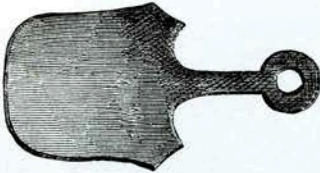


THE
TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 4.—WILLIAM HOGARTH.

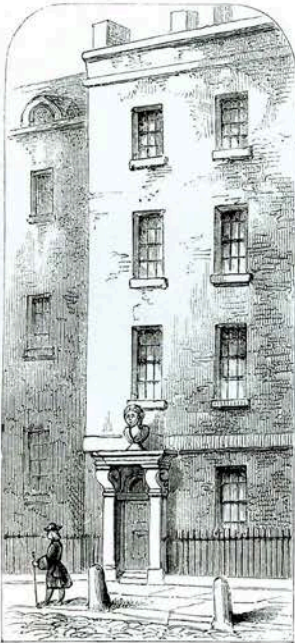
No artist ever deserved the name of a "national painter" more truthfully than William Hogarth. The queen in whose reign he began his career had declared to one of her earliest parliaments that "her heart was entirely English," and her saying was commemorated on a medal. Hogarth's heart was equally English; his works are his medals, and will be as enduring as the metal of his sovereign. As time passes, and criticism expands, he is valued the more as the honest exponent of the manners of his own era, and as an artist who, less than any other, was indebted to foreign influences. His style was essentially his own, the fruit of his own observation; his works were the transcripts of what he saw



HOGARTH'S PALETTE.

around him. He is entirely original; and although his originality was both strongly defined and popular, it was so singularly excellent that he left no imitators who deserve to be remembered. He "founded no school," so to speak, for none but he could be its master. Wilkie made the nearest approach, but, like Hogarth, he was too much of an original to be a copyist; his works have touches of Hogarthian humour, but they possess the different qualities of a different mind. None but themselves can be their parallel.

The ability of Hogarth as a painter was questioned in his own day: there is no question now



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

raised as to his ability as designer, painter, or engraver. Even in the latter art the originality of his powerful genius is visible; they are painter's engravings, not possessing the mere accurate line of mechanical art, but abounding in vigour and effect. His manly independence of thought accompanied him in all his works; and the nation generally was taught wisdom by his truth-telling histories on canvas of the follies and vices of the last century:

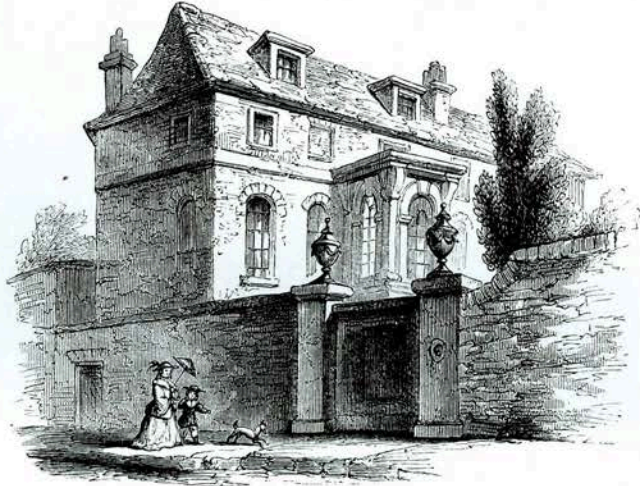
"His pictured morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart."

Let this page be devoted to a few memoranda of his last residences: critical disquisitions on himself and his career are abundant elsewhere. Toward

the close of it he had prospered sufficiently to become the master of a town and country-house; the latter a bequest to his wife from her father, Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter to the king, who, though originally objecting to his daughter's clandestine marriage with Hogarth, ultimately learned to value his great talent and unflinching integrity. Hogarth, for a long period before his death, lived in a good house in Leicester Square, then one of the best localities in London, and inhabited by Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. There exists a very curious print of the square at that period, showing the prince borne in his sedan towards St. James's, attended by hal-

berdiers and his suite. In one corner of the view Hogarth's house is distinguishable by the sign of "the Golden Head" over the door. We engrave thus much of the print. The "head" was cut by Hogarth himself in cork; and all who are familiar with his later engravings, will remember the imprint, "Published at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields." Mrs. Hogarth sold his works here after his decease.*

The house at Chiswick was that in which Sir James Thornhill resided at the time of his daughter's elopement with Hogarth. It is gloomy with high walls; long walls of brick bound the way to it from the main street of the village. In the days

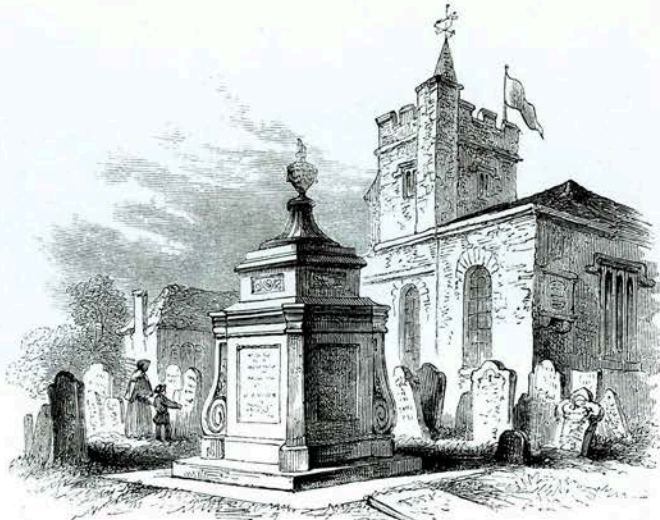


HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK.

of Anne it was far from the metropolis, but now it is as much a London suburb as Islington was then. Large as the house appears, it is really somewhat small, for it is all frontage, and only one room deep, without any back windows. The garden is not larger than such a house would require, and the small stable at its further extremity has over it a room Hogarth used as a studio.* Against the garden wall are two narrow upright slabs of stone, commemorating the graves of his dog and bird.

The words upon the former—"Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies," are a satirical paraphrase on the epitaph to Churchill, the satirist, in Dover church, with whom he had passed some years of friendship, but who had bitterly attacked Hogarth at the close of his career; not, however, without provocation on the part of the latter.

In Chiswick church-yard the painter reposes, and he is not the only artist buried there. Loutherbouurg rests upon a most heavy and ambitious monu-



HOGARTH'S TOMB, CHISWICK.

ment; a slab against the wall near it records the name of James Fittler, the engraver; and William Sharpe, another of our best English engravers, was buried, by his desire, near Hogarth. The tomb of the latter artist is a not ungraceful structure, exhibiting on one side Garrick's well-known rhyming epitaph: a simple record on the east side notes the death of Hogarth, in October, 1764, at the age of sixty-seven, and his wife in November, 1789, at the age of eighty. His sister's death is recorded on the south side, in August, 1771, at the age of seventy; and that of Mary Lewis, his niece, who

acted as saleswoman at his house in Leicester Square, and who died in 1808, at the age of eighty-eight. The other face of the monument has an inscription to his mother-in-law, the widow of Sir James Thornhill, who was first buried in this grave, in 1757. This monument had fallen into much decay, and had become the theme of public comment; but it has been admirably restored, and on a small piece of granite at its base is inscribed,— "Rebuilt by William Hogarth, of Aberdeen, in 1856." All honour to his northern namesake's liberality and taste!
F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* The palette of the painter is still religiously preserved by the Royal Academicians of London. It is peculiar in its form, and we engrave it as a curious relic of the artist.

* The house has been greatly altered since Hogarth's days, and is now incorporated with the Sablonière Hotel, of which it forms the northern half.