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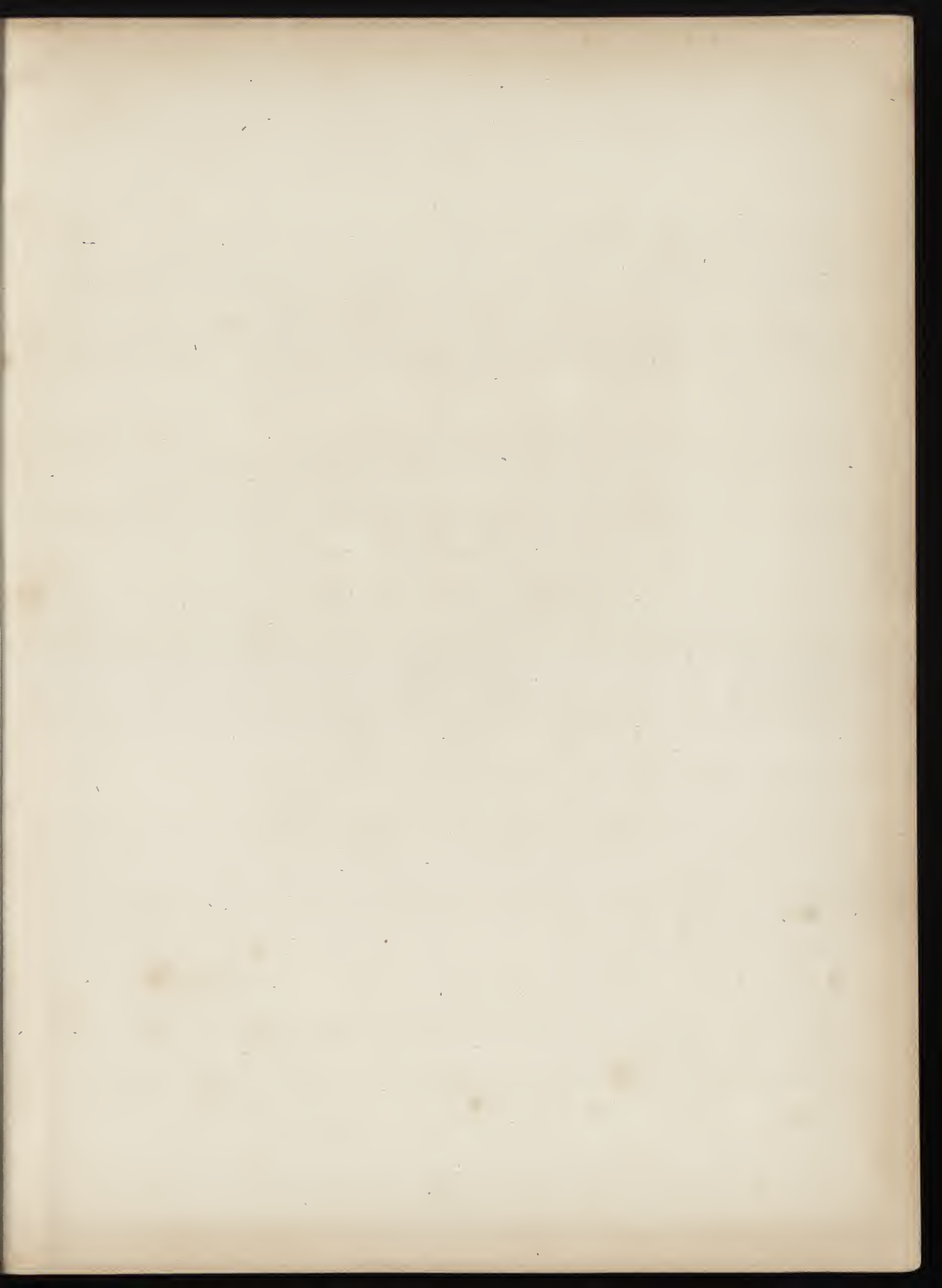


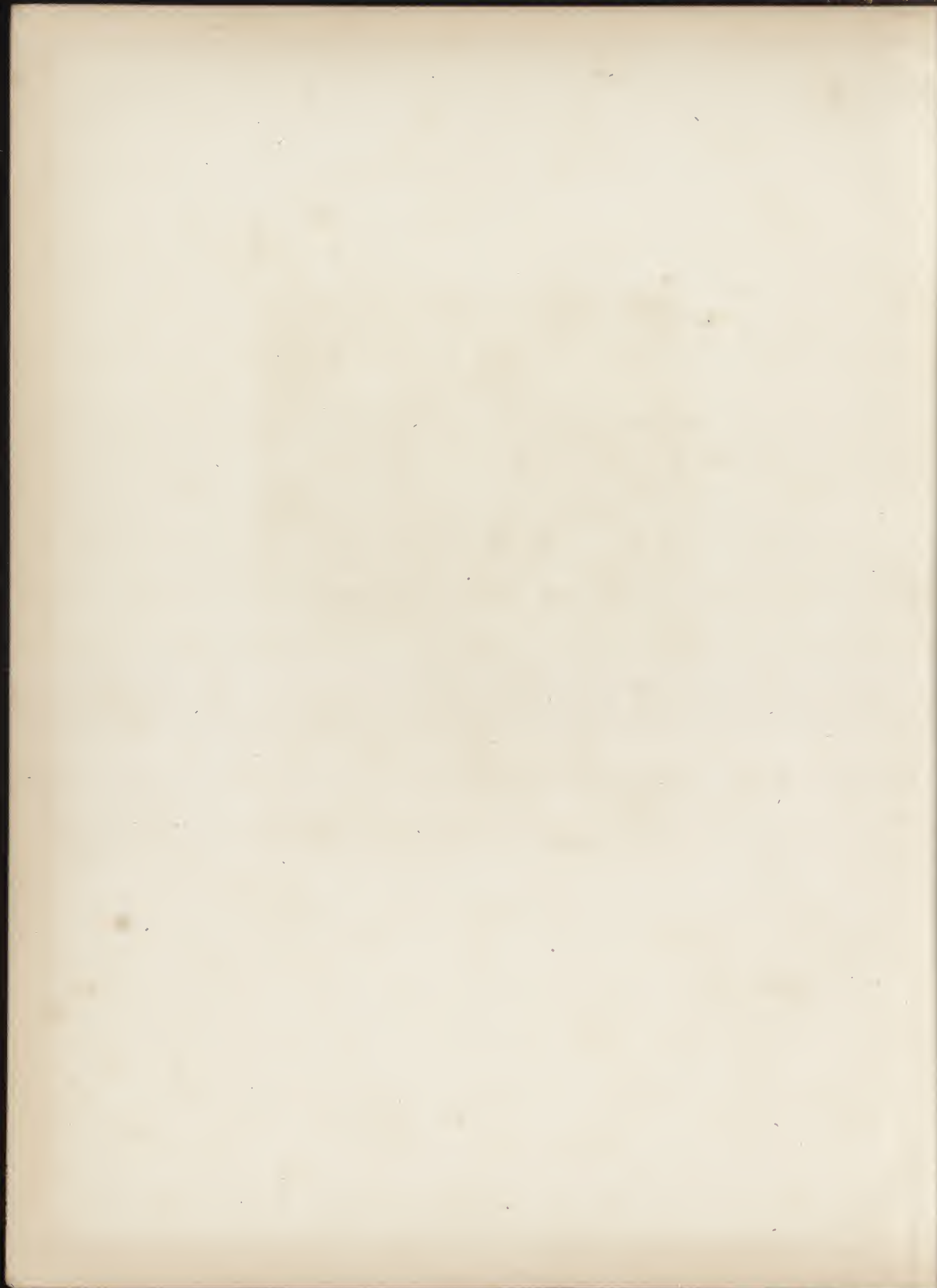
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WILLIAM HOGARTH

*Portrait of William Hogarth, Esq. by himself
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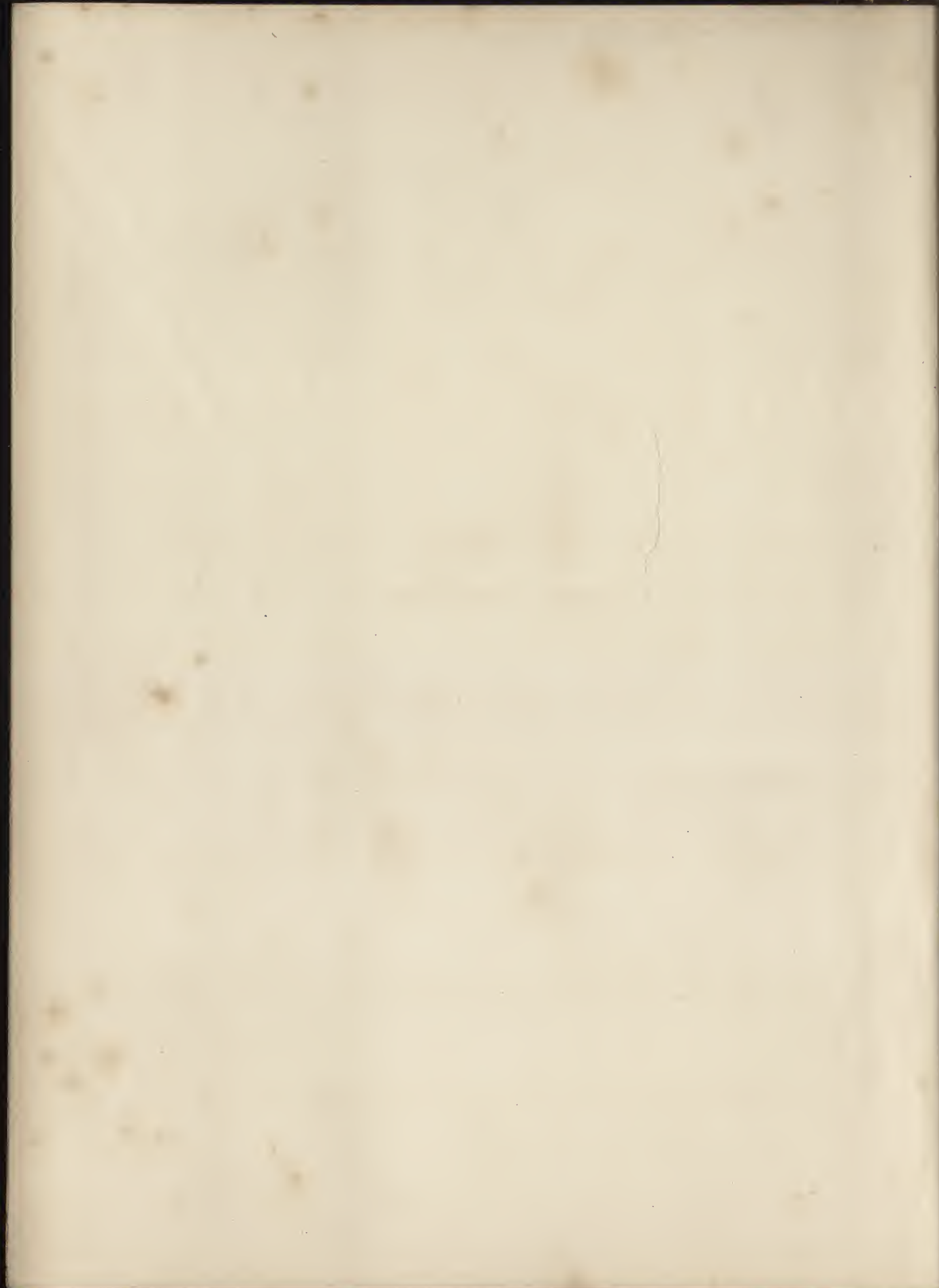




HOGARTH'S WORKS.



THE MILK MAID.



THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HOGARTH:

IN A
SERIES OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY JAMES HANNAY;

AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS, BY THE REV. J. TRUSLER, AND E. F. ROBERTS.

"The anchor which held Hogarth fastest to the public favour, was the sincere and deliberate belief—prevalent among the more serious of the substantial orders—that his Works were in the highest degree moral, and that they contributed to the inculcation of Virtue and Piety."
"The Philosopher who ever preached the sturdy English virtues that have made us what we are."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
26, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON; AND 199, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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HOGARTH AS A SATIRIST.

WHAT is true of nearly all great men, is especially true of great satirists; the world arrives but slowly at a right appreciation of their highest qualities, and does them imperfect justice till long after their time. The satirist to his contemporaries is firstly and mainly an amusing man. Few care to inquire what kind of face lies behind the comic mask, or what sort of heart prompts the indignant tongue. They laugh with, and are influenced by him, unconsciously, without comprehending his relation to the society and movement of their age. We may be sure that it would be difficult to explain to an ordinary Athenian play-goer the importance which Aristophanes bears in the eyes of modern critics; or to a Roman of Augustus's reign the value of Horace as a painter of moral lessons and scenes. Rabelais, if Rabelais were to be estimated by tradition, would rank amongst us as a buffoon. Perhaps there is something in the very commonness and universality of laughter which robs it of its own dignity and depth in the eyes of the vulgar. Certainly it has generally required the criticism of very great and serious men, indeed, to induce the herd to respect properly a genius who has amused them. What Boileau's good word had to do for Molière, was first properly done for Hogarth by Coleridge. His talent, and the solidity of his talent, were, indeed, amply recognised by Walpole. But Coleridge, and Lamb, who was a disciple as much as a friend of Coleridge's, rendered to the painter the serious homage that he deserved;—pointed out the poetic and moral greatness in his genius. The popularity of a man does not necessarily imply any general recognition of this element in him; some are popular without it; some miss popularity, who, notwithstanding, possess it. But the union of the two qualities, of that which delights the many, with that which it requires the few to discern, constitutes the rarest sort of faculty, and secures the most enduring kind of fame. Accordingly, that of Hogarth has been steadily increasing during this generation; floating too, on a higher level (so to speak) than the fame which accompanied him from his manhood to his grave. We still enjoy in him the truly humourous faculty which set our forefathers laughing more than a hundred years ago; but this enjoyment is tempered by a graver respect than they felt for him. His depth of feeling—depth of thought—the tragical part of his genius—are seen more clearly, and contemplated more reverently now. And, with regard to the private man himself, Time, in its usual kindly way, has given a tinge, not exactly of romance, but of the nameless something which constitutes the picturesque, to his homely figure. The sturdy British *bourgeois*, full of the prejudices of his class and position, hating the French, despising the old masters, jealous of men of superior education; this is one portrait of Hogarth, but an incomplete one: and the vulgarity of which grows dim, when we reflect how little of his

rare genius it illustrates or explains. We rather, by this time, dwell on the pleasant side of those traits, as noted by his contemporaries, and view them with the kindliness with which we view the peculiarities of Johnson; knowing, well, what an inner life breathed within them all, and still breathes for us in many a picture and engraving. In fact, Hogarth is now taking his proper place among the great humorists, satirists, and moralists, of the world; among those who have united, we should rather say, these three cognate characters in one.

The object of the present essay is to attempt to define his relation to other great satirists (a task which may incidentally help us to understand the true nature of satire itself); and to illustrate his genius by an occasional examination of his mode of execution. It is premised, that we undertake the task, not from the artists' but from the man of letters' point of view. Hogarth himself would have permitted this, for he says, "I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a *Dramatic Writer*; my picture as my stage; and men and women as my players." Indeed, it would not be possible to discuss *his* works, artist as he was, at any length, without running to literature for comparisons and illustrations, which his own words in this passage so honourably challenge us to do.

Hogarth, then, may fairly be looked at, in the first instance, as one of those English humorists of the eighteenth century, amongst whom an illustrious writer of our own time has classed him. This is the group to which he belongs in history,—a group which, if painted as one of those "Conversation Pieces" that he used to produce, would take in Swift, and Pope, and Fielding; virtually contemporaries, though the novelist was the youngest of the three. Hogarth wore the costume of these men, and had that general moral resemblance to them, which marks the characters of each age with a common likeness; such as exists between the coins of each reign. Fifty years earlier or later, he would have been something unlike what that age made him; and hence the propriety of first viewing him in that relation.

Now it is of great importance to observe, that during the period covered by Hogarth's career, our satirical literature attained complete artistic perfection. He was born while Dryden was still living (1698); and he died in the same year as Churchill (1764). Every age produces some satire. In England, for instance, we had our Mapes' school in the twelfth century—a school of jolly Latin rhymers, well acquainted with the manuscripts of Juvenal; fond of quizzing ecclesiastics; shrewd, sparkling, gay; harbingers, like certain lively sea-birds, of the storms that were by-and-bye to shake the power of Rome. Then we had the old-fashioned, ponderous ridicule of *Pierse Ploughman*; and the occasional keen, wise, banter of Chaucer (not to mention endless ballads, on one side or the other, of our great political struggles); Skelton's roaring ribaldry, under Henry VIII.; the dry, sometimes laboured, lucubrations—after the classic model—of Donne and Hall; with the pungent quips of Tom Nash; and the sour savagery of the marprelat men. The civil wars produced an immense crop of literary stinging-nettles, quite apart from the teasing invective of Cleveland, and the rich, quaint fanciful humour of the great author of *Hudibras*. At last came Dryden, full of an easy, noble vigour

in his satire, as in everything else; and who left to Pope only the task of perfecting the art, by a patient, cruel, and laborious refinement.

But, abundantly clear as this imperfect summary makes it, that a turn for satire ran in the English blood all along, there is another fact of great significance to be noted with regard to the satire of the generation to which Hogarth belonged. The genius of that age was pre-eminently satirical; and if it perfected the art, it was because it loved the tendency. Men believed then in the philosophy of satire. The celebrated essay of Shaftesbury on *Wit and Humour* was intended to show the utility of ridicule; and the pious Berkeley employed the gift, in his *Minute Philosopher*, in the defence of truth. Great men and little men were equally enamoured of it; kindly men and harsh men alike practised it. Satire was the predominant tendency of a great serious intellect like Swift; as of a light sportive one like Gay; nor did Swift show a more genuine relish for exposing the baseness of contemporaries, than Addison for laughing at their foibles. If the age of Elizabeth was poetical, and that of her immediate successors philosophical, so the age of Anne was distinguished by the ascendancy of practical sense, and satirical humour.

We must guard ourselves, nevertheless, from attributing to the memorable men among whom Hogarth grew up, the undue levity, the harshness and censoriousness, the wantonness of temper and lack of feeling for the tranquil and the lovely, all of which might be hastily imputed to them, on our showing, if we did not explain ourselves, on this point, a little more fully. Some of these faults did appear among their immediate predecessors, the lively wits, who pelted each other with epigrams for the *bon-bons*, during the literary carnival of Charles the Second's reign; and they are, probably, always to be found among individuals during periods of satirical activity. But when we say that the literature of what is called the Anne period was a satirical literature, we are thinking of the best characteristics and aspects of satire; we are claiming for it an honourable and even a lofty place; we are remembering that Plato admired Aristophanes, and that St. Paul has quoted Menander; that the Reformation was aided by Erasmus, Von Hutten, and Sir David Lindsay; and that one of the favourite authors of Hume was Lucian. Unless the reader is kind enough to bear in mind facts like these, and all that they imply—unless he is willing to recognise the voice of satire in the bitter denunciations which we find in scripture against the fool—unless, too, he will take the trouble of distinguishing between the high and low species of satire itself—how are we to avoid the suspicion of having depreciated the age which bred Hogarth, by describing its literature in such words as we have used?

Who, however, can doubt, that in the list of the great satirists are found the names of some of the greatest writers in the world? Or, how can we reasonably deny to satire a share of influence in the world's history? It is, indeed, a very subtle, as well as a very powerful agency; sometimes it works by laughter, and purifies the atmosphere as by a fresh genial breeze; sometimes by indignation, and purifies it as by a storm. These are its two great divisions. But we meet with varieties of each, and with

combinations of both. There is the satire which is melancholy in its mockery, like the skull of death; there is that which is merry in its anger, like a malignant sprite. One satirist is a bee who keeps his sting to guard his honey of wisdom; another, like a hornet, is only cruel and torturing. In a word, it is the literature of chastisement, and there are a thousand kinds of it; but, of course, it must be tried by the moral law, like every other power that plays its part in the world.

While the satirist, then, is one whose speciality is a power of castigation, whose talent consists in discerning the base and the ridiculous, and exposing them in such a way that they shall be seen in *all* their hatefulness and absurdity, he is, also, one who imperatively needs very solid qualities besides his speciality. To know when to hate, he must know when to love; to know when to laugh, he must know when to be serious. He must avoid the imputation of malignity, and, not less carefully, the name of a buffoon. Hence, the great satirist is, of necessity, a moralist likewise. We find the maxims of Horace and Juvenal quoted as often as their epigrams. Such men are links between the preacher and the artist. They occupy chairs that might be placed between the pulpit and the stage; to which we may add, that if solid judgment and right instincts are inseparable from great eminence in this class of men, so neither, in spite of their occupation, is there any evidence that they are generally ill-natured or unfair people. The warmth of temperament which makes a keen satirist, helps to make him an ardent friend. His eye for character shows him what is good, hearty, and true, as faithfully as what is rotten, mean, and worthless. Horace and Pope are famous for their friendships, and have celebrated them in immortal lines. Juvenal's Eleventh Satire is warm with a cordial humanity; the tidings of Churchill's death killed one of his intimates. Turn to the writings of these denouncers of mankind, and we find Aristophanes and Horace poets; Rabelais conspicuous for a jolly sympathy with the homeliest enjoyment of every-day life; Erasmus defending the poor; Swift amusing an old crony with nonsense-verses. It would seem as if there were something in Humour which was incompatible, not, indeed, with vices or failings, but with a low, narrow, churlish, unkindly nature, in a man. Two satirists, out of three, have been good fellows—to use a significant phrase;—the third, to whom the world would deny the appellation, has, probably, like Swift, suffered under some terrible physical ban, the mere thought of which ought to close the mouths of critics, unless it teaches them to qualify their criticism with pity and tenderness.

To describe, then, the Hogarth epoch as a satirical epoch, is not, according to our view, derogatory or uncomplimentary; and we may study, beneficially, the causes which made it so. Satire, though it begins with very early periods, is perfected only in late ones: when society grows complex, and civilization has a tendency to over-ripen, when common sense, rather than imagination, is the talent in fashion, when the virtues become common-place, and the vices mean; and such in many respects, though with a greatness of its own, was the Hogarthian period. Its society had neither the idealist and poetic aspirations of that of Elizabeth's reign, nor the *tinge* of romantic gallantry which belonged to the Charles I. men. On the other hand, it had not the respectability, nor the

utilitarian pretensions, of our own age; but was grosser and ruder; it was less poetic than the earlier times, and less decorous than the later ones. England was in a transition from the feudal to the modern state of life, and partook of the bad characteristics, as of some of the good ones, of both. Its literature, more critical, more directly addressed to the world at large, than it had been before, became satirical, naturally; and from the good, as well as the bad side of human nature. Serious men grew angry at the wicked things they saw; and gay men were amused by ridiculing the foolish things. We call the age of Pope and Swift the Augustan age, sometimes, and not without reason; it was an age of much social corruption, and of great literary activity, working abreast of, and upon each other; but its very satire is a proof of the restorative action going on within it, an element which did not exist in *the* Augustan world. Hogarth often suggests Juvenal, and makes us feel that there was a downward tendency, such as led that old world to ruin, in his England; beneath, however, the crust of corruption, which alarmed Berkeley, and disgusted Swift, lay the sound old stuff of Christian England, with its feudal traditions, and noble industry. After a few generations, we have seen a revival of poetry, philosophy, and art, and an unbounded advance of science and discovery; and we can look on some of Hogarth's most terrible delineations as things that scarcely belong to the English world at all. The danger rather is, now, that in our gratitude for the kind of improvements which we have attained, we may over-rate ourselves, at our ancestors' expense. A wise man will remember, that those great-great-grandfathers of his, who figure in Hogarth's pages, had their own good qualities, too; and, as nature works by action and re-action, that some of these may have flourished more vividly, then, than now.

Prominent among such, are the courage and candour with which the satirical work of that age was done. Swift and Pope, Hogarth and Fielding, are alike conspicuous for the directness, and frankness, with which they conduct their assaults; we call them coarse; but, in truth, they were only more natural than we are; they spoke out, and hit out, in a manful, boisterous way; not with the glib, covert, sneer, in fashion now, but fiercely, roughly, openly. Sentimentalism was a later growth of the eighteenth century; and Hogarth's time had the boldness of previous times, with a cleverness of its own. Manners were, indeed, everywhere, though statelier in form, simpler at heart, than in our age. It is a great mistake to confound these things, by the way. Ceremony may co-exist with homeliness of sentiment; and outward plainness with artificiality of mind. Society, now, is Horace's *Pyrrha*, whose apparent simplicity was deceptive; we are less formal, and yet we are less hearty, than our forefathers; we do not assail each other as they did, yet it is not because we love each other more.

The age of Hogarth is open to endless criticisms, but the frank, manly and thorough way in which it did its business, and the jolly homeliness of its English life, are its pleasantest features. In *his* pictures for instance, (and the same thing is true of the works of his contemporaries,) what strikes one more than the honesty of them, their fearless straightforwardness? He brings the solid pluck of the Westmoreland yeomen,

his ancestors, into the art; he cannot be happy as an imitator of schools, whose sentiment he has never felt; and as this imitation is what he finds in fashion, he has to create a kind of art for himself. But out of an inferior branch of art, the caricature, he rises into morals, pathos, and poetry; he studies the everyday life of London, and places his thoughts about it before the world; there is nothing timid or conventional in his way of doing this. The Rake, the Harlot, Gin Lane, Midnight Conversation—such is his class of subjects, and he treats them in a style assuredly the reverse of squeamish. The Queen Anne men had strong nerves, and not less strong stomachs; they faced the gallows or Bedlam, the dissecting-room and the dead-room, with a coolness which is now only expected from chaplains and surgeons; their art was muscular and sinewy; the pillory and the jail were constant subjects of their humour. Swift's ballads, Pope's *Dunciad*, and the *Beggar's Opera*, may be studied from this point of view, as companion pictures to Hogarth's *Apprentices*, *Marriage-à-la-Mode*, and the *Progress of Cruelty*. They never mind shocking anybody these men; but if they seek a moral or a joke, they descend for it to the depths of suffering and degradation, to the lowest regions of the horrible. Hogarth exhibits a vile rout of people drinking round the coffin of the dead harlot, with the same firmness of hand that Swift brings to the delineation of the Yahoos, or Pope to that of the foot-race in which Curl falls in the *Dunciad*. It is sometimes objected to Swift that he loved coarse and terrible subjects for their own sake; but it was not the fashion of that school to shirk the ugly side of life at any time; they were all realists, which ought to be in their favour just at this moment when art is realistic again; and after all, truth is so priceless, and so welcome in every shape, that we must be content to honour it under whatever form it comes to us. If the London of a hundred and forty years ago was what Swift and Pope and Hogarth describe it, shall we not be glad to study it? It is not the pleasantest chapter in our annals perhaps; we may like better to contemplate Sir Roger de Coverley, at quarter-sessions, or to hear Thomson describing a rich landscape with its woods basking in a summer haze; but we cannot but hear in the distance, the hum of the great city, and have a longing to know something of its infinitely various life; there lies the great problem of what society is to be in this modern civilization; and surely it needs no less genius to paint the dramatic life of that society, than to paint summer stream and distant mountain, the manor-house with its dove-cote and bell-tower, or the farm-house with its group of yellow stacks.

London had been much described before the days of which we are speaking, and especially by the comic writers of Charles the Second's time; but there is a depth of philosophical humour in the way that Hogarth and his contemporaries undertake this task, such as had not been brought to bear upon it before. From *their* era, dates town literature and town art; nor can we easily trace beyond it the pedigree of a Dickens or a Leech; they did not paint Nature well, that is, if we limit the term Nature, as Wordsworth's school is apt to do, to the external world—to landscape and sky. Hogarth is not strong at rural life; when he is comparing England with France he misses

a good opportunity of illustrating our agricultural superiority. Pope, as we all know, failed in the moonlight scene in his *Homer*, and wrote *Pastorals* as unreal in their epigrammatic prettiness, as the stone apples of a mantel-piece. The country had little charm for any of these men; but their grasp of moral nature was potent and comprehensive; their knowledge of the world, their eye for character, as character is moulded by an artificial state of society, can hardly be admired too much. If we take, together, Pope's *Satires* and *Moral Essays*, Swift's verses on *Poetry*, and *His Own Death*, Hogarth's pictures, and the novels of *Fielding*, where shall we get a body of material which from this point of view can compare with them? The absence of many of our restraints (restraints which may be bad or good, but which, at least fetter genius), forbids the hope of our rivalling these men in force. The satire and comedy of modern times are poor and colourless in comparison; they are, besides, occupied with petty and trivial subjects, and shrink from facing truth or facing power as these were once faced. The satirist of Hogarth's age was a man who, as *Aristophanes* says of himself, had something of the temper of *Hercules* in him,—*Ἡρακλέους ὀργήν τιν' ἔχωρ*,—and did not confine himself to what the vulgar call "chaffing" those little follies and meannesses of manners which are almost below the dignity of the comic muse. He

"bared the mean heart that lurks beneath a star:"

for, while he respected descent more, he worshipped mere rank less, than his later successors. Hogarth had no conventional timidity either in life or art; when, in his early days, a nobleman refused to take the portrait he had painted for him, Hogarth threatened to sell it to a wild-beast man; later, he satirized *Wilkes*, when the demagogue was the darling of the mob. In the scenes of debauchery and villany which he passed his days in exposing, he never shrank from placing the faces of real persons; and nobles and clergymen were indifferently found in his groups, if truth required their appearance there. Not that Hogarth fell into the opposite, and, equally shabby, fault, of courting a mean popularity, by satirizing men of position, simply as such; on the contrary, it is well worthy of remark, that the gouty old noble, who, in the first picture of *Marriage-à-la-Mode*, is making a sordid match for his heir, with an alderman's daughter, looks, every inch, a gentleman and a patrician; he is selling his son, as the alderman sells his girl; but, for all that, he has fair play; there is a dignity about him, in harmony with the pedigree which he is contemplating, and which gives him the advantage over the purse-proud citizen, with whom he is dealing. We may mention, in this connection, Hogarth's taking up the cudgel for the Duke of Chandos, when Pope reflected on him in his "Taste;" this was a brave, and kindly thing; let us hope, that it was because he appreciated such qualities in a beginner, that Pope never retaliated.

Pope, we know, has never mentioned Hogarth; but a greater than Pope has done so:—

"humorous Hogarth
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art!

says the mighty Dean of St. Patrick, first and greatest of the writers of that time.

Hogarth always ranked Swift with the highest minds of his country; and drew from his genius more than from any of the writers who influenced him. If it be true, as we venture to think, that all satirists may be divided into followers of Horace, or of Juvenal, then Hogarth falls in, alongside Swift, under the Juvenalian banner.

What we would first direct attention to, in this comparison, is the *point of view* of these satirists; a certain indignation, rather than a love of humour only, an austerity and intensity in harmony with their frequent gloom, is common to them all three. Mr. Thackeray says well, that "there is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire; if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off;" but this must not be taken so much as a proof of the simplicity of his inventions (for his pictures are full of thought, and curious subtleties of detail), as of the vehemence of his temper. Like Swift, and like Juvenal, he hated a scoundrel, and despised a fool, with all the earnestness of passion; he laughed at them, of course; so did Horace; but Horace never seems to have thought that it was any part of his business to do more than laugh at them; whereas, Hogarth was always presiding in a "Central Criminal Court" of his own, and sending them off to Tyburn, or Bridewell, or beyond seas. That he was privately a man of extremely keen feelings, we know, from his writings, and from the contemporary anecdotes of him; and, if we think of him as a mere comic painter, a mere jolly *bourgeois*, satirising the idle and extravagant, from the natural feelings of his class, we do great injustice to the depth of his genius, and fail to account for the gloom and poetry of his works. Those features of his paintings, and his notorious love of Swift's writings, point rather to a character, which, under the every-day garb of a homely Englishman, whose wife called him "Billy," concealed zealous earnestness, keen scorn, and a tinge of melancholy. At the risk of being thought fanciful, we could push our likeness-drawing between Hogarth and Juvenal rather closely. Hogarth was a great Rambler through London, observing and moralising on its motley life; and this recalls Martial's lines to his satirical friend,—

Dum tu forsitan, *inquietus*, erras;
Clamosa, Juvenalis, in Suburra;

—where the *inquietus* suggests so much of restlessness and thought. The "Distressed Poet" might well be hung up next to the *Codrus* of the Roman, whose poverty is given with the same force of ludicrous detail, yet not without pathos. The mixture of the horrible and the homely, in the Fall of Sejanus, is quite Hogarthian; and there is a pictorial vividness in the Banquet of Virro, not unlike that of "Modern Midnight Conversation," in looking at which one almost smells the steaming punch. More important than their artistic, is their ethical similarity. Both are strongly national; Hogarth being the genuine middle-class Englishman, as Juvenal is in every fibre a citizen of glorious, tradition-loving Rome. There is little mere fun—we mean for fun's own sake—in either satirist. They were men of very great humour, beyond question; and of a rich, wide-spreading humour; better than the lighter, gayer, thinner, kind of Horace, or of Pope. But the sense of comedy is always overcome, in studying them,

by the sense of moral purpose. Without comic *vis*, neither man would have been a satirist; but each is, at least, as prominently a moralist, thinker, reformer. Let us not forget to celebrate the tragical and poetical vein; we may add, also, the warm humanity, and geniality of Juvenal and Hogarth. The Roman's picture of old age, with its—

rogus aspiciendus amatæ
Conjugis, et fratris, *plenæque sororibus urnæ*

—with its necessity of “growing old in mourning,”—

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovata
Semper clade domus multis in luctibus, in quo
Perpetuo mœrore, *et nigra veste senescant.*

—is full of a philosophical melancholy, such as breathes from several of Hogarth's most serious pictures. Those, meanwhile, who think this seriousness and satirical keenness of the men incompatible with cheerfulness and kindness, may be easily put right. They should turn to Juvenal's Eleventh Satire, where he invites his friend Persicus down to the country to dine with him; or listen to him in his Seventh, praying for blessings on the old Romans who honoured the teachers of their children:—

Di majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis.
Esse loco!

A love of nature, and a sympathy with good men, is clearly seen in many such passages. As for our countryman,—not to mention that his familiar appellation of “Bill,” or “Billy,” and his having himself painted with his dog, plead for his geniality,—consider with what relish he gives the details of any scene of enjoyment; how sweet and pleasant—even to poetry—his female faces often are; how he glories, as it were, in the prosperity of his “Industrious Apprentice!” There is no such power of delineating life given to any man, as his, without sympathy and sensibility. Hogarth, indeed, was of a quick temper, and apt to be at war on questions of art with rivals and critics. But though he flung such terms as “miscreant” and “villain” about pretty freely in conversation—much as Cobbett did—there was more humour than malignity in it all. Besides, he was really much provoked. He was assailed and depreciated by his inferiors, precisely as Dryden and Pope were, and as such men ever will be. His deficiency in regular education was flung in his teeth by critics, whose advantages had not made them capable of anything. Though he felt that his own kind of art was something great and high, (as who now doubts?) he would try and meet the painters of other schools in *their* ground, where inevitable failure led to renewed mortification. Of course, in such struggles, people will have their tempers tried, only, it is a little too bad that a humorist should be expected to be a saint, when nobody ever requires of a saint that he should be a humorist! In all essentials Hogarth was a thoroughly good man—good as a husband, liberal to fellow-workers, and charitable to the poor.

We are, perhaps, in these times, a little unfair to the strong. We can forgive Shelley's weaknesses, and not those of Byron. We pity "poor Goldsmith," and not poor Swift. We have a kind word for "Dick Steele," and hardly one to spare for Charles Churchill. There is more cowardice and selfishness in all this than is generally supposed. Our philanthropy will be purer, as well as healthier, when it is less maudlin.

Hogarth, however, must take his chance with the severer satirists—with the Juvenals and Swifts. It would be scarcely more difficult to draw what sailors call the "lines of bearing" between him and the Dean of St. Patrick, than between him and the satirist of Arpinum. There is the same terrible directness in the satire of both. Hogarth *paints* "a spade, a spade." He does not shrink—as his favourite humorist does not shrink—from branding the object of his hatred and contempt. The Cobweb over the Poor-box—The Girl stealing the Rake's Watch—the inimitable sensual glance of the clerk in *The Sleeping Congregation*, on his fair neighbour's bosom—are touches quite in Swift's way. Their homeliness and breadth are more after the dean's fashion, for example, than after that of Pope, who, with all his stateliness and exquisite polish, is a narrower satirist than his friend. It is not laughter that Pope's ridicule excites, so much as a keen inward intellectual pleasure; while both Swift and Hogarth are masters of a broad popular comedy far more suggestive of Shakespeare's fools, watchmen, &c., than anything in the *Dunciad*. Pope is always more or less the invalid—the isolated student—the man of the lamp; but these others are men of the world and of the streets. Hence, *their* works have more value to the student of our national manners than Pope's. From the volumes of Swift and Hogarth we can reproduce pretty fully the outward life of the English during the early period of the Hanover dynasty. There we find scores of types of our great-great-grandfathers of all ranks—a more ceremonious, and yet a jollier set of men than we—coarser in their pleasures and vices, but still with a deeper faith in their traditions than ours is; and we see them engaged in all the occupations of the twenty-four hours. The waggon comes in, in the morning, with its passengers—having passed very likely, on the road, the parson digging in his garden. The noble in lace, ruffles, and sword, rolls by in a heavy coach, while a poorer gentleman takes his shillingsworth of sedan-chair. The signs on the shops, the cries in the streets, the procession to Tyburn, the wigs and knee-breeches, the cheap coffee-houses, the oaths, the drinking—all the details of life can be reproduced, piece by piece, from these authorities; and, somehow, we get an impression that there was more colour and picturesqueness in the great panorama of London then than now, and a less severe pressure both of business and of conventional restraint upon the people in it. Swift and Hogarth, we say, may be studied conjointly for that epoch. Even the dark poetry of the *Struldbrugs* has its counterpart in Hogarth's gloomier scenes. Chiefly, however, they resemble each other in their almost always mixing satire with their humour, and in the curious accumulation of details by which their effects are

produced. The realism of *Gulliver* is eminently pictorial; and both that book and Swift's voluminous verses will be found important aids to the knowledge of Hogarth's genius. The student, however, will do well to read Swift for himself, and with as little pre-possession against him as he can manage to have in these times; nor should he forget that the painter was much the healthier and happier man of the two.

Presuming, as perhaps we may, that something has now been done to place Hogarth among the satirists of the world, and of his own age, we proceed to say a little about the way in which he should be studied individually; and a little, also, about the influence he has had in England. Charles Lamb truly observes, that "his prints we read." And, while this (as well as Hogarth's own comparison of himself, previously quoted, to a dramatic writer), justifies us in viewing him much as we do an author, so it warns us to bestow on him the attention that we do on a great author. His pictures and plates are full of what are really epigrams and maxims; and are sometimes fairly brought into the domain of literature by the use of *words* to help out the thought—as in the "Give us our Eleven Days" of the Election; or the "Plan for Paying off the National Debt," of a still better known work. Accordingly, we should look out his *points*, and meditate over them, as we do over a maxim of Rochefoucauld, or a crack passage of Juvenal. To follow this up, through a whole portfolio of Hogarth's, would be plainly impossible in our limits, even if it were part of our duty in an Essay with the special object of the present one. The publications of Nichols and Steevens, of Ireland, of Walpole, and of Mrs. Jamieson, are excellent introductions to the task. Let us, at least, however, give an example of what we mean. We cannot have a better one than the "Gin Lane," so admirably praised by Lamb, and which belongs in date (1751) to the ripest period of Hogarth's faculty. Here we have a very simple subject, taken—like all Hogarth's subjects—from what was passing under his own eyes; and it may amuse us to remember, *in limine*, that gin was a new—a foreign—drink then, and to our patriotic satirist, all the more hateful on that account. A very short observation shows us that the work is full of tragic interest and meaning. Mark the exhausted idiotcy, the death-like languor of grin, in the face of the woman whose child is falling from her arms; and note how the horror is intensified by the fact that it is a grin which her face wears. Then there is the pawnbroker's shop on the left: that seems a commonplace thought; but what the man is pledging are his tools, while the woman is pledging her domestic pots and kettles—the *last* desperate sacrifice of each. Lamb has well instanced the distant funeral-procession, as greatly adding to the general effect just by its distance. One other thought might, however, be easily overlooked, and yet is exquisitely subtle and impressive: while a mother is prominently in the foreground exhibiting the extremest phase of a mother's abandonment; while Ruin stands before one on the left; and the distant funeral calls away our imaginations to the grave; there is one little incident on the right equally demanding its special notice. We allude to the glimpse we get of the solitary suicide in a garret: there he swings,

quite by himself, and yet so essentially a portion of the whole scene. In a literary satire we should have had this expressed in a parenthesis; and it is easy to fancy when we see it, that we are reading a sly couplet of Swift's octosyllabics. It is, indeed, precisely the same talent by which such effects are produced, whether the instrument be the pen, the brush, or the graver.

Mr. Thackeray observes of Hogarth, that "his art is quite simple," that "not one of his tales but is as easy as 'Goody Two Shoes.'" It must be borne in mind, however, that this simplicity belongs only to the broad design of each of his works, which is plain and familiar enough, being, in fact, based on the eternal principles of morality, as they have been preached and taught these thousands of years. Nothing can be more simple or easy than the lesson that rakes and harlots go to ruin; that industry, as a general rule, leads to prosperity; or, that the gin-drinking neighbourhood will be a scene of wretchedness and crime. Hogarth's method, however, of teaching this—*his* version of the old truths—is not simple as far as it is distinctively *his*. On the contrary, the elaborations of his humour and satire in enforcing moral lessons is highly ingenuous and refined, and cannot be appreciated without careful study. Much always remains to be discovered after the first perusal, just as in Juvenal or in Rabelais. Satire lurks in corners, here and there, as in some old abbeys and cathedrals, where it is found embodied in stone. The oft-quoted cobweb on the poor-box is a famous specimen; but this is a universal characteristic of Hogarth's works. In "Marriage-à-la-Mode," we find the room where my lord and the alderman are bargaining away their young couple, hung with pictures of a martyr led to the fire; Andromeda offered to sacrifice, and so forth. In the Rake's Progress, again, there is a mad orgy, where one of the women is setting fire in her frenzy to a representation of the world. Such details answer to the *imagery* of the literary satirist; and their abundance in Hogarth, as well as their boldness and vividness, help to justify us in classing him with the more imaginative and vehement of the class. His satire is not a dry, shrewd ridicule, like that of Young or Cowper—didactic good sense, seasoned with polite sneers—it is a hearty, fierce, thorough sort; ornate with fanciful illustrations, as a warrior's helm with plumes; like Swift's and Juvenal's in spirit and temper; and not unlike that of Butler in its copious illustration, as in its being firmly based on solid English common sense, even in its prejudices. Some of these prejudices have been glanced at before. Hogarth hated and despised a Frenchman: he distrusted the Methodists: he did not thoroughly relish the high art of the Italian schools, or, at least, underrated, when he fancied that he could rival it. But, without inquiring how much of our national greatness is bound up with national prejudice, let us remember the narrowing influences of the birth and education of the man, and be content to buy his admirable talent and intensity at the expense of some drawbacks. With a higher, wider culture, Hogarth, like Burns, might have been a greater man; yet such a culture would not have allowed either of them to do just the popular, generally influential work that they did do.

For we may assume now, without risk, that Hogarth has contributed, like all great satirists, to whatever improvement has been effected by reformers in the world since he lived and laboured. Satire is, perhaps, naturally a *destructive* agency; but there is a satire that renovates—a satire which, being in alliance with eternally good and sound principles, helps to keep these alive, while it operates for the overthrow of what is ugly or bad. Of course it is only a portion of the satirical literature or art of all ages to which this description can be applied. The world has gained little from the fact that Pope lampooned Lord Hervey; or that Wolcot caricatured George the Third. Nor must we exaggerate the good effects of satire, even where it has been most excellent and most deserved. There would have been a reformation in Germany if Hutten had not written the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; and, in Scotland, if Sir David Lindsay had not written the "Satire of the Three Estaits." Nevertheless, these works aided forward the good cause, as many such works have forwarded many such causes. It is almost impossible to define either the extent or the detailed operations of satirical influences. But, assuredly, the man who helps to make a noxious system ludicrous or contemptible, contributes effectively to its overthrow. He breaks the *prestige* of its supporters by accustoming the world to laugh at them; he is understood and enjoyed by those whom argument could not reach. He brings the men of the world over to his side. Humorists and satirists also keep up the spirits of their own party, and enliven the seriousness and melancholy of great struggles. When they happen to belong to the losing cause, they represent its doctrines in a brilliant form to posterity. It raises our admiration of the Athenian aristocracy and old attic traditions, and warns us not to believe in success only, when we find that their principles could attract such a man as Aristophanes.

Hogarth does not belong to the ranks of political or religious satirists, though he sometimes exerts his talents in their field; but he is at the very top of an equally illustrious school—the social satirists, or commentators on manners—and he is the founder, and still unrivalled chief of the artistic branch of that school. His genius as a painter has been sufficiently recognised by artists and art-critics, who no longer quarrel with him for not excelling in walks where Nature had not fitted him to excel. But it is as a teacher through satire and comedy that he comes before us now; and the traces of his influence, as of other great men of the class, are everywhere to be seen. Beyond doubt it is still more difficult to estimate that influence in the case of a social satirist, than of a political or religious one; for he labours in a wider field, and with a less definite object; so we can only appreciate in a very general way what Hogarth has done for England. To give great pleasure, and to set people thinking—that is something considerable to begin with. To do this always with a kindly object towards mankind, and in the interest of morality—that is something more. But more can be claimed for Hogarth still. We are not, indeed, to expect that his satire has succeeded in objects which Christianity itself only partially attains. There are still rakes, though they have ceased to wear ruffles; and proud

old noblemen with daughters to sell, though the coronet is less ostentatiously displayed, and the bargain is concluded with less parade of the money-bags. Gin Lane has its representatives; the Progress of Cruelty keeps moving; and there is still a great deal in our elections that won't bear the investigation of a satirical eye. If, however, every single evil which Hogarth assailed had become worse, and existed in worse forms now, that would not a whit detract from *his* merit. Success is no sufficient test: Juvenal did not put down Crispinus, as far as we can see; and the imperial system which he attacked rotted away without a national reform taking place. We may honestly, however, claim for Hogarth this much, that wherever there has been improvement, it has been improvement of a kind which he was labouring in his time to bring about. "Gin Lane" is a less horrible thoroughfare, and more under the control of the laws in these days of gas and police. We have acts of Parliament levelled against the abominable young rascal who is torturing the cat in "Progress of Cruelty—Part I." Bedlam is a paradise for the Rake compared with what it was when Hogarth sent him there. Apoplectic gentlemen, requiring bleeding at a public dinner, and dying with oysters on their forks, are unknown. Counsellor Silvertongue would be cut on circuit. All the amenities of life—in short, the decencies, decorums, humanities, and philanthropies generally—are infinitely advanced since the days of William Hogarth. With the other side of the question we are not now concerned; but so much is true; and the great satirical painter must surely be allowed his share in the change. What reformer or legislator of the period which has wrought the change has been ignorant of his works? What student of the past, or what thinker has not learned something from them? Their familiar figures, reproduced in many shapes, have fallen broadcast over the land; and while educating thousands by their thoughtfulness, charming them with their humour, and touching them with their pathos, have helped to prepare the mind and heart of England for a milder and purer social life. May their mission extend itself and prosper, and the hope they whisper prove true!

BIOGRAPHY OF HOGARTH.

LITTLE that is very novel, and still less aught that is purely original, can be said in a biography of William Hogarth—a name that has become an endeared and thoroughly “household word” to every genuine Englishman—little can be added to the infinity of text that has gone before—of his wonderful genius, his masterly anatomy of human nature, of his fertility of invention, his great powers of convertibility, where chairs, tables, pictures, and piles of old rotting wainscots become, so to speak, portions of the *dramatis personæ*, and give such original emphasis to the moral lesson he teaches with so much vigour, power, and mastery. I despair of doing more than giving a fresh form to the outlines of his life; for, after all, his history lies in his pictures; and the man himself—short, rosy, plump, bluff, and irritable—stands before you, the *vera effigies* of him who hated frogs and frog-eaters; and as thorough-going and downright an Englishman as ever Defoe sketched, or John Bull himself would have acknowledged with a laugh of genuine delight.

He was the son of one Richard Hogart, or Hogarth—a native of Westmoreland—who had established himself as a schoolmaster, in Ship Court, Old Bailey, some few years before the painter was born. Mistress Hogarth bore to her husband two daughters—Mary and Anne—and one son—William—hereafter to become famous. He was born on the 10th of November, 1697,—William, the Dutchman, and Queen Mary reigning; and, by the parish register of St. Bartholomew the Great, he was baptised on the 28th of the same month.

William Hogarth seems to have had little or no education beyond the merest rudiments, for, to the last, he was never able to spell correctly. But his strong common sense, his innate shrewdness, his instincts even stood him in stead; for all the classics he had never known; for the mathematics, and the abstruser school studies, he was for ever innocent and ignorant of. “My father’s pen,” he says of himself, “did not enable him to do more than put me in a way of shifting for myself. As I had naturally a good eye, and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness;” and so, with such a stock of small acquirements as infiltrated themselves by absorption into his system, he grew up to boyhood with the prospect before him of becoming a decent mechanic—a working tradesman—and of earning an humble but honest living in the world, into which he was so speedily to be launched.

Somewhere about 1712 he was apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a working silversmith, living at the Golden Angel, in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields, a locality, above all others, most likely to yield ample *matériel* and subject for study to a mind so peculiarly constituted, and ready at any moment to seize on those salient points which were destined

to become such marvellous attributes in his hands, whether to "point a moral, or adorn a tale." Here—in one of those queer little shops, of which but a few quaint specimens are left scattered in remote, or obscure quarters, over the town, littered about with the implements of his trade—sat William Hogarth, apprentice, to etch and cross-hatch, and engrave shop cards, and carve arms and blazouries, and the like, for seven long years; and a plodding, industrious, and gifted apprentice William Hogarth turned out to be, as his honest old master had soon good reason to know.

Strange, peculiar, and marked as by distinctive traces, of a peculiar people imported from foreign parts, and planted, with a strange antagonism of habits and names, in our midst, was the whole locality of Leicester Fields, with its appendages of Cranbourne Alley, Bear Street, Panton Street, Castle Street, and so on; and here, amidst a throng of bearded foreigners, crowded the ruffler, the pick-pocket, the "scourer," the cut-purse, the dandy, the tradesman in a hurry, with his wig awry; captains of the footguards; Irish chairmen with the brogue, and their beruffled burdens; beaux and belles, "ladies of quality," and ladies of no quality; washerwomen from Soho; French dancing-masters, French fencing, drawing, and posture masters; French fiddlers—a motley multitude, in fact, too numerous to detail, and too chameleon-tinted to define. Dress swords, broad-skirted coats, wigs of all the "five orders," paste and diamond buckles, ruffles, three-cornered hats, and a thousand amazing nick-nacks in dress which have now passed away and become obsolete, but which will live for ever upon the canvass of Hogarth, as long as that can last; or so deeply graven with his burin, as to exist for all time, or for so long, at least, as reproductions of his wonderful plates can be worked off—all these were ready to his hand.

During his apprenticeship, his taste for caricature, and his attempts to grasp and master the *vis comica* in every form it was presented to him, or in which his ingenuity could render it, became developed, and the bent of his fancy and talent more decided and demonstrative. "As I had naturally a good eye," he says, speaking of himself, "and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant, and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me." The regions of Leicester Fields, and the many exhibitions of the time—giants, dwarfs, tumblers, jugglers, cudgel-players, and pugilistic encounters—abounded in all these provocatives to curiosity and an eccentric temperament. Southwark fair, with its deafening din and multitudinous changes; Bartlemy fair, with its booths and ginger-bread stalls, its black-puddings and pantomimes, the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane; the tennis-court in St. James's Street; the fantoccini; the puppet-shows, the players; and a million of quaint and comical spectacles, including mug-houses of Long Acre, in especial Newgate, and the Fleet Prison, and the "tucking up" at Tyburn—not one of which could fail to minister to his eager and enquiring mind.

It would seem that Hogarth was out of his apprenticeship about the year 1720, he being then in his twenty-first year; and the shop-card he executed for himself, when he first set up in business in Little Cranbourne Alley, bears the date of April 29th, 1720, where we find him etching upon copper, in the intervals of engraving crests, armorial bearings, and the like, and diligently plodding on his way, seeing something before him he was

determined to hold and to have, but resolved also to take his time about it, and to *make sure*.

We next find him a student at the academy in St. Martin's Lane, drawing from the life, but making as yet but little progress; though there are an infinite amount of small etchings of his showing either a familiarity with the works, and fond admiration of the startling *grotesqueries* of Jacques Callot, or an accidental resemblance in style, which is wonderful either way we take it. He sticks to his task with true British perseverance, even if he does not make much headway. He yet engraves coats of arms, bill headings, tradesmens' cards, actors' benefit tickets—this practice might be revived with success at this day—figures on tankards, plate, and so on. He furnishes booksellers with illustrations and vignettes, and, in 1726, he engraved the *Hudibras* series (spoken of elsewhere), which obtained him considerable distinction, and still further helped him on in his course.

Hogarth, having obtained some mastery over his brush at last, tried his hand at portrait painting; and, as he possessed much facility in catching expression and likeness—innumerable portraits will be found in his "series pictures"—he obtained a considerable amount of employment, the prices he charged being low. He began also to issue prints of various kinds, which met with merited success. We find among these recorded four drawings in Indian ink, of celebrities at Button's Coffee House; a mordacious etching of the "South Sea," an allegory; next he engraved for a Mr. Bowles, of the Black Horse, Cornhill; then came the "Taste of the Town," "Burlington Gate," illustrations to the "Golden Ass of Apuleius," "Beaver's Military Punishments of the Ancients," "Blackwall's Military Figures," &c., &c., &c.; and finally, as a stepping-stone to his future fortunes, he became acquainted with Sir James Thornhill, who pompously patronised the young artist, and turned him into use; and pictures, prints, "conversation pieces," and striking engravings, full of satire, point, and pungency, followed in rapid succession; until, about the year 1733, William Hogarth married, and was "settled" in life.

The match was a stolen one; and the flourishing painter of allegoric ceilings, at so much per square foot, yard, or rood, was exceedingly offended at his daughter's bad taste, and the brave world-fighting artist's presumption. Sir James Thornhill, at his best, was but an ostentatious type of mild mediocrity, and—artistically speaking—not fit to polish his blunt and brave son-in-law's shoe-buckles. The "Harlot's Progress" was put in that grandiose and somewhat stupid gentleman's way; and, with his penurious or his prudent instinct, he is said to have remarked, that "the man who can produce such representations as these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." It is gratifying, however, to add, on Hogarth's own authority, that the great Sir James condescended, and was generous to the young couple, who now lived in some state in Leicester Fields.

Hogarth's success and prosperity was now assured to him. Long associated with Mr. Tryes, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, our painter contributed largely to the decorations of the "royal property," and his pockets became proportionately the bulkier.

By this time the public had the "Rake's Progress," "Industry and Idleness," "Marriage-à-la-Mode," "The Election," "Times of the Day," and others, which were to make the little man immortal. By this time, too, that queer excursion was made to Gravesend, Rochester,

Sheerness, and other places adjacent, in a tilt-boat, and which is so exquisitely, and with such a rich sense of humour, detailed and described by one of his companions—Hogarth making graphic sketches of the comical convivialists, as he found them under conditions more than usually tending to risibility. They are “London tradesmen at high-jinks,” says Mr. Thackeray, and very much they seem to enjoy their funny embarrassments.

His wonderful “March to Finchley,” the dedication of which was rudely, though naturally enough, rejected by George II., is one of those Hogarthian *ana* patent to all desultory readers; but the plucky resentment of the painter, who transferred the dedication to Frederick II., was as characteristic of the man as his picture. The “Gate of Calais” is a memento of his inveterate hatred to his Gallic neighbours, who, on the occasion of a visit to that city, arrested him “for using his sketch-book in a fortified town,” and confined him to his own lodgings till the wind was fair for sailing back to England. He rang those changes with a thoroughly humorous venom, and very likely laughed heartily at each *calembourg* he perpetrated against them, each one more full of mordacity than its predecessor.

This is not the place—neither will space allow—to defend Hogarth against the sharper critics—Walpole (who is mostly just, however); Barry, who speaks *ex cathedra*; but, being a painter of the nude heroic, speaks of Hogarth from his (Barry’s) point of view; and a few others of lesser note. Men of larger abilities, of more catholic minds, of greater comprehension, have done him full justice, however; and Hogarth, at this day, requires no man to defend him. He challenges the admiration of the world; and while his manipulation is exquisite and faultless, the brilliancy of his colouring, and the rich harmony of his grouping and tone are unfading, undiminished, by the hand of Time up to the present hour.

A dispute, embittered by party politics and mutual attacks, between himself and the great demagogue Wilkes, tended to embitter the last days of the painter, whose life may be said, on the whole, to have passed very happily and contentedly away. The particulars of this quarrel, which also involved the truculent genius of Churchill, belong to the political history of Anne’s reign, and need not be here given.

In 1762 Hogarth began to feel symptoms of a general decay of nature; and, on the 25th of October, 1764, died of aneurism, at the ripe and honoured age of sixty-seven. He was interred at Chiswick, beneath a mausoleum of some substantiality, on the which his friend, David Garrick, had a suitable inscription cut.

Dr. Johnson has also complimented the memory of this distinguished artist with the following pithy yet pointed epitaph:—

“The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.”





Engraved by T. Cooper.

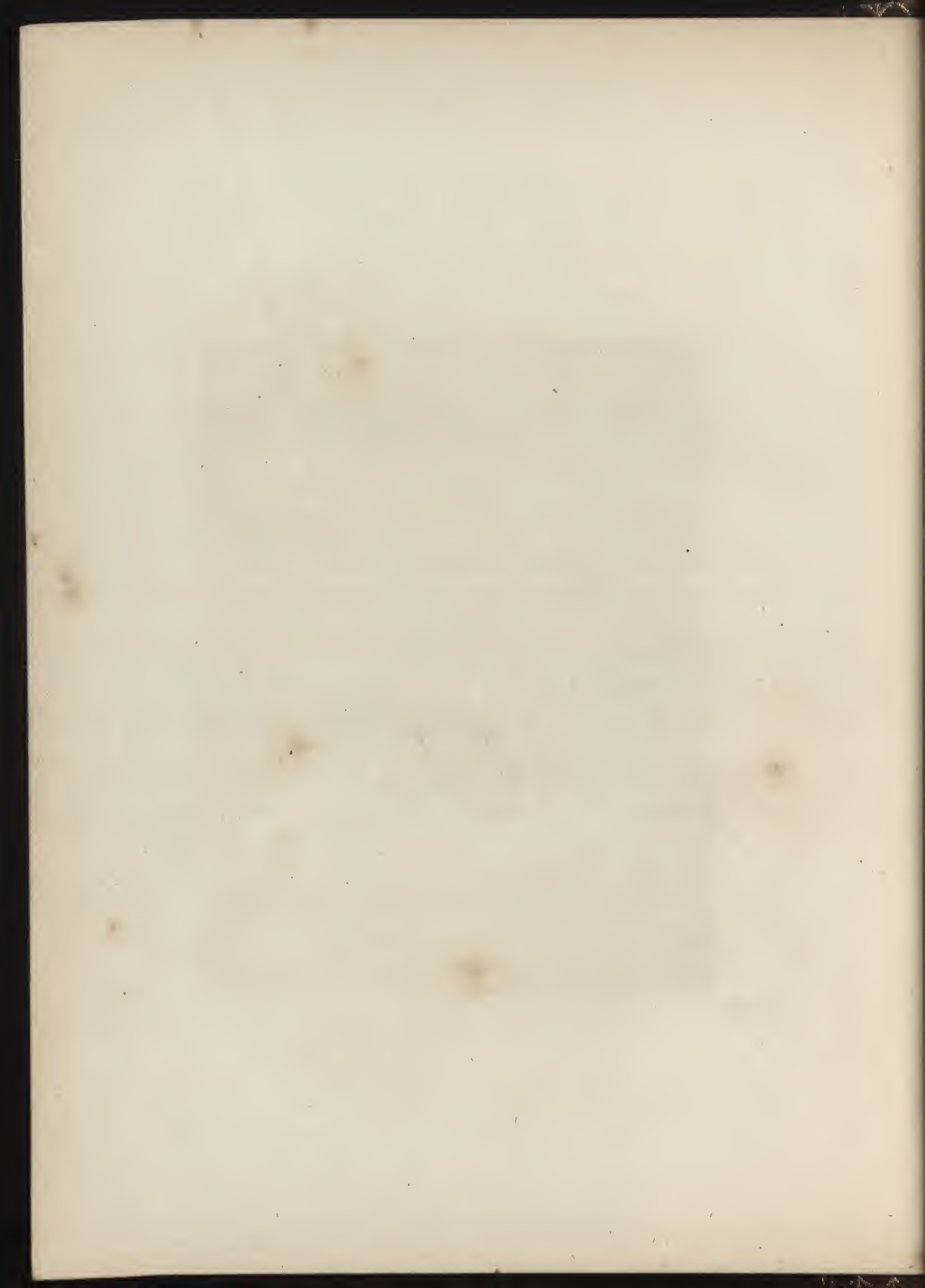
MARSHALL & LA MONTAGNE

THE CONTRACT

From the Original Picture by Hogarth in

the *Parliamentary Register*.





MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

By Rev. Trenchard

CHAPTER I.—THE CONTRACT.

THE kindly and generous-hearted Sir Richard Steele—whom we have often left slightly flushed with claret at Button's—has much to say about the goodness and the gentleness of woman. He has just sent home a pretty note to his fair wife, who is so fond of him, as to be fearfully jealous of any of her sex, who shall presume to set her cap at the gallant literary guardsman who rode in Coote's company, and who fuddled himself at Hampstead or Hendon indiscriminately, writing a guinea leader, sent hurriedly to town, in order to pay his score. The Right Hon. Joseph Addison was, also, not reticent in praise of feminine beauty and truthfulness, in his renowned *Spectator*, so that I have little to add to their testimony, save that both were right; and, alas! also, both were oft-times wrong.

When Plato was pleased to state, that "beauty was virtue in flower," he did not know the sex—quite. When he added, as a codicil, let us say, "that a beautiful exterior is a synonym of that internal and perennial beauty, which "grows by what it feeds on;" which is to say, that it becomes, day by day, more and more fragrant in its worth and excellence, he was in error: as, I grieve to say, the following example will prove, even if it be exceptional.

In a handsome and commodious room of one of those noble old city houses which are still to be found bordering the Thames, its chambers decorated with rare tapestries, quaint vases, and other monstrosities of the Celestial land, abundantly augmented by other tropic collections brought from far climes by the ships of the thriving merchant, Sir Mammon Flighty—who has but just laid down his robes of mayoralty, and vacated the honourable chair, on which many good and some few indifferent men had sat—were two females—the one young, blooming, and beautiful, but with an air so conscious of the same, that it marred the ingenuous grace by which youth and loveliness are so far assimilated, that their united charms become irresistible to any impressionable heart. The second was her feminine attendant, of whom more anon.

First then! for Mistress Prudence Flighty, otherwise Miss "Prue," that pretty diminutive assimilating so well with her fair girlish face, that the lips pronounced it naturally.

She was about seventeen years of age, almost a golden *blonde*, and "fairer than the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." On that smooth, unruffled brow, so white, so pure, no care seemed to have sat hitherto. The silken fringe of her lambent eyes gave piquancy to their restless flash and sparkle; and the faint rose-blush on either cheek, and the *vermeil* of her somewhat full lips, added to a certain half-languid, half-voluptuous air, that sat upon her freely-developed form, with an equal grace.

Nevertheless, any one accustomed to the influence of the beautiful, would have hesitated, after a brief study, in assenting to the first impression made. It would have recoiled in dissatisfaction at the result arrived at. There might be detected an undercurrent of petulance—not unusual in the sex—a want of firmness, a susceptibility to flattery, a desire to awaken admiration, and an amount of self-love, likely to prove fatal to her best interests, if opportunity should ever bring her into contact with temptation.

Such was Miss Prudence Flighty, as, seated in her chair before her glass, she resigned her beautiful silken hair to the skilful manipulation of her handmaiden, Mistress Abigail Taffetas, and seemed, by the complacent smile playing on her sunny face, to be lost for awhile in some pleasant reverie, on which she dwelt with a delight that had in it no alloy of pain or care.

Mistress Abigail was, without question, an excellent specimen of her class, cunning, shrewd, and perfidious—entering upon intrigue with something more than professional *gusto*; at once pretty and pert, and arrived at that age of discretion, when a woman's wits are more than a match for the quickest intellectual powers of man—as thorough a go-between as the most experienced *duenna*. She was, perhaps, as dangerous a creature to be the companion of a young, impulsive, and ingenuous girl, as it is possible to conceive; not that Miss Prue was wanting in mother wit herself. Far from it: to her female instincts was added a certain consciousness allied to precocity, which made her know that she was looked upon as a desirable alliance by numbers of the gallant city youth; while, during her father's mayoralty, she had been to court, had visited Ranelagh Gardens, had played basset at the house of a countess in May Fair, and had certain notions of high-life, and of west-end splendour, not quite compatible with the limited desires dictated by common usages, and by common sense, to the daughter of a city trader.

For between the fine gentleman of the day—who frequented White's, lounged at the chocolate houses, who drank his claret at Pontack's after a *récherché* dinner at the ordinary—and the city merchant, whose warehouse, offices, and house were mostly beneath the same roof, who seldom came westward of Temple Bar, save, when a civic deputation went to the houses of parliament, or waited upon her majesty—imperial “Anna,” lauded in loyal toast, and made musical in song—there lay a difference scarcely possible to realise; and there was a distinction to be confounded and absorbed in after time by that aristocracy of wealth, which would bridge over gulphs and social inequalities far deeper, and wider than those we have known to exist hitherto.

She was thinking—thinking—and well, perhaps, she might.

“Make haste, Taffetas, thou dilatory wench! haste, I say. I shall have my father send and beat at the door like a drum, for thou knowest he hath but small patience.”

“And, truly, I know of some others that have just as little,” said Mistress Taffetas, a little tartly, “though, on my troth, there may be reason for't.”

“And what may be the reason, as *you* put it, mistress?” demanded the young lady, turning upon her attendant with a heightened colour.

“Mercy defend us! Miss Prue, sure I meant no harm.”

“No, I'll be sworn thou dost not; but I trust thee not a jot the more. Hast thou any

of those pretty three-cornered explosions—crackers and fireworks—in scented paper, thou art won't to have thy pockets lined with, Taffetas; and thou know'st it—which thou dost so bountifully bestrew my path with? Come, speak out."

"No, I ha'nt," replied the chambermaid, a little sulkily; for *badinage* from a young person like Miss Prue, not yet out of her teens, and still possessing a relish for bread-and-butter, to a woman of her experience, was a little more than Mistress Abigail Taffetas was inclined to put up with.

"No, I ha'nt," said she, "and, if I had—"

"And, if thou had'st—what then?" saucily demanded her young mistress.

"Why I should take a better opportunity—when I found your ladyship in a better temper."

"My 'ladyship,' indeed!" laughed the other, "Now, I see, thou 'rt angry with me—nay, don't deny it pry'thee. There's my bombazine sacque, thou shalt have that to make amends. Heigho! truly, I believe my father's in the right."

"Thanks, Miss Prue, for the dress," says Mistress Abigail, making a low curtsy, "for service, the Lord knows, is no inheritance; but, as for your father, I thank my stars he is none of mine."

"Truly," retorts Miss Prue, with a malicious smile, "I don't doubt but there's room to be thankful o'both sides. But, oh! Taffetas, Taffetas—" and the lovely girl clasped her hands with a delighted look, such as might have been raised by the recollection of a past pleasure.

"Well, what now?" asked Taffetas, "another conquest at Fox Hall, last night?"

"Oh, Taffetas, it's so pure and exquisite.—Oh, he's a beautiful man—"

"*He* is—who is?" demanded Mistress Taffetas, in a tone of injury, for she looked on the fact of her mistress making a male acquaintance as an infringement of her own rights, and as poaching on her own manor; for Mistress Taffetas had no mean opinion of her skill, and was tenacious of those rights which decayed gentlewomen in her office arrogated to themselves.

"He? who?—why Master Silvertongue, to be sure," replied Mistress Prue, clapping her hands, and laughing just as the wily Mistress Abigail Taffetas put the last finish to the silky hairs.

"Well, then, I can tell him that his nose will be soon put out of joint," retorted Mistress Taffetas, with a flushed face. "Marry, his crowns are few enough; and as for his trinkets—poof!" and she made a contemptuous gesture, significant of the value which the demure gentlewoman put upon them.

"What dost thou mean?" asked Miss Prue, a little put out by this outbreak on the part of one she must be in some degree necessarily dependent upon.

"Why, ha'nt you heard the news?" asked Mistress Taffetas.

"The news!—no," replied the young lady, with a look of astonishment, so real, that even her attendant, who believed in nothing, was compelled to have faith in.

"Oh, the fathers! why here's a great lord—a pure splendid nobleman come a-wooing of you; and what more—though you should have known it before—your father had ordered

his coach, and the grooms, in their new liveries, to go and meet my lord, and sign the contract."

"What dost thou say—or saying, what dost thou mean?" asked Miss Prue; this time in real agitation.

"By my troth, I mean what I say; and that's why I have been taking more than usual pains to bedeck you this morning; and, if you do but look in the glass—"

"But is this true—quite true, Taffetas?" inquired the other, breathlessly.

"True as the sun, or I'm not an honest woman," at which asseveration Mistress Prue might have shaken her head, had she been so minded, but she did not, and Mistress Abigail continued—"Oh, yes, i' faith it's true; and that's why I said 'your ladyship,' just now. It sounds well, does it not?"

"Mighty fine—very well; but that's not to the purpose," responded Prue, a little absently; "but 'tis strange he hath not written to me—strange," and a cloud gathered on her fair brow; "not a word! not a line!" and her beautiful head drooped down on her hand, making her the very *ideal* of the repressed impatience that smiles at a cherished grief.

"And who says he has not written?" asked the waiting-woman, with an air of provoking mystery, as she placed her hand significantly upon her bosom.

"Hast thou got it? provoking wretch! the note! quick!" cried Miss Prue, jumping impatiently out of the chair, and making a rush at her attendant. The other, seeing that what must be done were "best done quickly," drew forth a *billet-doux*, which the young lady put to her lips, and kissed rapturously.

"Here's your father in such a fume and pucker," cried Mistress Taffetas, as the sound of voices and the clatter of footsteps were heard on the staircase. "The carriage is waiting, and the horses are pawing; and, O gemini! if your father's footmen are not as grand as if they were waiting upon an earl, as very likely they may be afore long."

"Um—um—um," murmured Miss Prue, who had torn the note open, and was devouring its contents. "Oh, it's delightful—all about hearts and darts—and loves and doves; and, oh! what do I see; that he shall meet me to-day—at—at my lord's house; what does all this mean—and who is my lord? Canst read me the riddle, Taffetas?"

"Why, if it be Counsellor Silvertongue, *he's* my lord's lawyer, and have drawn up the marriage contract," says Mistress Abigail, regardless of grammar; "and I think you were best put on your mantle and hat, and go, or, by my word, we shall have your father storming at the doors, and—"

"Well, I shall see *him*, at all events," murmured Miss Prue, as the last touch was given, and she descended, rustling as a goddess might be supposed to do, when she alights on earth, and folds her spreading wings.

A contract of marriage had been going on for some time, it may be as well to state, at this stage of our proceedings; and only the young people concerned were ignorant of the fact that so many were buoying themselves in their interests. While they are driving on to their destination, let us clearly understand the problem we are to solve with the assistance of the unapproachable artist.—A Marriage-a-la-Mode!

Yes, verily, a marriage-a-la-mode!

After all, what is a "marriage-a-la-mode?" For in the answer lies the whole pith and power of the moral we are to draw from the story we endeavour to relate.

A "marriage-a-la-mode"—a marriage *de convénance*—is an union of prudence with sound common sense; that is to say, the selfish prudence that looks on the one hand for such sinews of war as extravagancies have necessitated, and who sees, in a union with the daughter of some wealthy plebeian, the source from whence the lordling is to derive the coveted means, and for which he is willing to barter his title and his name.

No heart, no esteem, no community of feeling, no love, are requisite to constitute a marriage-a-la-mode—according to the fashion of the world—and, by the canons of the world of fashion,—no truth, or any shadow of right feeling. It is a matter of barter, and involves nothing of those dread responsibilities in the future, which the prudent Lord Bacon summed up, under the designation of giving "hostages to fortune." How to redeem these is quite another thing.

Husband and wife must be *polite* to each other, or their false taste, and their town-bred habits, will be speedily called in question. They must live a life of polished falsehood—be to each other a daily lie—a *white* one, be it understood, involving no great amount of moral infamy, though the one may lead as lax a life as a Roman pro-consul, and the other have as little womanly character to lose, as she who was of old the shame and the scandal of her sex.

I need not moralise further. This dismal corollary will come out quite soon and quite readily enough in the course of this story. Let us return to Miss Prue Flighty, and follow her through the process of the contract.

Summoned with some noisy impatience by the worthy knight, whose eager desire it was, at any cost, to ally his ignoble blood with the "blue blood" of the high-born and the lofty, she descended with a strange, half-curious, half-eager throbbing at heart; and entering the coach, followed by Sir Mammon Flighty, was rapidly driven through Fleet Street and Temple Bar, until the vehicle finally stopped before a fine old house westward, and Sir Mammon and his daughter got out, and being received with a considerable amount of ceremony and state, were led by the obsequious menials to the drawing-room, in which were some four or five persons met together already.*

* *Note to Plate I.*—There is always a something wanted to make men happy. The great think themselves not sufficiently rich, and the rich believe themselves not enough distinguished. This is the case of the alderman of London, and the motive which makes him covet for his daughter the alliance of a great lord; who, on his part, consents thereto on condition of enriching his son: and this is what the painter calls Marriage-a-la-Mode.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is William, Duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England. While thus glorying in the dust of which his ancestors were compounded, the prudent citizen, who, in return for it, has parted with the dust of a much more weighty and useful description, devotes all his attention to the marriage settlement. The haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his ancestry, while the worshipful alderman, regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely preparatory for the future, calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regard the want of attachment in those who are to be united as worthy a moment's consideration. To do the viscount justice, he seems equally indifferent; for, though evidently in love,—it is with himself. Gazing in the mirror with delight, and, in an affected style, displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite a husband a-la-mode. The lady, very well disposed to retaliate, plays with her wedding ring, and repays this chilling coldness with sullen

First, seated in his chair of state, was my lord—a portly gentleman, on whom good living retaliated by giving him an extra distinction to his aristocratic claims—the gout. Next was the family steward—Old Honesty—with his worn, anxious look; and the family chaplain, the Rev. Agate Pius, in his rusty cassock; and there was the handsome young dog, Silvertongue; ah, me! how the tones of his voice thrilled upon the heart of the woman who was already dabbling her feet in the waters of that Dead Sea, which laved for the present the shores of that pleasant land, that fool's paradise, wherein awhile she wandered unheeding; for the moment of waking up to the fierce reality, she was doomed to face, had not yet come to her. And, even if she did see the evil looming afar off, it was sufficient that it was so far; and, for the present, at least, she was free from any peril, and, of course, “sufficient for the hour is the evil thereof;” and the morrow, with whatever it may bring, is still—the morrow.

There was the young lord, Lord Percy Skelter de Mouline (Viscount Bloomsbury), who, with a drawl and a lisp, received the pretty and blushing city heiress, and, having stared her out of countenance, and ogled her as he would have ogled a pretty woman at the play, sat down, turning his back upon her, and, admiring himself in the mirror, took a pinch of snuff, saying:—

“A charming creature—stap my vitals! but—haw—egad! wants the proper air and polish; and this—hum—haw—this old prig is to be my father-in-law—eh!” and then he turned his attention momentarily towards the merchant, who, having fixed his glass to his eye, being already seated at the table, opposite to the nobleman, was preparing to enter upon the preliminaries of the meeting.

A little disconcerted, and not a little annoyed, at the coldness, and even at the insolence of her reception, poor Prue, burning with confusion, and justly irritated, entered readily into conversation with the insidious young lawyer, who managed to whisper soft flatteries and well-turned compliments upon her good looks; and felicitating himself upon their having met at a gala, in the Spring Gardens, on some preceding evening, whither she had been accompanied by an aunt, in whom Sir Mammon himself reposed the most boundless confidence, though the respectable lady (the very essence of decorum and pure dignity,) did not resent very strongly the enormous and burlesque

contempt; her heart is not worth the viscount's attention, and she inclines to bestow it on the first suitor. An insidious lawyer, like an evil spirit, ever ready to move or second a temptation, appears beside her. That he is an eloquent pleader is intimated by his name, Counsellor Silvertongue: that he can make the worse appear the better cause, is only saying, in other words, that he is great in the profession. To predict that, with such an advocate, her virtue is in danger, would not be sufficiently expressive. His captivating tones, and insinuating manners, would have ensnared Lucretia.

Two dogs in a corner, coupled against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which is to pass. The ceiling of this magnificent apartment is decorated with the story of Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. The ocean, on a ceiling, proves a projector's taste; the sublimity of a painter is exemplified in the hero delineated with one of the attributes of Jove. This fluttering figure is probably intended for one of the peer's high-born ancestors, and is invested with the golden fleece, and some other foreign orders. To give him still greater dignity, he is in the character of Jupiter; while one hand holds up an ample robe, the other grasps a thunder-bolt. A comet is taking its rapid course over his head; and in one corner of the picture, two of the family of Boreas are judiciously blowing contrary ways. All this is ridiculous enough, but not an iota more absurd than many of the French portraits, which Hogarth evidently intended to burlesque by this parody.

flatteries which Counsellor Silvertongue's friend lavished upon her, while he, the rogue, was gallanting Mistress Prue about the gardens. He found himself just now delightfully occupied, having made, in fact, as he believed, such advances in the young lady's graces, that he was on the point of proposing an assignation, when his attention was called by the Earl, so that nibbing his pen afresh, he addressed himself in turn to the business of the contract in question, the merchant having, by this time, fully perused the document over.

"Hum—um—um!" he said, as he ended the important document, and folded it up, "so far, my lord, this reads all well enough. My Prue has good blood in her veins, for all she is a commoner's daughter."

"We are of the elder branch of the house of De Moulines," says my lord, suddenly flushed, and almost angry at the assumption that the knight believed his daughter had any "blood" at all in her veins, "I think that is sufficient to balance all monetary advantages."

"Hah!" ejaculates the unmoved merchant, "I knew Dick Mullins, of Fig Lane; he may be of the same family, too; at all events, 't is said he's worth a 'plum.' Truly, I know he made some fortunate speculations in trade of late, besides some pretty ventures that he had in the plantations."

"All this is beside the mark, Sir Mammon. Let us come to the point. What do you propose as your daughter's dowry?"

"By all means; and it amounts to this:—your son, Lord Percy Skelter de Moulins—sure my friend Dick must be of the family."

"Curse your friend Dick Mullins, sir!" broke out the other wrathfully.

"Ahem! your pardon, my lord. Well, your son marries my daughter Prue—a pretty girl, my lord, and a good——. Methinks his young lordship doth not pay her much attention, however;" and the merchant, as he spoke, glanced over his shoulder towards where the young nobleman was displaying his handsome person in the glass.

"Oh, heed not that; our ways are different," said his lordship, "we are not used to display much of what you term emotion. It is not the way of the world—not the *mode*, in short."

"Truly, I think so. Well, conditions of marrying are these—your son, I repeat, makes my daughter a countess. I clear off the heavily-encumbered estates of De Moulins. I wonder now if Dick—but your pardon, my lord; and I add—"

"You add to this, which is very liberal, I must say," continued his lordship, eagerly, "if I understand rightly, you add?"—

"Half a plum, my lord—half a plum; and, let me tell you, that as things go in the city, this is not to be sneezed at."

"Sir Mammon Flighty, may I ask you what you mean by 'half a plum?'" asked the nobleman, loftily, as if he held in contempt the conventional phrases of the citizens.

"Half a plum, my lord, means just two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Two hundred and fif—oof!" gasped the portly descendant of the De Moulins, "two hundred—well.—"

“Well, my lord, this down on the nail, as we say in the city; and, when I am dead, as I have no other child, and but few relatives, and they tolerably well to do, the bulk of my property will go to her.”

“Very handsome, indeed, very proper—a very good feeling; and now, if you please, we will sign the contract, and finish that business.”

And so the contract was signed, and the betrothal over; but Prue had already given her heart to another; and her husband *to be*—apparently cared but little whether she had a heart beating in her fair bosom, or no.

CHAPTER II.—HIGH LIFE.

THE venture is made, the leap is taken, the boat is pushed off, and who knows to what wild seas it may drift without compass or rudder, on what shore of ruin it may strand, and, while foundering in sight of home, carry with the wreck that young couple, who with apathy on the one hand, and something like loathing on the other, have taken those vows at the altar to be broken—we shall find how shamelessly, and how soon.

They plunge into the vortex of “High Life,” with its intrigues, dissipations, *ennui* and weariness; with its extravagance and its riot, its polished vices, and its glittering temptations. Young Lord Squanderfield, with the ingrained selfishness of his nature, leaped greedily at the golden bait with which the alderman’s hook may be said to be baited. His debts paid, his estates cleared—for his father being dead a short period after the brilliant marriage had ceased to be a nine days’ wonder—he had come to his own, and was unrestrained master of everything around him. I say being thus released for a time from the harpies of the law, and the grasp of usurers, he was free to mortgage his lands afresh, to borrow monies anew at any moment he might be tempted to do so; while his equipages, his mistresses, his opera-box, the gaming table, and his stud at Newmarket, were again making speedy inroad upon the munificent dowry the proud yet penurious old merchant had given on his daughter’s behalf.

As for the young countess, still blooming and lovely, she seemed to take instinctively to her new position, and accepted it as “one to the manner born.” There is a certain indefinable something in female nature which adapts itself to all circumstances, and naturalises itself, so to speak, under conditions where the less plastic mind of man finds it difficult to conform.

Ever at her side, too, having quitted the humdrum routine of life in the city, is Mistress Abigail Taffetas. This wily waiting-woman, ever wary and alert, according to the promptings of her mercenary mind, was not to be moved by any considerations of a moral tendency; and whether the ruin of her mistress’ body and soul was to be involved in her evil schemes, and her foul prosperity, or no, mattered little; she was of that cold and bloodless temperament which knew neither pity, remorse, nor womanly tenderness—and she had *her* part to perform.

She was, therefore, the very woman of all others most calculated to further the





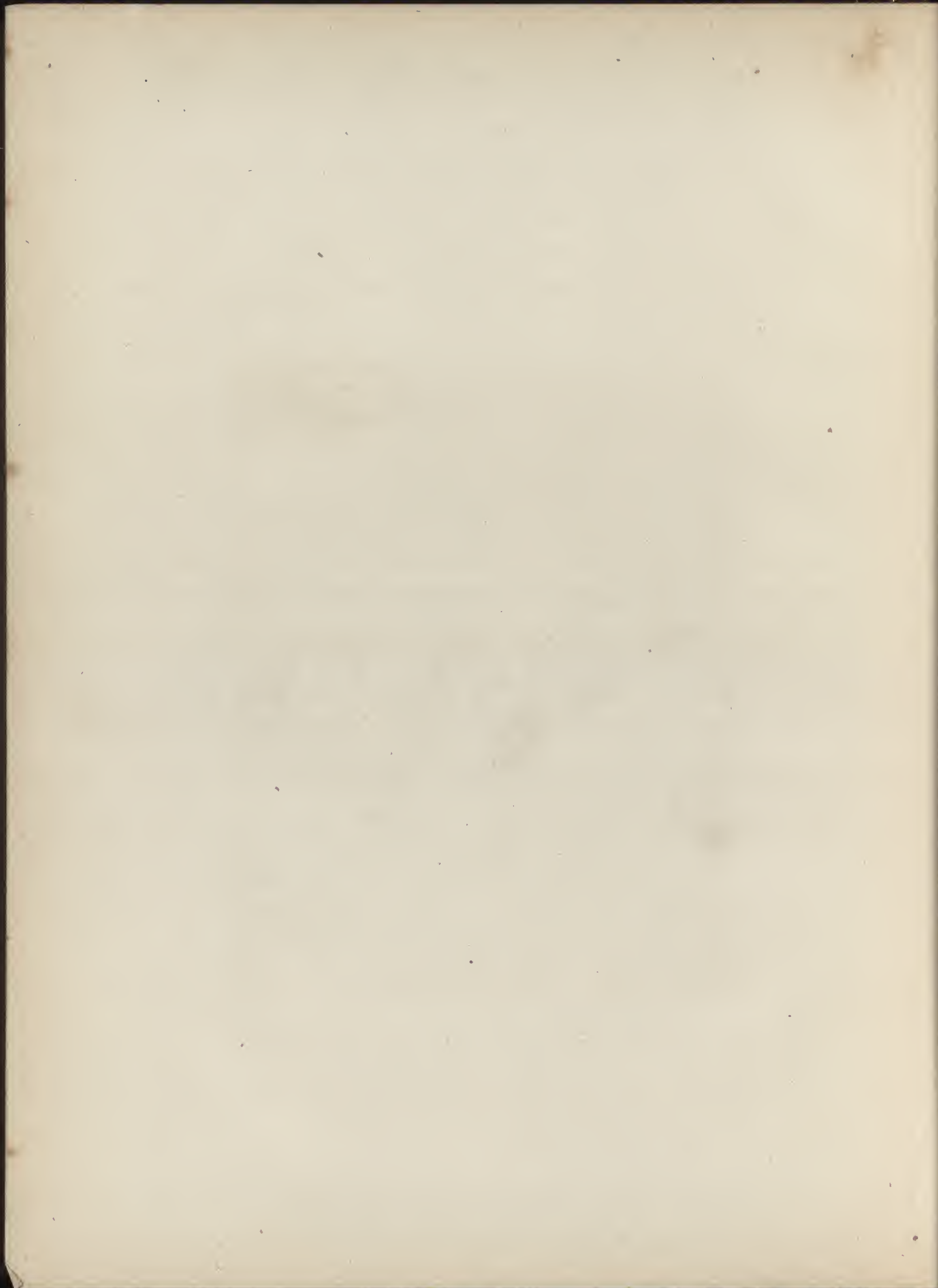
Engraved by J. E. Nicholson

MARRIAGE A LA MODERNE

DEBARRAULT & CO. III

*From the Original Picture by Hogarth in
The National Gallery*





evil schemes Counsellor Silvertongue was contriving for the ruin of the unsuspecting young wife. Still, in the midst of the fashionable riot, and the "modish" orgie into which she was drawn, and in which she took her share, and played her part, there were moments when memories of home, with their tender warning voices, came to her. Ever and anon the decent order of the old household she had left for ever, forced itself upon her, in contrast with the noise and the glare of her present life. The false smiles—the mask worn so transparently that the worm eating its way beneath might be detected—the pang of anguish that transformed the laugh into an hysteric cry—were beginning to be known to her; and the hollow falsehood of the world in which she lived and moved was forcing itself upon her startled fancy.

Conscious, however, of her own purity hitherto—shrinking from herself, when she recollected what little of love or esteem entered into the bond that united her to her husband—startled into absolute though momentary terror, not the less awful that it was vague and undefined, when a dim and indistinct idea of the consequences to come might arise from her friendly relationship with the smooth-tongued lawyer, handsome, young, and plausible as he was—the fancy that she could at any moment violate the marriage vow, and forget her duty, whatever her husband might choose to do, made her face burn with very anger, and, at such moments, the noble indignation she felt was in reality her safeguard.

Still conscious, as she must be, of the laxness of principle—the licentious cast of moral tone entertained by those around her, with whom vice was a charming weakness, and a virtuous woman held out as an oddity—the familiarity with this abandonment, the juxtaposition with the ruling vices of the day, must, little by little, (and necessarily,) do their work. As a woman, "my lady" could not be an exception to her sex. The notoriety of her libertine husband's way of life was too palpable for her to pretend ignorance on this head. No suggestions were lacking—conveyed by hint and inuendo—in a manner at once witty and profligate—as to how she was to resent this neglect—this criminal way of life. There were not wanting some who felt amazement at the Viscount's utter want of taste. Surely this woman, so young and so fair, must be more attractive than the haggard demireps whom he affected, whose faded lineaments, disguised by rouge and fucus, could not for a single instant bear a comparison with her dazzling freshness. No female voice, with affected lisp and giggle, could match or mate with the rich intonation of the city maiden's thrilling *soprano*. Those hollow eyes, with their meretricious yet stony glitter, heightened by washes, and relieved by tints, had nothing in common with the hitherto pure radiance of the former Prue Flighty's gentle eyes.

If she had no love to bestow upon the husband who had so little appreciation for her, she had a sense of duty that was awakened every moment that his worthlessness became more and more manifest. The face of her dead mother would come ever and anon; and with a meek, reproachful look, stand between her and the evil thought that at times strove to tempt her from the path of duty—the voice so long closed in the dust seemed to reach her from over the boundaries of another world, and, with an ineffable tenderness—a mother's tenderness, and who knows not *that*—and bid her to reflect, to think, to beware!

But the leaven of our lost nature was working not the less in the breast of the deserted woman. Her love was dead, ruthlessly slain as it were, and buried so deeply that there was no chance of its resuscitation. Little by little, and day by day, the sense that *she* ought to hold in some measure to her vows, however dreary the task, was weakening; and resentment, at his unworthy treatment of her, was fast supplanting those principles of moral obligation she had learnt in other days; and, by degrees, too, she found herself isolated, abandoned, and alone; her existence becoming more desolate, all the more that she lived in the midst of a multitude with whom she had not one single sentiment in common. It was not without terror, too, and a certain shame, that she began to find herself at furtive moments dreaming of that lawless retaliation on the foul and shameless courses pursued by her husband, and which ladies of "quality" whom she knew made it no secret that they practised. Gallantry was a common institution of the age. Was she not surrounded by examples? Oh, me! with what a hot and guilty blush she beheld herself as she *might* become, were she to follow the path so many had trodden before her. And was she—? No, no! away with the unworthy thought.

Although the young countess was willing to accept her fate, and to do her duty, and to bear with what resignation she might, the hard fortune that was clearly in store for her, it seemed that this was not to be permitted. Of those that she had been compelled by circumstances and accident to place her trust in, the two whose plans were most inimical to her fate, were those who found in her helplessness the most favourable agent of their dark treachery. The counsellor—who was in her husband's confidence, and a constant visitor at their residence in Burlington Gardens—was infected with the libertinism of the town; and the dramatists of the day show us, in sufficiently vivid colours, what the standard of morality was even in the reign of the exemplary and virtuous Anne. The designing Mistress Taffetas, whom Madam Prue still clung to with that loving attachment generated by old associations, was in Master Silvertongue's pay; for, with increased means, he had become more liberal; and the waiting-woman was herself so thoroughly "up" in her business, that to corrupt her farther was impossible, while her genius for intrigue was rampant within her. The fiend himself could not have evoked a more subtle agent; and the poor young wife, trusting in this she-devil, could not have placed faith in a more formidable enemy to her peace.

It is morning—neither late nor early. The wits are beginning to lounge forth to the chocolate houses. The matutinal measure of "purl," long since imbibed eastward, is giving way westward to the cup of spiced canary. The "maccaronis" have their heads *en papillote*, and clouded canes are being flourished in the park; while the beaux, in their sedan chairs, are going to see the actresses at rehearsal; the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn are waiting for briefs; and the Guards are going, with drums beating, and colours flying, to do duty at Knightsbridge, or at Kensington.

Mistress Taffetas is looking out of a parlour window of an elegant house in Burlington Gardens, where Lord (and Lady) de Mouline live, and live in much state and ostentation. Evidently this reputable handmaiden is waiting for some one; for seeing a dapper gentleman, with powdered curls, who gallantly kisses his hand to her as he passes the window, mount

the steps, she walks out of the parlour-door to receive him, just as the plethoric porter, at the hall-door, has given him admission.

"Mistress Taffetas, your servant!" and he lifts up his hat with an air. "Stap me! but you are perfectly blooming."

"Mr. Pinchbeck, you overpower me!" and, making a curtsey, which forms a complete tent of her hooped dress, she sinks gently downwards, as if to the 'centre of the earth,' then rearing herself afresh, with an equal grace, affords great delight to the counsellor's gentleman—Mr. Smoothly Pinchbeck—who is the very type and model of a valet of the day.

As curious as a magpie, and gifted with as much power of acquisitiveness; as slinking and as cunning as a fox; as vicious as an ape, with his saucy smirk, and his obsequious smile; the creature in his ruffles and his powder, his laced suit, his high-heeled shoes, his cambric handkerchief, (or rather his master's,) and scented snuff-box, is the *ideal* of that parasitical thing known as a *vâlet-de-chambre*—as useless and defiling a class of creatures as any under heaven!

They were in the parlour, and the door was shut, just as doors are shut by people who have to enter upon a conference they do not for the world desire others to be sharers in.

"Fore-gad, madam!" remarked Mr. Pinchbeck, "that was very handsomely done, I must say."

"Oh, dear me!" says Mistress Taffetas, with a toss of her head, "we improve here, as you see. We grow modish, westward, as your cits become more clownish the farther east they live of Temple Bar. My lady's dancing-master has not had an idle time of it."

"No, I'll be sworn, Mistress Taffetas, if you find it to your interest to fill up his leisure. Pr'ythee, child, has he taught thee any new ways of making love?"

"Lord! as if it was needed. The man that can teach a woman to make love must be something very different from any I have known," and Mistress Taffetas bridled herself like one who had found an aspersion cast on her character for shrewdness.

"Zooks! I don't know," broke out the valet, while making a rush at her, which she evaded; "but you're a handsome baggage! Stap my vitals! and—"

"And keep you back, rogue's-face! and your liquorish lips away. What's brought you here this morning, please you to enlighten me?"

"Why, to see thee, and make an assignation for Spring Gardens, while thy mistress goes to Lady Gadabout's *ridotto*; and, ud's death! that reminds me that I have half forgotten my business. Is she as heroically virtuous as ever?"

"Hem! why that, you see, is just as one has an idea of virtue," lisped the Abigail—"um—virtue, with her, is—ha!—virtue."

"Plague take it! what a trouble this same virtue gives to us men of fashion. I have known a duchess, now, not give herself half the trouble to be coy."

"Why that depends too—some women find virtue a troublesome commodity; and so—"

"And so—ha! ha!—they get rid of it," laughed the valet. "But, surely, under thy tutelage, she makes but poor progress; and my master wishes to hasten matters."

"Has thy master taken any briefs of late?" asked Mistress Taffetas, with a knowing look.

"Oh, aye i' faith!" responded Mr. Smoothly Pinchbeck, jauntily. "Oh, yes, we live in

some style now, I can assure thee. It was not the smallest feather in his cap that he became my lord's adviser."

"That's good, by my troth! and, doubtless, thou hast brought me a retaining fee," said the waiting-woman, making an impatient gesture of receipt with her hand. "Come, deposit. I have an 'itching palm,' too, as the noble Roman says in the play."

"Why thou mercenary creature,"—began the valet, laughing.

"Thou hast not. Then get thee hence; put up thy pipes, go poach on some other manor. There's no game here for your worship, and we have other irons heating in the fire," and, with her nose tossed towards the ceiling, the go-between turned scornfully away.

"Whew! how the jade has improved, to be sure," said Pinchbeck, partly in admiration, and partly in high dudgeon, too, as he took out a small but plump-looking purse from his pocket. "Here! here's thy fee—thy reward; and the devil give thee joy of it."

"So, so," exclaimed Mistress Taffetas, "if you think to trick me, to dupe me of my lawful perquisite—*Me!*"

"Upon my honour," said Pinchbeck, with another bow, if anything still lower than the first, and paid as a tribute to superior merit, "if I did, I made a huge mistake, for which I ask your pardon. Mistress Taffetas, I have scarcely understood your merits till this moment."

"Oh, Mr. Pinchbeck, do not *quite* overpower me;" (and Mistress Abigail shaded her face with her hands) "spare my blushes; but with *this*—" and she gave the purse a quick toss, which made the golden coins clink musically, "what accompanies it?"

"This," returned the valet, as he drew forth and slipped a rose-tinted, and highly-perfumed *billet* into her hand.

"Hum! now, I warrant me, there's as much mischief in this pretty bit of—now the blue plague confound this fellow."

At this instant, and in reply as it were to her adjuration, there entered the parlour a tall, lounging individual, with ballustrade legs, a porter's shoulders, white calves, his person clad in a plum-coloured suit of livery, and having enormous whiskers of a somewhat neutral tint. Closing one eye, he looked first at one, and then at the other, saying:—

"Hollo, hollo! good folks, you have an excellent understanding with one another, I see—"

"You see, do you?" asked the counsellor's valet, sharply.

"Yes, Mr. Pinchbeck, I see," retorted the other, with emphasis.

"And pray, Mr. Medlar, what is it you *do* see?" demanded Mistress Taffetas, quite as tartly.

"I see—you Mistress Taffetas."

"Indeed! Then you see further than your nose," said that amiable lady, with a rapid *riposte*, so to call it, and, for the moment, making the gigantic menial look slightly foolish.

"Hah!" ejaculated Mr. Medlar, "it's all very well; but I can hear as well as see; and if that powdered pink of iniquity," pointing at Mr. Pinchbeck, who was white with rage, "if *he* has not been at the old trick of trying to corrupt you——"

"Corrupt *me!*" interrupted Mistress Taffetas, tossing her head.

"I forgot," said Mr. Medlar, leaning loftily against the mantel-shelf, "that's impossible."

"I should think so, indeed," replicated Mistress Abigail, wilfully misconceiving his obvious meaning; "but what does this mean, Mr. Medlar?"

"Why, you see, Mistress Taffetas, you take care of my lady's interests, no doubt; allow me to take care of my lord's. What's this?" and he suddenly snatched the *billet* out of her hand, which she had omitted to put away.

"You wretch! give it back to me this moment," screamed the waiting-woman.

"You everlasting rascal!" began Mr. Pinchbeck, making a step forward, but advancing no further, seeing the slightly-menacing aspect of my lord's more Sampsonian valet.

"Young man!" said that person, with much dignity, "learn to know your business better; and, above all things, don't call names. I don't permit them familiarities. Now, you see, my pretty turtle-doves, what comes of not having proper confidence—of thinking to keep *me* out of your pretty secrets. *Me!*—hah! I wonder what 'my lord' will give me for this pretty *billet-doux*, which, I see, is addressed to my lady, and which you—" severely to the overpowered Mistress Taffetas, "was to give to her."

"He'll give you a bag-full of sore bones, you monster!" said the waiting-woman, angrily, as she shook her fist in his face. "Go to, you trencher-scraper; you back-stairs calimanco knave that you are."

"Ta! ta! ta! for all this, you'll share your purse with me, hey? Do you think to make property out of my mistress, and keep me out of the speculation? How could you have been so shallow as to think I could be dispensed with, eh?—I, who empty 'my lord's' pockets every morning, just as you, Mistress Taffetas, examine my lady's, and make yourself mistress of all her engagements."

"Now, may the —"

"Tut, tut! do not swear, my dear, do not swear. We of the *haut ton* cannot descend to the dialect of Whitechapel. Have you nothing better to propose?"

At this instant they were interrupted in the progress of their iniquitous speculations.

"S't! s't! s't!" sibilated the towering Mr. Medlar, "here's that queer old pest—the steward, Mr. Honesty. Ahem! Mistress Taffetas," he added, in an undertone; "if you have a genius for lying, I think it may stand you in stead now. Cudgel your wits, Mr. Pinchbeck, for there's that in his face bodes little good."

"How now, mistress!" cried the old man, entering, and sharply addressing the waiting-woman, "can you find no other work to do in this house than entertaining a brace of knaves with some new home scandal?"

"Mr. Honesty!" exclaimed Mr. Medlar, with much indignation, but also with a manner considerably cowed and stricken.

"Away you padded incumbrance, you frothy rascal, you calf-headed excrescence! By this good light I know not what 'tis such people as my lord can see in such as thou that they must have thee near them."

"Why, look you, Sir, there's something in one's carriage."

"Carriage! the only carriage that will suit thee best will be when thou art carted

with some motherly 'intelligencer' up Holborn. Away—to your pantry! gnaw your broken victuals there! No words, or I may have thee quitted forth at once. Soh, now you Sir," addressing Mr. Pinchbeck, who, desiring to retain his *nonchalant* manner, was dusting his ruffles with his cambric kerchief, and airing himself before the window, just as the colossal Medlar sneaked forth. "What brings your worship here at this early hour of the day?"

"Hah! why, hum!—I did but call to pay my respects to Mistress Taffetas, and I now beg to wish her a good day."

"In that case, thy business being ended, do so, and go thy ways."

"Now, mistress," turning to the waiting-woman, who ceremoniously curtsied Mr. Pinchbeck out, "what amount of bribery have you taken for plotting against your mistress? It's true," he added, with some bitterness, "they have been married more than a twelvemonth, and hitherto it's gone no further than their living apart. Truly it's time a divorce was talked about, or their constancy will become their scorn. Have you set any calumnies afloat yet? have you hinted that you could tell of something, if you would? What! no scandal in hand? Truly, Mistress Taffetas, I fear I have done you injustice."

"No matter, Sir, whether you have, or no," said Mistress Abigail firing up. "I scorn your insinuations, and what I know, you shall *not*, for as clever as you are. I can keep something yet to myself."

"Do," snarled the steward, "keep *thyself* to thyself; so shalt thou do the best service possible to such poor gulls as thou canst get into thy toils."

"You ogre!—you toothless pestilence."

"Away, fitchew! away! and to thine office, it will not last thee long," retorted the other, as he tottered forth.

"Nay, then," muttered Mistress Taffetas, "wert thou ten times the vinegar and gall thou art compounded of, there's truth in thy words; and I must e'en look after my interest, like the rest. Now to master the contents of this note; next to give it my lady to bring the assignation to a point; and then to choose whether Mr. Medlar, or Mr. Pinchbeck, are likeliest to follow fortune. It is true, Pinchbeck has such an air; but then Medlar's noble figgur"—and musing thus, Mistress Taffetas followed the rest; and, adopting the example, we change the scene, and find "high-life" under another form, not much more likely to recommend itself than the spurious imitations of it we have just witnessed.*

* *Note to Plate II.*—This scene represents a saloon in the young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a party. The clock shows us it is noon. We are to suppose, then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night; a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reign within the house; and that, after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the back ground of this plate, who we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights. By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are disgusting, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements. With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced, as from the indifference that gives rise to them springs the destruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand we are to suppose the lady totally neglected by her husband; on the other, by way of contrast, that the husband is just returned from the apartments of some woman, fatigued, exhausted, and satiated. And as pleasures of this sort are seldom without interruption, we are shown, by the

It is just past noon, the early morning time, in the routine of "high-life;" and different, far different, from the fresh floral matins Prue Flighty was wont to know when they lived in their pleasant home at Hackney, and a trip westward was an event that made her girlish heart palpitate. Pale and worn—very lovely still—how different looks the lady from the blooming girl of a past time. She has an air of languor, and of weariness; and sitting in her graceful *deshabille*, sips her chocolate, and, with a long sad sigh, looks up from the table as a stumbling footstep is heard; and, at early-day, with doublet dishevelled and unbraced, his wig unbuckled, his laced hat soiled and battered, and his sword broken,—with a reel, a hiccup, and a curse, his lordship enters and sinks into a chair; and, while thrusting his hands into the depths of his empty pockets, looks mistily across to the countess, on whose face an expression of mingled disgust and indignation is visible.

"So, my lord," she says, after a pause, "you have found your way home; and, truly, at a reputable hour enough for your chair to be at your door, and one that can be easily recognised as coming from some of your frightful haunts!"

"Haunts, child! what—hic—what haunts? ouns!—what, d'ye mean, madam? Do I interfere with your *drums*—your card parties?"—pointing to some cards flung on the floor, he added—"I hope your luck has been better than mine."

"The party was none of mine, my lord; you forget it was given to please you and your friends; and you come home, at noon the next day, having left me to bear the insults and the sneers of the well-bred women who belong to your world of high-life."

"Pr'ythee, child, no moralising. If I left thee to do the honours to the powdered devotees of fashion, it was because I—ha! ha!—deemed thee equal to the task—fie! fie! get rid of those old city prejudices; sure, I thought I had trained thee up to the way of the world! and thou dost but little justice to the teachings of Madame Modish."

"Alas! yes. I think I am truly getting rid of them. I once had a weak prejudice in favour of goodness and happiness; but, I fear me! I cannot hold on to it much longer. As for Madame Modish, is it known to you what she is—a woman, which one having the least love for her good name dare not consort with."

"Prejudice again! sure, as I'm a gentleman, her gallantries are of the very highest order, believe me."

female cap in his pocket, and the broken sword, that he has been engaged in some riot or uproar. An old faithful steward, who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the general disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it impossible. See him then returning in an attitude of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. As a satire on the extravagance of the nobility, Mr. Hogarth has humorously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the general bad pay of people of quality.

Led, then, from one act of dissipation to another, the hero of this piece meets his destruction in hunting after pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the result of his proceedings; but determined to embrace the trifling happiness in view, he runs heedlessly on his dissipated career, until he seals his unhappy fate.

It has been justly remarked that "the figure of the young libertine, who on his return home from his debaucheries, after day-break, has thrown himself into a chair, is so admirable for its attitude, expression, drawing, and colouring, as alone utterly to refute the assertion of Lord Orford, that Hogarth, however great as an author or inventor, possessed as a painter but slender merit."

"Why, then, my lord, you hold that virtue is an incumbrance."

"Oh, my master!—oh, my mistress!—oh, my lady!" suddenly exclaimed the aged steward, rushing in with a bundle of unsettled accounts in his hand. "Oh, that I should see this day!"

"Why, what the devil is this outcry for?" asked the viscount, fiercely.

"Peace! old Honesty, peace! it is useless appealing to me; I have no money, if that is what thou would'st have," said his mistress, in a tone at once sad and kindly, and in reply to his hurried information.

"Thou hast diamonds enow stitched on to thy stomacher, and laces on thy sacque, would set up a basset-table," said his lordship to the countess, doggedly. "What is't—speak! and let us have done with this howling. Who is it? what is it? what does it mean?"

"Your creditors have grown more clamorous, daily, my lord. I have kept them aloof as long as I could; but the bailiffs are now in possession."

"Pooh! pooh! send the rogues from the door; ud's death! I'll loose the Mohocks on them;" and, making an attempt to stand on his feet, he fell back into his chair again; for even yet he was far from sobered.

"Remain where you are, or go to your bed," said the countess.

"Death and furies! I shall do as I please—hic."

"Levyson and Tartar have threatened to foreclose these several days past," pursued the faithful steward; "mortgage after mortgage has been resorted to; and our last hopes are quite useless without retrenchment or change; and I know not which way to turn."

"The rascals! they belong to the tribe of Ish—shish—mael; and—hic!—not—the gentle house of Jacob;" stammered the viscount; "but, I'll trounce them—body o' me! I'll make the knaves eat their own parchments—stap me!"

"Oh, my lord!" entreated the steward, "speak more rationally, I beseech you. These wild words will avail us not."

"Do not trouble yourself, old man," said the countess sadly, "lost and degraded as he is; reckless and profligate," and she pointed to her husband with a look of withering scorn; "do you think there is aught in him that gives promise of the future, or bids for the least shadow of good?"

"Oh, I hope so; I hope so, my lady, for your own sake—for his young lordship's sake," pleaded the steward.

"Aye, for my child's sake," she exclaimed, "something must be done. Go now! I will think—I'll think what is to be done. Go! send for Counsellor Silvertongue."

"The counsellor? ah, me!" murmured the steward, "and I fear *him* most of all. I go, my lady—I go."

"Go! bid him hasten hither to me—I would see him without delay;" and, shrugging his shoulders, with a look of anguish on his wan, aged face, the steward took his departure.

"It seems to me, my lady," stuttered the viscount, with a new access of rage, "that you do not choose your epithets judiciously. Do you know—a plague on your paper face: and a curse on your plebeian blood! that I am not to be spoken to after the humour of your whims. Do you know who I am, madam?—answer me that."





Engraved by C. Melrose

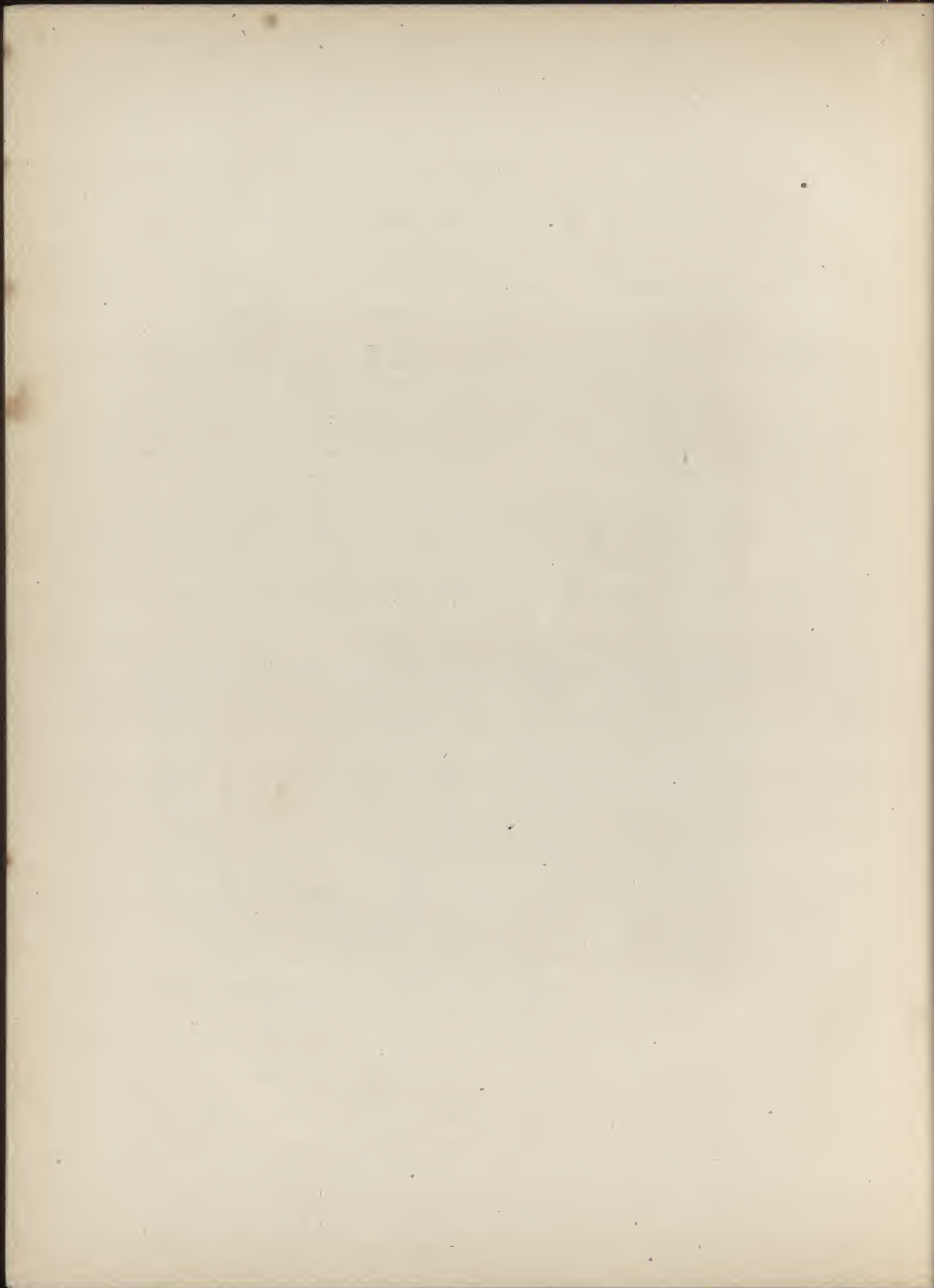
MARRIAGE À LA MODE

SCENE WITH THE QUACK

From the Original Picture by Hogarth in

The National Gallery





“Yes, well,” she replied, standing before him, “you are my husband, to my dolour and my bitter scorn. You are a tipsy street-bully, too, or this is not the condition in which the weapon should be found”—pointing to his broken sword, with a withering look; “and, for this, my lord—*this!* Oh, husband of my loathing and my scorn. What, I pray you, doth *this* prove? I saw and knew it before, ere your steward went; but I did not care to make your shame and mine too open and known as yet.”

She pointed, as she spoke, to a woman’s mob-cap, which a lap-dog had, with some noisy snarling, drawn out of his pocket, and which the animal was dragging about the floor.

“A fine memorial of your midnight licence, which you bring home to insult your wife withal!” she said, and stalked out of the chamber.

“Now the devil and his dam fly away with the trumpery toy! Could I not, and be hanged to me! have left that cursed evidence behind?” and he staggered up-stairs, to find, in a few hours’ rest, some oblivion of the troubles gathering round him.

CHAPTER III.—PROGRESS ON THE ROAD—WHITHER?

FOR a little time, the storm that was gathering around our hapless and ill-matched pair was staved off; but only by wretched expediences and questionable means—sinking deeper into the clutches of the money-lenders, and drawing still heavier mortgages on the fair lands of the old house of De Mouline, lying far away in the sunny glades of a rich pastoral and thoroughly English county, which the young wife pined to see, because her first-born was there at nurse;—I say, the coming cloud on the horizon, now no bigger than a “man’s hand,” was held back only to gather fresh strength and overwhelming force, wherewith to wash away its victims over that dark sea, on which no pharos shone—every landmark, every vestige, every sign that they had lived and moved, and had mingled tears and blood in that awful cup which fate prepares for some, while the “Dark Mother” dashes it from the lips of others, whom the more benignant gods have taken under their protection—all gone, and not a shred remaining.

The steward’s efforts, united to the endeavours of the Countess, to make retrenchment in one form compensate for new extravagances in another, and to pacify the more clamorous creditors with such sops as Cerberus is supposed to exact under circumstances of a somewhat similar kind—helped them but little on the way; and, finally, not at all. So the poor, neglected wife submits to her fate—makes no further attempt at the reclamation of her profligate husband—endures her daily life rather than *lives*—and finds herself hourly surrendering her confidence more and more to Counsellor Silvertongue, who, to do him justice, is never far removed when wanted. And “my lady,” also, begins to find herself troubled with the “vapours,” and the “*ridotto*” at Ranelagh; a play at the Duke’s Theatre, a masquerade at Vauxhall;—“*ombre*,” “*bassett*,” and the like, begin to be destructive to her; and the young lawyer has become her gallant—her *cavalier servente*, the trusted friend of the nobleman who is now past hope; and she scarcely makes a struggle now

against the stream. Oh, me! how empty has the cup of life become; how its elixir has grown weakened and soured; how the sun has lost its brightness, and the stars their fire; and how little she sees of either!—the painted ceilings of the grand houses she visits, standing with a solid and significant opacity between her and the blessed heavens above. It was the “*mode!*” Fashion demanded it; and if our sarcophagi—ponderous palaces, that is to say—in which the living immure them while above-ground, *must* be inhabited at all, let us have such splendours about them as stucco, fresco, and the gilder’s art can afford us—some day we shall not be so particular—not to speak of the vast saving of expenditure in links and frowsy wax-lights.

It must not be forgotten, that a confederacy, entered into between Mistress Taffetas and the airy Mr. Pinchbeck, was consolidated by an additional cementing power, in the person of Mr. Medlar, whose persevering sense of his own indispensability, met with a full reward, in being accepted as a member of the confraternity. To this trio was added a certain Madame Modish—already mentioned by the viscount—and who gave due *éclat* to the *camaraderie* by the position she occupied in the world of fashion—the necessity there existed for her having a share in every intrigue set on foot in that region pervaded by her ubiquitous presence, and from her genuine zeal for the propagation and extension of her office.

We change to the Temple, where it is yet scarcely noon. Down into the quaint squares—and taking a warmer tint from the ruddy brick-work of Inigo Jones—down aslant the swarded garden, and with a shimmering radiance upon the limpid waters of the flowing river—(when will they be so again?)—fall the softened rays of the morning sun. The windows of the Counsellor’s chamber look thitherward; and between the blue Thames and the blue heavens, stretch away the Dutch-like shores of Southwark and Lambeth, with the faint outline of the far Surrey hills in the distance. The Counsellor is lounging in his chair, picking his teeth, and reading over some attractive piece of town gossip, in an old number of the *Tatler* he has snatched up to wile away his after-breakfast repose.

Suddenly he gives a start—utters an exclamation as he reads: “Dorimont is blessed with a most fair wife; but which, through an original and unique gravity of nature, he is too obtuse to see. He leaves her at his lordly halls to do the honours of his house, while he takes his pleasures abroad, and wanders from Corinth to Cyprus—finding his purse undergoing decline, and his health invaded. Meantime, neglected, shamelessly abandoned, what is she to do? A woman of wit and spirit will naturally——” And here he stops short.

“Very fine, Captain Steele,” mutters the lawyer. “This run might serve my turn, and apply to my Lady Prue’s case, direct; only, plague on you, you must grow moral as you wander on, and, with an additional glass or two of claret, grow stoically virtuous. No; I must appeal to my handy go-between of a valet, and trust to Madame Modish, who, I venture to hope, will bring me some reliable information. Soh! you dilatory rascal; you still linger on my business?”

“Having a little of my own to do with it, and which could not be very well separated,” replied Mr. Pinchbeck, as he entered the room, having, apparently, just returned from a walk.

"Why, confound you, sirrah! do you join your tavern *liaisons* to the—the—pursuits of my leisure hours?"

"See there, now, what it is to disguise things requiring a certain nicety of expression under a harmless phrase, just as a nauseous pill is candied or gilded to be palatable. That, sir, I take it, is one advantage your studies as an advocate have given you."

"But, confound you, sir," said Mr. Silvertongue testily; "this does not answer my remark, and I cannot have my plans perilled by your impertinence. If you heed not, I'll cudgel you within an ace of your life, credit me."

"Ah, sir," remonstrated the subdulous valet, "do not forget, that 'like master like man,' is an old proverb, and not less true than musty. In approaching the mistress, sir, it is necessary to parley with the maid."

The Counsellor made a grimace—not the most flattering to a lady. "Why, yes," continued Pinchbeck, scratching his chin; "as—you—would say, sir; but for talking—now she hath, as it were, a rare gift."

"Come, sir, quit this, and tell me your news," said his master, impatiently. "Have you brought me an answer to my *billet*?"

"I have, sir; and I will warrant that the style is as sweet as the scented paper it is writ on."

"Pray, Mr. Pinchbeck," asked the Counsellor gravely, as he balanced the cor-netted *billet* in his fingers, "do you know my secrets before I am master of them—or after?"

"Oh, sir!"—and Mr. Pinchbeck made a deprecatory bow—"I know my place."

"Good; 'tis fit, I take it, I should know mine. Answer me, sir."

"Well, sir—it depends. Now, to open that letter would be difficult, on account of the seal. So you see, sir, I must wait on this occasion."

The Counsellor laughed, and the valet smirked, feeling quite at ease.

"Is there any further news of the Earl's doings this morning?"

"Why, 'tis said that he was at White's till the break of dawn this morning, and lost a cool thousand to Colonel Ombre; after which he reeled forth, and took a chair to a bagnio."

"Did he pay his stakes?"

"On the spot; and drew a fresh draft on old Manasses, of Portugal Street."

"Well, if a pigeon will hold fraternity with a rook, 'tis a wonder if he be not plucked. This Colonel Ombre, now, is but a faded, copper captain, with his tarnished Flanders' lace."

"And has the reputation of being the keenest sharper on the town, between Picadilly and Saint Paul's," remarked Mr. Pinchbeck, as if he were confiding his information to a friend.

"Have you anything more to tell me?" asked his master, eying him keenly, and with something like warning in his look.

"Merely that I called on Madame Modish."

"Well?" said the Counsellor sententiously.

"I delivered your message, and was answered that she would take her chair, and be here immediately."

"What is the news at the Countess's?" continued Mr. Silvertongue, after a short pause.

"Truly, I should have thought that note——" began Mr. Pinchbeck, in his usual glib manner.

"Rascal!" cried the Counsellor, "I did not ask you what this contains," holding up the *billet*; "but, as I pay you for using your eyes, and have hired you for purposes of observation, I expect you to see, to listen—bring me such news as you are aware I require."

"Truly, sir, I do my best," responded the valet deferentially; "and I see grand preparations for a morning's *levée*, for the morrow; a concert on a magnificent scale is in hand; and, on my conscience! sir, it may be said, the candle is burning o' both ends."

The Counsellor had unconsciously broken open the seal of the note while speaking; and, casting a look at the few scribbled lines, sprang to his feet, with an exclamation, as his valet, returning from the ante-room, whither he had been summoned by a knock, said—

"The Countess!—her chair is at the door, sir; and she is even now mounting the stairs."

"The Countess? good gad! show her in this way, however; and, hark you! keep watch like a dragon. Should Madame Modish come, keep her within for the present; whether they shall meet, or no, I will decide anon."

"Her ladyship is here!" whispered the valet, as, advancing to the door, he repeated, in a grave and measured manner—

"My lady—the Countess!" and, muffled in her hood, she hurried in.

"Oh, madame! what felicity brings you here?" exclaimed Mr. Silvertongue, rushing across the floor, and lifting her hand to his lips, as she sank, trembling, into a chair. The valet had quitted the room, and had circumspectly closed the door.

There was sorrow, there was woe, there was terror in her present aspect, which shocked him for a moment, worldly and libertine as he was. It was the wont of men, then, as too often before, to take ungenerous advantage of women, and to turn their distress to their own baser purposes.

Counsellor Silvertongue was no exception to the rule; and, though his face was full of commiseration, his eyes sparkled with a fire generated out of a tissue of evil thoughts—all tending to the destruction of the trembling creature who trusted in him so much. He marked out his path at the moment, and meant to follow it.

He had, for ulterior purposes, ministered to the debaucheries of the young Earl, whose excesses were telling fast upon him, and whose fortunes were on the eve of bankruptcy. He had, in his negotiations and borrowings on his patron's behalf, not forgotten to take care of himself, and bills and mortgages to a considerable extent were at that moment in his strong box. He was not forgetting *that* contingency either.

Rapidly, as by that intuition which so far hurries itself to mar the movement of a better thought, he was forming the rest of the plot that was to enmesh her utterly; and with that

electric quickness, which in an instant serves a general in the heat of the battle, a sea-captain in the imminent moment of shipwreck, he had sketched out his campaign.

Should Madame Modish see her—meet her there—in his own chamber—thought he—her character was blasted. And she had come to him for help in the hour of her sharp need and stress!

That gone, what prudery, on the part of a lost, neglected wife, should stand further in his way? He was conqueror. He might imitate Scipio; but his captive was no less the captive of bow and spear that he had spread snares under her feet, and surrounded her with a hopeless network.

Oh, you very handsome, and very smooth-speaking, and exceedingly self-forgiving young man! how eligible you are at times; and what a white-chokered rascal you are, if only the truth was known—even to yourself! The Counsellor was of this class.

She was gasping—trying to speak; and, to say truth, he was growing a little alarmed; for a “scene” might militate against him in more ways than one; so, hastily getting a glass of wine, he gave it her. She drank it eagerly.

“In heaven’s name, madame,” he began (“heaven’s name!”), “what is the meaning of this agitation?”

“I scarcely know, yet,” she said hysterically; “but I think I am going mad; and truly it might be some relief—if death were not so much completer—only it would be embarrassing, especially to those whom I have invited to my concert.”

“To your concert—yes—to-morrow morning,” hastily said Mr. Silvertongue—a speech he regretted the next moment.

“What! you know it, too; and I have sent you neither ticket nor bill. You do not forget me—I can understand.”

“Oh, madame! who can—once knowing you?” said he, with a gallant air; “and I, who have known you—”

“Pray you, don’t,” she interrupted him. “If you know me, pity me; for my heart is breaking—breaking—breaking!” and she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. “I am alone—deserted—lost!”

“Not while I am by your side, most charming of women. Fly! fly with one who lives but for you; who—why should I hesitate to say that which I would have uttered long ago, but that respect for you made me dumb—loves, adores you!”

“Oh, heavens! be to me a better friend than your words would seem to prove you:” and she put her white hands together. “I am a woman—a wife—a mother; and I am the most helpless, forlorn, and friendless creature, I fear, under the sun.”

“And I near to you, and ready to obey you!” exclaimed the Counsellor, for a moment roused into a vague sense of honour as of honesty. “What can I do?”

“Oh, would you but hasten to our unhappy home. My lord is—I know not where—I care not. Clear us once more of these odious wretches—writs and bailiffs—the sheriff’s officers fighting for possession—one set with another, for the tenth time, I think; and I—I have a *levée*—said to be on a scale fit for a queen—to-morrow—and—ha! ha! ha!” A raging burst of hysterical laughter followed.

At this instant the door of the room opened, and Madame Modish—dashing aside the disconcerted and helpless Mr. Pinchbeck, who had seemingly been endeavouring to detain her in the ante-chamber—her face pale with rage—entered and made a curtsy, decisive in its amplitude of sweep and breadth.

“Save you, sir—and you, madame. My lady the Countess!” she almost screamed in her exultant detection; “and, sure, in conference with Mr. Counsellor Silvertongue—on legal matters—taking advice, doubtless. I crave pardon for this intrusion, which, truly, I never dreamt of.”

“Madame—your servant”—began Mr. Silvertongue—“a moment.”

“Oh, rest you, merry fair folks,” said that extensive lady, making her bombazine sacque rustle again, and pushing her hood back defiantly. “I—he! ha!—I retire—wouldn’t have intruded for the world—if this stupid fellow had but said——”

“Stay, madame, stay. Do me no injustice, I beg,” cried the poor Countess; full of a fresh terror and pain—for this woman had frightened her ere this. “I came here—I am—that is—oh, sir! can you explain nothing?”

“I, madame! I do injustice to a lady of title and fashion!” cried Madame Modish. “I hope I know myself better. By my troth, madame, I’ll do you the fullest justice in the world. Pretty lamb!—why do you allow yourself to be agitated by a mere accident. Lard bless the child!” she added, with a strange leer, “I do believe she is almost afraid of me—me—that would be a mother to her.”

“Pray you, forgive me—excuse me. You will come, then, Mr. Silvertongue—on that business—I—I spoke of. I shall wait for you—nay, sir—madame, a good morning to you.” And, taking the Counsellor’s arm, she hurried down stairs, got into her chair, and was borne away—despairing—wretched—angered; in an evil mood for a woman who was stirring heaven itself almost to be good—taken to her gorgeous, wretched home at Burlington Gardens.

Madame Modish had sunk into a chair; and when the flushed Counsellor returned to his room, she rose, and they stood confronting one another.

She was a majestic woman, if the signs of rich living, and the use of strong waters, could make her so; but there was that in her face—in her furtive look—in her sinister smile, which was more a leer than a smile—which would have repelled any other man than Mr. Silvertongue.

“Well, Madame Modish,” said he, brusquely—“well!”

“Well, I think, you need scowl no more. Lard! if the woman will persist in being virtuous—and, by my troth, the citadel has held out pretty firmly—’tis not from any want of effort on my part. I scorn to take what I do not earn; but I think there is a sufficient reversionary interest, man, if you play your cards well.”

“And you can trump the play?” he asked.

“Aye, marry can I.” And in a few hasty words, the remainder of the scheme was concocted; after which, the stately lady took a well-filled purse, and departed in her chair; while Mr. Silvertongue, dressed and powdered to a point of painful perfection, took his cane, sauntered forth, ther hailed a chair, and took his morning walk abroad.

The scene of this story* shifts once more, and lo! without much relish for the fact, we find ourselves—reader and writer are in the “same boat, and not with the same——” pshaw!—let old Fuller and his paraphrasts alone—in the house of a noted empiric—the quack Misaubin, 96, St. Martin’s Lane—the veritable Dulcamara of his day, whose trade was so flourishing, and profits so enormous, that he could afford to have his staircase painted in fervid frescos. Mythology was let loose then, and sprawled about walls and ceilings, from Ovid up to Hesiod, and neither our tastes nor our morals were improved thereby. But here is the brazen quack’s chamber, and to him—enter the Earl.

First for the chamber and its occupants.

It is a chamber of horrors. A room of torture—an illustration of mechanical devilry, and of ingenuity in anguish, haunted by mechanical fiends! Look around it, as the artist has painted it, and deny, if you can, suggestions of cramps, wrenchings, dislocations, breakings on the wheel, stretchings on the rack, a sense of inexplicable, unutterable, infernal physical pain! No; I can’t depict it, and I leave *that* to my master.

He is a distorted, stunted, miscreate wretch, is M. Misaubin; and his trade is—anatomy and the extraction of teeth, as is evident from the young girl’s presence in the room. But what brings the young Earl there; and, above all, what brings that florid lady with the patches and the furbelows—who is the very double of Madame Modish, if it be not her veritable self?

* *Note to Plate III.*—In the two preceding prints, the hero and heroine of this tragedy show a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the Viscount, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affections of his lady. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to superintend the dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions; but chilled by neglect, and frozen by coldness,—by contempt it is estranged, and, by habitual and long-continued inconstancy, sometimes lost.

To show that our unfortunate victim to parental affection has suffered this mortifying climax of provocation, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the second plate, he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this he has injured his health. From the hour of marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth. Can we wonder at her conduct? By her husband she was despised; by the Counsellor—adored. This insidious, insinuating villain, we may naturally suppose acquainted with every part of the nobleman’s conduct, and artful enough to take a proper advantage of his knowledge. From such an agent, the Countess would probably learn how her lord was connected: from his subtle suggestions, being aided by resentment, she is tempted to think that these accumulated insults have dissolved the marriage vow, and given her a right to retaliate. Thus impelled, and attended by such an advocate, can we wonder that this fair unfortunate deserted from the standard of honour, and sought refuge in the camp of infamy? To her husband many of her errors must be attributed. She saw he despised her,—and therefore hated him; found that he had bestowed his affections on another,—and followed his example. To show the consequence of his unrestrained wanderings, the author, in this plate, exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy empirics who play upon public credulity, and vend poisons under the name of drugs.

A horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber’s pole; this, with the pewter basin and broken comb, clearly indicates the former profession of our mock doctor. The dried body in the glass case, placed between a skeleton and the sage’s wig-block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. A figure above the mummies seems, at first sight, to be decorated with a flowing periwig; but, on close inspection, will be found intended for one of Sir John Mandeville’s Anthropophagi, a sort of men “whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.” Even the skulls have character; and the principal mummy has so majestic an aspect, that one is almost tempted to believe it the mighty Cheops, king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, being the only one entombed in the large pyramid.

“Your humble servant, my lord,” says the doctor, in a cracked voice, and broken *patois*—“what shall I have the honour to do for my lord to-day?”

“What shall you do for me, you knave, you?” cries my lord, angrily, lifting up his cane, and pointing to the girl; “first send this child out of the room.”

“Don’t—I shan’t—he shan’t—she shan’t stir, I say,” shrieks Madame Modish, in a rising *crescendo*; on which my lord cries out, with a bitter curse—

“What the devil!—Am I to be badgered by you—you gallipot fury.”

“Yes, you are at my mercy—when you have done your pill-business here—and the blue plague seize me, an’ I do not fit you yet—you—who curse and rail at me.”

“Mistress! do you know whom you address?” again says my lord, who is beginning to grow calmer, but whose rage is not the less evident. “Beware! I may trouble Sir John Gonn about you.”

“You!” she cries, taking out a knife—“you trouble that Bow Street cully about *me!* What brings you with that wench here?”

“My dear—my lord—my dove—be reconciled—be at peace—be happy—be tranquil,” says the quack, in his soft, purring, and almost penitential voice; “are we to cry alarms, and call the neighbourhood?”

“I fear it not. I!” cries the virago. “He threatens me with Bridewell, and the beating of hemp. Oh, my uses are past, are they? I’ll fit you, yet,” she says, with a satanic grin—a malefic smile; “you shall know me better.”

“Away, you—you—wafer-woman, you!” says his lordship, loftily; “begone—leave the room, and take the chit with you. She may want private speech of you. Come, good woman, go.”

“I—I—I scorn you—away, you—to your powdering-tub, you effigy!” and the fierce woman foamed at him.

“Go, musk-cat! hence!” retorted his lordship, enjoying the harridan’s rage.

“Go—you—you—you pulvilio-box—oof!” and she sniffled aloud in scorn. “You shall rue this railing in tears, and in blood—in blood, and in tears, I say, or I know nothing of the way of a woman’s vengeance:” and she laughed like a hyena smelling prey.

“My good Monsieur, what ail you, that you rail so at the poor lady?” asked the doctor, with a patient shrug.

“You!—you!—you rascal, with your gallipots and ointments, your vile sudorifics and damnable decoctions. *You*—ail me——!” cries his lordship, boiling over in his turn.

“I—I!” exclaims the poor wretch, aghast; “and I the most humble of your servants.”

“The devil take you all,” growls the nobleman. “Make me up these pills, and let me begone, lest more mischief than is made by words should follow.”

“And the Surgeon’s-hall take your body,” cries the woman, tearing out of the room; “for ’tis there you’ll be seen ere long—aye, and curiously examined, too, ere many days are over.” And so, with recrimination and mutual abuse, let this chapter end. His lordship has his drugs and diet, and Dulcamara has his fee. Meantime, hell is raging in the woman’s breast, who hastes to complete a fiendish plan of revenge.





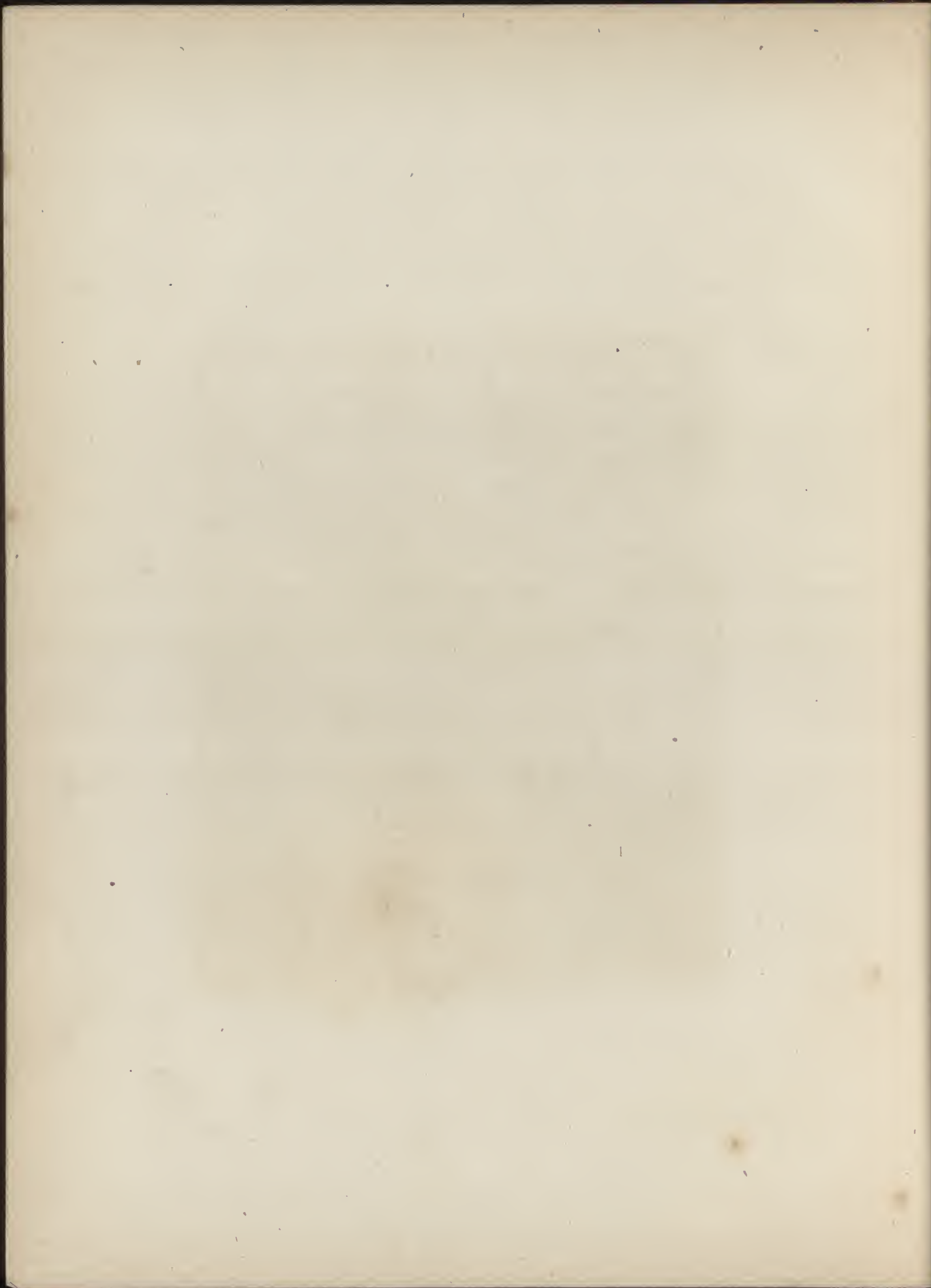
Engraved by Armstrong.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

TOILETTE SCENE.

*From the Original Picture by Hogarth, in
The National Gallery.*





Thus they are journeying on—both the husband and the wife—father and mother as they are—going by diverging paths into outer darkness—it may be, to meet again—and they are now beginning to journey faster—ever quicker and faster.

Whither?

Ah me! who can tell?

CHAPTER IV.—THE MORNING LEVEE.

THE morning of the *levée* has come—a *matinée musicale*, besides being a toilette scene*—as if to show that, by sundry examples from her fashionable friends, and shrewd hints from Madame Modish, “my lady” has made a step or two in advance, and does not fear to look at that “monster of such hideous mien,” quite so much as she was wont to do.

The bailiffs have been cleared out; and a fresh supply of money, rendering the complication of affairs more hopeless and irremediable than ever, has evidently gone into those channels where the most lavish expenditure only produces the most *jeune* return. Signior Veluti, who has undergone the *régime* necessitated for the male sopranos of the

* *Note to Plate IV.*—By the old peer’s death, our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and become a Countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal by the consequent neglect of domestic duties; for by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning *levée* is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honourable group seem in the highest degree enraptured.

That our extravagant Countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with the luxuriant indolent grace of an eastern effendi, is lolling on a sofa beside her. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel, at the same time that he shows his infatuated *inamorato* a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. A Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all the grimace of his country; he is the complete Canton of the “*Olandestine Marriage*.” The contemptuous leer of a black footman, serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the die-away lady seated before him; who, lost to every sense but that of hearing, is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanted song of this pampered Italian. On the country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, it has quite a different effect: with the echoing tally ho! he would be exhilarated; by the soft sounds of Italia, his soul is lulled to rest. The fine feeling creature with a fan suspended from its wrist, is marked with that foolish face of praise, which understands nothing, but admires everything—that it is the *ton* to admire. The taper supporters of Monsieur, *en papillote*, are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him blows a flute with every muscle of his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, examining a collection of grotesque china ornaments, which have been purchased at the sale of Esquire Timothy Babyhouse, pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and, with a very significant leer, points to his horns. Under a delineation of Jupiter and Leda, on a china dish, is written Julio Romano! The fantastic group of “hydras, gorgons, and chineras dire,” which lie near it, are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing-rooms, until the introduction of Etrurian ornaments.

The pictures in this dressing-room are well suited to the profligate proprietor, and may be further intended as a burlesque on the strange and grossly indelicate subjects so frequently painted by ancient masters—Lot and his Daughters; Ganymede and the Eagle; Jupiter and Io; and a portrait of the young lawyer, who is the favourite, the *cicisbeo*, or more properly, the seducer of the Countess.

papal choir, condescends to warble an Italian canzonet for a hundred guineas; while Signior Tootlemi, the great operatic flautist, also condescends to accompany the etiolated castrato, on pretty much the same terms.

Little Mumbo Jumbo, in the turban and the flowery coat, is emptying out a basket of china—hideous, *bizarre*, absurd, but significant withal—which has just come home from some sale-rooms; having probably cost a sum that would startle the equanimity of such households as cultivate economy in any decent degree.

Jumbo, who has cost a “trifle,” but who has cost much less than the magnificent Mr. Medlar, with his brace of calves fit for Telamones; and who, at the least, repays his keep and cost by his exhaustless good temper, and his childish simplicity, and love of harmless fun:—Jumbo, who came over from Barbadoes in one of the old merchant’s ships, and was transferred to my lady the Countess’s grand house, along with Mistress Taffetas, and who is an angel—somewhat dark, I admit—compared with that she-Machiavelli:—Jumbo, I repeat, is making a lip at that queerly-dressed lady in the gipsy hat, the lace-edged stays, the damask gown, so amply hooped, who rolls her eyes in ecstasy, and who languishes and dies away, with the rising and the falling cadences of that emasculated melody which the signior is delivering himself of—and in that protruded lip, so full of the comic gusto of contempt; and in those dancing eyes, the black pupils rolling with unrestrained glee in their white grounds, one might read a comment not far short of “pointing” a moral, if one only considered him more curiously.

My lady has seen some of Lely’s meretricious pictures, very likely; and in her voluptuous *deshabille*, rivals, at least, one of them by a liberal display of bosom, regardless of the leer of the womanised Swiss valet, who glances down over her shoulder. I am anxious to know what has brought this to pass, for it was not so before.

Example—force of precept—Madame Modish’s lessons? Signs of surrender—the presence of that handsome young dog, Silvertongue, in whom she now confides so wholly—*what* is it? *What does it mean?*

There is a *fatuous* gallant, *en papillotte*, who *might* be criticising Orpheus, only that the ineffable vacuity of thought expressed upon his simply serene countenance forbids. I see a stout gentleman of *ton*—no question of that, by the fan dangling from his wrist—who would fain be thought a *connoisseur*—but is not; and I see the portly fox-hunter, soothed to slumber by the dulcet strains, for which he has no ear, and who dreams he is taking t’other bottle with the irascible Squire Western, at the Hercules’ Pillars, on the Oxford road, and who is in pursuit of his daughter Sophia.

“Methinks, madame,” said Counsellor Silvertongue, in that low under-tone of confidence which at times means so much, because it conveys so much, not only to those who are listening, but also to those who are on the watch—“Methinks this is much more to the purpose, than to surrender one’s-self to a grief that is useless; to a despair that has no hope——”

“And of meeting ruin in the midst of laughter and sweet sounds,” added the Countess, with a levity that partook of recklessness. “Well, sir, I don’t deny but that it may be so. At all events, my lord cannot congratulate himself upon being adequately amused for

his outlay; since the clatter of wine-glasses, and the clinking of the dice, cannot contain much music in them."

"Not to add, that it argues a taste as false as it is weak, to neglect the company of one so witty and so fair as yourself," said the lawyer, gallantly.

"That is very true," she answered, but with a wearied air; "only that you have told me that before; and you know that repetition loses flavour."

"That is because you have the sense to be above mere trivial flatteries;" and he assumed a frank manner and bearing.

"No, on my faith, I cannot say that," said the Countess; "I am quite woman enough to relish being told that I am handsome—that I am good-tempered—and the like."

"Well, upon my honour, madame, you put up, with surpassing grace, with that which would otherwise drive most women past all patience."

"Pray you, what is he now singing?" said the lady, with an inclination of the head towards the singer: "I have, as you know, but little French, and no Italian."

"It is a *ritornella*," replied the Counsellor, with the air of a thorough *connoisseur*; "and the words are rendered—and, truly, with much aptness—'Love in those eyes for ever plays!'"

"Why, la! you now," she exclaimed, laughingly, "one would think, on my troth, that it had been selected with an express purpose."

"And if it had been?" he eagerly broke in.

"Why, I fear it might be ineffective," she replied, in a tone somewhat frigid.

"Ah, you are cruel!" he sighed, "you raise my hopes only to let me sink into despair."

"It is possible; but my hopes are so much like despair, that I cannot convey to another what I find so difficult to entertain myself."

"And yet you are but one in a hundred of women of rank and fashion who have the same grounds of complaint; and, being neglected by their husbands—to be uxorious is not the fashion now, not the *mode*,—and left to their own resources, find out methods of recreation for themselves."

"I am afraid they are not of a very virtuous kind," remarks "my lady" tranquilly.

"What would you have?" asks Mr. Silvertongue, in a mood of lofty forgiveness to all sinners. "You know a little naughtiness adds a relish to a slip of—the foot. The pretty French lady who wished it was something slightly *wicked* to drink a glass of water, only desired to give that insipid beverage a little flavour."

"If you had thirsted amidst the arid sands of the desert for a draught, and but the richest liqueurs at hand, I doubt if you would call water insipid."

"Ha! hem!" ejaculates the Counsellor, who thinks the Countess is hazarding remarks which partake of a philosophic tendency. He tries his hand at making a random observation, not much to the purpose; and while the Countess exchanges a few words with the enthusiastic lady in the Pamela hat, and Pompey makes another bigger "lip" than ever at the singer, who trills himself into a state of beatitude, and is perfectly beaming in the serenity with which he receives the plaudits of his audience—

refreshments are handed round. Coffee, slightly *laced*, is not refused by the fairer portion, who have nerves and the vapours, "my dear;" while the fox-hunter wakes up, and empties a huge cup of claret as a porter would drink a quart of beer; and the sedate gentleman in hair-papers, lost in his intellectual vanity, is trying to get on shore somewhere, being for the most part very much at sea; while the usual bustle and interregnum, preparatory to again resuming the concert, takes place. The Counsellor is thinking of a new mode of attack; and as—thanks to Madame Modish, who has forced herself into the Countess's confidence, and holds her, to a certain extent, at her mercy—he has made considerable advances in "my lady's" graces, he is not likely to lose either the time or the opportunity before him.

The concert commences once more; once more the conversation is carried on in the same under-tone between them. Mr. Silvertongue has to be wary, very evidently; but he has not studied the art of intrigue for nothing.

"I see you have a handsome new screen here," he says, pointing to one behind him, and speaking of it so lightly, that it is scarcely possible to think it can carry a covert insinuation—"It is positively elegant."

"Yes; the toy caught my attention when I was cheapening some china—save the mark!—in Hanway Yard; and the drawing amused me;" replies the Countess, with a careless look towards it, as if it had already lost its attraction, and the novelty of the thing was over and done.

"It is the picture of a masquerade, as I see. If the semblance amuses you"—and the Counsellor emphasized the words—"what must the reality be?"

"Truly—the distraction, and the diversion might—but—no——"

"You would not go?" he inquired anxiously.

"I can't see what should induce me," was the vaguely indecisive answer.

"You might see your husband there—you may detect him in his crowning infidelity," whispered the tempter; as the indignant blood lighted up burningly in her face.

"If I thought that—oh! if I thought!——" said the woman, hoarsely, as she clenched her hand, with a fierce gesture—"I would not hesitate long."

"I happen to know that such would be a certainty," continued the Counsellor.

"There is a masquerade, then?" she asked.

"Yes, at the Queen's Theatre, in the Haymarket."

"To-night?" she asked, almost eagerly.

"Yes, to-night," answered the Counsellor.

"Then I will go," said the Countess, in a tone of decision which rendered further remark unnecessary. "I will go—hush! no words—get me a mask—a domino. Taffetas shall bring them to me; and my chair shall be at the lobby entrance at ten—it is understood."

"It is."

"Then, let nothing more be said now. If *he*—but no, I will forswear heroics for the present. The fitting time will come."

And so the *levée* dragged its slow length along. The visitors came and went. They gossiped, they twaddled, they talked scandal; and the concert went on by fits and starts. The visitors ate, drank, departed—the day wore away—Mistress Taffetas brought the mask and the domino from the house of Madame Modish. Where was that house?—*what* was that house? I am afraid to touch on this matter; and—the Haymarket being a-blaze with links, lamps, torches, and flaring tapers—my lady's chair stands at the entrance, by that half alley, half arcade place—with many others waiting also; and is impatient for the coming of the Counsellor—a hundred tremendous struggles and convulsions going on within her breast—not one of which is sufficient as a monitor; and, above all, the dread resentment of an abused, injured, neglected wife—neglected for some Doll Tattersheet, living in noisome lodgings, which the oaths of the foot-guards reach; and she is now reckless, indeed—desperate—daring, and—a woman!

Put jealousy, and a sense of contempt—put the knowledge that a woman worthy of a man's love is cognizant of the fact, that a husband neglects her for the most unworthy of her sex, and understand—if you can—the sublime extent of the condonation, if she grants it; if *not*, put all this into that surging, raging bosom, and think—if you can, also—what a terrible creature you make of her.

Around rang the riotous sounds of the masked revellers—chairmen and coachmen coming into collision, and cursing with true Haymarket gusto. The *orgia* had already commenced. The unsexed “Mænads” were already reeling. The infection of pleasure, run into riot, was drawing them into the Saturnalia, one by one. Wild laughter, expletives, coarse wit, were mingling together; and in the gathering press, and under the light of the smoking torches, and the smell of the burning oil of the flaring lamps, the Counsellor came in his mask and his domino, and recognising the chair occupied by the Countess, uttered the pass-word agreed upon, and presently they were in the heart of the assembly—brilliant, gallant, gay, and picturesque, as well as bewildering and incomprehensible—with the thunder of the drums, the braying of the trumpets, the groaning of the big viols, and the shrill treble of the fiddles pulsing together in one vast burst of harmony.

“He is there—look—you know his gait, his walk—you——” he whispered in her ear, pointing to one who wore a long piece of dark drapery—like nothing that I can think of—by way of image; but which, under the circumstances, is termed a domino.

“Yes—I see him,” she says; and he feels her hand quiver with a tigerish tremulousness on his arm—“I see him—and she—*she*—who is with him—who—what is she?”

“I must not—I dare not tell you,” said Mr. Silvertongue.

“He is whispering to her; they are going:” and she made an attempt to rush towards him, but the Counsellor held her with an iron grasp.

“You may avenge him,” he whispered.

“Yes, deeply, bitterly; oh, my heart, my heart! I am ill; take me forth, out of this. Stay, we will follow them; and—and——” And just as she was sinking to the ground, in a dead faint, overcome with the heat, the feverish clangour of the place, and the choking sense that had suspended the very beatings of her heart—he had led her without, and she was freely inhaling the cold breeze blowing down the narrow passage behind the theatre.

Comus and his motley crew, gone mad, were howling around them. Beaux and belles group in twos and fours, in that wild queer costume with which the mimes and the mummers bedecked themselves; male and female were promenading the streets, the piazzas, the arcade, the tavern entrances: coachmen wrangling, chairmen fighting, the gallants flushed with wine, and hot with choler—having their swords drawn, and lunging—not without damage done, and much cuticle scarfed and cut;—a *mêlée*—a powdered pandemonium; and in a coach the lost pair were driven off, stopping at a bagnio—the “Key” in Chandos Street: and the ghastly termination of this tragic story—oh, my reader!—is fast approaching.

“Whom the gods foredoom, they first make mad,” is an old saying; and it is not the less terrible that it is true.

CHAPTER V.—“MISERERE.”

THE Earl had *not* gone off on this occasion upon that wicked expedition suggested by the wily lawyer. He had quitted his partner after a glass of punch at the “Feathers,” and turned into St. James’s Square, and thence by chair to the “Thatched House,” where play was deep and high, and as broad as long—that is to say, a *cube* of destruction and devilry, take it in any form you will.

At this place comes to him a note from a sleepless she-tigress, who wishes to wash her hands in something far hotter and redder than tepid water—a note brought by a thing that is neither boy nor monkey, but one of those parodies on human nature, who possess all the instinctive cunning of the ape, and is otherwise as foul as mischievous.

“My lord,” who is elegantly dressed, having on his laced coat, his powdered *toupee*, and hat, and wearing his diamond ring, and his brilliantly hilted sword and handsome buckles—has a gay and debonnair look; and, as he leans back in his chair, flinging an oath at the cards, and tossing off his glass of claret—he looks—what he is—an elegant specimen of the young English nobleman of the period, who was born to his high condition as by a constitutional law of nature—who found the world created for the obvious purposes of his amusement, relaxation, and other forms of dissipation; and sufficient for every passing moment is the sparkling folly thereof. He was bent, under all circumstances, on making the best of his present—for his past was easily forgotten—and his future might take care of itself.

The flashing girandoles flung a full light upon the table, with its green baize, its dice, cards, and clinking glasses. Wines of varied hues, and of the richest vintages, shone ruddily in the veins of the cut and chased crystal. Forms of men, elegantly clothed, with eager attitudes, sat around the board; and while the eyes of some sparkled with cupidity, others were dull and leaden in their cavernous depths, or beginning to lighten up with an insane fire, as, with a throw of the dice or a turn of the card, ruin stared its victims in the face.

While the game was at its height, a liveried attendant, with a submissive air, handed the Earl the note which had been brought by the messenger, who vanished as soon as he





Engraved by J. A. Walker

M. DE LA MOTTE.

DEATH OF THE EARL

From the Original Picture by Hogarth, in
the National Gallery





came. As the attendant handed the note to his lordship, the latter lifted his eyes from the table with an impatient gesture, and said—

“Plague take it, rascal! why do you bring me this news?”

“Zounds! to interrupt gentlemen in their play!”—broke in a truculent gentleman, who feared a turn of luck; and, bullying being much in vogue, patronised it accordingly.

The footman, who was accustomed to be freely caned on any occasion when the gallants were flushed with excesses, or furious by losses at play, with the true and fawning servility of his tribe, sought to deprecate the wrath of the nobleman by stating the injunctions he had received to deliver it without the loss of a moment.

“Come, my lord,” said his antagonist, “it’s from some *bona-roba* or other. Open it at once, and done with it;” and the Earl acted on the hint.

“‘A stranger warns you that the honour of your wife is in peril. Go to the masquerade at the Queen’s Theatre, and look for two persons—the one in a violet, and the other in a yellow domino—you will easily recognise them. Watch them—follow them—and you will soon learn that the one is your countess, and the other is her lover—Counsellor Silver-tongue.’”

The strange pallor, the dark look, the start, and the rigid gripe of the hand upon the paper, added to the tremendous oath which the Earl gave vent to, told those around him that something very unusual had happened, and whisperings and questioning looks went freely round.

“What the devil can it be,” said one; “sure ’tis not a writ?”

“No; ’tis not that, by the shape of the paper. More like ’tis from some cursed dun, as if gentlemen cannot have their play without interruption.”

“Some wench from Drury, or may I perish else,” cried a third.

“It’s a challenge, for a guinea, egad!” whispered a fourth.

“I should like a bout in Leicester fields,” added a fifth, as he clapped his hand on the hilt of his sword.

“Gentlemen,” said the Earl, as he rose to his feet, with a face sternly pale, and speaking in a dry low tone, “excuse me if I leave you at the moment. Colonel—we’ll continue the play another night. I must be gone. A lady, you must understand—I am waited for at the masquerade.”

“Confound the jade!” growled the Colonel, “the main would have been mine, and now——” And, cursing under his breath, he bowed his assent to the Earl’s arrangements.

“Hey, then, for the masquerade!” cried a younger gallant, who cared less for gaming and wine. “Who’ll make one, and join me in a night adventure?” Two or three closed with the proposal, and hastily left the house to obtain dresses.

“Hark you!” said the nobleman, in the meantime speaking to one of the waiters in the lobby; “attend to what I tell you, and a guinea is yours.”

“Oh, my lord——” began the other, when he was cut short.

“Listen! get me a domino from the masquerade shop in St. James’s market—a mask—a ticket—hold! there’s another guinea,—and a chair to wait for me without. Lose not a moment, if you would keep your skin whole; I will wait in this box until you return.”

And, taking his seat, calling for some wine to tranquillise, if it would, the hot, fierce turmoil of his thoughts, the messenger went on his way to do his errand.

Yes; for the first time in his life, perhaps, my lord began to *think*; and little was the satisfaction which came therefrom. In his own way—which was a vulgar way enough—he had done his neglected wife as much justice as his apathetic and selfish nature allowed him. He had never doubted her purity—her virtue—for a moment; and this, not because her goodness might be inherent, and a quality of her own—alas! he had found but few of her sex, in his own circle of life, possessed of any;—but because he was content that she would be so—because she was his wife—that she must of necessity preserve *her* honour, because *his* own was implicated in it. It never occurred to him that there could be a mutual obligation in the matter—that the domestic virtues involved sacrifices on his part—which his own glaring infidelities might provoke her to retaliate. Not for a moment, and not even now.

His hot vengeful blood was seething in his veins, and making his heart throb again; while his wrist and hand, which were almost unnerved by his debaucheries, grew rigid and firm as steel. Oh, to see his friend!—his *friend!* ha, ha!—(and he laughed a short bitter laugh)—stark and stiff on the ground before him, with the life-blood dripping off his sword's point! Oh—to squeeze his heart dry!—oh—to kill him a thousand times over! And what for her? Schemes of a vengeance so dire and so bloody were forming with such fantastic and frightful rapidity in his brain, that he could not definitely seize one of them; and, as he drank glass after glass, the wine only tended to confuse him the more.

By this time his messenger had returned. Soon he was in his disguise, and borne away in the chair; and soon he was in the very midst of the blinding lights—of the motley half-maddening tumult; and through the din of the music and the roll of the drums—the shuffling of the dancers' feet—the bewildering kaleidoscopic colours, forms, and things everlastingly changing, and taking multifarious combinations—through the soft laughter of the women, and the curse of the hiccupping “Mohock,” who is impatient to be at his savagery—through all that weighs and presses on the brain and the sense, a dreadful definite *idea* haunts the man; and the damning words of the vile scrawl are before him in letters of fire:—the one is the “violet domino,” the other is the “yellow domino;” and the one is his wife, and the other is her paramour; and he who cared for nothing, cares now for that honour about to be sacrificed and lost; and—and are they there—does he see them at last? As the loud *crescendo* of the violins, and the dulcet strains of the flutes rise and gather, and the great viols and violoncellos give forth greater depth and louder volume, he pushes his way through the crowd to watch, to concoct *his* scheme—which will have so different an ending; and then he is intercepted, whirled away, by a change of current in the human tide: and this time he resents no push, no rude thrust, no observation that, at another time, would have cost a meeting behind Montague House, or at Tuttle Fields; but now he is subjected to *one* sleepless, murderous sentiment alone.

They are not in the floor among the dancers: but halls, and chambers, and supper-rooms—some private, and others more open to the public—contain promenaders and feasters; and eagerly he seeks among these, one after the other. He is cautious not to remove his mask; he takes the precaution, too, of altering the manner of his usual gait and

walk—of changing the tone of his voice even; for, though he wants to find them, and to keep them watchfully in his eye, it is not his intention to defeat his purpose by alarming them there—by intercepting them on that neutral ground, as it were, where he has proof of nothing, save that his wife—and the wives of a hundred others—is at a masquerade; and so become a laughing-stock, as mean a creature as a city alderman jealous of his rib. No, no; to watch, to hunt them, to follow them to the last, and *then*—caught *flagrante delicto*—drive his keen sword through the faithless wife and the false friend; and so kill their souls as he had slain their bodies, and his huge revenge would be as sweet as the cup of his wrongs was full; for, blind—deaf to all and everything save the one object in hand, it did not occur to him that *she* might have cause to watch *him*, as he had reason to follow her. And it was so; for lest accident should occur to mar the plans which the Counsellor had formed, he had prepared for every contingency.

Madame Modish had received her instructions from the Counsellor, and was acting her part up to its extremest limits. While the unhappy wife was clinging to the lawyer's arm, and both were looking out for the common object who was to be detected—overcome by the heat, the crowd, and not a little agitated at such probable consequences as she was enabled to get a confused glimpse of—he had led her into one of the smaller supper-rooms, elegantly furnished, and where the tempting viands were sumptuously laid out.

"I tremble, I faint!" murmured the Countess, in reply to a question put to her by her companion.

"Take a glass of this iced punch," said he—handing her one, and pouring out for himself a tumbler of frothing claret; and by dint of pressing her with the cates within reach, and the partaking of a second glass of the deliciously insidious liquor, the Countess was beginning to feel a languor not unpleasing to experience, steal over her, as she sat on the couch; and, as they were alone, ventured for an instant to loosen the strings of her mask, in order to obtain a little air.

A man in a dark domino steals past the doorway;—but one glance is enough; and the face behind that black mask is as the face of a demon, since all the malignant passions of our fallen nature are stamped upon it, in one concentrated look of the deadliest kind.

"It is she!" he murmurs. "Oh, my lady, my lady, wait till by-and-bye!" and clenching his hand, the Earl draws away—but never to take his gaze off that door which he is watching from a remoter nook, and whence he expects them to issue every moment.

He is lost in a dim, vague reverie, and does not heed the crowd pushing and thrusting their way past him. Only one thing he knows. *They* are in that supper-room—into which others are crowding now—the violet and the yellow domino; and he will know them—oh, yes, he will know them when they come forth. He thinks it strange, however, that they remain there so long. He did not dream of another way of *exit*.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his arm. He turned sharply and half angrily round, and beheld a female of ample rotundity, and whose figure and face were disguised by mask and domino, so that recognition was not possible. A whispered, asp-like voice came hissing in his ear:—

"Well, my lord, have you seen them?"

"Them!" repeated his lordship; but, not to be thrown off his guard, he added, "Whom?"

"Oh, do not trifle; you know whom I mean?" eagerly whispered the female

"You know me, then?" he asked moodily

"You are my Lord des Mouline——"

"Hah!" and he in turn removed his mask; not remarking that, at the instant, he was himself an object of scrutiny to three persons; neither did he hear the sobbing outcry of a woman, saying, "It is he, then! It is he! Oh, my heart, my heart! Come away—away!"

But, in reply to the masked woman with the portly figure, he said—

"Since you know me, then, you know my purpose here."

"Yes—oh, yes—I know it well enough; and I repeat—Have you seen them; my lady the Countess, and my silver-tongued gentleman?"

"They are in that room," said he, pointing towards the supper-room, where he had not long since seen them.

"You are mistaken, they have quitted that," said the woman icily, and, so to speak, spitefully; "one would think a man's jealous eyes could not be cheated easily."

"Nor can they be," he furiously replied.

"Then go and look for yourself once more," she retorted, with a taunting laugh.

Replacing his mask, he strode to the door, and looked in. It was true. The violet and the yellow domino had disappeared, and he stood there gazing wildly upon each of those who now crowded the supper-table.

He uttered a cry of rage; and turning to his informant, exclaimed, "Accursed hag! what hand have you in this? Whither have they gone?"

"Take a chair, and follow them to the 'Key,' in Chandos Street—a bagnio you know but too well;" and with a laugh she disappeared in the crowd. In another instant my lord was in a street, and hailing a chair, which was presently borne away.

While Counsellor Silvertongue and the Countess, meantime, were seated together in the supper-room, and he was recounting his gallantries, which certainly jarred upon her nerves, a portion of the tapestry at one end was lifted up, and a lady of considerable *en bon point*—Madame Modish, in fact—entered. The pair gave a start, and the Countess guiltily replaced her mask, as the third domino advanced, and said—

"Have you seen him—I mean my lord?"

The Countess gave a short cry, and shuddered.

"No," replied the Counsellor. "Is he here, then? Since you forget, I do not know what domino he wears."

"I have ascertained all that," replied the go-between. "So follow me, and I will show him to you; he is making an assignation now, and will very likely go to the Turk's Head, in Duke's Court;" and they both rose to their feet.

They went forth by the way Madame Modish had entered; and by a circuit usual in theatres which have crooked passages in them, leading from place to place, the Countess came within the body of the building, and saw the Earl with his mask off, talking to a stout female.

Then she gave a moan, and the Counsellor hurried her forth in haste.

The scene again changes.

It is night—a dark starless night, and only the pale yellow flame of flickering oil-lamps shed a feeble light upon the dark streets, and seem to point out, with an intenser depth of blackness, the yawning entrance to those awful courts and alleys which are the terror of the town; where midnight often gives birth to murder, and whence issue forth those dreaded creatures—the harlot and the thief—lost creatures both, and who carry on their dreadful trade with impunity; the more so, that passers-by hasten from these localities, and only the unwary, the ignorant, or the reckless are left there to prey upon.

Chairs pass to and fro, containing elegantly dressed *beaux*, *femmes-galantes*, hastening, if not homeward, to their several assignations. Chairmen come into collision, and quarrel; heads are broken, swords are unsheathed, the watch is called for, and, after a brief scuffle and some hurts done, the dark streets fall into a lull again; the glitter of links and torches in the Haymarket and Piccadilly is lost in the fogs and the mists of night; the confused noises of the masqueraders are stilled; and at the door of a house throughout which a mysterious silence reigns—the notorious “Key,” in Chandos Street—stop two chairs. From these get out a male and female. The door is noiselessly opened and closed, and presently the Counsellor and his *inamorato* are in a chamber alone; and by the fire in the grate, and the taper on the table, it is evident that they have been expected.

Into that unholy chamber no good angel can ever enter. It stands on the cold threshold without, and weeps and wrings its hands; but even the grace of heaven, with all its majestic benignity, cannot reach its tainted recesses. True, there are times when death has cleansed and perfumed it. True, when it has become the stepping-stone to the grave, and some imperilled soul lifts up its clasped hands in repentance and remorse at the *eleventh* hour—then, and then only, can a glimpse of heaven visit it; otherwise, the darkness of the pit of doom is not greater, thicker, and more impervious than the pale ghastly daylight which is excluded with such zealous care by those who are its inmates.

For a moment let us glance round the chamber which is to be the scene of such a tragedy, and note its heterogeneous contents.

Its tapestries, its pictures, its bare floor, its heavily curtained bed—its furniture altogether, offer an incongruous spectacle enough, as if its general dinginess and lack of harmony in every part signified its baser uses.

The light is on the table—there is a sepulchral hush—a baleful silence reigning there, which bodes no blessing to the slumber of the guilty pair.

The hurried sound of a man’s footsteps on the stairs startles both. *She* sits up, all of a tremble, in the bed. *He* leaps out into the floor, and seizes his sword just in time to make one fell and fatal lunge full at the breast of him who forces the door in by a thrust, and receives the weapon of his enemy up to the very hilt!*

That awful night-shriek ringing through the house, piercing the walls, and reaching

* *Note to Plate V.*—Our exasperated peer, suspecting his wife’s infidelity, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces these two votaries of vice to a bagnio: finding they have retired to a bedroom, he bursts open the door, and attacks the spoiler of his honour with a drawn sword. Too much irritated to

the shuddering passers in the street—what dreadful horror does it forbode! “Murder! murder! murder!” it shouts aloud.

“Oh God! my husband!—killed! murdered! and by my means too!” cries the shrieking wife, with clasped hands, a face of ashy pallor, and dropping on her knees, just as the Earl is sinking—falling—*has* sunk, *has* fallen, into the collapse of death, and lies very still on the floor, the bloody gash on his breast, and the sanguine drops oozing forth, and staining the shirt: and with him all is over!

Still the dreadful shrieks rise and reverberate throughout the house; and the watch are at the door; and the assassin has escaped for the present by the window; and the affrighted, half-maddened woman is kneeling beside the corpse, and wringing her hands, calling upon heaven for help—we may call for *that* too late!—and she shrieks and sobs over that flaccid corpse, with its face so hideously white, and its breast so hideously red; and—and—the watch break open the door!

But the horrid deed is done—the catastrophe is over!—help comes too late. The curtain must fall, to rise presently upon the last act of the tragedy.

He is borne away, and will sin no more.

She, too, is carried thence; and it were well had she died in her cradle, and been

be prudent, and too violent to be cautious, he thinks only of revenge; and, making a furious thrust at the Counsellor, neglects his own guard, and is mortally wounded. The miscreant who had basely destroyed his peace, and deprived him of life, is not bold enough to meet the consequences. Destitute of that courage which is the companion of virtue, possessing no spark of that honour which ought to distinguish the gentleman, and dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he makes a mean and precipitate retreat. Leaving him to the fate which awaits him, let us return to the deluded Countess. Feeling some pangs from a recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and a degree of horror at the fate of her husband, she kneels at his feet, and entreats forgiveness.

“Some contrite tears she shed.”

There is reason to fear that they flow from regret at the detection, rather than remorse for the crime: a woman vitiated in the vortex of dissipation is not likely to feel that ingenuous shame which accompanies a good mind torn by the consciousness of having deviated from the path of virtue.

Alarmed at the noise occasioned by this fatal *rencontre*, the inmates of the brothel call a watchman: accompanied by a constable, this nocturnal guardian is ushered into the room by the master of the house, whose meagre and trembling figure is well opposed to the consequential magistrate of the night. The watchman's lantern we see over their heads; but the bearer knows his duty is to follow his superiors, conscious that, though the front may be a post of honour, yet, in a service of danger, the rear is a station of safety.

Immediately over the door is a picture of St. Luke: this venerable apostle, being a painter, is so delineated that he seems looking at the scene now passing, and either making a sketch or a record of the transaction. On the hangings is a lively representation of Solomon's Judgment. The countenance of the sapient monarch is not sagacious, but his attitude is in an eminent degree dignified, and his air commanding and regal. We cannot say that the Hebrew women who attend for judgment are either comely or fair to look upon. Were not the scene laid in Jerusalem, they might pass for two of the silver-toned naiades of our own Billingsgate. The grisly guards have a most rueful and tremendous appearance. The attractive portrait of a Drury-lane Diana, with a butcher's steel in one hand and a squirrel perched on the other, is hung in such a situation that the Herculean pedestals of a Jewish soldier may be supposed to be a delineation of her legs continued below the frame.

Our Counsellor's mask lies on the floor, and grins horribly, as if conscious of the fatal catastrophe. Dominos, shoes, &c., scattered around the room, show the negligence of the ill-fated Countess, unattended by her *femme de chambre*. From a faggot, and the shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room. A bill near them implies that this elegant apartment is at the Turk's Head bagnio.

The dying agony of the Earl, the eager entreaty of the Countess, the terror of mine host, and the vulgar dignity of the constable, are admirably discriminated.





Engraved by J. Alcock.

MARRIAGE A LA MODIE.

DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

From the Original Picture by Hogarth.

The Original Picture is in the possession of the Earl of Arundel.





laid by loving hands in her coffin—tender tears, and a mother's fond kisses, being her's to the last.

Ah me! poor thoughtless Prue—perhaps more sinned against than sinning—may thy expiation find thee pardon!

CHAPTER VI.—“DIES IRÆ.”

GREAT was the commotion—fearful the shock—immense the scandal, the small talk, the gossip of the town, on the day after this hideous tragedy had occurred. Had it been a duel, now, there would have been *éclat* about it, and the world might have simperingly condoned the sin because it had “*mode*,” “*ton*,” and “*fashion*,” to plead. But to be vulgarly handled by Sir John Gonson's myrmidons—to have, on the one hand, a murdered man, on the other a mad woman—for “Prue's” *hysterico passio* bordered on lunacy—reduced the thing to a mere vulgar horror. It was a horror, however, that made the gallants stop short in their career—that for the moment made the wife, halting on the verge of guilt, to tremble and turn back;—a horror that created dismay, doubt, and suspicion; and, while it produced contrition, confession, and paralysed the town in its wild chase after excitement and dissipation, was to be even more than a nine days' wonder from the after-events to follow.

If we pay a visit to Squanderfield House, a few days after the tragedy and the trial were both over, we shall very likely learn what has taken place in the interim.

Squanderfield House looked very dismal that morning, with aspect of mute mourning; its closely drawn blinds, its hatchments, and other signs, intimating that the life of the establishment was extinct, and only some few parasites left to pick up such stray articles as haste or neglect, arising out of anxiety, had left about. The valuables were not many, it is true. In dismal, silent rooms, sheriff's officers and their helpers had charge of the furniture and the pictures. The plate was at the house of certain Lombard merchants; and everything bore signs of a great convulsion—of a breaking-up—a sort of moral earthquake, producing chaos; while the few domestics left, went about with silent steps and scared faces; and if at times the echo of a closing door rang with a ghostly hollow sound through the house, or a voice was slightly raised, falling discordantly upon the ear, the affrighted listener would turn his head half round, and glare fearfully about, lest the spirit of the murdered man, who might still have business to complete on earth, should cross his path, and blast him with his shuddering presence.

But that poor spirit was at another tribunal, and his body lay under a weight of carved marble, in a sumptuous family mausoleum in the grounds of De Mouline Hall, far away in the wooded glade of a picturesque English county. Burlington Gardens had put on mourning for the dead Earl, and wore a demure and highly moral look; and blinds were drawn down, and shutters closed to, and the streets were silent; and in the recesses of those

grand and gilded drawing-rooms, and in the velvet depths of those rose-tinted and voluptuous *boudoirs*, there were haggard faces and dread whisperings; and until the dead man was borne away in the huge mourning ark with the gay feathers—after it had lain in ghastly state, and everybody guessed how the handsome Earl would look on his catafalque—sleeping under his gorgeous baldaquin;—every one would *guess*, I say; for they would see the closed eyes, the purple mouth, the white face; and know, too, that on the breast was to be found that significant gash, “not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door,” but which was quite enough: and so the guilty ones shuddered, and kept within doors, and—and—wondered what the poor wretched wife was then thinking—doing—saying!

In a snug-looking room, apart from the great outer hall—a table being covered with funeral baked cates, and flanked by decanters and stout-bellied bottles, holding comforting strong waters—was gathered a group of persons, male and female; the leading personages themselves being none other than Mr. Medlar and Mrs. Abigail Taffetas; the others being the butler, a housemaid, and a garrulous old lady, who visited from family to family, but whose office was never distinctly known, save that she was of the Mrs. Amble breed, and commanded a larger stock of family news and family intelligence than any female under the dignity of a “monthly nurse;” which news she liberally exchanged wherever she went, carrying back with her, in return, a larger amount of that commodity; and, losing nothing by the way, formed the staple of that entertaining tea-table chat and scandal which, beginning in the kitchen, found its way through my lady’s maid to the upper circles of the establishment, and helped to give to the card-table of duchesses not an inconsiderable attraction.

“And so the poor Earl’s buried, eh!” sighed Mrs. Amble, sipping her cordial, and lifting up her eyes. “Ah me!”—shaking her head piously—“he was a sad scapegrace—and as handsome a rake for you, my love, as any I know.”

“And so generous—so liberal—*such* a nobleman,” said Mrs. Taffetas, taking a glass of wine which Mr. Medlar handed her; adding tearfully, “Ah, many will feel his loss.”

“A—w—ya—as,” hesitated Mr. Medlar, stroking his chin, as if unwilling to commit himself too far; and in his glossy black, and with his powdered hair (Mrs. Taffetas was in the deepest and most becoming “family” mourning), he looked as if he could have done duty for Mr. Shroud, the great undertaker, and reflected a larger degree of monumental glory on that individual’s establishment than might be thought of. “Ya—as—many will feel his loss—I shall.” Mr. Medlar here, with a glass of wine each, handed the smaller fry of menials from the room.

“Ah, I’ll be bound you will,” said Mrs. Amble, wagging her head knowingly at him; “and you too, Mrs. Taffetas.”

“Yes,” almost sobbed that faithful slave; “but I shall miss my lady most, just when—when I have, as it were, got—got——”

“Got her into your power, my dear,” suggested the buxom hag. “Oh, I know, bless you. Well, it was a pity, after all. Are the secrets worth knowing?”

“I don’t think Mr. Silvertongue acted in a very gentlemanly manner,” remarked Mr. Medlar, gravely; and, in fact, his air of importance grew more and more impressive.

"Why—in seducing his wife, do you mean?" asked Mrs. Amble, with a sublime indifference as to the morality involved in her way of putting the question.

"Oh—de—ar—no—oh—no!" Mr. Medlar raised his hand in lofty scorn. "That of course not. Intrigue is the distinguishing trait of us people of rank and fashion; and if my lord had his tastes, I don't see that my lady was to be interfered with."

"Then how do you mean, Mr. Medlar?" asked the waiting-woman, fixing her cold cat-like eyes upon him. "Do you mean that——" She paused.

"I mean in attacking him the way he did—pinking him, you know, without 'by your leave.' Now, it could have been beautifully settled—settled with *eclan*, as we say—behind Buckingham House; but to kill a man like a pig!—*I* wouldn't have done it—no, I couldn't have done it!" and, carried away by this protest and burst of emotion, our gentleman daintily refreshed himself with some claret.

"Perhaps not, my dear Mr. Medlar," responded the jocular old lady, drily; "perhaps not. A good many sensible people wouldn't; but it is so, you see. Pray what have they done with my lady the Countess?"

"She have been taken, all in spasms, and in a dreadful way, to her father's house in the city. I wanted to go with her, but they woo—would—wouldn't have me," sobbed the tender Mrs. Taffetas: "and, my dear, they took her case of trinkets—and she had on her rings—one a real diamond—her case and satin gownds—the mean things—and——"

"And so it's all over here for you, then, is it?" asked the old lady—a world of meaning in her shrewd moist eyes.

"Yes; only me and Mr. Medlar think of——" She stopped at a warning look from that gentleman.

"Think of setting up together," said the arch lady: "well, you have had a little experience in matters, and may do very well; and I'll warrant me you have a little capital put by to start in the world with. Ah, well, well!"

"But, Mrs. Amble," asked Mr. Medlar in turn, "have you heard any news about us from without?"—jerking his thumb towards that exterior world, separated from them only by closed doors. "You see, we haven't been out much of late; we owed a duty, you know, to the departed."

"Oh yes—such news, my dears! Fancy that old jade, Mrs. Hecate—she who had so good an understanding with Doctor Misaubin in the Lane;—well, 'twas she brought the murdering mischief about; for she confessed all—went raving mad; and this morning took a knife, and—and—ugh! I can't tell you." But her face suddenly shrinking in—suddenly becoming white—suddenly filling with a vague, ineffable, indefinable, but tremendous dread, told the additional horror added to the catastrophe.

They were silent; the three looking with a strange expression the one at the other, as much as to ask—what would happen next?

And there are moments when the mystery of Life, growing into Death—no matter how—and Death, at the same moment, ceasing to exist;—there are times when this lies as in a sealed packet—a casket to be wrenched open; and so doing, we know *then* what will happen next:—not till then—not before.

A knock at the door, and Mr. Pinchbeck—dolefully changed from the jaunty Pinchbeck of old—entered, and, strange enough to say, was received with marked coldness by those within. His powder was soiled, his ruffles were limp, his attire disordered. He had a restless look; but all his graces had fled, and left him a very seedy-looking gentleman's "gentleman" indeed. Quite a faded *bouquet*, in fact.

"I wonder you can show yourself here, sir," said Mr. Medlar, in a tone of reproof.

"I thought you may wish—might like, to hear the news," murmured Mr. Pinchbeck abjectly, and making the faintest effort of a fine bow to Mrs. Amble.

"The news! what about?" cried that lady eagerly.

Mr. Pinchbeck shook his head, sighed, drew forth a soiled cambric handkerchief, put it to his eyes, and replied—

"My master's tried, found guilty of *wilful murder*, and is to be—to be HANGED by the neck at Newgate next Monday morning!"

Another climax to the dreadful tissue already woven in the loom of fate; the woof black as midnight, the warp in threads blood-red; and the three who had, directly and indirectly, been engaged in the evil business, felt that they too were criminal.

Mrs. Taffetas shrieked and fainted. Mr. Medlar, only somewhat whiter, applied himself to the cordials.

"Pray, Mrs. Taffetas, permit me—my salts," said Mr. Pinchbeck, tenderly running to the rescue; but a strong hand put him violently aside.

"That will do, sir," broke in Mr. Medlar, grandly. "We've had enough of you, sir, and of your master too."

"Why, Mr. Medlar, this to an old friend!" stammered the annoyed Pinchbeck, looking at the other's dangerous frown.

"Don't 'old friend' me, you—you rascal you; and remove your hands off that lady's person," cried Mr. Medlar, his voice rising, and his manner showing every indication of commencing an attack upon the dismayed Mr. Pinchbeck.

"Oh, go; you had better go," said Mrs. Taffetas, casting a look upon her chevalier, whose eye had begun to take a very fixed and gloomy expression.

"Thank you, I think I will do so," said Mr. Pinchbeck, meekly advancing to the door, which was just then violently opened.

It was Mr. Honesty, the old steward, who stood sadly and sorrowfully altered in form since he was last beheld; but there was a noble anger—almost electric—flashing from him, as he significantly pointed to the door.

"Go forth, all of you, harpies and knaves—pimps and bawds that you are," he cried; "you, sirrah, stand there to give tongue to your fustian at me, and by this light I'll drag you out myself!" Mr. Medlar felt small. "Come, mistress, tramp! Away, you Bartlemy ape, you, with your mouthing. Go! and a good riddance!"—as Mr. Medlar followed Pinchbeck—"and the rot seize your bones, and the leprosy your flesh; and see you filch naught on your way, for there are those at the door to search your bundles—and—and may I never see you more!"

And now *exeunt omnes* the minor characters—some of whom, however, may be met

again. And now for the "last scene of all that ends this history"—which is less eventful than shameful—but big with a tragic ending, notwithstanding.*

This scene takes place in a chamber of the old merchant's house in the city, and while the alderman and ex-mayor has been hugging himself on the fact that his daughter is a countess, and that he has a lien on broad lands; that, while clearing off the liabilities of the House of the Des Moulines—of the proud Earls of Squanderfield—he has gone on in his old plodding way, posting up his ledgers, dealing on the mart, living in a still more penurious and restricted manner than ever. He has closed up most of the gloomy old chambers of his mansions, save one room for his daily uses, and a contiguous bedroom or so: his establishment, once of some importance, has been diminished; his domestics dismissed, save one half-witted wretch, in a cast-off coat, a deal too wide for him; and an aged woman who lights his occasional fires, and sweeps his hearth—so desolate and lone now; though a look at his ledgers consoles him: and he knows nothing—or would know nothing for a long time past—of the riotous orgies that go forward at his haughty son-in-law's house; while *she*, the poor young wife, knows also that there is little sympathy for her distress in that

* *Note to Plate VI.—The death of the Countess.*—The last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life is in the house of her father, to which she had returned after her husband's death. The law could not consider her as the primary cause of his murder; but consciousness of her own guilt was more severe punishment than that could have inflicted. This, added to her father's reproaches, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful, and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of a period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of ending all her calamities by poison.

Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the phial, which lies on the floor, Hogarth has judiciously placed Counsellor Silver-tongue's last dying speech, thus intimating that he also has suffered the punishment he justly merited. The records of their fate being thus situated, seem to imply that, as they were united in vice, they are companions in the consequences. These two terrific and monitory testimonies are a kind of propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of her injured and murdered lord.

Her avaricious father, seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring (determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredations of the old nurse), coolly draws it from her finger. This little circumstance shows a prominent feature of his mind. Every sense of feeling absorbed in extreme avarice, he seems at this moment calculating how many carats the brilliants weigh.

A rickety child, heir to the complaints of its father, shows some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous whine of an old nurse is most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of sorrow for the death of our wretched Countess. The smug apothecary, indeed, displays some symptoms of vexation at his patient dying before she has taken his julep, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Her constitution, though impaired by grief, promised to have lasted long enough for him to have marked many additional dittos in his day-book. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified footboy with a punishment similar to that of the Counsellor for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises never more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fear on an ignorant rustic cannot be better delineated; nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, dressed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days, had been the property of his master. By the physician retreating, we are led to conceive that, finding his patient had dared to quit the world in an irregular way, neither abiding by his prescriptions nor waiting for his permission, he has departed, casting an indignant frown on all present. Every ornament in his parlour is highly and exactly appropriate to the man. The style of his pictures, his clock, a cobweb over the window, repaired chair, nay, the very form of his hat, are characteristic.

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation and vice to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide! From the whole, we may form a just estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality, or degraded by vice.

The above-mentioned series, it may be necessary to say, graced the National Gallery for some years. They have since been removed to the Kensington Museum. Where next—let any spirit-rapist tell who can.

selfish heart; until one day, like a thunder-clap, comes to him the news that the Earl is slain—murdered by the man that has dishonoured his daughter; and she is brought to his house to die!—for on that face, where terror and unrest, agony and the undying remorse, have set their seal, death is written far too indelibly to be mistaken. A room was assigned to her, with the river running beside—the river of Time also flowing—with the old city bridge in the distance; and the bridge *she* must cross ere long, at hand; and the old man is busy on the mart—busy as ever.

And yet death lingers—will not come in answer to her frantic calls, to her prayers, which freeze the listener; for life is so hard to endure; and something that she cannot bear, fastens itself upon the heart and brain, and tortures her to madness.

The ambitious, the saving, the prudent city merchant, seems little moved. The doctor calls—sends in his drugs—shakes his head—and, oh! the weary, weary life to her!

She moans and cries wildly at times for her child, and it is sent for; yet, almost ere it is brought—*it is too late!* For at one hour, when her fate was busiest, and the dreaded dark Sister was hovering at hand—when a dreadful calm gave to her past ravings a semblance of returning reason—she bribed her father's shambling attendant to obtain for her a lethal draught—but a few drops in a phial—and drank it off at once.

Then the shriek of pain was wrung out of her, and the small household came hurrying in. The old nurse, her aged face expressing deep feeling and sorrow, brings in, and holds up, her child to the half-averted gaze; and the doctor is sent for, and the old merchant hurries in to take his part in the closing comedy of life; whilst her Night of Darkness draws on apace!

The grotesque horror of that scene is at its height. The poison is working apace in her veins. Her parting lips, frothy and purple, give utterance to some awful words. As the father draws the ring off her hand, and calculates its value—for with advanced age avarice has become a passion—she says—hear it, oh Heaven!—

“Our—father—forgive!—”

It is all over now. Her temples will throb no more—her heart ache no more—she will not sin nor sorrow more—never—never more!

“Cover her face—it dazzles!—*she died young!*”

I have here but faintly echoed the painter's great story; and how far short it is of the original, I know but too well. Let the reader turn, from time to time, to the artist's marvellous epic, and acknowledge how it grows upon him; not from a mere admiration of the limner's art—for *that* is too evident and palpable—but from the sensibility, the pity, and the terror—the three tragic elements—which are awakened. The exquisite beauty of the original paintings (now fresh and fair as ever) are acknowledged by all. In such a transcript as this, it is necessary to pause somewhere; and here, giving time for reflection, I stop, ere leading the reader to another series and a different subject.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

CHAPTER I.—THE TWO APPRENTICES.

IT would be idle to remark, that the genius of Hogarth approaches nearest to that of Shakespeare of all men who, by the innate bent of their genius alone, have made human nature their study, and measured its height and depth. His philosophy is as profound; his pathos as deeply touching; his humour is of a most unctuous kind; while a strong sense of the ludicrous makes his observant eye twinkle again, as he seizes its salient points, and transfers them to his canvas. I do not here profess to be *cicerone* to the artist—the notes of the commentators sufficing for all descriptive purposes; but there is so much of dramatic vitality in his pictured stories—so much of unspoken narrative suggested, that I adopt at once their combined significance, and proceed to lay before my readers the story of the “Two Apprentices.”

The principles of Good and Evil—as illustrated by “Industry and Idleness”—are naturally involved in the narrative; and ruin and shame on one hand, and success and honour on the other, are presented with all the emphasis of contrast. Still it may be put, as worthy of consideration—would not the calm monotony of a good man’s life appear insipid, if a zest were not given to its tranquil flow by the turbulent life of the wicked? By consequence, and in order to have “Frank Goodchild,” we *must* have poor fore-doomed “Tommy Idle.” If the Mansion House was built for one, the gallows was erected for the other. Both were institutions adapted for certain purposes; and how was young “Idle” to disappoint a frenzied mob who looked for their Saturnalia at Tyburn, by becoming repentant midway in his career?

In that case we should have had no such pictures, and the artist might have remained in embryo. The villany of “Iago” has active and palpable uses, else “Othello” would have lived a happy, tranquil life; but where would the tragedy be?

It seems, then, that evil exists as a *necessity*; but for all that, it is neither proper, right, or prudent to argue for its existence or perpetuation.

In a trading, a commercial, a manufacturing community, industry becomes one of the cardinal virtues. “Work” being a condition of existence, he who does it best receives honours and rewards—prosperity being a just compensation for his exertions. Idleness is rewarded by the same law, and in equal proportion; and as there is an universal understanding held regarding this doctrine—as all classes of men are agreed, that “he who will not work, neither shall he eat;” so we need not beg the question on setting forth. How the two antagonistic principles are developed constitutionally in both our heroes, remains to be shown; and we proceed to introduce them in due form to the reader.

In the pleasant village of Bow, there dwelt two married sisters; the one known as Mrs. Idle, married to a man of this name, who soon after quitted the locality to live in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, where he exercised the calling of a drover, and travelling much between the

market-towns and the metropolis, was very seldom at home. This nomadic and half vagabond life causing him to be often absent, in some degree accounts for the lack of that early tuition and example which naturally affected the career, in after-life, of the only son that was born to them.

The mother was a neatly-dressed, patient; and industrious creature, working night and day, to keep them in food and shelter; for the tavern habits of the husband, and the periodic fits of indolence which made his earnings worthless, rendered dependence upon him utterly useless. And so they struggled on, while the boy grew up a big, hulking lad, receiving such education at the charity-schools of the ward as his truant habits and intractable nature would allow him; but promising little comfort, in future days, to the fond and anxious mother. When he was some eight or ten years of age, she found herself a widow; and now, indeed, her struggle for an existence was not so severe. The drover's drunken death relieved her from one heavy pressure; and she concentrated her energies all the more now, in order to wean her boy from the evil ways he was fast falling into, and of saving him, ere it was too late, from an end her trembling heart told her would assuredly follow, unless he made a stop in his downward career in time.

The other sister, married to an industrious and thriving carpenter, named Goodchild, still dwelt in the pretty rustic village of Bow; and life passed with her as happily and contentedly as an affectionate husband and a good son could make it—for she, too, had been blest with one boy, a frank, ingenuous lad, whose open face and honest look predisposed one in his favour at once.

The sisters met but very rarely. The dissolute Joe Idle—whose tastes ran upon dog matches, rat pits, the baiting of bulls, and other pursuits incidental to those denizens dwelling in the purlieus of Smithfield to this day—had nothing in common with Edward Goodchild, the carpenter of Bow. The surly envy of the drover made him treat the home tendencies of the mechanic with disdain. The carpenter cared not for the society of one whose appetites were so coarse, and whose language was so vile, as the drover's. There were occasional times when Mrs. Idle, yearning for the fresher air of the country, would take her boy on a visit to Bow, in order that the cousins, nearly of an age, might not grow up quite estranged from each other; and walking along the grassy roads, and between green hedges, would endeavour, in her simple way, to inculcate some lesson into the lad's breast; and having Nature, with her sunshine and her waving trees—the summer flowers and the waving corn to back her—there were times when she almost hoped she was successful. The refreshing cup of tea in the happy home at Bow—though it made her heart ache to contrast it with her own home, lying in one of those squalid alleys contiguous to Cloth Fair—was sweeter to her than if the humble table had been loaded with all the luxuries of the rich; while the great topic of conversation between the mothers—the absorbing theme, how their boys were to get on in the world—supplied both with matter of deepest interest until sun-down; and then it was time to return to their domicile in the city.

These visits were, however, unfrequent enough, for many reasons; and to the sorrow of both—of Mrs. Idle especially—the boys did not get on satisfactorily together; and, for a considerable period before the drover's death, these had been entirely suspended.

By this time, Tommy Idle had begun to display those traits likely to distinguish him in after-life. Skulking, whenever he could, from all daily duties that had a semblance of regularity and order, his truant feats and his bad example had procured his dismissal from

school as one utterly incorrigible; but this he took good care to keep his mother in ignorance of. He did not fear her: he did not particularly love her. The dull apathy of his father had become a portion of the lad's inheritance. He only did not like to be talked to with the trembling lips and the tearful eyes of his mother. It wearied him: her prayers worried him; her lessons were tedious. Already accomplished in the small trickeries of the street gamester, he was a master of "ring-taw;" but that gave, as yet, little scope to his diplomacy and cunning. At "toss-penny" he could cheat with much refinement; at prick-in-the-ring he distanced competition; at fly-in-the-garter he was considered "*prima prigg*"—to use the "pedlar's French" (thieves' Latin) of the period. While she thought he was at his lessons, he was learning the pedigrees of fierce bull-dogs at Hockly-in-the-hole (a frightful suburb, lying at the foot of Back Hill, Hatton Garden), or hunting maddened bullocks through Cow Cross. Instead of attending to his school tasks, he was at a Whitechapel boxing-match, or delirious with delight over a main of cocks, in some of those hidden dens known only to the initiated.

In fine, Tommy Idle was, at the age of twelve, a thoroughly trained London vagabond. His street acquaintances were numerous, and the worst of their class. He knew the younger filehers, and the older "clapperdudgeons;" for the locality of Smithfield swarmed with beggary and crime, whilst being in the very midst of civic wealth and plenty; and there were those already—"high-tobies," "nab-cheats," and meaner scoundrels—(since, in scoundrelism, there are degrees)—who were interested in the training up of the younger generation to follow in their footsteps, for the simple reason that they were useful for professional purposes. Tommy Idle was in this predicament.

Frank Goodchild, on the other hand—a pretty, delicate boy at first, who grew stronger and more robust day by day—was, in all respects, the very antipodes of his cousin Tommy, and likely to march on in the world by a very opposite path.

He took willingly enough to such learning as the small parish school at hand afforded him. Education, in those days, was a matter of mere rote; which rote was very limited in its extent and circumference. The schoolmaster was at "home"—very much at home indeed; and did not then dream of going "abroad." Still, Frank got on at school. He was teachable and tractable. He learnt to read, to write, to cipher. Old books came in his way—dry and dusty enough: but the lad had a thirst to know more; and his success in beating out one secret after another from the arcana of knowledge, was commensurate with the efforts he made. Here and there, in cottagers' houses, old books turned up unexpectedly; and small Frank, as the "scholar atte le Bowe," was welcome to all the curious old chronicles and quaint chap-books, chiefly of a Puritan descent—and not less scholarly for that—which the neighbours around could rummage for him.

Frank, in fine, was a "good" boy, getting on with his schooling, such as it was: a treasure at home; his father's pride, and his mother's pet and comfort. But, with all the shortcomings of his luckless cousin Tommy, it is difficult to believe that the widow's love for her scapegrace was not a million times greater than her sister's admiration of *her* good boy could be. *She* stormed the very gates of heaven with her earnest, heart-felt prayers; and *he*—he would come between, as it were, at that solemn hour, and darken the angel-face of hope by some backsliding or other. You see easily, dear reader, that much more can be said about

(I don't say *for*) evil than can be said for virtue. A "good" boy is so soon summed up, and even disposed of: but a naughty, or rather, a wicked boy, requires to have so much said and written of him and for him; and Tommy Idle may be a hero after all.

The boy Frank was as naturally ingenuous as he was by nature industrious. A family living close at hand were, almost one and all, engaged in weaving, having the house furnished with looms, and obtaining work from the great establishment of Mr. West, of Spitalfields, who kept many hands upon his premises. Frank Goodchild was in the habit of visiting this neighbourhood; and, possibly, the complications of the loom^s caught his attention. With the facilities which the carpenter's shop afforded him, he made a working model of a loom, that the weaver himself highly praised, and which he kept beside him; exhibiting it, with kindly pride, to any who called upon him—intending to show it some day to his employer, the rich Mr. West, whom, he doubted not, would take an interest in the young artisan who had so cleverly put it together, and with an expectation that possibly something might come of it.

As he conjectured, in fact, so it turned out.

On a certain day, the silk merchant in question called at the weaver's house on business; and, on a shelf in Mr. Treadle's work-room, he saw the identical model loom which young Frank had made. Curious about the matter, and delighted with the ingenuity of the lad—as the story of its being made went on, he expressed a desire to see him; and, the carpenter's house being close at hand, Frank was sent for, and presently stood in the presence of the good-tempered, well-clad gentleman, who was so wealthy, and who employed such a number of people. All Frank's intelligent replies pleased Mr. West immensely,

"Would you like to be a weaver, and make such beautiful silken stuff as this?" asked Mr. West, when his little loom had been thoroughly examined, and made to work.

"Oh yes, sir; for then I could earn something——" But the boy paused.

"Earn something! yes; if I am not mistaken in you, you will earn your way to independence before many years go by," said the merchant, with a decision of tone that made the eager lad's heart palpitate.

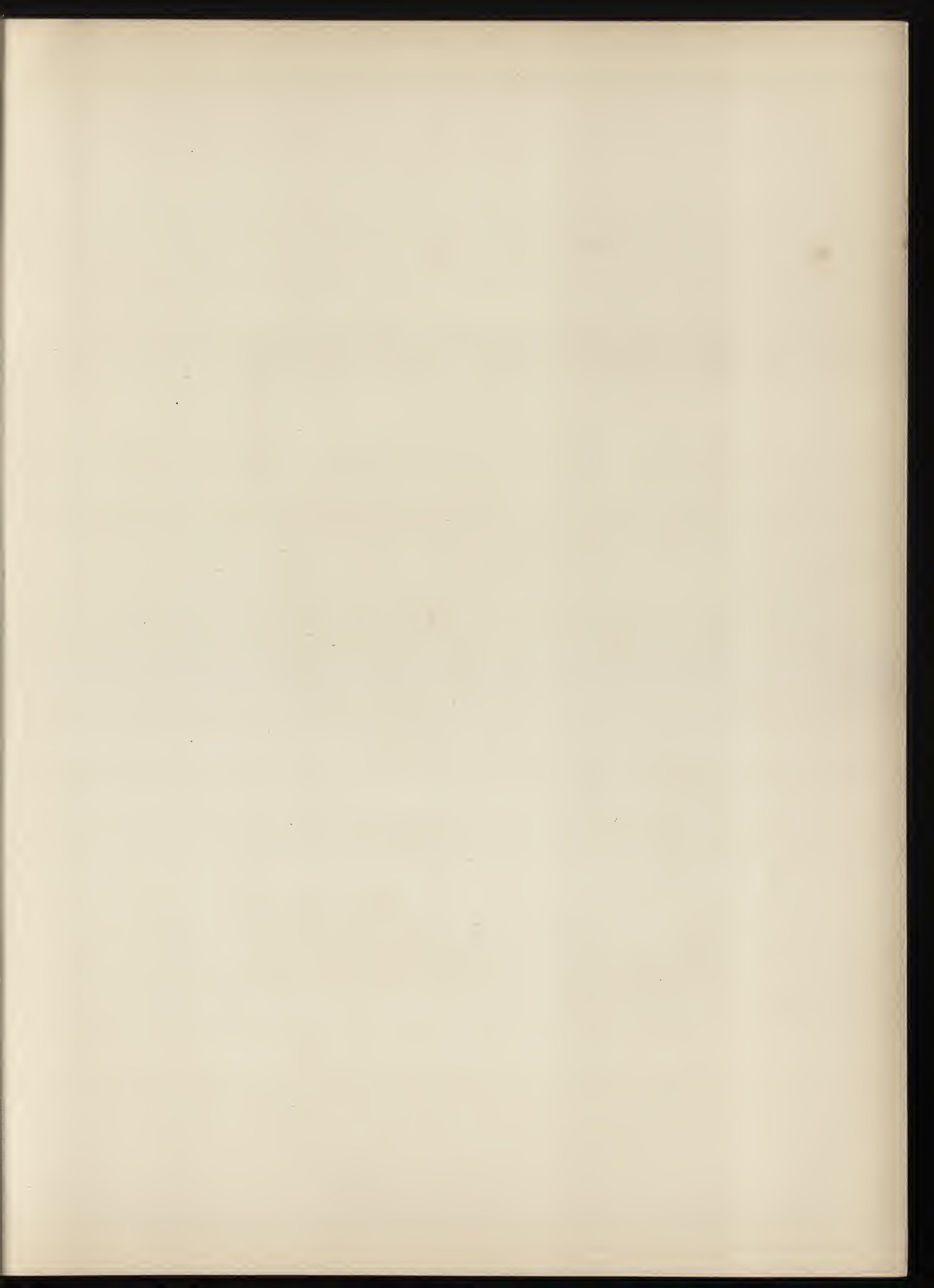
"I have taken a liking to this boy, Treadle," said Mr. West, apart, to his worker; "and if his parents have no objection, we will settle the matter of his apprenticeship to-day. Do you think they would wish to place him in my employ?"

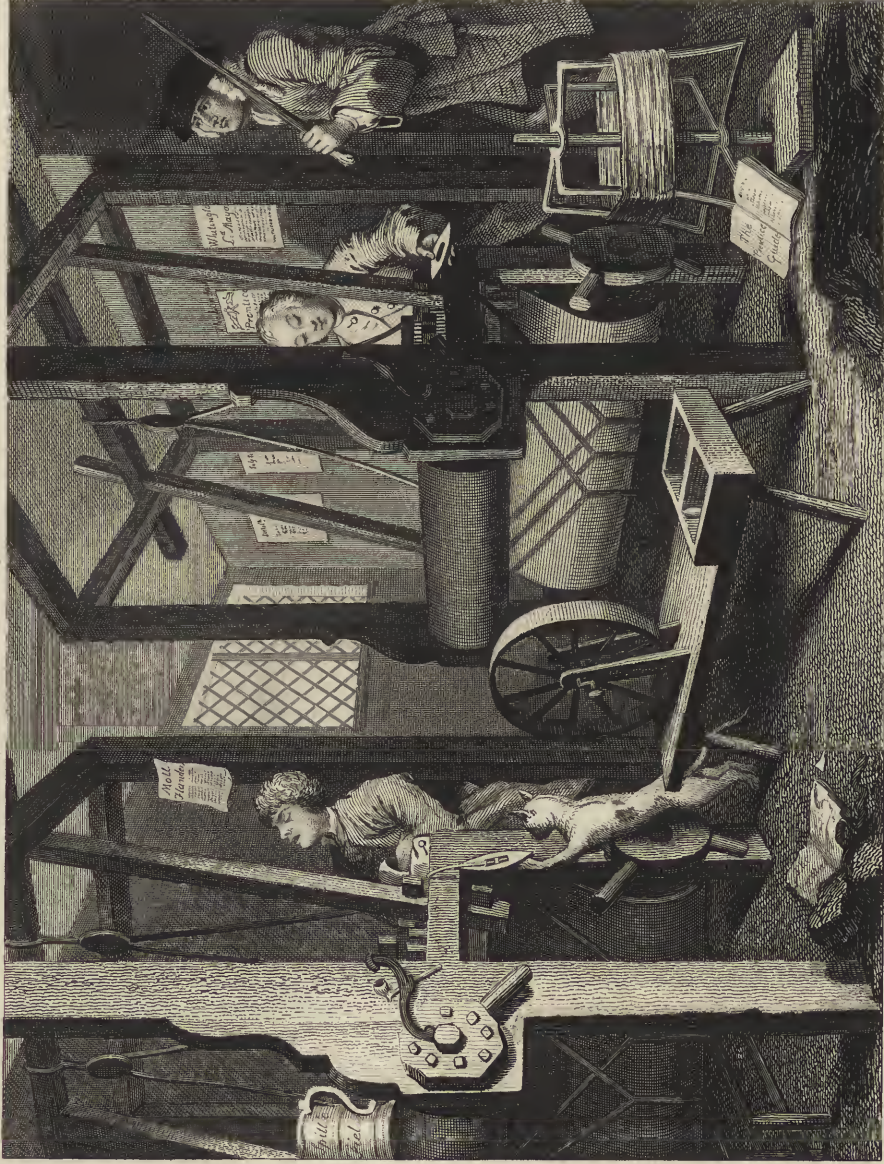
"I should say they would be delighted, sir," replied Treadle; "but you had better see the boy's father; he's in his workshop."

"Then he's in his right place," said the methodical man of business, briskly, in return. "I will go there, and see him in person; and come, Frank, you shall also go with me, and speak for yourself; and, if you will be my apprentice, you shall."

Delighted—oh, how unspeakably delighted was Frank at this intimation; for it was his ambition, for a long time past, to become Mr. West's apprentice.

To cut this part of the narrative short, Francis Goodchild was apprenticed to Mr. West, of Spitalfields, within the week; the worthy merchant remitting the usual premium, and paying, himself, the fees at Weaver's Hall, Basinghall Street, before the week was out. According to general custom, and necessitated by the distance from Bow, Frank thenceforward lived in his master's house.





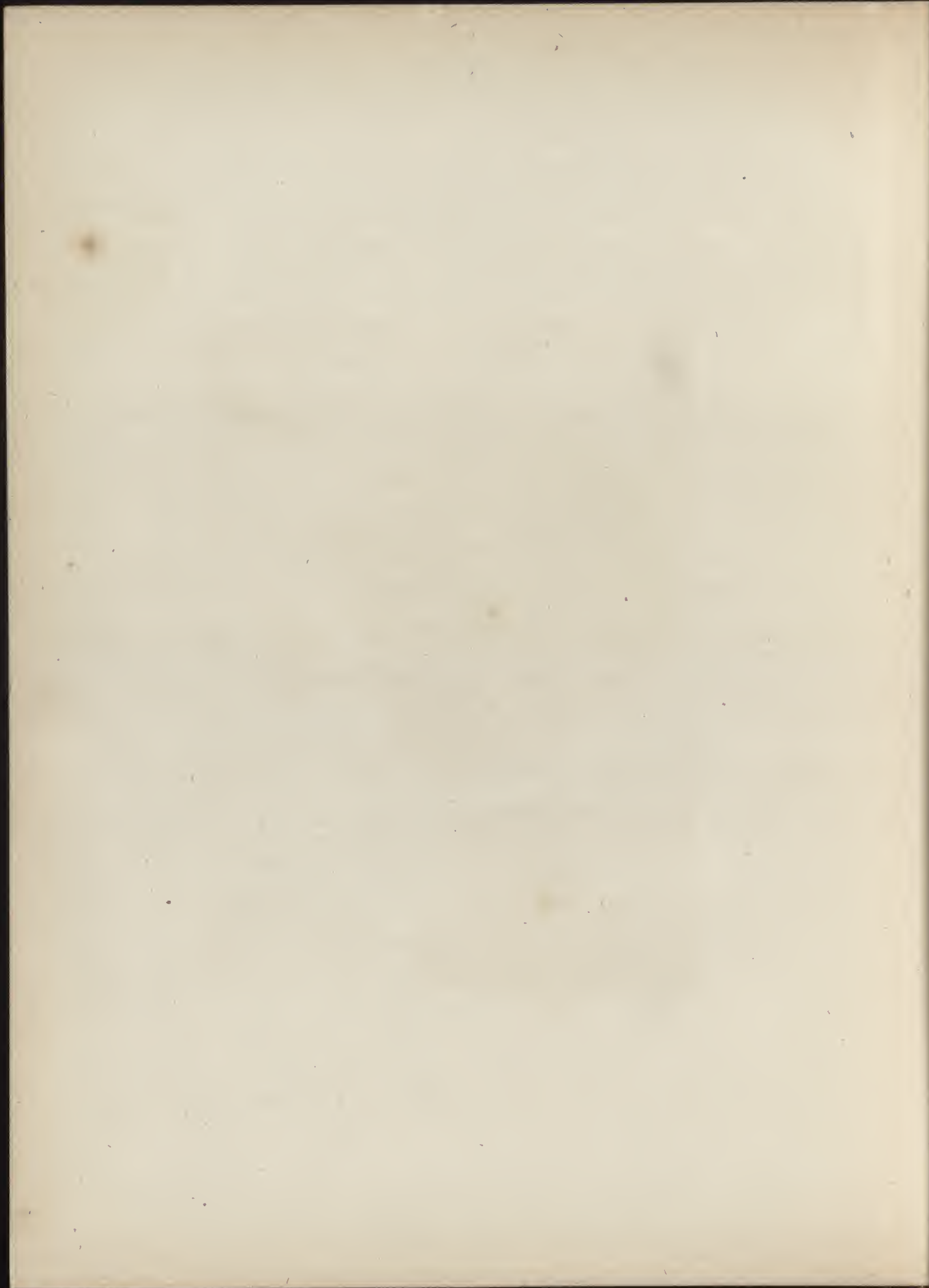
Engraved by L. Smith.

INDUSTRY AND AFFECTION

THE FELLOW PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOM.

From the Original Design by Hogarth.





What, in the meantime, was the widow doing with *her* son?

On the following Sunday, Mrs. Idle, with her big lad—sulky in looks, munching apples that he had furtively picked up from a stall overturned by him and his companions on Snow Hill (a clever street trick, concocted by himself, under the auspices of one Billy Garland), and looking somewhat of a ragamuffin, despite the widow's efforts to turn him out decently—took a walk to her sister's at Bow, with the despairing hope of settling what she should do with him, through the medium of a serious consultation with Mrs. Goodchild.

Frank's mother, full of the good fortune that had accrued to her son, through the benevolence of the silk merchant, told her what had occurred, and proposed that he—Tommy Idle—should be apprenticed also.

“Oh, if it could be done—if it could be done, Jane,” said the widow, with clasped hands, and her eyes brimming with tears, “how happy I should be!”

“He is a good man, and a kind,” said Mrs. Goodchild; “and as he has really taken such a fancy to my boy, he may, out of his generosity, do as much for Frank's cousin; ‘and my John’ (that was the way the kindly wife spoke of her husband) shall go to Spitalfields to-morrow, and speak to Mr. West about it.”

That, too, was done; and Mr. West, touched by the tender, motherly earnestness of the widow, warmed by the honest representation of the carpenter, and pleased with the assiduity of his apprentice Frank, whose example he thought might do the young pariah (Tom) some service—for they did not disguise the fact that he had fallen into bad company—agreed to take the boy on the same terms; and, within a few days, Tommy Idle was fellow-apprentice with his cousin Frank, and working at their looms in the same room.

Behold them, then, as they sit at their allotted tasks; and admit that the contrast between both, stamps at once the unmistakable characteristics of “Industry and Idleness,” which are here pourtrayed.*

Tommy has been by this a considerable time at his loom: and, although he is disinclined to labour, he is by no means wanting in sufficient common intelligence to master the more intricate manipulation required by his tasks. He is yet young; but the evidences of dissipated habits begin to stamp themselves upon a countenance that might have been refined into something little short of handsomeness;—a bluff face it may be; but with open, unshrinking eyes, and a frank look, the

* *Note to Plate I.*—The first print (Dr. Trussler remarks) 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, downcast 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 anything tending to his future welfare.

[The *chiaroscuro* of this picture is worth remarking. On the one hand, the light is warm and sunny; on the other, it is sombre and cold—sinistral and significant to a degree.—ED.]

face would be "English" enough to please the most captious. Only Tommy can't look you straight in the face; and the face itself lacks honesty of expression.

But, the previous night, he has been at a low orgie at the "Dog and Duck," St. George's Fields; and with his new-chosen companion, Billy Garland—better known by his cognomen of "Hempseed"—has made one more determined step in advance of his downward road. A compound of gin and beer has been found necessary to slake his fiery thirst; and while humming over a hideous flash ballad, entitled, "Moll Flanders"—a *cantinière*, cut-throat, and camp-follower of Marlborough's army—he has dozed off to sleep, cursing woof and warp; while the merry "click" of Frank's loom soothes his sottish repose.

At that moment Mr. West looks in, and is horror-struck: for the extent of Tommy's shortcomings has not yet been known to him; and soon he rouses the youth to his senses.

"Tommy Idle, thou art well named; and Tommy Idle thou wilt remain all thy life; but, sirrah, thou idlest not here. I'll have thee to the Compter, and whipt;" and, summoning his foreman, he gave stern instructions concerning his idle apprentice, which were fully and incontinently carried out.

CHAPTER II.—THE APPRENTICES' SABBATH.

SPITALFIELDS was, in its day, famous for the rich and costly fabrics that were there manufactured by a colony of French refugees, who fled over from France, in order to escape the persecution consequent on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the time of Louis XIV. These poor Huguenots (Protestants), who were pursuing with skill and success the arts of peace—driven from the mother country—to its great subsequent loss—and establishing in our midst the source of enormous wealth, founding the fortunes of many an opulent city house—finding in this locality shelter, protection, and a home—made that once unimportant hamlet a vast and flourishing community.

With the many transmutations and innovations, however, which time produces, this once industrious colony has become all but extinct; and new localities, combined with other inventions, have brought about its decadence. The "Spitalfields Weaver" is now a term synonymous with abject poverty—of active industry grown old, crippled, and neglected.

A few relics here and there remain of the establishments and workshops which were once clustered closely together—street after street, square after square—easily recognised by singular windows, horizontally extended, in order to obtain plenty of light for the weaving of the exquisite fabrics and costly tissues then daily turned out. The houses wear a crazed and sadly dilapidated look now; we experience a pang on witnessing the tottering walls, the broken panes, the lifeless look they exhibit. Street after street, too, is disappearing; the French emigrant is gone. Both make room for a newer generation, for another order of industrial activity. The last weaver totters mournfully, as if graveward. Soon, the "place that knew him, will know him no more." *Requiescat in pace!*

It was cheerful, then, to see the lower parts of the windows bedecked with boxes and

flower-pots, filled with shrubs, sweet plants, and odorous flowers. It was pleasant to see the sun flashing on the lengthened rows of glass; to hear the shuttle go merrily in the work-room; to hear the carol of the finches, the full-throated song of the thristle or the blackbird, or the loud trilling of the lark; for the hard-workers of this neighbourhood loved birds, and flowers, and sunshine very dearly. Clouds of pigeons, too, wheeled round and round in the air, or clustered on the eaves and house-tops. And there were cool nooks, too, where the shady linden and the spreading sycamore rustled in the breeze. The streets were clean, the people thrifty. Industry brought them plenty, till Time's kaleidoscope was turned, and all things changed with it.

Mr. West's establishment in Fashion Street (close by where the church now stands; if, indeed, it has not disappeared), was among the largest of its kind in the whole of that populous district. He employed the greatest number of hands, besides giving out a considerable amount of work to do. His warehouses, offices, dwelling and work-rooms, were all together, under one roof, as was then the custom. Behind the house was a green and shady garden, of considerable extent. Most of the houses had them: many still remain, very pleasant to look down into from the hot upper rooms, in the summer. Here Mrs. West, and her blooming daughter, loved to saunter on breezy afternoons; or, seated beneath an embowering elm, ply their several tasks. While the matron was engaged with her needle, the young damsel was, perhaps, engaged with a book—chiefly of devotion, when it was not one of the good Mr. Richardson's interminable, but edifying stories. Here, I can vouch for it, pretty Fanny West read the affecting story of *Pamela* from end to end. To be sure, she took her time about it; but then, it was so delightful to find "Virtue rewarded" at last, and in so characteristic a manner. Sometimes, too, she would debate interesting portions of those honest, prosy fictions with her mamma, in order to show that stately matron how well she understood the persecuted maiden's difficulties; or discursively launch forth in praise of "Sir Charles Grandison." It was in this garden the eyes of Frank Goodchild first fell upon her; and, from that moment—but let us not anticipate.

Tommy Idle had, in due form, been taken before the mayor, at the Mansion House, as the good merchant had threatened: and the latter having explained to his worship what a bad boy Tommy was, the apprentice, after due admonition and stern reprimand, was ordered to be taken to Bridewell, and there soundly whipped. Apprentices were dealt with roundly in those good old times; but now they can defy the gaoler's lash, and twit their masters to their faces. Tommy Idle roared lustily as the scourge fell with practised skill upon his shrinking hide. He prayed for mercy; he vowed he would be good; he swore to be revenged; he cursed and howled, and shrieked for pity; but the gaoler had his orders, and the full tale was told out.

I scarcely think this was the way to deal with a lad of blunted sensibilities like Tommy. I think there were other forms of appeal left open, which were not tried. Tommy Idle did not get the benefit of any doubt, you see; and though the young vagabond did, perhaps, deserve what he got for his treatment of his poor mother (who did not know of his punishment at the time, and all but cried her poor old eyes out over him afterwards), yet I think that Mr. West went, at first, a step too far, and made a naturally bad boy simply reckless.

It may be assumed, that this present writer is in favour of Tommy Idle, as the type of naughty boys, and of wild and naughtier apprentices. He cannot say "No;" he dare

not say "Yes." What, I ask, is the use of the "fatted calf," if there is no prodigal son? What degrees of gladness are we to rush into, if all our lads are "good, better, and best." A thorough scoundrel *must* be, somehow, devil-born, though a woman, fit to be the mother of the Gracchi, *were* his mother. Don't we read of the angels that descended from heaven, and married with the daughters of men? They begat Titans, it may be, and "Vikingirs;" and others descended lower, and the "type" got blurred, and degraded, and blotted out little by little, and the angelic nature is lost sight of. I don't like Tommy Idle because he is such, but simply put in a plea for the wretched lad, whom you can see at once is doomed from the very beginning; and this I conceive to be somewhat of a hardship.

Tommy, of a verity, took after his father; which proves that dispositions are hereditary. As for the widow herself, she was the very reverse of her name—full of energy, and indefatigable in her daily duties—always neat, always clean in dress and person; while Tommy had always a ragged aspect, and a dirty look. Poor Tommy! He was fast going to the bad; but was it his fault that he inherited his father's vices, his indolence, his low tastes, his viler tendencies? The painter, it is true, scorned to compromise matters; but we may bestow our pity on him none the less that the great master saw nothing to mitigate in the matter.

The reader need scarcely be told how, when his mother heard he was in prison, she besieged the silk merchant with prayers and entreaties; and how Mr. West, out of a stern sense of duty, argued that it was all for the boy's good, and that the only kindness which could be done, was to treat him with strictness and severity. You may be sure that she sobbed over him, and felt his bruises to be her's, and that she pitied him so tenderly, that Tommy was convinced he was the most ill-used fellow in the world; and would never have gone back more to his work, save for a wholesome dread he had of a further whipping, and a knowledge that his master was not a man to be trifled with.

Frank Goodchild, in the meanwhile, was rising rapidly every day in his master's favour. He was so polite and assiduous in his endeavours to please Mrs. West, that the good lady declared him to be quite a paragon; and, as he was now on terms of friendly intimacy with Miss Fanny, read moral lessons with her, carried her prayer-book to church—became, in fact, a favourite in the household, and indispensable to the merchant himself—that his life was one round of happy industry and contentment; and the goodnatured lad had only one drawback to his felicity; and that was, the sad conduct of his cousin Tommy.

Frank, in fact, took every opportunity he could find of urging the other to a better course; but that young outlaw only accepted Frank's advice with sneers and insolent sarcasm.

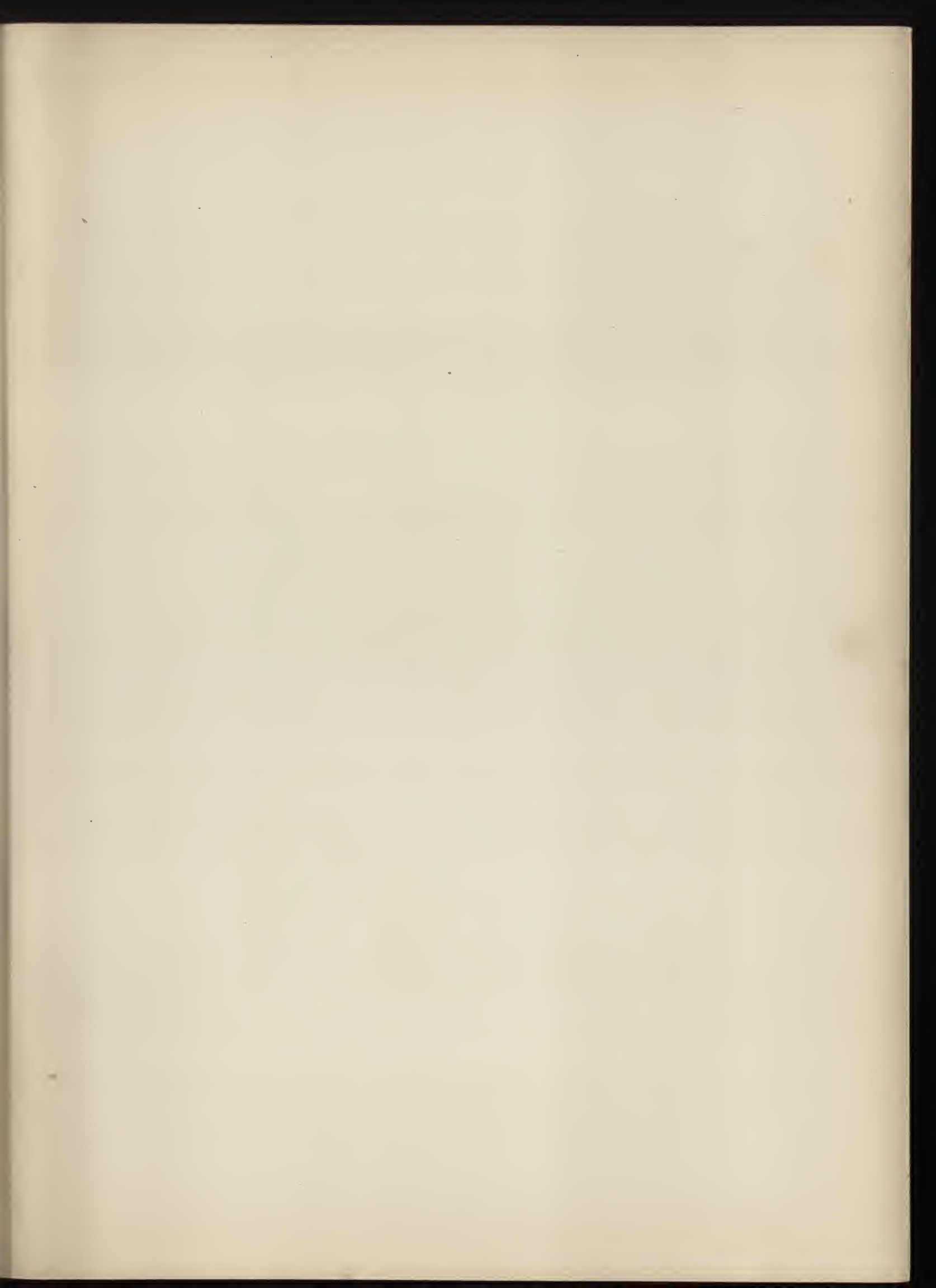
"You would find Mr. West a kind and indulgent master, Tommy," Frank would say, "if you would only exert yourself a little to try and please him."

"Oh, of course," sneers Tommy, "we know all that; and what a good boy you are—quite a model; aint you now?"

"Why, I only do my duty, Tom; and, as I must do it, you see it's best to do it willingly, instead of being made to do it, or else taken before—— Hem!"

"Sent to Bridewell, and whipt," growls Tommy, his eyes flashing. "Curse you, with your mealy words; why don't you speak out, and fling that into my face?"

"Nay, don't be angry," cries Frank, with the tears coming into his eyes; "I didn't mean





Engraved by Calvert.

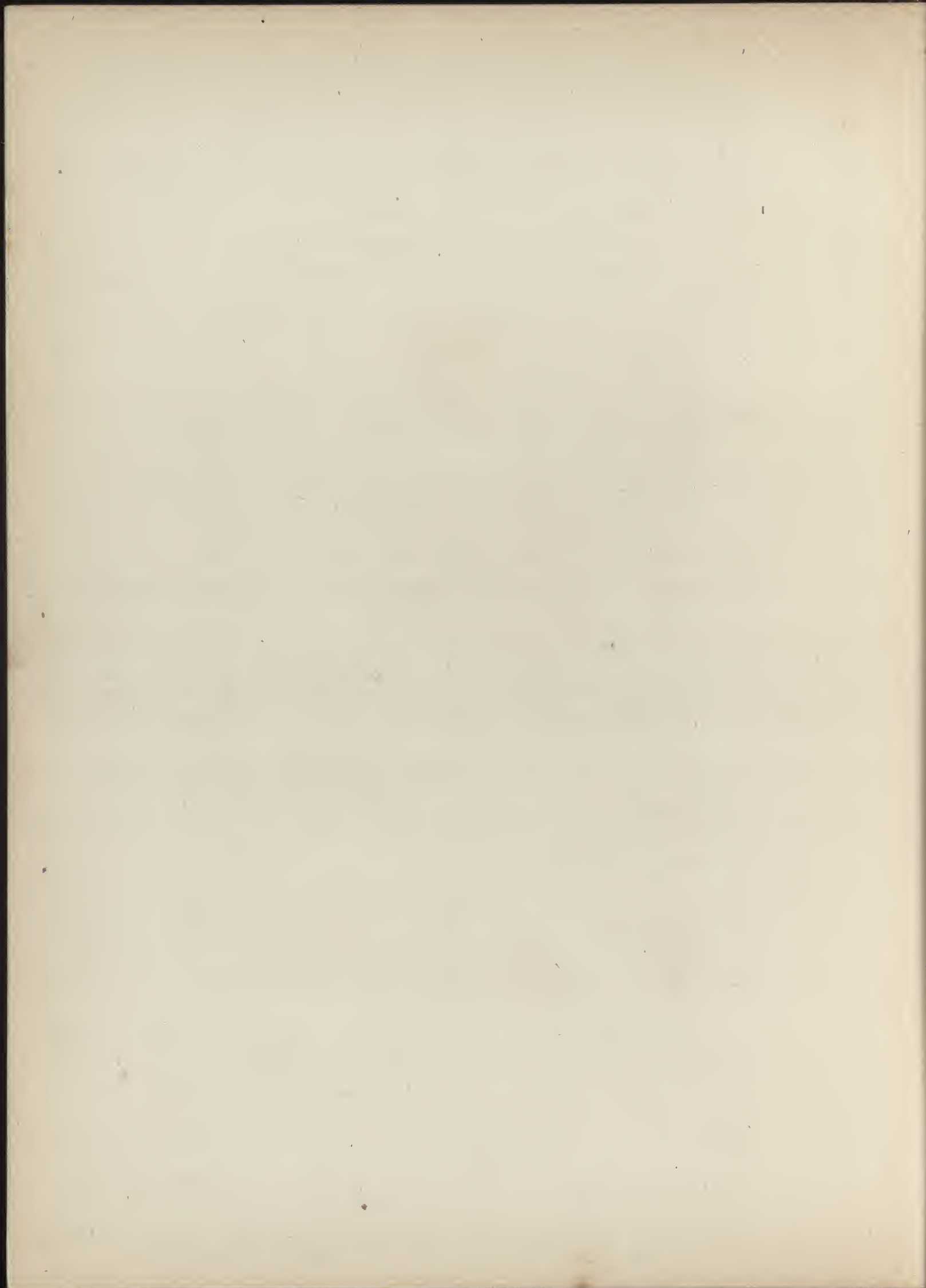
INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN

From the Original Design by Hogarth





to say it, indeed I didn't; but do, dear Tom, try and be a better lad, for your mother's sake: you will find yourself much happier——"

"I should be happier if I hadn't so much preaching and snivelling. I wish the loom was burnt, dashed if I don't; and I want to go and see a sculler's match at Wapping."

"Think of your duty, Tom. Mr. West will expect that piece of work done."

"Duty be hanged! If you wasn't such a sneaking fellow, I could run and see the race, and be back, and get it done before he comes into the work-room. But you—you'll tell him, of course you will;" and Tommy looks hot with spite and rage.

"If he asks me, I must tell him the truth, Tommy," returns Frank, mildly.

"Oh, how very good we are!" sneers Tommy, afresh. "Oh, we can't tell a little fib for the world, can we? Get out! You call yourself a cousin! Why, before I'd be so mean, I'd—I'd go and hang myself."

And so Frank took little by his motion but abuse; and Tommy would fawn upon him for a shilling, which Frank lent willingly enough at any time; only stipulating that Tommy should not spend it at the tavern; for his tastes had grown more and more depraved. To this condition Tommy would subscribe with strong asseverations; and presently he would go forth, on some pretence or other, and, in the companionship of Billy Garland, and of a knavish-looking personage, strongly suspected of being more than cousin-german to a highwayman, spend Frank's money at the "Magpie and Stump;" or, over a greasy pack of cards, wrangle, and curse, and drink, until every copper was gone.

Lo! how Frank Goodchild, in the fulfilment of his duties as an apprentice, spends *his* Sabbath! There is the consciousness of the week's labour over, its work done, and its duties discharged, to sweeten and heighten the half-divine rest experienced in the house of prayer.* There is the gracious contact of that fair, ingenuous face, out of which there seems to stream forth a very effluence of beauty. Look at the youth, with his handsome countenance and brown curls! The head of the far-famed Clyte is not lovelier than Fanny West's: for all that there is a girlish simper upon it. The unapproachable "Sebastian" of Guido is not a finer type, though higher in the heroic degree, than the lad himself is. But Frank Goodchild is all that the artist's fond fancy painted him; and one can almost imagine him to be lost in a momentary sense of

* *Note to Plate II.*—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 anything 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 scarcely 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.

awful transport, lest the happiness dawning upon him in the distance—and that not far off—should be too much to bear.

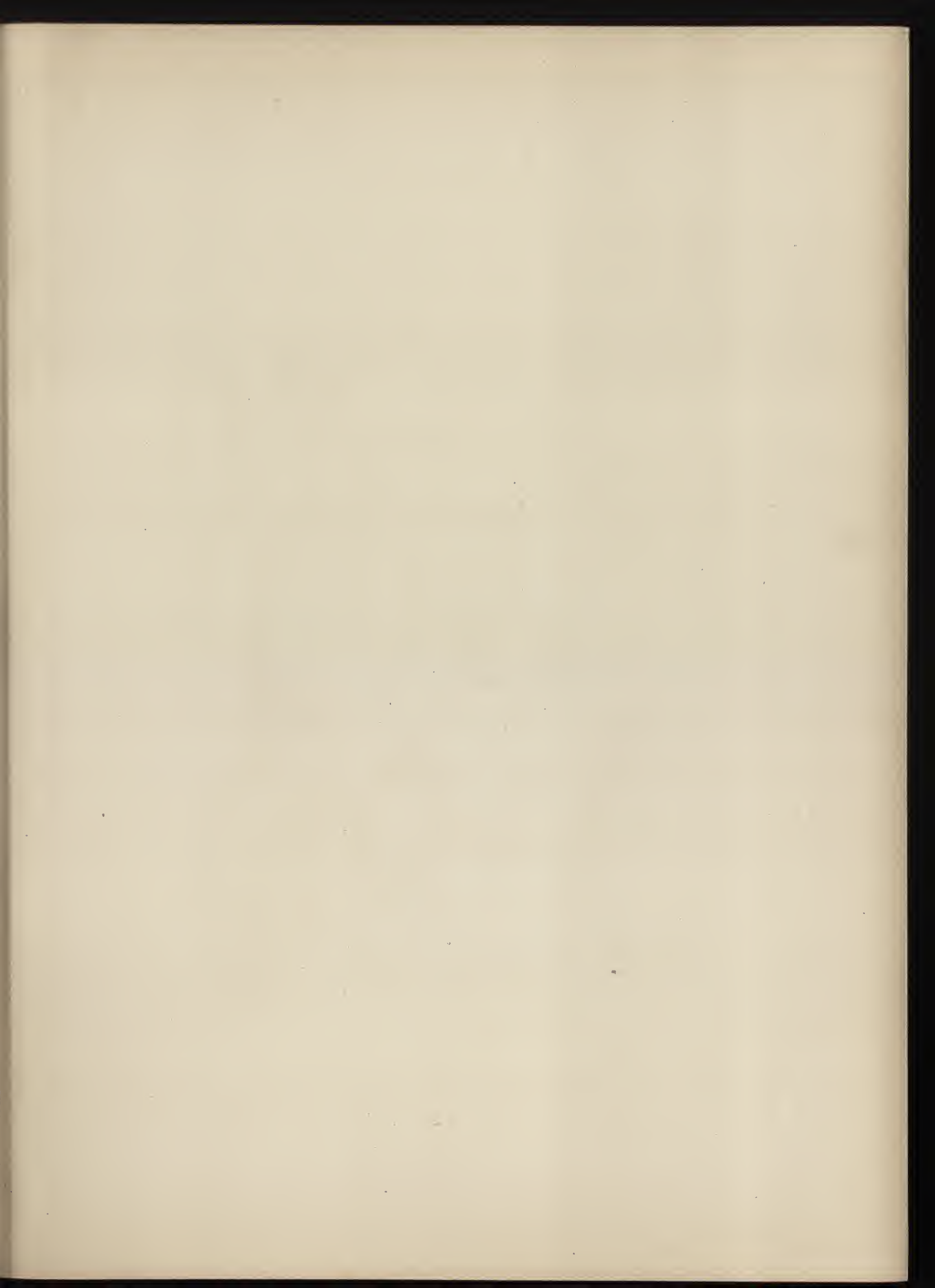
The Idle Apprentice has, unhappily, not benefited, as we have seen, and as we might easily conclude, by his incarceration in Bridewell. To this place, says an old chronicle—"to this hospital, strumpets, pickpockets, vagrants, and disobedient and incorrigible servants, are committed by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, as are also apprentices, by the Chamberlain of the City; who are obliged to beat hemp, and, if the nature of their offences require it, to undergo the correction of whipping."

Our forefathers had much faith in the rod, and used it with considerable freedom. They did not "spare it;" but it is an open question whether many a child was not "spoiled" by it, though Solomon was pleased to question it. Tommy, you see, was whipt to his heart's content, and a little more than he liked, and came out no better than he went in—if anything, much the worse.

The good folks in office in those days, had, doubtless, very good intentions; but they carried them out badly. The young apprentice was not fit company for the brazen prostitute, the pickpocket, and the footpad; but he was thrust among them, notwithstanding; and it was through this that Tommy Idle made an acquaintance which lasted through his brief life, and brought him to grief.

Can it be believed, that while we look at the graceful picture just pointed out—the "Industrious Apprentice" honoured by sharing the hymn-book of his master's daughter—in that scene of truest peace and placid joy in the church, and which solicits our notice because its repose is in such harmony with the lesson intended to be conveyed—that the audacious and reckless Tommy Idle is playing at toss-penny in the churchyard, on the brink of a newly-opened grave, and with all the dread and noisome emblems of mortality scattered around him, such as would startle and shock a nature not quite so dulled and hardened as that of his companions? And yet it is so.*

* *Note to Plate III.*—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 churchyard 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 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 everything 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





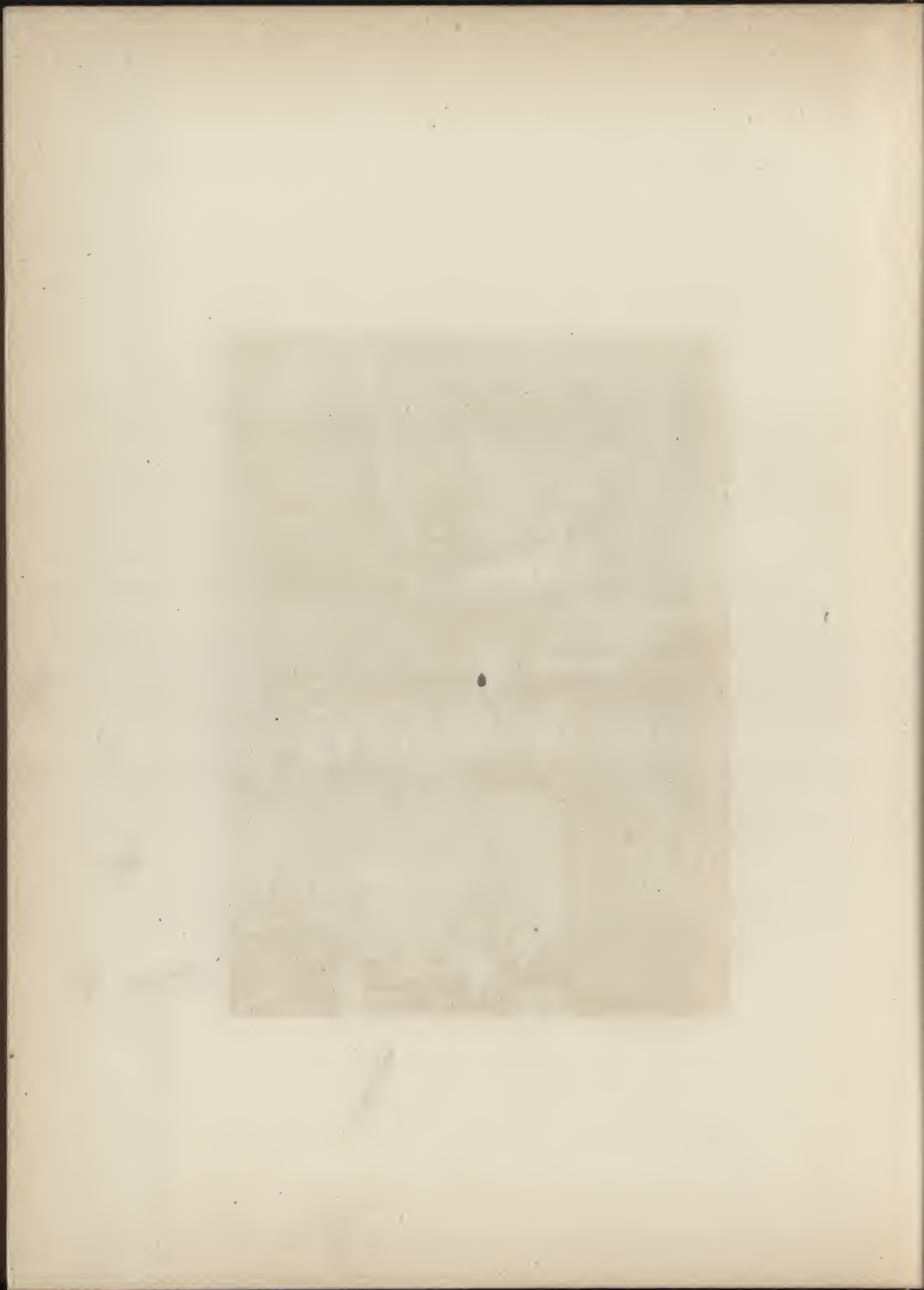
Engraved by L. Smith.

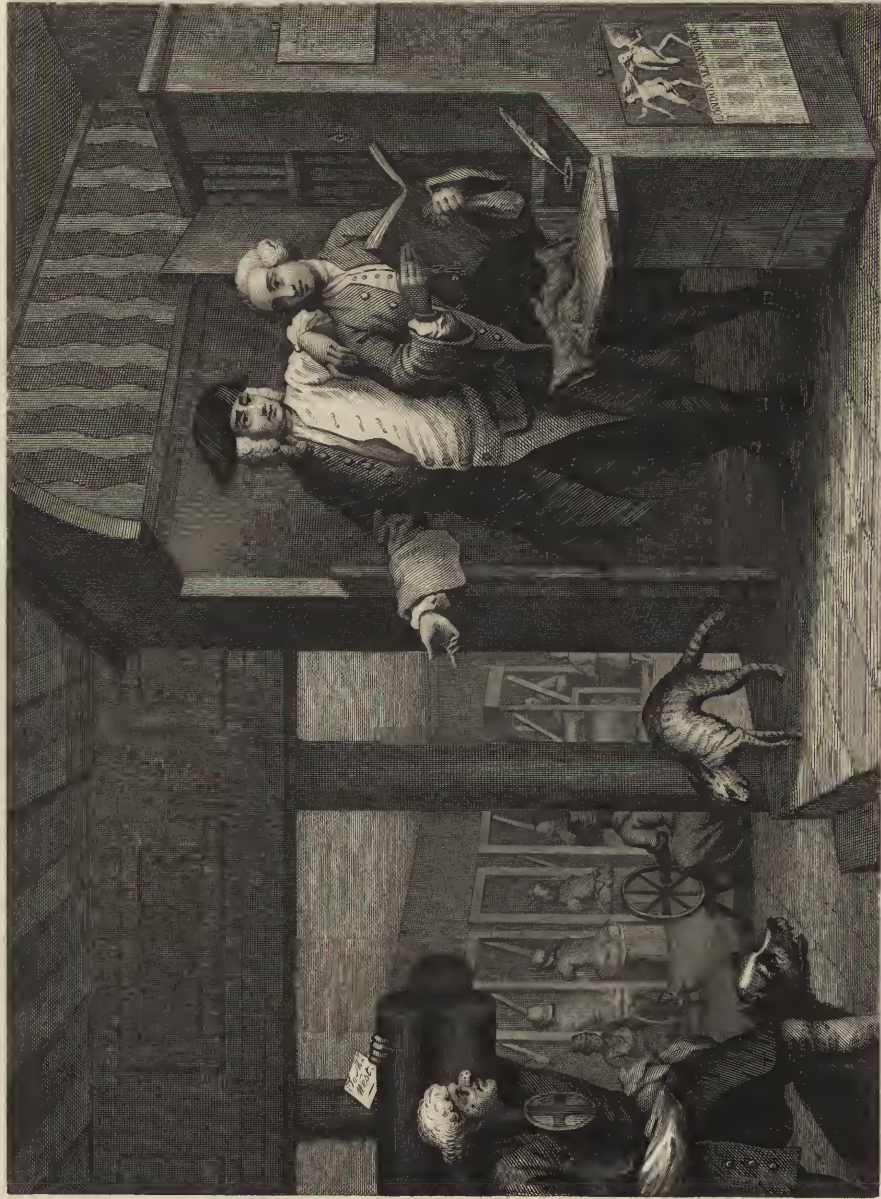
INDUSTRY AND COLLENS

THE IDLE PRELUCE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH YARD

From the Original Design by Hogarth







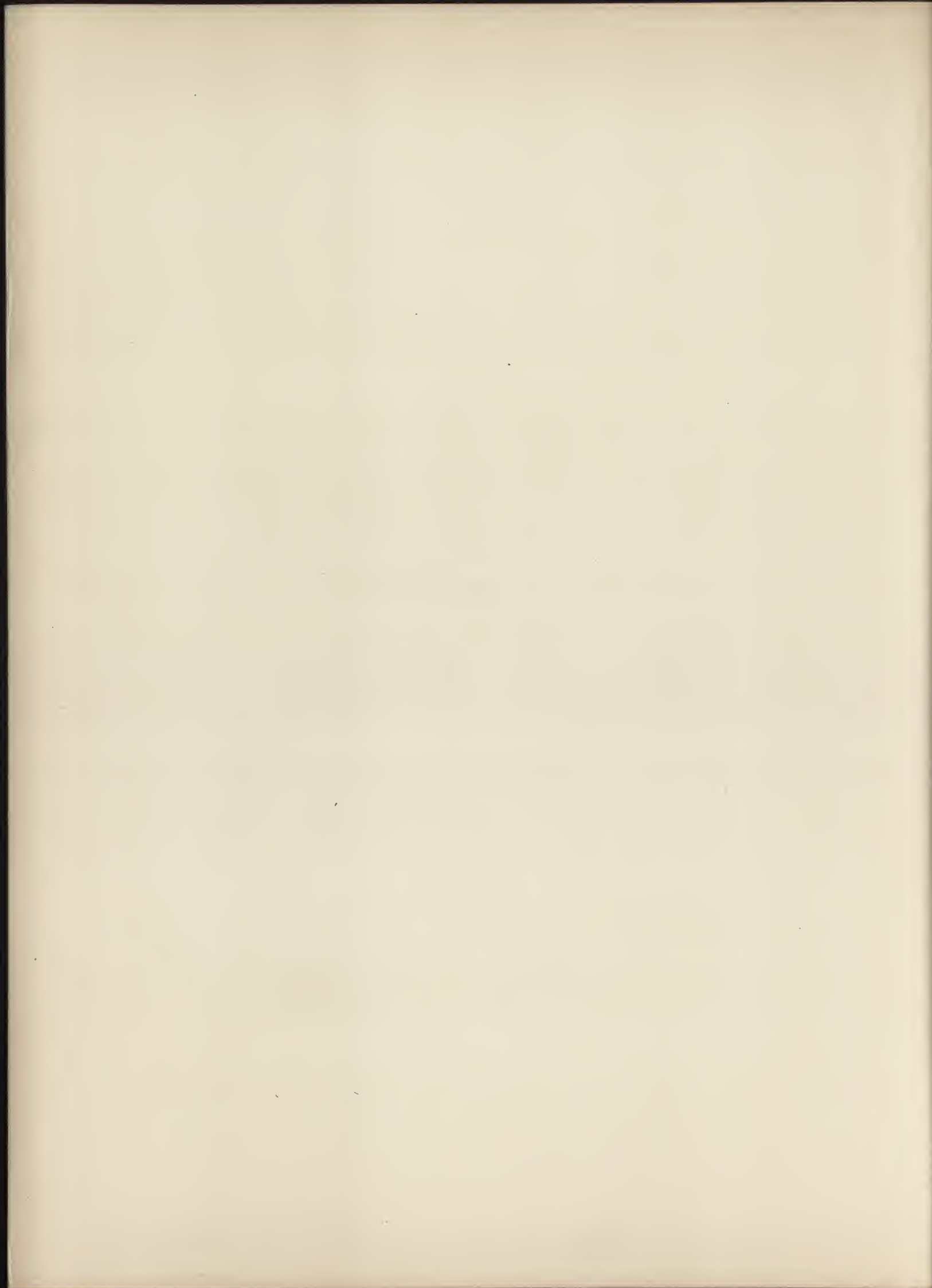
Engraved by S. Macgregor

JON DOSTERY AND TULLIENESS

1748

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE A FAVOURITE, AND ENTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER

From the Original Design by 's Herpold



The shoe-black, the sweep, young "Gibbet," and Billy Garland chuckling, in the plenitude of their mirth, at seeing how the young cheat is being, in turn, overreached, are expressive contrasts, in their way, with those in the foreground of the former picture.

There is a low and revolting aspect of vilest criminality about the dangerous group, on which the eye does not delight to dwell. There is a sullen gloom and uncleanness about the whole, significant of the tenebrous night coming on and closing in. There is a look of eager greed, of baffled cunning, of the gamester's losing hazard, on the face of the Idle Apprentice, which no one can love to gaze on, and cannot study without pity. There is a sense of doom overshadowing him; and the sinister look of Tony Brush is not without a meaning.

Soon the beadle comes round, and sharply disperses them. Soon the solemn organ peals out the voluntary, and the decent congregation flows forth. Mr. West, with Mrs. West on his arm, make a stately appearance. Frank Goodchild, with the timid hand of the trembling Fanny resting on *his*, comes after. His neat clothing, his good looks, his inexpressibly happy smile, tell the great joy he feels. The Idle Apprentice, in all the repulsive horror of his low *caste*, stands before them; and, this time, a sense of darkness and eclipse falls over Tommy Idle's heart and soul.

CHAPTER III.—THE CROSS-ROADS.

SOME years have gone by now since we observed the start which the two lads have made in their divergent course. They have parted at the cross-roads of life; and, some day, following the same path, they will meet again; but, ah me! how altered, and under what different circumstances.

Plodding on, year by year, cheerfully at his loom, we may suppose that Frank Goodchild has become an accomplished workman, and grown keen in the knowledge of textures and their material; that silks, piled velvets, lustrings, and lustres of all kinds, are familiar to his touch. As one, therefore, who, as a "worker," had gone through every degree of the craft, he was competent to judge of the workmanship of others, and to act as his good master's foreman, and ready to accept the responsibilities of his further confidence, when it should please Mr. West* to bestow it upon him. And now he has it fully; and there is no bar to his becoming, in time, the owner of pretty Fanny West's plump white hand.

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

[The present editor cannot but think that Dr. Trussler is a little severe in his animadversions. Surely these are no "off-scourings of the people," and if so—where lies the utility of the good Doctor's holy functions?]

* *Note to Plate IV.*—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 the 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

One night—to go back a space—it so happened that Tommy Idle, after having shown, by his general inattention during the day, how little his loom was interesting him; and having, in his usual manner, hurled back his cousin Frank's excellent advice into his teeth, and cursed him for an "officious prig;" he went sullenly forth, taking the opportunity of his master's back being turned; and, threading his way by Long Lane and Smithfield, along the tortuous paths formed by Fleet Market, found himself at last in a region behind the Bridewell he knew so well—as the wolfish glance, and the imprecation cast against its walls, proved. This place, which he arrived at by a flight of steps leading towards the river-stairs, was known as Hanging-Sword Alley, and formed a precinct of the ancient Alsatia, then known as Salisbury Square; and retaining, up to so late a period as that we treat of, many of its old lawless and ferocious characteristics, until, as a "Sanctuary," it became broken up for ever.

Here, in dark and dismal streets and courts, were to be found taverns, which decent citizens avoided as they would the haunts of fiends—if men brutalised by debauchery, professors of every grade of crime, pickpockets, thieves, bullies, and highwaymen, can be other than such. Here, therefore, to one of the high head-quarters of this lawless race—the "Rose," kept by one Dan Ware—shall we follow the footsteps of our hero—Tommy Idle.

The "Rose"—a huge red-cabbage-looking smear, painted on a projecting sign—was not without meaning, since it conveyed the secrecy—*sub rosa*—which was expected to be the law of the place; and, considering its nature and kind—while spies were athirst for blood-money—while Bow-Street runners, and officers in various disguises, were ready with eager grasp to seize some of the frequenters of this "house of call"—who found there, for a time at least, shelter and security—secrecy became a thief's virtue; and "honour" was a word that had, to them, a positive significance.

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 forelock, 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 caricature, 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.

Stumbling along a dark passage, and finding a door at the end, jealously watched at all times by a grim janitor, Tommy Idle went on, and, tapping thereat, the light of a candle shone in his face; murmuring also a pass-word, which was immediately responded to by giving him admission; and, as quickly closing him in, he found himself in a chamber that was no whit better recommended by its company. It was long and wide; and, though extensive, low in the roof, which was strongly raftered. A huge fire-place, with its slung kettle and cooking utensils, partly enclosed by settles and seats, flung forth both light and heat. On two or three dingy oaken tables stood foul and guttering candles, dimly lighting the far recesses; while a combined odour of reeking punch, tobacco, and questionable cooking, rendered the close atmosphere sickly and oppressive, and unbearable to any but such as were acclimatised to that noisome den. A sinister caution characterised the whole assemblage; while, as if to give this greater force, the groups were separated, as by clannish instincts and divided interests—sitting apart, each one not interfering with the other.

Windows opened, on the one side, to a dismal cavern of a back-yard, to which a door in the corner led also; and probably this was a way of facilitating escape by the rear, should the officers attack them in front. A second door, at the extreme end, led to the staircase; and from the entrance-way, a long, low window, belonging to the bar, ran right along, where glasses, rummers, bottles, kegs, punch-bowls, and various "mugs" were seen. The "mug" which contained the customer's ale had in those days a political meaning, and denoted one of the two strong and turbulent parties of the state. Red curtains, over the windows, in part concealed the landlord's bar from the common room.

Replying to a brisk salutation made by one of them, who sat in a recess by the fire—two of whom we have before met in the churchyard—Tony Brush and Billy Garland; otherwise "Gibbet" and "Hempseed"—Tommy Idle advanced, and took a seat among them; tossing off, as he did so, a glass of that frightful liquor which was just then beginning to madden its victims, and to decimate the population.

The third individual, who was introduced to Tommy Idle by his young friend with the patch over his eye, was one Mr. Nightrider, who also added, that but for his (Captain Nightrider's) continued absence from town up to the present evening, he should have been proud to have brought about their acquaintance much sooner.

"Very glad to see you, indeed, Mr. Nightrider," said Tommy, warmly; "I've heard of you before."

"I'm proud to see you, sir; you look a lad of spirit, you do—sink and confound me!" exclaimed Mr. Nightrider, stringing a number of sparkling epithets together, more remarkable for their vivacity and force, than for their elegance: and Tommy was delighted with his new friend—a man of forty, with one keen eye—the other hidden by a patch, which, with his rusty wig, was evidently meant for disguise. His face was not the most prepossessing, and his mouth was sensual; while his look was sinister. An athletic frame, wiry and active—suggestive of horseback and the open air—were points in his favour. He wore a broad-skirted coat, a soiled neck-tie—a very faded sort of "steenkirk," in fact—knee-breeches, and jockey-boots; a hanger by his side, and the butt of a horse-pistol peeping forth at times and with some ostentation, completed the individual.

"Stap me," he went on; but I have missed the times—been rusty—living retired——"

"On your little property at Reading—eh, Captain?" said Tony Brush, with a merry grin.

"Ah, you rascal!" laughed the Captain; "see what it is to be fly and clever. Well, yes, I did a little in the sporting line down the Brighton way: there was a yellow bag missing; and, sure enough, I was obliged to account for it."

"How very inconvenient, to be sure," said Billy Garland.

"There must be a good deal of excitement in such a life as yours—plenty of fun," hazarded Tommy Idle, admiringly.

"Fun!" ejaculated the highwayman; "oh yes, you may say that. To wear ruffles and a hanger—to powder your hair, and sport diamond buckles—to take a ride across Blackheath, and pick up a purse or two from the coach coming over Shooter's Hill; and then back to town, and shake your elbows at the 'Young Man's,' or 'Nando's,' by Paul's, and make merry over 'Mum' or 'cherry-brandy' at the 'Rose;'—sink me!" cried the highwayman, blithely; "but this would be something like life, and show one's-self a buck among the first 'bloods' of the town."

"Ah!" sighed Tommy, "I should like it; but——"

"Like it!—you *shall* like it. Now, neither young Gibbet here, nor Hempseed, have much style about them. *You* have. They'll never be dimber coves. *You* will become distinguished; I can see it. I'll drink to your health! You drawer; do you hear?" he continued, with a string of oaths, "Make us some punch—a crown's worth—nay, nay; all in good time. We gentlemen of the town can help one another, or plague on't!" He added this as poor Tommy was making a feeble motion towards his pocket; and took out a handful of money, which he spread ostentatiously before the gloating eyes of the apprentice. "Now fill up; healths all round! Aha! this is what I call life;" and the jolly robber struck the table till it resounded again, calling the attention of the dirty card-players, the seedy cheats, and the ruffian raff a moment to him; who now immediately turned away, to follow their dark pursuits over again.

"My friend here has an idea of being put up to something," slyly insinuated Billy Garland to Captain Nightrider; but Tommy overheard him. "We must have a little talk about it."

"I thought so; I could swear it: and it's a cursed shame that a lad of spirit and boldness should be kept down by these city churls; checked in his pleasures by some gouty old square-toes. Zounds!" continued the robber, "but I'd let out at his expense, and take a double revenge out of his till, I would."

This was a forcible way to put the case, certainly; but Master Garland clenched it by a statement, that Tommy Idle was perfectly willing to do so.

"That's right; and he's a silk merchant, is he, my dear?"

"Yes, Captain; and the richest in all Spitalfields."

"It's beautiful; the lumber is so portable, and the swag worth ever so many mopusses," remarked the other, using the vernacular of his profession. "And what a pity it is to lose time! Couldn't we pay a visit to-night?"

"To-night!" Tommy shrunk appalled. This was forcing matters a little too fast. He stammered out some objections; but these were overruled.

"Oh, what a lovely night it is! No fear of Oliver tattling to-night. Only hear the rain lash the window, and the wind drown the sound of the watch in the streets, and blowing the links out! It's darkman's holiday, and footpad or high-toby man can make his game all his own. Come, be plucky; let's know all about it. Now or never, is the time! Have you left a bolt unslipped in a lower shutter?"

"Yes!" whispered Tommy, all aghast; for the robber's prescience confounded him. "There is a garden can be easily got to; and the window opens to some low leads——"

"Why, then, we've only to walk quietly in, and the thing's done. Do you happen to have a duplicate key?" continued the highwayman with a wink; "to have greased a bolt here, and loosened a bar there—eh? Come, speak out—you're among friends."

But Tommy Idle, who *had* done one or more of these things, and who had, as we may without doubt infer, been planning some such means of supplying his wants, was as much aghast as if a magistrate had been cross-examining him.

"You know the passages, too; and can find your way barefoot and blindfolded, eh?" continued the other with a wink.

"Every one of them, and the ware-rooms and the counting-house," replied Tommy—rendered desperate now, and rising with the fresh courage the liquor he drank was infusing into him.

"And there are some fabrics woven, I s'pose; silks and velvets, and the like?"

"Pieces worth a guinea a yard;—velvets of the costliest kind possible," returned Tommy.

"Why, burn me! a small bundle a-piece will give us a clear two hundred to share;—and no time shall be lost," cried the energetic highwayman; "so get yourselves ready for action, my lads—do you hear? What have you got, Gibbet?" he asked.

"A lantern," said that youth, taking one from beneath his vest;—"a lantern, all ready trimmed, and a stout centre-bit."

"First rate! I see you're a workman, you are; and I've got a jemmy, a file, and the keys;" and he patted his coat significantly as he spoke: "now you, Hempseed, must see to the rest."

"All right; *I've* got a couple of small sacks ready;" and *he*, in turn, showed his bundle.

"Why this *is* business, sink me!" cried the highwayman rapturously. "This is what I loves; and now I don't know as there's anything else wanted. Let me think!"—and he put his hand to his forehead, and began to ponder.

"Any watchman on the premises?" he asked, looking up.

"There's always somebody supposed to be ready to wake with any noise; but, on such a night as this, there will be nobody on the rounds, I'll warrant," returned Tommy, beginning to take heart of grace.

"Why, by all a queer cove's chances of the 'nubbing cheat,' here is a windfall ready to our hands! O, my eye! here would have been a piece of work thrown away if I hadn't

taken to it so kindly! Stop!—Isn't there a pewter-room at hand; I mean, where they keep the plate?" added the highwayman, a little impatiently.

"But an old porter sleeps in a chamber on the landing, with a loaded blunderbuss," said Tommy, who grew hot and cold by turns, and felt that some ground of security was slipping from under his feet, as he experienced the rapid power of decision developed by Mr. Nightrider.

"Bah! If you haven't taken out the priming, or loaded it with sawdust, by this time, you're not the lad I take you for. There's too much of the 'gnostic' about you, I know!" he added: "and—bah!—yes, I see—I'm right."

"You must be the devil, I think," said Tommy, as they moved to go.

"That'll do," said the other, with a quick, stern, and business-like air. "No more game; but on your pins, and ready to pad it; we must go separate ways. Listen!" And directing the other two which way to go, where to meet, and what, meanwhile, they were to do, he turned to his tool, and said—

"And now, Master Tommy Idle, as I mean to make a man of you, and to prevent any putting back in the matter, you go *with me*; and if I fancy that you are going to make a mash of this matter, I'll put an ounce bullet through your skull, though I be carted off to Tyburn the next minute. Come!"

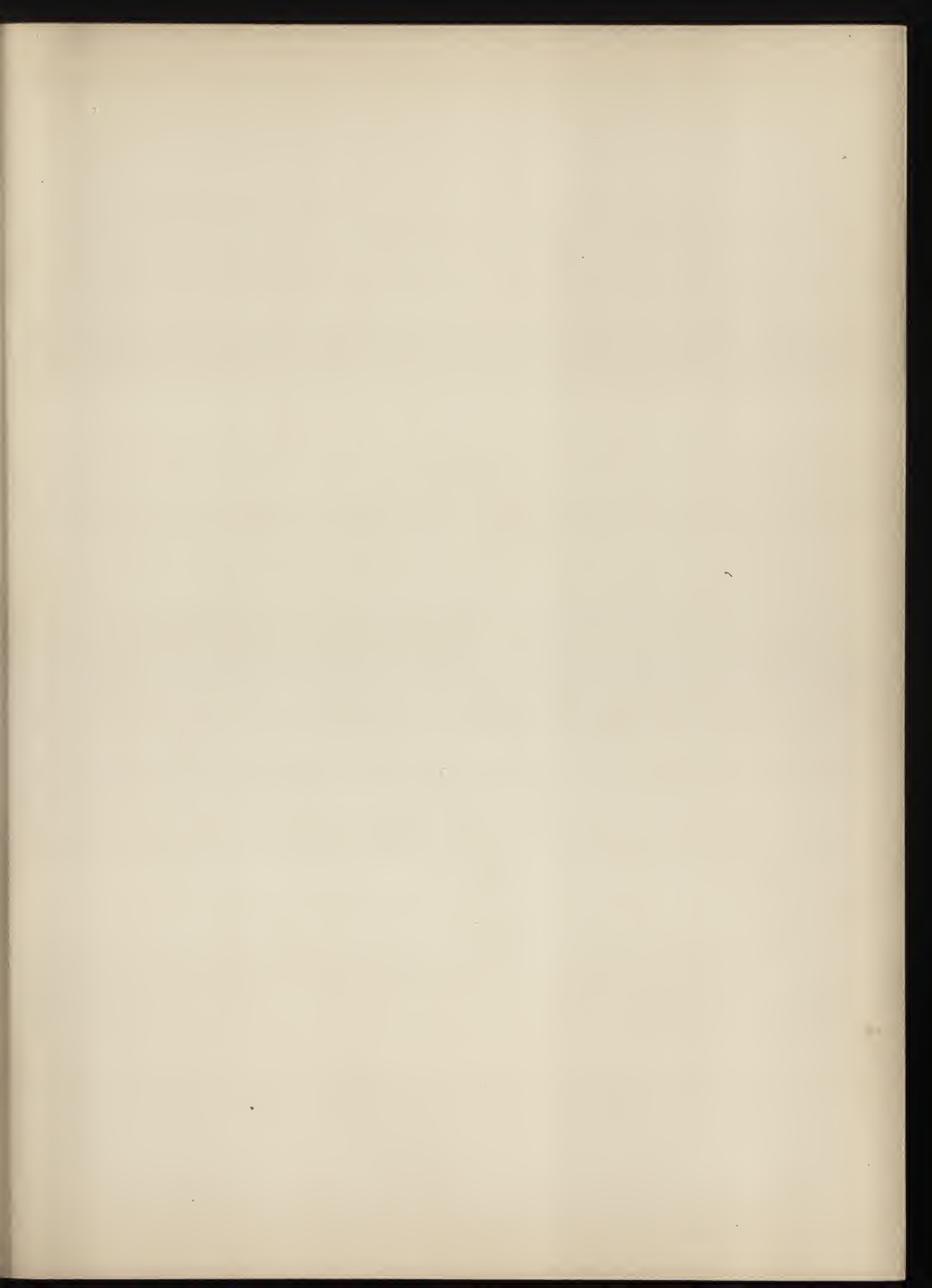
These stern, few, but significant words over, the robber paid for their liquor, and both set forth. It was, in truth, a wild, wet, windy night—dark and dismal to a degree; and the frightful valley of the Fleet was not easily crossed; but on they went, nevertheless, facing the blast and the driving rain, and avoiding the gullies running down Snow Hill like a mill-stream—the quagmires, kennels, and the dark suspicious nooks, where the desperate or the outcast were crouching—and so on by Long Lane and Sun Street; and presently they met together in a corner by the church; and the four, each having his work cut out for him, commenced operations.

Over the garden wall went the highwayman and his agent, and on to the outhouse leads, and in, by practised skill, through the window—then down into the ware-room noiselessly; and the bolts were drawn, the front door unbarred, the two others let in, the door put to, and the dark lantern lit; and soon they were in among the treasures of the silk merchant, and beginning to clear the shelves.

In truth, everything seemed so feasible and so easy—all went on with such noiseless precision—the bundles were so easily made up and stowed away, that Tommy was not a little astonished to find how easy the whole of the burglars' operations were.

It is a chilling, almost awful thought—that of a household slumbering peacefully—enfolded in that rest which the still midnight brings; and lulled, as it were, by that sense of security which custom makes familiar to us. The father and the mother are dreaming, perchance, of their children; the young are wrapped up in Elysian visions; the angelic watchers climb up and down the ladder of heaven; and Sleep's twin brother—Death—is busy, too, in his harvesting; and a quiet fills the air which cannot be described or defined.

And yet stealthy footsteps creep about the stairs, and crouch about the chamber—haggard men, with pallid faces, fierce eyes, and firmly-set lips; out of whose ready hands,





Engraved by W. Wallcut.

UNDISCOVERED AND DISCOVERED

THE IDLE PRENTICE TURN' AWAY AND SENT TO SEA

From his Original Design by Agard.





grasping the knife and the pistol, *murder* is ready to start forth at the surprise of an instant! Rapine prowls about the silent rooms. The ruffians stand, weapon in hand, by the bedside of the beloved. A whisper—a start—a word—and the horrid deed is done; for murder was rife in those days, on the plea that dead men tell no tales.

The two youths have their bundles on the stairs, ready to descend. The highwayman and his associate (the young *burglar* apprentice, Tommy Idle) creep upward towards a room with a strong door; for there the city merchant locks up his plate.

But some instinct of peril conveys itself to at least one of the sleepers. Frank Goodchild, who sleeps above stairs, is restless—wakes—hears, despite the boom of the storm without, an unusual and suspicious sound within. He listened an instant with every faculty awake, and distinctly heard a grating noise coming from the direction of the plate-cupboard below. Jumping at a conclusion he could not very well fail in doing, that there were thieves in the house, he sprung out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and lit a lamp he had in the room. Then, seizing a heavy life-preserver, he stealthily descended the stairs, and just as the Captain, with consummate skill, had mastered one of the bolts of the door. Frank stood a moment paralysed; for, in the person of him who held the lamp, he recognised his lost cousin and fellow-apprentice, Tommy Idle! He uttered a cry he could not repress. Both started to their feet.

“Discovered, by all the devils!” shouted the robber furiously. “Then take that for your pains!” and drawing out his pistol, aimed at Frank, and fired; but, fortunately, his hand swerved, and the youth was unhurt.

“Tommy! *you* here—and with this man, too!” Frank had exclaimed. “Haste!—away!—quick, or you will be taken!”

“Missed him, by gad!” cried Captain Nightrider, and then turned and fled too, down the passage.

But Frank was not prepared to let *him* go in this manner. Rapidly he decided that Tommy should escape, if he could; but that the elder ruffian must be seized; and, by this time the shot and the shouts had alarmed the house; and the inmates, half-clad, were hurrying out of the bed-chambers; the porter, with his useless blunderbuss, adding to the crowd; and the hubbub and the uproar became confounding.

Frank made a dart at the flying robber, and struck him heavily with his weapon. The Captain fell, groaned, and was speedily secured, when his arm was found to be broken. Then he was picked up, and taken to the watchhouse; in due time to take his trial, to receive his sentence, and, finally, to *his finis!* and Captain Nightrider appears no more in this veracious chronicle.

Look now! oh, reader! at the adverse fate which attends on the hapless Tommy.*

* *Note to Plate V.*—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

Mr. West, at Frank's intercession, has so far slackened pursuit, that opportunity is given to Tommy Idle to escape; and Cousin Frank helps the defiant wretch—furtively, too—for the forlorn widow's sake. Lo! he goes on his dark voyage, to mingle in other scenes of strife and bloodshed; while, regardless of his mother's tears, and the reproaches of the rude boatmen, he takes little heed of the appalling spectacles which line the river's side. The pirate, swinging in his chains, moves him not. He is on board—the ship sails away. The bereaved mother returns to her sad home; and her heart breaks and breaks, and her tears scald her, and flow evermore; until, for her too, all is over!

CHAPTER IV.—HOW EACH APPRENTICE “MAKES HIS BED AND LIES ON IT.”

To pursue the fortunes of Frank Goodchild, which we clearly see are running in an even groove; to show how the additional City establishment came to be removed in immediate contiguity to the “Monument” and Fish-Street Hill,” would necessitate our entering into the history of the silk trade, which, for some five years after the date of our last chapter, might have been in a finely flourishing condition. Lacking the requisite statistics for this purpose, we trust in our own resources, and in finding, as natural consequences, fate, fortune, and circumstance aiding one who continually aids himself—at last bringing to him the prime result of every honest endeavour—the reward of every single-hearted aim in life.

By consequence, therefore, Frank, in addition to his merits as a tradesman, as a representative of a great “City House,” acquired a standard approaching to the heroic. How he had engaged, single-handed, with the burglars, armed and masked, with all the dreadful accessories of loaded pistols, drawn hangers, terrific housebreaking tools, and such volleys of oaths as would have furnished a holiday salute from the Tower, were matters

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 a 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 ruggedness 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 villany.’”

which multiplied upon their recital in the lower regions and the drawing-room of the Spitalfields merchant's house during the long winter-nights, until the narrators and listeners shuddered as they crept to bed, and heard the shutters blow to, or the vanes creak, or even the mouse "chirp" behind the wainscot. The young city maiden looked admiringly upon him at church, as the awful version of the veracious "*Mercury*" of the day brought to her recollection the tremendous struggle he had gone through. It assumed all the air of a bulletin; and Frank, the proportions of a general. It was a victory; and many more honours than he really cared for, were thrust upon his shoulders. To do him justice, however, he bore them very meekly.

"Frank, my dear boy!" said the merchant to him, in the fulness of his heart, and while entertaining a large party of city tradesmen at his house; to whom, over the wine and the punch, he told the history of the attempted robbery—"Frank, I scarcely know what to say to you, my dear boy. As you have been the best of sons to your happy parents, you have been among the best of servants to me. Faithful and assiduous, honest and industrious—gentlemen, I put him before you as the model of what our city youths should be" [he was interrupted with cheers, from sundry gentlemen with vast flanks and jolly faces]: "he is a credit to the trading spirit of the city, and I am proud of him," continued the excited old merchant, lifting up his glass. "Your health, Frank—your health, my boy!" he said, while a moisture twinkled in his eye; and, as it was known that Mr. West was a temperate man, not often given to the demonstrative mood, his sincerity was the more unquestionable.

"Gentlemen, to-morrow he becomes my partner, and the house will be known as the firm of West and Goodchild; aye, my partner. The papers are drawn out, and they will be then properly attested and signed."

"Huzza!" responded the guests, as they emptied their glasses, and turned their looks with hearty congratulations to where Frank sate—his cheeks hot and crimson as those of a maiden, with the modest blushes of ingenuous youth.

"On this day month," continued Mr. West, "I invite you to his wedding with my daughter! Yes, gentlemen, the honest and industrious apprentice *marries his master's daughter!*" And he would have proceeded further, if a deafening storm of applause had not interrupted him. Presently he resumed—

"He brings me talent, ability, and fidelity for a dower," added Mr. West. "I consider these a fair equivalent. He loves her; and I know my little Fanny's will coincides with my wishes: and now, Frank, go ask her for a tune on the harpsichord; and let us have some tea, and pass round the wine, and——" And, fairly out of breath, he finished his speech—a speech we hold to be more to the purpose than any ninety-nine out of a hundred that we chance to hear.

And what had pretty, palpitating Fanny West to say to this—save that all which was said of her lover filled her head with a joyous distraction; and she is as proud of him as though he were a real Prince of Wales opening the ball at Guildhall, and the Lord Mayor with Gog and Magog (the tutelary guardians of the city), then and there presiding.

On the occasion of that same feast just spoken of, and which was given in honour of the apprentice's freedom, pretty timid Fanny was not out of sight or hearing. There was a room beyond, across the landing of the staircase—where, I warrant you, good Mrs. West was making the wives of the aldermen of the ward, and the ladies of other civic potentates, comfortable over cake and tea, and *laced* cocoa; and the door was on the jar, and the words of the respected speaker came to her ears, as also to those of the fair Fanny's, which were burning with a sense of joy and delight, arising from the hearty compliments of those around her. Why should the silk merchant's daughter reject that little *inuendo* which paired her with the Industrious Apprentice? Mrs. Silkworm had an unmarried daughter, too; but honest Silkworm had no such apprentice. "Very well," thinks Fanny, with an indignant pout; "why should she object to Frank—why make remarks upon *me*?" says the little lady: and if she isn't right, I next put the question to all human nature.

The mansion in which our friend, Frank Goodchild, seems to be now so much at home—as is proved by his *deshabille*—by the way, how *could* they have worn those odious night-caps?—and where Mrs. Fanny Goodchild, with a happy smile, is sipping her matutinal chocolate—is possibly more substantial than magnificent in exterior; but we can answer for the cozy warmth, the city comforts, the roaring plenty within. And here the new branch of the enlarged firm of "West and Goodchild" is to be found also.* The cup of Frank Goodchild's felicity must be nearly full by this; and one might be tempted to dread its overflow—knowing, as we do, how near to ruin is success—how near to desolation is the triumph of life—how mutable is all around us; and how brief is that happiness we have taken so much trouble to make sure of; and that we know not, at the moment of our greatest joy, what woe lies in the next brief coming minute. Perhaps the happy and fortunate man receives congratulations with a joy not unmixed with fear; and, if so, gratitude for the good received forms not the least portion of his exultation.

Down with the curtain, in order that it may rise upon other scenes, in which Tommy Idle plays his part.

Tommy's bravado was pretty soon taken out of him, as may be imagined, before he had been many hours on board the trading-brig that was sailing for the Guinea Coast. While gazing vacantly about him, and being thrust aside, hither and thither, by the nimble seamen—a cut across the shoulders from the boatswain's cat—a big, hirsute ruffian, with the

* *Note to Plate VI.*—The reward of industry is success. Our prudent and attentive youth has 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 everything 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 who was then 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 background.







Engraved by W. H. Worthington.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

PLATE 6.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME & MARRIED TO HIS MASTERS DAUGHTER

From the Original Design by Hogarth



limbs and strength of a giant, and possessed of a natural ferocity which made the boldest quail—which cut a second time repeated, with frightful imprecations, on his body and limbs, made Tommy writhe and quiver in every nerve from the excruciating anguish accompanying it.

“Now, you lubberly whelp, way aloft there, and lay out.”

He pointed upward as he spoke, and indicated to the dismayed Tommy that he must climb those quivering shrouds, and cling for very life (as he thought) to the swaying yards, as he saw the others do. Utterly broken down by this, and showing a nature so dastardly as to change the boatswain’s cruelty into sheer contempt—a fact which our hero profited by, without being squeamish as to its origin—he wept and blubbered; and as the heaving of the ship brought on an attack of sea-sickness, he was allowed to roll into the lee scuppers, and lie there weltering, until a seaman dragged him, like a limp bundle, down below, and, pouring half a pint of fiery rum down his throat, plunged him into a state of stupefaction, which lasted for hours, but which ended his first initiation in the horrors of the sea.

Tommy soon began to comprehend, that however much disposed he was to be idle, he was in the wrong place to attempt it. The boatswain’s rattan; the unnecessary brutality of the crew (for it was composed of the worst class the crimps of Wapping could supply on an exigency); the seamen’s contempt for the lubberly, cowardly landsman—made Tommy’s life on board one dreadful penance. But, somehow, he managed to compromise matters; and, by his frothy oaths, and mouthing in the vein of “Parolles,” he managed to become their butt and zany, and was tolerated for the vices he found it useless to conceal.

Down in the fore-castle, some one or two gaol-bird-looking members of the crew, who seemed to have served a longer time on board the hulks than in the regular service, would spin yarns about sea-rovers and piracy; of the Spanish Main; the Keys of Cuba; of doubloons and Spanish dollars; of orgies at Jamaica; of the dusky beauties of the West Indies; of oceans of punch, hogsheads of wine—tons of tobacco being the staple; and all of a sensual, tempting, and luxurious tendency; so that the gloating and greedy eyes of the listeners testified their admiration and envy of the same; and a burning wish to enjoy and partake in these delirious pleasures possessed them, one and all. None more so than Tommy Idle: *his* animal nature was awakened to the utmost. “Why didn’t they become freebooters,” he would say, “and storm and plunder undefended seaports, and fill their pockets with golden pieces, and revel, without stint, in the arms of sin?” This, as may be guessed, was coming about.

These perilous wretches—the agents of the savage boatswain himself—were successful in their attempts to undermine the fidelity of the crew. One day, in a tropic latitude, far away at sea—far from the eye of man, and heedless of the dazzling, overpowering eye of heaven shedding a golden light upon the ghastly deed—the murderous work was done. The captain and the mate were slaughtered, and thrown overboard. Tommy, for his uselessness and doubtful treachery, was near following them; but he had shown himself such a ready and willing hand in the butchery, that his life was spared. The trader taken into a foreign port—the cargo sold—was then fitted up with an armament, under Captain Death’s

command; for so the boatswain was now denominated. The vessel set forth on a cruise, hoisted the black flag, and began to make herself renowned in her new profession.

It is needless to follow them through their various proceedings. One short sketch will indicate the nature of their wild life—a brief course enough, as the most experienced knew; but as they were thorough dare-devils, who lived up to the letter of their creed—a “merry life and a short one”—and met their fate without flinching, the consequences were laughed at, and their course held on.

They had cruised about the East Indian seas, had taken prizes, had committed atrocious crimes, had rioted on spoils, and been as successful as wicked men with unscrupulous hearts and pitiless hands could be, for a time; and next began to make sail for the West Indies, as much to change their cruising-ground, as to remove from a latitude that was by this time growing too hot for them; for they had heard of a fast-sailing man-of-war brig being on the look-out for them.

They happened to capture a vessel having a clergyman on board; and struck with one of those ferocious whims characteristic of their lawless lives, transferred him to their own ship, on the plea of wanting a chaplain—Captain Death swearing, by oaths strong enough to make a ring-bolt of the anchor-flukes, that he would have prayers said on board.

Corporal Trim, we recollect, averred that “they swore terribly in Flanders” in *his* time. To do more than say that the oaths, blasphemies, and impieties of a gang of pirates were not to be approached by a whole army, with batteries to back it, must here suffice. Tommy Idle was by no means backward in *the* wretched *role* he undertook to play.

One evening their ship was sailing so listlessly along, that she seemed becalmed rather than making any progress on her way. The carpenter proposed a bucket of punch; the cook seconded the motion; the crew applauded the idea; and Tommy Idle, who was fond of drinking, incontinently entered the store-room, supplied himself with the materials, had them brought on deck, and brewed it stiff and strong under the awning, which kept the fearful tropic sun from broiling the very brains in their skulls.

Captain Death, on his quarter-deck, was no heedless observer of their proceedings. To have interfered at the moment would have been perilous to him—daring, desperate, and determined as he was known to be. He only smiled a sinister smile, laughed a bitter laugh, and muttered, “You fools, you’ll have it hot enough before long. There’s a squall brewing on our weather quarter, and the gun-brig is coming tack-and-tack to leeward; and between both, the devil will have to help you!”

According to custom, when no especial duty called on them to desist, they drank deeper than usual; while fresh buckets were brought, and the throng squatted or reeled on the deck, as the torrid air made them pant and sigh, and the strong liquor caught the brain, and lapped round it like fire; and then, when the whole southern sky grew black in a moment, and broke forth into a blinding eye of light, and the wind howled, and the waters raved, and the drunkards rose and reeled about the decks, and the sails were in rags, and the brave ship a mere mastless tub, rolling and wallowing in the trough of the sea—going like a mail-train, however, before the wind—the captain himself keeping a steady helm, or

she would have broached to, and foundered in a moment;—in six hours' time, when the gale was blown out, a score of men, out of five score forming her crew, had been washed overboard, when she found herself under the gun-brig's broadside; and must now surrender, or fight it out.

Captain Death was a brave man, though his faults might have been counted on a score of fingers; and his mate and petty officers, who had the sense to keep sober, apprehended the risk before them. They acted like the courageous desperadoes they were, during the tempest; and when they saw the little midge of a man-of-war showing her tier of teeth, and the flag of St. George flapping from her peak, they gathered the men to their quarters, as the drums of the gun-brig beat to her's; and, drunk or sober, the picaroons knew they *must* fight—fight with a halter round each neck, and Execution Dock in the distance; and began to load and ram home without delay. The courtesy of letting the *other* fire first was not cared for. As the pirate did not heave-to when a shot crossed his forefoot, the little wasp began to sting at once; and a hurricane game of bowls was begun.

Pirate captains have a grand and showy (and traditional) style of going into action. Captain Death found time to bedeck himself in all his finery. He was dressed in a "common damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, to which was suspended a whistle and blazing diamond cross. A gleaming sabre was in his hand, pistols in his belt, and a whole magazine of ammunition in his bandolier; while two brace of petronels were suspended to the end of a silk scarf flung over his neck, *according to the custom of pirates.*" Oh, those glorious old story-books of gallant freebooters and splendid outlaws; and their "custom of pirates!" What can equal them now! What romance is equivalent to the Oriental opulence of the scenes described, and the heroes who figure therein!

Our Captain gave his orders, and broadside answered broadside. He had hoisted his hideous black flag on a spar fastened to his shattered poop, with its insignia of the rovers of the sea; and instead of seeking to fly, he fought to possess his enemy, since his own vessel was sinking under him. As the ships approached, a crashing broadside was exchanged; and, at a signal, the pirates poured over their bulwarks on board the brig, and fought like fiends, but to no purpose. Ten minutes of slaughter ended the strife. The Captain was shot through the head, the rest threw down their arms, just as the pirate vessel rolled over with a groan, and sank to the bottom of the sea.

The pirates, taken to port, were tried, and judgment recorded against them. Some were executed; some were made better men; while several were entered on the books of the gun-brig—Tommy Idle among the number. *His* subsequent adventures were uneventful, and told against him. He was speedily marked as the worst of black sheep—he who had cut the throats of sleeping men, and had outraged women; who had turned "king's evidence," and had, in a hundred ways, shown that no particle of manliness was in him—kicked and flogged, he was finally dismissed ignominiously from the navy, which was not very squeamish about the moral qualities of its crews. Tommy was so utterly bad, that he alone had no sense of his disgraceful discharge.

Tommy Idle, rambling from place to place, by that unaccountable instinct which so

often brings the murderer to the scene of his crime, found himself finally in the metropolis. He met some old associates in Lewkner's Lane, amid the purlieus of Drury. He made a fresh start in life, and was not eminently successful. As "scourer" and footpad, he picked up occasional trifles, which vanished appropriately. A vision of the gallows, more than ever, now filled up his sleeping visions.

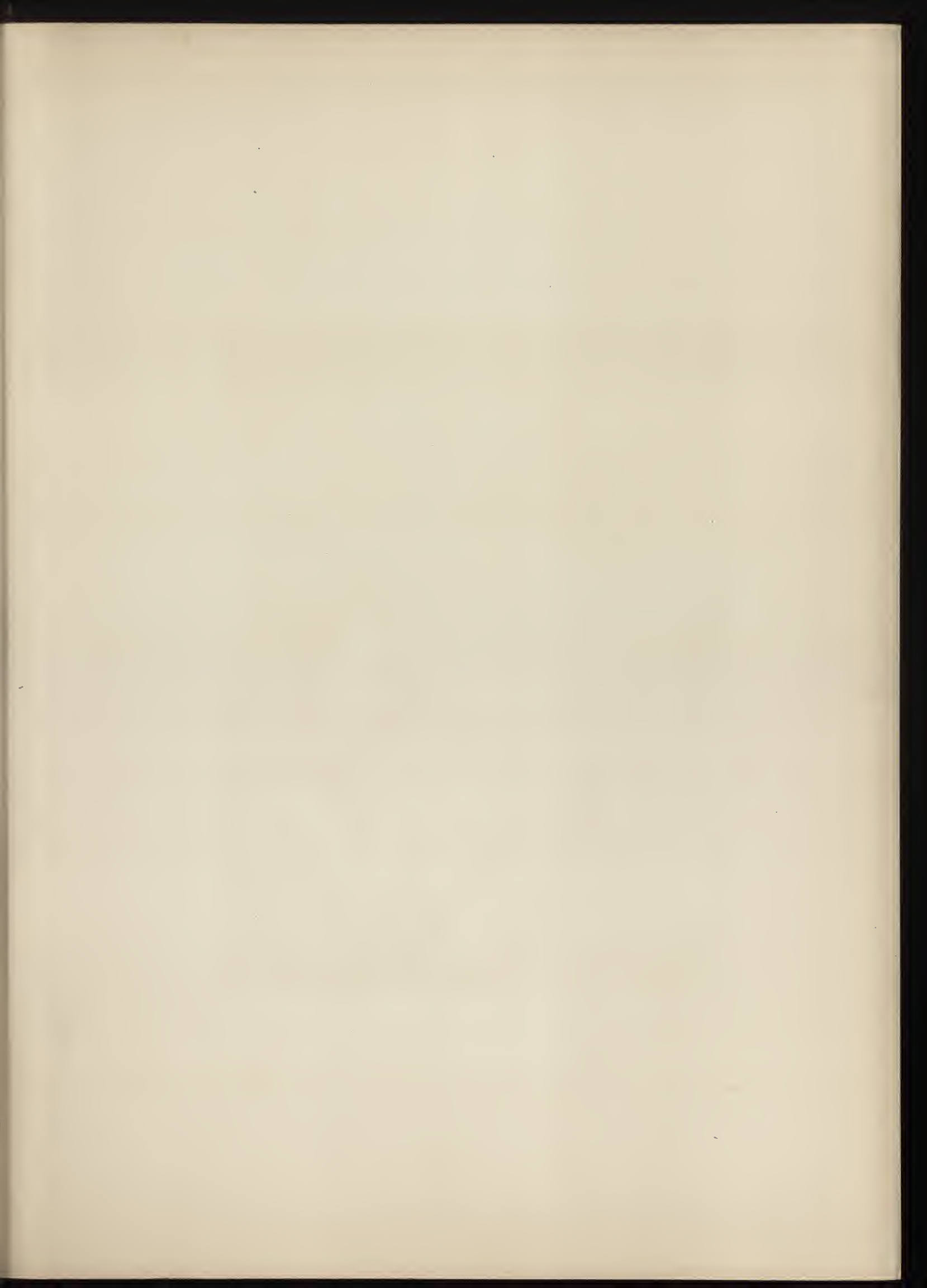
But what's this picture,* so hideous in its bare and utter wretchedness! Villany and corruption, in all their stark-naked horror, cannot further go. Tommy, dismissed ignominiously from a multitude whose virtues, at best, are not very brilliant—Tommy has "fallen among thieves"—not to be robbed, bless you!—but to follow his vocation. He is "at it again;" and if anything can heighten the wordless disgust which his association showed, and give tone to the terror it is intended to express, it is the ludicrous cause of his trembling limbs and blanched face—a wandering cat coming headlong down the chimney, and bringing the crazy brickwork down with her; making good the saying—"Each thief doth fear each bush an officer;" and intimating that shattered state of the nerves which all the Dutch courage in the bloated cordial bottle by his pallet's side can never string up again.

Tommy's wheels are "greased" afresh—as Mr. Weller would say—and his course downhill is now very fast indeed.

CHAPTER V.—CONTRASTS.

THE calm serenity, the tranquil progress, of Mr. Francis Goodchild's life since the hour of his marriage, with all its attendant blessings, as it were, waiting upon him, may be compared to the gentle gliding of a full and flowing stream—clear, unruffled, and soundless, unless

* *Note to Plate VII.*—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 bedside, 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 everything, 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 bedfellow! in whom unconcern and indifference to everything 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.





JUDITH STRY AND LOUBENTSES.

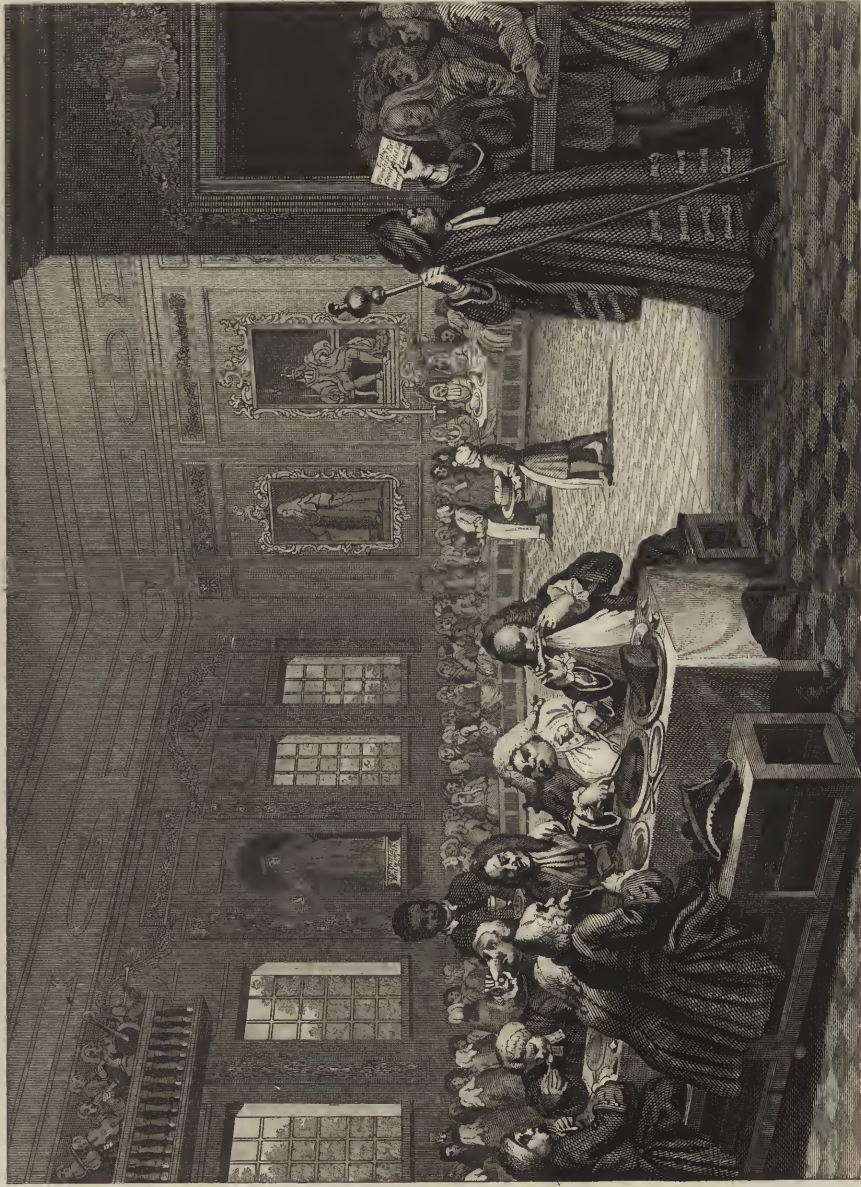
PLATE 7

THE HOLY PRENTICE, RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A PROSTITUTE

From the Original Design by Hogarth.







Engraved by G. Armstrong.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE 8.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE GROWN RICH AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

From the Original Design by Hogarth



when it murmurs softly under the drooping willows, and grows browner in the heavier shadows, and then looks blue as the skies it reflects, and passes on and on, and is lost for ever in the sea.

Love, honour, "troops of friends," waited on him; and the blameless purity of his life made the most envious admit that he richly merited the gifts with which fortune crowned him. The good Mr. West, even yet a handsome and a portly man—the kindly Mrs. West, who doted on her young grandchildren—often visited his house, and sat at their grateful son's hospitable table. Frank had at no time forgotten his parents; nor was the poor widow, grown more aged, more wan and mournful, left out of the considerate scheme he had planned for her future comfort. But she received his kindnesses with a shrinking timidity that was touching to notice; and but for the constant surveillance he caused to be kept over her, she would willingly have disappeared from his sight altogether.

Of her prodigal son—of this blight and curse of her lone widowed life—Mrs. Idle heard no news. He might have perished in storm, been killed in battle; though, if she had known his cowardly nature better, this would not have troubled her much: but the mother's is a jealous nature; and he was still her boy—still endeared to her; and all the more that society had cast him out of its midst.

Frank Goodchild is married; and though unusually favoured by fortune, he has taken that step where there is no retreating back; and considering that this step means his being married to a pretty and well-dowered young person like Fanny West, it may be said that his equanimity is not to be wondered at. Lo! in civic state, surrounded by friends on whom the "Master" has stamped many of his ludicrous characteristics, but who esteem our hero, and love to do him honour*—our "Apprentice, grown rich, and Sheriff of London," sits before you. One may smile at some pet peculiarities of the artist; but it cannot be denied, that they who are inclined to laugh, would by no means object to occupy Frank Goodchild's position; and it is only fair that those who have so worthily won their place in the world, as he has done, should have a right to enjoy the privileges which their deserts entitle them to.

Time we now turned to Tommy Idle; and, oh! the contrast from the last description we have given—which will strike the reader with a mixed loathing and horror. Words cannot heighten the vileness that now thrusts itself upon us. Giving it in details as few and compact as possible, and keeping out of sight its more revolting aspect, there yet remains

* *Note to Plate VIII.*—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 *gout*. 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.

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.

sufficient to startle and shock;—dealing with it, in fact, in the mildest terms, the veil which shrouds the iniquities festering in the heart of a great city, must needs be lifted; after which, we shall let it fall again, with as little delay as possible.

It is a dark and dismal night, with the rain beating down in torrents; and three men, with furtive, wolvisk feet, are skulking along the streets, seeking the darkest nooks, and clearly evincing, by their conduct, that they are dogging someone's footsteps;—in effect, a well-dressed man, who appears to be suspicious of the neighbourhood, by the way in which he halts from time to time, and turns round to look about him, whenever the pale and sickly light of the oil-lamps permits him to do so.

He has descended the foot of Holborn Hill, and is beginning to lose himself in the windings of Fleet Lane, when, once more finally pausing, he halts, turns back a few steps, and finds himself face to face with three men of a somewhat suspicious look, and who also stand still in turn.

“What does the good gentleman want?” asks one of them, in a subdulous voice

“Perhaps he has lost his way, Tony Brush,” remarks a second.

“And you can tell him the way, Billy Garland, can't you?” suggests the third.
“Which way did your honour want to go?”

“To Little Britain,” is the hasty reply of the stranger, falling back a step, as he sees them pressing upon him, and laying his hand on the hilt of his sword.

“What a lucky thing it is, Tommy, as we are going that way, and can show it his honour by a short cut as will bring him there at once.”

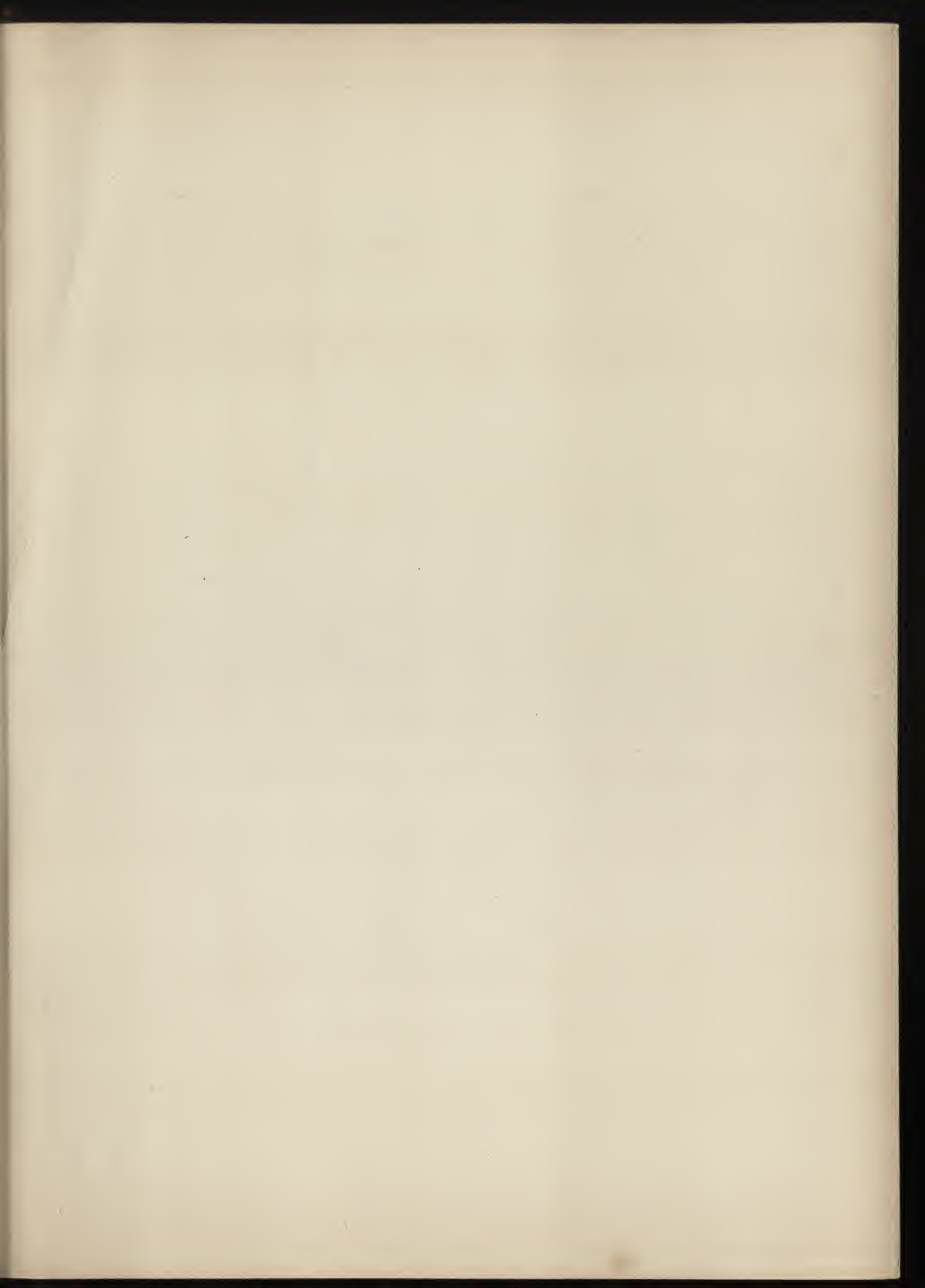
“Uncommon; we are poor, but honest: we are——”

“Show me the way; lead on first, and I'll reward you with a silver piece or two when we get there.”

“Come along, sir; come along—oh, how fortunate this here is!—this way;” and the three go forward, followed by the stranger, who picks his way through the mud and the darkness, and the noisome windings, until they turn into a narrow street, known then as Chick Lane (it is West Street now), and one of the most notorious haunts of crime and villany throughout the whole of the city. For here was to be found a place, the name of which—the “Blood-bowl House”—was rife with uncouth horror, and significant of murder—standing in the very heart of a stately capital; expressing, by its hideous appellation, that defiance and desperation which so often paralysed the strong arm of the law. If the existence of this place were not fully borne out by contemporary proofs—if the dreadful secrets of this murder-den had not fully disclosed themselves when, a few years back, it was pulled down, and trap-doors, and deadly closets, and the actual paraphernalia and machine of murder rendered manifest—the whole might be taken as some night-mare jest, when, indeed, it was a sanguinary and an earnest fact.

Darkness seemed suddenly to have absorbed the four men; and the heart of the stranger beat fast, for he now began to feel a secret terror stealing over him, and would have given something to retreat, but that it was too late. He stumbled on the edge of the kerb—was recovering himself, when a hoarse ruffian voice sounded in his ear—

“Squeeze his weasand—strike him on the bone-box with your dag—chive him—sink





Engraved by H. Knecht.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

PLATE 9.

THE IDLE PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE.

From the Original Design by Hogarth.





him—that's it! Now down the steps with the dead meat, and fake each cly before the bow-mans wake up!"

A stab, a crushing blow, and a hand of iron grasping his neck, simultaneously followed. Then was heard that appalling sound of a human body falling with its head against the stones, and yielding a shuddering response; and the murdered man was dragged into the night-cellar, to be disposed of.

"Dub the jigger!" (fasten the door) cried Tommy Idle to a seamed though youthful hag, whom we have before seen in Tommy's company: which being done, the robbers proceeded to share the plunder, and to get rid of the ensanguined and disfigured corpse.

"What pretty work have you been up to to-night?" demanded the woman, evincing but little emotion at the dreadful spectacle offered to the general gaze.

"Never mind," retorted the other, with a curse. "Come, Billy, make it scarce; and you, Master 'Gibbet'—let's see, what's the swag. Oh, here's a pair of handsome tattlers!" And while the two were overhauling the plunder, and a frightful *mélée* was going forward at the extreme end of the night-cellar, Billy Garland lifted up a trap-door in the floor; adding, if possible, a new and unexplained horror to a scene that, with its dirt, demoniac noises, and utterly devilish aspect, was something beyond the imagination to conceive.

A fetid and sickening odour rose like an exhalation from that horrid pit, and spread itself throughout the room. A gurgling sound was heard, as if some Stygian stream were rolling beneath the house—this being, in effect, the foul tide of the Fleet Ditch; and nothing further was needed to show how the bodies of the victims of midnight murder were disposed of, when the young assassin was seen, with a dreadful indifference, thrusting the corpse of the murdered man down the trap-door; but which he did not quite succeed in doing, since, at the instant, the abandoned mistress of this den of multiplied debaucheries and crimes, opened the door to an imperative but mysterious knock; and the city watch, armed with staves, and bearing lanterns, entered, and took the three wretches she had betrayed, in the very commission of the crime, and in the act of sharing the plunder, into custody. Their dismay at this unseasonable interruption may therefore be easily conceived.*

* *Note to Plate IX.*—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), and 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

Tommy sprang to his feet, uttered a frightful malediction, caught up a pistol, and, presenting it at the woman, fired! That flying bullet would have closed her shameful career for ever, had not one of the constables struck up the murderer's arm, and lodged the ball in the ceiling. Resistance all saw to be hopeless; besides that, the courage of Tommy Idle was, when in a situation of actual danger, of a very fleeting order. The trembling, pallid wretch was handcuffed with the other two, and led away to the Compter, in order to be securely lodged for the night. The woman who betrayed her paramour was secured to give evidence; and the corpse of the murdered man was carried away to the dead-house, to await an inquest.

CHAPTER VI.—THE "TWO APPRENTICES."—THE "LAST DAY!"

THE shock which the Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Alderman of the good City of London, experienced when the cowering figure and cadaverous face of his cousin and old companion, Tommy Idle, was brought before him on the charge of murder and robbery—committed at that frightful pest-house in Chick Lane—is not easily described. That he had small hopes of Tommy, by this time, we may conceive; and, from the long silence and long absence of the latter, very likely Mr. Goodchild little dreamt of ever beholding him more; and he might fairly have hoped this, as being a release and a relief to others than himself. The poor widow might still mourn for her only boy; but she would have been spared the multiplication of the horrors that were now manifest to him; and if the abject condition of the convicted criminal can be understood, the sickening revulsion in Mr. Goodchild's breast must have been proportionate.

Billy Garland, in association with Madame Midnight—the keeper of the Blood-bowl House—plays, at the immediate moment, but a subordinate part in the exciting drama now progressing. The unsexed tigress, having been in previous communication with the chief constable, has received the "blood-money," and given her evidence. She is cool, hardened, and collected; and, being seconded in her testimony by what young Hempseed asseverates, Idle's case looks desperate enough; while the coming evidence of the constables themselves is sufficient to seal his fate.

In this the woman is worthily backed by the volubility of Tony Brush, who, as King's 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 background 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 forerunners 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.

evidence—with a suddenly-awakened conscience, and a most profound sense of moral conviction marked upon his diabolical face as he takes the oath—is almost an embodiment of virtue about to be severely tried. Tommy Idle is proved to have committed the murder—to have been the chief and principal—the others only aiding and abetting; and the result is, that the impeachment holds good; and, though taxing all the self-possession of the worthy Alderman, he has no other course left than to remand Tommy to Newgate on a charge of wilful murder, in order to be tried for the same at the Old Bailey.

His wild, despairing eyes looked round for pity, and found none, except that there was deep sorrow, and disgust even, written on that face which had ever beamed with a kindly look upon the unhappy man; but he could not deny that Tommy Idle had taken considerable pains to arrive at his fate, and would richly deserve the punishment in store for him.

“He is committed for trial—remove him!” said the magistrate, in a cold, low voice, and, this time, avoiding to look upon that countenance which would haunt his dreams for many a night to come—“Remove him!”

“Oh, for God’s sake, spare me!—save me!—pity me, your worship—your honour—your—Oh, cousin Frank, you have ever been a friend—have pity on me now! I am not guilty—not guilty!—I swear!—I swear!” In these ravings Tommy Idle would have sworn anything; and, if it had suited his purpose, would very likely have accused Alderman Goodchild himself of the crime.

“It is useless—take him away!”

“I’m not guilty,” howled the foaming creature. “They did it—they,” pointing to his villainous associates. “I’ll swear it—swear it on my knees—spare me—let me go!”

“Wretched man!” replied the Alderman, solemnly, “you do but add to the blackness of your crime, and even disarm me of any pity I might feel for you—if only that you *were* my cousin in times that are past; for to me you are *now* nothing save a murderer and a thief, who has to make his peace with heaven.”

“Let them be tried with me,” groaned the apprentice.

“They shall be,” replied Mr. Goodchild.

“And let *them* hang—hang—hang! as they would hang me,” he continued, hoarsely, shaking his palsied hands in impotent rage and hate.

“You don’t do yourself any good by this, friend,” whispered the stout usher at his side.

“If I could but put the rope round their necks—if I could but thrust them off, and give them a touch of darkman’s holiday first, I’d be content, I would!” And then he mouthed and raved, showing no signs of remorse for the crimes he had committed, but a blind and reasonless rage that he had been discovered; and that his career, as he well knew, was drawing to a close.

The mittimus is being written out, and the constables are waiting to receive it, and bear away the prisoner with them. The swearing is over, the cross-questioning finished, the furtive bribery is accomplished, and, save that the Alderman feels a pain and a pang at his heart he would give much to be rid of, and that the ashy face of Tommy Idle is not wholesome to look upon, there is the greatest indifference existing among the spectators; and the apprentice feels that his fate is indeed sealed. Collapsed—a deathlike pallor on his

cheeks—he stands, with white lips, his whole frame shaking with overwhelming terror; his throat parched and dry, and his eyes fixed with an unmeaning stony glare upon the Alderman, who has again ordered his removal.

“Oh!” he moaned, “is it too late—too late?” And hearing some hushed sobs, and low entreating whispers beside him, he turns, and beholds his widowed old mother, who still clings to him, still hopes for him—*now* she hopes no longer—and who still loves him.*

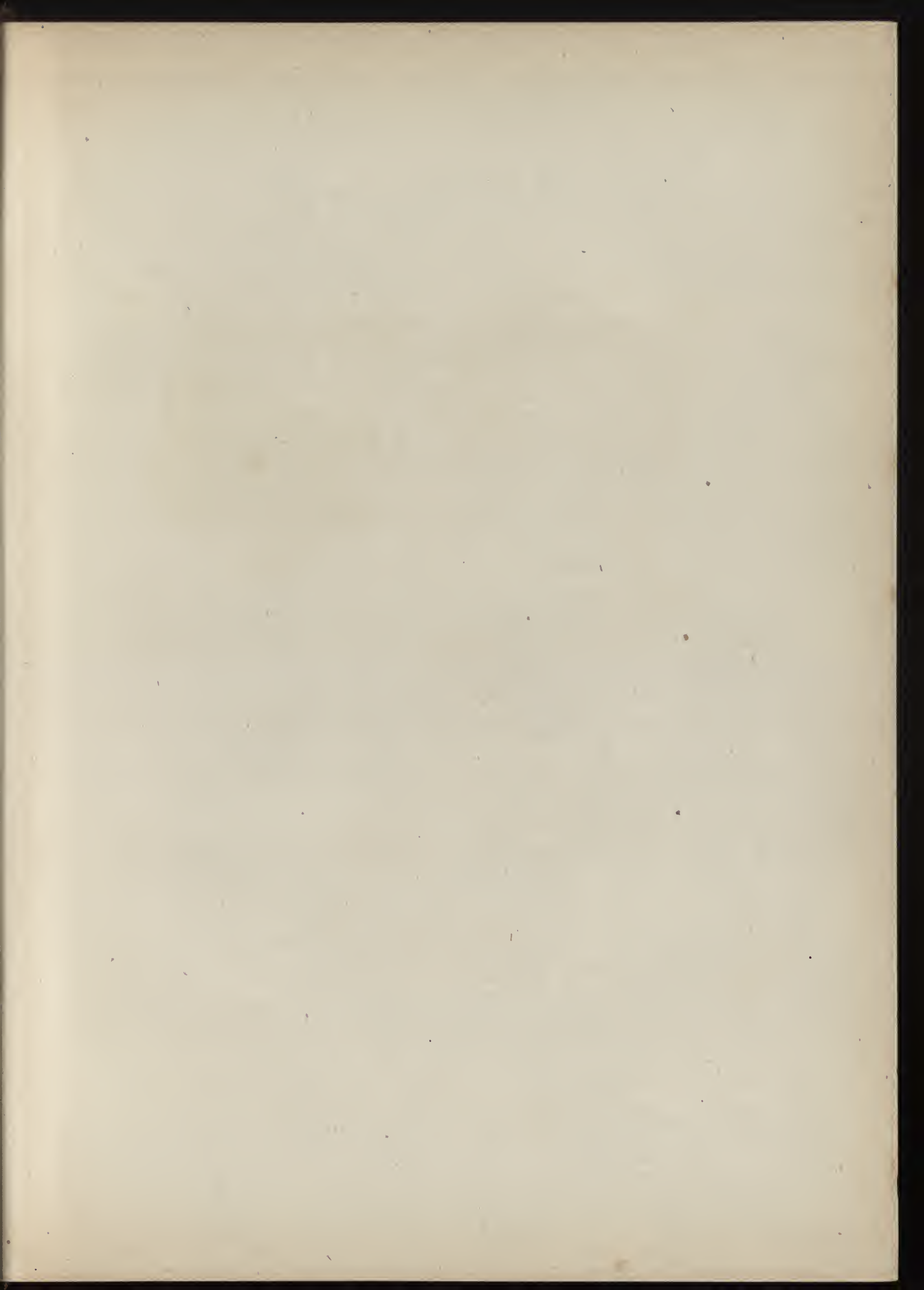
“Mother! mother! for heaven’s sake speak for me!” he shrieks out in piercing accents; but he is listened to no more.

He is dragged away to his dungeon. His associates are also locked up; but in order to protect them from the howling mob, and to have them forthcoming as evidence, they are carefully lodged under lock and bar; and the court is cleared—cleared of all but a poor old woman lying on the floor, having fainted away as she heard her son’s voice. It is very pitiful to see that pinched face, and sad mournful look. The worthy Alderman had her carefully taken into a private chamber, where timely restoratives were applied to her; and then nerved himself up for a heavier task than any which had before tried him—that of having an interview with her; and while showing her that her son’s fate was sealed, and his doom awaiting him, offer to her such consolation as his heart could prompt him.

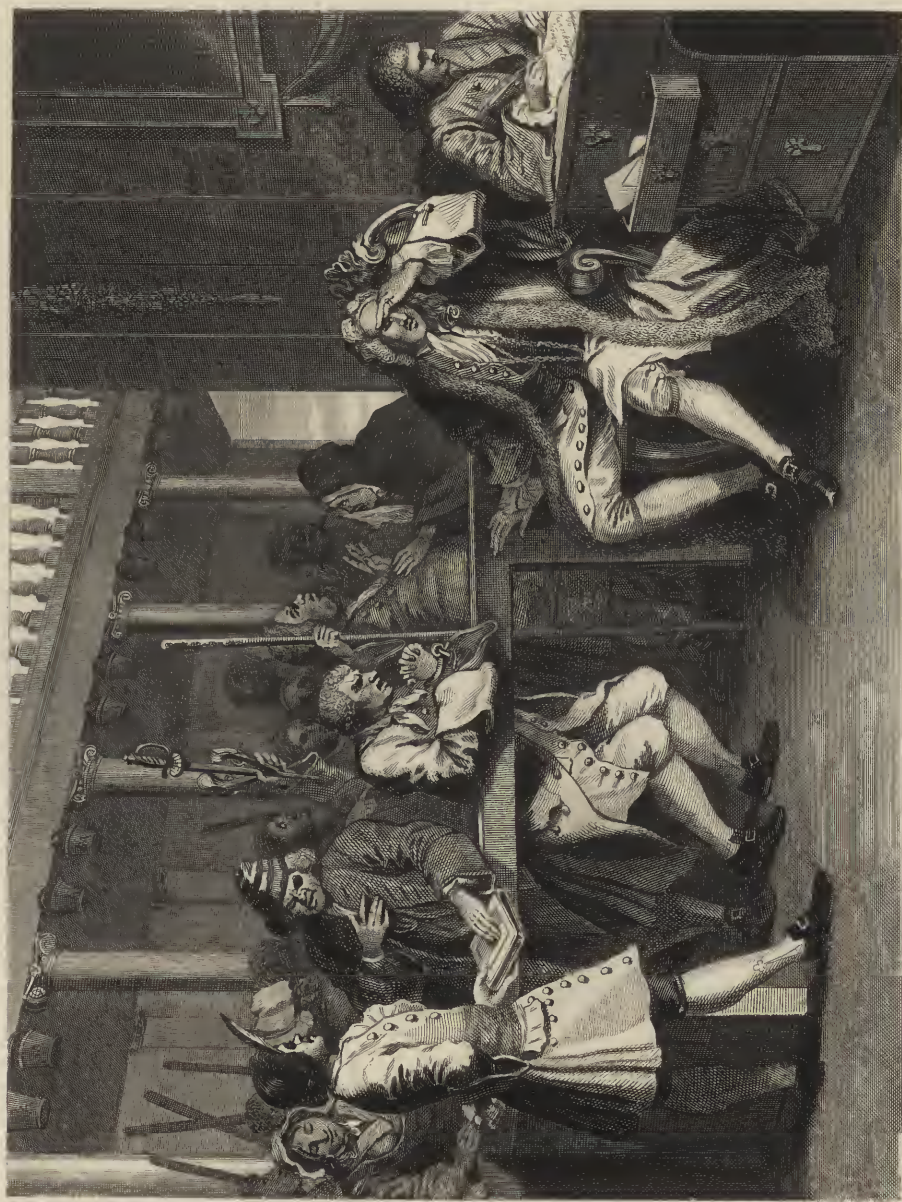
Heaven knows she had much need of it. She had avoided trespassing too much upon

* *Note to Plate X.*—Imagine now this depraved and atrocious youth handcuffed, 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. The Idle Apprentice 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 the 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-sworn 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 feeling 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 A. Duncan.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS,

PLATE 10

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

From the Original Design by C. F. Wright.



her nephew's kindness, from that fine and honest pride of poverty which is so noble and so rare. But it became necessary to compel the heartbroken woman to submit to what could not be averted; and her tottering age now wanted protection and care.

Their conversation was long: but we cannot pry into the sanctities of that deep maternal sorrow. Rachel, mourning for her children, never sorrowed more—*her* heart did not bleed any faster. He prevailed upon the widow to let herself be taken to his mother's house at Bow, where the latter dwelt in honour and comfort; and where Goodchild, senior, led a life of honoured retirement, befitting a tradesman whose integrity and industry formed the example and the model on which his son had based his own successes.

The day of trial came slowly round—swiftly to Idle, but with retarded speed to the public, who have a relish for “supping upon horrors,” and who take a morbid pleasure in perusing such details as make the blood of most men flow very coldly through the veins. He stands before his judge, whose calm and stately air awes him. He looks vacantly towards the jury, and sees them with grave faces, looking calmly upon him; for, in the recorder's charge, he is no better than a foredoomed man. He is under a spell from that dread order and quiet reigning around him; and no wonder.

He would cry for help, for pity, even now; but the worthy Alderman Goodchild is not there to listen to him; and the snows on Snowdon are not colder than the unsympathising looks which meet him. The court is opened, the trial goes on; witness after witness—including his old companions—swear away his life. He is dumb.

He heard nothing—he saw nothing. Yes, he heard murmurs as on the shores of the ocean. He saw a tossing sea of heads, and they glared and frowned upon him till he was dazzled and blinded by the fierce, reproachful hate of their pitiless look.

He heard the foreman of the jury say—“Guilty!”

He might now have been a mere automaton—one stricken with a total paralysis—a palsy of all his faculties and limbs—so helplessly he leans against the bar. He does not seem to understand clearly why that grave man, in the great wig, removes it, and puts on the *black cap*! Why—why does he do that? And there is something ludicrous, too, in all that he beholds.

The burthen of the words are now ringing in his awakening senses.

“To be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck till you be dead; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!”

The crowd murmur satisfaction. He is taken away to the hold, or condemned cell, there to be heavily ironed, and left to his own reflections, if he can recall any.

But the accumulating terrors of that night—his *last night* on earth—kept dawning and flashing upon his shuddering soul;—that awful last night, with its eclipses and lurid coruscations and Egyptian darkness—bursting at times into a broad, blinding, burning noonday, till the strained brain of the poor wretch could barely sustain itself; and he prayed for life—for death, for oblivion, annihilation—for anything—anything but to be where he was.

Sleep weighed on his eyelids as though they were leaden; and he flung himself on his sordid pallet in the condemned cell; but his chains and gyves rattled so, that he was again reminded, and in an instant, of his condition.

To-morrow, and he would be *dead!*—DEAD! And where, *after that?* To-morrow he would be hanged by the neck, like a mad dog, which nobody can pity; and no human creature would lift up a hand to save him! Curses on that canting cousin of his—on the head of him who was once his fellow-apprentice—who lent him money, and bored him with good advice, and pretended to take an almost brotherly interest in him; and *now* left him to the horrors of darkness and ponderous chains, and coming death—Death, riding on swift wings to meet him half-way;—curses—a million curses on him that could open his prison door, and set him free; and would not.

So he raged and raved, in the darkness of that dismal cell—that fearful dungeon, known as the condemned hold.

Again the dreadful trial was repeated. Once more, while the sobbing old widow stood at hand, the particulars of a murder—almost unprecedented for atrocious circumstances—were repeated, and the whole damning details fastened themselves upon *him*, as the chief actor in the ghastly tragedy. Again the word rang in his ears—“*Guilty!*”

“To be taken thence to Tyburn, and be hanged by the neck until he was dead; and the Lord have mercy upon his soul!”

What did this last mean? For there came to him dim, indistinct glimpses of *another world*: and oh, the sweat of terror, and the sickening fear, and the sense of a *judgment* to come, unstrung his frame and limbs, and made his teeth chatter! How awful those vague glimpses were!—how tenebrous—how blinding! But the still-increasing sense of space and vastness weighed upon him, and became insupportable.

Infinite vestibules—space opening after space—an everlasting extension—above, below, around him—chaotic, shadowy, shifting; foaming billows, muffled forms: but, impressed upon these weird changes, and pervading all, were the eluding phantasmas of Death and the Grave; and oh, horror! horror!—he could *not* elude them. He woke up with palsied startings from the leaden doze that sealed his eyelids. He shuddered—and the beaded sweat ran down his face—and cried for “mercy in the name of God!” but he knew that to be in vain. He *must* die; and the booming of the bell of St. Sepulchre’s, tolling the passing hours, only brought him nearer and nearer to his last moments.

A weltering Phlegethon—with fiery waves and mephitic vapours that lapped him round, and leaped and licked the very arc of heaven—was now heaving, roaring, hissing around him; and terrible faces were in these fiery waves—faces that he seemed to know, and whose glittering eyes struck him with fresh pangs of intolerable dread. Surging, seething, he was sinking into the depth of this appalling profundity, when suddenly a hand snatched him back—his mother’s hand!—and the sorrowing face seemed yet to appeal for him.

Now he was with the rovers again, at sea; he was down below deck, with his wild companions once more; and howling out obscenities and profanities, and belching forth dreadful oaths as the delirium of drunkenness was taking possession of them; and the fierce demoniac orgie was growing ever fiercer and wilder.

Then he was boarding helpless ships, and flinging women into the sea, after outraging them; snatching the smiling babe from the mother’s arms, and braining it against the deck. *He* had done all this pitilessly, with a wanton cruelty which outstripped the others.

Disarmed victims were slaughtered ruthlessly, and the drowning faces of drowning men haunted him with their stony glare. Oh, horror!—that he could but wake!

Then they were wrecked, and he was alone upon a raft upon the great moaning sea, drifting and drifting—on and on; and the green waves and the white crests rolled and plashed about him—and the lowering, lurid sky, with its meteoric flashes, haunted him as before; and he tossed and moaned in his restless sleep.

But what incredible change is now taking place in that expanse of ocean, which seems to have no boundary on any side of him! Suddenly these waves darken—now redden—grow redder—still splash ruddily about his feet—grow *blood-red*; and, rising higher and higher, as the raft sinks in that ensanguined tide, he struggles, and rolls, and wallows in that hideous sea of blood!

And millions of dreadful faces, with multiplied millions of scorching eyes, look upon him; and figures and shapes that are indescribable, writhe and twist horribly about him. They howl in his ears, with thunderous cadence, “Murderer! murderer! thou shalt surely die!”

Again he wakes up, with great trembling drops on his quivering flesh; and his irons clank dismally a significant echo. He glares at the narrow slit where a faint light comes through—he glares at the iron-bound door. Alas! it is useless; and the sense of utter impotence to help himself is an added torture.

He dreams again. Yes! he has a chance of escape—he can wrest off the fetters—he can dart through the open door at which the turnkey for the instant stands! Now! now!—Heaven! will his chained foot never move from off the floor? Is he fastened to it beyond all hope of extrication?

How it comes to pass he knows not; but he is in the street at last, and away he flies—flies swiftly. He has reached Islington, Hampstead, Hendon! and on, on he goes. The golden sunshine is pouring down through the green trees; the birds are twittering on the branches; the little streamlets go purling by; and he sits on a violet-bank to rest himself—to wipe his clammy brow—to still his panting heart; and he is free, free! and the sullen prison and the darkling town lie miles away, and he will never see them more.

But he must not stay; he must on, still on; and, with a start and a cry, he wakes! Horror! it is the accursed condemned hold still. He is a prisoner; and the dreadful bell of St. Sepulchre’s clock beats out *eight* into the cold grey air of the morning!

The next moment the chains fall; the bolts are drawn; the locks creak; the heavy door swings open. There are the prison officials—the chaplain, the sheriff, the executioner; and the panting, shrinking creature reads his doom in those stern, unsympathising faces.

They have come, then, to drag him forth—to pinion his arms—to bear him hence in the fatal cart—to *hang him by the neck*, until he is “dead! dead! dead!” He howls for pity; the turnkeys treat his cries with contempt—they are ashamed of the craven. Now they are outside of Newgate. The crowd receive him with a howl of rage and scorn—rage, against a merely brutal murderer; and scorn, at the dastard who disappoints all their expectations.

In the cart is the coffin; beside it is the doomed man. Close to him is the minister (the orthodox chaplain is in his coach), exhorting the frantic being to repentance—to think

of his last moments—to make his peace with heaven!—*his* peace! And he feels that the heavens are as brass to him: no hope now, nor hereafter!

The cart moves on; the javelin-men follow—the sheriff's coach preceding all; the death-bell tolls, and a living man will soon be dead—while every moment he is dying a new death; and by-and-by Tyburn is reached; and the last act of the hideous carnival—the closing scene of the awful saturnalia—will soon be over.*

He swings at last high on the “triple tree,” does poor Tommy Idle. All is over; and the poor mother alone weeps for the fate of her graceless and abandoned son!

Pity him; pray for her; and let the curtain fall silently.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

TOMMY IDLE is swept away from the face of the earth; his associates are in *limbo*—one of them being transported, one at the hulks, and the other in Bridewell; and for a time, indeed, “idle apprentices” brisk up considerably when this catastrophe is over; for my readers must recollect that *every word of this story is perfectly true*; and those who question it, can have but a small opinion of my veracity.

The Idle Apprentice garnished ungracefully the gibbet at Tyburn, and lost all the respect of the “rum-padders,” and “high-toby gloaks” (tip-top highwaymen), in disgracing the

* *Note to Plate XI.*—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, which hastens 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 E. Smith.

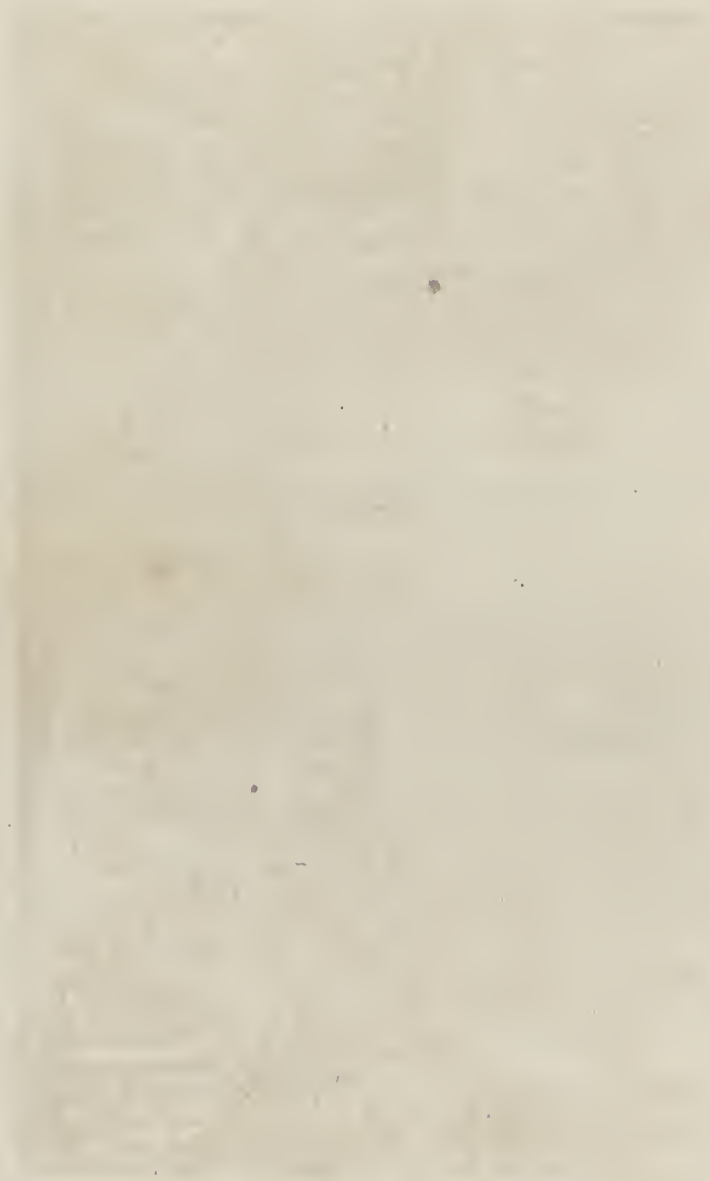
INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS

PLATE II

THE IDLE PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

From the Original - Design by A. Kneller







Engraved by F. H. Walker.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

PLATE I.

THE INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

From the Original Design by C. Beckett.



pluck of the order, by not dying "game." The widow, who could not be prevailed upon to give up seeing the last of her graceless offspring, had been driven over from Bow by old Treadle, the weaver: it is the weaver's grandson—who has taken a fancy to Mrs. Idle—that is clinging round her neck. It is over, as we have said; and, more dead than alive, she is borne away to Bow, to be tenderly nursed and cared for; though not for long. From that day she pined and wasted away, and found, at last, a resting-place in the old churchyard—a welcome pillow for that poor aged head, which had experienced so much storm-beating.*

We have now very little left to say, since, to carry on our story about the continued good fortune of the new Lord Mayor, would be an anti-climax. He and the riotous shouting crowd speak for themselves in the picture. We see, in this, the crowning civic laurel placed on Goodchild's brow. This ovation to industry is an effect arising from the most obvious causes. He will now wait for the repose that old age brings him, in the calm consciousness of having done his duty in that state of life he has been called upon to occupy; and one by no means easy to fulfil, since early and rapid success is likely to sway an intelligence not thoroughly balanced, and to become a bane to its possessor. Sir Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, is being taken in great state to the Mansion House, where we leave him. Let us shout "hurrah!"—hoping that "good digestion" may wait on appetite, and health on all! and so bid our Two Apprentices good-bye!

* *Note to Plate XII.*—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 a 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. Sword-bearer, in a cap like a reversed saucepan, which this great officer wears on these great 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—give but the boy this history to peruse, and his future welfare is almost certain.

This series, with something like consistency, and a true application of the story and the moral, are to be found in the time-honoured civic sanctuary of Guildhall.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.—THE HEIR.

SILAS MONEYPENNY, scrivener, money-lender, dealer in bonds, securities, and the like, dwelt in a tall, attenuated house, walled in, and lying back in one of those dim and dingy alleys hard-by Eastcheap—a very profitable centre of business, by the way. The accumulated dust, and the greasy wood-work, showed he was too deeply absorbed in his one especial pursuit—in which he was an adept, and successful in proportion to his prudence and foresight to expend time or money on repairs. He was noted, far and wide, for his penurious disposition—for his almost fabulous riches; while the strong box, lying on the floor of the room he chiefly occupied, suggested bonds, bills, post-obits, convertible securities, mortgages, and the like, to such an extent, that the owners of many noble names turned pale when they saw his weasen face, and trembled under the bitter irony which the mordacious old man sometimes indulged in, even in their own gilded drawing-rooms; and duchesses, countesses, and great ladies, did not hesitate to coax the snarling tyrant into good temper; knowing, full well, how much depended upon his capricious mood.

He was contented to plod on in this manner, year after year; to sit, on a shivering day, by a fireless grate; to eat broken scraps; to live as the miserly mostly do live; to grub, and hoard, and save—chiefly because his inclination went that way; but chiefly, also, that in the person of his son, Tom Moneypenny (Rakewell—a distinguished but remote noble family, who claimed to quarter arms with the Squanderfields), he beheld a gentleman, a scholar, and a man that would, in the future, make his way in the world, and worthily hand down the family name.

Be this as it may, he had given Tom a good education; and, through the interest of some “noble friends” deeply indebted to him, the lad was sent to Oxford, where, from certain hints conveyed to a few haughty young patricians there, the youthful lordlings tolerated the musty old parchment-monger’s son; and Tom, though far from being a bright intellectual luminary, managed to plod along. He had the character of being of a quiet, retiring disposition, as yet; and as the tutors had nothing to urge against him, save some slowness; and as the proctors had not caught him offending very grossly, Tom’s last five years passed away with tolerable comfort enough.

He did not very often go home, but spent the vacations in reading; though, when he did, a chamber, remarkable for its faded and second-hand grandeur, was swept out for him at Fog Court. The old man, proud of the lad’s good looks and growth, would take him to the theatre—once or twice it may be—and treat him at the French “ordinary,” in Newgate Street. But he grumbled at the expense, and was not sorry when his youthful scion mounted the Oxford coach again to return to Coppernose College.

A day at last came, however, when Tom left college for ever; but, ere this occurred, an event also took place which requires to be recorded, as it became closely bound up in the future rapidly revolving events of Tom Money Penny Rakewell's life.

There are some lovely rural walks, pleasant meadows, verdant woods, and many varied forms of sylvan beauty, scattered here and there in the immediate suburbs of Oxford. In an embowered cottage, down by the river-side, dwelt a widow-woman, one Mistress Young, who, by the sale of cooling summer drinks, dainty cates, and other delicacies for which the venerable city is famous—and dispensed to the students who at times wandered forth that way—managed to pick up a decent living, and to support herself and daughter, a pretty young girl, about seventeen or so, in tolerable comfort.

Sarah Young, with her loving, frank, clear eyes, rosy freshness, white teeth, and musical laugh, was a sweet innocent girl, as free from guile and deception as I can wish the reader to believe her. She was, it is true, the great attraction to the audacious young Don Giovannis who visited the house. Tom Money Penny—then a handsome, ingenuous, and somewhat impressionable youth—saw Sally Young, and did *not* join in the jolly love-making of the young heroes of Coppernose. He loved her with all his heart and soul: and she—she could but note his shyness, his respect, his eager glances; and her girlish heart thrilled and responded with a tumultuous joy, when he whispered in her ear that he loved her—would marry her—he swore and vowed he would—that she was the only girl he could ever love; and so on.

Pleasant walks by the meandering stream, through the fields, by odorous green lanes, with the moonshine above—soft whispers, and tender embraces—passionate vows—and both believed them—and—and—it is the old, old story—the young girl fell!

Young, ardent, and passionate, it was some time before both awoke to the real nature of the fact. He dared not marry her then; his stern father would have disinherited him in a moment. No, they must wait and hope; and he would be true and constant to her, and redeem his pledge at the proper time—when was that to come?—and so the sobbing girl was consoled.

Old Dives, the usurer—who never wore fine linen—is dead, and lying a very unhand-some spectacle on his dingy bed, in a dismal chamber. Silas Money Penny has departed this life intestate; and Tom, heir to his El Dorado of thousands, is summoned at once to town, to attend his father's funeral, and to take possession of his heritage, by a huge missive from Old Grasp—steward, clerk, and confidant of the old man.

A brief interview with Sally Young—fresh vows and renewed protestations—a tedious journey by coach, and he sleeps at its head-quarters in the city, where, the next day, Mr. Grasp waits upon him, and they proceed to business—the steward to explain some matters—to take instructions from the young heir, as he expresses it, though in reality to give them; and the crabbed, snarling old man frightens our hero by his manner.

“And now,” said the youth, looking as sad as his bewildering future could make him; for, to say truth, he missed the old man (his father) but little—“Now, send for a tailor to measure me for my mourning.”

“Mourning! yes, we must conform; but 'tis parlous hard to lay out good monies——”

"Then lose no time——" began Tom.

"But, hold you awhile! A tailor, in this ravening city, will charge you now a gold piece for every crown; you can have them made by a conscientious knave, nigh-hand the house; and cloth is costly—parlous costly." And he shook his head.

"Well, in this thou shalt be judge. Has the cloth for the hangings come yet?"

"Aye, marry has it!" groaned old Grasp; "when plain serge would serve the purpose; whereas 'tis fit to make coats for the proudest citizen that ever clad his limbs in broadcloth."

"Let it be so, nevertheless; I will wait here for a day or two," said Tom, "while the upholsterer brings his tressels and coffin, his sere-cloth, and his hatchments; and, for once, let there be no stint. Go, good Grasp, I would be alone now." And the steward left him, doubtful if he could believe the evidence of his own senses.

The moment Tom had arrived on the previous day, he had written off a pretty affectionate letter to his poor little Dido, and given it to the ponderous guard, who, for a liberal gratuity, was to deliver it. This was done with the usual appropriate secrecy and dispatch; and the consequence was, that it reached the astounded and affrighted mother's hand; and the secret of her daughter's pale looks and altered shape was known.

The mother, wild with rage and terror, loses not a moment: but she, too, takes the Oxford stage; and, forcing the weeping girl to go with her, arrives at Fog Court on the very morning and moment that a tailor is measuring the youth for his mourning suit! And *such* a tailor, we take leave to say, has not* been often seen.

The ridiculous misfit of this tailor's coat seemed a satire on his own art. His ungartered hose, the hole in his stocking, and half-a-dozen other little matters, prove that this wight must have been one of old MoneyPENNY's sartorial professors, and gave queer promise of what Tom's new suit was likely to be.

"No lace, no extravagance, Master Thimble!" said Master Grasp, warningly.

* *Note to Plate I.*—The history opens, representing a scene crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and laying before us contrasts such as are too general in the world to pass unobserved; nothing being more common than for a son to prodigally squander away that substance his father had, with anxious solicitude, his whole life been amassing.—Here we see the young heir, at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the University, just arrived at home, upon the death of his father. Eager to know the possessions he is master of, the old wardrobes, where things have been rotting time out of mind, are instantly wrenched open; the strong chests are unlocked; the parchments, those securities of treble interest, on which this avaricious parent lent his money, tumbled out; and the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded with griping care, now exposed to the pilfering hands of those about him. To explain every little mark of usury and covetousness, such as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c., the piece of candle stuck on a save-all on the mantel-piece; the rotten furniture of the room, and the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe, would be unnecessary: we shall only notice the more striking articles. From the vast quantity of papers, falls an old written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, viz.—"May the 5th, 1721. Put off my bad shilling." Hence, we learn the store this miser set on this trifle: that so penurious is his disposition, that notwithstanding he may be possessed of many large bags of gold, the fear of losing a single shilling is a continual trouble to him. In one part of the room, a man is hanging it with black cloth, on which are placed escutcheons, by way of dreary ornament; these escutcheons contain the arms of the covetous, viz., three vices, hard screwed, with the motto, "BEWARE!" On the floor, lie a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved for the weight of iron in the nails, and has been soling with leather cut from the covers of an old Family Bible; an excellent piece of satire, intimating, that such men would sacrifice even their God to the lust of money. From these and some other objects too striking to pass



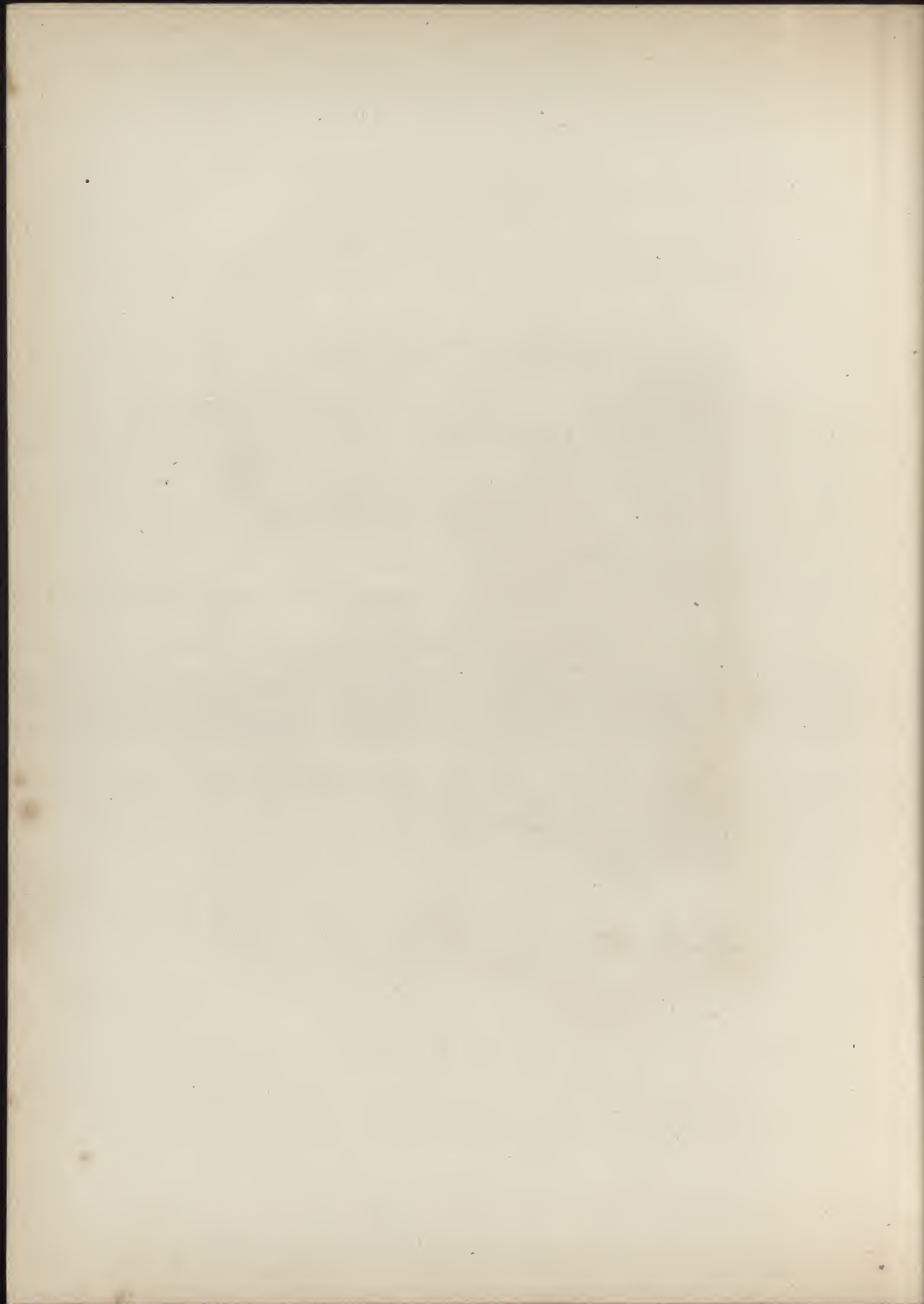


Engraved by J. S. Englewood.

THE BROTHERS' BROTHERS.
 THE BROTHERS' BROTHERS' BROTHERS.
 THE BROTHERS' BROTHERS' BROTHERS.

From the original picture by Hogarth.





"Why, lard bless me! Mr. Grasp," lisped the tailor; "do I not know the manner and method of this old house many a day ago? Aye, aye; I warrant me."

"I doubt but it will be altered soon," muttered the steward, counting monies, and making entries in a book; then suddenly and snortingly adding, as two females enter the room, "Now, mistress, what may you want here? and another, young and pretty too, by my troth! Visitors wait early upon our young heir."

"Why, good la! Sally," cries Tom, "you here? why did you come, pretty one?"

"To see if you would make an honest woman of my poor girl, whom you have despoiled of her innocence," cried Mrs. Young, shrilly.

"Hum!" said old Grasp, rubbing his chin; "he has commenced betimes."

"Well, but good Mistress Young, see you now, upon my veracity—I—you—you take me by surprise——" And Tom stammered dreadfully.

"And you ruined my child by design, young man; but come—your answer."

"Oh! Tom, Tom, you do not mean to desert me—to play me false—to neglect me, who love you so?" implored the weeping girl, showing him the ring by which he had solemnly pledged his troth to her. "Oh! you loved me then; why have you ceased to love me now?"

"My dear," said old Grasp, cynically, "he was a soft-headed lad then. He is a rich man now. Don't you see what difference that makes?"

"Nay, but look you now! here are some Jacobusses; some broad gold pieces. Pr'ythee, Sally, child, do not weep," said Tom, looking very much embarrassed.

"And here are your letters, promising to make it all up with her," interrupted the mother, with bitter emphasis; showing them.

"I think," grumbled Mr. Grasp, "that you are taking some pains to spoil your hopes by your brawling. Take my advice, and go away peacefully; and if you will not take the money——"

"Not a doit, not a coin!" cried poor Sally, proudly, and flushing up; "It shan't be

unnoticed, such as the gold falling from the breaking cornice; the jack and spit, those utensils of original hospitality, locked up, through fear of being used; the clean and empty chimney, in which a fire is just now going to be made for the first time; and the emaciated figure of the cat, strongly mark the natural temper of the late miserly inhabitant, who could starve in the midst of plenty.—But see the mighty change! View the hero of our piece, left to himself, upon the death of his father, and possessed of a goodly inheritance. Mark how his mind is affected! Determined to partake of the happiness he falsely imagines others of his age and fortune enjoy, see him ready to run headlong into extravagance, withholding not his heart from any joy; but implicitly pursuing the dictates of his will. To commence this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the tailor, whom we see here taking his measure, in order to trick out his pretty person. In the interim, enters a poor girl (with her mother), whom our hero has seduced, under professions of love and promises of marriage; in hopes of meeting with that kind welcome she had the greatest reason to expect: but he, corrupted with the wealth of which he is now the master, forgets every engagement he once made—finds himself too rich to keep his word; and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother, as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promise. Not the sight of the ring, given as a pledge of his fidelity; not a view of the many affectionate letters he at one time wrote to her, of which her mother's lap is full; not the tears, nor even the pregnant condition of the wretched girl, could awaken in him one spark of tenderness; but, hard-hearted and unfeeling, like the generality of wicked men, he suffers her to weep away her woes in silent sorrow, and curse with bitterness her deceitful betrayer. One thing more we shall take notice of; which is, that this unexpected visit, attended with abuse from the mother, so engages the attention of our youth, as to give the old pettifogger behind an opportunity of robbing him. Hence we see that one ill consequence is generally attended with another; and that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, seldom come alone.

said I sold my innocence ; but, take my word for it, you will be sorry some day for the base, the wicked wrong you have done me. Come, mother, let us go. We are in the way here." And they departed.

" Ah !—well, well, you are quite right ; and now to business," said Mr. Grasp, ready to resume work. And so the scene was over.

CHAPTER II.—" ABOUT TOWN."—THE LUPANAR.

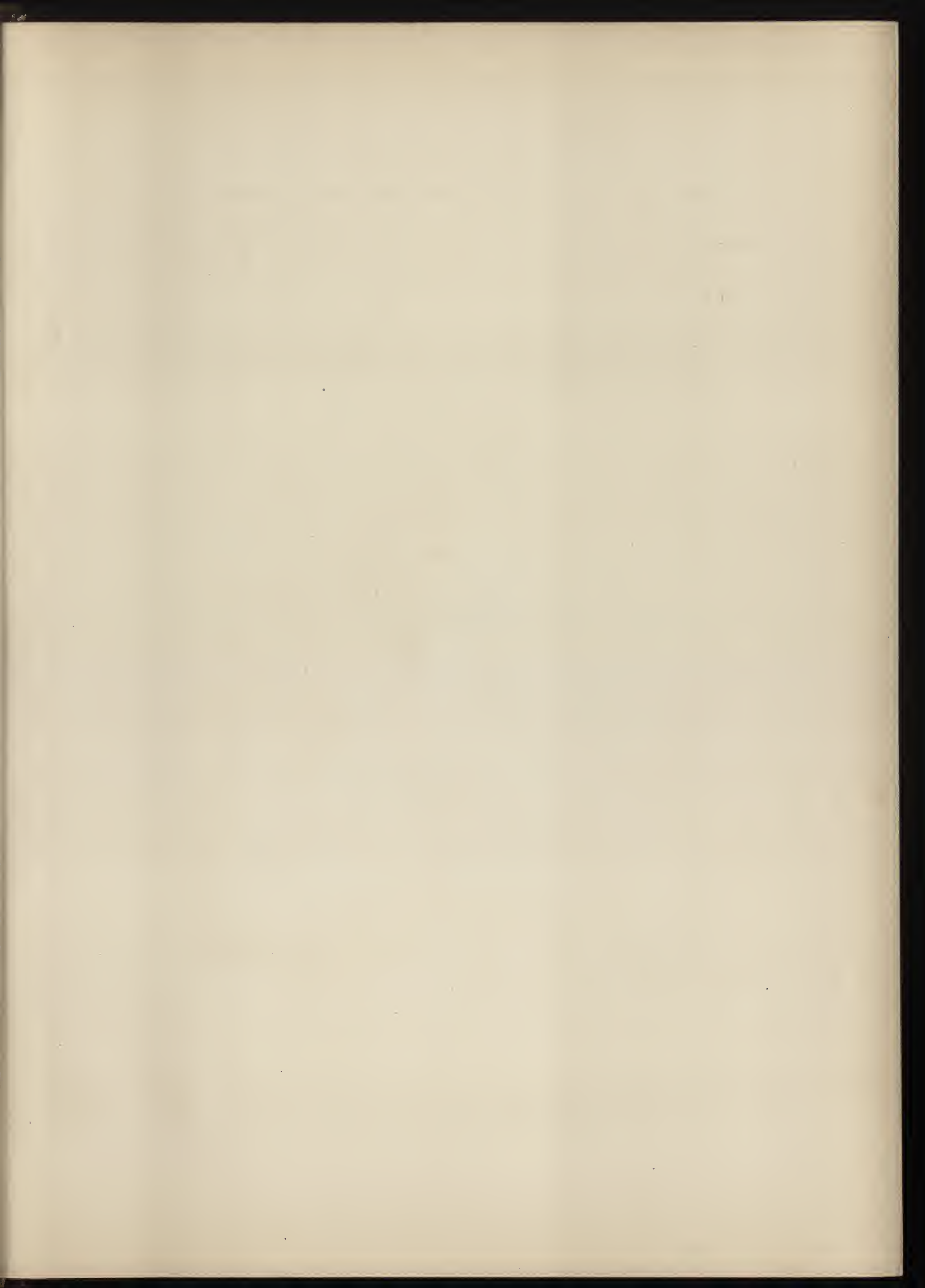
THE harlequinade goes on, and others in motley appear. The scene changes ; and something more than a year—perhaps two—is " supposed to have elapsed," as the play-bills say. Master Tommy Rakewell is a man about town. The " Mohocks" have been suppressed by an Order in Council ; though Noorthouck (*History of London*) says that their outrages were exaggerated, and that sober citizens were hoaxed into unreasoning fears ; which, taking the want of street-lights, of street guardians, and other requirements so abundantly provided for us in the present day, into consideration—and which now make the mightiest metropolis in the world safe to traverse along and across, from one extreme to the other—must certainly have encouraged these primed and wayward gallants in outrageous deeds and violence, since it was a feather in the fool's-cap of those high-born patrician youths, whom it was next to high treason to resist, much less to retaliate upon.

Then the " Hell-fire Clubs" came in ; and of one of these our hero was a member. There were three of them in all ; and forty persons of quality, of *both sexes*, are said to have formed the members. They met at Somerset House, at a house in Westminster, and at Conduit Street, Hanover Square, by turns. Their impiety and blasphemies exceeded all belief. Salmon (an old chronicler) says they assumed the names of the patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, and ridiculed, at their meetings, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the mysteries of the Christian religion !

Can mental iniquity—can moral depravity go farther than this ? If we recollect that it was the age of the *Spectator*, of the *Tatler*, of the good and great Dr. Johnson, of high intelligence, and of pure and virtuous lives, it seems incredible that " persons of quality" should be guilty of conduct and morals not yet attributed to a Whitechapel denizen or a Bermondsey " rough."

You see Tom Rakewell, being ambitious, and having plenty of money, must follow the " fashion." The light-headed whipster must needs imitate his betters. It must be confessed, as we go further on, that he was, in his way, successful, and began the career of a riotous prodigal at a very fast pace indeed.

He has long ere this moved westward, and has taken one of those really grand old mansions in Soho Square, which he has fitted up sumptuously—that is to say, regardless of expense. Without looking quite as picturesque as he might, owing to that dreadful night-cap, it must be confessed that he is vastly improved in appearance—that his ingenuous, boyish air, has given place to what may be a mixture of weak shrewdness, and that melancholy, " knowing" air, which is sure to bring him to grief in the long run.





Engraved by J. Armstrong.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

PLATE I

SURROUNDED BY ARTISTS AND AUTHORS

From the Original Picture by Hogarth.





His levée is in full action; and the noises, the confusion, the *crescendo* of voices—the thrumming of the piano—the squeak of the dancing-master's kit—the horrible blare of the huntsman's horn—must surely render it maddening. The conversation runs somewhat after this fashion:*

“I pray you,” says the bewigged artist at the harpsichord—as he tinkles a thin accompaniment—“I pray you, listen to this a moment. It is divine! divine!” And from the “Rape of the Sabines,” a new opera, he warbles forth a mellifluous verse or two, and

* *Note to Plate II.*—We are next to consider our hero as launched into the world; and having equipped himself with all the necessaries to constitute him a man of taste, he plunges at once into all the fashionable excesses, and enters with spirit into the character he assumes.

The avarice of the penurious father, in this print, is again contrasted by the giddy profusion of his prodigal son. We view him now at his *levée*, attended by masters of various professions, supposed to be here offering their interested services. The foremost figure is readily known to be a dancing-master; behind him are two men, who at the time when these prints were first published, were noted for teaching the arts of defence by different weapons, and who are here drawn from the life; one of whom is a Frenchman, teacher of the small-sword, making a thrust with his foil; the other an Englishman, master of the quarter-staff: the vivacity of the first, and the cold contempt visible in the face of the second, beautifully describe the natural disposition of the two nations. On the left of the latter stands an improver of gardens (drawn also from the life), offering a plan for that purpose. A taste for gardening, carried to excess, must be acknowledged to have been the ruin of numbers, it being a passion that is seldom, if ever, satisfied, and attended with the greatest expense. In the chair sits a professor of music, at the harpsichord, running over the keys, and waiting to give his pupil a lesson; behind whose chair hangs a list of the presents one Farinelli, an Italian singer, received the next day after his first performance at the Opera House; amongst which, there is notice taken of one, which he received from the hero of our piece: thus—“A gold snuff-box, chased, with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes; by T. Rakewell, Esq.” By these mementos of extravagance and pride (for gifts of this kind proceed oftener from ostentation than generosity), and by the engraved frontispiece to a poem (dedicated to our fashionable spendthrift), lying on the floor, which represents the ladies of Britain sacrificing their hearts to the idol Farinelli), crying out, with the greatest earnestness, “one G—d, one Farinelli”—we are given to understand the prevailing dissipation and luxury of the times. Near the principal figure in this plate is that of him, with one hand on his breast, the other on his sword, whom we may easily discover to be a bravo; he is represented as having brought a letter of recommendation, as one disposed to undertake all sorts of service. This character is rather Italian than English; but is here introduced to fill up the list of persons at that time too often engaged in the service of the votaries of extravagance and fashion. Our author would have it imagined in the interval between the first scene and this, that the young man whose history he is painting, had now given himself up to every fashionable extravagance; and among others, he had imbibed a taste for cock-fighting and horse-racing—two amusements which, at that time, the man of fashion could not dispense with. This is evident, from his rider bringing in a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won, and his saloon being ridiculously ornamented with the portraits of celebrated cocks. The figures in the back part of this plate represent tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and such other persons as generally fill the antechamber of a man of quality, except one, who is supposed to be a poet, and has written some panegyric on the person whose *levée* he attends, and who waits for that approbation he already vainly anticipates. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this scene is to teach us, that the man of fashion is too often exposed to the rapacity of his fellow-creatures, and is commonly a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.

“Of the expression in this print,” says Mr. Ireland, “we cannot speak more highly than it deserves. Every character is marked with its proper and discriminative stamp. It has been said by a very judicious critic (the Rev. Mr. Gilpin), from whom it is not easy to differ without being wrong, that the hero of this history, in the first plate of the series, is *unmeaning*, and in the second *ungraceful*. The fact is admitted; but, for so delineating him, the author is entitled to our praise, rather than our censure. Rakewell's whole conduct proves he was a fool; and at that time he had not learned how to perform an artificial character; he therefore looks as he is—unmeaning, and uninformed. But in the second plate he is *ungraceful*.—Granted. The ill-educated son of so avaricious a father could not have been introduced into very good company; and though, by the different teachers who surround him, it evidently appears that he wishes to *assume* the character of a gentleman, his internal feelings tell him he has not attained it. Under that consciousness, he is properly and naturally represented as ungraceful, and embarrassed in his new situation.”

then his voice is lost in the eager discord of the rest. And what a greed, a covetousness, a frightful human humiliation is expressed by them all!

"Hah! sa! sa!—one, two—one, two—*carte—prime—tierce*—and hah! *pardieu*, he have it—mine rapier I mean—up to the hilt!" and Monsieur Dubois, a renowned *maitre-d'armes*, looks proudly round, and, lowering his point, lifts his hat up gracefully.

"Excellent! beautiful! stap me!—Exquisite! Confound me!" says Tom Rakewell; but his praise is somewhat vague.

"Humph!" growls a burly man—Figg, the noted prize-fighter, quarter-staff, and back-sword player of his day—with a contempt thoroughly English—"Humph! why, before he could spitch-cock a man, as he thinks he could, I'd make my quarter-staff sing such a tune in his ears as would make them buzz for a time, I warrant."

"Suppose, Mr. Rakewell, we try a few steps in the *cotillion* you are making such capital progress in?" says active and graceful Mr. Essex, the dancing-master—also well known at the time, and whose little person is got up on a scale of amazing splendour.

"Presently—presently!" says Tom, getting a little bewildered, and bustling between the one and the other; or rather being a centre of attack, which he has to ward off as he best may.

Is that Mr. Kent, the famous everything-arian, who made the skirt of a lady's dress represent the columns of all the orders of architecture known?—is it not himself thrusting the plan of a garden upon the attention of the besieged Tom? Tom whispers in his ear, takes the sketch, and the artist, bowing low, departs elated.

At this moment, too, the startling blast of a huntsman's horn is heard, sounding the charge a-field, and who, in his enthusiasm, can hold out no longer. It rings merrily enough, only that it is out of place and time. With his hand up behind his ear, he bellows forth:—

"Soho! soho! hi Venus! hi old Ringwood! at em Tray and Spot! hi! hi! hola! so ho!"—cheering on his imaginary dogs, something after the manner described, when Master Rakewell—the "Honourable Squire Rakewell" (he was presented with a liberal variety of titles by his parasites, whose ingenuity was occasionally taxed to vary the same)—turning to him, nodded his head approvingly, and the hunter sauntered into the ante-chamber, where yet awaited a throng ready to be received.

"Ah, your honour! there's a cup!" says Master Rakewell's jockey—a person with shrewd features, and slight figure, but possessing muscles of steel—speaking, at all events, most eloquently of temperance, and the invigorating air of the breezy Downs. "There's a cup, your honour! and it was worth while to give two thousand down for that there bright bay, 'Silly Tom.' Bones of me! if it wasn't a pleasure to ride him—it was like sailing in a boat over wave and wave, till the horses were packing, and then we began to get away. Afore I was at Tattenham Corner, I gathered him, head, mouth, legs, and body and all, as I may say, into my own hands, to fling him headlong on when I wanted. The time was coming—hurray! Thunder was behind me! and the shouting of the mob was like thunder in answer. Hi! on! away, boy!—not yet—but steady—I looked half round like, and saw my time was come; and out of my hands he went—like wind, like lightning!

and I thought, by my pinks! that I was rushing through the air. A hurricane of shouts followed: 'Bravo, Silly Tom!' says they; and I'd past the winning-post half a mile 'fore I could bring up the beauty to a quiet walk—and there's the cup!" and Tom puts it up on a sideboard, receives a handsome *largess* from his master, pulls his forelock, and retires.

"That cup cost me ten thousand!" muttered Tom Rakewell; "but—hang it—it's life, and such things must be done. What's ten—twenty thousand to me! Ha! Captain, your servant. My friend, Captain Stab, who follows my Lord Silky, I see recommends you."

The Captain was an overgrown, bulky gentleman, something of a bloated and (loaded) Pistol order. He was one of the "copper captains" of Marlborough's Flanders' wars; was admirable for "looting," foraging, and plunder, and for clearing up the *débris* of a battle-field—in which, by-the-bye, he had taken but scant part—and would hoard up and cherish the relics of the dead with a care truly touching.

"Your honour says right," he replied, in a thick husky voice; "and, as lads of brave mettle, who in their cups find themselves overmatched, can do no better than have an old soldado like myself, with rapier, and dagger, and quarter-staff by them, why your honour will find the amusement twice as great, when the risk is diminished more than one-half."

"You speak well, Captain, stap me!" cries Tom Rakewell, "and you belong to my person from this moment. To-night, even, some merry lads of fashion are about to scour the streets, and finish up—Egad! I don't yet know how or where——"

The Captain made a military salute, and, cocking his hat still more fiercely, strode out of the chamber, and sought for comfortable quarters, which he speedily found.

The *levée* is not yet ended. A poet, a tailor, an advocate—one knows not who or what—pass in and pass out; and, last of all, enters a pretty modest-looking young woman, with drooping eyes, and a trembling in her limbs; and her downcast face is pale with a strange emotion. She is very neatly dressed, and she carries a small box of samples—laces, satins for waistcoats, velvets, and the like: the bucks then wore stays, as some do now; and the woman and the man-milliner seemed, in some articles of wear, to have quite changed places.

"Sarah Young!" cries Tom, with a start of unaffected surprise—"Can this really be you! Sink me, if I can believe it! Why I thought you—that is, I feared you——"

"Dead! did you?" she asked mournfully: "I had something to live for——"

"Hah! hum! adso! why yes, child—gad! thou growest very pretty;" and he advanced with offensive familiarity to chuck her under the chin.

"Back, Master Rakewell—back! Lay no hand upon me more! You wrought me evil and grief enough once—though, I thank heaven, a blessing may have sprung from it!" and she waved him scornfully from her.

"Why, ha! heart! Sink and confound me! How grand the little baggage is—quite in the heroics!" But his laugh was constrained, under the reproach of those tender eyes.

"But pr'ythee, child," he went on, "what didst mean by saying thou 'hast something to live for?'"

"I am a *mother!*" she replied, in a low, thrilling whisper, which seemed for an

instant to electrify him. Perhaps human nature was not quite dead in the young sensualist's bosom. The prodigal might still possess a bit of heart, for all that it was growing callous.

"Faith! I should like to see it, to help you and it——"

"You shall neither see it, know it, help, or aid it—never!" said Sarah in a voice of such quiet, calm decision, as accepts no compromise. "And except such indirect help as I, in my milliner's business, can acquire, I seek none other. I solicit your custom in common with the rest. I can supply you with such articles as you require. My place is in Exeter Change: and in this way your reckless expenditure may be turned to use——"

"Of course—of course, child! Why, send yards—bales; what thou wilt. Faith, it's true. I do not use to spend much money on very good people; and thou shalt have all my custom, and ready-money too."

"Oh, Thomas! for the sake of the time when I thought that—but not so; for your own sake, let me implore you to stop—to pause—to think a little rationally over your headlong career to ruin! You are hastening thither with fatal rapidity. I can see it in the future, and not far off," continued Sarah, with a solemnity which startled him. "Pause before it is too late! for when that moment comes it will be too late indeed."

And Sarah Young departed with her wares and her orders, leaving Tom Rakewell to reflections that, to say the least, were very uncomfortable, and difficult to be got rid of.

So he drank a few glasses of wine, entered his sumptuous dressing-room, called for his valet, and began the serious task of dressing in the full splendour of the day.

To wit:—a green velvet coat, embroidered on the sleeves; an elegant bob-wig and laced hat; embroidered satin vest, breeches, and rolled stockings. These, with high-heeled shoes and diamond buckles, a quantity of snowy-white ruffles, a little paint—a patch or two—and our hero enters into his chair, a perfect specimen of the complete fop and man of fashion of the day.

Then he is carried forth to make the ordinary circuit of morning calls; but as his acquaintances are profligates, gamblers, demireps, and the like, the civilising influences of any home attractions never appear to the unhappy Tom, who, motherless, fatherless, and friendless, knows neither a good man nor a good woman in the wide world—save Sally Young; and she has given him a chill at the heart he cannot easily shake off.

The Chocolate House—White's—the Cockpit—a rehearsal—a match at tennis—a visit to Figg's temple of the "Fancy," Oxford Road—a late dinner, and plenty of wine, at Pontack's—and the day is spent: but the night is coming on; and riot and disorder stalk abroad—the night is coming on—but so also is the *morning!*

What are we to say about this horrible LUPANAR? * What are we expected to tell of

* *Note to Plate III.*—Mr. Ireland having, in his description of this plate, incorporated whatever is of value in Dr. Trusler's text, with much judicious observation and criticism of his own, the editor has taken the former *verbatim*.

"This plate exhibits our licentious prodigal engaged in one of his midnight festivities: forgetful of the past, and negligent of the future, he riots in the present. Having poured his libation to Bacchus, he concludes the evening orgies in a sacrifice at the Cyprian shrine; and, surrounded by the votaries of Venus, joins in the unhallowed mysteries of the place. The companions of his revelry are marked with that easy, unblushing





THE LAUNDRY

LAUNDRY SCENE

From the Original Picture by Hogar & Co.





the hideous mysteries of midnight riot and inebriate iniquity? The critic gives a notice of a very marvellous but startling picture, and I—turn down the leaf.

CHAPTER III.—“NABBED!”

TOM's career, we need not insist upon it, is a fearfully “fast” one; and the whole scoundrelism of the town is busy at his pockets. He will play with small “punters”—contemptible cheats—at any tavern. He will lose one, two, three thousand pounds at hazard in a single night, at that ante-room to Pandemonium and the Lowest Deeps—White's (afterwards Crockford's.) He will bet insanely on his horses at Epsom or Newmarket, and lose—lose—lose; but he is in the charmed circle; the mania is working—nothing can hold him back.

effrontery which belongs to the servants of all work in the isle of Paphos;—for the maids of honour they are not sufficiently elevated.

“He may be supposed, in the phrase of the day, to have beat the rounds, overset a constable, and conquered a watchman, whose staff and lantern he has brought into the room, as trophies of his prowess. In this situation, he is robbed of his watch by the girl whose hand is in his bosom; and, with that adroitness peculiar to an old practitioner, she conveys her acquisition to an accomplice, who stands behind the chair.

“Two of the ladies are quarrelling; and one of them *delicately* spouts wine in the face of her opponent, who is preparing to revenge the affront with a knife, which, in a posture of threatened defiance, she grasps in her hand. A third, enraged at being neglected, holds a lighted candle to a map of the globe, determined to *set the world on fire, though she perish in the conflagration!* A fourth is undressing. The fellow bringing in a pewter dish as part of the apparatus of this elegant and Attic entertainment; a blind harper, a trumpeter, and a ragged ballad-singer, roaring out an obscene song, complete this motley group.

“This design may be a very exact representation of what were then the nocturnal amusements of a brothel. So different are the manners of former and present times, that I much question whether a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern of the metropolis. That we are less licentious than our predecessors, I dare not affirm; but we are certainly more delicate in the pursuit of our pleasures.

“The room is furnished with a set of Roman emperors: they are not placed in their proper order; for in the mad revelry of the evening, this family of frenzy have decollated all of them, except Nero; and his manners had too great a similarity to their own, to admit of his suffering so degrading an insult; their reverence for *virtue* induced them to spare his head. In the frame of a *Cesar* they have placed the portrait of *Pontac*, an eminent cook, whose great talents being turned to heightening sensual, rather than mental enjoyments, he has a much better chance of a votive offering from this company, than would either Vespasian or Trajan.

“The shattered mirror, broken wine-glasses, fractured chair and cane; the mangled fowl, with a fork stuck in its breast, thrown into a corner—and, indeed, every accompaniment, shows that this has been a night of riot without enjoyment, mischief without wit, and waste without gratification.

“With respect to the drawing of the figures in this curious female coterie, Hogarth evidently intended several of them for beauties; and of vulgar, uneducated, prostituted beauty, he had a good idea. The hero of our tale displays all that careless jollity which copious draughts of maddening wine are calculated to inspire; he laughs the world away, and bids it pass. The poor dupe, without his periwig, in the background, forms a good contrast of character: he is maudlin drunk, and sadly sick. To keep up the spirit of unity throughout the society, and not leave the poor African girl entirely neglected, she is making signs to her friend the porter, who perceives, and slightly returns, her love-inspiring glance. This print is rather crowded—the subject demanded it should be so; some of the figures, thrown into shade, might have helped the general effect, but would have injured the characteristic expression.”

[Dr. Ireland seems to have been unable to descry any remains of faded beauty in the females of this group; but, despite that debauchery has given them a bloated and blowzy appearance, there are unequivocal traces of feminine loveliness yet to be remarked in some; and which is simply obscured by the appalling license of the scene.—ED.]

But while the current of his downfall moves as often in a low and vulgar groove, of course, a man who plays so high at White's—who bets so rashly and so daringly on the turf—can't be free from the nobler black-legs of society, who are the very vilest and worst extant. Else, how could he obtain a ticket to go to the Court of a monarch so renowned for its cumbrous *etiquette* as that of the well-beloved George I.

Such, however, is the case; and it can only be accounted for on the supposition that he has obliged some of his "noble patrons" with a round loan, the price of which is the presentation-ticket in question. Behold him, then, magnificent in attire—elegant and handsome yet, and graceful as an Apollo—borne thither in a chair; and certainly he would have done no discredit to the glittering throng. It is, let me add, *par parenthèse*, the 1st of March—St. David's day, "look you"—and the birthday of Queen Caroline.

Behold the gay cavalcades crowding St. James's Street; the chairs, the fine carriages, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, blazing with diamonds; and bearing gentlemen, some in gorgeous regimentals, others in court dresses, to their glittering destination. Listen to the shoutings, the quarrelling of chairmen—to their oaths, blows, brawlings;—all constituting a very Babel; and faintly up the street comes the subdued melody of the band of the King's favourite regiment.

Master Rakewell's heart is beginning to beat high, for the glitter of the scene exercises a natural fascination upon him. His pride increases at the thought that he, too, shall make one in that dazzling, that majestic throng.

How soon his Alnaschar reverie is broken! for just as he is turning out of Piccadilly into the said St. James's Street, in order to fall in with the current, his chair is stopped, and a noisy altercation, of the true "street" order, ensues.

"Now, my gay fellow!" says an angry-looking Alguazil, "stop your hurry."

"Now then, nob-stick!" growls out the chairman, dropping his poles; "what is it? what do you mean by coming and putting your unpleasant-looking physiognomy in a gentleman's way for? Clear out!"

"Be mild, will you—mild as any purl, my handy lad! I wants your master."

"Ah!" said the chairman, disgusted; "I see what you are; you're one of those blessed folks as is so fond of people, that you give 'em board and lodging, whether they like it or no; and don't forget it in the bill."

"Just am, my gay fellow!" replied the other, with wonderful composure, and a wink of his right eye; "and now *will* you let that there gorgeous gentleman out! Thank you! Morning, your honour; sorry to disturb your honour, but these things must be attended to. At suit of Cross and Pile, silkmen, St. Paul's; only fifty yellow Georgys this time, which I call shabby—don't you, mate?"

"Mean, to a degree!" assented the other, in a foggy growl.

"Why—gracious powers! and I going to Court—such a scene as this!" ejaculated the startled Tom Rakewell, for this was the first intimation he had as yet received of the true nature of a "writ."

"Ah, they know *that*, your honour!" remarked the bailiff, waving his fatal slip of paper; "and a good many more will be nabbed to-day, too, as they go to Court; and won't get there—will they, mate?"





Designed by W. Johnson.

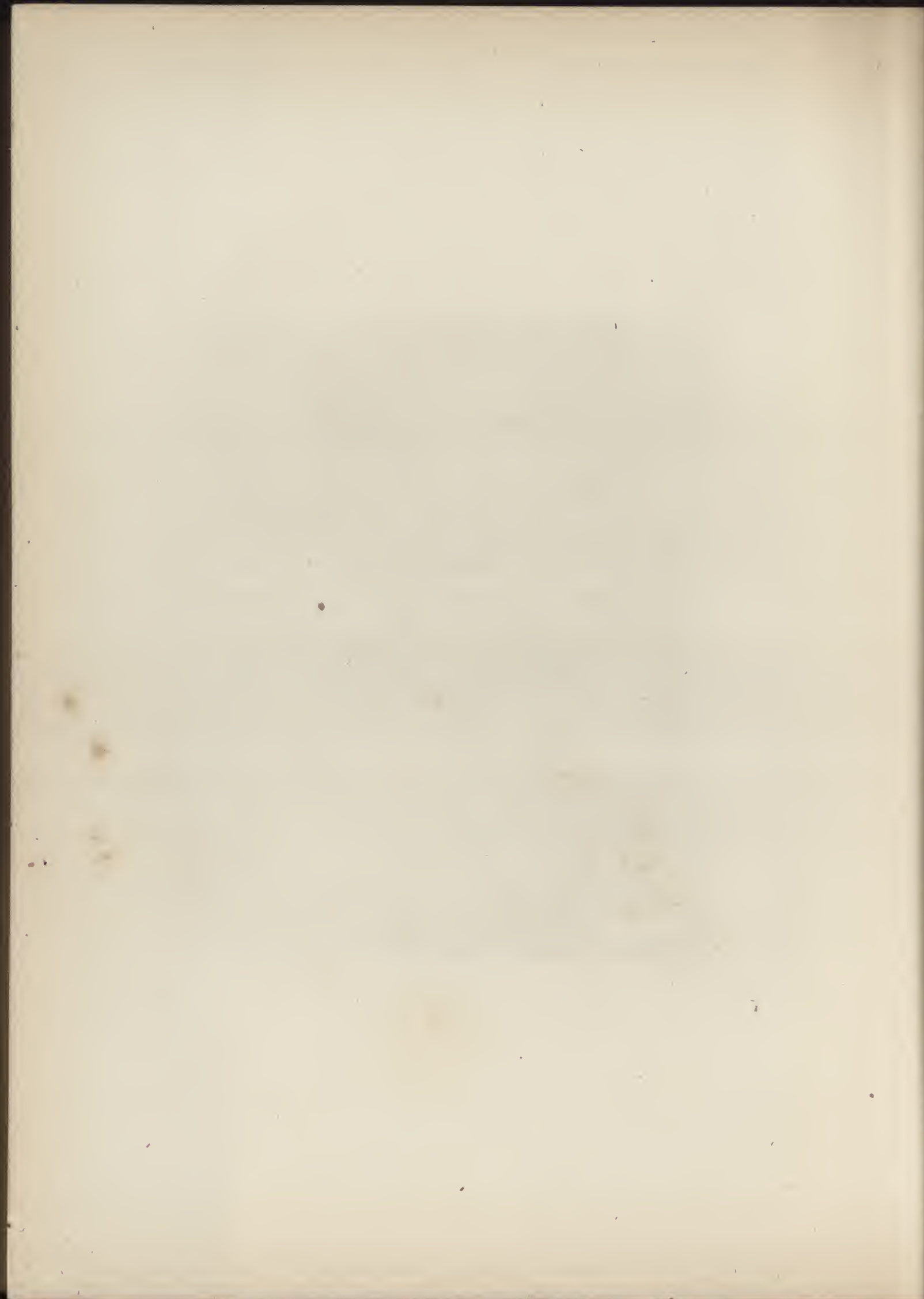
THE RAKES AND RASCALS

OR

ARRESTED FOR DEBT AND GOING TO COURT

From the Original Sketch by H. P. [unclear]





"Rather think not; but there will be a splendiferous show of fine coats and rapiers at Jonah and Levison's, in Chancery Lane; quite a le-wee there, I thinks—such a presentation—ho! ho!"

The burning shame, the dread, the disappointment—for Master Tommy did not happen to have twenty pieces in his pocket—the coarse badgering, the gathering crowd, and all the rest of it, made Tom nearly sick with apprehension; and he began to stammer forth some plea—make some excuse, and so forth; knowing but little of his men.

"No go! your honour—business must be done;" and the bailiff* laid his finger knowingly on his nose. "The blunt, the rhino, or I must trouble your chair to make its way by Cranbourne Alley, eastwards, and to Chancery Lane."

* *Note to Plate IV.*—The career of dissipation is here stopped. Dressed in the first style of the *ton*, and getting out of a sedan-chair, with the hope of shining in the circle, and perhaps forwarding a former application for a place or pension, he is arrested! To intimate that being plundered is the certain consequence of such an event, and to show how closely one misfortune treads upon the heels of another, a boy is at the same moment stealing his cane.

The unfortunate girl whom he basely deserted, is now a milliner, and naturally enough attends in the crowd, to mark the fashions of the day. Seeing his distress, with all the eager tenderness of unabated love, she flies to his relief. Possessed of a small sum of money, the hard earnings of unremitted industry, she generously offers her purse for the liberation of her worthless favourite. This releases the captive beau, and displays a strong instance of female affection; which, being once planted in the bosom, is rarely eradicated by the coldest neglect, or harshest cruelty.

The high-born, haughty Welshman, with an enormous leek, and a countenance keen and lofty as his native mountains, establishes the chronology, and fixes the day to be the 1st of March; which being sacred to the titular saint of Wales, was observed at Court.

Mr. Nichols remarks of this plate:—"In the early impressions, a shoe-black steals the Rake's cane. In the modern ones, a large group of sweeps, and black-shoe boys, are introduced gambling on the pavement; near them a stone inscribed *Black's*, a contrast to *White's* gaming-house, against which a flash of lightning is pointed. The curtain in the window of the sedan-chair is thrown back. This plate is likewise found in an intermediate state; the sky being made unnaturally obscure, with an attempt to introduce a shower of rain, and lightning very awkwardly represented. It is supposed to be a first proof after the insertion of the group of blackguard gamblers; the window of the chair being only marked for an alteration that was afterwards made in it. Hogarth appears to have so far spoiled the sky, that he was obliged to obliterate it, and cause it to be engraved over again by another hand."

Mr. Gilpin observes:—"Very disagreeable accidents often befall gentlemen of pleasure. An event of this kind is recorded in the fourth print, which is now before us. Our hero going, in full dress, to pay his compliments at Court on St. David's day, was accosted in the rude manner which is here represented.—The composition is good. The form of the group, made up of the figures in action, the chair, and the lamplighter, is pleasing. Only, here we have an opportunity of remarking, that a group is disgusting, where the extremities of it are heavy. A group, in some respects, should resemble a tree. The heavier part of the foliage (the cup, as the landscape-painter calls it) is always near the middle; the outside branches, which are relieved by the sky, are light and airy. An inattention to this rule has given a heaviness to the group before us. The two bailiffs, the woman, and the chairman, are all huddled together in that part of the group which should have been the lightest; while the middle part, where the hand holds the door, wants strength and consistence. It may be added, too, that the four heads, in the form of a diamond, make an unpleasing shape. All regular figures should be studiously avoided.—The light had been well distributed, if the bailiff holding the arrest, and the chairman, had been a little lighter, and the woman darker. The glare of the white apron is disagreeable.—We have, in this print, some beautiful instances of expression. The surprise and terror of the poor gentleman is apparent in every limb, as far as is consistent with the fear of discomposing his dress. The insolence of power in one of the bailiffs, and the unfeeling heart which can jest with misery, in the other, are strongly marked. The self-importance, too, of the honest Cambrian is not ill portrayed; who is chiefly introduced to settle the chronology of the story.—In point of grace, we have nothing striking. Hogarth might have introduced a degree of it in the female figure: at least, he might have contrived to vary the heavy and unpleasing form of her drapery.—The perspective is good, and makes an agreeable shape."

"What is this? what is the matter?" cried a soft, eager, feminine voice, as its owner pressed forward, and showed to the eager eyes of Tommy the agitated face of Sarah Young. "Oh, Master Rakewell!" she exclaimed—"oh, Tommy! what is this?"

"Only a writ, ma'am, for a small debt," replied the bailiff; then added, *sotto voce*—"and I don't think you can do much in the matter."

"A writ!—seized!—taken to prison!" she exclaimed, turning pale.

"Oh, bless you, ma'am, nothing like it: going quite to a palace, contrayriwise."

"What is it? how much do you want?" continued the eager woman, letting her box fall to the ground in her haste, and which the chairman civilly picked up; while she hurriedly felt for her purse.

"Fifty, in all, and I have twenty," hesitated Tom, doubtful—touched—proud, it may be, of her continued interest in him: though the poor wretch could not see the nobler, higher motive.

"There's fifty guineas in that purse," she said, hurriedly, pressing it upon the tipstaff. "Give me the receipt—the paper—all in proper form. Soh—that's well—good-bye—good-day;" and, with a half-hysterical sob, and a sigh, she hastened away, ere Tom could speak his thanks—which doubtless he meant to;—ran away, as if she dared not trust to her own strength of mind for an instant more.

Tom looks grave, again enters into the chair, which is closed upon him, having first given the catchpoles a guinea. Catchpole and chairman nod, wink, grin at each other, and then go diverging ways. Let Mr. Nabbem go to his head-quarters with his man, therefore, and let Tom go to Court, and see how much he likes it.

Oh, thou poor Mohock!—for all thy peacock finery, bravery, and lace—thou everlastingly poor plucked one; has it come to this? Must this resplendent hero sponge (it is no better) upon the poor little milliner, besides having done her such a great original wrong? Poor plucked fool—plucked at White's—at the Cockpit, Whitehall, where he loses thousands; and, poor "patron of the turf," well for you if it covered you in rest and kindly peace for ever. Plucked at Newmarket and Epsom—plucked, swindled, robbed in such a mean, open, brazen, and shameless manner, that I begin to lose patience with you. What, the pest! am I to make of a creature with such weak brains? I declare I pity him, too, surrounded and hemmed in as he is by that half-ruffian, half-brigand, all-scoundrel crew; for I fear there is no help for him—"no health in him," after all.

And poor Sarah! was the money her own?—that is to say, was it not her's to pay over for goods and wares to supply her stock. Monies in trust to be sacrificed thus, and with herself and her child—*his* child to support! Truly, a woman that once loves, is a long-suffering, patient, devoted slave, martyr, and angel! What wonder if, when men meet such as these—of which Sally Young is the type—what wonder that they wrong them, tyrannise over them, heap redoubled cruelties upon them;—what wonder, I say, when it seems to gratify them—do them so much good—and gives them such refreshing views of human life and nature as they must necessarily have!

CHAPTER IV.—“EL DORADO.”—NUMBER TWO.—AND THE “WAY THE MONEY GOES.”

TIME'S whirligig ran round, and took away at least five years with it, and brought no abatement of Master Tommy Rakewell's extravagances and tastes, save that he had by this time learned to *play* in turn, and held a very oscillating balance—neither much lost—he could lose little more now—neither did he win much; he lacked the full-blown trick, and being more fool than knave, was not at any time equal to his adopted profession.

He had now literally squandered away his whole vast fortune; and having in some sort habituated himself to the usages of “high life” (whatever they are), lived upon appearances, as others did—that is to say, if he would live at all. One would have thought that Tom had by this time grown tired of his life of satiety; but life, of course, becomes doubly dear, in proportion as we find it slipping away through our fingers—so to speak. He was yet enabled to keep up a goodly household and show; but his great parties were very much rarer than of old. So far Tom had the wit to go out to eat, lest he be eaten at home. Of his parasites alone, Captain Pinkey clung to him. The Captain was useful: he was an old neglected soldier! His country had treated him with contumely; and Tom Rakewell—sink him!—pensioned the brave man, who had fought in Flanders, where they “swore so terribly”—had given him a seat at his board, a plate and a tankard at his table; and he was faithfully served in return.

The stud at Epsom was now represented by a single filly, which was to win an enormous stake. Tom had the sense to take no odds whatever, however tempting, since, hitherto, his conduct had been considered straightforward, and highly honourable to him. If he lost this time, he could not pay. If he won—but, not betting, he did not win—but he might win both cup and stakes; and little Dick Cutit, the jockey, more wiry and important than ever, was undergoing a severe course of training.

The Captain and he sat together one afternoon in his private symposium, overlooking Soho Square; and as there were several bottles of wine, for various tastes, and strong waters for the Captain's especial use, standing on the table, they had an excellent floating medium for the carrying on of the conversation which arose between them. It was very important, indeed, in its way, being a committee of ways and means.

“Old Grasp—the penurious old hunks!—whom, I doubt not, hath pretty well feathered his nest—the everlasting old rascal!—he hath raised me the last thousand he can, he says; and, ha! when I told him to go to the devil!—faith, sir, he coolly lifted up his hat off his rusty old jasey, and bade me a good-day! Ha! ha! Capital, wasn't it?”

“Humph!” growled the Captain; “only I suspect that he has gained by his dismissal.”

“Why, thou envious trencher-scraper,” cried Tom, “do I not know that thou hast secret hoards, got at my expense, and stowed away in I don't know what confounded, musty old corners? How is it,” he continued, looking with one eye through his glass, “that my pockets of a morning have been so clean, when at night I know they were full of gold pieces?”

"Why, zounds! would you imply——"

"Come, good Captain; no bluster! no swagger! Keep your temper. I know you, by this time, too well to be huffed."

"And I you, also, Master Rakewell!" muttered the Captain, a little glum.

"Why, thou bull's head and leaden brains! is it thou that gives me wage, and board, and a suit? or is it I who have kept thee out of the Fleet or the hangman's hands any time this half-dozen years?"

"Why, it can't be denied—hum—hah!" and the Captain was silent.

"Then what do you growl for, rascal?" demanded Tom, more angry than was his wont.

"Why, you have your valet, and he's as nimble-fingered a knave as I know of; and, I'll wager, more familiar with your pockets than I am like to be, since, even if I were to go foraging, that cogging rascal will have been beforehand."

"That's true, my Captain, very true; therefore we'll no longer discuss that matter. The real matter is—to raise fresh supplies."

"And has your honour not hit upon a plan?" demanded Captain Pinkey, solacing himself with what, by the rich aroma diffused around, must be a dram of patent Dutch waters.

"Why, to tell the truth, I have, in part; but if thou hast done the same, pr'ythee, brave bully Captain, instruct me, let me learn; 'show me thy thoughts,' as Mr. Garrick says in the play."

"Yes—oh, yes, by the honour of my sword, and I'll warrant you'll admit that it comes pat to the purpose——"

"Well!" ejaculated the other, impatiently.

"Marry an heiress," was the laconic reply, accompanied by a pantomimic series of nods, gestures, winks, and the like—the Captain's favourite mode of giving emphasis to a preconceived opinion.

"Marry an heiress!" and Master Rakewell, sipping his wine, paused, meditated, cast a look over the square, which the sun was warmly gilding—Master Rakewell, at this particular moment, looked quite other than the man he was by nature. A little over thirty, his person had grown more robust and developed; but it was still the figure and the face of a comely man; and when he assumed a mood of gravity and thought, his gravity became him wonderfully. "Marry an heiress!" he repeated; "well, the idea is not bad, I confess; though it lacks the element of novelty: but, egad! "I think thou hast hit it, my noble Captain, this time; since it chimes in with my own views. And, stap me! if I have not found out the very woman!"

"And who may she be, most honourable master of mine?" asked the Captain, in a round, jolly, Pistolian tone.

"Why—whisper! stap me! 'tis a wormwood draught to swallow, though the gilding does in a way recommend it; and, in the present shaky state of my fortunes, 'tis not so nauseous either. What think'st? Why, 'tis Mistress Tabitha Singlelove, that antiquated virginity, whose yellow skin seems to have been brought about by a golden elixir——"

"By Potosi and the mines of Peru—by all the gold that Midas was master of—'tis

the most famous decision—a veritable coincidence. Give you joy; wish you success; the very woman I thought of. *I tried her.*”

“Thou didst?” exclaimed Master Rakewell, with a laugh.

“And was shown to the door for my pains,” added the unabashed Captain. “Faith! I thought that a man of my figure and martial aspect would have found her heart tender—ready to catch fire at a moment’s notice.”

“Well, Captain, I have met her on several occasions at routs, at the theatre, at Vauxhall, at Heidegger’s masques; and—I had understood that she was wealthy—I laid siege to her at once. ‘Charming creature,’ I said, ‘what fine eyes you have!—lovely woman! what a figure and a carriage!’ She is a skeleton, Captain, rolled in flannel and bandages. I took her to her own door one night, and on the way confessed, that my love, my hand, heart, and fortune were her’s.”

“Well!” said the laconic Captain.

“A cursed cross-adventure put a sudden stop to my outpourings; but the next opportunity—now, sirrah! what want you?”

A liveried servant entered, with a card and *billet* on a salver, both of which Master Rakewell hastily snatched and read over.

“A *rout* this night at Lady Brabazon Hardware’s!” cries Rakewell, perusing the card. “Hum! I don’t see much use there; if one goes to cards, the women are such confounded cheats, that they——” He stopped short, took up the *billet*, opened, and read it.

“‘Good Master Rakewell, as you have expressed yourself my well-wisher and devoted slave, in such pure, pretty words, I may be pardoned for saying that I shall be at my Lady Hardware’s *rout* this evening, at Hanover Square; for the which you will receive a ticket.—Yours,—TABITHA.’”

“Hurrah! Victoria! the game’s as good as won. Captain—belt, sword, and dagger to-night. I want to get up a little skirmish, d’ye see—eh!”

The Captain winked, emptied his glass, laid his dirty finger on his rubicund nose, now all in a glow, and nodded his comprehension and assent.

A slight change of scene, good reader, if you please, and a still slighter retrospect.

You will, perhaps, be curious to know a little of this ancient lady, whose enormous wealth was considered as *more* than a set-off for her incomparable plainness of features.

Saville Row, as most people must be aware, is one of those quiet, *quasi*-aristocratic *locales* (it had a higher standing then), where opulence dwelt in a ponderous ease, in a warm and woollen amount of comfort, suggestive of every luxury in due season, and telling of an unlimited balance at the banker’s. Dowagers, elderly spinsters, determined old maids, pensioned generals’ widows, and the like, reigned there. The extremely slumbrous quiet of the spot recommended it to such as loved their ease; and if there was no great amount of ostentation displayed, there were not the less exquisite dinners cooked, exquisite wines decanted, exquisite luxuries of every kind at hand; while the tranquil air of the place promoted digestion, and gentle after-dinner slumber.

In one of these messuages or tenements dwelt Mrs. Tabitha Singlelove, the rich heiress, whose gentle heart Tom Rakewell was going to besiege.

Her house was a very palace of indolence: the listed doors closed noiselessly; the carpets would not have allowed a creak to pass from the flooring if an elephant trod them. The hangings, tapestries, and curtains were upon an oriental scale. Couches, huge chairs, cavernous with cushions, solicited you to recline upon them. The magnificent lustre, suspended from the centre of her drawing-room, flung down a gentle, radiant, noiseless cataract of light; and if at any time the howling wintry winds went angrily past the windows, and buffeted them, folded masses of window-curtains, Japan screens—more Japan screens before the doors—sheltering the players at the several tables, proved that she knew not a little of the science of life, for all that the luckless woman was so—so—well, so ugly! It's a bitter word, but that's a fact!

How came she by all these riches—pictures, vases, china, *bijouterie*, this *bric-a-brac* collection—these ivory chairs, *buhl*-work, and the rest?—whence came they all?

Accident, transforming circumstances into something which partakes at times of the nature of a *tontine*, did the whole; and somewhat in this wise.

The sire, an astute old trader, living in a dingy office eastward, of course, dealt in live stock from the Congo Coast, and gave that fillip to the noble science of “black-bird catching” (slave-hunting), which arrived at such perfection on the shores of the Spanish Main, the Indies, the young American colonies, that have since rendered themselves such admirable exponents of the “principles of liberty” they then talked so loudly about. But, hold! this is foreign to the narrative. *He* died, and left his daughter fifty thousand pounds.

His son succeeding him, invested this money with his own capital, took contracts with the immaculate John, Duke of Marlborough, as *sleeping* partner, and swindled the country out of half a million, which the *two* honest fellows divided between them. This son died too, and a second brother and Miss Tabitha profited by the same.

The second brother “went in” for Sir John Law and the Mississippi scheme—sold out when the premiums were cent. per cent., and realised a hundred thousand pounds! It seems hard, with all these blessings waiting upon such worthy people, that their term of enjoying them was generally so brief. But they were not spendthrifts, any of them. The mere fact of acquisition afforded to each and all a richer relish than aught beneath the sky that their wealth could purchase. Suffice it, that he, the remaining brother, died in turn. The “*tontine*” was done up—run out—and Tabitha Singlelove “took” all!

I cannot tell you how she got by degrees westward, and at last set up her gorgeous tent in Saville Row. All I can tell my reader is, that it was so.

Let us now pay a brief visit to Hanover Square—glance in upon Lady Brabazon d Hardware's *roue*, where, by this time, Mistress Tabitha Singlelove and Master Thomas Rakewell have already met; and where, resplendent in feathers and diamonds, stars, garters, and orders, some of the noblest in the land are found to constitute the company; while lights, music, and odours mingle together.

Noble and wealthy, proud of their family names and honours, there are more than one pair of eyes following the striking figure of Miss Singlelove, as she moves with a slight limp

up and down the room, leaning on the arm of undoubtedly the handsomest man present—to wit, Master Thomas Rakewell; and these eyes full of an eager, devouring light—full of the fire of avarice. Chiefly, it is women who indulge in these looks—some men are envious too; for, with her enormous fortune, she would (the poor Tabitha) be a catch for a peer—but chiefly the majestic mothers, who have their splendid Gracchi to provide for, their younger sons to portion off; and Lady Brabazon Hardware has invited the creature she laughs at, as a practical jest, in order that she might set her great hulking younger son, Captain de Boots Brabazon Hardware, to attack the spinster's heart; and did not doubt but that the heavily stupid swell would be successful. What was that esteemed lady's rage at seeing herself so circumvented! She consigned Tom at once to the infernal gods!

"I declare it's enough to make one accuse providence, my dear," she says to a confidential friend, "to think that I should have made every arrangement to make sure of her, and leave all clear for De Boots, when—just look! if that odious young spendthrift has not seized upon her; and, mark me! the wretch will carry away the prize."

"It's just as contrary, my dear, as my Mungo running away with a tailor-body's daughter from Perth," remarked a lady with many freckles, towering cheek bones, glassy blue eyes, a turban like Skiddaw, and a Scottish accent as broad as the Firth of Forth; "Lizze, ye limmer," she added, in a hissing whisper, to a younger copy of herself, "if I catch ye flirting with that callant who's na worth a bodle, ony mair, 'od but I'se raddle thee. Think of your blood, woman—the blood of the Mulls of Mearn—and—there, gang thy ways, and be discreet, lassie."

"De Boots!" said Lady Hardware to her son, a tall, heavy, dragoonish, and dull, though good-looking individual, "if you mean to try your chance, you must try it at once. She is seated alone now. Away, man—faint heart—think of her dowry."

"Oh! haw! Jove! cuss me!" exclaimed this noble piece of blood, as with a swaying, slow, half-swinging step, he crossed to the ottoman on which Miss Tabitha was seated.

"Your pardon, madam!—forgad!—haw!—may I—rat me! and sink me!" he added to himself, "but she *is* con-foundedly ugly—may I beg the honour of your hand——"

"You are very polite, Captain Hardware, I'm sure," she replied; and added, simpering, "I believe, however, that I am engaged."

"That is true, madam," said a voice beside them; and there stood Master Rakewell, gallant and handsome, bearing a small salver, on which were some slight refreshments. "Sorry to have forestalled you, Captain Hardware; but——"

"Not another word, Rakewell—not another word!" broke in the gallant Captain, adding, petulantly to himself, as he stalked away in the same leisurely manner, "Demmy! that fellow's luck or his impudence does him good service, and we thought him the merest pigeon and gull alive. If he don't turn the tables on some of us yet, I'm mistaken."

They walked through the *cotillion*, Rakewell preserving his dignified look and carriage with striking effect. They promenaded, they supped; and, finally, she, in a half-whisper, begged him to call her chair, as she felt disposed to retire.

This he went off readily enough to do. The chair was soon at the door, and, after a few words to the men, and some secret communication with Captain Pinkey, who was

waiting on "duty" in the crowd—all hooded and veiled, she tripped gaily down, leaning heavily upon the arm of her now favoured swain.

Outside, in the street, there appeared to be some commotion. Some "scourers" and ragamuffins were blocking back the chairs, keeping the link-boys away, and evidently getting up a disturbance for nefarious purposes of their own.

Lights were flashing in every direction; oaths and shouts rang out of a swaying mob; staves were used, and swords drawn.

"Chair! chair! where is the lady's chair!" exclaimed Rakewell, imperiously.

"The Scourers! the Scourers!" shrieked the crowd.

"The Mohocks! the Mohocks!" then rang from amidst them.

"Oh heaven, we shall be murdered!" cried the little woman, clinging to his arm.

"Do not fear, madam, while I am with you," said Rakewell, gallantly drawing his sword; then, seeing that the Captain and his Janizaries were ready, he drew her arm under his; and saying, "Come with me—fear nothing," plunged, sword in hand, into the midst of the mass; amid shrieks, oaths, curses, and blows, and fought his way to a chair, into which she was placed; and as a couple of link-boys went a-head, Tom Rakewell marched on one side, and the Captain on the other—the latter taking particular care not to be seen, for reasons of his own. Finally, Saville Row was safely reached, and the "good-nights" were responded with equal fervour.

"Oh, thou dost not know what a pure, handsome man he is," said Tabitha to her confidential waiting-maid, as she was preparing for her rest. "So brave, and noble!—he is, truly, such a man as one does not meet in a thousand!"

"And does he love you, ma'am?"

"What a question! His eyes have told me. The pressure of his hand—his lips——"

"Then I hope you will be happy."

"Happy!—the happiest woman on earth."

The next day Master Rakewell called—saw her alone—had his cut-and-dry interview politically over; and the result was—they were married, by special licence, in a most incomprehensibly private manner; and pretty, gentle, sorrowful Sally Young was Mistress Singlelove's bridesmaid.*

* *Note to Plate V.*—To be thus degraded by the rude enforcement of the law, and relieved from an exigence by one whom he had injured, would have wounded, humbled—I had almost said reclaimed—any man who had either feeling or elevation of mind; but, to mark the progression of vice, we here see this depraved, lost character, hypocritically violating every natural feeling of the soul, to recruit his exhausted finances, and marrying an old and withered Sybil, at the sight of whom nature must recoil.

The ceremony passes in the old church, Mary-le-bone, which was then considered at such a distance from London, as to become the usual resort of those who wished to be privately married: that such was the view of this prostituted young man, may be fairly inferred from a glance at the object of his choice. Her charms are heightened by the affectation of an amorous leer, which she directs to her youthful husband, in grateful return for a similar compliment which she supposes paid to herself. This gives her face much meaning; but meaning of such a sort, that an observer being asked, "*How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?*" would naturally reply, "*How hateful must be her love!*"

In his demeanour we discover an attempt to appear at the altar with becoming decorum: but internal perturbation darts through assumed tranquillity; for though he is *plighting his troth* to the old woman, his eyes are fixed on the young girl who kneels behind her.





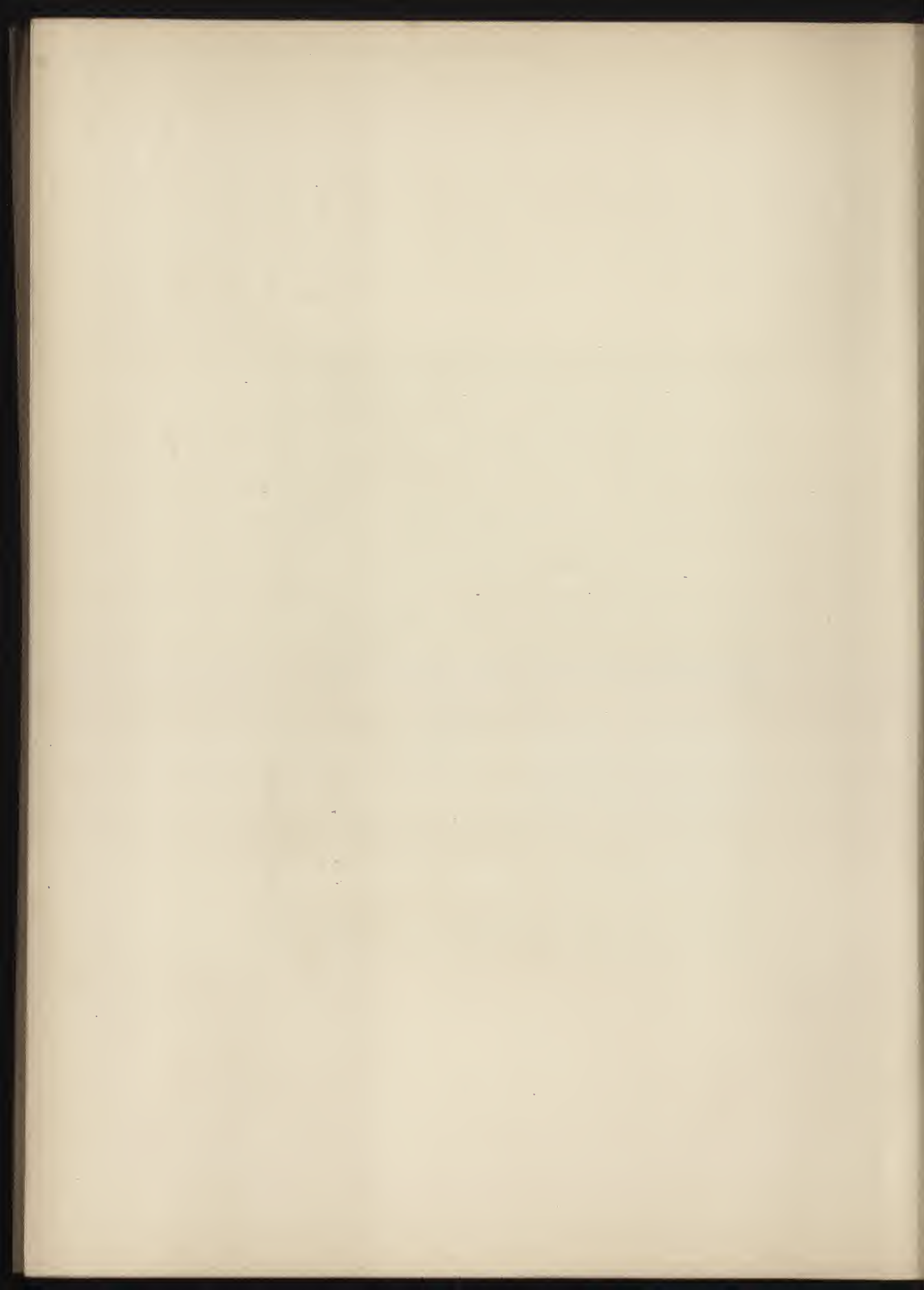


THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

PLATE 4.

MARRIES AN OLD MAID.

From the Original Picture by Hogarth.



The reader is, no doubt, surprised to meet with the heroine of this narrative, Sarah Young, under the circumstances just narrated; but it is a matter very easily explained.

Unmarried to that present hour, Sarah Young had kept the even tenor of her way, and fought life's battle bravely enough. The money which she, with such characteristic generosity and self-abnegation, gave the bailiffs to release Rakewell, not having been repaid her, while it was due for stúffs, silks, and tradesmen's materials, in which she dealt—the strife and the struggle she encountered to make it up again can scarcely be imagined; and, though she did get out of debt ultimately, her business became paralysed, and she was forced to give it up. Putting her mother, therefore, in a humbler way of trade, and leaving her little girl in charge of the grandmother, who loved the pretty prattler very dearly, she sought about for service, and found it to her comfort with Tabitha Singlelove, who, if she was whimsical, capricious, and exacting at times, was also liberal and good-natured; and, for awhile, Sarah got on with her very comfortably indeed.

It was not without a sudden and a severe shock that she discovered her mistress's

The parson and clerk seem made for each other; a sleepy, stupid solemnity marks every muscle of the divine; and the nasal droning of the *lay brother* is most happily expressed. Accompanied by her child and mother, the unfortunate victim of his seduction is here again introduced, endeavouring to enter the church, and forbid the banns. The opposition made by an old pew-opener, with her bunch of keys, gave the artist a good opportunity for indulging his taste in the burlesque; and he has not neglected it.

A dog (Trump, Hogarth's favourite), paying his addresses to a one-eyed quadruped of his own species, is a happy parody of the unnatural union going on in the church.

The commandments are broken: a crack runs near the tenth, which says, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife*—a prohibition in the present case hardly necessary. The creed is destroyed by the damps of the church; and so little attention has been paid to the poor's-box, that it is covered with a *cobweb*! These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour were perhaps never equalled by any exertion of the pencil; excelled they cannot be.

On one of the pew doors is the following curious specimen of churchyard poetry, and mortuary orthography:—

“THESE : PEWES : VNSCRUD : AND TANE : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAUEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
TO : WIT : A VALT : FOR : BURIAL : THERE : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS.”

This is a correct copy of the inscription. Part of these lines, in raised letters, now form a pannel in the wain-scot at the end of the right-hand gallery, as the church is entered from the street. The mural monument of the Taylors, composed of lead, gilt over, is still preserved: it is seen in Hogarth's print, just under the window.

A glory over the bride's head is whimsical.

The bay and holly, which decorate the pews, give a date to the period, and determine this preposterous union of January with June, to have taken place about the time of Christmas:—

“When Winter linger'd in her icy veins.”

Addison would have classed her among the evergreens of the sex.

It has been observed, that “the church is too small; and the wooden post, which seems to have no use, divides the picture very disagreeably.” This cannot be denied: but it appears to be meant as an accurate representation of the place; and the artist delineated what he saw. The grouping is good, and the principal figure has the air of a gentleman. The light is well distributed, and the scene most characteristic.

The commandments being represented as broken, might probably give the hint to a lady's reply, on being told that thieves had the preceding night broken into the church, and stolen the communion-plate, and the ten commandments. “I suppose,” added the informant, “that they may melt and sell the plate; but can you divine for what possible purpose they could steal the commandments?”—“To *break* them, to be sure,” replied she;—“to *break* them.”

husband to be none other than Master Thomas Rakewell; and, but for the summoning together all her fortitude, when they stood before the altar, she would have betrayed the secret of her heart to a woman jealous as a tigress; for, alas! she loved him still—loved him the more that he was worthless and foredoomed; and she felt the dreadful presentiment keenly alive within her, that she should witness the catastrophe of his life—what that might be, she knew not—but that it was not far off, she felt certain.

Accordingly, she lost no time in intimating to her mistress the urgent necessity of leaving her service, much to Madame Rakewell's chagrin, who had really begun to love her; but she could not, would not remain under the same roof with its master for all the wealth of the Indies.

Master Thomas Rakewell, to do him justice, seized the opportunity of repaying her the *loan* (so he called it) which, at an imminent moment, she had made him. With this she doubled the stock in her mother's small shop, and set to work at her needle night and day, in order that the little darling playing about her knees, might feed well, and sleep warmly; and Sarah was very contented, long-suffering, and, in her way, happy.

How long, the reader will ask—how long did the precious honeymoon, just risen in the horizon, last? And how long was it before its very "pale and ineffectual fires" began to grow weak, and, finally, become extinct altogether?

Alas! not long—not long! The reader's instinct will speedily comprehend that Rakewell's antipathy towards his poor dupe increased, just as her fondness grew and gathered into the fiercer flame of rankest jealousy. *She*, at least, loved.

Imagine the passion of gaming to have been developed in him to a perfect frenzy, and his enormous and repeated losses will not astonish you.

The tableau—the *finale*—the last scene of his riotous and prodigal life, while it shows into what channel *all* his passions were turned, must be its comment, and tell this dismal part of a melancholy story.*

Gold wickedly got, goes through evil hands; and that's the "honour on't," as honest Nym would say.

* *Note to Plate VI.*—Though now, from the infatuated folly of his antiquated wife, in possession of a second fortune, he is still the slave of that baneful vice, which, while it enslaves the mind, poisons the enjoyments, and sweeps away the possessions of its deluded votaries. Destructive as the earthquake which convulses nature, it overwhelms the pride of the forest, and engulfs the labours of the architect.

Newmarket and the cockpit were the scenes of his early amusements: to crown the whole, he is now exhibited at a gaming-table, where all is lost! His countenance distorted with agony, and his soul agitated almost to madness, he imprecates vengeance upon his own head.

That he should be deprived of all he possessed, in such a society as surround him, is not to be wondered at. One of the most conspicuous characters appears, by the pistol in his pocket, to be a highwayman: from the profound stupor of his countenance, we are certain he also is a losing gamester; and so absorbed in reflection, that neither the boy who brings him a glass of water, nor the watchman's cry of "Fire!" can arouse him from his reverie. Another of the party is marked for one of those well-dressed continental adventurers, who, being unable to live in their own country, annually pour into this; and with no other requisites than a quick eye, an adroit hand, and an undaunted forehead, are admitted into what is absurdly enough called *good company*.

At the table, a person in mourning grasps his hat, and hides his face in the agony of repentance, not having, as we infer from his weepers, received that legacy of which he is now plundered more than "a little month." On the opposite side is another, on whom fortune has severely frowned, biting his nails in the anguish of his soul.





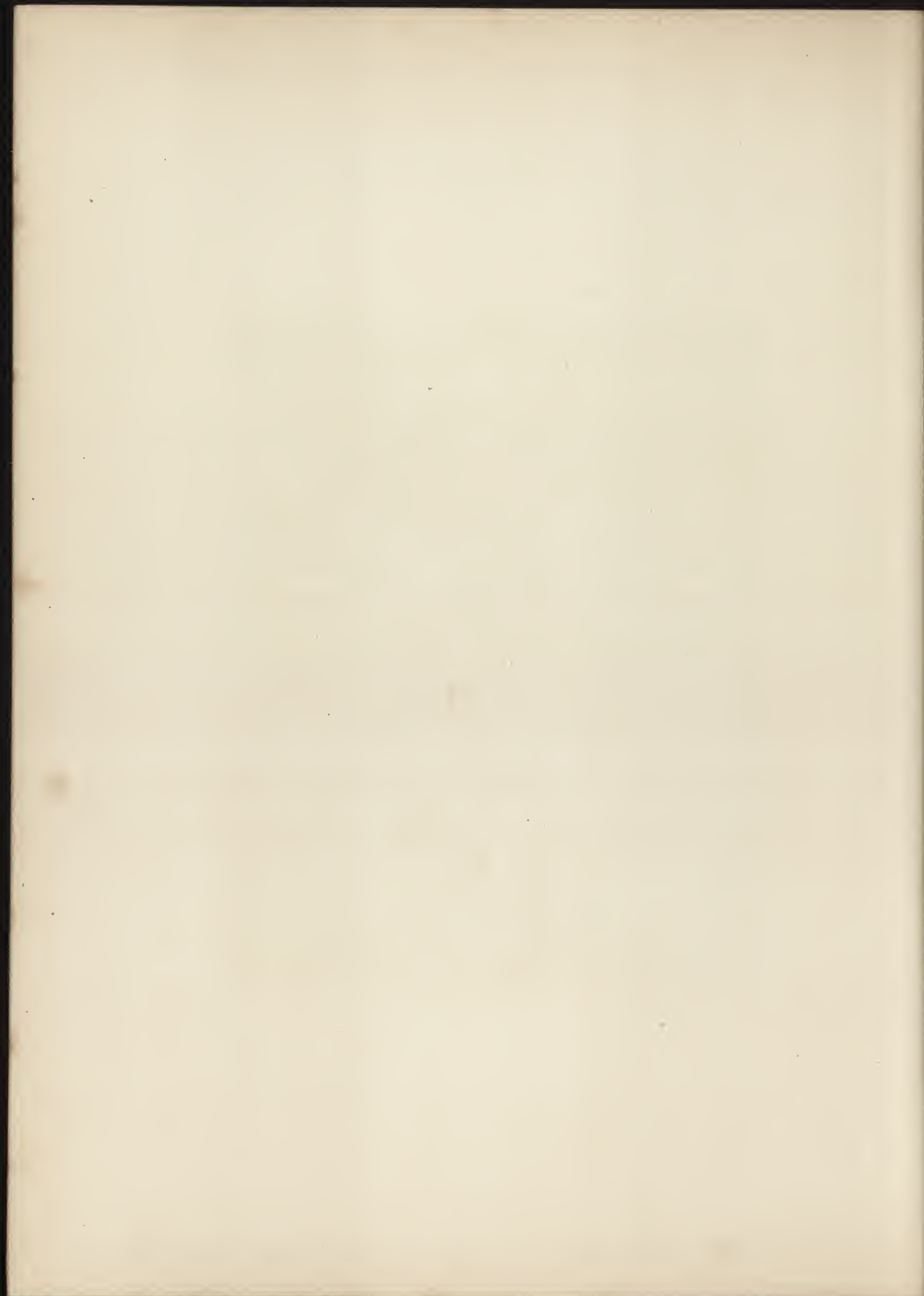


Engraved by W. B. Smith

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

GAMING HOUSE

From the original painting by Hogarth



CHAPTER V.—BOND! FREE!

THERE is no machinery within the compass of the brain of man, or within the mastery of his most skilful manipulation, that for rapidity, speed, or velocity, can approach, for a moment, to the multiplication of that frightful special-train pace by which a man goes headlong to his ruin. The road is open and pleasant at first, with leafy resting-places; the song of birds, and the dulcimer tinkling of falling waters, making a lulling music. The *incline* is barely perceptible; the gradient is as one in six hundred, let us say; and after that holiday-time, when the hours pass by in mirth and laughter, and the sense of an increased *momentum* is required, in order to give a fillip to what might become monotonous, the incline deflexes—the steepness increases, the movement is gathering—until at last, like a train that has ceased to answer to the brake, the acceleration grows, and a frightful, unavoidable smash-up follows; the horrible catastrophe telling the story of the want of government, want of order, want of “brakes,” want of prudence, want of manliness utterly; and the chronicle is over, only to be repeated by way of caution to others about to follow the same road.

Our hero is possibly an exposition of a man with one means to one certain end, the

The fifth completes the climax—he is frantic; and, with a drawn sword, endeavours to destroy a *pauvre miserable* whom he supposes to have cheated him, but is prevented by the interposition of one of those staggering votaries of Bacchus who are to be found in every company where there is good wine; and gaming, like the rod of Moses, so far swallows up every other passion, that the actors, engrossed by greater objects, willingly leave their wine to the audience.

In the background are two collusive associates, eagerly dividing the profits of the evening.

A nobleman in the corner is giving his note to a usurer. The lean and hungry appearance of this cent-per-cent. worshipper of the golden calf, is well contrasted by the sleek, contented vacancy of so well-employed a legislator of this great empire. Seated at the table, a portly gentleman, of whom we see very little, is coolly sweeping off his winnings.

So engrossed is every one present by his own situation, that the flames which surround them are disregarded; and the vehement cries of a watchman entering the room, are necessary to rouse their attention to what is generally deemed the first law of nature—self-preservation.

Mr. Gilpin observes:—“The fortune, which our adventurer has just received, enables him to make one push more at the gaming-table. He is exhibited, in the sixth print, venting curses on his folly for having lost his last stake. This is, upon the whole, perhaps, the best print of the set. The horrid scene it describes was never more inimitably drawn. The composition is artful and natural. If the shape of the whole be not quite pleasing, the figures are so well grouped, and with so much ease and variety, that you cannot take offence.

“The expression, in almost every figure, is admirable; and the whole is a strong representation of the human mind in a storm. Three stages of that species of madness which attends gaming, are here described. On the first shock all is inward dismay. The ruined gamester is represented leaning against a wall, with his arms across, lost in an agony of horror. Perhaps never passion was described with so much force. In a short time this horrible gloom bursts into a storm of fury: he tears in pieces what comes next him; and, kneeling down, invokes curses upon himself. He next attacks others; every one in his turn whom he imagines to have been instrumental in his ruin. The eager joy of the winning gamesters, the attention of the usurer, the vehemence of the watchman, and the profound reverie of the highwayman, are all admirably marked. There is great coolness, too, expressed in the little we see of the fat gentleman at the end of the table.”

fulfilment of which is the whole aim and object of his existence. Given the passion for the distribution of property—his own—anybody's—in the most ample, unconcerned, and completest manner;—given also the commensurate means—what is the consequence? He succeeds. He fulfils the mission of his life. He plays out his part. Have we any right to find fault with him? He was pretty steady, consistent, and *persistent*, in carrying out his ideas and tendencies, whatever we may think of them. Have we taken as much pains to play out our parts as well? He who fights under the black flag, is supposed to fight as desperately, as strenuously—"double combats of four even"—as he who fights beneath the white, and thinks himself so much the holier. Poor Tom! poor infatuated creature, thus to be "chronicled in small beer:" thou hast learnt thy miserable lesson; and though thine example hast taught it to us—even for all the *millions* that lie behind lock and bolt, or within reach of pick and spade, this thy present historian would not "go through so much, to learn so little." This I believe to have been the opinion of a very practical modern philosopher, and I subscribe very heartily to his data and theory.

Yes. The gambler's doom is upon him. The passion has swept away a second enormous fortune, and we are certainly not very greatly surprised at finding him a prisoner in the Fleet, with about as much hope of release therefrom as the awful debtors' laws of those hard and dreadful days could offer him; which is as much as to say, that there was not the shadow, the faintest outline of a chance, existing. He is *bond*, and not likely to be free.*

* *Note to Plate VII.*—By a very natural transition, Mr. Hogarth has passed his hero from a gaming-house into a prison—the inevitable consequence of extravagance. He is here represented in a most distressing situation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a course of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gamester—having first made away with every valuable he was master of, and having now no other resource left to retrieve his wretched circumstances, he at last, vainly promising himself success, commences author, and attempts, though inadequate to the task, to write a play, which is lying on the table, just returned with an answer from the manager of the theatre, to whom he had offered it, that his piece would by no means do. Struck speechless with this disastrous occurrence, all his hopes vanish, and his most sanguine expectations are changed into dejection of spirit. To heighten his distress, he is approached by his wife, and bitterly upbraided for his perfidy in concealing from her his former connexions (with that unhappy girl who is here present with her child, the innocent offspring of her amours; fainting at the sight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him farther), and plunging her into those difficulties she never will be able to surmount. To add to his misery, we see the under-turnkey pressing him for his prison fees, or garnish-money, and the boy refusing to leave the beer he ordered, without first being paid for it. Among those assisting the fainting mother—one of whom we observe clapping her hand, another applying the drops—is a man crusted over, as it were, with the rust of a gaol, supposed to have started from his dream, having been disturbed by the noise at a time when he was settling some affairs of state—to have left his great plan unfinished, and to have hurried to the assistance of distress. We are told, by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a scheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics some persons are troubled with, who will neglect their own affairs, in order to busy themselves in that which noways concerns them, and which they in no respect understand, though their immediate ruin shall follow it: nay, so infatuated do we find him, so taken up with his beloved object, as not to bestow a few minutes on the decency of his person. At the back of the room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable search after the philosopher's stone. Strange and unaccountable! Hence we are taught by these characters, as well as by the pair of human wings on the tester of the bed, that scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary, and that more owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident they meet with in life.

In this upset of his life, and aggravation of distress, we are to suppose our prodigal almost driven to desperation. Now, for the first time, he feels the severe effects of pinching cold and griping hunger. At this melancholy season reflection finds a passage to his heart, and he now revolves in his mind the folly and sinfulness of his past life;—considers within himself how idly he has wasted the substance he is at present in the utmost need



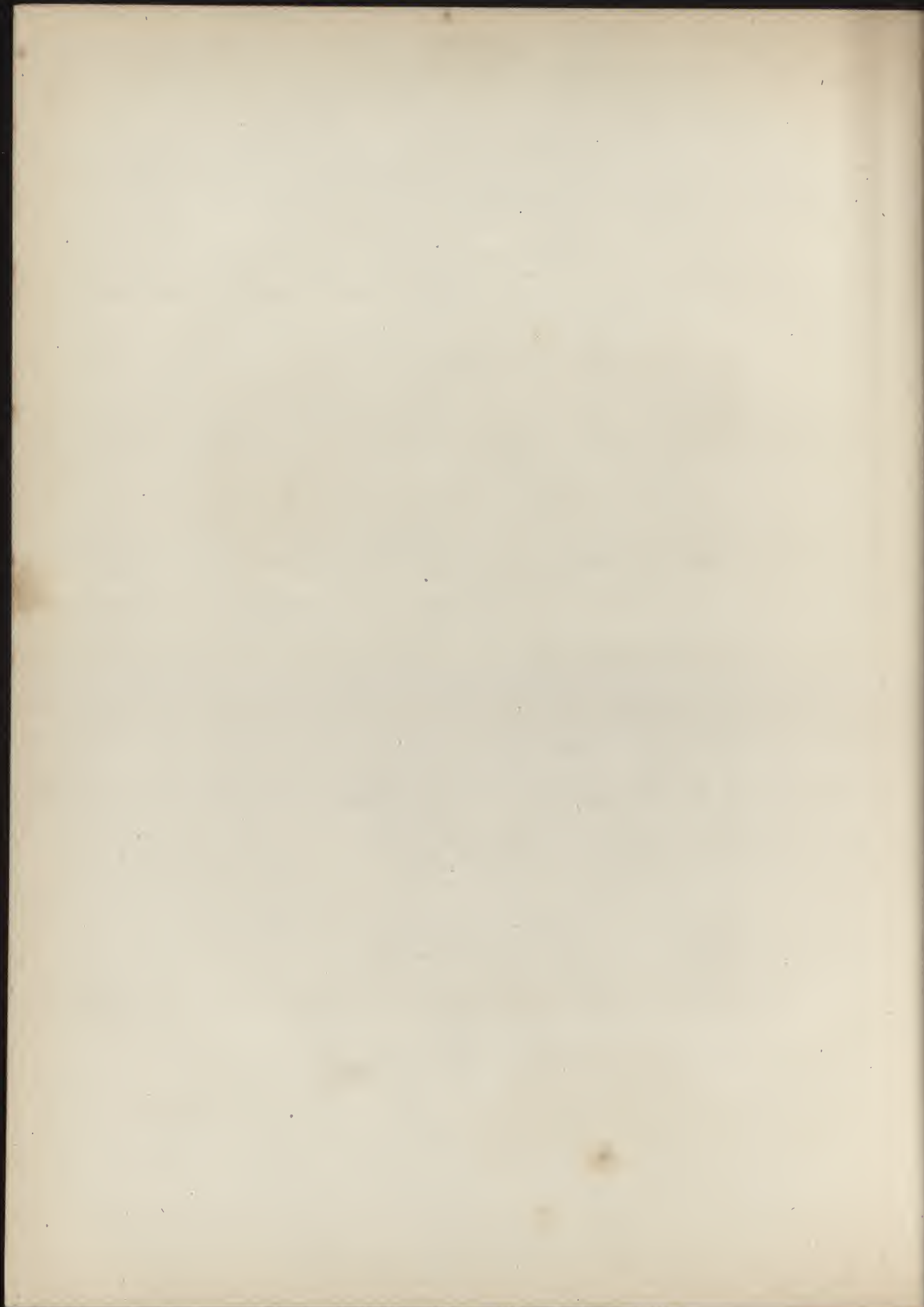


Engraved by H. Altland.

THE PRISON SCENE
FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY H. ALTLAND

From the Original Pictures by H. Altland





Yes. His second empire had come to a frightfully fast decay. He had multiplied his vices with a reckless facility of invention, as if the ample chance of retrieving all the past, entailed upon him conditions he was unwilling to fulfil, under whose weight he grew restive and rebellious; and—it was useless—he would *not* be lectured, tutored, remonstrated with. “To the devil, and fresh post-horses!” and so clatter, and clatter, and clatter, and ever faster, he went down hill, stopping midway in the Fleet, where our readers will find him, with all his surroundings, and not under the most cheerful and encouraging condition of things; and here, episodically, before the group speaks for itself, a few words to the following purport:—

We cannot help being struck with the utmost surprise by the existence of one fact in the history of Master Thomas Rakewell, and which we should have omitted altogether, save that the artist, as *collaborateur*, has pointed it out to us with some emphasis. It is to this effect:—

On a table, beside which the poor used-up rake is sitting, lost in that blue-woven mist of reverie where not an appreciable thought enters, and all is a dismal mystification—in which he doesn't even recognise, for the time, his own position;—on the table lies an open letter, which we take leave to read.

“Sir, I have read your play, and find it will not *doo*.—Yours, J. R.”

The play! *what* play? *whose* play? Who is “J. R.?” and what connection can this have with our old acquaintance, to whom, hitherto, we have not attributed too much intelligence or brain, beyond such as sufficed to give animation and motion to him as a mere human machine.

of;—looks back with shame on the iniquity of his actions, and forward with horror on the rueful scene of misery that awaits him; until his brain, torn with excruciating thought, loses at once its power and equilibrium, and he falls a sacrifice to despair.

Mr. Ireland remarks, on the plate before us:—“Our improvident spendthrift is now lodged in that dreary receptacle of human misery—a prison. His countenance exhibits a picture of despair; the forlorn state of his mind is displayed in every limb; and his exhausted finances, by the turnkey's demand of prison fees not being answered, and the boy refusing to leave a tankard of porter, unless he is paid for it.

“We see, by the enraged countenance of his wife, that she is violently reproaching him for having deceived and ruined her. To crown this catalogue of human tortures, the poor girl whom he deserted, is come with her child—perhaps to comfort him—to alleviate his sorrows, to soothe his sufferings: but the agonising view is too much for her agitated frame; shocked at the prospect of that misery which she cannot remove, every object swims before her eyes—a film covers the sight—the blood forsakes her cheeks—her lips assume a pallid hue—and she sinks to the floor of the prison in temporary death. What a heartrending prospect for him by whom this was occasioned!

“The wretched, squalid inmate, who is assisting the fainting female, bears every mark of being naturalised to the place; out of his pocket hangs a scroll, on which is inscribed, ‘A scheme to pay the National Debt, by J. L., now a prisoner in the Fleet.’ So attentive was this poor gentleman to the debts of the nation, that he totally forgot his own. The cries of the child, and the good-natured attentions of the women, heighten the interest, and realise the scene. Over the group are a large pair of wings, with which some emulator of *Dedalus* intended to escape from his confinement; but finding them inadequate to the execution of his project, has placed them upon the tester of his bed. They would not exalt him to the regions of air, but they o'er-canopy him on earth. A chemist in the background, happy in his views, watching the moment of projection, is not to be disturbed from his dream by anything less than the fall of the roof, or the bursting of his retort; and, if his dream affords him felicity, why should he be awakened? The bed and gridiron, those poor remnants of our miserable spendthrift's wretched property, are brought here as necessary in his degraded situation: on one he must try to repose his wearied frame; on the other he is to dress his scanty meal.”

If a deeply-biting sarcasm—if a bitter-toned irony do not lie beneath that note, then we must look upon Master Rakewell in another light, and hail him as a *dramatic author*—not the less so, that he was one unacted. “J. R.” answer, therefore, very readily to the initials of John Rich, who was a celebrated theatrical manager in his day, as the annals of Covent Garden inform us; and who, for pantomimes, *bizarre* exhibitions, and performances such as would at this day entitle him to the honours of an illustrious showman, took the town by storm.

Tom Rakewell had been often enough to the theatre to see what flimsy stuff tickled the palate of the audience, we cannot doubt; and of a very mean and melancholy order much of this “source of amusement” was. Still we know, also, that it is quite possible to hold a piece represented (as some of our “new and original comedies” of the present day) in disfavour and contempt, and to do so upon quite legitimate grounds. But he whose thoughts are so perspicacious, should he be inclined to try a piece of rivalry, may find that there is yet a superlative degree of dulness and stupidity to arrive at, and in the which he, Thomas Rakewell, has been quite successful.

And so it fared with our hero's comedy. The first hint was a bright idea. The fact of obtaining a few guineas—how large a value *one* represented to him *now!*—set his imagination to work; and, backed by a fit of industry which lasted until the piece was sent in complete, he sat with a more contented spirit for a time in that human menagerie.

When the note from “J. R.” came, it struck him on the brain, and he fell into a stupor, an oblivious trance, out of which he seemed likely never to waken again. At this moment, too, his virago of a wife, with fiery eyes, clenched hands, and shrill taunts and abuse, was “improving” the occasion.

“That's your luck, wretch! that's your fortune, villain!” she screamed, with distracting force. “Oh, you're a pretty good-for-nothing, you are, you rose-scented rogue—you pitiful fine gentleman; you've ruined, robbed, and destroyed me, you have!—you have! and—and here comes one of your mistresses, I doubt not, with her brat, to laugh at the swindled wife to her very face! Oh, 'tis very pretty, very.”

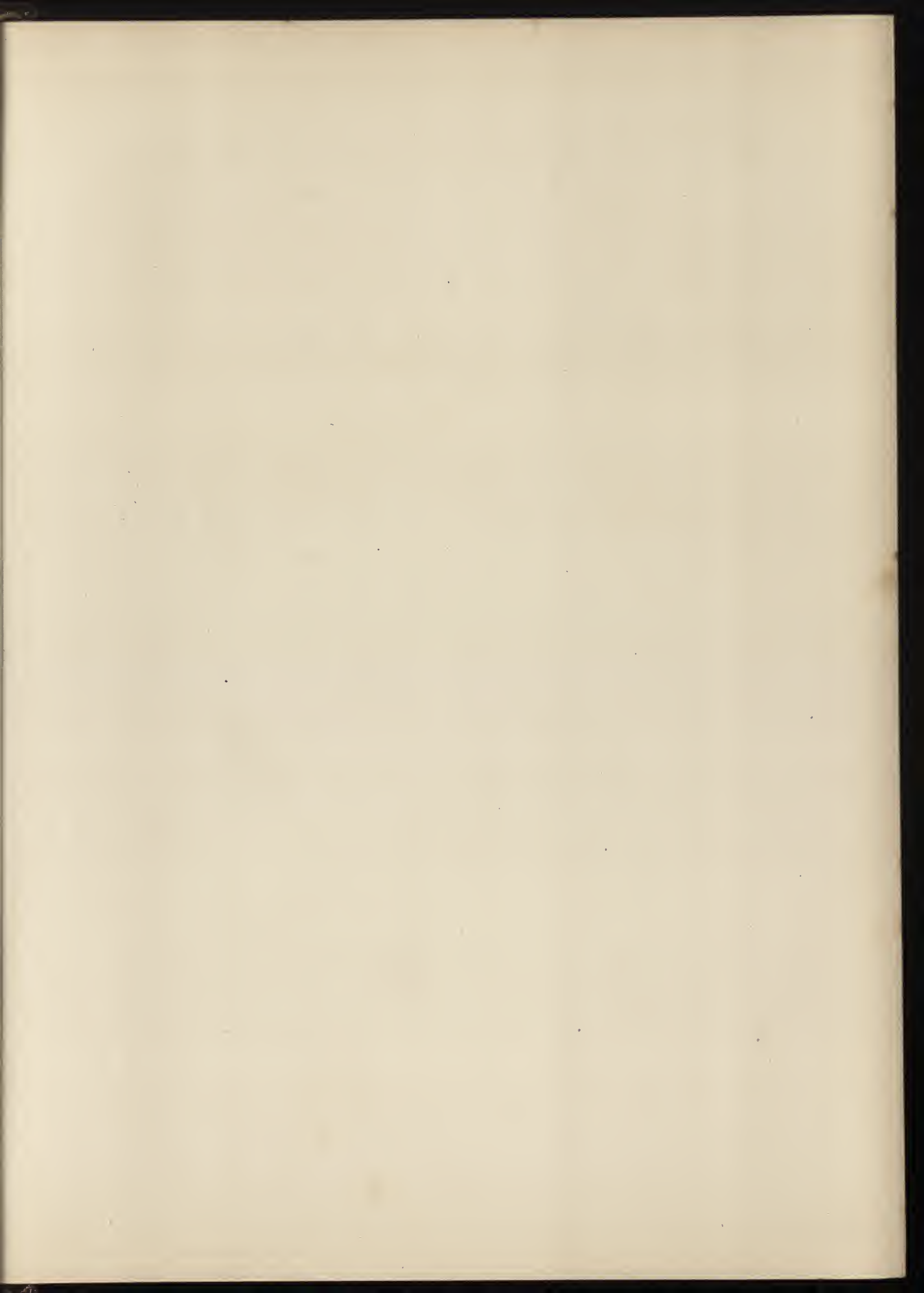
Sally Young and her pretty girl-child stood upon the threshold as she spoke, sure enough; for the sympathies of this single-hearted and noble creature never slept—only slumbered until they were wanted, ever ready for active purposes.

“Your servant, madam! your servant!” cried poor Mistress Tabitha, with a giggle of ferocious irony. Poor soul! her own sad heart was so blistered and cracked, that she was nalf mad; and her woman's jealousy had received so many provocations (as Sarah knew, and deeply pitied her for), that the latter was willing to show all possible forbearance.

“Do you hear sir?” she continued, going to her heedless husband, whose senses seemed lapped in wool—“do you hear—do you see? Here is Mistress Sarah Young, my maid that was—I know why she left me now;—your leman, your paramour—”

“Madam! for heaven's sake!” exclaimed Sarah, with a very pale face, “do not, in your anger, say wrong things.”

“Hoity-toity! and here is his offspring—like him—like him—and you tell me, woman, I wrong him! Oh, shameless and abandoned! Art thou, too, so far prostituted—?”





Engraved by H. Knevel

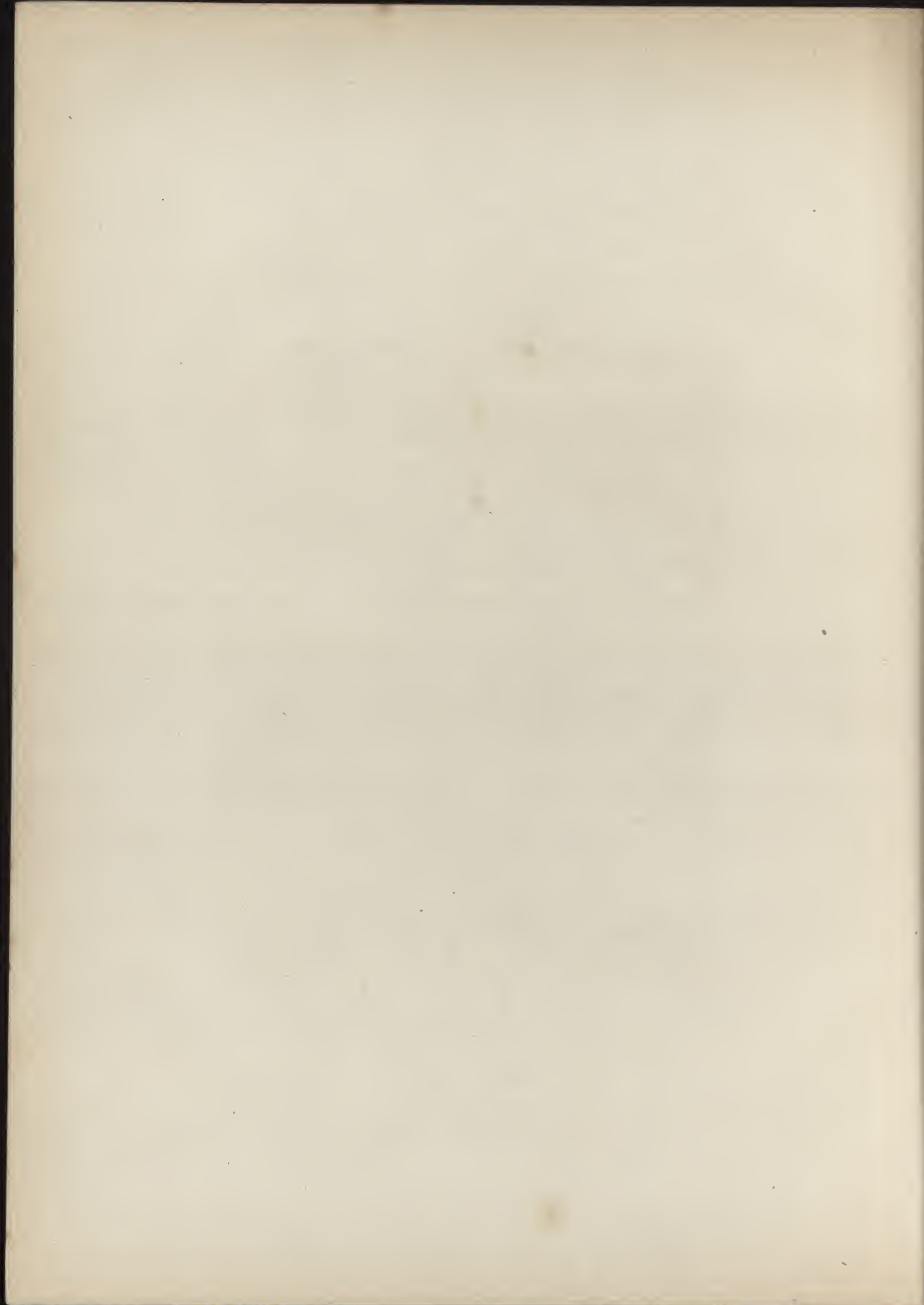
THE RIVALS. BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. FREDERICA'S ROOM.

From the Original Picture by J. Hoare.





But here a loud ringing shriek issued from the very soul of Sarah, and she sank, in a violent state of hysterics, into a seat, where she was kept from falling by a poor wretch who had not left his humanity outside the gates, but whose untrimmed wig, a piratical growth of beard, darned and tattered dressing-gown, with a voluminous paper tumbling out of the pockets thereof—treating of “a scheme to pay the national debt”—showed that his chances of freedom were very, very remote. With his, and other coarse but kindly aid, Sarah Young revived, and, soon after, took a sad and sorrowful leave of the man she had loved so dearly, and whom she was to see but once more on this side the grave.

It was different, therefore, with Thomas Rakewell, now in his ruin and his despair. You can easily see he was not alone—*Atra Cura* was behind his chair; and this sooty hag, this Black Care, had a tongue so long, so sharp, so venomous, and so shrill, that he cared never to look upon the heavens more, or see the face of man.

“Oh, for sleep! for sleep!” moaned the poor wretch, into whose brain the demon of suicide was looking for a crack or cranny where he might enter and nestle, and whisper devilish hints, and suggest, from the morning dawn till the evening and the night came on, what a variety of easy deaths lay open to him, would he but pluck up courage to leap into that awful bed of Rest!

Let us close this saddening scene at its present culmination. When the morning came—Lo! *Atra Cura*—Black Care—Tabitha Singlelove Rakewell was dead! Never mind *how!*—leave that sheet alone!—for your life, *don't draw it away!* And do not ask any further questions. These be matters for a “Crownor's quest” to solve.

Close the scene. Draw on another—the last! Is it more cheerful? Well, not exactly so. In fact, it is abhorrent, terrible—shuddering!—Ouf! Would I were well out of it, and my poor hero, with his aching head at rest; for we are in Bedlam!*

* *Note to Plate VIII.*—See our hero, then, in the scene before us, raving in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity, in the hospital of Bethlehem, the senate of mankind, where each man may find a representative: there we behold him trampling on the first great law of nature—tearing himself to pieces with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent any further mischief he might either do to himself or others. But in this sense, dreary and horrid as are its accompaniments, he is attended by the faithful and kind-hearted female whom he so basely betrayed. In the first plate we see him refuse her his promised hand. In the fourth, she releases him from the harpy fangs of a bailiff; she is present at his marriage; and in the hope of relieving his distress, she follows him to a prison. Our artist, in this scene of horror, has taken an opportunity of pointing out to us the various causes of mental blindness; for such, surely, it may be called, when the intuitive faculties are either destroyed or impaired. In one of the inner rooms of this gallery is a despairing wretch, imploring Heaven for mercy—whose brain is crazed with lip-labouring superstition, the most dreadful enemy of human kind; which, attended with ignorance, error, penance, and indulgence, too often deprives its unhappy votaries of their senses. The next in view is a man drawing lines upon a wall, in order, if possible, to find out the longitude; and another before him, looking through a paper, by way of a telescope. By these expressive figures we are given to understand, that such is the misfortune of man, that while, perhaps, the aspiring soul is pursuing some lofty and elevated conception, soaring to an uncommon pitch, and teeming with some grand discovery, the ferment often proves too strong for the feeble brain to support, and lays the whole magazine of notions and images in wild confusion. This melancholy group is completed by the crazy tailor, who is staring at the mad astronomer with a sort of wild astonishment—wondering, through excess of ignorance, what discoveries the heavens can possibly afford: proud of his profession, he has fixed a variety of patterns in his hat, by way of ornament—has covered his poor head with shreds, and makes his measure the constant object of his attention. Behind this man stands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating that too great a love for music has been the cause of his distraction. On the stairs sits another, crazed by love (evident from the picture of his beloved object round his neck, and the words “charming Betty Careless” upon the banisters, which he is supposed to

One thing yet brightens up the unutterable gloom of this blighting picture. One blessing yet lies in the very heart of one great clinging curse—one green blade in this awful, this limitless Sahara and desolation;—a true, loving, devoted woman—true and devoted to the last, with no thought or feeling for self:—Sarah Young is there to touch tenderly the demented head of the imbecile prodigal, whose brain giving way, lesion after lesion, leaves him darkling between life and death; and blessed is the day that seeth him asleep, never to awaken more—for *her* great charge is in Other Hands; her duty is discharged; and I think the mother can play her part to *his* child, all the more and with a deeper sanctity of purpose, when we know what she has already gone through.

Do you wish, dear reader, to traverse the dreadful region within whose gloomy walls I have for a moment introduced you? There are mysteries unutterable, locked, bolted, barred within those cells, those dungeons, those chambers of torture, which only the sanity of men who have outlived emotion and common human feeling, can bear to look upon without recoil. Heads have grown gray, while their owners have howled like wild beasts under the lash and the chain, and the murderous blow. Insanity has grown cunning as Satan, and circumvented the astute keeper, and smote him cunningly. Madness has become foaming, leonine, terrible—and chains snap, and keepers fly before it till the shrieking possessed has been struck to the ground by a missile. Madness has—no more—no more, in the name of the blessed “peace which passeth understanding.” All this is altered now; and the subject is not one to approach without prayer and a great awful dread! No! we have followed poor Rakewell to his last earthly home, and all is over and ended with him: he was “bond,” but now he is *free*, for he is dead! and, as a great wail and crying bursts from the overcharged heart of the only creature that was faithful to him, and who loved him for himself—we think there *must* have been some good to be found in him. Let us forth, with a noiseless step, into the outer world and the fresher air—murmuring “Amen!” to the prayer that weeping woman utters as she mingles in the crowd, and whom we see no more.

Of Thomas Rakewell, therefore, we say, as of many better men—*Requiescat in pace.*

scratch upon every wall and every wainscot), and wrapt up so close in melancholy pensiveness, as not even to observe the dog that is flying at him. Behind him, and in the inner room, are two persons maddened with ambition. These men, though under the influence of the same passion, are actuated by different notions: one is for the papal dignity, the other for regal; one imagines himself the pope, and saying mass; the other fancies himself a king—is encircled with the emblem of royalty, and is casting contempt on his imaginary subjects by an act of the greatest disdain. To brighten this distressful scene, and draw a smile from him whose rigid reasoning might condemn the bringing into public view this blemish of humanity, are two women introduced, walking in the gallery, as curious spectators of this melancholy sight; one of whom is supposed, in a whisper, to bid the other observe the naked man, which she takes an opportunity of doing by a leer through the sticks of her fan.

These pictures are in Sir John Soane's museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They are admirably screened, finely lighted, and in excellent preservation.

THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.—“LITTLE KATE.”

WE enter now upon a sad and mournful chapter in human nature. It is as old as the race of man. It is replete with horror and anguish—with fear and loathing—with terror, and eternal death. It is a chapter of to-day, and it will be also one of to-morrow; and the baby-girl, in all the golden glory of her infantine beauty, now clinging to its fond mother's breast, may, in dreadful days to come, only follow in the steps of our poor heroine; and the mother's proudest, fondest treasure, become that thing of immeasurable shame—that creature of the pest-pit and perdition—the harlot!

And, oh! how often is it the case that she has been more sinned against than sinning? Remember, O man, the conqueror! if she has her dreadful trial to take, and her heavy judgment to meet; and if she rushes to both, “anywhere, anywhere, out of the world”—remember, that thou shalt not be exempt. Be assured that thou wilt have to answer for thy share; for if shame and remorse—the suicide's death—be not thine here, in the Hereafter thou wilt find all writ in the record; and, according to the sowing, so also shall the reaping be.

Oh, fair picture of childish innocence—of bright and laughing beauty—of purity next to the angelic! What more innocent, beaming, lovely, and pure, than a little girl-child playing in the meadows among the flowers, surrounded by pretty little companions, treading the green earth fondly, as though it was the mother's breast on which she rested, and the benignant sky, with its sunshine and its bird-songs, bending down and enfolding her as with a blessing!

The Bishop's Meadows are very pleasant. The huge elms, which stretch round on three sides, like vast verdant walls, give a stately shelter to the sylvan spot, coursed by the purling stream, in which the trout leaps and the dace are basking, and which freshens the whole green tract with a thread of sinuous silver.

Far away—miles away—across the meadows lies the great city, and the grey Minster tower rises majestically skyward; and, as the lower portion of the edifice is partly hidden by noble old trees of a century's growth, the picture has a calm grandeur in its very repose, which comes soothingly upon the senses. We are now close to a pretty old Yorkshire village—hard-by a venerable house of prayer; and the clustering houses of the hamlet peep, with their blue curling smoke, picturesquely between yon thickening copse, and the undulating corn-lands rising and stretching away to the distant hills.

A gentle wind is blowing; and the mirthful voices of the tiny little ones blend with it. How much of original sin is in that laughter? How much of the phial of wrath is poured on those cherubic, yet unanointed heads? Are they foredoomed—predestined? Clouds float overhead—gold and azure; soft, tender grass yields springingly to the foot; the stream ripples, and murmurs, and bubbles along, and tells its old hum-drum story of places far away whence it came, and babbles of hedge-row echoes. The lark is aloft—a very orb of song; and there is

a serenity, a peace, a gentle, wordless rapture breathing around one at this moment, which is almost like a religion. The cattle are reclining on their dappled sides, and gravely chewing the cud; while the sheep bleat about, and the young lambs run crying after the dams; and our group of children is a fair object to look upon; but one among them is fairest of all—most striking, most beautiful; one on which the eye rests delightedly, and confesses that heaven hath rarely formed a gracefuller creature.

Apart from the others, with her hat fallen back off her luxuriant tawny locks, our tiny little fairy, with her uplifted face, her round, wondering blue eyes—what can she be looking for? She stops; she seems to listen; her little rosy lips open; they express a sound—what is it? Hush! listen! “Mother! mother!” she says very tenderly.

She does not call aloud, and there is no woman at hand; not one in sight throughout the whole surrounding space; but she stands, and, by her listening, eager attitude, seems to be expecting an answer—a response—an echo to her timid call—“Mother! mother!”

All at once, the bright sunshiny face darkens—grows sad—grows so touchingly mournful, that one would imagine the full memory and the dreary appreciation—an appreciation of her forlorn condition, as of some great bereavement—had come over her—had borne to her young soul on that solemn, sighing gust, which, breathing over charnels and grassy barrows, and quiet resting-places of the dead—a thousand years old—told her, in language not to be mistaken, that she was orphaned—that her mother was in heaven! Why else should the child look up with a mixture of wonder and awe towards the sky, and smile once more as radiantly as ever—that conviction being forced upon her? And so, for her childish sorrow there was consolation.

Yes, little Kate was an orphan. Her mother lately dead; her father one of those ragged, half-famished curates, who, on stipends from twenty to forty pounds a-year, labour and linger, and die half-hungred, half heart-broken; and he, now sorrowing for his lost wife—he is likely soon to follow, and then little Kate will, indeed, be alone in the world.

He is expecting a short step of promotion by a patron, who, he fears, has forgotten him, for his heart is sick with hope deferred; and, but for his child, he would turn his face to the wall, and close his eyes upon the world in never-ending sleep, with as thorough good-will as ever jaded worker sought his grateful rest.

But years roll by, and Kate grows up a comely young woman, fresh and rosy, with youth blooming on her cheeks, innocence in her frank eyes; for the promotion did at last come, and the clergyman and his daughter did fare a little better than the peasants, the cottiers, the working men who lived in their vicinity.

Kate was struck with the necessity of going to service; and first to farmer Hodge, and then to Thresher's, a burly yeoman, and next to Gullet's, the overseer, and so on—fulfilling the round and routine which village maidens are wont to go through for their initiation, ere they set themselves faceward for London, where grand places and great wages are to be had, and where the peasant girl may rise to be a lady, as many a peasant lad has risen (in fond old ballads and county traditions) to be a lord; and to London Kate was determined to go.

A young girl, daughter of a neighbour, was sufficient to attend to her father's few wants. She left behind her the larger moiety of her savings; and, having got herself a few decent clothes, a written character or two from the principal farming families she had lived with—which



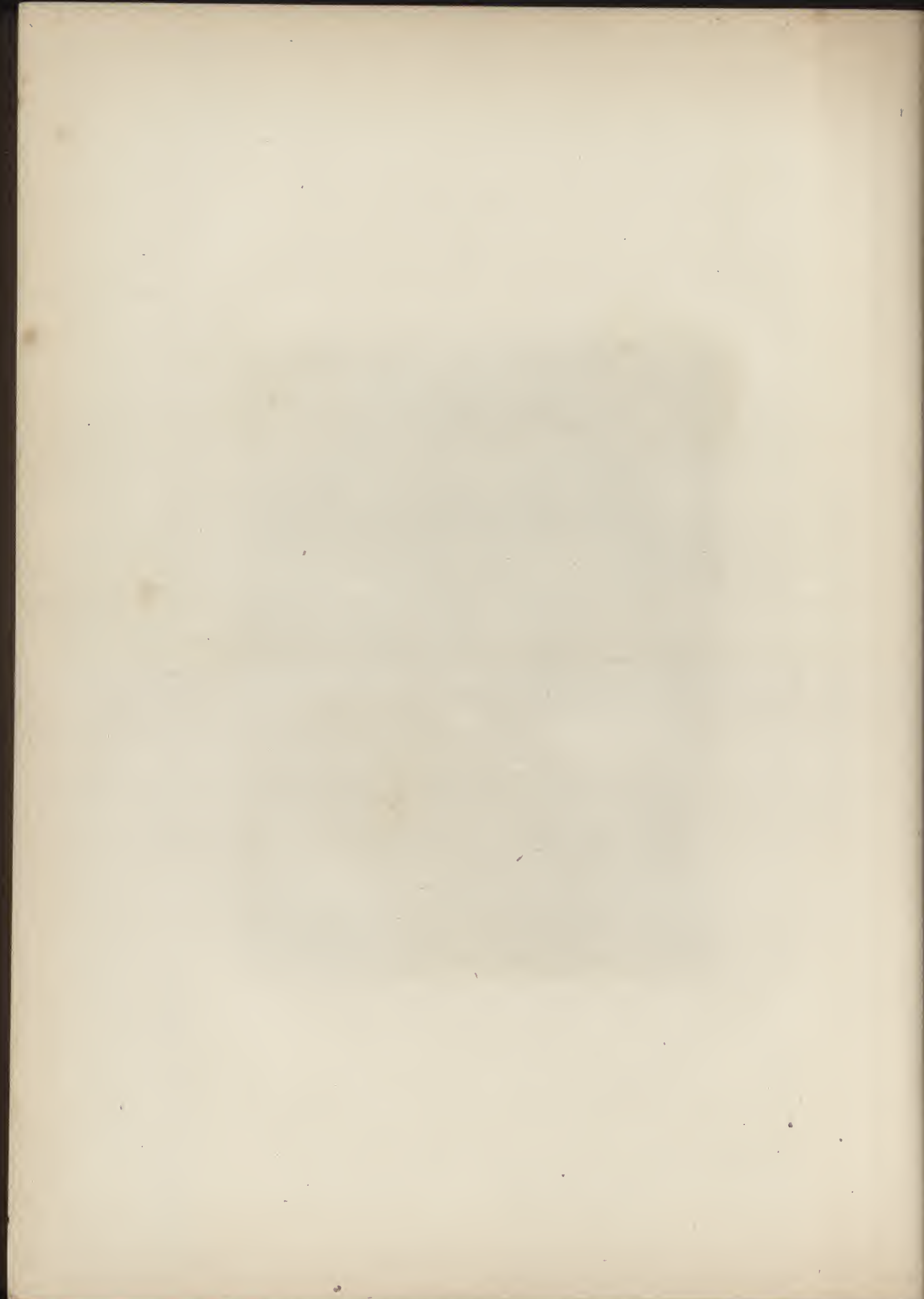


THE HUNCHBACK'S PROGRESS,

ENSNARED BY A PROCURESS

From the Original Picture by Steegh.





might assist her on arriving at the old Bell Inn, Wood Street, Cheapside—she set forth with the old man's blessing resting on her head. But her evil angel was already in advance of her; and aided by Madame Modish—that discreet, skilful, and plotting lady—the fatal snare, the deadly trap, were all prepared for her; and, by a conspiracy—a treachery so monstrous and remorseless, that but for its being a *known* and *proven fact* (and this is but one fact forming a type of five hundred such demoniacal schemes as are annually forged for the ruin of young women)—the fate of the lost and unhappy Kate was sealed at the very outset, and for ever.

The annotations of the critic will more fully illustrate this first step: to these, therefore, we refer the reader.*

* *Note to Plate I.*—The general aim of historical painters, says Mr. Ireland, has been to emblazon some signal exploit of an exalted and distinguished character. To go through a series of actions, and conduct their hero from the cradle to the grave—to give a history upon canvas, and tell a story with the pencil, few of them attempted. Mr. Hogarth saw, with the intuitive eye of genius, that one path to the Temple of Fame was yet untrodden: he took Nature for his guide, and gained the summit. He was the painter of Nature; for he gave, not merely the ground-plan of the countenance, but marked the features with every impulse of the mind. He may be denominated the biographical dramatist of domestic life. Leaving those heroic monarchs who have blazed through their day, with the destructive brilliancy of a comet, to their adulatory historians—he, like Lillo, has taken his scenes from humble life, and rendered them a source of entertainment, instruction, and morality.

This series of prints gives the history of a prostitute. The story commences with her arrival in London, where, initiated in the school of profligacy, she experiences the miseries consequent to her situation, and dies in the morning of life. Her variety of wretchedness forms such a picture of the way in which vice rewards her votaries, as ought to warn the young and inexperienced from entering this path of infamy.

The first scene of this domestic tragedy is laid at the Bell Inn, in Wood Street, and the heroine may possibly be daughter to the poor old clergyman who is reading the direction of a letter close to the York waggon, from which vehicle she has just alighted. In attire—neat, plain, unadorned; in demeanour—artless, modest, diffident; in the bloom of youth, and more distinguished by native innocence than elegant symmetry; her conscious blush, and downcast eyes, attract the attention of a female fiend, who panders to the vices of the opulent and libidinous. Coming out of the door of the inn, we discover two men, one of whom is eagerly gloating on the devoted victim. This is a portrait, and said to be a strong resemblance of Colonel Francis Chartres.

The old procuress, immediately after the girl's alighting from the waggon, addresses her with the familiarity of a friend, rather than the reserve of one who is to be her mistress.

Had her father been versed in even the first rudiments of physiognomy, he would have prevented her engaging with one of so decided an aspect: for this also is the portrait of a woman infamous in her day: but he, good, easy man, unsuspecting as Fielding's parson Adams, is wholly engrossed in the contemplation of a superscription to a letter, addressed to the bishop of the diocese. So important an object prevents his attending to his daughter, or regarding the devastation occasioned by his gaunt and hungry Rozinante having snatched at the straw that packs up some earthenware, and produced

“The wreck of flower-pots and the crash of pans.”

From the inn she is taken to the house of the procuress, divested of her homespun garb, and dressed in the gayest style of the day—the tender native hue of her complexion incrustated with paint, and disguised by patches. She is then introduced to Colonel Chartres, and, by artful flattery and liberal promises, becomes intoxicated with the dreams of imaginary greatness. A short time convinces her of how light a breath these promises were composed. Deserted by her keeper, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for the pompous paraphernalia of prostitution, after being a short time protected by one of the tribe of Levi, she is reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets, for that precarious subsistence which flows from the drunken rake, or profligate debauchee. Here her situation is truly pitiable! Chilled by nipping frost and midnight dew, the repentant tear trickling on her heaving bosom, she endeavours to drown reflection in draughts of destructive poison. This, added to the contagious company of women of her own description, vitiates her mind, eradicates the native seeds of virtue, destroys that elegant and fascinating simplicity which gives additional charms to beauty, and leaves, in its place, art, affectation, and impudence.

Neither the painter of a sublime picture, nor the writer of an heroic poem, should introduce any trivial circumstances that are likely to draw the attention from the principal figures. Such compositions should form

CHAPTER II.—KEPT!

No more perfume in the violet. The rose is rifled; its sweets are fled; its petals flung to the ground, and trampled upon. Innocence, with her robes of virgin whiteness, how looks she now? You shudder—the heart sickens as the dreadful anatomy of this *other* creature is pursued.

One thing must be remarked in the conditional state of existence which the wretched sisterhood to whom Kate now belongs seem tacitly to accept: they appear to arrive at once at the full-grown qualifications of brazen assurance, cynical immodesty, a defiance so sardonic of even the flimsy decencies of life; beneath which, there pullulates so much that is prurient and depraved. The first larceny, the first theft, the first crime, leaves nothing to regret, to dread, or fear; for all other achievements are but degrees in the vocation assumed: and how to make the best of *that*, is the dreary philosophy taught.

I can't moralise upon this *morne* matter. It defies, it perplexes, it eludes me. It is a matter, too, if a man were but to contemplate it for any length of time, would wring tears from him, and touch his sympathies deeper than ever he believed himself capable of feeling.

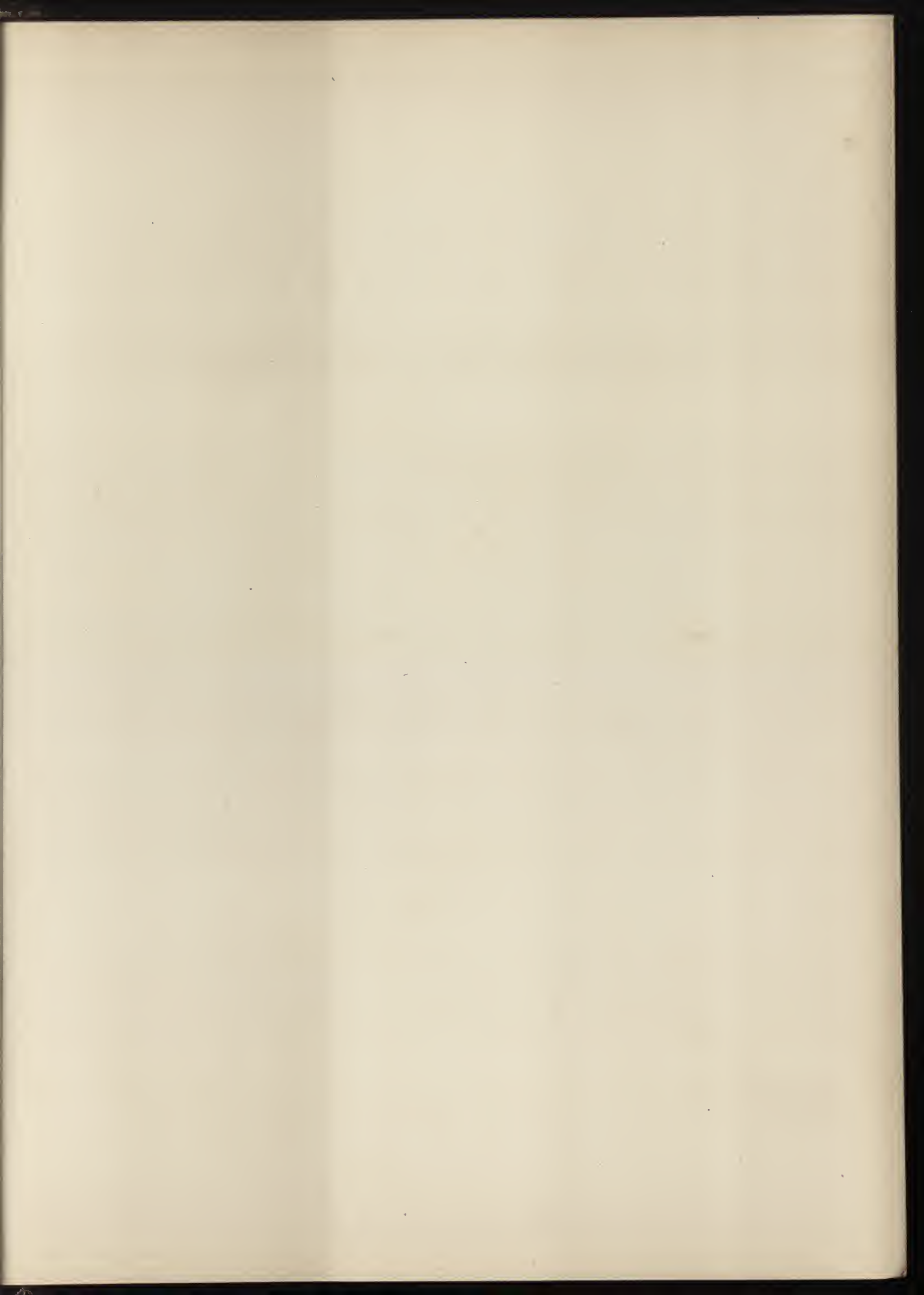
There was one inexorable condition attached to the life of the harlot. We say there *was*, because now the opportunities of reclamation are numerous and abundant: let us be thankful for the same; and oh, my poor Kate! out in the shuddering cold, accept it, and be thankful too. No! The inexorable fiat had gone against her, never to be reversed; and as the very skies seemed to close themselves against her, so did every honest home bid her pass, leper-like, by—so did every hospitable threshold build up a barrier against *her*. *Then* she could not step aside from the beaten track of her odious traffic. She must continue in it, or starve—die famished in the streets, or seek for oblivion from that dreadful “bridge of sighs,” which can tell many an appalling story of many an unfortunate, whose life began and ended just as begins and ends the story of wretched Kate Hackabout.*

one great whole: minute detail will inevitably weaken their effect. But in little stories, which record the domestic incidents of familiar life, these accessory accompaniments, though trifling in themselves, acquire a consequence from their situation; they add to the interest, and realise the scene. In this, as in almost all that were delineated by Mr. Hogarth, we see a close regard paid to things as they then were; by which means his prints become a sort of historical record of the manners of the age.

* *Note to Plate II.*—Entered into the path of infamy, the next scene exhibits our young heroine the mistress of a rich Jew, attended by a black boy, and surrounded with the pompous parade of tasteless profusion. Her mind being now as depraved as her person is decorated, she keeps up the spirit of her character by extravagance and inconstancy. An example of the first is exhibited in the monkey being suffered to drag her rich head-dress round the room; and of the second, in the retiring gallant. The Hebrew is represented at breakfast with his mistress; but, having come earlier than was expected, the favourite has not departed. To secure his retreat is an exercise for the invention of both mistress and maid. This is accomplished by the lady finding a pretence for quarrelling with the Jew, kicking down the tea-table, and scalding his legs; which, added to the noise of the china, so far engrosses his attention, that the paramour, assisted by the servant, escapes discovery.

The subjects of two pictures, with which the room is decorated, are David dancing before the ark, and Jonah seated under a gourd. They are placed there not merely as circumstances which belong to Jewish story, but as a piece of covert ridicule on the old masters, who generally painted from the ideas of others, and repeated the same tale *ad infinitum*. On the toilet-table we discover a mask, which well enough intimates where she had passed part of the preceding night, and that masquerades, then a very fashionable amusement, were much frequented by women of this description—a sufficient reason for their being avoided by those of an opposite character.

Under the protection of this disciple of Moses she could not remain long. Riches were his only attraction;





THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY HOGARTH

OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY HOGARTH

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY HOGARTH



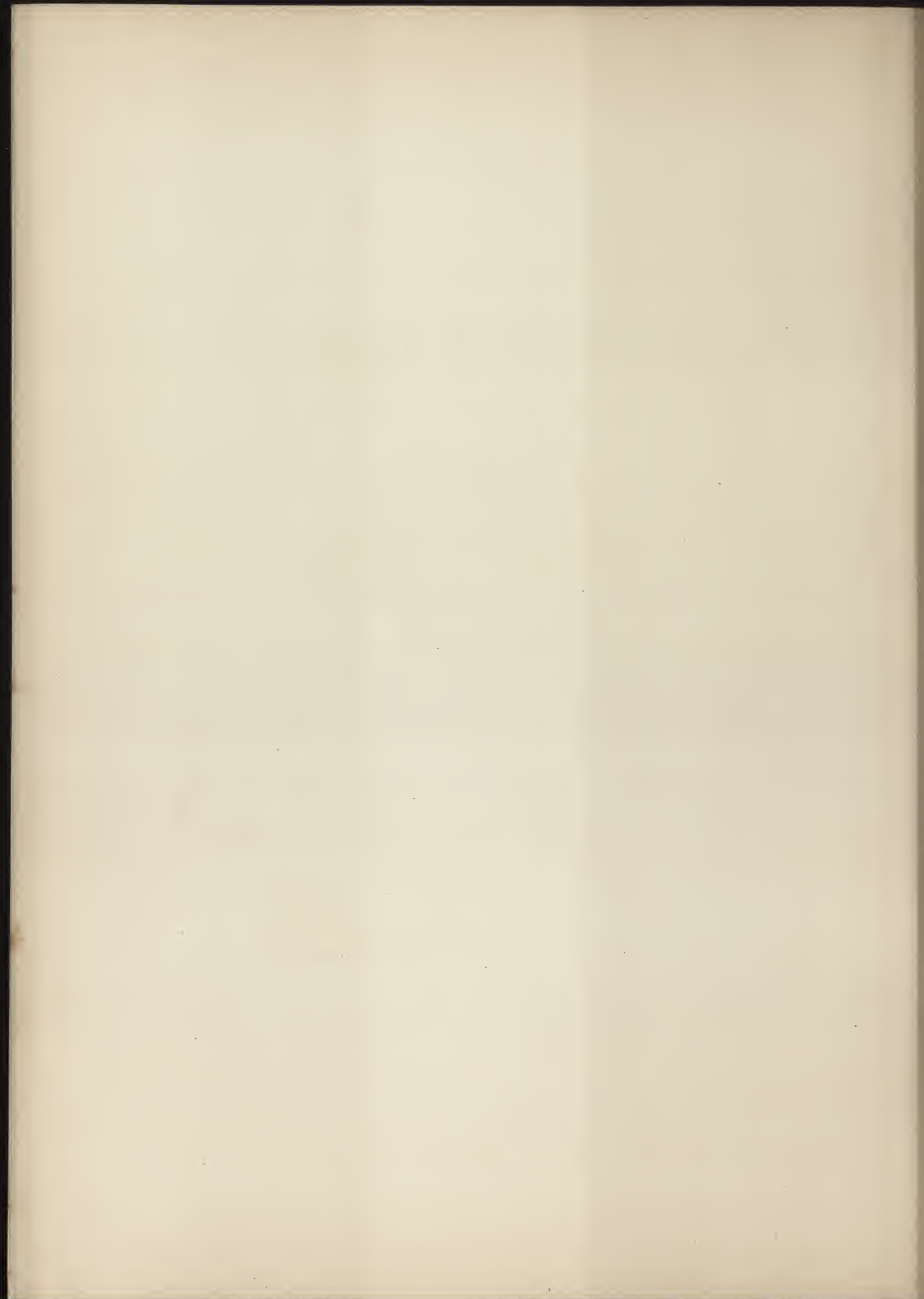




JULIA FLAHERTY'S TROUBLE

LEAF 1
APPREHENDED BY A MARRIAGE

From the Original Picture by Rowland



CHAPTER III.—AT "HOME."—IN CAREER.

THIS is *life*, too!—the leprous life-in-death—which brings the beautiful to gaze some day—to gaze face to face upon that which will send them shrieking with mad laughter, to the arms of suicide, or the cells of Bedlam.

Lo! the she-*famulus*—the devil's handmaiden (Mother Needham has not yet fallen out of her pestilent sphere), carted by times up Holborn, for her amiability and the satisfaction of the savage mob; and I protest, that though she seems to pour forth milk out of that can into the teapot, an odour of foul and very strong waters emanates from the plate before me.*

and though profusely lavished on this unworthy object, her attachment was not to be obtained, nor could her constancy be secured: repeated acts of infidelity are punished by dismissal; and her next situation shows, that, like most of the sisterhood, she had lived without apprehension of the sunshine of life being darkened by the passing cloud, and made no provision for the hour of adversity.

In this print the characters are marked with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot; the astonishment of the Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table; the start of the black boy; the cautious trip of the ungartered and barefooted retreating gallant, and the sudden spring of the scalded monkey, are admirably expressed. To represent an object in its descent, has been said to be impossible: the attempt has seldom succeeded; but, in this print, the tea equipage really appears falling to the floor; and, in Rembrandt's "Abraham's Offering," in the Houghton collection, now at St. Petersburg, the knife dropping from the hand of the patriarch appears in a falling state.

Quin compared Garrick, in *Othello*, to the black boy with the tea-kettle—a circumstance that by no means encouraged our Roscius to continue acting the part. Indeed, when his face was obscured, his chief power of expression was lost; and then, and not till then, was he reduced to a level with several other performers. It has been remarked, however, that Garrick said of himself, that when he appeared in *Othello*, Quin, he supposed would say, "Here's Pompey! where's the tea-kettle?"

* *Note to Plate III.*—We here see this child of misfortune fallen from her high estate! Her magnificent apartment is quitted for a dreary lodging in the purlieus of Drury Lane; she is at breakfast, and every object exhibits marks of the most wretched penury: her silver tea-kettle is changed for a tin pot; and her highly decorated toilet gives place to an old leaf table, strewed with the relics of the last night's revel, and ornamented with a broken looking-glass. Around the room are scattered tobacco-pipes, gin measures, and pewter pots—emblems of the habits of life into which she is initiated, and the company which she now keeps: this is further intimated by the wig-box of James Dalton, a notorious street robber, who was afterwards executed. In her hand she displays a watch, which might be either presented to her, or stolen from her last night's gallant. By the nostrums which ornament the broken window, we see that poverty is not her only evil.

The dreary and comfortless appearance of every object in this wretched receptacle, the bit of butter on a piece of paper, the candle in a bottle, the basin upon a chair, the punch-bowl and comb upon the table, and the tobacco-pipes, &c., strewed upon the unswept floor, give an admirable picture of the style in which this pride of Drury Lane ate her matin meal. The pictures which ornament the room are, Abraham offering up Isaac, and a portrait of the Virgin Mary; Dr. Sacheverell, and Macheath the highwayman, are companion prints. There is some whimsicality in placing the two ladies under a canopy, formed by the unnailed valance of the bed, and characteristically crowned by the wig-box of a highwayman.

When Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean Street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of their committee informed him, by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two of the society would wait upon his majesty with the money. To give his attic apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it!

A magistrate, cautiously entering the room with his attendant constables, commits her to a house of correction, where our legislators wisely suppose, that being confined to the improving conversation of her associates in vice, must have a powerful tendency towards the reformation of her manners. Sir John Gonson,

Is Kate Hackabout, then, the paramour of a highwayman? There are several indications of the same; and the watch which she trifles with is as likely a prize taken by the one as by the other. The entrance of the constables inclines, however, to the belief that Master Jemmy Dalton is "wanted;" when, finding him absent, Kate is taken instead, the watch in her possession; and some little time allowed for decent garmenting—though, in truth, Mistress Kate dresses herself in a manner bordering on the magnificent—she is haled away to Bridewell, where a quick trial and a short shrift introduces her to a new phase of her chequered existence. There, in Bridewell, she is *whipped!* yes, oh yes, scourged!—they were very cruel, and gratuitously so, to poor, fallen, wretched women, in those days—and then she is put to beat hemp, dressed in damasks and silver lace! and for what?

The watch had an awkward look on the very face of it, we must admit; but once the prostitute was in the hands of Sir John Gonson's satellites—and they had a thorough Dogberry-like instinct of hurrying opposite ways when an alarm was given, or of letting a thief steal out of their company—once the luckless creature was their prize, they did not spare her then—heaven pity her! for the beadle had a skilful hand, a heavy lash, and a heart like the nether mill-stone; and so, you see, there was at least variety for Kate Hackabout, if nothing more: and Kate, by way of change of air, is *In Carcer*.*

a justice of peace, very active in the suppression of brothels, is the person represented. In *A View of the Town in 1725*, by T. Gilbert, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, are the following lines:—

"Though laws severe to punish crimes were made,
What honest man is of these laws afraid?
All felons against judges will exclaim,
As harlots tremble at a Gonson's name."

Pope has noticed him in his Imitation of Dr. Donne; and Loveling, in a very elegant Latin ode. Thus, between the poets and the painter, the name of this harlot-hunting justice is transmitted to posterity. He died on the 9th of January, 1765.

* *Note to Plate IV.*—The situation in which the last plate exhibited our wretched female was sufficiently degrading, but in this her misery is greatly aggravated. We now see her suffering the chastisement due to her follies; reduced to the wretched alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the correction of a savage task-master. Exposed to the derision of all around, even her own servant, who is well acquainted with the rules of the place, appears little disposed to show any return of gratitude for recent obligations, though even her shoes, which she displays while tying up her garter, seem by their gaudy outside to have been a present from her mistress. The civil discipline of the stern keeper has all the severity of the old school. With the true spirit of tyranny, he sentences those who will not labour to the whipping-post, to a kind of picketting suspension by the wrist, or having a heavy log fastened to their leg. With the last of these punishments he at this moment threatens the heroine of our story, nor is it likely that his obduracy can be softened except by a well-applied fee. How dreadful, how mortifying the situation! These accumulated evils might perhaps produce a momentary remorse; but a return to the path of virtue is not so easy as a departure from it.

To show that neither the dread nor endurance of the severest punishment will deter from the perpetration of crimes, a one-eyed female, close to the keeper, is picking a pocket. The torn card may probably be dropped by the well-dressed gamester, who has exchanged the dice-box for the mallet, and whose laced hat is hung up as a companion trophy to the hoop-petticoat.

One of the girls appears scarcely in her teens. To the disgrace of our police, these unfortunate little wanderers are still suffered to take their nocturnal rambles in the most public streets of the metropolis. What heart so void of sensibility, as not to heave a pitying sigh at their deplorable situation? Vice is not confined to colour, for a black woman is ludicrously exhibited as suffering the penalty of those frailties which are imagined peculiar to the fair.

The figure chalked as dangling upon the wall, with a pipe in his mouth, is intended as a caricatured portrait of Sir John Gonson, and probably the production of some would-be artist, whom the magistrate had committed



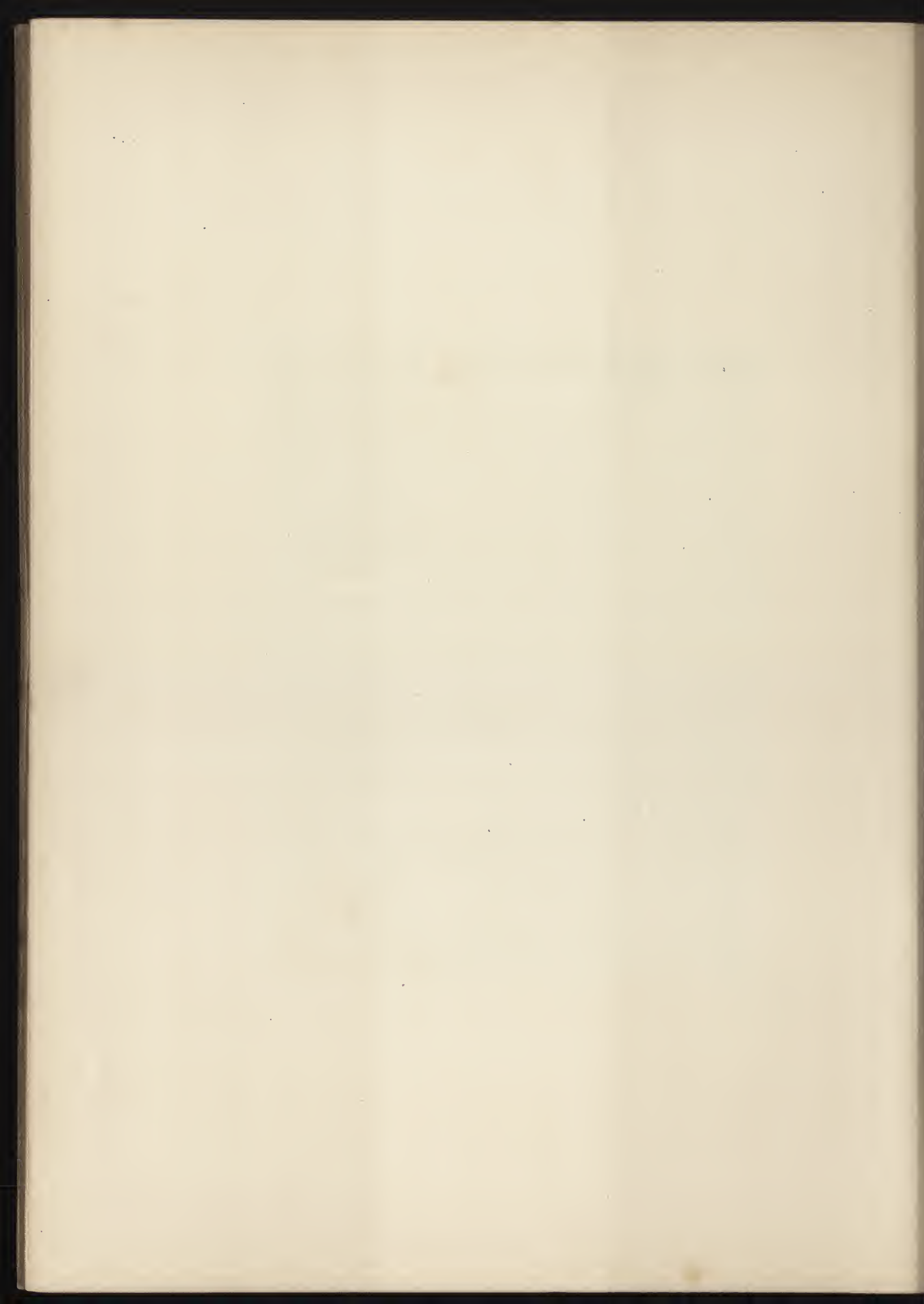




THE BARLOT'S PROGRESS

SCENE IN BRIDEWELL.

from the Original Picture by Hogarth.



CHAPTER IV.—DOLOUR.—DEATH.

ONCE the turning-point is arrived at, there is nothing now to retard the headlong descent—facile enough, as the musty old proverb hath told us more than once is that dark pathway, and headlong through its choked gorges burst the roaring crowds. When Kate came forth from Bridewell, where she had worn her finery for but a brief space—the envy and the rage of those her fell associate sisters, had contributed to transform her pitiful wardrobe into a mere spectacle of raggery—she was not in sufficient feather to flaunt it, as in her gayer days, among the rouged syrens of a more ambitious grade; so that a garret in the purlieu of Drury was a natural resource to one of the many the dreadful hag had been a mother to.

And here we find poor Kate is in dolour and distress. She is ill; she is dying; she is——well, well: it will be all the same a hundred years hence—an aphorism not a few of our optimists are given to console themselves with.

With illness, with broken spirits, broken hopes; the wild, whirling world ebbing and flowing, as it were, before the uncertain—the great pendulum of time coming and going in its wide arc, and with the dreadful “ever! never! never! for ever!”—Kate has been breaking up. Add to this, the agony and deep sorrow, heart-break, and a yearning for home. She heard, in her feverish dreams, the wind sigh mournfully over the grassy mound where her mother lay; she beheld her poor old father, with his grey head resting on his hand, and weeping—weeping for the daughter that was lost, and whom he should never find again.

And she wept too, the poor Magdalene—wept in the solitude of that sordid garret; for when its other tenants came in, the old levity, the old impiety, the old riotous life must go on over and over again; and if she would commune with her Maker, and death, as poor Kate believed—hovering somewhere at hand—what a place was that to murmur the Holy Name in!—under what auspices tremblingly to cry for mercy!

But the inevitable hour comes. The quacks, with their nostrums, cannot agree, and characteristically suffer the patient to die in the arms of her dreadful nurse, while they discuss the merits of their respective medicaments, and quarrel over the right method of treatment. You, gentlemen, proceed logically, or illogically (it matters but little), quote your cases,

to Bridewell, as a proper academy for the pursuit of his studies. The inscription upon the pillory, “Better to work than stand thus;” and that on the whipping-post, near the laced gambler, “The reward of idleness,” are judiciously introduced.

In this print the composition is good: the figures in the background, though properly subordinate, are sufficiently marked; the lassitude of the principal character, well contrasted by the austerity of the rigid overseer. There is a fine climax of female debasement, from the gaudy heroine of our drama, to her maid, and from thence to the still object, who is represented as destroying one of the plagues of Egypt.

Such well-dressed females as our heroine are rarely met with in our present houses of correction; but her splendid appearance is sufficiently warranted by the following paragraph in the *Grub Street Journal* of September 14th, 1730:—

“One Mary Moffat, a woman of great note in the hundreds of Drury, who, about a fortnight ago, was committed to hard labour in Tothill-fields Bridewell, by nine justices, brought his majesty’s writ of *habeas corpus*, and was carried before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice Raymond, expecting to have been either bailed or discharged; but her commitment appearing to be legal, his lordship thought fit to remand her back again to her former place of confinement, where she is now beating hemp in a gown very richly laced with silver.”

and cite your examples; but the life that is trembling on yon purple lips will not be worth one moment's purchase, if you do not consent to waive your clamorous claims, and attend to the dying woman. Ah, no! Too dear is the disputatious triumph; and while the nurse is calling out that Kate is dying, the poor girl decides the business for them, and is—dead!*

The rays which faintly stream into that death-chamber, rendered heavy and impure by a thousand noxious influences and exhalations reeking within that double pest-house, fell with a dreadful glare, cold and pallid, and marble-tinted, on the sharp outlines, pinched features, and the still face of Kate, which, with its closed lips, closed eyes, and aspect of unbreaking repose, was calculated to hold the spectator in awe, and check the light laugh and the jest, as they were ready to spring off the lip.

Her little boy—alas! what life lies before him, if not that of the city Ishmaelite?—after a vacant stare and a dreadful roar, has vanished. The quacks have gone, still disputing down the noisome staircase and the fouler street. The thievish old nurse has gone, having “laid out the corpse” ready for the undertaker; and Mother Midnight (as the guardian of that *Lupanar* is called) has gone to the lower regions, to put her rooms straight—to look after her business—to do all, to all appearances, that a good, virtuous, industrious, and home-loving matron would do, to render her dwelling comfortable by the time the good man comes home from his labour in the evening.

* *Note to Plate V.*—Released from Bridewell, we now see this victim to her own indiscretion breathe her last sad sigh, and expire in all the extremity of penury and wretchedness. The two quacks, whose injudicious treatment has probably accelerated her death, are vociferously supporting the infallibility of their respective medicines, and each charging the other with having poisoned her. The meagre figure is a portrait of Dr. Misabin, a foreigner, at that time in considerable practice.

These disputes, it has been affirmed, sometimes happen at a consultation of regular physicians, and a patient has been so unpolite as to die before they could determine on the name of his disorder.

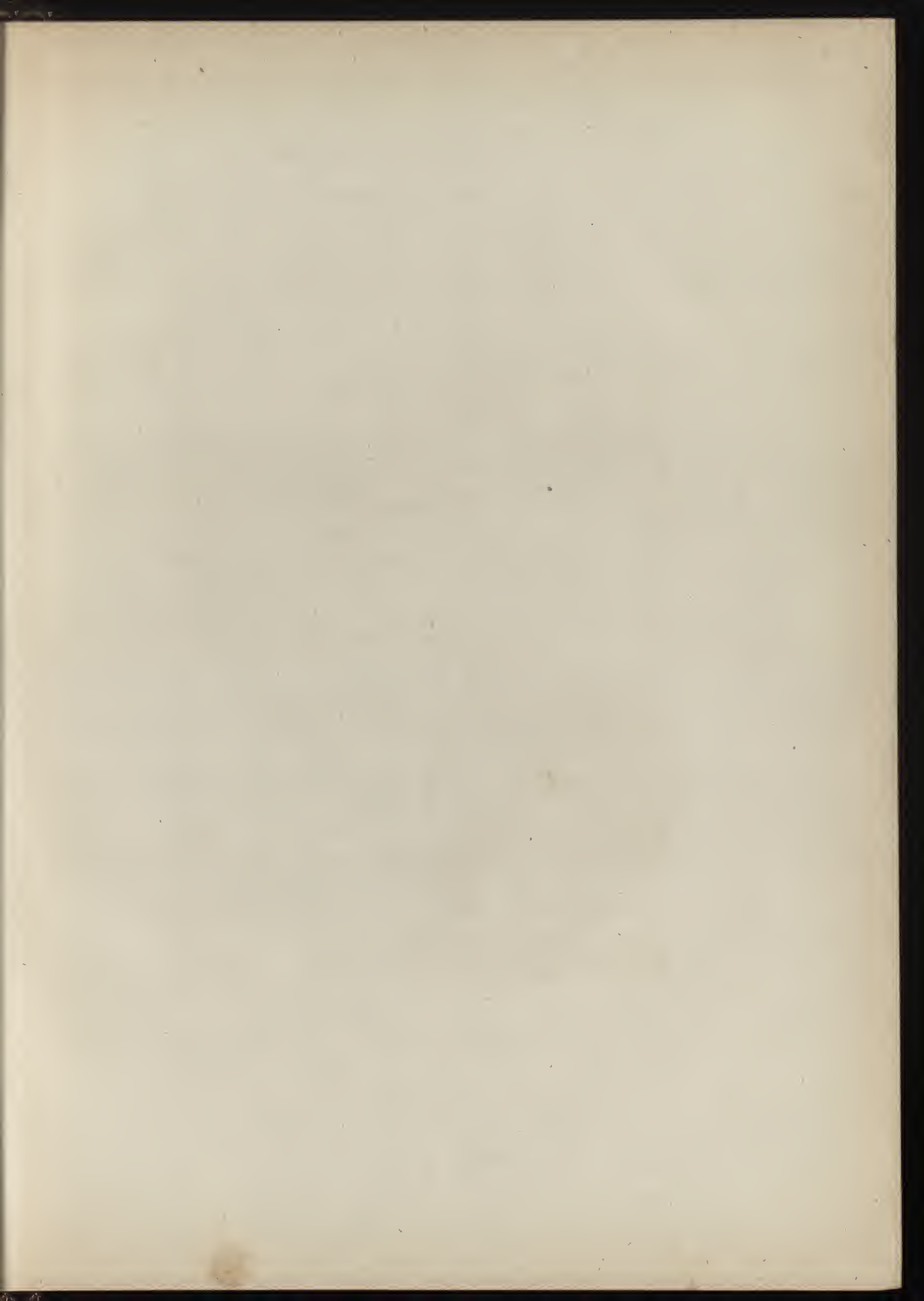
“About the symptoms how they disagree,
But how unanimous about the fee!”

While the maid-servant is entreating them to cease quarrelling, and assist her dying mistress, the nurse plunders her trunk of the few poor remains of former grandeur. Her little boy turning a scanty remnant of meat hung to roast by a string; the linen hanging to dry; the coals deposited in a corner; the candles, bellows, and gridiron hung upon nails; the furniture of the room; and indeed every accompaniment, exhibit a dreary display of poverty and wretchedness. Over the candles hangs a cake of Jew's Bread, once perhaps the property of her Levitical lover, and now used as a fly-trap. The initials of her name, K.H., are smoked upon the ceiling as a kind of *memento mori* to the next inhabitant. On the floor lies a paper inscribed “anodyne necklace,” at that time deemed a sort of charm against the disorders incident to children; and near the fire, a tobacco-pipe, and paper of pills.

A picture of general, and at this awful moment, indecent confusion, is admirably represented. The noise of two enraged quacks disputing in bad English; the harsh, vulgar scream of the maid-servant; the table falling, and the pot boiling over, must produce a combination of sounds dreadful and dissonant to the ear. In this pitiable situation, without a friend to close her dying eyes, or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear—forlorn, destitute, and deserted, the heroine of this eventful history expires! her premature death brought on by a licentious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, and attended by consequent infamy, misery, and disease. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and inexperienced, and proves this great, this important truth—that a DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS.

The emaciated appearance of the dying figure, the boy's thoughtless inattention, and the rapacious, unfeeling eagerness of the old nurse, are naturally and forcibly delineated.

The figures are well grouped; the curtain gives depth, and forms a good background to the doctor's head; the light is judiciously distributed, and each accompaniment highly appropriate.







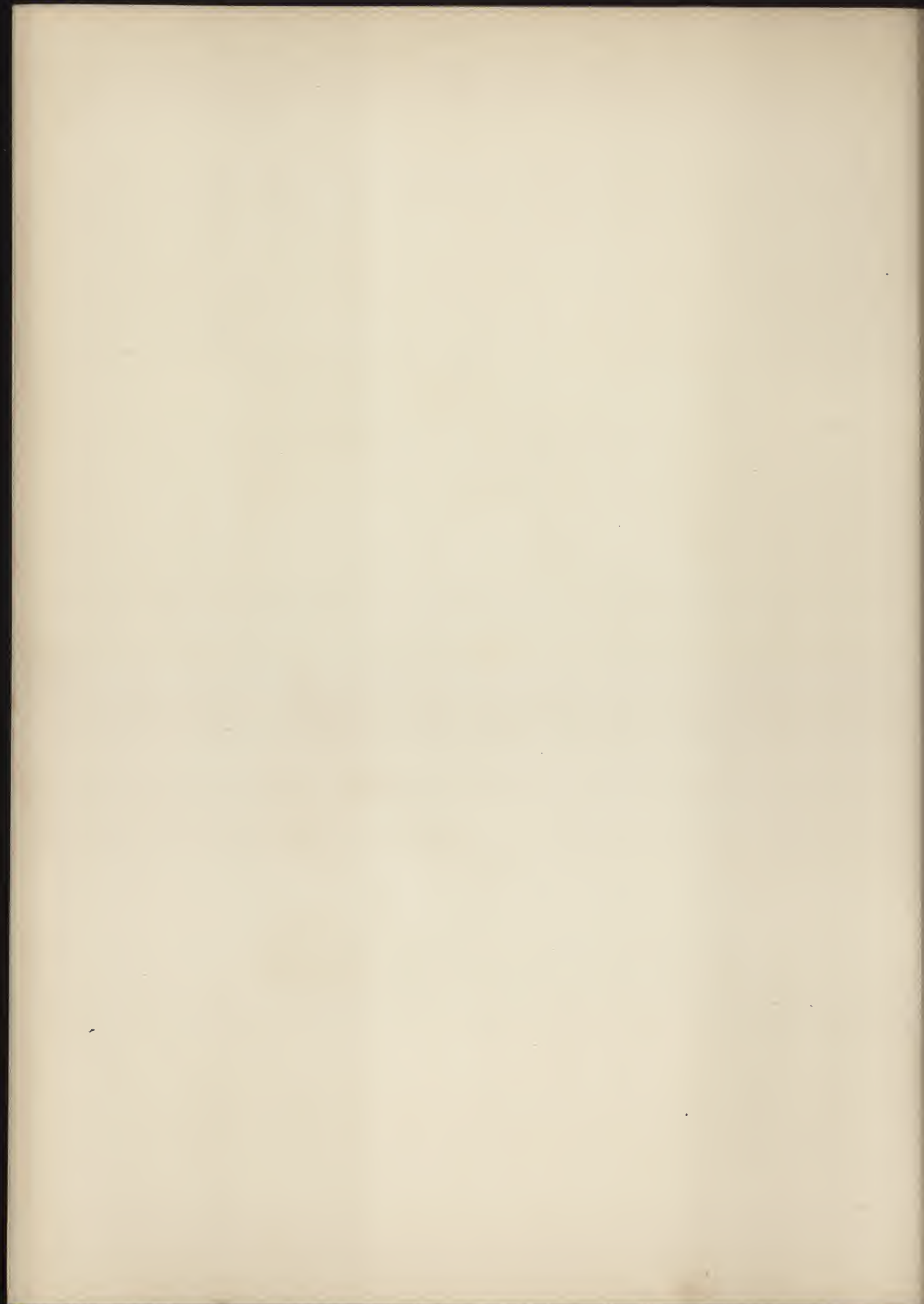
Designed by G. Frederick

THE HARRIS PROGRESS

PLATE 5.

EXPERS WHILE THE DOCTORS ARE LISPITIN

From the Original Picture by Hogarth



In that garret abide Death and Silence. Its tenant is a rigid form—once so fair, so rosy, that men lusted after its beauty, and committed sacrilege upon the sanctuary which enshrined it.

Death and Silence! How passive they seem! yet how eloquent they are. What poetry they utter! What homilies they recite! “Vanity of vanities!” begins one; “Man that is born of a woman!” begins another. They mingle those dreadful litanies about sin, and death, and the grave, and “judgment to come!” as the motes intermingle in the sickly yellow sunshine; but all this while Kate moves not. She is very still—still and cold as marble; she is very lovely now; and, oh! what a bright seraphic gleam is that playing upon her face, bringing back to her that old look of innocence, purity, and childhood she once wore so becomingly.

The day is passing on, and the yellow light grows duller. The figure on the bed, which is something other than it was—something beyond the touch and taint of man, and, therefore, partaking of the sublime—is still—the marble is not stiller. And the lights yet shift on.

Yes! Death hath been there, cleansing and purifying her poor despised remains—washing them in those waters of Marah, which, however brackish, have still done something to the purifying of the soul, ere it fled starward. Death hath changed that corrupt, dishonoured body into something so serene, so awful, and so beautiful, that any who had known the wearer in life, and held her in contempt or pity, as the case might be, would approach her now with a sense of something more terrible, more unreal, less earthly, pervading the quiet sleeper; and the most callous would have felt some unquiet creeping, and the haughtiest would have bowed the head. Cold, shifting grey lights—now lapsing into twilight, now crepuscular, now dark, darker—the garret, with its one tenant, is now an awful sanctuary, which none dare approach.

It is night. The stars are out. There is moonshine too. Starshine and moonshine pour into the room by the narrow attic window. The serene silver light falls with a soft, pale radiance on the still face and the closed eyes. Is there not the old smile of childhood on the lips? and is she not as cold and beautiful as vestal chastity.

It is thy hour of triumph now, Kate. No petty rivalries, no mean jealousies can affect thee more, poor girl! Even thy sisterhood, that scorned or that cherished thee—for the unhappy creatures have their moments of fierce and hysteric tendernesses—they can sorrow for thee, pity thee; they ought to envy thee now more than ever, for thou hast thine immortal jewels on; even they speak of thee in whispers, and tremblings, and tears.

From the scores of surrounding streets—from the hundreds of alleys lying round and about—there comes a hoarse, deadened hum of human voices. Some are howling tipsy ballads far out below. Hoarse, brawling voices, as of men in altercation—shrill *altos* of venomous women quarrelling, with tigerish thirst to claw their opponents tooth and nail, rise upon the air. The costermonger lifts aloud his voice; the butcher cries, “buy! buy! buy!” the thousand-and-one street-cries of the metropolis mingle together in one Babel. These do not reach the sleeper, and still the serene silver lights march noiselessly on.

An under-current of sound, a *diapason* to the whole wild organ *fugue* which the living world without is giving reverberating utterance to—harsh, dissonant, discordant—add, also, the roar, the rattle, the thunder of ten thousand rolling vehicles generating discords of every imaginable nature, of every grating kind—anything but harmony and accord—yet, by some marvellous fusion, the whole is toned down, and blended into a rhythmic harmony

—I know not how—and as I stand in that death-chamber, it seems to change, by gliding transitions, into a tender, sobbing, mournful *threnos*; and I kneel and pray, and my tears fall on those cold, cold cheeks: for—for—I knew her when a little, tender child—oh! Kate! Kate!—or, stay, was it some *other* Kate I knew?

The night is growing older and colder, and solemn moanings are in the air. There are signs of vitality below stairs from those that have been dozing hourly for the afternoon. Mother Needham's *strepitous* voice is heard, reaching the up-stairs chambers.

“Come, girls! come down to the parlour! Here are fresh visitors. Plague on't, I'm hipped to death. Come along, my gay wenches, I have opened a fresh supply of *aqua vita*.” And so they drink to drown their sorrow—to chase away the blue-devils—to raise up their spirits—to make life defiant of death; for death in the house, look you, is a very awkward customer, and it takes a good many glasses of strong waters to allay him.

Presently, Mother Midnight, with her fair-looking crew, with bare bosoms and flashing eyes—white incarnate leprosies—are becoming fast their old riotous, jovial, reckless, Bacchanal selves again! The syrens here come from their hidden caves—from their half-devoured carcasses and badly picked bones—to sit on the banks, to play with their yellow locks, to sing—what? There are no such *words* in Hesiod, nor in Homer, nor in Ovid, nor in any antique anthology extant—let us be thankful—but then Drury Lane and Mother Midnight's nymphs are modern inventions, so they sing—I care not to know what. But the beguiled ones enter, the gallants throng in, the “men about town” are there; and they are growing noisy, and jolly, and amorous; but into that *garret* there enters nothing save the holy lights of heaven, serene and tranquil; and the slumber of the sleeper is not broken.

The wild, ribald songs of the Bacchantes strike on the ear; their choruses are lugubrious as the choruses of some demon opera—say the familiars of *Zaniel*: ever mingling with this, with these also, through the interweaving hours of the busy night, is the cry of the new-born—the last moan of the moribund—the joyous carol of gratulation—the dreadful litanies for those passing away—life and death—death and life; and the awful harlequinade goes busily, unrestingly, untiringly on. And so on, for ever and for ever.

The cold daybreak falls upon the calm sleeping face. It has not changed, stirred, moved. It is no one. It is nothing. It is a corpse. That means “earth to earth”—like to like—nothing more—nothing less.

Now comes the coffin, and the mourners. Oh me! what mourners, and what draughts of reeking consolation do they drink over that despised shell—a shell within a shell.*

* *Note to Plate VI.*—The adventures of our heroine are now concluded. She is no longer an actor in her own tragedy; and there are those who have considered this print as a farce at the end of it: but surely such was not the author's intention.

The ingenious writer of *Tristram Shandy* begins the life of his hero before he is born; the picturesque biographer of Kate Hackabout has found an opportunity to convey admonition, and enforce his moral, after her death. A wish usually prevails, even among those who are most humbled by their own indiscretion, that some respect should be paid to their remains; that their eyes should be closed by the tender hand of a surviving friend, and the tear of sympathy and regret shed upon the sod which covers their grave; that those who loved them living, should attend their last obsequies; and a sacred character read over them the awful service which our religion ordains, with the solemnity it demands. The memory of this votary of prostitution meets with no such marks of social attention, or pious respect. The preparations for her funeral are as licentious as the progress of her life;







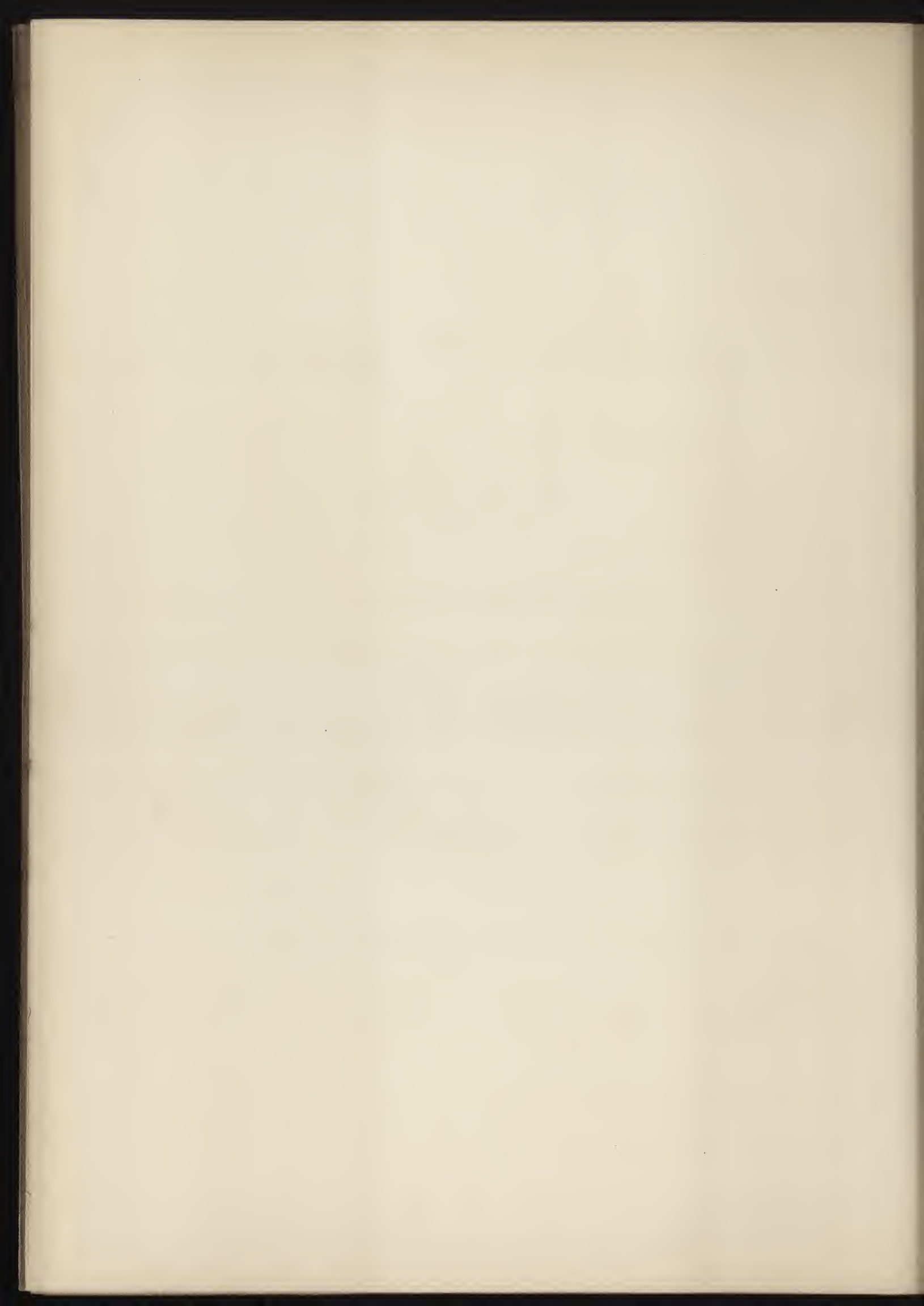
Engraved by J. Ströbber.

THE BARLOT'S PROGRESS

PLATE I.

THE FUNERAL

From the Original Picture by Hogarth



Let her go. Let her be carried thither. Little does it matter the foul nook into which she is thrust. She will sleep with good and better, and many worse than ever she was. Let us be thankful that she is at peace, that she can sin no more, and fear no more deadly stress arising from houselessness and friendlessness—dread no more the compulsory downward course arising from cold and hunger.

No. She can sin no more. And after life's fitful fever she sleeps well; and may the Great Father look pityingly upon *her*, and upon us all, I pray. Amen!

and the contagion of her example seems to reach all who surround her coffin. One of them is engaged in the double trade of seduction and thievery; a second is contemplating her own face in a mirror. The female who is gazing at the corpse, displays some marks of concern, and feels a momentary compunction at viewing the melancholy scene before her: but if any other part of the company are in a degree affected, it is a mere maudlin sorrow, kept up by glasses of strong liquor. The depraved priest does not seem likely to feel for the dead that hope expressed in our liturgy. The appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe, is such as must raise disgust in the breast of any female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral.

In this plate there are some local customs which mark the manners of the times when it was engraved, but are now generally disused, except in some of the provinces very distant from the capital; sprigs of rosemary were then given to each of the mourners: to appear at a funeral without one, was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief. This custom might probably originate at a time when the plague depopulated the metropolis, and rosemary was deemed an antidote against contagion. It must be acknowledged that there are also in this print some things which, though they gave the artist an opportunity of displaying his humour, are violations of propriety and custom: such is her child, but a few removes from infancy, being habited as chief mourner, to attend his parent to the grave; rings presented, and an escutcheon hung up, in a garret, at the funeral of a needy prostitute. The whole may be intended as a burlesque upon ostentatious and expensive funerals, which were then more customary than they are now. Mr. Pope has well ridiculed the same folly:—

“When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who, living, sav'd a candle's end.”

The figures have much characteristic discrimination; the woman looking into the coffin has more beauty than we generally see in the works of this artist. The undertaker's gloating stare, his companion's leer, the internal satisfaction of the parson and his next neighbour, are contrasted by the Irish howl of the woman at the opposite side, and evince Mr. Hogarth's thorough knowledge of the operation of the passions upon the features. The composition forms a good shape, has a proper depth, and the light is well managed.

Sir James Thornhill's opinion of this series may be inferred from the following circumstance. Mr. Hogarth had, without consent, married the baronet's daughter: Sir James, considering him as an obscure artist, was much displeas'd with the connexion. To give him a better opinion of his son-in-law, a common friend, one morning, privately conveyed the six pictures of the “Harlot's Progress” into his drawing-room. The veteran painter eagerly inquired who was the artist; and being told, cried out, “Very well! Very well indeed! The man who can paint such pictures as these, can maintain a wife without a portion.” This was the remark of the moment; but he afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous.

When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town, that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription book. When the prints appeared, they were beheld with astonishment. A subject so novel in the idea, so marked with genius in the execution, excited the most eager attention of the public. At a time when England was coldly inattentive to everything which related to the arts, so desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, published, by permission of the author, for Thomas Bakewell. The whole series was copied on fan-mounts, representing the six plates, three on one side, and three on the other. It was transferred from the copper to the stage, in the form of a pantomime, by Theophilus Cibber; and again represented in a ballad opera, entitled, *The Jew Decoyed; or the Harlot's Progress*.

“The six pictures of the ‘Harlot's Progress’ were consumed at the fire which burnt down Mr. Beckford's house at Fonthill, in 1755.” So says an old catalogue of Hogarth's pictures, exhibited at the British Institution, in 1814. A loss so irreparable, that the whole artistic talent of the world cannot replace it, and it is fortunate we have Hogarth's own engraved transcript of the same.

THE TIMES OF THE DAY.

No. I.—MORNING.

HOGARTH'S London, as he gives it us in substantial and easily recognisable fragments in his several pictures, is well worth looking into; a close and attentive study of which will amply satisfy the curious upon such matters. Looking upon it from Hogarth's point of view, we find it to be neither Roman London nor Mediæval London, nor exactly "old world" London, in the express sense of the term; though somewhat of the skirts of that trim antiquity seem to hover about his transcripts. What we see of it is quaint, formal, picturesque, with ever so slight a smack of Dutch William's tastes and pleasant architectural fancies; neat, as imported from the Hague, in steep-pitched roofs, and queer but striking gablings. It is all suggestive of gossip, of anecdote, of the wits at the coffee-house, of the *litterati*, the artists, and the actors at Wills', Button's, and the Hummums. Covent Garden lies before us in all its unique graces of style, formal outlines, and memorable associations—no matter for the reversal of objects in the picture. We have a glimpse of St. Giles's—not its more renowned and notorious point of attraction (Dyot Street), now gone and vanished with the "march of improvement" (whatever *that* tune is)—but the "Hog Lane" of his time—the Crown Street of the present day—and the French emigrants in sacques and hoods, in laced coats, and flourishing clouded canes, coming out of the Huguenot Chapel. He gives us next, in turn, a sweet suburban bit, with grass and fresh water; and you hear the gentle low of the cows—a corner of New-River Head, be it known, not recognisable by Sadler's Wells in 1860; but you see a bit of the old theatre, and, very likely, you are carried back to the days of Joe Grimaldi. Charing Cross, again, is a spot far too well known, and even historical, to be overlooked; and, looking up a narrow street, now no longer existing, but which is rife with associations, quaint suggestions, and true Hogarthian vitality, we obtain a glimpse of the statue of Charles at the end, and thus our locality is fixed without possibility of misconception or error.

Covent Garden is the centre of much valuable *memorabilia*, and interesting reminiscences. The celebrities of days and eras, long gone into the past, are associated therewith. In the precincts of that noble "barn-like" church, reposes the dust of men who have been famous in their day—Estcourt, Edwin, Macklin, King, are names of renowned actors. Butler, the poet, lies there. Carr, Earl of Somerset, has there found a resting-place—Carr, who belongs to that hideously tragic story of Sir Thomas Overbury, and that dreadful Countess of Somerset. This Carr had a daughter, who was married to William, Earl and Duke of Bedford; and who had been brought up in such thorough ignorance of the shame and dishonour of her parents, that having, by chance, met with a book in which the whole stark-naked horror of the appalling crime was set forth, she was found in a dead faint on the floor; and the story coloured the whole of her after-life with a touch of gloom.





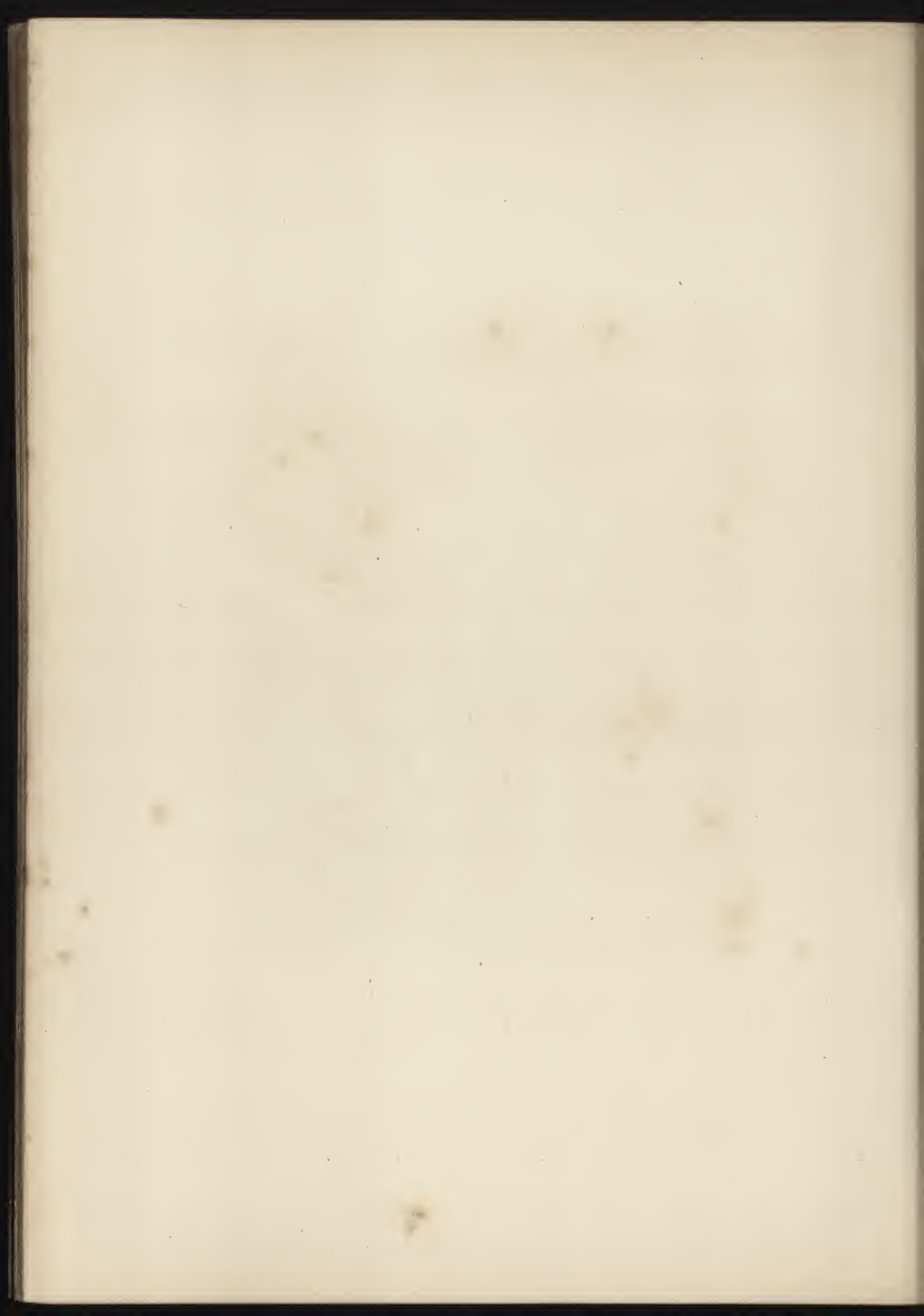


Engraved by J. Morrison.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

MORNING.

From the original picture by Hogarth.



Here lies the gay and airy Wycherly, whose muse was so flaunting, and whose cheeks were tinted with rouge and ruddy wine. Here, too, rest Peter Lely, who painted a brazen sisterhood, so meretricious and deboshed, that it is only by degrees of strumpetry they are recognisable the one from the other; Southern, Sir Robert Strange (the greatest engraver we have known); Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), and many more. Here, too, opposite the Bedford Coffee-house, occurred a fearful tragedy—the assassination of a Miss Ray (a beautiful and accomplished young lady, protected by the Earl of Sandwich), by a Captain Hackman, in a fit of jealousy; the whole story itself being of the most romantic and startling nature.

It would be but multiplying instances to quote names, anecdotes, and “recollections,” all of which go to prove Covent Garden to be a sort of classic ground, rendered doubly so by the stately tread of Sir Roger de Coverley, or of his representative, Mr. Joseph Addison. And beside that erect figure stalks the burlier Sir Richard Steele, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a harmless jest for the orange girl on the piazza, who solicits him to purchase. “Glorious John,” in his pride and in his prime, makes no insignificant show as he crosses that queer quadrangle, which is now so different, with its floral arcades, from the bulks and the stalls, and the ragged tents of old. Dr. Samuel Johnson moralises over the vanity of earthly things; Oliver Goldsmith exhibits his plum-coloured suit; David Garrick passes, with measured step, that way, theatre-ward; Sir Joshua Reynolds is going to the club; and here comes Bozzy, full of fresh matter—droppings of wisdom, and curt apothegms, which the great lexicographer has just given utterance to. It is now time that the picture should speak for itself; for it is far from being deficient in an eloquence which appeals to us in an infinite variety of ways.

Morning, in Covent Garden, looks wintry and lowering enough.*

* *Note to “Morning.”*—This withered representative of Miss Bridget Alworthy, with a shivering footboy carrying her prayer-book, never fails in her attendance at morning service. She is a symbol of the season.—

“Chaste as the icicle
That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple,”

she looks with scowling eye, and all the conscious pride of severe and stubborn virginity, on the poor girls who are suffering the embraces of two drunken beaux that are just staggering out of Tom King’s Coffee-house. One of them, from the basket on her arm, I conjecture to be an orange girl: she shows no displeasure at the boisterous salute of her Hibernian lover. That the hero in a laced hat is from the banks of the Shannon, is apparent in his countenance. The female whose face is partly concealed, and whose neck has a more easy turn than we always see in the works of this artist, is not formed of the most inflexible materials.

An old woman, seated upon a basket; the girl, warming her hands by a few withered sticks that are blazing on the ground, and a wretched mendicant, wrapped in a tattered and parti-coloured blanket, entreating charity from the rosy-fingered vestal who is going to church, complete the group. Behind them, at the door of Tom King’s Coffee-house, are a party engaged in a fray, likely to create business for both surgeon and magistrate: we discover swords and cudgels in the combatants’ hands.

On the opposite side of the print are two little schoolboys. That they have shining morning faces we cannot positively assert; but each has a satchel at his back, and, according with the description given by the poet of nature, is

“Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.”

The lantern appended to the woman who has a basket on her head, proves that these dispensers of the riches of Pomona rise before the sun, and do part of their business by an artificial light. Near her, that immediate descendant of Paracelsus, Dr. Rock, is expatiating to an admiring audience, on the never-failing virtues of his wonder-working medicines. One hand holds a bottle of his miraculous panacea, and the other supports a board,

No. II.—NOON.

THE day is marching on, and the "time" is indicated with sufficient exactness by the people coming out of chapel, even if the clock of St. Giles's church did not point out the hour. We have a contrast—one which the artist was especially fond of making—between the plump rosy beauty of our own women, and the *fade* look, and affected smirking, of a superbly-dressed lady representing a rival nation. Look at the girl whom Sambo is saluting with such gusto; and look at the true devotee opposite—and hesitate, if you can, about that golden apple you have to bestow on the fairest. London, at this time, was overrun with French refugees; and at so early a period they had taken possession of Leicester Fields, and colonised the surrounding region. Several districts of the metropolis were denominated "Petty France," from the fact of the poor Huguenot refugees aggregating in such spots, in greater or lesser numbers; and, to Hogarth, their manners and habits afforded much amusement, and ample scope for a study of their idiosyncrasies. But let us to the picture.*

on which is the king's arms, to indicate that his practice is sanctioned by royal letters patent. Two porringers and a spoon, placed on the bottom of an inverted basket, intimate that the woman seated near them, is a vender of rice-milk, which was at that time brought into the market every morning.

A fatigued porter leans on a rail; and a blind beggar is going towards the church; but whether he will become one of the congregation, or take his stand at the door, in the hope that religion may have warmed the hearts of its votaries to "Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man," is uncertain.

Snow on the ground, and icicles hanging from the penthouse, exhibit a very chilling prospect; but, to dissipate the cold, there is happily a shop where spirituous liquors are sold *pro bono publico*, at a very little distance. A large pewter measure is placed upon a post before the door, and three of a smaller size hang over the window of the house.

The character of the principal figure is admirably delineated. She is marked with that prim and awkward formality which generally accompanies her order, and is an exact type of a hard winter; for every part of her dress, except the flying lappets and apron, ruffled by the wind, is as rigidly precise as if it were frozen. It has been said that this incomparable figure was designed as the representative of either a particular friend, or a relation. Individual satire may be very gratifying to the public, but is frequently fatal to the satirist. Churchill, by the lines,

"Fam'd Vine-street,
Where Heaven, the kindest wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt,"

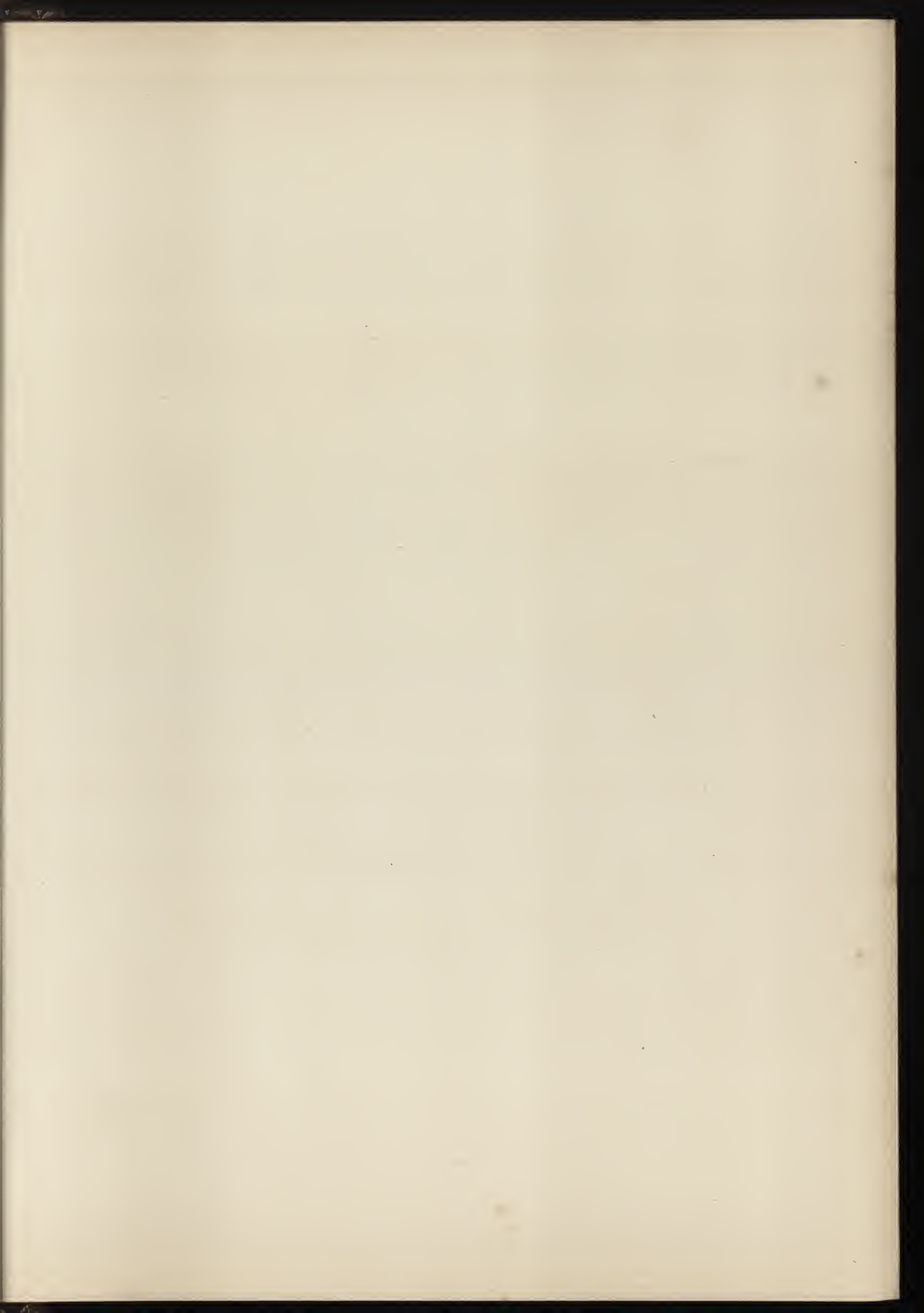
lost a considerable legacy; and it is related that Hogarth, by the introduction of this withered votary of Diana into this print, induced her to alter a will which had been made considerably in his favour; she was at first well enough satisfied with her resemblance, but some designing people taught her to be angry.

Extreme cold is very well expressed in the slip-shod footboy, and the girl who is warming her hands. The group of which she is a part, is well-formed, but not sufficiently balanced on the opposite side.

The church dial, a few minutes before eight; marks of little shoes and pattens in the snow, and various productions of the season in the market, are an additional proof of that minute accuracy with which this artist inspected and represented objects, which painters in general have neglected.

Covent Garden is the scene; but, in the print, every building is reversed. This was a common error with Hogarth; not from his being ignorant of the use of the mirror, but from his considering it as a matter of little consequence.

* *Note to "Noon."*—Among the figures who are coming out of the church, an affected, flighty Frenchwoman, with her fluttering fop of a husband, and a boy, habited *à-la-mode de Paris*, claim our first attention. In dress, air, and manner, they have a national character. The whole congregation, whether male or female, old or young, carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment. Like the three principal figures, they are all marked with some affected peculiarity. Affectation, in a woman, is supportable upon no other ground than that general indulgence we pay to the omnipotence of beauty, which in a degree sanctifies whatever it adopts. In





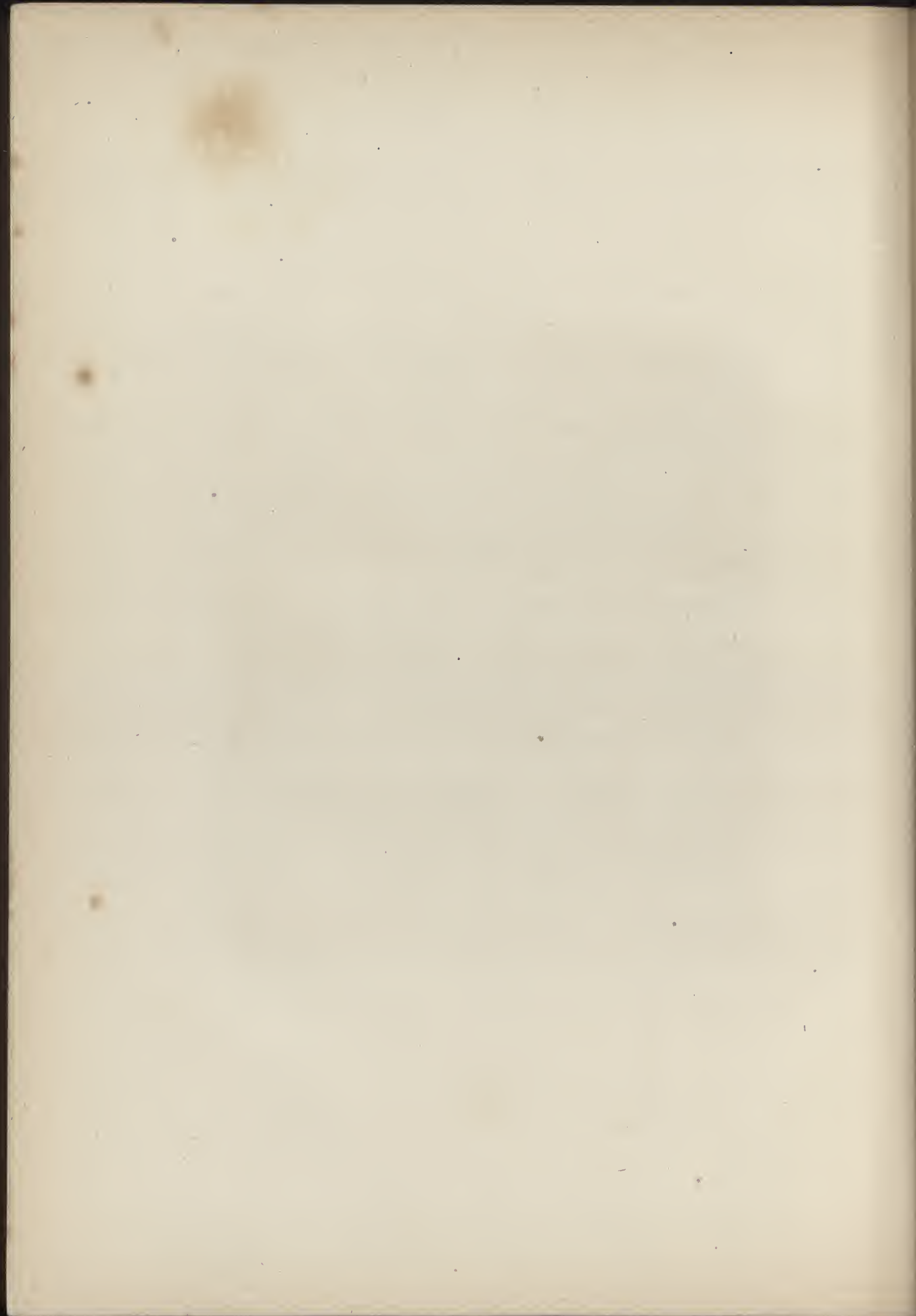
Engraved by W. H. Worthington.

TIMES OF TEA-TIME.

NOON.

From the Original Picture by Hogarth.









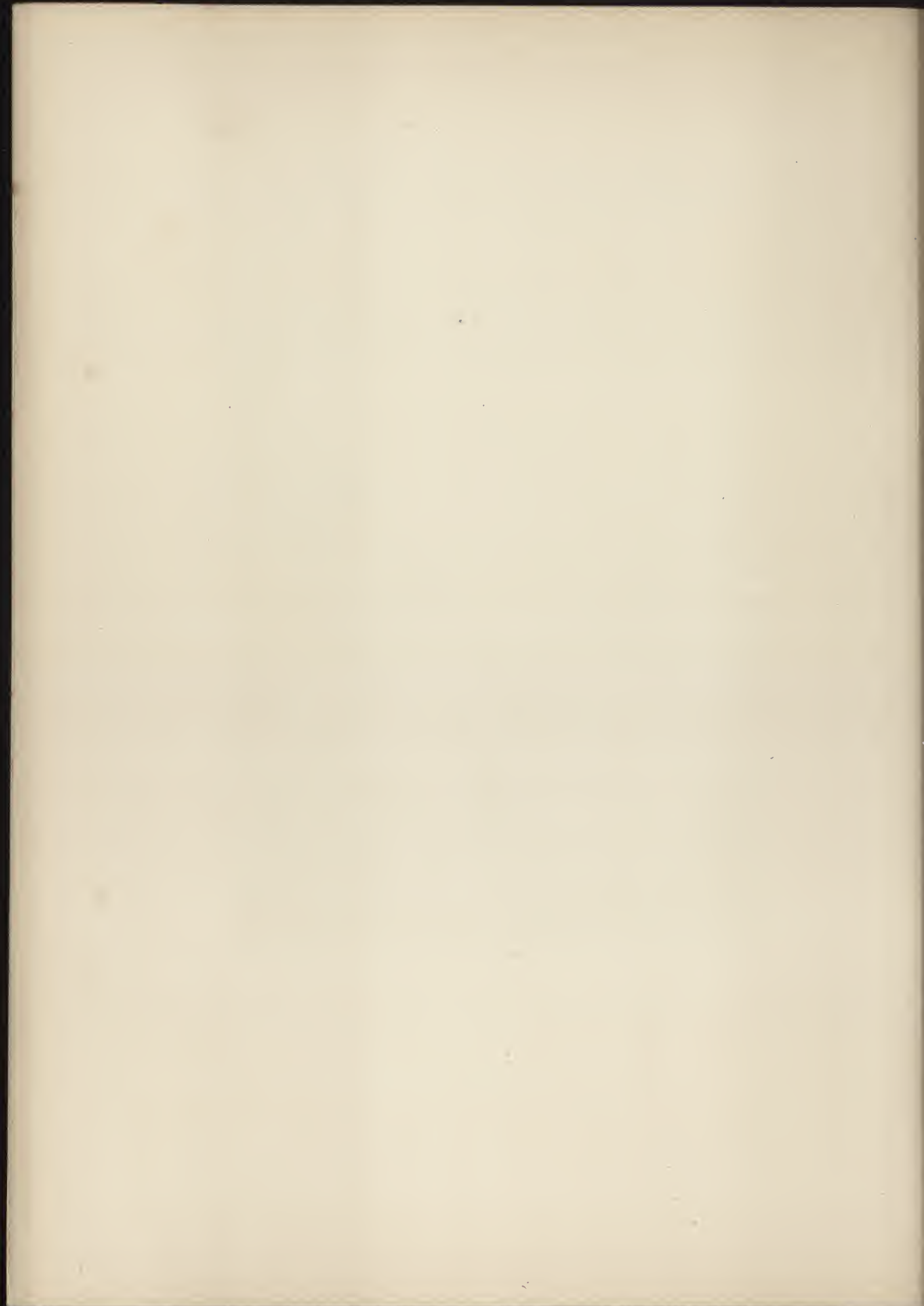


Engraved by L. E. Tuck

TIMES OF THE DAY

EVENING.

From the Original Picture by Hogarth.



No. III.—EVENING.

DESPITE the covert cynicism observable in this picture—despite the ample beauties of the buxom matron, and the mild, inoffensive, and hen-pecked air of her husband, who toils under his duties, he seems quite disposed to make the best of his Sunday ramble. The breezy hills of Highgate lie in the distance, and a noble breadth and sweep of thoroughly English sky gives air and amplitude to the whole. It is by no means difficult to imagine the charm of a rural walk to him, who, from week's end to week's end, is in "the populous city pent." Then, indeed, the suburbs of London must have been delightful—their pure rural character untouched by any rascal hand pretending to taste, and revelling in stucco and veneer. Then, indeed, there were "quick freshets," purling brooks and "bournes," pellucid streams, broad meadows, and noble pasture-fields—pleasant of a morn in May; or in the soft stillness of a summer's evening; fragrant with the odour of the new-mown hay, they were worth a journey out to see.

The introduction of tea into the metropolis, as a beverage that exhilarates (*I don't feel much exhilarated by it, to be candid*), created a new form of relaxation and amusement; and made the bond between neighbours, friends, and families all the closer, because there soon sprung up places of resort in the suburbs, which added the charm of rurality—and a vision of green fields and the country to Cockney eyes—to those habits of association that

a boy, when we consider that the poor fellow is attempting to copy what he has been taught to believe praiseworthy, we laugh at it; the largest portion of ridicule falls upon his tutors; but, in a man, it is contemptible!

The old fellow, in a black periwig, has a most vinegar-like aspect, and looks with great contempt at the frippery gentlewoman immediately before him. The woman, with a demure countenance, seems very piously considering how she can contrive to pick the embroidered beau's pocket. Two old sybils joining their withered lips in a chaste salute, is nauseous enough, but, being a national custom, must be forgiven. The divine seems to have resided in this kingdom long enough to acquire a roast-beef countenance.

Under the sign of the Baptist's Head, is written, "Good Eating;" and on each side of the inscription is a mutton-chop. In opposition to this head without a body, unaccountably displayed as a sign at an eating-house, there is a body without a head, hanging out as the sign of a distiller's. This, by common consent, has been quaintly denominated "the good woman." At a window above, one of the softer sex proves her indisputable right to the title by her temperate conduct to her husband, with whom having had a little disagreement, she throws their Sunday's dinner into the street.

A girl, bringing a pie from the bakehouse, is stopped in her career by the rude embraces of a blackamoor, who eagerly rubs his sable visage against her blooming cheek.

Good eating is carried on to the lower part of the picture. A boy, placing a baked pudding upon a post with rather too violent an action, the dish breaks, the fragments fall to the ground, and while he is loudly lamenting his misfortune, and with tears anticipating his punishment, the smoking remnants are eagerly snatched up by a poor girl. Not educated according to the system of Jean Jacques Rousseau, she feels no qualms of conscience about the original proprietor, and, destitute of that fastidious delicacy which destroys the relish of many a fine lady, eagerly swallows the hot and delicious morsels, with all the concomitants.

The scene is laid at the door of a French chapel in Hog Lane; a part of the town at that time almost wholly peopled by French refugees, or their descendants.

By the dial of St. Giles's church, in the distance, we see that it is only half-past eleven. At this early hour, in those good times, there was as much good eating as there is now at six o'clock in the evening. From twenty pewter measures which are hung up before the houses of different distillers, it seems that good drinking was considered as equally worthy of their serious attention.

The dead cat, and choked kennels, mark the little attention shown to the streets by the scavengers of St. Giles's. At that time noxious effluvia was not peculiar to this parish. The neighbourhood of Fleet ditch, and many other parts of the city, were equally polluted.

are known as conviviality; and which, through the medium of this harmless beverage, brought them together in larger parties; and very merry and very moral junkettings naturally resulted. It is conjectured that some quarter of a million of Londoners went forth every Sunday to these tepid and harmless *ginguettes*, and that £25,000 a-day may be estimated as the outlay. Fields, "tea-gardens," and ancient cottages, where "hot water for twopence" might be got, were much affected. There were Sadler's Wells, the "Prospect House," near Islington; "Jenny's Whim," at Chelsea (is that the defunct "Monster," I wonder?); Spring Gardens, at Newington and at Stepney; the "Castle," at Kentish Town; the "Angel," at Upper Holloway—not to speak of the remote "Elephant and Castle," "Jack Straw's Castle," "Bagnige Wells," "White Conduit Gardens," and others preceding and following; and keeping up the pretty fancy of suburban excursions and innocent festivities—the only relaxation the toil-worn thousands of London have as a compensation for their dreary imprisonment in the midst of the brick and smoke of this enormous Babel.

But a suburban trip out of London *now!* What can that possibly mean? Five or ten miles by omnibus is necessitated, at the very least, as a simple condition of getting *out* of London, and then you only hover about the outskirts of grim brick carcasses, and the eye is assailed by bricks, brick-fields, and other indications of building. More building! Ten, twenty, or thirty miles by train, and *then* the country begins to smile woingly and refreshingly upon you. The cool, grateful aspect of the grass and the foliage, after the blistering familiarity one has with glaring brickwork, hot and arid, is unspeakably delicious. Nature puts on her sweetest smiles to welcome us in field or forest. The blood runs quicker in the veins of children: their laugh is a carol; their shoutings a jubilee of joy. It is a white-letter day. Let us enjoy it.

But returning to New River Head;—the poetic exordium which tells the story is almost too good to be omitted; so it is retained.*

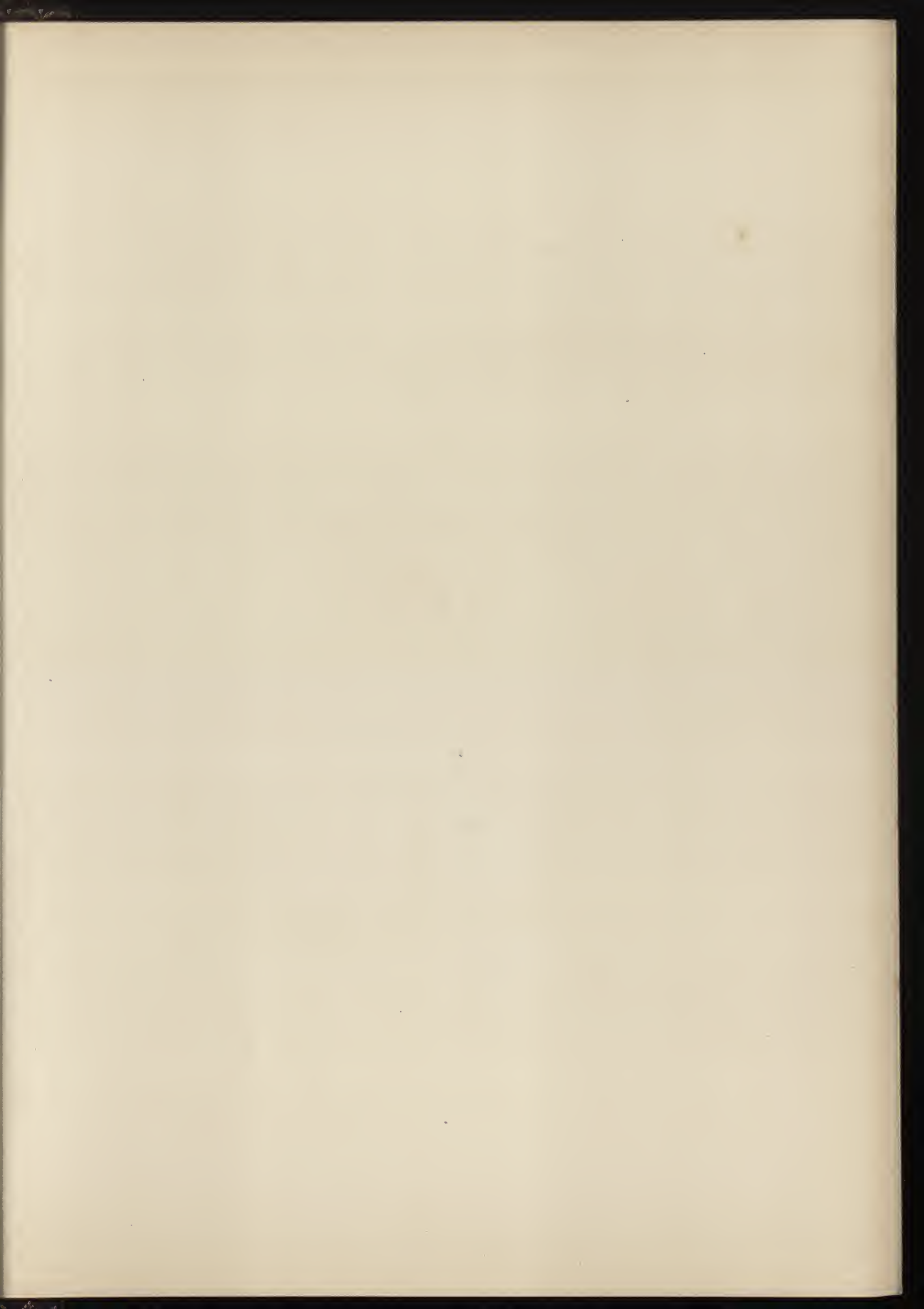
* Note to "Evening."

One sultry Sunday, when no cooling breeze
Was borne on zephyr's wing, to fan the trees;
One sultry Sunday, when the torrid ray
O'er nature beam'd intolerable day;
When raging Sirius warn'd us not to roam,
And Galen's sons prescrib'd cool draughts at home;
One sultry Sunday, near those fields of fame
Where weavers dwell, and Spital is their name,
A sober wight, of reputation high
For tints that emulate the Tyrian dye,
Wishing to take his afternoon's repose,
In easy chair had just began to doze,
When, in a voice that sleep's soft slumbers broke,
His oily helpmate thus her wishes spoke:
"Why, spouse, for shame! my stars, what's this
about?
You's ever sleeping; come, we'll all go out;
At that there garden, pr'ythee, do not stare!
We'll take a mouthful of the country air;
In the yew bower an hour or two we'll kill;
There you may smoke, and drink what punch you will.
Sophy and Billy each shall walk with me,
And you must carry little Emily.

Veny is sick, and pants, and loathes her food;
The grass will do the pretty creature good.
Hot rolls are ready as the clock strikes five—
And now 'tis after four, as I'm alive!"

The mandate issued, see the tour begun,
And all the flock set out for Islington.
Now the broad sun, refulgent lamp of day,
To rest with Thetis, slopes his western way;
O'er every tree embrowning dust is spread,
And tipt with gold is Hampstead's lofty head.

The passive husband, in his nature mild,
To wife consigns his hat, and takes the child;
But she a day like this hath never felt;
"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"
Such monstrous heat! dear me! she never knew.
Adown her innocent and beauteous face,
The big, round, pearly drops each other chase;
Thence trickling to those hills, erst white as snow,
That now like Ætna's mighty mountains glow,
That hang like dew-drops on the full-blown rose,
And to the ambient air their sweets disclose.





Engraved by W. Rudolph.

TIMES OF THE DAY.

NIGHT.

From the Original Picture by Sir John





No. IV.—NIGHT.

NIGHT is come over Charing Cross, and we are (probably) in Hartshorn Lane, where "Rare Ben Jonson" was born—looking up towards the equestrian statue of Charles—the most beautiful piece of art, of its class, in the metropolis; though, to speak positively, there is no small amount of dubiety as to our exact whereabouts; recollecting, however, that the head of the horse and the face of the rider are dead opposite to the spectator. Remark, also, that you do not behold a single lamp lit in the whole street; the borrowed lights are therefore as numerous as they are admirable in their disposal.

Charing was one of the most ancient villages within the suburban circle of the metropolis; and the pious gratitude of Edward I. had adorned the spot with a cross, which no longer remains. Spring Gardens, the Mews, the Banqueting Hall, Northumberland House, and St. Martin's Church, were subsequent supplementary additions to Charing Cross—not devoid of interest, or deficient in attraction.

Doctor Johnson remarked, that on this spot (Charing Cross) is to be found the "fullest tide of human existence in the metropolis." He spoke, of course, by comparison; and we know now of scores of other outlets, inlets, of cross and counter channels, where the said tide, with a reflux, regurgitates, becomes packed, choked, wedged; and then, with a fierce rush, breaks its barriers, and the steady ebb and flow of the human tide goes on.

Historic memories, of a sombre and solemn order, belong to Charing. Not far off stood Charles I. on the morn of his beheading. Not remote was the spot where the regicides suffered tortures worthy of Congo savages, or of Ashantee cannibals. Hugh Peters, Harrison, and Cook, are names as illustrious for suffering for "conscience's sake," as that of Charles himself.

Fever'd with pleasure, thus she drags along;
Nor dares her antler'd husband say 'tis wrong.
The blooming offspring of this blissful pair,
In all their parents' attic pleasures share.
Sophy the soft, the mother's earliest joy,
Demands her froward brother's tinsell'd toy;

But he, enrag'd, denies the glittering prize,
And rends the air with loud and piteous cries.
Thus far we see the party on their way—
What dire disasters mark'd the close of day,
'Twere tedious, tiresome, endless to obtrude;
Imagination must the scene conclude.

It is not easy to imagine fatigue better delineated than in the appearance of this amiable pair. In a few of the earliest impressions, Mr. Hogarth printed the hands of the man in blue, to show that he was a dyer, and the face and neck of the woman in red, to intimate her extreme heat. The lady's aspect lets us at once into her character; we are certain that she was born to command. As to her husband, God made him, and he must pass for a man: what his wife has made him, is indicated by the cow's horns; which are so placed as to become his own. The hope of the family, with a cockade in his hat, and riding upon papa's cane, seems much dissatisfied with female sway. A face with more of the shrew in embryo than that of the girl, it is scarcely possible to conceive. Upon such a character the most casual observer pronounces with the decision of a Lavater.

Nothing can be better imagined than the group in the alehouse. They have taken a refreshing walk into the country, and, being determined to have a cooling pipe, seat themselves in a chair-lumbered closet, with a low ceiling; where every man, pulling off his wig, and throwing a pocket-handkerchief over his head, inhales the fumes of hot punch, the smoke of half-a-dozen pipes, and the dust from the road. If this is not rural felicity, what is? The old gentleman in a black bag-wig, and the two women near him, sensibly enough, take their seats in the open air.

From a woman milking a cow, we conjecture the hour to be about five in the afternoon: and, from the same circumstance, I am inclined to think this agreeable party are going to their pastoral bower, rather than returning from it. The cow and dog appear as much inconvenienced by heat as any of the party: the former is whisking off the flies; and the latter creeps unwillingly along, and casts a longing look at the crystal river, in which he sees his own shadow. A remarkably hot summer is intimated by the luxuriant state of a vine, creeping over an alehouse window. On the side of the New River, where the scene is laid, lies one of the wooden pipes employed in the water-works. Opposite Sadler's Wells there still remains the sign of Sir Hugh Myddleton's head, which is here shown; but how changed the scene from what is here represented!

Here was the Rummer Tavern, where Prior was found reading Horace when a boy. At "Locket's ordinary," hard by, Sir George Etherage spunged upon the landlady, and, getting into debt, swore in reply to her dunning, that he would kiss her if she persisted in a prosecution. At this threat she called for her hood, and was going at once, like a woman of spirit, to precipitate matters, defiant of the threat made by the elegant scapegrace. The politic husband stopped her. "Pr'ythee, my dear, don't be rash," said he; "you don't know what a man may do in his passion."

Here we bring our remarks to a close; and let the critic speak on behalf of the picture.*

* *Note to "Night."*—Mr. Walpole very truly observes, that this print is inferior to the three others; there is, however, broad humour in some of the figures.

The wounded Freemason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank his bumpers to the craft till he is unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. This has been generally considered as intended for Sir Thomas de Veil; and, from an authenticated portrait which I have seen, I am, says Mr. Ireland, inclined to think it is, notwithstanding Sir John Hawkins asserts, that "he could discover no resemblance." When the knight saw him in his magisterial capacity, he was probably sober and sedate; here he is represented a little disguised. The British Xantippe, showering her favours from the window upon his head, may have its source in that respect which the inmates of such houses as the Rummer Tavern had for a justice of peace.

The waiter who supports his worship, seems, from the patch upon his forehead, to have been in a recent affray; but what use he can have for a lantern, it is not easy to divine, unless he is conducting his charge to some place where there is neither moonlight nor illumination.

The Salisbury flying coach oversetting and broken, by passing through the bonfire, is said to be an intended burlesque upon a right honourable peer, who was accustomed to drive his own carriage over hedges, ditches, and rivers; and has been sometimes known to drive three or four of his maid-servants into a deep water, and there leave them in the coach to shift for themselves. The butcher, and little fellow, who are assisting the terrified passengers, are possibly free and accepted Masons. One of them seems to have a mop in his hand;—the pail is out of sight. To crown the joys of the populace, a man, with a pipe in his mouth, is filling a capacious hogshead with British Burgundy. The joint operation of shaving and bleeding, performed by a drunken 'prentice on a greasy oilman, does not seem a very natural exhibition on a rejoicing night. The poor wretches under the barber's bench display a prospect of penury and wretchedness, which it is to be hoped is not so common now, as it was then. In the distance is a cart laden with furniture, which some unfortunate tenant is removing out of the reach of his landlord's execution. There is humour in the barber's sign and inscription: "Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch. ECCE SIGNUM!"

By the oaken boughs on the sign, and the oak-leaves in the Freemasons' hats, it seems that this rejoicing night is the 29th of May, the anniversary of our second Charles's restoration; that happy day when, according to our old ballad, "The king enjoyed his own again." This might be one reason for the artist choosing a scene contiguous to the beautiful equestrian statue of Charles the First. In the distance we see a house on fire; an accident very likely to happen on such a night as this.

On this spot once stood the cross erected by Edward the First, as a memorial of affection for his beloved queen Eleanor, whose remains were here rested on their way to the place of sepulture. It was formed from a design by Cavalini, and destroyed by the religious fury of the Reformers. In its place, in the year 1678, was erected the animated equestrian statue which now remains. It was cast in brass, in the year 1633, by Le Sœur; I think by order of that munificent encourager of the arts, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. The parliament ordered it to be sold, and broken to pieces; but John River, the brazier who purchased it, having more taste than his employers, seeing, with the prophetic eye of good sense, that the powers which were would not remain rulers very long, dug a hole in his garden in Holborn, and buried it un mutilated. To prove his obedience to their order, he produced to his masters several pieces of brass, which he told them were parts of the statue. M. de Archenholtz adds further, that the brazier, with the true spirit of trade, cast a great number of handles for knives and forks, and offered them for sale, as composed of the brass which had formed the statue. They were eagerly sought for, and purchased—by the loyalists from affection to their murdered monarch—by the other party, as trophies of triumph.

The original pictures of "Morning" and "Noon" were sold to the Duke of Ancaster, for fifty-seven guineas; "Evening" and "Night" to Sir William Heathcote, for sixty-four guineas.

THE ELECTION

CHAPTER I.—INITIATION.

AN election in the "good old times" of bribery and corruption—of gormandising and gluttony—of devouring tons of beef, and washing the same down with commensurate tuns of beer—was an institution after a thorough Englishman's heart. He was a patriot to the back-bone—hated the French with a mortal hatred, and pocketed bribes with a sublime placidity that proved he was only enjoying his birthright, and doing what he liked with his own. It was a part of the Constitution of England, through which he and his interests were (supposed to be) represented in the Houses of Parliament; and, by consequence, it was the exercise and privilege of his birthright to vote for his member—this bringing round to him a day of rejoicing and jollity—a series of tipsy holidays, in fact, in which the most vital interests of society were involved, and which it behoved him—the incorruptible English voter—to look after with that zeal and jealousy which were wont to make our electioneering periods times of such purity, patriotism, and independence, as made Britain remarkable in the history of nations. The reader will here allow for irony and exaggeration, just as much as he pleases.

There have been differences of opinion, however, as to the clean-handed condition of the British voter. He has been accused by detractors of selling his privilege, and holding out his birthright to usury. "Bribery and corruption" are the ugly words used to signify the tone of his patriotism, and to denominate the texture of his political creed; and more than one act of Parliament has been passed in order to interfere with his free will. "Election Committees," also—which have been called for not unfrequently since the passing of what is known as the Grenville Act in 1770—have disclosed things in the progress of inquiry, that have considerably shaken our faith in the immaculate integrity of the British "freemen" and county voters; for to be a "freeman," or "burgess," of a town returning members to Parliament, some score of years back or so, was to be in possession of a gift that bore an abstract market value—that was plastic to crisp ten-pound notes, and responsive to the hand that could give forth the clink of a dozen or twenty golden guineas.

Messrs. Sykes and Rumbold were fined and imprisoned for bribery at an election in 1696. In 1803, an elector of Durham, we remark, was fined five hundred pounds. Mr. Swann, of Penryn, was fined and imprisoned; and Sir Manasseh Lopez—*he* was clearly a fit object to be given up to honourable and patriotic spoliation!—was sentenced to a fine of ten thousand pounds, and to two years' imprisonment, in October, 1819! The members for Liverpool and Dublin were unseated in 1831; and in 1840, the elections for Cambridge and Ludlow were declared void.

Something does this present writer recollect of elections in some "good old times," not

quite so very remote as the jolly days to which the artist, in his inimitable pictures, points out; and very especially of Liverpool, the independence and purity of which, it is presumed, will not be for a single moment questioned.*

* *Note to Plate I.—An Election Entertainment.*—Few scenes in life are more full of humour than those of a country 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, 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 chafing 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-scrappers, 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 GREAT BAZAAR

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND

Painted by T. G. B. [unclear] from the original design by [unclear]





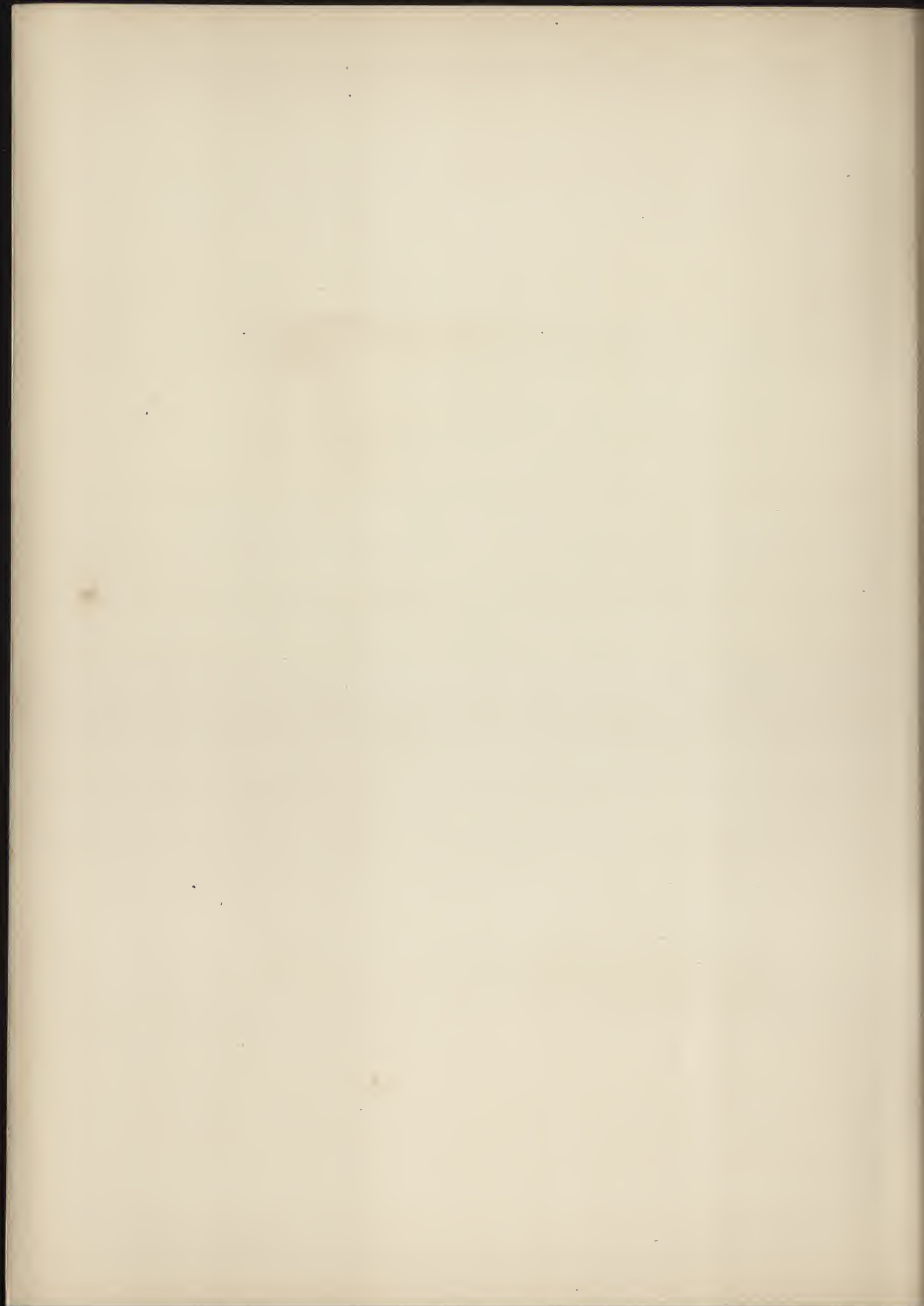


THE ELECTION

PLATE I

CANVASSING FOR VOTES

inspired by T. B. Hubbs from the original Engraving by H. Marshall



CHAPTER II.—CANVASSING.

THERE is an art in canvassing, second to none in the arena of electioneering tactics, which the agent makes an especial point of when giving instructions to his principal how to conduct himself towards those whose "sweet voices" he is desirous of obtaining. To ingratiate himself with the female side of the house, is the next thing to mastering the surly tenacity of its master, and thus securing his vote. Children are admirable adjuncts in this stage of the business; for, if they have tolerably clean faces, and the embryo member have the courage to kiss them, accompanying a sixpence with a compliment to the comeliness of the mother—whom the lovely little girl—that fine, handsome boy—so much resembles—it is a *fait accompli*. Let the good-man vote on the other side at his peril; he will have but a dog's life of it for days yet to come. There is not a more felicitous illustration of out-and-out canvassing—no mere hole-and-corner work; but a plain, open, undisguised piece of business—than the artist himself exhibits in the prominent group of the picture.*

* *Note to Plate II.—Canvassing for Votes.*—In this print (says the Critic) 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 county 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 wistfulness, 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

CHAPTER III.—GOING TO THE POLL.

THE day of substituting the practical for the theoretical has now come round; and it remains to be seen what virtues there are in promises, and what pledges will be redeemed. There will be seen some curious and palpable contradictions—lapses of memory, breaches of faith, examples of huge ingratitude; and a general tendency to lessen one's trust in human nature, will naturally follow. The anxious member, seeing that smug voter coming up to the hustings, and whose manly words and moral sense have shown a thorough identity of principle—besides that they have *understood* one another—sees with a sickly smile the forsworn wretch go over to his enemy, and record a plumper against him! On goes the day; and the grave business of registering the names, and counting up the votes, hour by hour, is watched by both with the most anxious expectancy—each “state of the poll” showing either candidate the chances he sustains of being returned. Let the critic, however, speak in fuller terms of the graphic representations given to us in Plate III.*

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.

* *Note to 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





THE RECEPTION

1867

THE COLLEGE

Supplied by J. C. Robinson from the Journal of the Rev. J. C. Robinson







THE ENGLAND
IN THE
COURSE OF THE REFORMATION

London: Published by W. G. & Co. 1851.



CHAPTER IV.—CHAIRING.

ALL is over. The election is ended. "It's all up but shouting," as some of our more youthful street commentators were used to say, in their racy vernacular; or rather, a new phase of the revelry is to begin. An ox is roasting whole in the market-place; and before the principal inn, a hoarse and squalid crowd is already assembled—a drunken, brawling, vociferous mass, whose shouts and oaths mingling with the braying of brass instruments fearfully out of tune, and with the banging of a big drum beaten by an enthusiast in the art, and who keeps up a running accompaniment the while—create a Babel of the most deafening character.

The procession is ready. First go the flags and banners, swaying to and fro with a graceful unsteadiness, which creates much anxiety as to whose pate those heavy poles will first salute. Next follows the band—brassy, drummy, and dirty. Then comes "tag-rag;" and, following "bob-tail," goes the successful candidate, hoisted high in air upon an arm-chair, on which his tenancy seems to have but a very insecure holding—an honourable elevation, but one not to be envied; and in representing which, the artist is simply inimitable.*

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 background 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.

* *Note to 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 aërostatic 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

Following the member, comes the many-headed, full-throated "bob-tail;" and on they go, through the streets—swaying and reeling, huzzaing and shouting—pushing, thrusting, crowding, fighting—the popular member flinging handfuls of silver into the midst of the crowd, which might be Circe's swine, so much have the crapulous knaves eaten and drunken, until they are full to the throat—like free and independent British voters, as they are.

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 background 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. Attorneys'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.





Engraved by S. Davenport.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE,

BEER STREET.

From the General Design by C. Kneller





BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

Two clear, crisp "bits" of Hogarth's London again; and both imbued with his own peculiarities and bent of humour. One lies in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane, and the other in the dismal wilds of St. Giles's—characteristic *locale* of that tattered patron of beggardom. In "Beer Street," pawnbrokering seems at a discount; while it flourishes with a hot and frenzied foison in "Gin Lane." Hogarth believed in the substantiality, and also the transubstantiality of beer—like the thorough Englishman he was. In his time, that horrible liquor, gin, was coming into vogue; and the fell catalogue of horrors which followed in its train, would startle easy-going people who do not enter largely into statistics. It threatened to decimate the population; for *delirium tremens* and homicidal crimes quintupled themselves in an astonishingly short space of time; and the financiers of the day stood aghast at their own doings.

If there is any fault to be found with the *morale* of Beer Street (and we think twice before asserting it), it is a certain bloated aspect of body which these hearty imbibers seem to acquire, and which is upon the same rotund and plethoric principle, as the pewter pots which they empty with so much apparent zest. This superabundance of fat or of flesh, is not less likely to prove the foundation of future chronic diseases than the fiery juice of the juniper, which does its fatal work so much more rapidly. There is, nevertheless, a jollity, a cheerfulness, a redundant good humour about Beer Street, which the suicidal and lethal accessories of Gin Lane do not promise for a moment.

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 background 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 paviors 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.

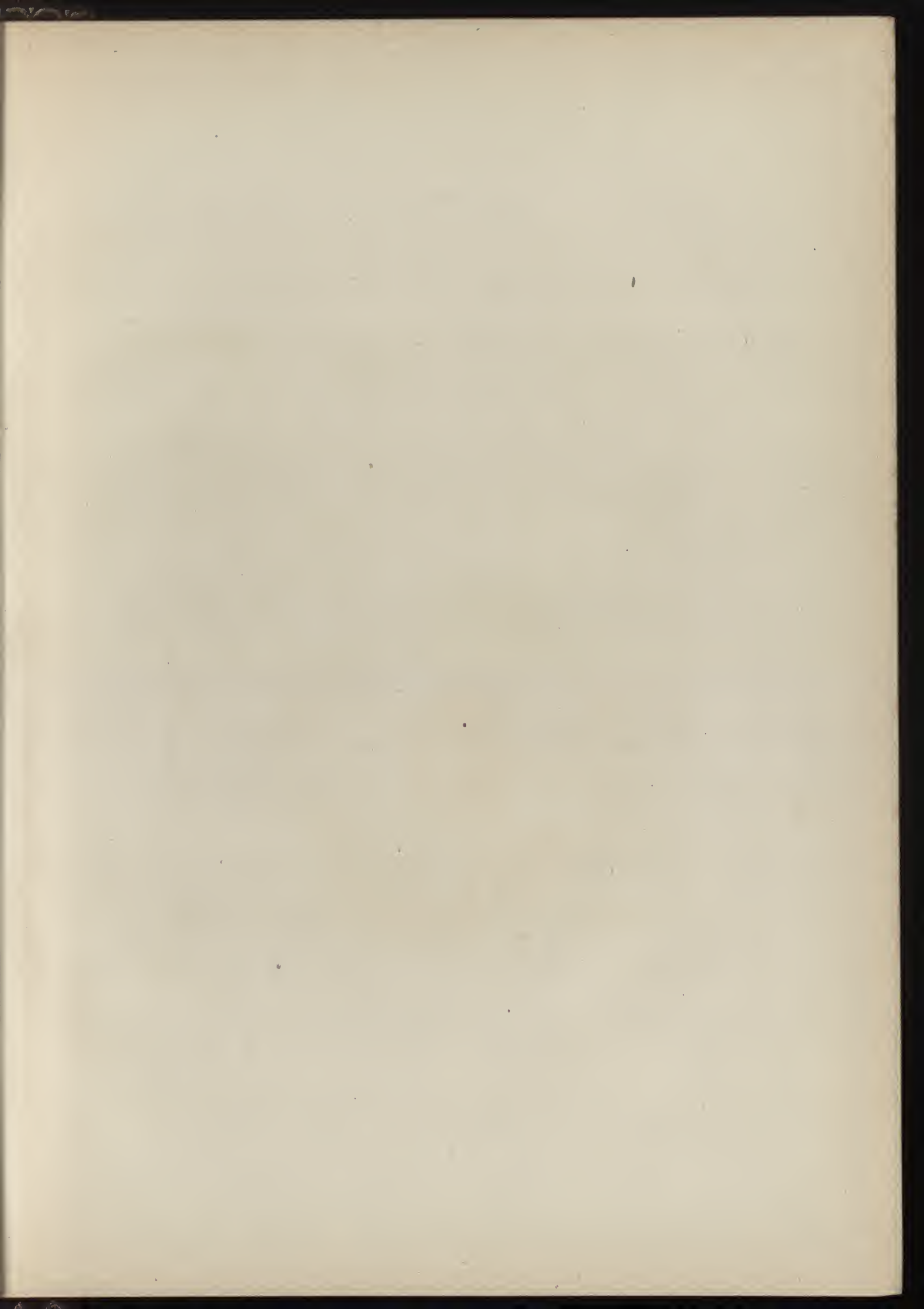
GIN LANE.

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 on 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 of 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 carvings, 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: 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 £2,000. 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 has 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."





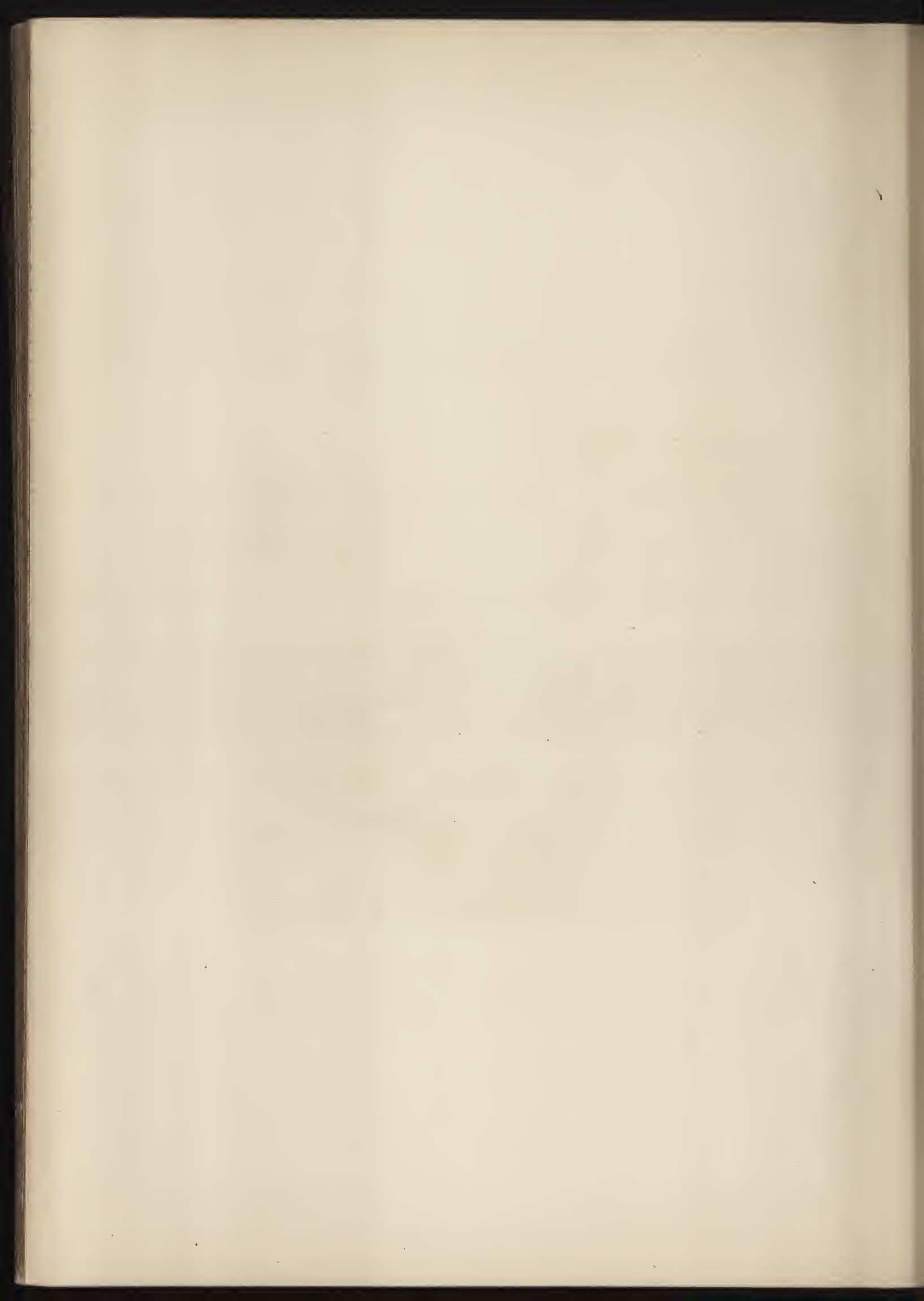


Engraved by H. Dalrymple.

BEER STREET AND GIN LANE.

GIN LANE.

From the Original Design by Hogarth.



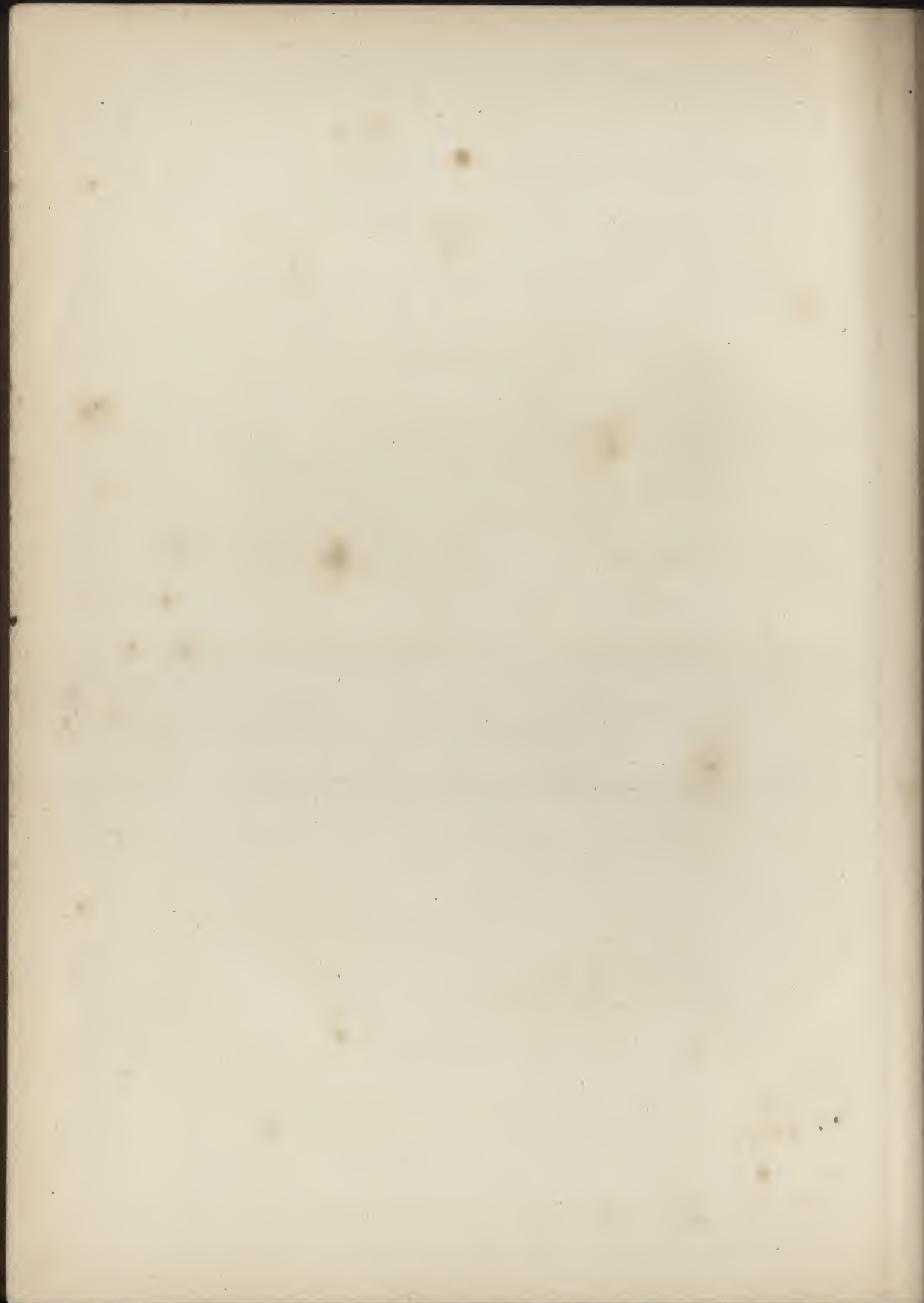




1841

Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4





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.—FRANCE.

With lantern jaws and croaking gut,
See how the half-starv'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 background 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.

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 background is a serjeant, teaching a company of young recruits their manual exercise.

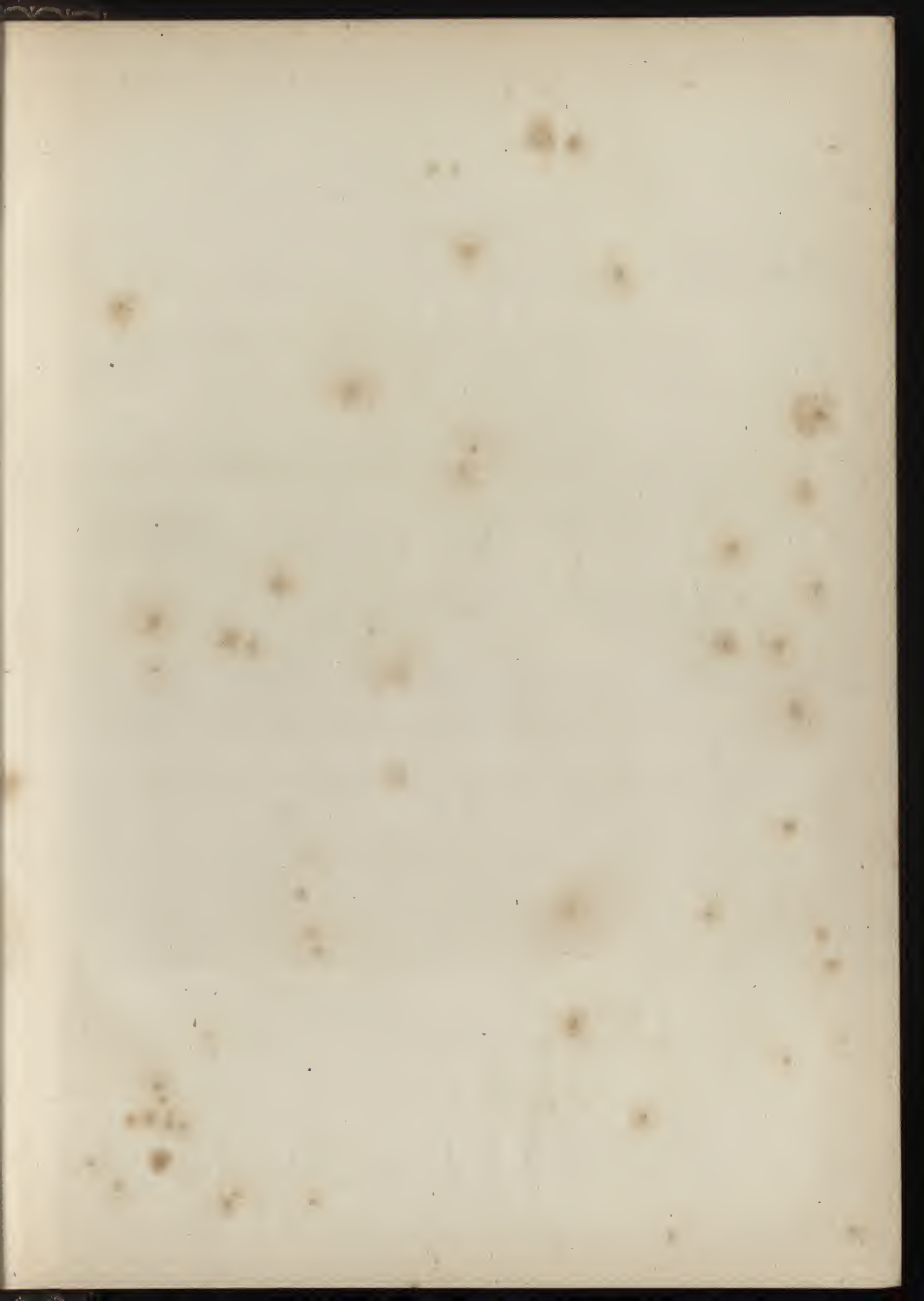
This military meeting is held at the sign of the Gallant Duke of Cumberland, who is mounted upon a prancing charger—

“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.

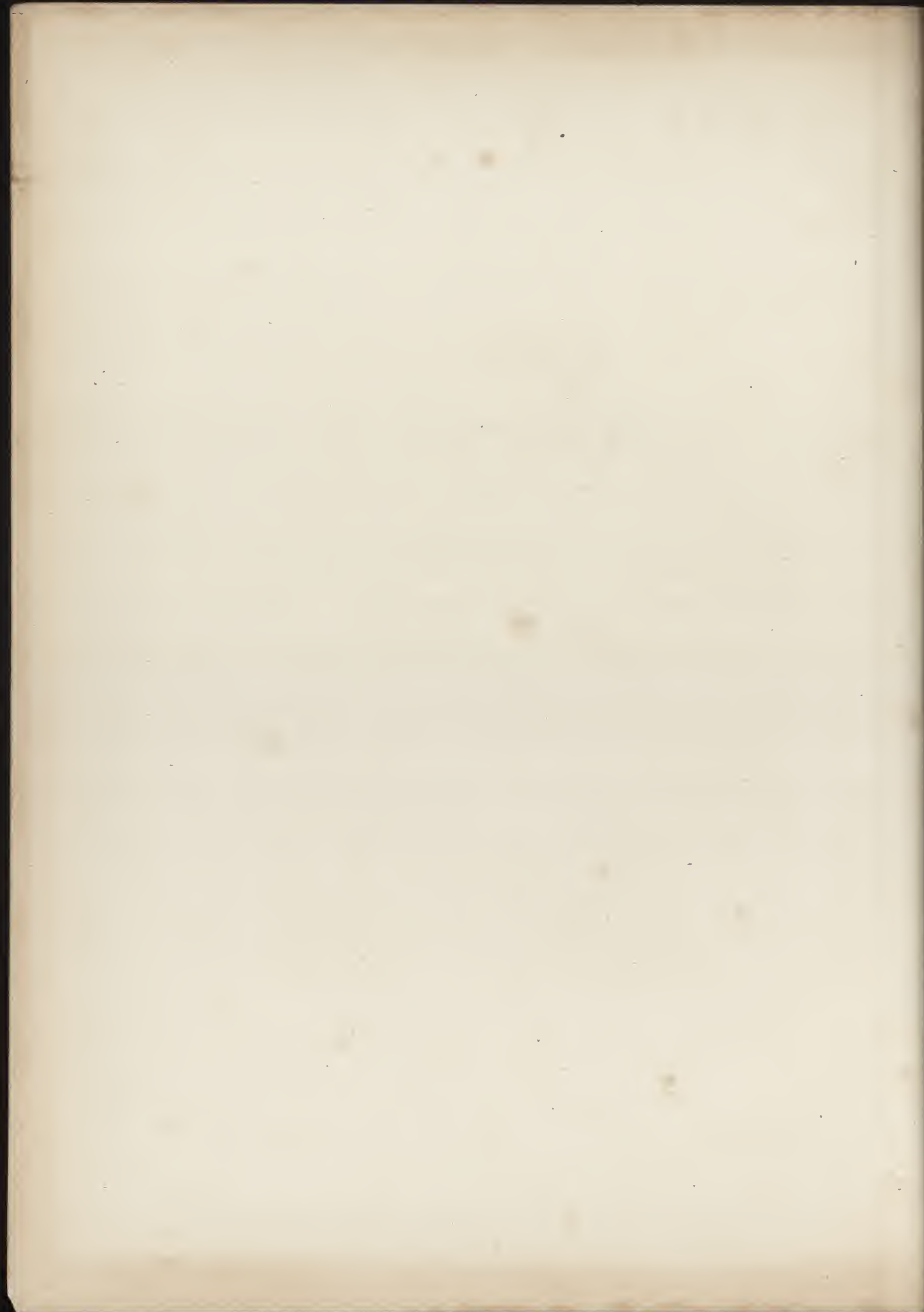
These two plates were published in 1756 ; but in the *London Chronicle* for October 20, 1759, is the following advertisement : “This day are republished, Two prints designed and etched by William Hogarth, one representing the preparations on the French coast for an intended invasion ; the other, a view 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.











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