eyes on the procession ; so great indeed was the interest taken by the good citizens of London in these civic processions that, formerly, it was usual in a London lease to insert a clause, giving a right to the landlord and his friends to stand in the balcony, during the time of " the shows or pastimes, upon the day commonly called the Lord Mayor's Day."

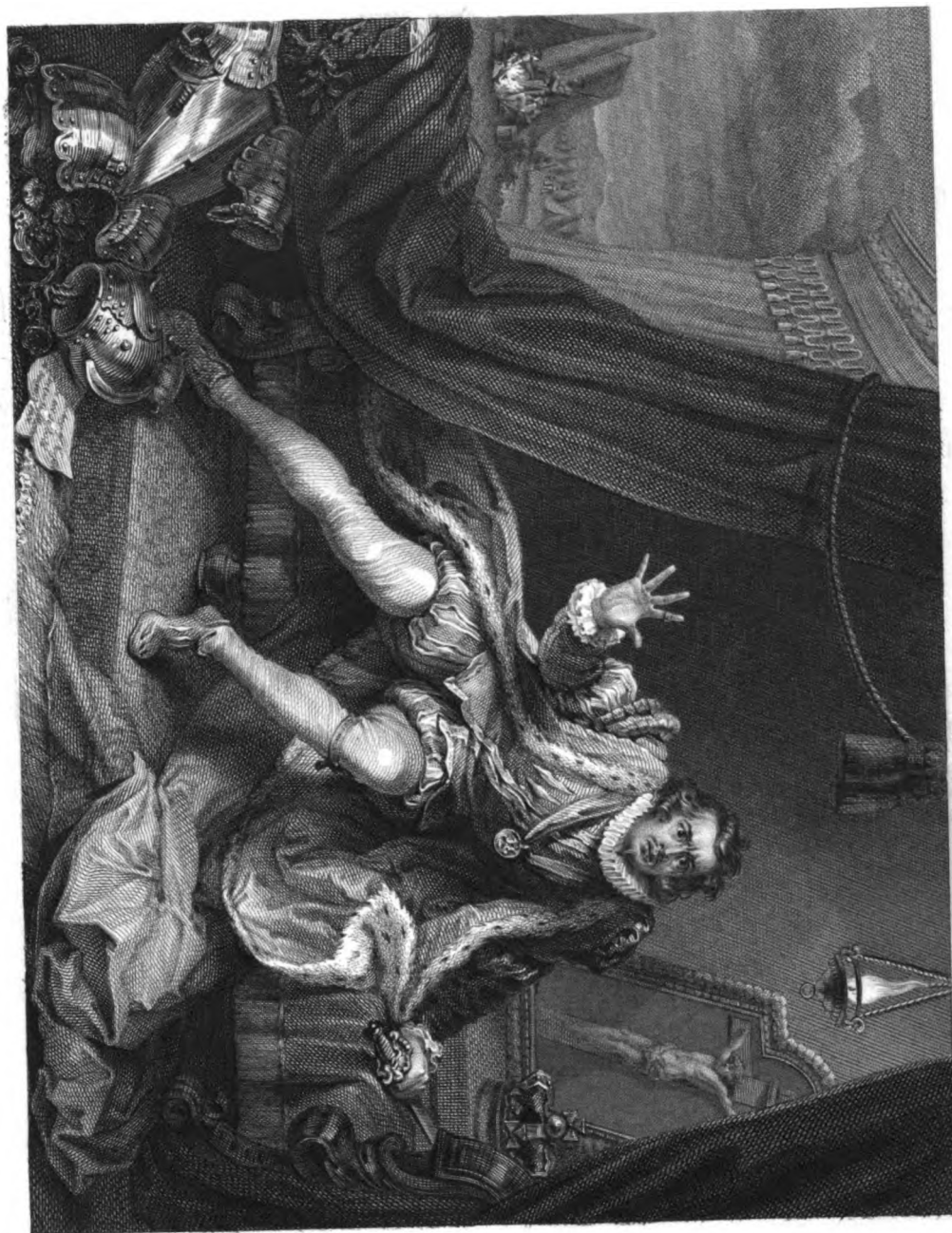
Thus have we seen, by a series of events, the prosperity of the one and the downfall of the other ; the riches and honour that crown the head of industry, and the ignominy and destruction that await the slothful. After this it would be unnecessary to say which is the most eligible path to tread. Lay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

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

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. This fair was attended, generally, by the inhabitants of town and country, and, therefore, was one that afforded great variety; especially as, before its suppression, it was devoted to every thing loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

The principal view upon the left represents 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 "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 humorously supposed to consist of earthenware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it; witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures. 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 and crying out, "Pistol's alive,") Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and many other characters of Shakspeare. On the other, the manager bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, "it cost 6000*l*." a scene-painter, who has laid his brushes aside, and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding 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 show 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

Laureate, was at the head of the faction. 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. At the back of this plate is Lee and Harper's great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented "The Siege of Troy." The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve, and a scene in Punch's opera. Beneath is a mountebank, exalted on a stage, eating fire to attract the public attention ; while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. Further back is a shift and hat, carried upon poles, designed as prizes for 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, the one old, the other young. Behind these men is a buskined hero, beset by a Marshalsea Court officer and his follower. 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 for which the English were remarkable. To this man a fellow is directing the attention of a country gentleman, while he robs him of his handkerchief. Next him is an artful villain decoying a couple of unthinking country girls to their ruin. Further back is a man kissing a wench in the crowd ; and above, a juggler performing some dexterity of hand. Indeed it would be tedious to enter into an enumeration of the various matter of this plate ; it is sufficient to remark that it presents us with an endless collection of spirited and laughable characters, in which is strikingly portrayed the character of the times.



THE FALL OF THE KING.

Engraved by J. Smith, and published by J. Smith.

Printed by J. Smith, and published by J. Smith.

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III .

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
The lights burn blue !—Is it not dead midnight ?
Cold, fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh.—

SUCH is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The lamp, diffusing a dim religious light through the tent, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, and unsheathed sword at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. Those who are acquainted with this prince's history, need not be told that he was naturally bold, courageous, and enterprising ; that when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and applied his mind to the management of his affairs. This may account for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent in order to repose himself upon his bed, and lessen the fatigues of the preceding day. See him then 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, by way of defence against the foe his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, that every nerve and muscle is in action, and even the ring is forced from his finger. When the heart is affected, how great is its influence on the human frame !—it communicates its sensibility to the extreme parts of the body, from the centre 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 of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dicken thy master is bought and is 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, plainly informs us that however a man may

attempt to steel himself against the arrows of conscience, still they will find a way to his breast, and shake the sinner even in his greatest security. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving the severest punishment ; for Providence has wisely ordained that sin should be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender would, in this life, escape unpunished, and the design of heaven be frustrated. But Richard, though he reached a throne, and by that means was exempt from the sufferings of the subject, yet could not divest himself of his nature, but was forced to give way to the workings of the heart, and bear the tortures of a distracted mind. The expression in his face is a master-piece of execution, and was a great compliment paid by Mr. Hogarth to his friend Garrick ; yet not unmerited, as all that have seen him in the part must acknowledge the greatness of the actor. The figures in the distance, two of whom,

Like sacrifices by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger,

are properly introduced, and highly descriptive.

The tents of Richmond are so near

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.

Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, striking, and original, and the figures well drawn. The whole moral tenour of the piece informs us that conscience is armed with a thousand stings, from which royalty itself is not secure ; 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.



THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

Depicted by the artist, and from the original, the artist.

James S. Co. Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square, London.

THE INVASION ; OR, FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

IN the two following designs, Mr. Hogarth has displayed that partiality for his own country and contempt for France, which formed a strong trait in his character. He neither forgot nor forgave the insults he suffered at Calais, though he did not recollect that this treatment originated in his own ill humour, which threw a sombre shade over every object that presented itself. Having early imbibed the vulgar prejudice that one Englishman was a match for four Frenchmen, he thought it would be doing his country a service to prove the position. How far it is either useful or politic to depreciate the power, or degrade the character of that people with whom we are to contend, is a question which does not come within the plan of this work. In some cases it may create confidence, but in others lead to the indulgence of that negligent security by which armies have been slaughtered, provinces depopulated, and kingdoms changed their rulers.

PLATE I.

F R A N C E.

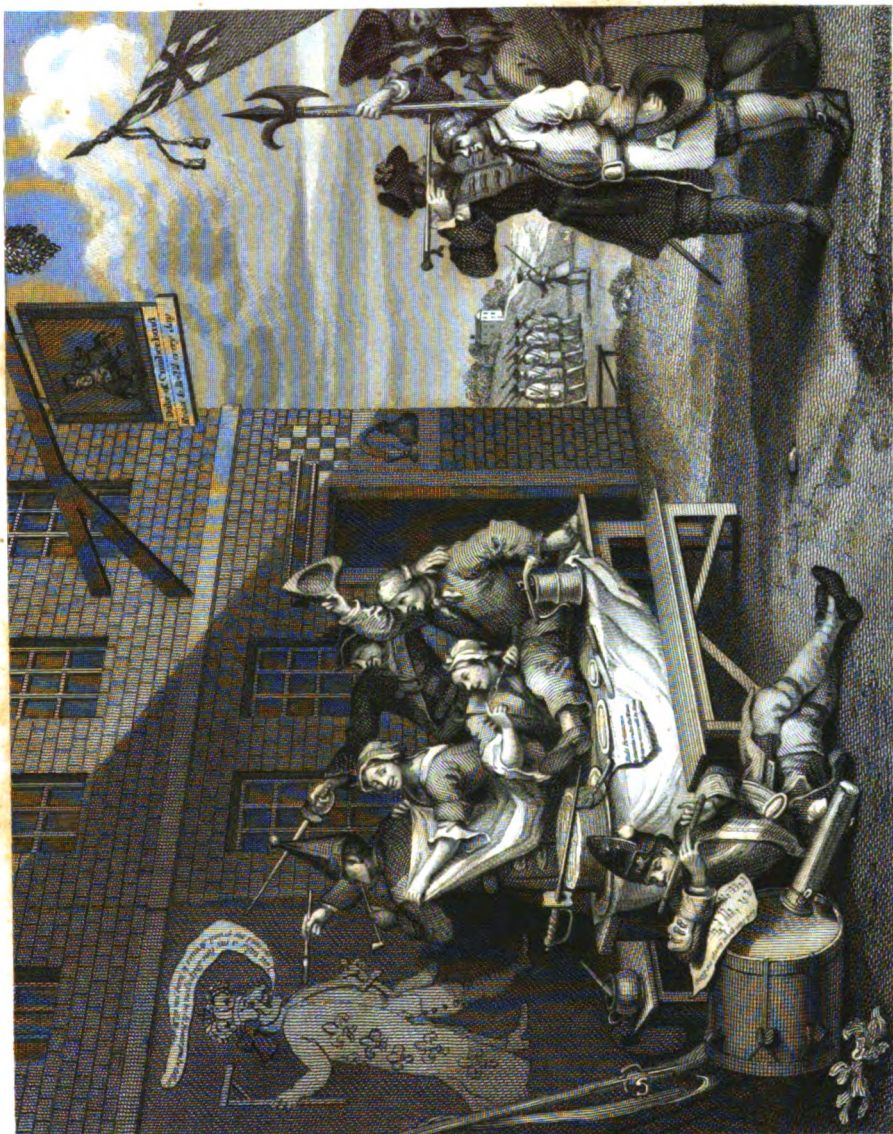
With lantern jaws and croaking gut,
See how the half-star'd Frenchmen strut,
And call us English dogs :
But soon we'll teach these bragging foes
That beef and beer give heavier blows
Than soup and roasted frogs.

The priests, inflam'd with righteous hopes,
Prepare their axes, wheels, and ropes,
To bend the stiff-neck'd sinner ;
But should they sink in coming over,
Old Nick may fish 'twixt France and Dover,
And catch a glorious dinner.

THE scenes of all Mr. Hogarth's prints, except The Gate of Calais, and that now under consideration, are laid in England. In this, having quitted his own country, he seems to think himself out of the reach of the critics, and, in delineating a Frenchman, at liberty to depart from nature, and sport in the fairy regions of caricature. Were

these Gallic soldiers naked, each of them would appear like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: so forlorn! that to any thick sight he would be invisible. To see this miserable woe-begone refuse of the army, who look like a group detached from the main body and put on the sick list, embarking to conquer a neighbouring kingdom, is ridiculous enough, and at the time of publication must have had great effect. The artist seemed sensible that it was necessary to account for the unsubstantial appearance of these shadows of men, and has hinted at their want of solid food, in the bare bones of beef hung up in the window, the inscription on the alehouse sign, "*Soup maigre au Sabot Royal*," and the spider-like officer roasting four frogs which he has impaled upon his sword. Such light and airy diet is whimsically opposed by the motto on the standard, which two of the most valorous of this ghastly troop are hailing with grim delight and loud exultation. It is, indeed, an attractive motto, and well calculated to inspire this famishing company with courage,—"*Vengeance, avec la bonne Bière, et bon bœuf d'Angleterre*." However meagre the military, the church militant is in no danger of starving. The portly friar is neither emaciated by fasting nor weakened by penance. Anticipating the glory of extirpating heresy, he is feeling the sharp edge of an axe, to be employed in the decollation of the enemies to the true faith. A sledge is laden with whips, wheels, ropes, chains, gibbets, and other inquisitorial engines of torture, which are admirably calculated for the propagation of a religion that was established in meekness and mercy, and inculcates universal charity and forbearance. On the same sledge is an image of St. Anthony, accompanied by his pig, and the plan of a monastery to be built at Black Friars.

In the back-ground are a troop of soldiers so averse to this English expedition, that their serjeant is obliged to goad them forward with his halberd. To intimate that agriculture suffers by the invasion having engaged the masculine inhabitants, two women, ploughing a sterile promontory in the distance, complete this catalogue of wretchedness, misery, and famine.



THE EXECUTION

Engraving of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, by James Watson, 1840.

Printed and Published by James Watson, 10, St. Andrew's Street, Edinburgh.

THE INVASION.

PLATE II.

ENGLAND.

See John the Soldier, Jack the Tar,
With sword and pistol arm'd for war,
Should Mounseer 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 power can stand the deadly stroke
That's given from hands and hearts of oak,
With Liberty to back 'em.

FROM the unpropitious regions of France our scene changes to the fertile fields of England.

England! bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shores beat back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune.

Instead of the forlorn and famished party who were represented in the last plate, we here see a company of well-fed and high-spirited Britons, marked with all the hardihood of ancient times, and eager to defend their country.

In the first group a young peasant, who aspires to a niche in the temple of Fame, preferring the service of Mars to that of Ceres, and the dignified appellation of soldier to the plebeian name of farmer, offers to enlist. Standing with his back against the halberd to ascertain his height, and, finding he is rather under the mark, he endeavours to reach it by rising on tiptoe. This artifice, to which he is impelled by towering ambition, the serjeant seems disposed to connive at—and the serjeant is a hero, and a great man in his way; “your hero always must be tall, you know.”

To evince that the polite arts were then in a flourishing state, and cultivated by more than the immediate professors, a gentleman artist, who to common eyes must pass for a grenadier, is making a caricature of *le grand monarque*, with a label from his mouth worthy the speaker and worthy observation, “You take a my fine ships; you be de pirate; you be de teef: me send my grand armies, and hang you all.” The action is

suited to the word, for with his left hand this most Christian potentate grasps his sword, and in his right poises a gibbet. The figure and motto united produce a roar of approbation from the soldier and sailor, who are criticising the work. It is so natural that the Helen and Briseis of the camp contemplate the performance with apparent delight, and, while one of them with her apron measures the breadth of this herculean painter's shoulders, the other, to show that the performance has some point, places her forefinger against the prongs of a fork. The little fifer, playing that animated and inspiring tune, "God save the King," is an old acquaintance: we recollect him in the March to Finchley. In the back-ground is a serjeant, teaching a company of young recruits their manual exercise.

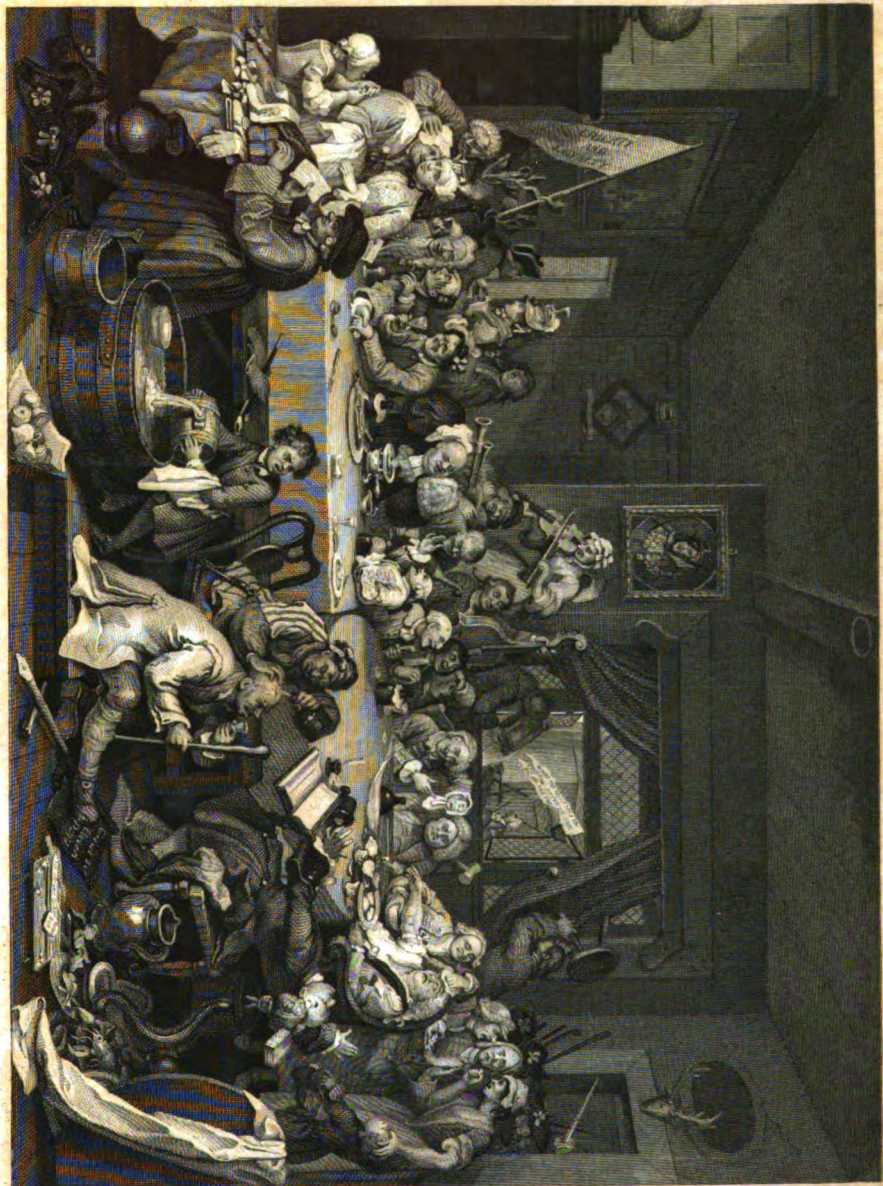
This military meeting is held at the sign of the Gallant Duke of Cumberland, who is mounted upon a prancing charger,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wield a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Underneath is inscribed "Roast and Boiled every day," which, with the beef and beverage upon the table, forms a fine contrast to the *soup maigre*, bare bones, and roasted frogs, in the last print. The bottle painted on the wall, foaming with liquor, which, impatient of imprisonment, has burst its cerements, must be an irresistible invitation to a thirsty traveller. The soldier's sword laid upon the round of beef, and the sailor's pistol on the vessel containing the ale, intimate that these great bulwarks of our island are as tenacious of their beef and beer, as of their religion and liberty.

These two plates were published in 1756; but in the London Chronicle for October 20, 1759, is the following advertisement: "This day are republished, Two prints designed and etched by William Hogarth, one representing the preparations on the French coast for an intended invasion; the other, a view of the preparations making in England to oppose the wicked designs of our enemies; proper to be stuck up in public places, both in town and country, at this juncture."

The verses which were inserted under each print, and subjoined to this account, are, it must be acknowledged, coarse enough. They were, however, written by David Garrick.



THE PEOPLE OF THE METROPOLIS.

PLATE I.

A GROUP OF ANTI-SLAVERY FRIENDS.

James Kerr, Joseph of the Abyssinian Square, London.

James Kerr, Joseph of the Abyssinian Square, London.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE I.

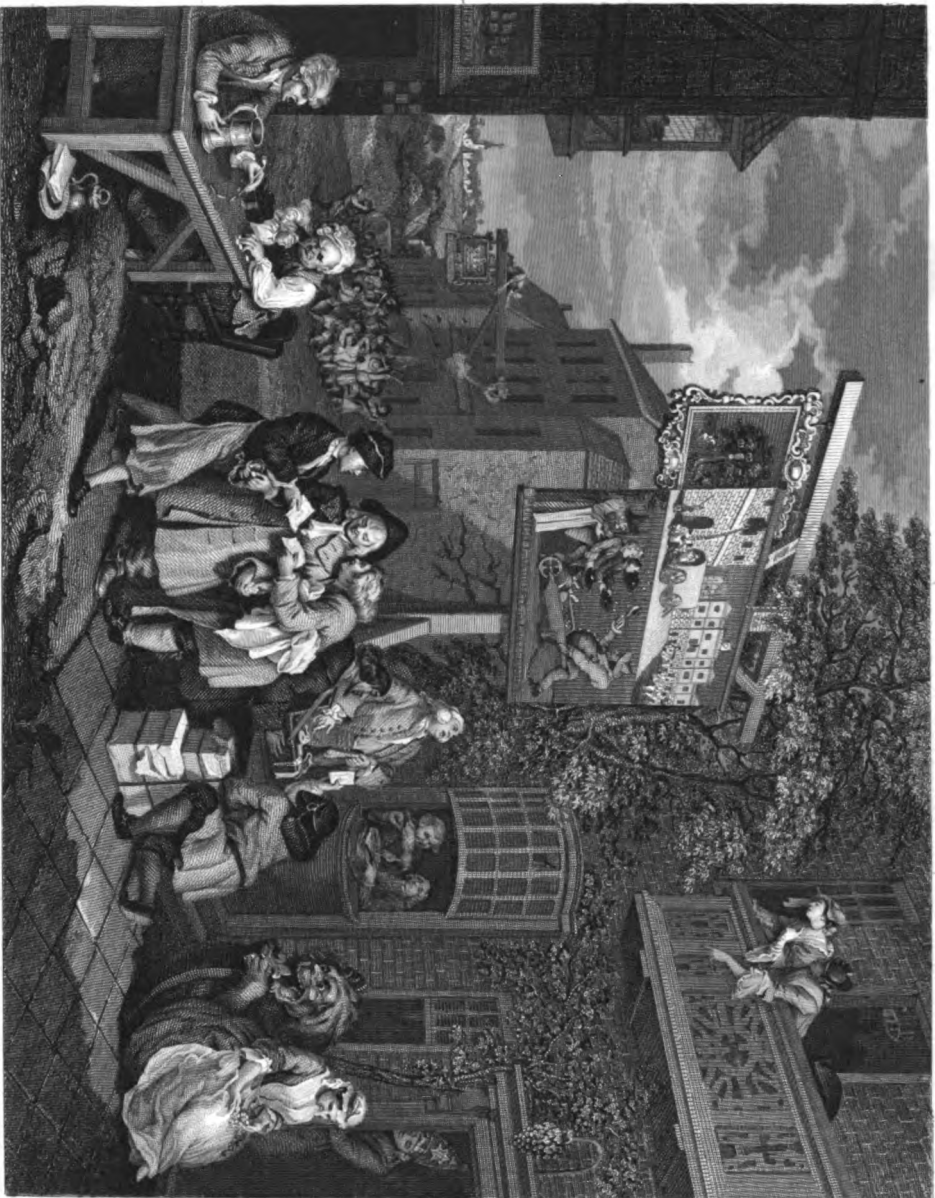
AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

FEW scenes in life are more full of humour than those of a county election of the olden times. The variety of characters to be met with there frequently draw a smile from the most grave and rigid.

Our artist commences this humorous series with an entertainment at an inn 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; without which he would have had little chance of success. To preserve the connexion 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 of the Tory. But as, when the court and country are put in different scales, the weight of the second, at least in appearance, makes the first kick the beam; those in the Tory interest are obliged to wear the faces of the Whig in order to carry the point in question. Such is the case of the party present, evident by the slashed picture of the king, which they are supposed to have demolished, through a pretended aversion to the court; and the flag, on which is painted "Give us our eleven days," alluding to the alteration of the style in the year 1752, which gave great displeasure in 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 the 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." By these and other circumstances it is past doubt that the party present are Tories under false colours. To confirm this further, we see the opposite party throwing 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 two unpopular acts that passed about the same time. To revenge this riotous proceeding without, observe a man throwing a stool out in return,

and another emptying a vessel of urine on their heads; at these seasons decency and distinction are laid aside. As a proof of this, see here an assembly of all ranks of people; view the condescending 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 50*l.* payable in six months, which he does not seem to relish. At the middle of this table, on the further side, sits a crooked object, ridiculing one of the fiddlers for his enormous length of chin, not considering his own deformity, even in that very part. In front is a boy making punch in a mashing tub, of which one of the corporation behind the young woman near the window, seems to have got his fill. But this entertainment does not consist in drinking only, eating to excess is also part of it, as is shown by a parson and an alderman, voraciously cramming themselves, to the destruction of their health. Though the dishes are removed from the table, we see this guttling 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 task.

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 tailor with uplifted hands, refusing to take a bribe, and his wife abusing him for so doing; "Curse your squeamish conscience," says she, "are not your wife and children starving? have they clothes 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. On his right hand is a droll genius making game of him, twisting his handkerchief into the representation of a face, and moving it with infinite humour while he chants the song of "An old woman clothed in grey." In this room we may imagine a variety of noises, loud and boisterous, which is increased by the addition of a few catgut-scrapers, and a north country bag-piper. 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 we are taught that, in elections, honesty is shut out of doors, and gold the only prevailing argument.



THE ELECTION.

PLATE 2.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

Engraved by J. W. Smith for the Proprietor of the "Punch" and "Globe".

Printed and Published by J. W. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE II.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

IN this print we are introduced to the opposite party, in an active canvass in a country village, prodigally scattering money among the inhabitants ; for at these times nothing paves the way like gold, which, as a celebrated writer observed, is the strongest argument, and a most wonderful clearer of the understanding, dissipating every doubt and scruple in an instant. Mark then an agent for one of the candidates making interest with the ladies, by offering them presents from the box of a travelling Jew, 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 allusive to the subject ; the lower part represents Punch profusely throwing money to the populace, while the upper part offers 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 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. 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 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 most. The woman counting her money, which the grenadier eyes with so much wishfulness, is the mistress of the inn ; and is introduced

to show us that the general attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon that saint-seducing object, money; she sits upon the head of an old ship, fixed at the door, as is commonly seen at public-houses, which represents a lion ready to swallow a flower-de-luce, (the French arms;) emblematical of the animosity subsisting between England and France. As this scene would be imperfect without some eating and drinking, which is the very life of electioneering, 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 ale-house politicians, a barber and a cobbler, who, with a total ignorance of men and measures, are settling the affairs of state, and planning sieges with halfpence and pieces of tobacco-pipe. As in the first plate the persons present wore only the cloak of reality, in this they show themselves absolutely in earnest. The people having here assembled to break the windows, tear down the sign, (which one is sawing through on the top,) and demolish the house, opened by the contrary party, are so bent on their object that the discharge of a gun is disregarded; so headstrong and ungovernable is the mob.

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 the loudest, and endeavouring by all the acts of 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.



THE PEOPLE

THE PEOPLE

Engraving of the People of the Town of London, as they are called upon

to attend the Court of the Lord Mayor, &c.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE III.

THE POLLING.

WITH the glorious ambition of serving their country, added to an eagerness of displaying their own importance, the maimed, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the sick, hasten to the hustings to give their *independent* votes. The contending candidates, seated at the back of the booth, anticipate the event. One of them, coolly resting upon his cane in a state of stupid satisfaction, appears to be as happy as his nature will admit, in the certainty of success. Very different are the feelings of his opponent, who, rubbing his head with every mark of apprehensive agitation, contemplates the state of the poll, and shudders at the heavy expense of a contest, in which he is likely to be the loser. Such are the cares of a candidate.

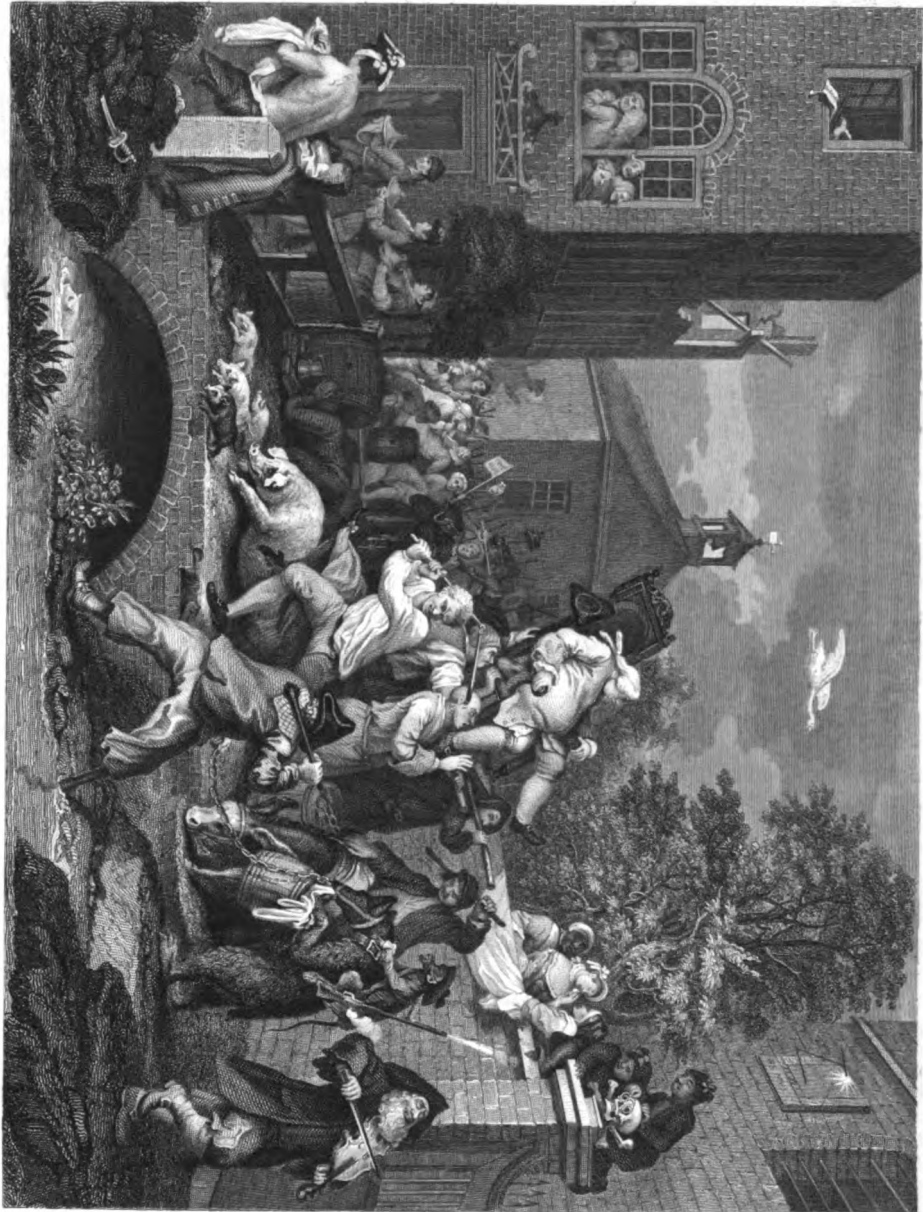
The first person that tenders his oath to the swearing clerk is an old soldier, and probably a brave one, for he has lost a leg, an arm, and a hand, in the service of his country. They were severed by the sword of an enemy, but the trunk and heart remain entire, and are entitled to more respect than is paid them by the brawling advocate, who, with that loud and overbearing loquacity for which Billingsgate and the bar are so deservedly eminent, puts in a protest against his vote. The objection is not founded upon this heroic remnant of war having forfeited his franchise by any improper conduct, but upon the letter, the black letter of the law, "which," says our quibbling counsellor, "ordains, that the person who makes an affidavit, shall lay his right hand upon the book; now this man, having had his right hand severed from his arm, and, as he informs us, left it in Flanders, cannot comply with the letter of the law, and, therefore, is not competent to make an affidavit; that being once admitted, which I do contend must be admitted, he cannot be deemed competent to vote." "That," replies another gentleman of the black robe, "I most pointedly deny; for, though this valiant veteran, who is a half-pay officer, has lost much of his blood, and three of his limbs in the service of his king and defence of his fellow-subjects, yet the sword, which deprived him of his hand, has not deprived him of his birthright. God forbid it should! It might as well be argued and asserted, that this gentleman is excluded from the rites of matrimony,

because he cannot pledge his hand. Thanks to our religion and our constitution, neither law nor gospel hold such language, and it is beneath me to waste any more words in the confutation of it. I will only add, and I do insist upon my opinion being confirmed by every statute upon the case, that the law must and will consider this substitute for a hand to be as good as the hand itself; and his laying that upon the book is all which the law ought to require,—all the law can require,—all the law does require.”

Leaving these two bright luminaries of their profession to throw dust, and render that obscure which, without their explanation, would have been perfectly clear, let us attend to the son of Solomon, who is fastened in his chair, and brought to give his voice for a fit person to represent him in parliament. This is evidently a deaf idiot, but he is attended by a man in fetters, very capable of prompting him, who is at this moment roaring in his ear the name of the gentleman for whom he is to vote. Behind him are two fellows, carrying a man wrapped in a blanket, apparently in so languid a state that he cannot be supposed to feel much interest in the concerns of a world he is on the point of leaving. The catalogue of this motley group of electors is concluded by a blind man and a cripple, who are slowly and cautiously ascending the steps that lead to the hustings. In the group an artist is drawing a profile of one of the candidates, and, in both air and character, this Sayers of his day has given a very striking resemblance of his original. The constable, fatigued by double duty, is at peace with all mankind,—a deep sleep is upon him. Many of the crowd are attentively listening to the soft sounds of a female syren, warbling forth a brown paper libel on one of the candidates, in that universal language which those that cannot read may yet understand,—the hero of this satire being delineated as suspended to a gibbet on the top of the ballad.

In the sinister corner is a view of Britannia's chariot oversetting, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Here is one of the few instances where Hogarth has mounted into the cloudy heights of allegory; and here, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, he is not happy: it is a dark and dangerous region, in which almost every aeronaut of the arts has lost himself, and confused his earth-born admirers. On a bridge in the back-ground is a carriage with colours flying, and a cavalcade composed of worthy and independent freeholders, advancing to give their suffrages with all possible *éclat*.

The village in the distance has a pretty effect. Of the church we may fairly say, as Charles II. did of that at Harrow on the Hill, It is the visible church.



THE LIFE OF THE LATE

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JAMES & CO. Agents of the Mason & Co. of London.

THE ELECTION.

PLATE IV.

CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

THE polling being concluded, the books cast up, and the returning officer having declared our candidate duly elected, he is now exhibited in triumph. Seated in an arm-chair, and exalted upon the shoulders of four tried supporters of the constitution, he is borne through the principal streets, which are promiscuously crowded with enemies as well as friends. In this aerostatic voyage there seems to be some danger of a wreck, for a thresher, having received an insult from a sailor, in the act of revenging it, flourishes his flail in as extensive an orbit as if he were in his own barn. The end of this destructive instrument coming in contact with the skull of a bearer of our new-made member, the fellow's head rings with the blow, his eyes swim, his limbs refuse their office, and, at this inauspicious moment, the effects of the stroke, like an electric shock, extend to the exalted senator. He trembles in every joint, the hat flies from his head, and, without the intervention of Juno or Minerva, he must fall from the seat of honour to the bed of stone. Terrified at his impending danger, a nervous lady, who with her attendants is in the church-yard, falls back in a swoon. Regardless of her distress, two little chimney-sweepers upon the gate-post are placing a pair of gingerbread spectacles on a death's head. Their sportive tricks are likely to be interrupted by a monkey beneath, who, arrayed *en militaire*, is mounted upon a bear's back. The firelock slung over this little animal's shoulder, in a fray between the bear and a biped, is accidentally discharged, in a direction that, if loaded, must carry leaden death to one of the gibing soot-merchants above.

At an opposite corner, a naked soldier is taking a few refreshing grains of best Virginia, and preparing to dress himself after the performance of a pugilistic duet. On the other side of the rails, a half-starved French cook, a half-bred English cook, and a half-roasted woman-cook, are carrying three covers for the lawyer's table. Near them is a cooper inspecting a vessel that had been reported leaky, and must speedily be filled with home-brewed ale for the gratification of the populace. Two fellows are forcing their way through the crowd in the back-ground with a barrel of the same liquor.

Coming out of a street behind them, a procession of triumphant electors hail the other successful candidate, whose shadow appears on the wall of the court-house. In Mr. Attorney's first floor are a group of the defeated party glorying in their security, and highly delighted with the confusion below. One of these, distinguished by a ribbon, is said to be intended for the Duke of Newcastle, who was eminently active on these occasions. A poor old lady is unfortunately thrown down by a litter of pigs, which, followed by their mamma, rush through the crowd with as much impetuosity as if the whole herd were possessed. One of this agreeable party has leaped, not into the ocean, but the brook, and the whole family are on the point of following its example.

In Le Brun's Battle of the Granicus, an eagle is represented as hovering over the plumed helmet of Alexander; this thought is very happily parodied in a goose, flying immediately over the tie-wig of our exalted candidate.

An inscription on the sun-dial, when joined to the mortuary representation on the church gate-post has been supposed to imply a pun, hardly worthy of Hogarth, but which yet I am inclined to suspect he intended. "We must, on the sun-dial," say some of his illustrators, "means, We must die all, (*dial.*)"

All the incidents in this very whimsical plate are naturally, and yet skilfully combined: the whole is in the highest degree laughable, and every figure stamped with its proper character. The apprehensive terror of the unwieldy member, the herculean strength of the exasperated thresher, and the energetic attitude of the maimed sailor, deserve peculiar praise.

Previous to the publication of this series, Mr. Hogarth's satire was generally aimed at the follies and vices of individuals. He has here ventured to dip his pencil in the ocean of politics, and delineated the corrupt and venal conduct of our electors in the choice of their representatives. That these four plates display a picture in any degree applicable to the present times cannot be expected, but they are fine satires on times gone by, when the people of Great Britain were so far from being influenced by a reverence for public virtue, that they began to suspect it had no existence.



THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

BY THOMAS STOTHARD.

Engraved by Thomas Stothard.

Printed by Thomas Stothard, 17, Pall Mall, London.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

Hard is the fortune of a strolling player,
Necessity's rough burden doom'd to bear ;
And scanty is the pittance he can earn,
Wandering from town to town, from barn to barn.
Where are my forty knights ? cries frantic Lear,
A page replies—your Majesty they're here—
When lo !—two bailiffs and a writ appear.”

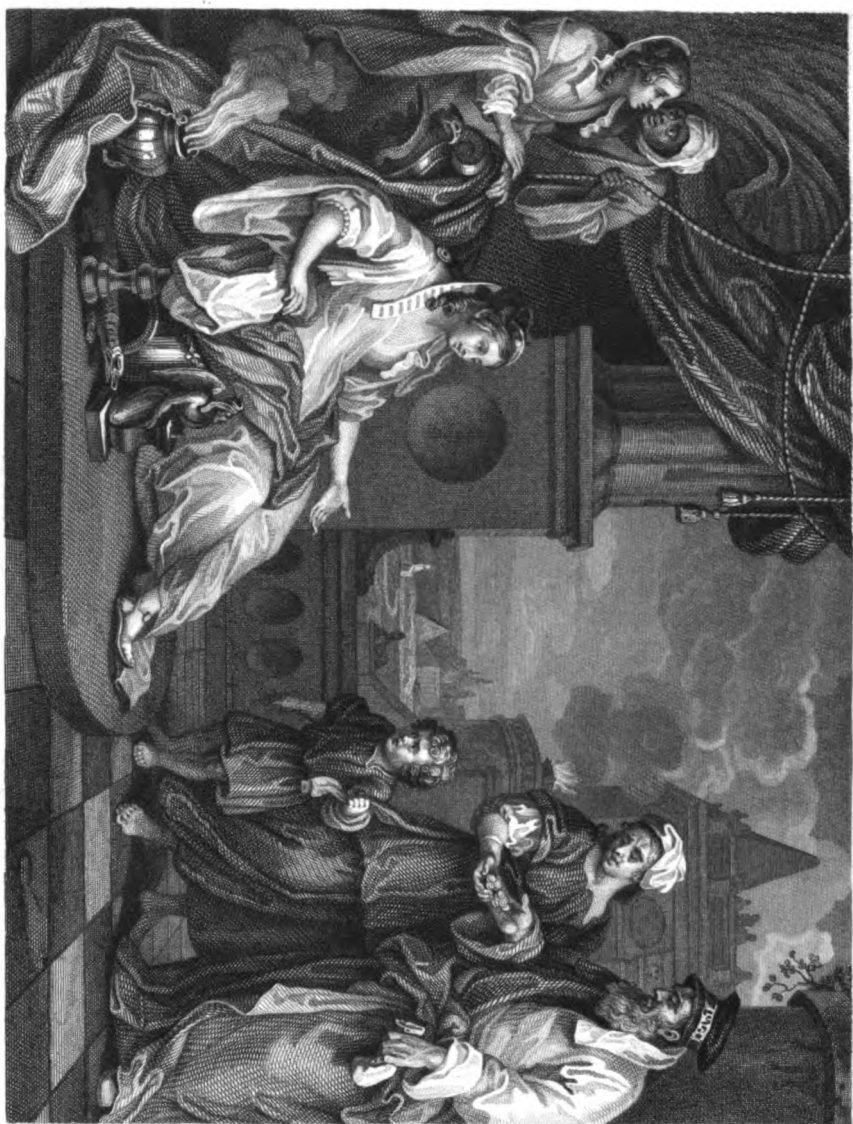
IF variety is any ways entertaining, or if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention: none abound more with contrasted subjects, nor can the *vis comica* be more conspicuous: every group is crowded with humour, every subject with 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 pleasure 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 class of people, it being just before the act against strolling players took place.

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, is 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, perriwigs, 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 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 sworn 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 dredging 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 with the tooth-ache, 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, it is intimated that the farce they are going to perform has such a variety of characters, that they are under the 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. Humorously has our author set the pannikin upon the act of parliament against strolling players, and that upon a crown. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty Bolingbroke.

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

At the back of this plate are two young devils (their horns just budded) contending for a draught of beer. 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 sanguinary 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.



Engraved by R. Chantler.

THE NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

From the original picture by Raphael.

THE NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son, and she called his name *Moses*.—Exodus, chap. ii. ver. 10.

AMONG the many benevolent institutions which do honour to this nation, the hospital for maintaining exposed and deserted infants may be ranked as one of the most humane and political. Let the austere enthusiast censure it as an encouragement to vice, and the rigid moralist declaim against giving sanction to profligacy, it is still an useful and a benevolent foundation.

To protect the helpless, give refuge to the innocent, and render that unoffending being a useful member of society, whose parents may be too indigent to give it proper sustenance, or wicked enough to destroy it, is fulfilling one great precept of religion, and must afford a pure and exalted gratification to every philanthropic mind.

That it is found necessary to restrict the plan, and confine the charity in such narrow limits, is much to be lamented. Compassion and policy demand that the doors should be open to every proper object.

With each infant was then sent some little memorial by which it might be known at a future day. The following lines were written by an unfortunate widow, and pinned to the breast of a child who was received into the hospital :

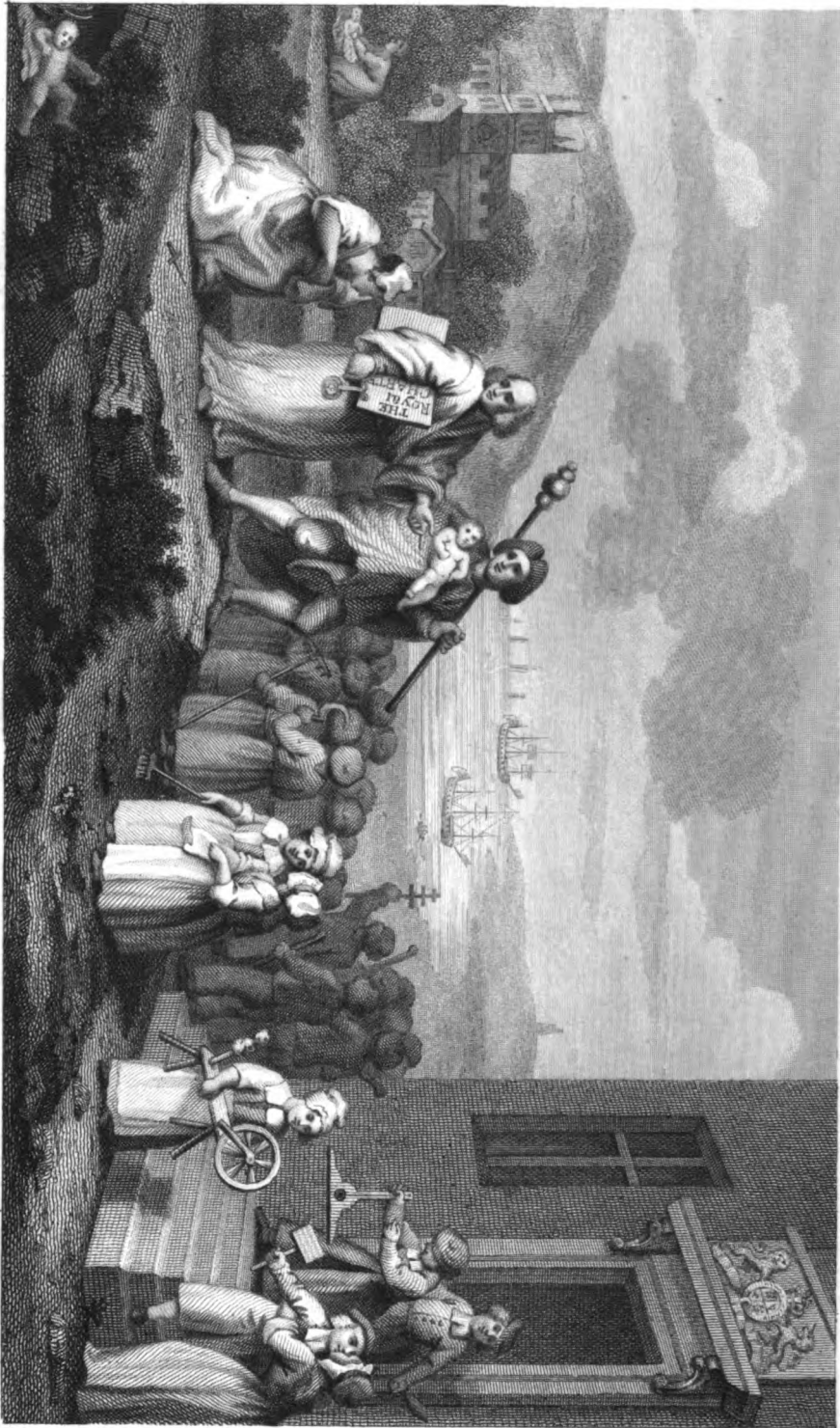
Go, gentle babe, thy future life be spent
In virtuous purity and calm content ;
Life's sunshine bless thee, and no anxious care
Sit on thy brow, and draw the falling tear ;
Thy country's grateful servant may'st thou prove,
And all thy life be happiness and love.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, a person of respectable appearance went to the hospital, and requested to see the chapel, great room, &c. He then desired to speak with the treasurer, to whom he presented a ten pound bank-note, expressing a wish that it might be recorded as a small but grateful memorial from the first orphan who was apprenticed by the charity : he added, " I was that orphan, and, in consequence of the education I here received, have had the power of acquiring an independence with integrity and honour."

To this asylum for deserted infancy Mr. Hogarth was one of the earliest benefactors ; and to their institution presented the picture from which this print is engraved ; there is not, perhaps, in holy writ another story so exactly suitable to the avowed purpose of the foundation.

The history of Moses being deserted by his mother, exposed among the bulrushes, and discovered and protected by the daughter of Pharaoh, is known to every one who has read the Bible : those who have not may find it there recorded, with many other things well worthy their attention. At the point of time here taken, the child's mother, who the princess considers as merely its nurse, has brought him to his patroness, and is receiving from the treasurer the wages of her services. The little foundling naturally clings to his nurse, though invited to leave her by the daughter of a monarch. The eyes of an attendant, and a whispering Ethiopian, convey an oblique suspicion that the child has a nearer affinity to their mistress than she chooses to acknowledge.

Considered as a whole, this picture has a more historic air than we often find in the works of Hogarth. The royal Egyptian is graceful, and in some degree elevated. The treasurer is marked with austere dignity, and the Jewess and child with nature. The scene is superb, and the distant prospect of pyramids, &c. highly picturesque, and appropriate to the country. To exhibit this scene, the artist has placed the groups at such a distance as crowd the corners, and leave the centre unoccupied. As the Greeks are said to have received the rudiments of art from Egypt, the line of beauty on the base of a pillar is properly introduced. A crocodile creeping from under the stately chair may be intended to mark the neighbourhood of the Nile, but is a poor and forced conceit.



THE ROYAL CHARTER

The Royal Charter

James & Co. Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square, London.

THE FOUNDLINGS.

————— No mother's care
Shielded our infant innocence with prayer ;
No father's guardian hand our youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth our virtues, and from vice restrain'd ;
But strangers, pitying strangers, hear our cry,
And with parental care each want supply.

PICART introduced Hogarth's print of a woman swearing a child into his work, and was pleased to call it a religious ceremony ; Mr. Ireland observes that in the print before us we have a scene which may properly be so denominated ; for, surely, rescuing deserted, unoffending, and helpless innocence from destruction, providing an asylum for childhood, initiating youth in habits of industry, and rendering those whose parents were unable to protect them useful members of society, is a religious as well as a political institution.

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps the mother mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drop mingling with the milk it drew ;
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears.

Hogarth, by presenting some of his works to the Foundling Hospital, was, in fact, an early benefactor to the charity ; he made the annexed design for the use of this institution. It was engraved by F. Morellon la Cave, as the head-piece to a power of attorney from the trustees of the charity to those gentlemen who were appointed to receive subscriptions towards the building, &c.

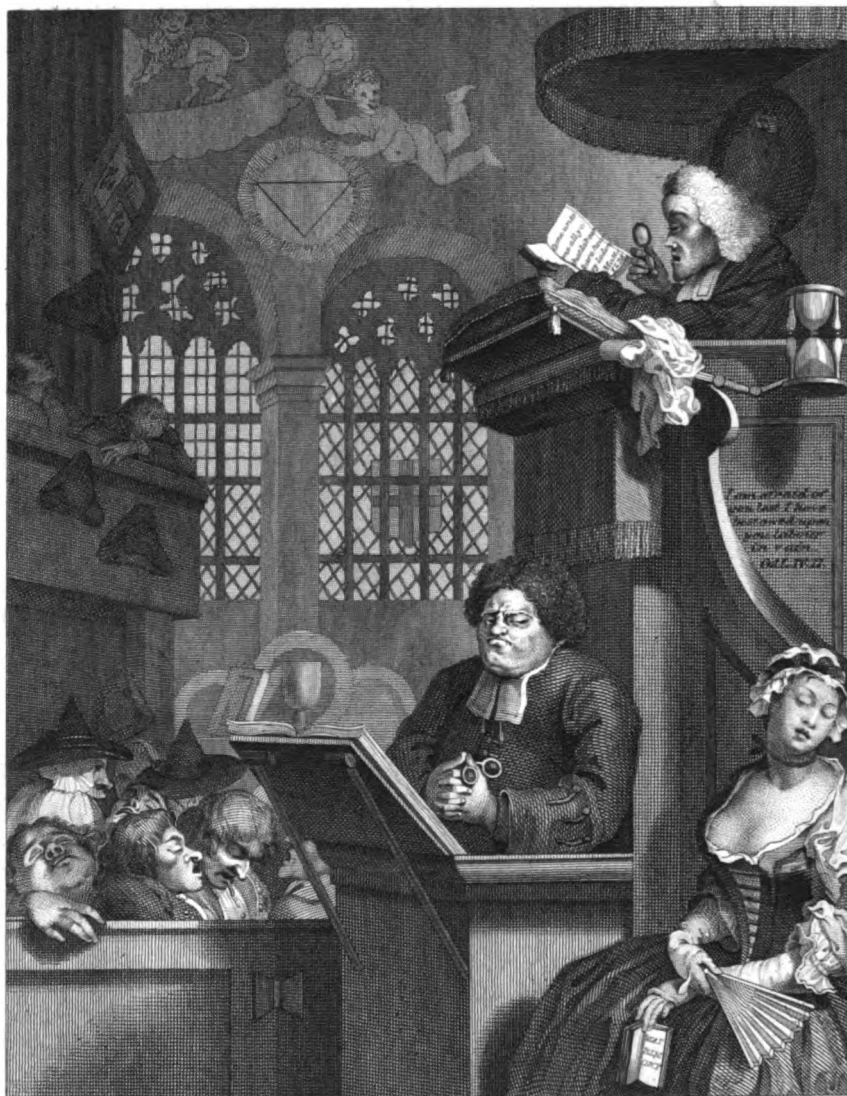
The artist has made his old friend, Captain Coram, a principal figure, and as this excellent and venerable man was, in fact, the founder of the charity, it is with great propriety he is introduced. Before him the beadle of the hospital carries an infant, whose mother, having dropped a dagger, with which she might have been momentarily tempted to destroy her child, kneels at his feet, while he, with that benevolence with which his countenance was so eminently marked, bids her be comforted, for her babe will be nursed and protected.

On the dexter side of the print is a new-born infant, left close to a stream of water, which runs under the arch of a bridge. Near a gate, on a little eminence in the pathway above, a woman leaves another child to the casual care of the next person who passes by. In the distance is a village with a church.

In the other corner are three boys, coming out of a door, with the king's arms over it: as emblems of their future employments, one of them poises a plummet, a second holds a trowel, and a third, whose mother is fondly pressing him to her bosom, has in his hand a card for combing wool. The next group, headed by a lad elevating a mathematical instrument, are in sailors' jackets and trowsers; those on their right hand, one of whom has a rake, are in the uniform of the school.

The attributes of the three little girls in the fore-ground, a spinning-wheel, sampler, and broom, indicate female industry and ingenuity.

It must be admitted that the scene here represented is a painter's anticipation, for the charter was not granted until October, 1739, and this design was made only three years afterwards; but the manner in which the charity has been since conducted has realized the scene.



THE NEW METHOD OF TEACHING

As represented by the Engraving from the Picture

By J. Jones

Jones & Co. Temple of the Muses Finsbury Square London

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

WERE we to form our opinion of the preacher from his countenance and attitude, we are convinced that he would lull to soft repose the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's *Dunciad*; which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Somnus. He

————— In one lazy tone,
Through the long, heavy, painful page, drawls on.
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod, &c.

The clerk, infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously blooming damsel, who, in studying the service of matrimony, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of amen, are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite are five swains of the village;

Each mouth distended, and each head reclin'd,
They soundly sleep.

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring Theocritus as the Chloe and Daphne of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than old women. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to show that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction, for the preacher entreats them to go to rest, or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, let those who have studied their characters determine.

In the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the decency to hide his face ; but the other is evidently in full song.

The heavy architecture and grotesque decorations lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of Baucis and Philemon, so exquisitely described by Swift.

Grown to a church by just degrees—
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

The children in the wood are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel ; which, to prove its being of a more exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

The pretty Robin redbreasts, which
Did cover them with leaves,

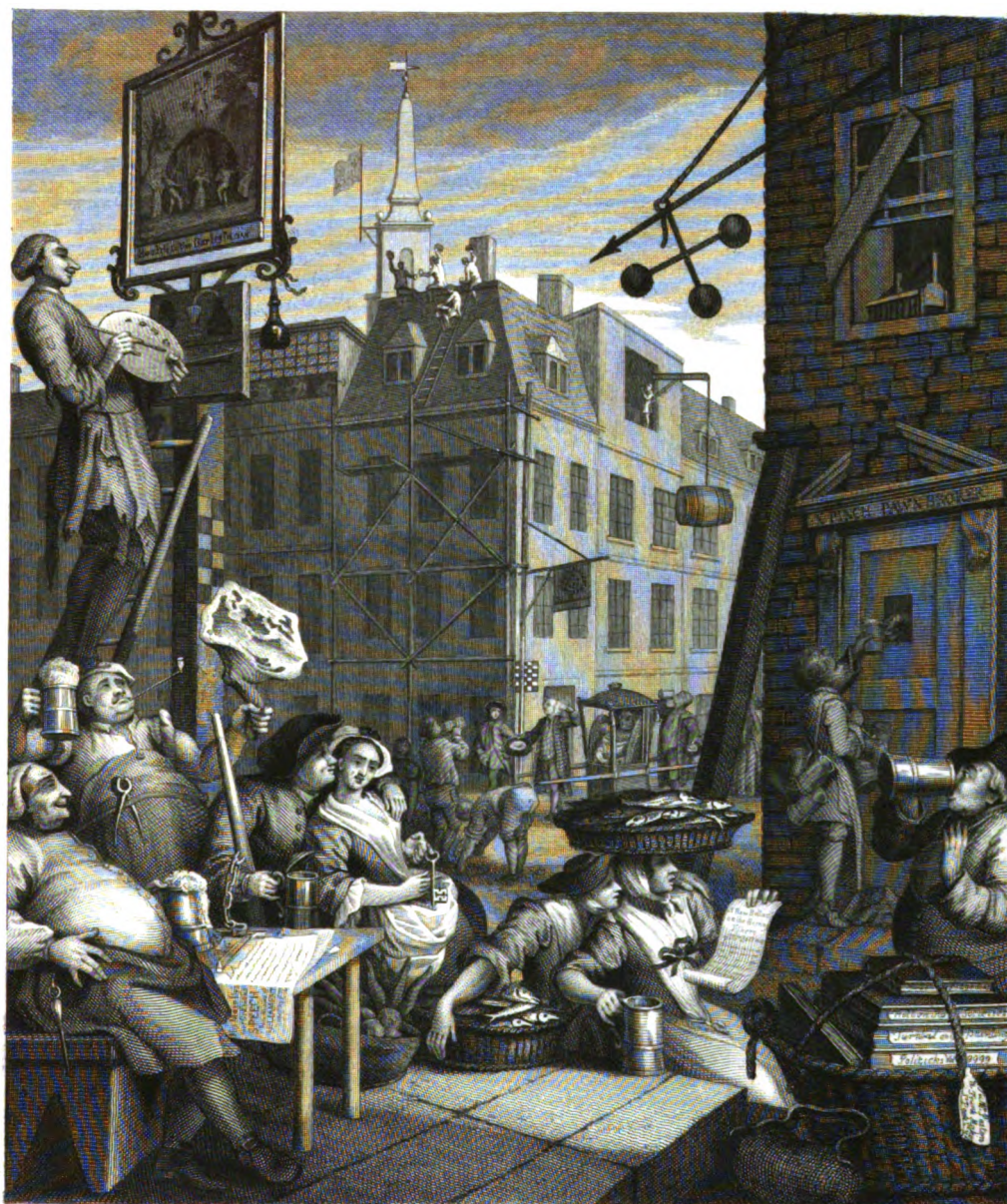
have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance, and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abundant increase in bulk and dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of wisdom, the symbols of Minerva.

A lion and companion unicorn, concealed by the pillar, was originally a head-piece to that excellent old ballad, beginning with

The fierce lyon of faire Englonde
Didde swallowe the lillie of France.

With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to the king's arms.

The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead ; the cumbersome load of oak with which it was canopied, still supported by large square posts. The windows are intended for companions, but there is an evident difference in their proportions, and the rest of the building is in equal good keeping. On the whole we may conjecture that its contriver had neither studied Vitruvius, nor considered uniformity as a requisite in architecture.



Engraved by S. Davenport.

THE NEW METHOD OF A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

BEER STREET.

For the Benefit of the Poor.

Jones & Co. Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square, London.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

The nature and use of aliments maketh men either chaste or incontinent ; either courageous or cowardly ; either meek or quarrelsome : let those who deny these truths come to me ; let them follow my counsel in eating and drinking, and I promise them they will find great helps thereupon towards moral philosophy. They will acquire more prudence, more diligence, more memory.—GALEN.

FULLY impressed with the truth of this axiom, Mr. Hogarth engraved the two following prints, in which he has considered porter as the liquor natural to an English constitution, and that villainous distillation, gin, as pernicious and poisonous. While that noble beverage, properly termed British Burgundy, refreshes the weary, exhilarates the faint, and cheers the depressed, an infernal compound of juniper and fiery spirits debases the mind, destroys the constitution, and brings its thirsty votaries to an untimely grave.

BEER STREET.

Beer, happy product 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 the balmy juice with glee,
And water leave to France.

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

THIS admirable delineation is a picture of John Bull in his most happy moments. In the left corner, a butcher and a blacksmith are each of them grasping a foaming tankard of porter. By the king's speech and the Daily Advertiser upon the table before them, they appear to have been studying politics, and settling the state of the nation. The blacksmith, having just purchased a shoulder of mutton, is triumphantly

waving it in the air. Next to him a drayman is whispering soft sentences of love to a servant-maid, round whose neck is one of his arms; in the other hand, a pot of porter. Two fishwomen, furnished with a flagon of the same liquor, are chanting a song of Mr. Lockman's on the British Herring Fishery. A porter, having put a load of waste paper on the ground, is eagerly quaffing this best of barley wine.

On the front of a house in ruins is inscribed Pinch, Pawnbroker, and, through a hole in the door, a boy delivers a full half-pint. In the back-ground are two chairmen. They have joined for three-pennyworth to recruit their spirits, and repair the fatigue they have undergone in trotting between two poles, with a ponderous load of female frailty. Two paviours are washing away their cares with a heart-cheering cup. In a garret window, a trio of tailors are employed in the same way; and on a house-top are four bricklayers equally joyous. Each of these groups seem hale, happy, and well clothed; but the artist who is painting a glass bottle, from an original which hangs before him, is in a truly deplorable plight; at the same time that he carries in his countenance a perfect consciousness of his talents in this creative art.



Engraved by H. Adlard.

MARKET STREET AND CHURCH LANE.

ON LANE.

After the Original Drawing by the Author.

James K. O. Temple of the Muses, Enslavery Square, London.

GIN LANE.

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,
Its rage compels 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.

FROM contemplating the health, happiness, and mirth flowing from a moderate use of a wholesome and natural beverage, we turn to this nauseous contrast, which displays human nature in its most degraded and disgusting state. The retailer of gin and ballads, who sits upon the steps, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, is horribly fine. Having bartered away his waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, and drank until he is in a state of total insensibility ; pale, wan, and emaciated, he is a perfect skeleton. A few steps higher is a debased counterpart of Lazarus, taking snuff ; thoroughly intoxicated, and negligent of the infant at her breast, it falls over the rail into an area, and dies, an innocent victim to the baneful vice of its depraved parent. Another of the fair sex has drank herself to sleep. As an emblem of her disposition being slothful, a snail is crawling from the wall to her arm. Close to her we discover one of the lords of the creation gnawing a bare bone, which a bull-dog, equally ravenous, endeavours to snatch from his mouth. A working carpenter is depositing his coat and saw with a pawnbroker. A tattered female offers her culinary utensils at the same shrine : among them we discover a tea-kettle, pawned to procure money to purchase gin. An old woman, having drank until she is unable to walk, is put into a wheelbarrow, and in that situation a lad solaces her with another glass. With the same poisonous and destructive compound, a mother in the corner drenches her child. Near her are two charity-girls of St. Giles's, pledging each other in the same corroding compound. The scene is completed by a quarrel between two drunken mendicants, both of whom appear in the character of cripples. While one of them uses his crutch as a quarter-staff, the other with great good will aims a stool, on which he usually sat, at the head of his adversary. This, with a crowd waiting for their drams at a distiller's door, completes the catalogue of the quick. Of the dead there are two ; besides an unfortunate child, whom a drunken madman has impaled upon a spit. One, a barber, who having probably drank gin until he has lost his reason, has suspended himself by a rope in his own ruinous garret : the other, a beautiful woman, who, by the direction of the parish beadle, two men are depositing in a shell. From her wasted and emaciated appearance, we may fairly infer, she also fell a martyr to this destructive and poisonous liquid. On the side of her coffin is a child lamenting the loss of its parent.

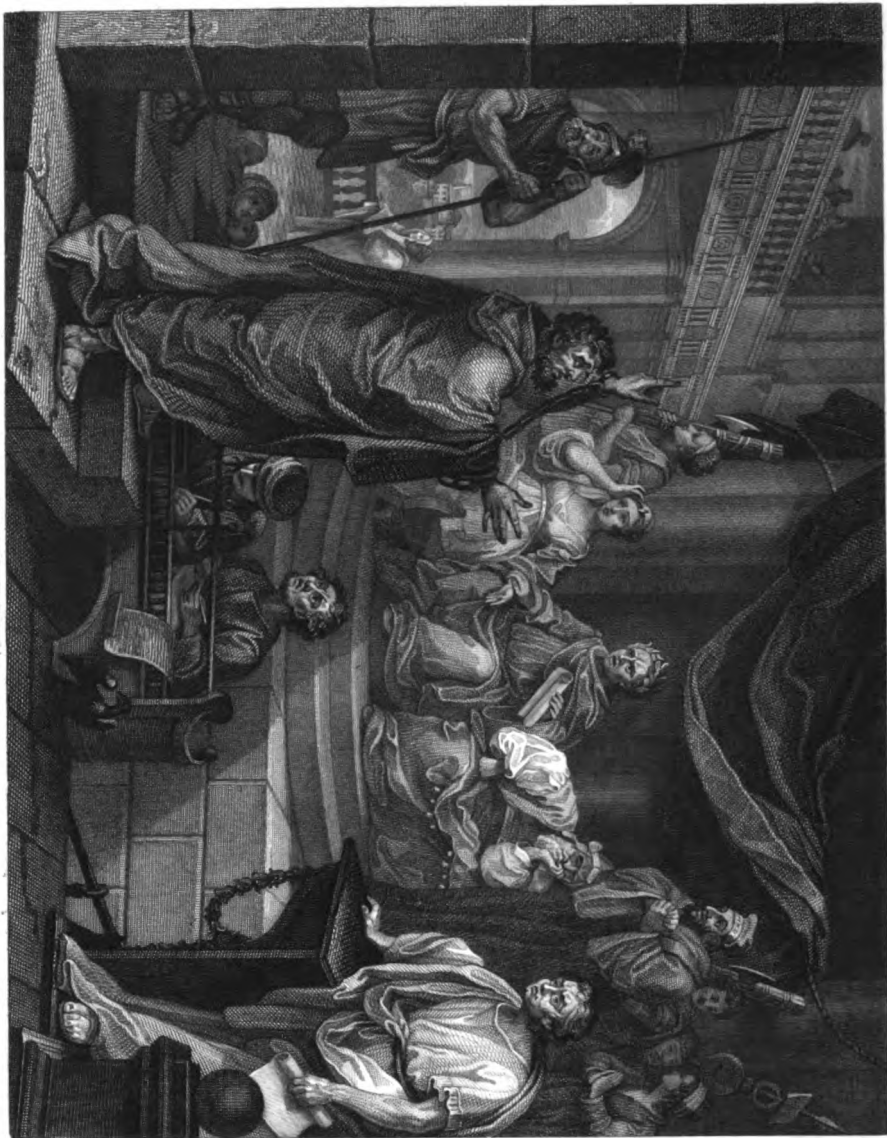
The large pewter measure hung over a cellar, on which is engraved "Gin Royal," was once a common sign; the inscription on this cave of despair, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, clean straw for nothing," is worthy observation; it exhibits the state of our metropolis at that period.

The scene of this horrible devastation is laid in a place which was, some years since, properly enough called the Ruins of St. Giles's. Except the pawnbroker's, distiller's, and undertaker's, the houses are literally ruins. These doorkeepers to Famine, Disease, and Death, living by the calamities of others, are in a flourishing state.

To the perspective little attention is paid, but the characters are admirably discriminated. The emaciated retailer of gin is well drawn. The woman with a snuff-box has all the mawkish marks of debasement and drunkenness. The man gnawing a bone, a dog tearing it from him, and the pawnbroker, have countenances in an equal degree hungry and rapacious.

Our modern GIN TEMPLES form a striking contrast to those of Hogarth's time, and are aptly described in the London daily press.

"The expense incurred in fitting up gin-shop bars in London is almost incredible, every one vying with his neighbour in convenient arrangements, general display, rich carving, brass work, finely-veined mahogany, gilding, and ornamental painting. The carving of one ornament alone in the Grapes gin-shop, Old-street Road, cost 100*l.*; the workmanship was by one of the first carvers in wood in London. Three gin-shops have been lately fitted up in Red Lion-street, at an expense, for the bar alone, of upwards of 2000*l.* Time was when gin was only to be found in by-lanes and blind alleys—in dirty obscure holes, 'yclep'd dram-shops; but now gin is become a giant demi-god, a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy gold-beplastered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him, for the devotees of Juggernaut, though they put themselves into the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the great spirit Gin, devote themselves to lingering misery; for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish, to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last poor, sneaking, beadle-kicked, gruel-swoln paupers! In these temples of the great spirit Gin may be seen maudlin, unwashed multitudes, the ancient and the infant of a span long, old men and maidens, grandsires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding, jostling, and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses dole out to them in return for their copper offerings."



Engraved by W. Chetwood.

THE LAST SUPPER OF CHRIST

Jesus Christ seated at the table with his apostles

and the twelve apostles seated around him

1913

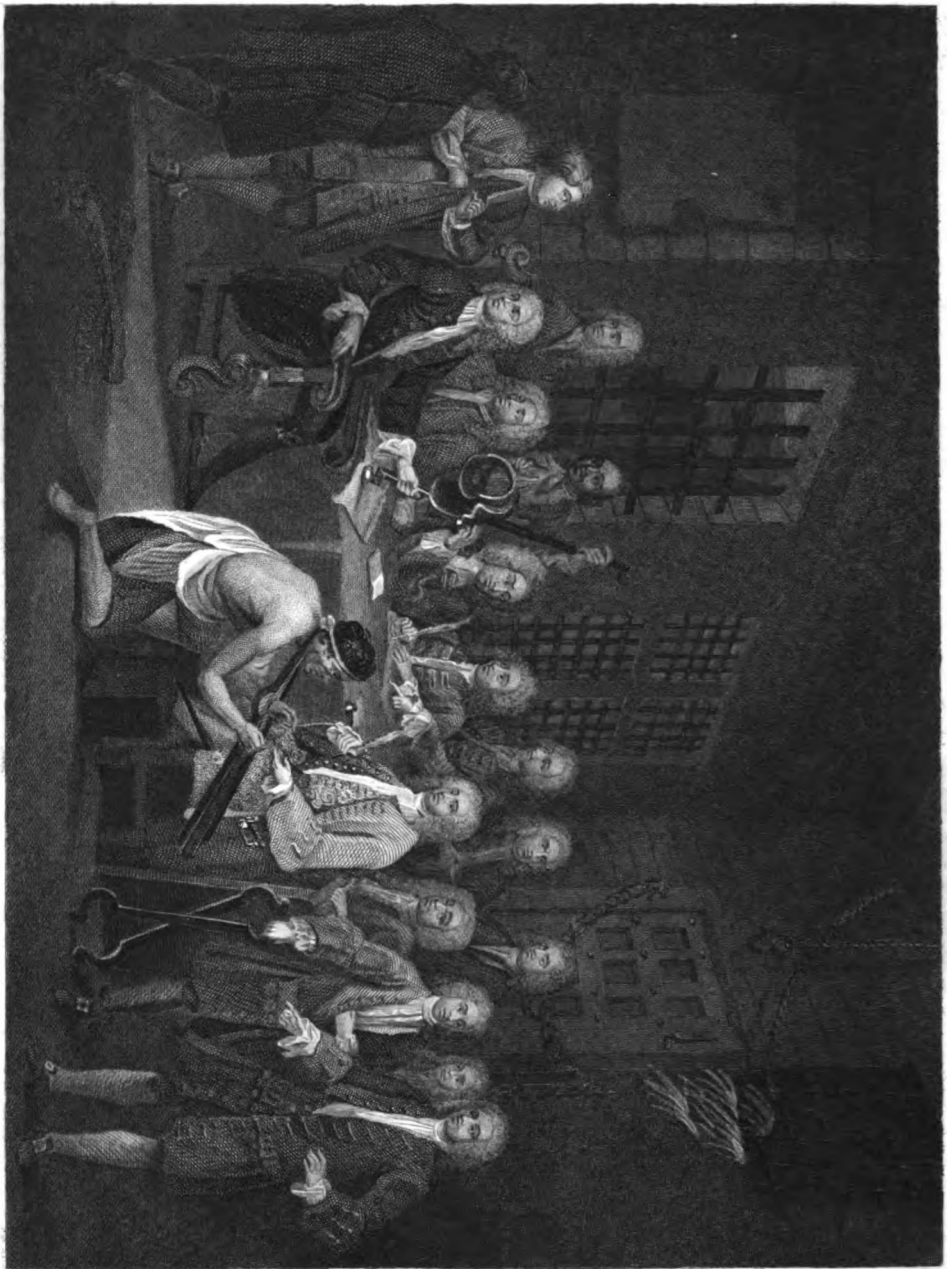
PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.
Acts xxiv. 25.

THE subject of this plate 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 many misdemeanours maliciously alleged against him. This Felix was a favourite, a creature of Claudius Cæsar, then Emperor of Rome. He was sensual and avaricious, and exercised in Judea, where he was appointed Governor, a royal power, with a mercenary soul. When this is considered, the subjects 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 been so long plunged. He treated of righteousness, (that is, justice,) temperance, and of judgment to come. The Christian religion being favourable to all men, St. Paul might have discoursed 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 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 it is an act of cruelty to oppress the wretched, who have nothing but their cries and 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 it was 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 before Felix; he sets them before him, all summoned with, "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 hand, his teeth chatter, his knees beat one against another, and his whole frame shudders. What a surprising 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 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.

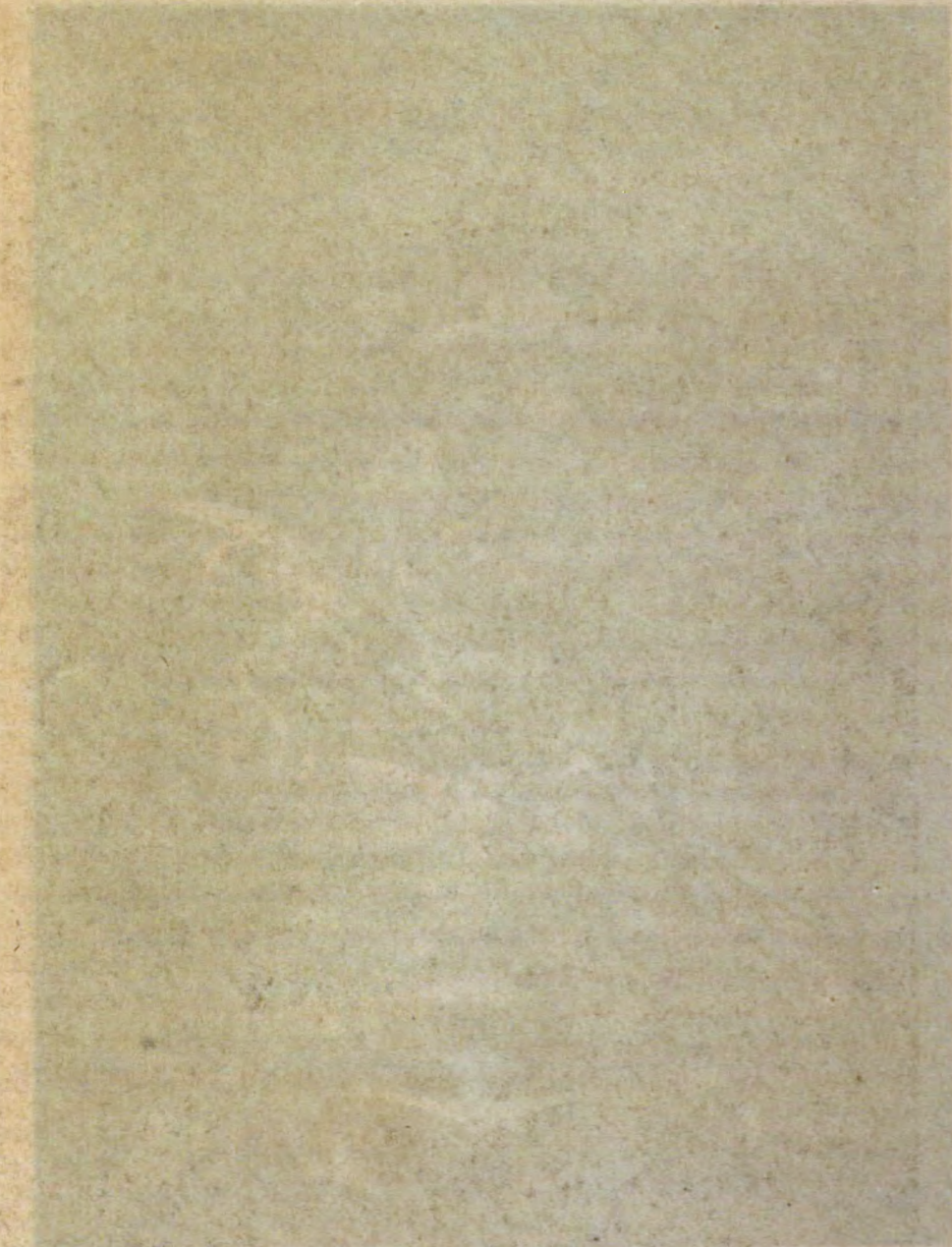
The original painting, which has occasioned much difference of opinion as to its merits, having by some been as greatly overpraised as by others underrated, is in Lincoln's Inn hall, a place to which the subject is admirably adapted.



ANIMATION OF THE PEOPLE FOR MURDER

IN A COURT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

by the Hon. the Attorney General



EXAMINATION OF BAMBRIDGE BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS occurrence is thus described in Smollett's History :

“ Mr. Oglethorpe, having been informed of shocking cruelties and oppressions exercised by gaolers upon their prisoners, moved for an examination into these practices, and was chosen chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. They began with the Fleet prison, which they visited in a body : there they found Sir William Rich, baronet, loaded with irons, by order of Bambridge the warden, to whom he had given some slight cause of offence. They made a discovery of many inhuman barbarities, which had been committed by that ruffian, and detected the most iniquitous scenes of fraud, villany, and extortion. When the Report was made by the committee, the House unanimously resolved, that Thomas Bambridge, acting warden of the Fleet, had wilfully permitted several debtors to escape ; had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of trust, great extortions, and the highest crimes and misdemeanours in the execution of his office ; that he had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, put into dungeons, and destroyed prisoners for debt, under his charge, treating them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of the kingdom. John Huggins, Esq. who had been warden of the Fleet prison, was subjected to a resolution of the same nature. The House presented an address to the King, desiring he would direct his Attorney-general forthwith to prosecute these persons and their accomplices, who were committed prisoners to Newgate. A bill was brought in, disabling Bambridge to execute the office of warden ; another for the better regulating the prison of the Fleet : and for more effectually preventing and punishing arbitrary and illegal practices of the warden of the said prison.”—See Jones's edition of Hume and Smollett's *England*, complete in 2 volumes, octavo : p. 228, Smollett.



THE NORTH AMERICAN, LONDON, SATURDAY, 18TH FEBRUARY, 1850.

(Once the Reverend)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A ROMAN HERCULES

Portrait of a Dog in the Character of a Roman Hercules

Printed by J. & C. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London.

THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

REGALING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM WITH THE LATEST AND MOST INTERESTING INFORMATION.

Extracts from the proceedings of the Chamber of Commerce, London, 1844.
A most eloquent and powerful speech was made by the President of the Chamber, Mr. John Lubbock, on the 10th of January, 1844, in relation to the state of the country, and the prospects of the future. He scarcely wished to

Approach the subject of the Chamber's liability, he did not wish to touch on which he had of the year, on his own head, and in the course of the year, called,—"No Lord's responsibility."

In this respect, however, there was no doubt, that the Chamber's character and name had not been injured, and that the delicate but wounding satire of Alexander Pope, "For the whole year to come, let us ever, plant the poet's president." His opponent had been a powerful and vigorous man, and as he was, wielded a battle-axe in his own defence. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Chamber's character should be so much injured. Let the following extract speak for itself.

When we are asked, to try either a ship
Or sail on that which never will be lost,
We sail on that which never will be lost,
Then not the safety could be lost.

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL,

(ONCE THE REVEREND,)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES,

REGALING HIMSELF AFTER HAVING KILLED THE MONSTER CARICATURA, THAT
SO SORELY GALLED HIS VIRTUOUS FRIEND, THE
HEAVEN-BORN WILKES.

But he had a club,
This dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye.
Dragon of Wantley.

ENRAGED by the publication of Mr. Wilkes's portrait, Mr. Charles Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled, *An Epistle to William Hogarth*. The painter was not blest with that meek forbearance which induces those who are smote on one cheek to turn the other also. He was an old man, but did not wish to be considered as that feeble, superannuated, helpless animal, which the poet had described. He scarcely wished to live

After his flame lack'd oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.

Apprehensive that the public might construe his delaying a reply to proceed from inability, he did not wait the tedious process of a new plate, but took a piece of copper on which he had, in the year 1749, engraven a portrait of himself and dog, erased his own head, and in the place of it introduced the divine, with a tattered band and torn ruffles,—“No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.”

In this we must acknowledge there was more ill-nature than wit. It is rather caricature than character, and more like the coarse mangling of Tom Browne, than the delicate yet wounding satire of Alexander Pope. For this rough retort he might, however, plead the poet's precedent. His opponent had brandished a tomahawk, and Hogarth, old as he was, wielded a battle-axe in his own defence. A more aggravated provocation cannot well be conceived. The attack was unmerciful, unmanly, unjust. Let the following extract speak for itself:

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those powers which nature gave,
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays that jealousy could not endure;

To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
 And, to secure thy credit, blast his own :
 In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend ;
 He could not fear, and therefore might commend ;
 But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
 Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame ;
 When, with the pride of man resolv'd and strong,
 He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong ;
 And on himself determin'd to rely,
 Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
 No friend in thee could such a rebel know,
 He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.

He must be a very weak artist, indeed, who would bury the talents which Nature gave, to gratify the whims of another man ; but, admitting a painter had been found who suffered blank concealment to obscure those rays which jealousy could not endure, we cannot comprehend how it concerned Hogarth. His walk was all his own : even now he need not dread a rival there. Mr. Churchill acknowledges that in walks of humour

Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
 Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

Being unrivalled, we do not see why he should dread a rival, nor can we conceive he could be jealous of talents which he must be conscious were inferior to his own.

To enumerate further examples would be painful as well as tedious : the graven image must be attended to. It represents Mr. Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, the poet's favourite beverage, and, like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club, to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants !

From the two letters inscribed on the club, it appears that the painter considered Churchill as a writer in the *North Briton* ; and, from the words " fallacy, lie the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, &c." on each of the knots, that he also considered him as a poet who did not pay the strictest regard to truth.

To designate more positively the object of his ridicule, and render this rude representative still more ludicrous, it is decorated with a band and a pair of ruffles ; and with these characteristic ornaments, though it remains a good bear, it becomes a sort of over-charged portrait of the reverend satirist, and is said to resemble him.



Fig. 1. Cherub playing the lute.

HYMEN AND CUPID.

THIS plate, representing Hymen and Cupid, with a view of a magnificent villa at a distance, was intended as a ticket for Sigismunda, which Hogarth proposed to be raffled for. It is often marked with ink 2*l*. 2*s*. The number of each ticket was to have been inserted on the scroll hanging down from the knee of the principal figure. Perhaps none of them were ever disposed of. This plate, however, must have been engraved about 1762 or 1763. Mr. Nichols observes of this plate, that had he not seen many copies marked by the hand of Hogarth, he should have supposed it to be only a ticket for a concert or music meeting.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE
JAMES O'NEILL
ESQ.
BY
JAMES O'NEILL
ESQ.
OF THE BARR

Designed by J. Chas. W.



IMPRESSION FROM A TANKARD.

THIS print represents an impression from a tankard belonging to a club of artists, who met weekly at the Bull's Head in Clare Market. Of this society Hogarth was a member. A shepherd and his flock are here represented.

Mr. Ireland, in speaking of this print, observes, "A few impressions from this tankard have been fortunately preserved: I say fortunately, for I esteem the whole of this production as worthy the refined taste of the present day; nor do we find in it any trace of the vulgarisms so often imputed to Hogarth. The allegorical figures of Painting and Sculpture are well drawn, and as happily disposed. The landscape in the oval I judge to be the story of Laban and his sheep. It went also by the name of Jacob's Well; and is said to have been in allusion to the sign of the house where the club was held; but to this we give no credit, as it was certainly known by the sign of the Spiller's Head. The ornaments that are introduced are selected with taste; nor is it too much encumbered: and there is a simplicity and elegance in the *ensemble*, that does great credit to the taste and talents of our artist.

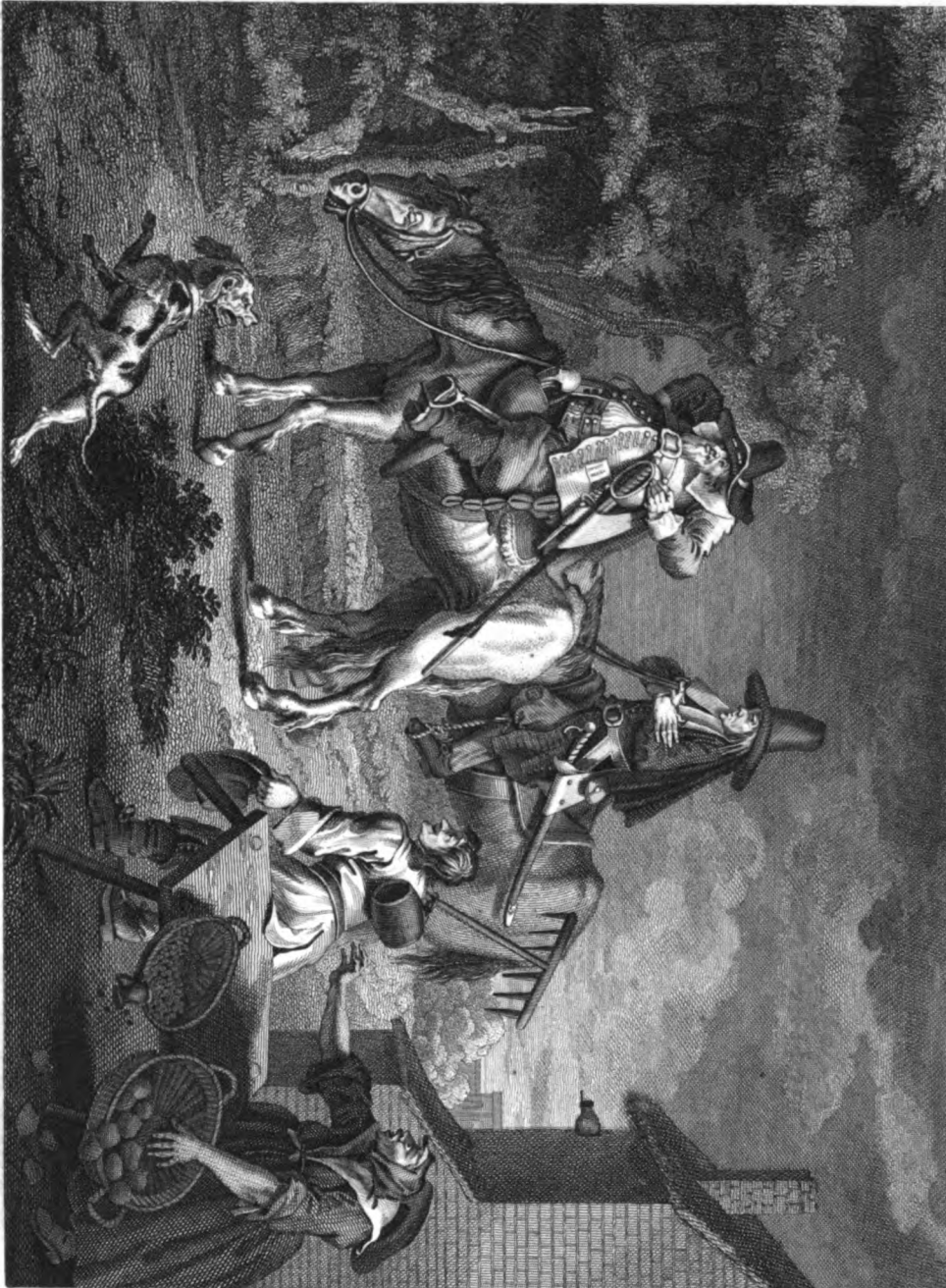
"From this specimen we have fair ground to infer that he was not deficient in those refinements in the art, which so justly captivate and engage the nicer eye of the connoisseur. However alluring this style of design and execution may have been, he seems to have produced few works in this manner. These could not enchain the talent of Hogarth; he had a nobler pursuit, the study of human nature; and the hydra-headed monster of follies and vices that is too frequently attendant on her train. These became the just objects of the talent he so happily possessed; and in that pursuit he stands unrivalled, and will, in all probability, hold his deserved pre-eminence. Study and observation may create a host of laborious and high-finish artists; yet it is nature alone that can produce the mind of an Hogarth."

H U D I B R A S.

PLATE I.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE basso-relievo on the pedestal represents the general design of Mr. Butler in his incomparable poem of Hudibras, viz. Butler's Genius, in a car, lashing around Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, Rebellion, Hypocrisy, and Ignorance, the reigning vices of his time.



THE HOUND OF THE BASKIN'S

BY RICHARD DODD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. R. S.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. R. S. 1854.

HUDIBRAS.

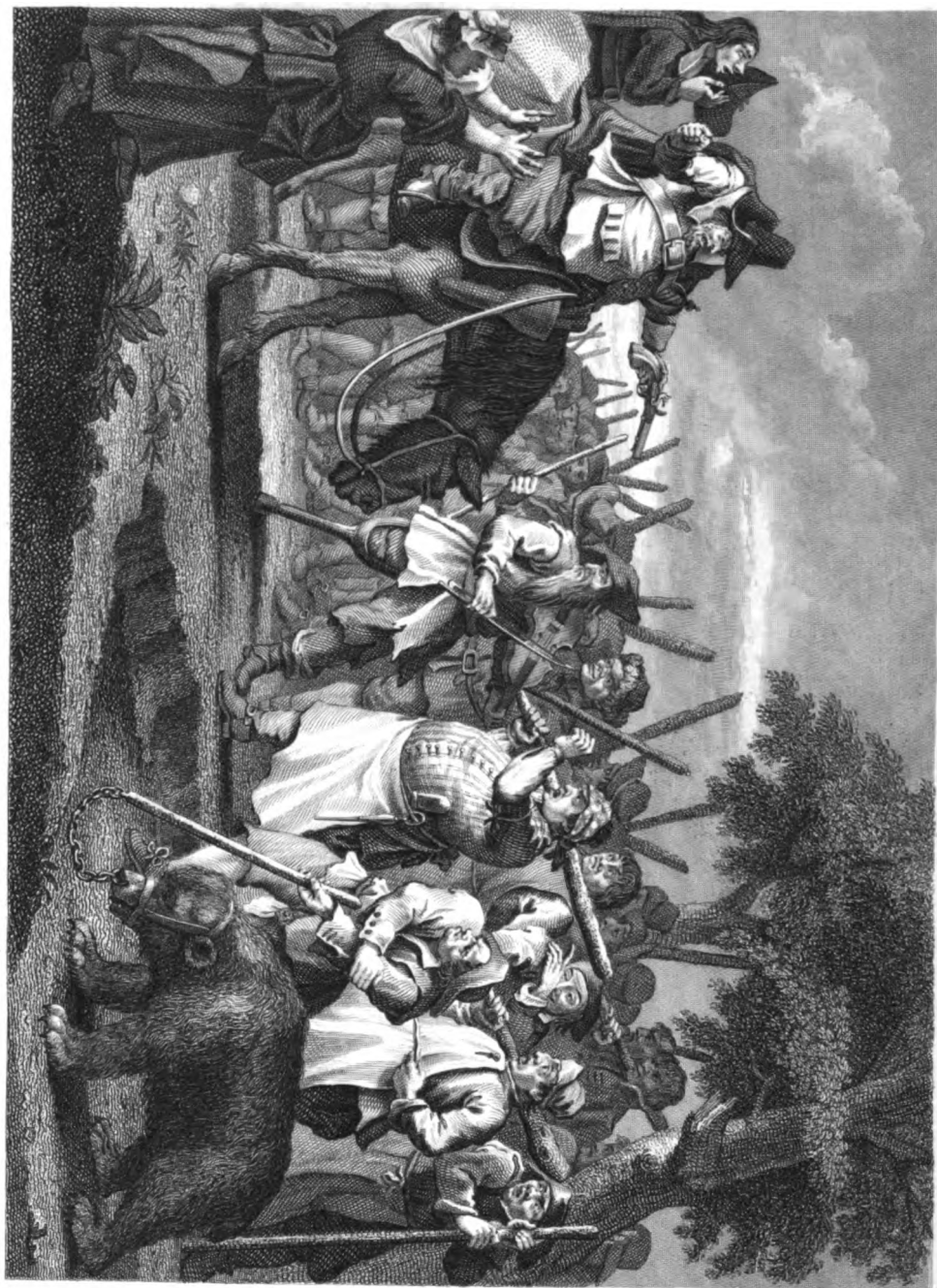
PLATE II.

THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade ;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant ;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace ;
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water ;)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout :
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain :
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't :
Some call it gifts, and some new light ;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle.

Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd :
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
Their valours, too, were of a rate
And out they sally'd at the gate



W. H. H. del.

W. H. H. del.

W. H. H. del.

W. H. H. del.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE III.

HUDIBRAS'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed :
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward ;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle,
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard ;
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck :
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side.
His grisly beard was long and thick, '•
With which he strung his fiddle-stick
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,

And wounded sore : his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak,

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war ;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin.

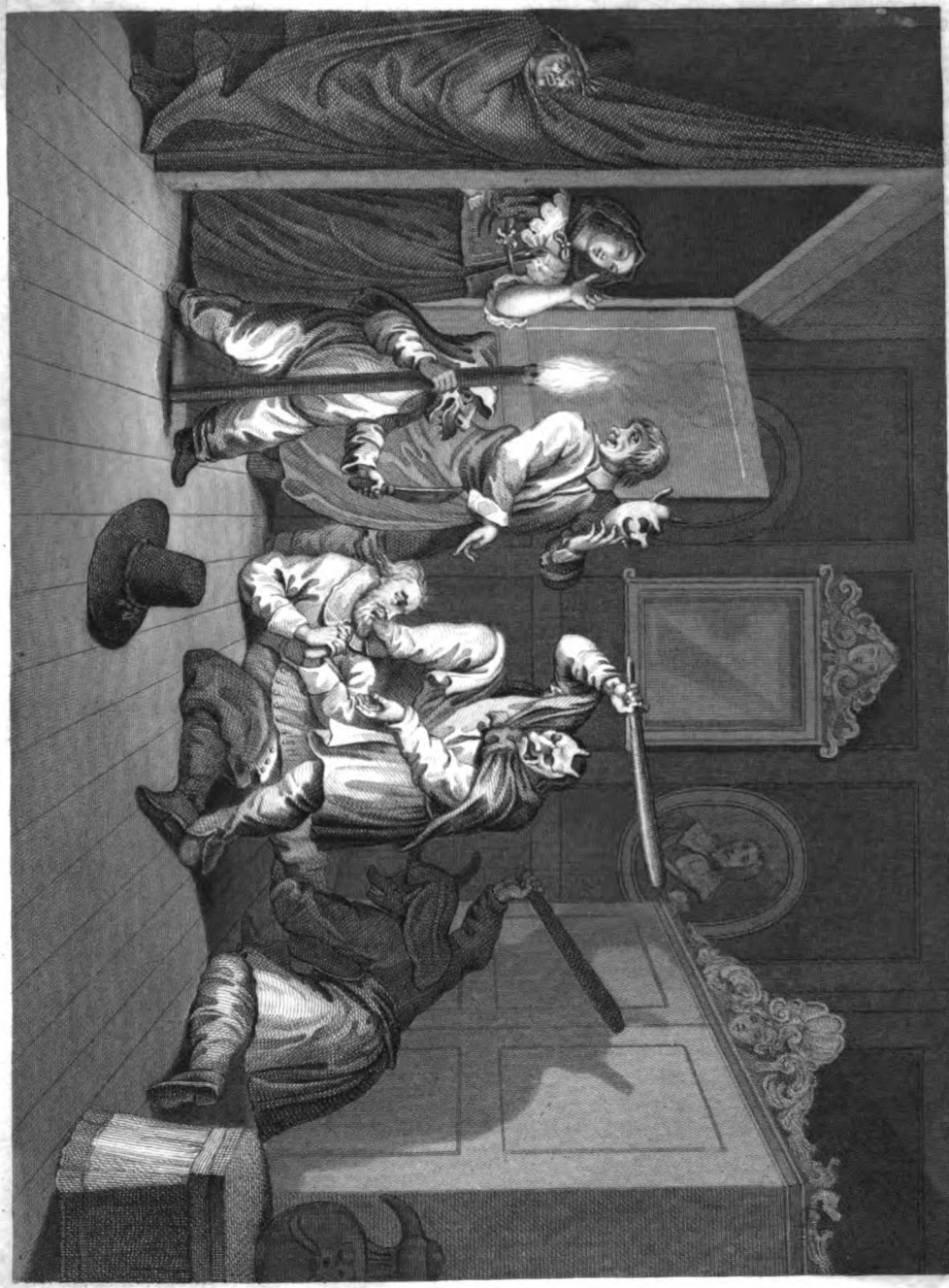
Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil.

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;
A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall :
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st.

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack 'em ;
But first from his horse bespake 'em.



THE IDIOTS.

THE IDIOTS. A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES.
BY MISS MARY WATSON. LONDON: W. G. SMITH, 1841.

Presented to the Library of the British Museum by the Author.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IV.

THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.

SOON as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter :
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof :
 " Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession ;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones."
The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,
In high springtides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
To make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to heark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words : " Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur ?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep."

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE V.

THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA.

THIS said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' the honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs, should make that quarter good:

For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep, Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans ;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting,
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd ;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd :
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
This, therefore, they resolv'd t' engage in.

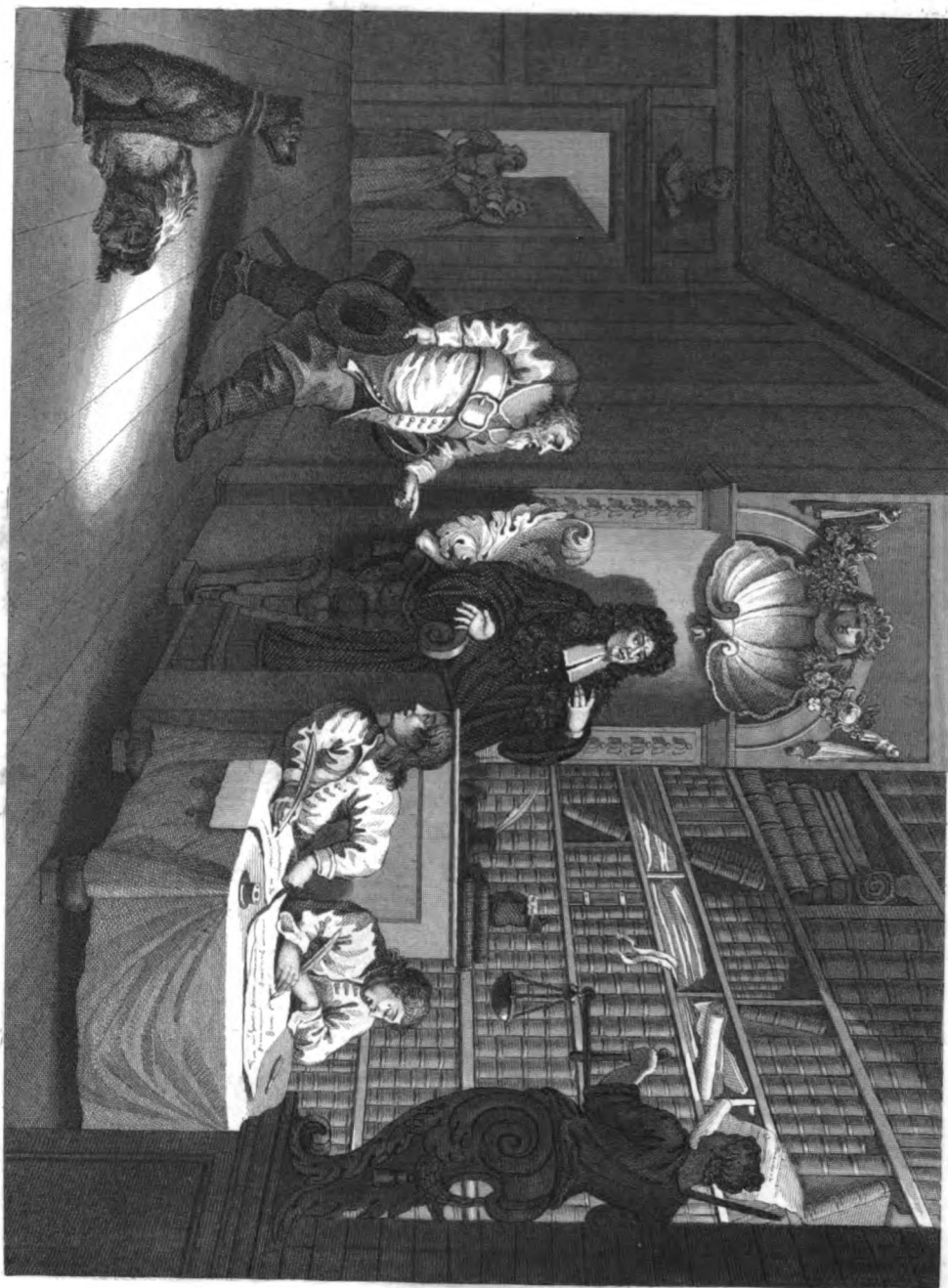
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VI.

SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

THIS tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befell,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to the unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly or in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distress'd knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her,
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:

For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such place ;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle, like an owl ;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When the dame accosted him.



REV. D. P. M. A. S.

W. G. P. D. V. G. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK
TRIBUNE

Dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VII.

HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show.
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay ;
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, " There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd,"—" Very well,"
" And now he brags to 've beaten me,"
" Better, and better still," quoth he ;
" And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me :"—" Best of all."
" 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him."—" Well done, in troth."
" When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again ;"—" Marry, hang him."
" Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me ?"—" I understand."
" Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods ?"—" Ah, whoreson !"
" Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial ?"—" Right."

“ Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th’ state against him ?”—“ True.”
“ Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on’t ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action ?”—“ Better still.”
“ Then there’s a lady too,”—“ Ay, marry,”
“ That’s easily prov’d accessary ;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin’d with him to break her word ;
And has abetted all ;”—“ Good Lord !”
“ Suborn’d th’ aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev’l of hell,
Who put m’ into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life,”—“ Make that appear,”
“ Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body,”—“ Good agen,”
“ And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb’d me and my horse,
And stole my saddle,”—“ Worse and worse !”
“ And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T’ avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.”
“ Sir,” quoth the lawyer, “ not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim :
For if they’ve us’d you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I’d give
More than I’ll say or you’ll believe,
I would so trounce her and her purse,
I’d make her kneel for better or worse
For matrimony and hanging here
Both go by destiny so clear.”



AT THE LONDON CONVENTION.

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Printed and Published by J. B. G. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London.

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THE TWO RASCALS.
 BY CHARLES DICKENS.
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