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Bell's Miniature Series of Painters

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WILLIAM  
HOGARTH

BY

G. ELLIOT ANSTRUTHER



LONDON  
GEORGE BELL & SONS  
1902

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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.**

## PREFACE

**I**N the following pages I have endeavoured to set out the important facts in Hogarth's career, together with a general appreciation and some detailed remarks concerning the eight pictures here reproduced. The scope of this little series being designedly limited by the compass of the volumes, it has not been possible to attempt anything like a full reference to the hundreds of prints and paintings that proceeded from the hand of this prolific artist. At the same time my aim has been to condense all essential information about him into the available space.

Among the books consulted in preparing this sketch I desire to acknowledge my special indebtedness to Mr. Austin Dobson's memoir, and to the illustrated edition of *The Works of Hogarth*, published, from the engravings, by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, under the editorship of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. The former volume contains a practically exhaustive bibliography and list of Hogarth's pictures, to which the reader is referred for extended information.

G. E. A.

March, 1902.



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## THE LIFE OF HOGARTH

**W**ILLIAM HOGARTH, or Hogart—painter, engraver, and satirist—was born in Bartholomew Close, London, on the 10th of November, 1697, and was baptized in the neighbouring church of St. Bartholomew, where the record is still preserved. His father, Richard Hogarth, was descended from a good north-country yeoman family, and was a schoolmaster in Westmoreland before removing to the metropolis. After settling in London he kept a small school in Ship Court, Old Bailey, and seems afterwards to have followed the calling of a corrector to the press.

At a very early age William, his first child, showed a more than ordinary aptitude for drawing, and possessed the power, so famously developed in the course of his career, of grasping with almost instantaneous fidelity the varying expressions of the human countenance. He himself testifies to the ease with which he limned the

faces of his juvenile companions, and relates his affection for the pastime of drawing which he afterwards elevated to a profession. An anecdote characteristic of his genius in this respect relates how he instantly produced the contorted expression of a tavern-brawler, whom he had seen struck upon the head with a pewter. His father wisely allowed the boy to follow the bent of his inclination, and he was apprenticed to Mr. Ellis Gamble, who carried on the business of a silver-plate engraver in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields, the neighbourhood afterwards destined to be associated with Hogarth's life and work for many years. Here the young apprentice began his actual labours, and one of his first attempts survives in a small engraving of Ellis Gamble's business card. Subsequently he used his skill upon copperplates, which were afterwards the favourite medium for his burin.



On the termination of his apprenticeship Hogarth set up in business for himself. An early plate is that of his own trade-card, bearing the legend, "W. Hogarth, Engraver," and the date, April 23, 1720. For the first few years his work seems to have been confined to drawing and engraving bill-heads, cards, and such-like, with occasional plates of a satirical character. He

then applied himself to designing frontispieces and illustrations for books. Among the most successful of his works at this period is the small series of illustrations to Butler's "Hudibras," published in 1726. *Masquerades and Operas*, an early piece of satire, belongs to the same time. Shortly afterwards an event occurred, simple in itself, which had a considerable influence in determining the material character of much of his subsequent work, inasmuch as it introduced him to oil-painting. This was the opening of a school of art in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir James Thornhill, who had the young engraver for one of his first pupils. From this time onward Hogarth produced many of his best pictures in oils; these were afterwards engraved, for the most part by his own hand. Therefore, in estimating his total output, it must be remembered that in addition to a great number of separate prints, he executed plates for nearly all the subjects from his brush.

The art school was not the only, and apparently not the chief attraction for the painter in connection with Sir James Thornhill, for in 1729 Hogarth ran away with that gentleman's only daughter, whom he married at the cost of her

father's disapproval and estrangement. The young couple lived for some time in South Lambeth, where the painter became acquainted with Jonathan Tyers, owner of the then famous Vauxhall Gardens. Jonathan Tyers appears to have encouraged him both morally and materially, and to have given him several commissions, including the designing and engraving of "passes" to the entertainments in the Gardens. Hogarth himself received from Tyers, by way of partial recognition of his services, a gold pass giving perpetual admission to the holder and his friends. Among his productions about this time are *Rich's Glory*, a picture representing the triumphal progress of the actor across the piazza at Covent Garden; *The Man of Taste*, in which Pope and Kent the architect are severely handled; *Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn*, a not very successful attempt at history painting; *The Beggar's Opera Burlesqued*, etc.

In 1732 Hogarth set out with four companions for a pleasure trip to the Isle of Sheppey. One of the party, Ebenezer Forrest, drew up an account of the journey and its adventures, to which Hogarth supplied illustrations. This unique MS. is preserved in the British Museum. The following year witnessed the painter's removal

to a house in Leicester Fields, since demolished. Here, "at the sign of the Golden Head," he remained for many years, save for occasional brief residence at Chiswick and other places.

Hogarth's genius for satire, and his graphic power in the portrayal of life's unpleasant side, found expression about this time in the series of six paintings describing *The Harlot's Progress*. The introduction of thinly-disguised characters from real life into his pictures was a weapon which the painter could use with skill and effect, and in this series he gave rein to his desire that some of the less moral personages of his time should find a pillory at the hands of art. According to Nichols, a great many of the characters in subsequent works were likewise portraits of more or less well-known persons. In the first scene of *The Harlot's Progress*, "Moll Hackabout" is lured by an evil woman, with resultant effects upon her character made manifest in Scene II., where she kicks over a tea-table in the presence of an astonished admirer. The third picture presents her ruined and impoverished; in the fourth, she suffers ridicule and cruelty at the Bridewell prison. Scene V. introduces two notorious quacks of the day, who quarrel as to

the merits of their rival nostrums at the very moment when merciful death releases the poor creature. The last picture of the series is that of her funeral, and this was probably the most powerful and best of all. Here her colleagues in misfortune gather about the body with vociferous show of grief, while the dead woman's little son, draped in deep mourning after the fashion of the time, sits by his mother's coffin and calmly winds his top—"the only thing in that assembly," says Lamb, "that is not a hypocrite."

The publication of this series, besides stimulating broad-sheets, sketches, and even a pantomime at Drury Lane, was followed by several imitative sets of plates from the hands of not over-scrupulous engravers. Hogarth made strenuous efforts to protect his interests in the copyright of his own creations, but the endeavour was for the time unsuccessful. This series, whether because of the particular attractiveness of its subject for the popular mind, was far more successful than its companion series, *The Rake's Progress*, a more meritorious work, both in grouping and detail. The qualities of the painting cannot now be compared in the two series, as, with the exception of one picture, the originals

of the first series were unfortunately destroyed by fire at Fonthill in 1755.

The pictures of *The Rake's Progress*, eight in number, were engraved and published in 1735, the Copyright Act having meanwhile secured to their author the protection denied to his earlier series. In the interval between the two "Progresses" Hogarth painted *Southwark Fair*, a crowded and animated piece of work; the bacchanalian *Midnight Modern Conversation*, *The Laughing Audience*, and several others.

The first scene of *The Rake's Progress* forms one of the illustrations to this sketch of Hogarth's life, and is described in detail on p. 43. Generally it may be said that the minute analysis of the scene and the occasion, presented in the details of that picture, is characteristic of the whole set, which therefore need only be mentioned in outline. Tom Rakewell, the ill-starred hero of the piece, is seen in the second picture holding a crowded levée of attendant servitors—a dancing-master, a tailor, a prize-fighter, a fiddler, a horn-blower, and other aids to his sense of spendthrift enjoyment. Scene III. surrounds him with low female acquaintances and hints at details and practices which need not be specified. It is a gross, but clever

piece of imaginative grouping. In Scene IV. the Rake is arrested for debt while alighting from a sedan-chair, his release being secured only by the intervention of his deserted sweetheart, whose affection prompts her to give her small savings as the price of his liberty. In this picture Hogarth aims a literal shaft, of lightning, at White's Cocoa House, a notorious rendezvous of gamblers in St. James's Street, and presents the alternative attraction of "Black's"—a group of urchins gambling with cards on the sidewalk. The fifth picture describes the marriage of necessity whereby the Rake is united to an ill-favoured, elderly partner. All the characters—the bridegroom inconstant in his glance, the group of squabbling women, the non-spiritual parson—satirize the worldly matrimony of the time. Here, too, are deft touches of Hogarth's trenchant humour. The Commandments upon the wall are cracked and the Creed nearly obliterated. Cobwebs cover the poor-box. Scene VI. is filled with animated excitement. Ruined or successful gamblers form groups about the tables; among the former is the Rake, who fills the air with agonized curses. Repentant players give vent to their grief, and victors divide and discuss the spoil. To crown all, a watchman

rushes in to call attention to the flames that break through the wall of the apartment. In the next picture Tom Rakewell is in a debtors' prison, surrounded by every circumstance of ignoble misery. His wife shouts reproaches into his ear, and the devoted object of his earlier affection, who visits him in this dark hour of his fortunes, faints in the agony of her distress. The culmination is reached in the eighth scene. The Rake is now a violent maniac, and lies dying on a madhouse floor. Surrounding him are types of mental imbecility—a mad astronomer peering through a paper telescope, a fiddler with his book upon his head, a demented tailor, religious devotees, and others, making up a group at once awful and grotesque. By way of contrast two ladies inspect the scene as though it were a show place, while the poor girl who has so faithfully followed the Rake in his fortunes is with him at the end.

The eight pictures of *The Rake's Progress* sold for 22 guineas each. They are now in Sir John Soane's museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. If they did not by themselves attain the popularity of the former series, they at any rate shared an abundance of praise from many quarters. Fielding the novelist claimed in his exuberant

admiration that these works were "calculated more to serve the Cause of Virtue, and for the Preservation of Mankind, than all the *Folios* of Morality which have ever been written"!

Sir James Thornhill died in 1734, having happily become reconciled to his son-in-law through his high opinion of his works, of which a set of plates had been sent him by the painter's wife. At his death the drawing-school passed to Hogarth, who directed its fortunes for many years. It was about this time that he painted the two large frescoes on the staircase-wall at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, *The Good Samaritan* and *The Pool of Bethesda*. They offered a new field for his brush, both in subject and execution, and in neither respect can they be regarded as satisfactory. The production of prints was his chief work during the next few years, among the more notable being *Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn*, the original of which was destroyed by fire, *The Enraged Musician*, *The Distressed Poet*, and *Four Times of the Day*, a set of plates originally designed for Tyers at Vauxhall.

Hogarth next presents himself in the light of a practical philanthropist, in connection with the Foundling Hospital. Towards its benevolent creator, Captain Coram, he always entertained

a warm regard, and he was elected one of the Governors of the institution, which he generously aided by his art and by money. To Hogarth was largely due the establishment of the picture-gallery which at that time made the Foundling a rendezvous for lovers of the fine arts. Among his own contributions to that collection is the Biblical painting, *Moses brought before Pharaoh's Daughter*, and two others, of which illustrations are given in this sketch, *The March to Finchley* and the portrait of *Captain Coram*. A detailed description of these will be found elsewhere; it suffices here to say that Hogarth regarded the latter as his most successful piece of portraiture, and this verdict has been very generally endorsed. Among other works done at this period are the series of illustrations to *Don Quixote*, portraits of *Martin Folkes* and *Bishop Hoadly* of Winchester, and *Taste in High Life*, a satire executed in gratification of a lady's vengeful wish.

The next important work was the famous series of paintings entitled *Marriage à-la-mode*, now in the National Gallery. By common consent they constitute Hogarth's masterpiece, in respect not only of conception, but in excellence of grouping, in the subtle suggestiveness of their

details, subdued colouring, and directness of treatment. The story is a too ordinary one of sordid life and matrimonial dissension; it is in the manner of its telling that Hogarth's brush clothes each scene with an interest of its own. In the first picture the marriage contract is prepared with legal formality. The scene savours wholly of worldly considerations, to the exclusion of any indication of natural affection. Lawyers possess the foremost interest, and the young couple themselves find attraction anywhere save in mutual contemplation. Scene II. is perhaps the finest of the series. It portrays vividly an incident of domestic infelicity, and is full of detail that rewards the closest study. (See illustration and description.) In the third picture Hogarth introduces a deviation from the strict sequence of events. The scene presents a young girl, presumably an object of the husband's affection, who visits a quack doctor in the company of her admirer. The room boasts a skull, a mummified body, retorts, a crocodile-skin, and various other stimuli of faith in the practitioner. The fourth picture re-introduces the countess, for to such rank Hogarth elevates his ill-wedded pair. The lady holds court in her richly decorated dressing-room. Cards are strewn about the

floor ; questionable taste adorns the walls. With one exception her guests are men, who strive at the making of music for the lady's entertainment, she meanwhile submitting her tresses for adornment by a servant. The scene abounds in significant details. In the next picture comedy gives place to the height of tragedy. The earl returns to find his spouse in the company of another. In the ensuing quarrel he is pierced by the sword of his opponent, who climbs through the window of the room. The alarmed Watch enters, only to witness the dying man's fall in the presence of his now-agonized wife. It has been held that in his delineation of the swooning figure, Hogarth produced a naturalness of attitude not equalled in any other of his characters. The last scene brings death to the countess also, self-inflicted by poison. The empty phial lies with the "last dying speech and confession" of her husband's murderer, thus indicating his fate. An elderly nurse holds up the child to embrace his dead mother, while her father, from motives of avarice, draws the ring from her finger. An enraged apothecary, whose medicine labels proclaim his errand, shakes the stupid-looking servant for chagrin at a lost client, and a starving dog, unnoticed in the gen-

eral excitement, purloins a meal from the table. Through the open window is a view of the river, showing old London Bridge.

*Marriage à-la-mode* was offered for sale in 1745, but for several years the pictures failed to find a purchaser. Even then they passed into the possession of Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, for the comparatively paltry sum of 120 guineas, in default of any other bidder having attended their auction at the "Golden Head." Before the close of the century, Mr. Angerstein gave nearly £1,400 for the same set, which were afterwards acquired for the nation with others of that gentleman's collection. From the first there was no doubt as to the popular estimation of the series. *Marriage à-la-mode* became the theme of itinerant ballad-singers and verse-makers. It formed the subject of novels and plays, and was alluded to in dramatic prologues. So cordial was its reception that Hogarth proposed to himself a companion set, *The Happy Marriage*. This project was abandoned, although one of the suggested subjects, "The Dance," appeared as an engraving in the painter's literary attempt, "The Analysis of Beauty." A word must be said concerning this, Hogarth's only work of literary composition. In the Na-

tional Gallery portrait of himself (see frontispiece) a curved line will be noticed running across the palette, and underneath it the inscription, "The line of Beauty and Grace." It was not until some time after the picture ~~was~~ first exhibited that the riddle of these words was solved by the publication of the "Analysis," an ingenious attempt to resolve all beauty of form into variants of this same curve. The book received praise in many quarters, and abstract points of its theory were generally supported, but it has never been regarded as a contribution of value to the subject of which it treated. In its preparation Hogarth was assisted from time to time by several friends, notably by Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, whose advice he sought on points connected with anatomy. Two engraved plates of a recondite character illustrated the work.

Meanwhile the painter was busy upon fresh works, and produced in rapid succession a number of portraits, including *Garrick as Richard III.*, and *Simon, Lord Lovat*. Among his subject-pictures about this time were *The Stage Coach* and the well-known series of engravings entitled *Industry and Idleness*. In these pictures Hogarth traces the respective careers of a dissolute and a painstaking apprentice. Step

by step the two men work out their destinies—Tyburn for the one, and for the other the civic grandeur of the Lord Mayor's position. This last print affords an excellent idea of the November pageant of Hogarth's time.

An unpleasant experience in France stimulated the painting of *Calais Gate, or the Roast Beef of Old England*, now in the National Gallery. Hogarth had undertaken a trip across the channel, and was in the act of sketching the old gate at Calais (he may be observed doing so in the picture) when he was arrested as a spy. After being subjected to some inconvenience, not lessened, we may be sure, by his aggressively Saxon temperament, he was put on board ship and returned ignominiously to his native land. There is thus no small amount of outraged feeling in his treatment of the subject, especially in the ridicule heaped upon the attenuated forms of the French soldiery. Similar distaste for our nearest neighbour appears in the two contrasted prints of *The Invasion*, engraved some years later.

It would be impossible to do justice in a short summary to the number and variety of the paintings and prints which Hogarth's genius created in these, the best years of his life. To

mention only a few of the better-known works, these include the favourite *March to Finchley*; *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane*, two pictures illustrative of the drink-evil, but far overdone in their horrible directness. Similarly *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, intended to produce loathing of man's inhumanity, must have been "strong meat" even for the not over-sensitive public of the painter's day. The *Election* series now in the Soane Museum, the capital print of *The Bench*, a graphic delineation of sport in *The Cock-Pit*, and numerous small engravings, all testify to Hogarth's sustained industry.

The post of Sergeant Painter to His Majesty was conferred upon him in 1757, in succession to his brother-in-law, John Thornhill, who resigned in his favour. The salary belonging to the office was a small one, but the honour of the appointment was a source of much gratification to Hogarth personally. His next painting of note was the much-discussed *Sigismunda*, about the merits of which critics differed and still differ. It was perhaps an allowable ambition on Hogarth's part that he should strive to produce a picture in the "grand manner" of earlier masters; but having regard to the nature of nearly all his previous work, it is not wonderful

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that the sentimentality of the weeping lady was less successful in the result. Painted by commission for Sir Richard Grosvenor, the canvas was afterwards repudiated by its patron and was left upon the artist's hands. Added to this, the painter was subjected, at the hands of the critics, to a condemnation which exceeded all the limits of fair comment. *Sigismunda* is by no means a great picture, and has never tended to extend Hogarth's reputation, but it at least possesses qualities which place it a good deal higher than the position assigned it by the criticism of the day—for an example of which note Churchill's reference to "the hapless victim of a dauber's hand." The painting was always a favourite with Hogarth himself, and the curious may test its merits for themselves by a visit to the National Gallery.

The painter's best days were now over. But a few years of life remained to him, and during that time he produced nothing approaching in originality and merit the work of his prime. He was, however, by no means idle during this period, quite a large number of works, mainly engravings, constituting his output from 1760 to 1764. These last display a bitterness of satire greater than anything to be found in his

earlier productions. The plate entitled *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism* was designed to heap ridicule upon the sham-piety and hypocrisy with which religion was largely infected, but it must be confessed that in treating the subject Hogarth succeeded only in producing a coarse thrust at religion itself. His political and personal dislikes were equally subjects of his satirical lash. *The Times*, of which he published only the first plate, was intended as a pictorial satire of contemporary politics and life. His quarrel with Wilkes and Churchill the poet led to his producing cartoon-portraits of those worthies by way of revenge. In the former picture Wilkes, whose likeness is closely reproduced, save for the exaggeration given to a slight obliquity of vision, bears aloft a huge "cap of liberty," while at his elbow are his "North Briton" and other papers advocating the Wilkes party and its cause. The picture of Charles Churchill, the "Bruiser," is merely the adaptation of a copper-plate which had originally borne portraits of Hogarth and his dog, reproducing in fact the frontispiece to this volume. Hogarth obliterated his own likeness and substituted a bear, with torn ruffles and foaming tankard, adding here and there coarse details by way of supplement.

The picture was an ill-natured retort upon attacks previously directed against his own character.

Shortly before his death Hogarth executed an engraving which became, appropriately enough, the last work to be published in his lifetime. This was the plate entitled *Finis ; or the Bathos*; designed to form a pictorial *exeunt* to all the works of his previous years. The picture typifies the end of all things. Time, leaning against a fragmentary column, sends forth his expiring breath, the scythe and hour-glass lying shattered by his side. A medley of broken weapons and utensils are around ; a cracked bell and palette, a gun-stock, the stump of a broom, and the falling signboard of "The World's End." *The Times* (his own engraving) falls victim to a candle-end ; a ship sinks ; a play-book bears the words "exeunt omnes" ; the church-tower is in ruins ; a dead Apollo lies prone in his chariot ; the clock is without hands ; the moon is in eclipse ; all is finished.

All was indeed finished. For a few months Hogarth retouched his plates, and was working on that of *The Bench* on the day previous to his death ; but he produced no further picture. On October 25, 1764, he was taken from Chiswick

to his house in Leicester Fields, ill and weak, but, we are told, in good spirits. A sudden fit of vomiting seized him shortly after going to bed, and in a few hours he died.

Hogarth was buried in the churchyard at Chiswick, the suburb where his house still stands, together with the mulberry tree from which he often entertained the children about his gates. The old mansion was lately threatened with demolition, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to secure it by means of public subscription. Happily its purchaser, Lieut.-Col. Shipway, has announced his intention of preserving the historic dwelling and its associations, for which decision all lovers of Hogarth's genius will accord him their gratitude.

Garrick's epitaph, engraved on the painter's tomb, may fittingly conclude this outline of his career :

“ Farewell, great Painter of Mankind !  
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,  
Whose pictured Morals charm the Mind,  
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

“ If genius fire thee, Reader, stay ;  
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear ;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.”

## HOGARTH AS ARTIST, CHRONICLER, AND MORALIST

**W**HETHER Hogarth "reach'd the noblest point of Art" may be questioned without injustice. Art is, fortunately, a term of catholic application within reasonable limits, and it is not essential that we should find in Hogarth the qualities which made for greatness in other artists in order to assign him an important place among our English painters. His work was of a many-sided character; full of purpose, full also of his own temperament and opinion. Besides being an artist, he was a chronicler of his time, and in representing life as he saw it he moralized upon social and personal imperfections. It may be well, therefore, to consider him shortly in this triple character—as artist, as chronicler, and as moralist.

### AS ARTIST

Considered in the light of conformity to strict artistic principles Hogarth's work bears un-

favourable comparison with that of many other British painters. From the first he was essentially an impulsive and rapid worker, whose creations leapt to life upon the plate or canvas while newly formulated in his brain. His ardent temperament, ceaseless industry, and, above all, contempt for conventional traditions, kept him from pursuing the well-ordered path of progressive study which alone can produce the highest form of art. With Hogarth, to conceive was to execute. Whether he lashed the political corruption of the time, assailed the foibles of a well-known public character, or held up to scorn and ridicule some subject of his personal dislike, he did so with a robust contempt for convention and a somewhat assertive confidence in his own powers. As a result, those qualities which make his pictures great are qualities attaching more to himself than to his painting.

This view, however, must not be pressed too far. The fact that many of Hogarth's pictures are deficient in drawing and weak in chiaroscuro, reflects upon their circumstances to a far greater degree than upon their author's ability as an artist. In plain language, he could, and did, do very much better when he liked; but he himself made no profession of draughts-

manship in his less important pictures, and especially in his cheaper engravings. He preferred a graphic, direct representation, ruggedly outlined and roughly treated, to a laborious finely-drawn composition, which might be better art but would be less effective as an appeal to the popular mind. But when he put forward the fullness of his power, as in *Marriage à-la-mode*, Hogarth attained a quality of execution which gives to such pictures a distinct place and value in the artistic world. The dejected, sprawling figure of the dissolute Viscount Squanderfield, in the second picture of the series, is an admirable example, alike of drawing and attitude. Note, also, the gracefully-drawn central group in *The March to Finchley*, where the stalwart soldier is torn by conflicting emotions, born of the feminine influence on either side; or the stripling Rake in Scene I. of *The Rake's Progress*, whose whole attitude is one of unconscious ease. These are examples from the pictures reproduced in this volume; it would be easy to extend similar praise to very many individual characters throughout Hogarth's works.

Although never a great portrait-painter, Hogarth achieved an all-round success with his portraits which was denied to many of his smaller

pictures. They are clearly and straightforwardly painted, and are acknowledged to be for the most part good likenesses—two qualities which constitute nearly the whole sum of necessary requirements. Hogarth was aided in his portraiture by a genius for describing human expression, although the gift did not here stand him in such good stead as in the impersonal pictures and engravings. This power of facial reproduction was undoubtedly among his strongest points as an artist; few painters have ever succeeded so admirably in fitting their characters with passions and emotions. Caricatures, grotesques, call them what we will, Hogarth's men and women laugh and weep before us. His rogues have roguish faces; his vicious beaux betray their inclination; his grief-stricken women are figures of real sorrow and desolation (*e.g.*, the deserted sweetheart in the "Rake" picture); his children are natural and innocent until they become the depraved urchins of the street. In his management of crowds and groups Hogarth is, with few exceptions, uniformly successful. The scenes are enacted before our eyes; we live in the lifetime of the second George, and enjoy the buffoonery of a country fair or the humour of a kerbstone gathering. The painter had also a power of

suggesting more than was directly expressed, and this by introducing little tricks, born of his own ingenuity, which nevertheless appear a natural part of the picture. Putting aside the subtle suggestiveness of a thousand details, here are two instances of more obvious suggestion, whereby we see more in the picture than is actually visible. They occur in *The Cock-Pit* and in the fourth scene of *The Election*, entitled "Chairing the Members." In the former, a shadow is thrown upon the battle-ground; it is that of a defaulting spectator, suspended from the roof in a sort of basket, and tendering his watch in pledge for his freedom—a personage and a custom which otherwise could not have been shown within the area of the picture. In the *Election* scene we are inclined to wonder at the plural, for only one member is being borne aloft—until we note upon the court-house wall behind him the shadowy outline of his colleague, whose material form is as yet invisible in the procession.

As a colourist Hogarth was judicious and effective, without attaining to any particular brilliancy. His colour-schemes are unequal: contrast, for example, his own portrait in the National Gallery with the picture of *The Shrimp Girl* in

the same room. He is most successful in the crowded subject-pictures, and in the several series of which *Marriage à-la-mode* is the crowning example. In these, where the temptation to excessive colouring might have been an easy one, the painter wisely restrained his treatment, with the happy consequence that real life is strongly and naturally simulated. One or two individual pictures may seem too dull, but at any rate the failing, if it exists, is on the right side ; for in proportion as a subject-picture is over-coloured, it increasingly becomes less like what it is meant to portray.

Hogarth made but few incursions into the realms of art beyond his *forte*. The non-success of these attempts sufficiently proves the limits of his genius, and at the same time accentuates the excellences in his characteristic work. Apart from the ambitious *Sigismunda*, his emulation of the old masters—for such, in effect, it was, despite his unveiled hostility to the schools—was confined to Biblical subjects ; viz. : the two paintings on St. Bartholomew's Hospital staircase, the *Moses*, now in the Foundling Hospital, and *Paul before Felix*, which belongs to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. None of these is in any way remarkable. The former pair

attempted to realize a great scheme of wall-painting, with figures seven feet high ; but they were no fit undertaking for an artist whose pencilled figures had nearly always been limited to inches. In *Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter* the seated Princess is gracefully painted, and the hesitating boy happily expressed ; but the setting and florid treatment savour more of the scene-painter, faults which are paramount in *Paul before Felix*, an altogether unworthy piece of work.

As an artist Hogarth abounds in graphic delineation of character and a keen sense of humour. His presentments of popular life and emotion have never been surpassed, and his facility of composition and detail make his pictures veritable storehouses of enjoyment. While his drawing is at times perfect, and most of his portraits accurate and life-like, there are many of his works which betray neither of these qualities. Hogarth's chief title to immortality will be found to rest upon qualifications other than those of scrupulous accuracy and conscientious painting—upon qualifications, that is to say, which give to his pictures a practical value unknown to many far greater works of art.

## AS CHRONICLER

Hogarth's position as a chronicler is indisputably higher than his place as an artist. In the latter respect Sir David Wilkie, who painted similar subjects in the following century, is easily his superior; but Wilkie never attained the infinite variety, the humour, pathos, and satire, which stamp Hogarth's pictures as mirrors of contemporary life. His purview was a wide one, embracing various ranks and aspects of society, but dealing in an especial manner with poor and "middle-class" people and with more or less humble surroundings. His works constitute in the aggregate a vivid picture of eighteenth-century life and eighteenth-century London; and what a life, and a London, it was! If the majority of his paintings deal with humanity's less-virtuous side; if some of them are, indeed, so coarsely-conceived as to revolt the finer susceptibilities of to-day, it must be remembered that they were the product and reflection of a coarse and vicious age, whose aspect could only be faithfully transferred to canvas by preserving what was typical of the vice as well as the virtue of that time. If we glance cursorily at the history of Hogarth's

period, we shall find his pictorial narrative as true in its general features as are the pages of "Joseph Andrews" and "Peregrine Pickle." What Fielding and Smollett did in literature, Hogarth accomplished with his burin and brush. They were all the offspring of a gross and corrupt age; and each has left us, as the result of his genius, a legacy of intimate acquaintance with the character, the habits, and the customs of the time. From the Court downwards, English society was permeated with avarice, corrupt practices, and offences against virtue of a more specific character. The two monarchs who occupied the throne during Hogarth's lifetime, George I. and George II., were alike in respect of their personal vices; they were if anything less worthy to bear England's saintly name than the fourth gentleman so denominated. With such a lead from the throne, it is small wonder that political and social circles became equally infected with licence and corruption, the dregs of which, filtering through intervening grades, at length joined the natural coarseness of the mob, with results which only Hogarth's pencil could truthfully depict. As a ruling force the King was a mere puppet. Sir Robert Walpole pulled the strings of state and practically controlled the

political destinies of his country—a bullying, coarse-minded man, against whom a verdict of guilty was found by the House of Commons on the charge of “notorious corruption”! Bribery was openly practised in political life. Votes and heads were alike split in consideration of coin of the realm, and it may safely be said that the result of scarcely any election represented the honest convictions of the majority. Society took its cue from the Court and Parliament. An imperfect morality held sway among the nobles and the gentry. Drunkenness and gambling, if not actually counted as virtues, were at least so commonplace that they became as a natural part of existence. Libellous pamphleteers and vulgar cranks, among whom John Wilkes was a typical light, poisoned the minds and inflamed the prejudices of the ignorant. Controversy resolved itself into coarse satire and ribald jest. Humour and respectability were broadly divorced. Cruelty to animals and children reigned unpunished. It was an age of social and moral decadence, and the national honour was shaken to its foundations.

Such was the picture which presented itself to Hogarth in his adult years. His gift of natural observation, added to his deft portraiture and

sense of humour, equipped him splendidly for the task of setting down a permanent record of life and its incidents. He had as a boy drawn hastily the contorted visage of the toper bleeding from a pot-house wound; he was now to draw contortions originating in malice, in passion, in evil purpose and suggestion. The smiling companions of his school-days, whom he had so often sketched for amusement, were to find their continuation in the merry crowds thronging the fair at Southwark, or among the faces of *The Laughing Audience*. His genius sought inspiration in a wide field: in high and low life; among ale-house brawlers and scheming politicians; with Industry striving at the loom and Idleness gambling at the grave's-head. At Hogarth's magic touch the king's soldiers leap to life and action; the rumbling stage leaves the inn-yard; the "tried and true" electors return their candidate. Now we are in the streets at early morning, or witnessing a scene of midnight revelry. We penetrate to the poor poet's dwelling, the palatial home of my Lady the Countess, the court of ill-balanced justice, the maniac's cell, the miser's parlour—wherever an aspect of life presented itself which the artist desired to portray. And in this extensive panorama are

humorous or pathetic details, attaching to individual figures, of such multitude and variety that it is almost impossible to drink in the fullness of any one picture until it has been searched again and again. A tiny scrap of paper, or neglected trinket upon the floor, may convey its important meaning to the whole scene; or the pointed finger of a seemingly-obscure character in a public crowd directs the eye to some piece of excellent fooling. This plenitude of intention adds naturally to the interest of many of Hogarth's pictures, which show us not only a group or a crowd of men and women, but on scrutiny give to every individual figure an independent action and at the same time a definite relationship to the whole composition. If Hogarth lacked frequently that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which has been proclaimed the constituent of genius, there can be no question as to the thoroughness with which the smallest details were thought out and incorporated. Taking his many works together, remarkably few details appear incongruous to the subjects. In the duel scene in *Marriage à-la-mode* the Watch is perhaps too speedily introduced, and it has been objected that the girl who releases the Rake from his custodians in Scene IV. could hardly

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have produced her gold in such an unlooked-for contingency. The fact, however, that criticism so precise can only point to a few isolated instances of this kind, is in itself testimony enough to the consistent faithfulness of Hogarth's treatment. Facial and personal exaggeration, it is true, characterizes hundreds of his figures; but a caricature is not necessarily unfaithful. It has been amply demonstrated that Hogarth as a chronicler was thoroughly accurate, and with only the natural bias of a disposition at war with crime and injustice.

An objection raised against the value of Hogarth's pictures as complete presentments of their time is, that whereas he only painted scenes of human frailty and misfortune, there existed a virtuous aspect even in the society of that degenerate age; consequently that at best he is only an *ex parte* chronicler. To this it must be answered that, first of all, the view is hardly accurate; secondly, that Hogarth's value as a recorder of life is not necessarily lessened because he painted only those aspects of society which he desired to assail. To depict every side of London's vitality would indeed have been a Herculean task! Hogarth depicted pathos, virtue, and innocence; but just as these were the possessions of com-

paratively few, so they occur infrequently in his pictures. Yet when they do occur the examples are touching and dignified. The wife of *The Distressed Poet* supplies an instance where Hogarth delineates an industrious and virtuous woman, whose expression, to quote Lamb's words, is "sweetly conciliatory," one of the tenderest faces ever created by the painter. In *The March to Finchley* are several groups of virtuous domesticity. In particular, note the pretty child who turns in its mother's arms, attracted by the performance of the drummer, whose own tearful wife lends an element of pathos to the scene. And for sheer abandonment of grief, what can equal the disconsolate child in *Noon*, whose pie-dish, too forcefully rested upon a wayside post, breaks in twain and serves the meal to Fate for a libation! Search where we will through the abundant output of Hogarth's genius, similar rewarding pieces of detail and portraiture will be found. These have all their place and purpose, their degree of importance and true relation, in the scenes thus easily and realistically described. It is, then, as a pictorial chronicler that Hogarth has chief claim upon the admiration of posterity. In this respect his works are a perpetual source of interest and instruction.

## AS MORALIST

A large number of Hogarth's pictures, including nearly all his best works, were painted with the definite object of calling attention to the vices of his time, either by direct portrayal or by the conveyed suggestion of satire. His own character was that of a warm-hearted, honest, impulsive little man; strongly emotional, a good fighter, and with a temperament in open revolt against most of the evils he saw around him. We may well believe, therefore, that in making a choice of subjects he keenly relished the opportunities which presented themselves for attacking social and domestic vices at their most vulnerable points, by ridicule and exposure. Had it not been for the quality of his satire, it is doubtful whether such direct thrusts at the life of the day would have been so widely appreciated; but each class in turn enjoyed the shafts that were levelled at the other, so that Hogarth was able at the same time to bait and to entertain his public. His pictures, in their engraved form, enjoyed a wide circulation. They were full of moral suggestion, full of sermonizing tendency; and no doubt the artist himself, who had but a slight opinion of pulpit orthodoxy, judged that his hand



*[From the Engraving.]*

“INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.” PLATE XII.  
THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



might do more for the moral improvement of his fellows than could be accomplished by the reiterated warning of preachers. Whether the results equalled the confidence it is almost impossible to say, as impersonal forces cannot be traced in their workings; but at least it must be conceded that Hogarth tried, earnestly and assiduously, to paint evil in such a manner as to appeal with benefit to the popular conscience.

Hardly any form of turpitude escaped his lash. What may be denominated, broadly, specific vice, was powerfully portrayed in the two "Progresses," and among the plates of *Industry and Idleness*. In the former both the woman and the man end a career of crime and dissipation by death amidst miserable and degrading surroundings. In the latter the vicious apprentice expiates his offences at Tyburn, while, by way of contrast, Hogarth shows us the industrious colleague at the apex of civic honour. Disregard of matrimonial fidelity is the subject-matter of *Marriage à-la-mode*, where equally an unhonoured death is the fate of the errant pair. In all these pictures, and in others, the painter strives with the growing evil of gambling. Besides the reference to White's cocoa-house, and the gaming scene in

*The Rake's Progress*, he introduces the passion into most of his scenes of dissipation. The Countess has cards strewn at her feet; and at the other end of the social ladder a miserable group (*Industry and Idleness*, Plate III.) gamble at "hustle-cap" upon a tombstone, one wretched being, more ragged than his fellows, having only a piece of planking between his safety and the literal grave. In the same series Hogarth introduces the highwayman, the watch-snatcher, the thieves' consort, and other examples of low criminality, with condemnatory treatment.

Intemperance is assailed indirectly in various pictures—*A Midnight Modern Conversation*, the entertainment scene in the *Election* series, Plate III. of *The Rake's Progress*, and others. For direct attack, however, we must turn to the two prints, *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane*. In these, and especially in the latter plate, Hogarth depicted the evil of drunkenness, in its many consequences, with a realism which could not fail to arrest even the most depraved attention. There is no need to emphasize the details, which no doubt harmonized with the necessities of the case in those days. Compared with *Gin Lane*, all other temperance cartoons have an atmosphere of gentle mildness.



[Soane Museum,

“THE RAKE’S PROGRESS.” PLATE I  
THE HEIR TAKING POSSESSION.



Hogarth's detestation of personal inhumanity found its chief expression in *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, a series of pictures in which the detailed treatment is so heart-stirring, not to say horrible, that they must be passed over with only a general reference. They form a powerful indictment against cruelty to animals, with various forms of which the first two plates are full. If they are to be accepted as true reflections of contemporary practices, the savagery of the time was of an appalling character.

The craze for financial speculation, of which past centuries hold no monopoly, was satirized in the picture of *The South Sea Bubble*, wherein Satan is the central figure in a scene full of significance. The introduction of the Monument indicates the meeting-place of these perfervid mammon-worshippers. *Taste in High Life*, although in an especial way a commission picture, may be taken to represent Hogarth's scathing irony at extravagant dress and mannerisms; and allusion has already been made to the extremely bitter satire entitled *Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, by which he attacked hypocrisy and false piety so far as they existed under the guise of religion. *The Sleeping Congregation*, also, was a milder satire upon religious indifference, while

*The Bench* ridiculed pretension to judicial watchfulness.

The bribery which permeated political campaigning was vigorously treated in the *Election* pictures. A significant piece of detail occurs in the entertainment scene, where feasting is in progress, in which "spills" for lighting pipes have been improvised from a torn leaf of the Act against Bribery and Corruption. In Scene II. a bucolic voter hesitates between the claims of rival agents, who press bank-notes upon him as the price of his support. Eating and drinking, and the prospect of gratuitous drama, are among the inducements held out at the candidates' expense. The scene at the hustings is in its way inimitable. A deaf elector, prompted by a companion in fetters, is in the act of tendering his vote. Immediately behind is a citizen apparently *in extremis*, who is yet alive enough to satisfy all legal requirements. Blind and crippled voters complete the sum of "free and independent" judgement on which the issue depends.

These are only a few of the more direct instances of Hogarth's crusade against criminality and corruption. To appreciate the quantity of satirical allusion in this direction it would be

necessary to take his subject-pictures one by one, examining each carefully for details. It would then be found that throughout his life the painter was consistently ranged on the side of virtue and honesty; and ~~when we bear in mind that in those days this was anything but a popular cause to espouse, we must recognize in Hogarth not only the mind of an inventor but also the heart of a reformer.~~ His slashing criticism was not merely general, it was frequently personal. Loose-livers, of whatever social grade, were liable to be pilloried for an example to their fellows; and the frequent portraits which he introduced into his canvases are so many instances of such treatment. Had Hogarth lived in an entirely vicious age, keenly sensitive to the exposure of its faults, his path assuredly would not have been an easy one. But there were redeeming qualities enough to admire his satire, to be merry at his jests, and, let us hope, to profit by the expression of his feelings. Thus in his own way Hogarth erected his pictures into the dignity of moral forces; and who will deny that they have their lessons even at the present day?

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

**F**ORTUNATELY for those who prefer to study Hogarth in the originals, his paintings and prints, almost without exception, remain in his native country ; the most notable of them being still in London, either in the public galleries or among a few semi-private and private collections. It is thus a comparatively easy matter to obtain access to nearly all his best works, and a reference to the list which immediately follows this chapter will enable the reader to locate the chief individual paintings. The eight pictures here reproduced have been selected not so much for their quantity of entertainment, but because they constitute a series fairly representative of Hogarth's genius. For obvious reasons some of his best satires are unsuitable for popular illustration, and it has not been thought necessary to include any example of his flamboyant attempts ; but with these exceptions the following eight pictures present the painter in his characteristic and varying moods.

The *Portrait of Hogarth and his dog Trump* is the best of his likenesses of himself, of which there are several other examples. On a canvas measuring 27 by 35 inches is a large oval panel, partly draped, containing the portrait proper. Hogarth is here represented with an intelligent, good-natured countenance, slightly expressive of merriment. He is wearing a fur cap, and bears a deep scar over his right eye. Immediately below the panel are three volumes labelled Shakespeare, Milton, and Swift. A palette occupies the bottom left-hand corner, on which is the curved and inscribed "line of Beauty and Grace," previously referred to. The dog Trump fills the opposite corner.

This portrait was painted in 1745, and was first engraved by Hogarth four years later. The canvas remained in his possession, and at his death passed to Mrs. Hogarth. At her sale, in 1790, it was sold to Mr. Angerstein, whose famous collection was acquired for the nation in 1824. This portrait is now in the National Gallery.

Scene I. of *The Rake's Progress* depicts that point of the story where the young heir, newly come into his fortune, takes formal possession

in the house of his dead ancestor, whose effects and documents are littered about the apartment.

Now view the Youth's first darling Scene,  
The Taylor, Lawyer, all convene,  
Ope burst the Trunks, the Bags confus'd  
All dusty lie, the Bonds perus'd.  
Old Shoes by Weight of Iron sold,  
More precious to his Sire than Gold.

The miser, whose portrait over the mantelpiece paints him as the creature of avarice, is but lately dead. His escutcheons—three vices, with the motto "Beware!"—are still upon the wall; and the undertaker's assistant, in draping the room with mourning cloth, accidentally breaks the cornice and releases part of a hidden hoard. An open cupboard discloses the turnspit and jack, long disused; it is evident also that the fire-grate, which an aged woman is about to replenish with sticks, has been empty for some considerable time. A save-all receives the candle-end; the cat is little better than a skeleton. Note, too, how everything, useful and useless alike, has been preserved. Boxes and shelves are full of miscellaneous lumber; even the empty frame of an old pair of spectacles hangs by the fireplace, near which the dead man's crutch

and walking-stick recall his feeble presence. The table and floor are strewn with mortgages, deeds, and other documents relating to property. A memorandum book lies open at the significant item, "Put off my bad shilling."

Tom Rakewell, the heir, stands in an easy attitude in the middle of the room, while being measured by a tailor for a suit of small-clothes. He is unconscious that at his back a greedy attorney, ostensibly looking after his interests, is in fact literally helping himself to the young man's gold. A weeping woman, the youth's deserted sweetheart, leans against a chair, holding in her hand his ring of unfulfilled betrothal. Behind is her mother, armed with an apronful of letters, who points to the girl and upbraids the Rake for his conduct towards her. For his part, the lad seeks to compound the matter with a handful of money, which the elder woman indignantly refuses.

This picture, although not good in the disposition of its several parts, is a typical example of Hogarth's gift for painting facial expressions. The face of each character in the room displays admirably the emotion of the moment, from the outraged mother, whose countenance positively blazes with indignant wrath, to the cunning

lawyer, whose eyes are watchfully upon his victim, lest perchance a sudden movement of the latter should defeat his purpose. The tailor, also, has the eminently natural expression of one whose concern is solely with the inches on his tape, and who cares nothing for the private affairs of his customers. Even the poor cat is hungrily clamorous !

*The Rake's Progress* was painted and engraved in 1735. In the third state of the engraving of this scene one or two details are altered ; for example, a copy of the Bible is introduced, of which the leather cover has been mutilated to repair a shoe-sole. The original pictures were in the possession of Alderman Beckford, and afterwards of Col. Fullerton. They ultimately found their resting-place in Sir John Soane's Museum.

*The Distressed Poet* is a picture belonging to the same year as the last-named. Mr. Austin Dobson's note as to its history (I am indebted to his book for particulars as to private owners throughout) states that it was given by Hogarth to a Mrs. Draper, at whose death it was bought for five guineas by a solicitor named Ward. On his death the picture became the property of

Engraving by G. S.



[Grossener House.]

THE DISTRESSEL POET



Lord Grosvenor, with whose descendant, the Duke of Westminster, it remains. The painting is full of amusing satire, cleverly interwoven with pathos. The scene is that of the Poet's humble garret—humble in many senses of the word, for the plastering on the walls is cracked and fallen in a score of places. He, poor man, enveloped in a dressing-gown, seeks inspiration by candle-light in order to finish a poem on "Riches." Inspiration, apparently, is not easily attainable, even with the assistance of Bysse's "Art of Poetry," which is part of a library of four volumes. With grim irony a map of the "Gold Mines of Peru" is immediately over his head. A copy of the "Grub Street Journal" lies on the floor, together with his sword and coat, the latter forming also a bed for the cat and kittens. Near him sits his wife, mending the Poet's nether garment; a careful, thrifty soul, "the most loveable figure that ever Hogarth drew," who looks up with some surprise at the entry of an irate milkwoman, who with tally extended demands payment of her score. But payment seems a remote contingency under the circumstances, for the open larder is empty, save for a prowling mouse; and to add to the domestic misfortunes, the piece of meat, heedlessly left upon a chair, is being stolen

by a dog. The creditor's shrill tones wake the infant, whose cries, joined to the disputation, wellnigh distract the votary of Parnassus. On the wall at the left hand hangs the wife's long, hooded cloak. Above the mantel is a set of circular mirrors,<sup>1</sup> and on the shelf itself, a loaf of bread, a book, the teapot and cups, and a saucepan. Several other details will be noticed, such as the empty pewter, etc. The whole scene is evidently typical of many such in real life. It not infrequently happens, even in these times, that an author's subject is foreign to his experience. And, after all, with such a theme as *Riches*, our Poet has magnificent exercise for his imaginative powers.

The engravings of *The Distressed Poet* differ slightly in some of the details. In the first impression (1736) the Poet is writing on "Poverty";

<sup>1</sup> A good deal of mystery has attached to this object. Ireland calls it a "dare for larks," and Mr. Dobson, while agreeing with Mr. F. G. Stephens as to its true character, allows that it is "one of the *cruces* of the commentator." Perhaps these doubts may be resolved by referring to Jan van Eyck's *Portraits of Jean Arnolfini and his wife*, in the National Gallery, where a similar arrangement appears, but with the smaller circles painted instead of being mirrored, while the centre mirror reflects the whole picture.—G. E. A.



*[Foundling Hospital.]*

**CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.**



a picture of Curll, the notorious bookseller, being thrashed by Pope (see "The Dunciad") occupies the wall in place of the Gold Mines; and the Poet's library is larger by two volumes.

The *Portrait of Captain Thomas Coram* represents Hogarth's highest achievement in direct portraiture. It is a large, full-length picture, and for colour and composition bears favourable comparison with the work of any contemporary portrait-painter. Its execution was a labour of love, in which the artist, as he himself tells us, wished particularly to excel. Hogarth's friendship for Captain Coram was one of long standing; allusion has already been made, in the biographical portion of this essay, to the practical manner in which the painter seconded the efforts of the philanthropist. His gift of this portrait to the Foundling Hospital was only one of many services rendered to that institution.

Captain Coram had acquired riches as a trader to the colonies, and the direction in which he sought their charitable disposal was that of rescuing some of the abandoned infants who were every year left to perish of cold and starvation. The result was the Foundling Hospital, originally located in Hatton Garden, and

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now occupying the well-known site in Guilford Street. For seventeen years its founder laboured to obtain State recognition of the charity, and at length, in 1739, it was incorporated by Royal Charter.

In Hogarth's picture the Captain is represented in uniform, seated. The background is formed of two subjects, divided by a centre column. On the left hand is a seascape with trading vessels, indicative of his source of wealth; on the right, a withdrawn curtain discloses a maternal figure with a child at her breast, typifying its result. Captain Coram grasps the seal of the Charter, which lies upon a small table against which he rests his arm. His cocked hat is at his feet, and on a step below are a revolving Globe, an album, and a letter addressed to himself. The face, set in a white, curly wig, reproduces in expression the benevolent kindness of the good man's disposition. It is not too much to say that this portrait is in every way worthy of its subject, and served excellently to cement the mutual regard existing between the two men.

So many references have been made in these pages to *Marriage à-la-mode* that it will probably suffice to describe in detail the picture repro-

'2 20

Verdini  
See, a husband.



[National Gallery

“MARRIAGE À-LA-MODE.” PLATE II.

See

Verdini



duced. It has been pointed out that this series is Hogarth's masterpiece, and there can be little doubt that of the six paintings Scene II., the one here illustrated, is the best.

Viscount Squanderfield—for as yet he has not inherited his earldom—returns to his home after a night's dissipation, the nature of which may be partly surmised from the broken sword upon the floor, a woman's cap which protrudes from his pocket and forms an attraction for the lap-dog, and the generally dishevelled condition of the nobleman himself. His coat is unfastened, his hair hangs loose for want of a ribbon; there is about his whole appearance an air of neglect and untidiness. Flinging himself into a chair, in an attitude of sprawling indolence, his hands deep-thrust into his breeches pockets, the Viscount gives himself up to what are evidently unpleasant reflections. Certainly Hogarth never painted anything finer and more expressive than this pallid figure. As we look at him his dejection seems positively to deepen, so admirably delineated is the thoughtful misery of the features. The presence of his wife has no apparent effect upon his torpor; he is so unconscious or regardless of her that he does not even remove his hat. The lady sits at the other side of the fireplace,

divided from her lord and master by a small circular table bearing the remains of an early breakfast. Her attire also is *en déshabillé*, consisting of a loose gown and dressing jacket and a pretty cap. She holds in her right hand a little pocket mirror, and at the moment depicted gives a sidelong glance at her husband and barely stifles a yawn of fatigue. She, like him, has been dissipating. Music and gaming have been the staple recreations, if we may judge from the violins and case, and the music book, which lie on the floor by an upset chair, and the strewn cards at the foot of the column behind her. A book, "Hoyle on Whist," lies open where it has fallen. The puritanical steward, whose literary taste shows itself in the work on "Regeneration" in his coat pocket, has tried to enlist attention for his accounts. Failing in this errand he leaves the chamber, with a gesture expressive of outraged righteousness, and with all the bills unpaid—save one, which reposes in solitary state upon his file. Beyond the archway a tired, yawning servant makes slow order of the displaced furniture; he is too sleepy to detect the imminent danger of a chair which has come in contact with the candle flame.

Let us glance at the apartment in which this

scene is being enacted. It consists practically of two rooms, divided by a classical archway supported on either side by paired marble columns. The foreground is richly carpeted, and is extravagantly decorated according to the ill-taste of the time. Note the extraordinary ornamentation, including fishes and a china cat, upon the clock, the hands of which point to twenty minutes past twelve. On the mantelpiece, and partly hiding a picture of Cupid with bagpipes (surely a satire on William Kent or some such worthy) is a marble bust with the nose repaired, the central object in a collection of idols, toads, and various monstrosities. In the other part of the room the pictures display a singular incongruity of taste—or rather, singular until we read its significance as a comment upon fashionable life. One canvas is veiled, save for a small portion which discloses a naked foot; while immediately beyond are full-length paintings, apparently of the four Evangelists!

The next illustration we have to consider is the *Portrait of Garrick as Richard III.*, painted in 1746. Hogarth several times painted the famous actor, for whom he had unstinted admiration; one picture, *Garrick in the Green*

*Room*, shows him as the central figure in a large portrait group. In the work illustrated the painter has succeeded in producing a boldly-drawn and impressive figure ; but it is not a good portrait of David Garrick ; the likeness is imperfect and the anatomy far too large. Nevertheless, the picture is meritorious, if only for its conception and setting of the Shakespearean tableau.

The scene represented is taken from Act V., Sc. 3, where the King, starting from his dream of accusing ghosts, cries wildly :

“ Give me another horse, bind up my wounds,  
Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft ; I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! ”

Richard, his face expressing the horror of the recollection, starts from his couch. His left hand grasps a dagger ; his right is raised as if in deprecation of the unseen foes. The tent is lit by a lamp which burns before a pictured crucifix. The royal Crown rests near his pillow ; the royal suit of armour is disposed with some *négligé* upon the floor. The King is elaborately dressed, even to his ruff and ermined robe. This, with the curtains of the tent and the fallen coverings, gives the picture an air of studied



*[Earl of Feversham.]*

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.



effect as to drapery, altogether to its disadvantage. At Richard's feet lies the warning message to the Duke of Norfolk—

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold—*

which Hogarth here introduces by a stroke of licence, for the King was not acquainted with the message at this time. Beyond the tent is a view of the sleeping camp. Three sentries converse round a fire, and a fourth keeps watch in the farther distance.

Hogarth was paid £200 for this picture, a princely sum for a portrait in those days, and larger than any previous amount similarly earned by an English artist. The purchaser was Mr. Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, Yorkshire, whose descendant, the Earl of Feversham, is its present owner.

The picture of the Lord Mayor's Procession forms the last plate of *Industry and Idleness*, the series of engravings, executed in 1747, which traces the careers of the two apprentices. Hogarth's original pen-and-ink drawings for this series are now in the Print Room of the British Museum.

In this picture we see virtue in the very lap of extraneous reward. Master Francis Goodchild has followed studiously the path of rectitude, and it leads him at length to—the Mansion House. It is indeed a proud moment for the one-time Spitalfields weaver; for do not the Royal Pair themselves glance approvingly at his progress from a balcony at the corner of Cheapside, while the citizens rend the air with cheers of welcome and delight! The windows are full of spectators; the roofs, also, offer vantage-ground to the more venturesome. The picture is crammed with amusing detail, and with one less happy incident, where a “stand” belies its name and throws two women to the ground—though even this seems to afford mirth to the dwarfish proprietor. The audience in the right-hand staging, and the oddly-assorted city militia, are drawn in Hogarth’s most characteristic vein. One of the latter wears his sword in such a manner as, in Ireland’s phrase, “to give the idea of a bluebottle impaled on a pin.” Close by a boy sells “a full, true, and particular account of the ghost of Thomas Idle, which appeared to the Lord Mayor.” On the scaffolding at the opposite side a too-ardent swain is threatened with a scratching from his lady-love.

المسيرة



(Founding Hospital.)

**THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.**

300



A blind man protecting his hat, and a drunken trooper, are immediately below. But the crowning glory of the scene centres in the Lord Mayor himself, although it is his sword-bearer who forms the most conspicuous character in the picture. Four footmen add to the weight of the unwieldy coach, which is closely escorted by effusive butchers, armed with bones and cleavers.

None of Hogarth's pictures possesses more animation than this one, which, although containing a multitude of figures, and filled with incident in every part, is so well thought out that there is no sense of overcrowding. A particularly happy effect is produced by the street in perspective, which seems to add immensely to the area depicted.

*The March to Finchley*, with which the selection concludes, is another instance of a crowded and animated picture; but here the general result is hardly so good as in the last-named, a more confused effect being created, as if the artist had attempted to delineate more than the scope of the canvas permitted. Nevertheless this is justly given a high place among Hogarth's compositions, for it contains some admirable pieces of

character drawing, and is full of significance. Originally entitled "A Representation of the March of the Guards towards Scotland in the year 1745," the picture shows us the junction of Tottenham Court and Euston Roads. This fact is interesting to Londoners, bearing in mind that Hogarth's rustic highway is now a spot so congested with traffic that an agitation is on foot to widen the road. The two hostelries, the "Adam and Eve" and the "King's Head," still stand on either side of the busy street; but their aspect also has greatly changed. How different, too, is the present view towards the North from the country lane in the scene before us!

The central figure in the picture is a handsome grenadier, whose attention is sought by two women—the one young and comely, and the other a witch-like person of more insistent aspect. Practically the group is an allegory, for the guardsman may be considered representative of state and military influence, while the women are openly partisans of the rival Jacobite and Protestant interests. Note the embroidered cross upon the cloak, and the uplifted "Rememberer," on the one hand; and on the other, "God save the King," and other expressions of

loyalty to the House of Hanover. The detailed incidents in the surrounding crowd are well worth examination. Beginning on the left of the picture, note the sad-looking drummer seeking to drown his trouble in the noise of his instrument, but conscious all the same that his weeping wife and child cling to him pleadingly. A boy performs shrilly on a fife, while one unmoved warrior reads a placard on the wall of the toll-house, from the window of which a woman looks over the motley gathering. Two suspicious-looking individuals hard by engage in an "aside" of conspiracy; one betrays a plaid through the rent in his disguise. Next is an old woman, smoking, whose child, tied to her back with a shawl, turns attracted by the drummer's performance. Behind these the crowd watches eagerly a prize-fight in progress before the "Adam and Eve" inn. Continuing our gaze to the right, a soldier savagely threatens the importunate Jacobite, while the opposite emotion causes an exchange of kisses between the flag-bearer and a pretty milk-seller. While her attention is thus occupied, a fellow empties one of the pails into his hat. Another laughingly calls a pieman's attention to this circumstance, who hugely enjoys the joke, forgetful that his own tray is in similar

case with the milk-pail, for the other purloins a pie to reward his information. A third rogue taps a porter's barrel and fills his can from the resulting stream. A stout soldier has fallen by the wayside with his feet in a pond; he proffers his hand for spirit, with which a woman is about to supply him, while her infant mimics the drunkard's gesture. Water is held to his lips by a good samaritan, whose virtue, however, has yielded to the temptation of a live hen. The poor bird's wing sticks out from his wallet, and her disconsolate chicks run aimlessly about. Under the sign of the "King's Head" a mounted loyalist, to whom a server hands a can of beer, raises his hat and cheers, no doubt to the honour of his own monarch. The windows of the inn are filled with women, who converse with the crowd below. A cart, containing women and children, occupies a prominent place in the background, beyond which again a more orderly body of troops is seen wending their way to the North to meet Prince Charles.

This popular picture, from which Luke Sullivan executed the engraving, was dedicated in the first instance to George II. That monarch, however, appreciated neither its wit nor its subject, but suggested instead that it was a caricature

of his soldiers. Therefore the painter altered its dedication to King Frederick of Prussia, whose name appeared when the engraving was published in 1750. *The March to Finchley* is among the pictures presented by Hogarth to the Foundling Hospital.

## LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL PICTURES

### NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

- Portrait of Himself and his Dog Trump. (112)  
Marriage à-la-mode. The Marriage Contract  
—Shortly after Marriage—The Visit to the  
Quack Doctor—The Countess's Dressing  
Room—The Duel and Death of the Earl—  
The Death of the Countess. (113-118)  
Portrait of his sister, Mary Hogarth. (675)  
Sigismunda mourning over the heart of Guis-  
cardo. (1046)  
A Family Group. Contains portraits of the  
Strode family, who are represented at break-  
fast. (1153)  
Portrait of Miss Lavinia Fenton, the actress,  
as "Polly Peacham," in the "Beggars'  
Opera." A life-size figure, dressed in a  
green bodice trimmed with reddish silk.  
She wears a lace cap and a necklace of  
pearls. (1161)

The Shrimp Girl. A sketch, life-size. She wears a cloth over her cap, on which a flat basket is supported, containing shrimps and a metal measure. (1162)

Portraits of Hogarth's Servants. Six heads. In the upper row are painted a woman in a mob-cap, a boy, and an old man. In the centre below is a younger man in a brown, curly wig; lower down, two girls wearing caps. (1374)

Calais Gate, or the Roast Beef of Old England. A friar casts envious looks upon the huge joint. Caricatures of French soldiers and mercenary allies. Old Calais Gate, showing Hogarth making his memorable sketch. Through the gate is a religious procession—a priest, preceded by a cross-bearer, carries the Host; kneeling figures. (1464)

Portrait of his sister, Ann Hogarth. This picture shows a strong family likeness between Ann Hogarth and the painter himself, whose portrait hangs close by. (1663)

A Garden Party. Landscape scene with figures. Elderly man seated on left. Group of ladies in bright crinoline costumes. *Attributed to Hogarth.*

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.**

**Portrait of Himself.** A small picture, representing the painter seated at his easel, in the act of painting the Comic Muse. The date of execution, 1758, shows Hogarth in his 61st year. (289)

**Portrait of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.** Painted in 1746. Lord Lovat, the intriguing Jacobite politician and chief of the Fraser clan, was tried for his complicity with the young Pretender and beheaded on Tower Hill. Hogarth's portrait shows the old Lord as a thick-set, roughly-dressed personage. He is seated by a table, apparently in the act of conversation, and ticks off upon his fingers the points under remark. The expression of his face is cunning and sinister. (216)

**Meeting of a Committee of the House of Commons at the Fleet Prison, 1729.** This Committee was appointed to take evidence in the case of Thomas Bambridge, a warder in the Fleet Prison, who was charged with grave breaches of trust, both as regards leniency and severity. The group was painted for Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, one of the Committee. At the ex-

treme left of the picture is Bambridge himself, an ill-favoured man, who is answering questions. (926)

Portrait of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester. This picture was the joint production of Mrs. Hoadly and Hogarth. The Bishop's first wife was Miss Sarah Curtis, a professional artist, who is now given the principal credit for the portrait. Exactly what proportion of the work may be attributed to Hogarth is not clear. The official catalogue suggests that it was "as is believed, touched upon" by him. (31)

\* \* In the same gallery is a Bust of Hogarth by the famous French sculptor Roubiliac. The scar over the painter's right eye, shown in the National Gallery portrait, is here strongly marked.

#### SOANE MUSEUM, LONDON.

The Rake's Progress. (Eight pictures.) The Heir—The Levée—Orgies—The Arrest—The Marriage—The Gaming-House—The Prison—The Mad-House.

The Election. (Four pictures) The Entertainment—Canvassing for Votes—The Polling—Chairing the Members.

The Laughing Audience. (Etching)

The Oratorio. (Etching)

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON.

The Print Room of the British Museum contains a large number of original impressions from Hogarth's engravings. Also the drawings for *Industry and Idleness* and other prints, and the MS. account of the trip to Sheppey, with Hogarth's illustrations.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, LONDON.

Portrait of Captain Thomas Coram.

The March to Finchley.

Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

The Pool of Bethesda.

The Good Samaritan.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

View of the Hospital, with equestrian portrait of Count Solacio.

ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON.

Portrait of Martin Folkes, Esq., President.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON.

Portrait of Sir C. Hawkins.

THE ROYAL COLLECTION, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Portraits of Garrick and his Wife. In this picture Hogarth has painted the actor writing a prologue to Samuel Foote's comedy, "Taste," while Mrs. Garrick takes away his pen from behind.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

The Distressed Poet.

THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM.

David Garrick as Richard III.

THE EARL OF ONSLOW.

The House of Commons, 1730 (?). By Hogarth and Sir James Thornhill. Contains portraits of Arthur Onslow the Speaker, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir James Thornhill, Sir Joseph Jekyll, and others.

THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

The Harlot's Progress, Scene II. This, the only surviving painting of that famous series, shows the infuriated lady snapping

her fingers in the face of an elderly admirer, at the same time kicking over the tea-table and scalding a little pet monkey. It must be owned that in this case Hogarth's brush has hardly depicted her anger adequately in her countenance, but the other characters are admirably expressed.

## CHRONOLOGY OF HOGARTH'S CHIEF WORKS

1720. Masquerades and Operas, Burlington Gate.
1725. A Just View of the British Stage.
1726. Twelve Illustrations to "Hudibras."
1729. Trial of Bambridge.
1730. The House of Commons—The Politician.
1731. The Harlot's Progress.
1732. Rich's Glory—The Oratorio.
1733. Southwark Fair—A Midnight Modern Conversation—The Laughing Audience.
1735. The Rake's Progress—The Distressed Poet.
1736. The Pool of Bethesda—The Good Samaritan—The Sleeping Congregation.
1738. Strolling Actresses—Four Times of the Day.
1739. Portrait of Captain Coram.
1741. The Enraged Musician.
1742. Taste in High Life.

1743. Bishop Hoadly.
1745. Marriage à-la-mode — Hogarth with his Dog.
1746. Garrick as Richard III.—Simon, Lord Lovat.
1747. Industry and Idleness—The Stage Coach.
1748. Paul before Felix.
1749. The Gate of Calais.
1750. The March to Finchley.
1751. Beer Street—Gin Lane—The Four Stages of Cruelty.
1752. Moses brought to Pharaoh's Daughter.
1753. "The Analysis of Beauty."
1755. Four Pictures of an Election.
1756. The Invasion.
1757. David Garrick and his Wife.
1758. Hogarth painting the Comic Muse—The Lady's Last Stake—The Bench.
1759. Sigismunda—The Cock-Pit.
1761. Time Smoking a Picture.
1762. Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism—The Times, Plate I.
1763. John Wilkes, Esq.—The Bruiser, C. Churchill.
1764. Finis ; or The Bathos.

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**CHISWICK PRESS : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.  
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