

MODERN LIFE SUBJECTS IN BRITISH PAINTING 1840-60

Vol.II - illustrations

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PUNCH'S PENCILINGS.—No. XLVII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 10.



Mr. Dobbs.—"Very good. I intend to have my buttons painted green, and that's just the shade I don't like."  
Miss D.—"Couldn't you put in a sunflower or two, Mr. Martin? I'm very partial to yellow."

fig. 1 'Mr. Dobbs. - "Very good ..."', Punch, vol. III, Jul-Dec





fig.2 The London Art Union Prize Annual of 1845, Sprigg,  
London, 1845, plate 26.





fig. 3 William Powell Frith, Ramsgate Sands, 1854, Royal  
Collection.



fig.4 'A Back-side and Front View of a Modern Fine Lady or  
Swimming Venus at Ramsgate', 1805, Plate 1 in J. Walvin,  
Beside the Seaside, Allen Lane, London, 1978.





fig.5 Ramsgate, Ordnance Survey County Series, Kent, 560,  
 1:10, (approx 6" to 1 mile), surveyed 1858-73, Sheet 38.







SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

*Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla.* "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"

SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.



*First Young Lady (reads).* "10TH ROW—3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO THIRD SMALL SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 5 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO MIDDLE SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO NEXT SPACE, 1 LONG IN SAME SPACE, 5 CHAIN, DITTO IN MIDDLE OF LARGE SPACE, 5 CHAIN, REPEAT."

*Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstasies).* "OH! HOW SWEETLY PRETTY!!!"





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W.P. FRITH. R.A.

fig. 8 W.P. Frith, Ramsgate Sands, pencil sketch, Royal Library,

Windsor.

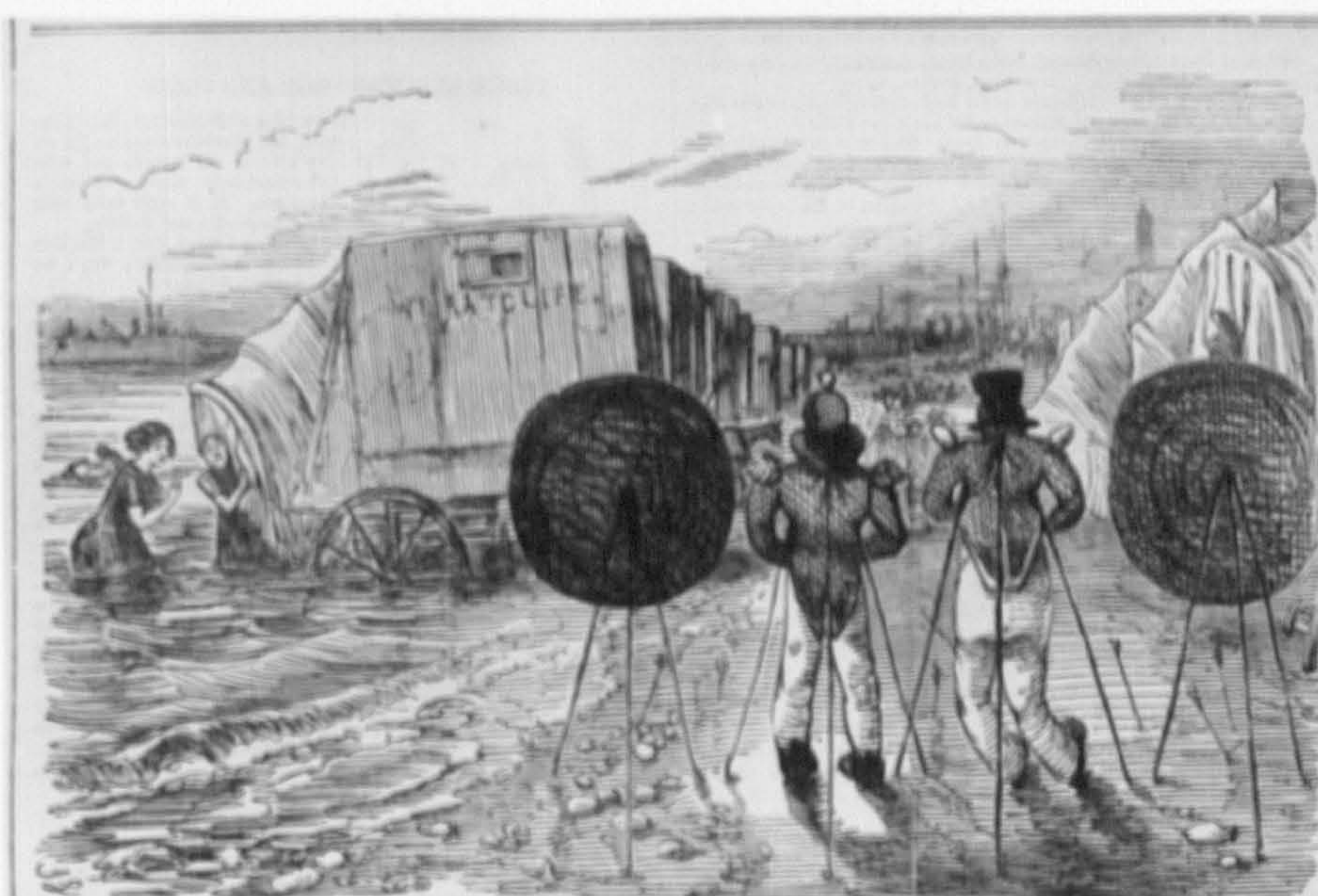




fig.9 W.P.Frith, Ramsgate Sands, oil sketch, Dunedin Art Gallery, New Zealand.



fig.10 'A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE', Punch, vol.XXIII, Jul-Dec 1852,  
p.138.



A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.

*Ellen (who loses a job at AUNT FIGGIE'S expense).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT! THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"  
*Aunt Fidget (a short-sighted lady).* "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER."



THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.

ALICE FIRST, CLARA SECOND, MISS TUDGERS A BAD THIRD; AND THE REST NOWHERE!

fig.11 'THE RACE FOR THE BATHING MACHINE', Punch, vol. XXXV, 11  
Sep 1858, p.106.

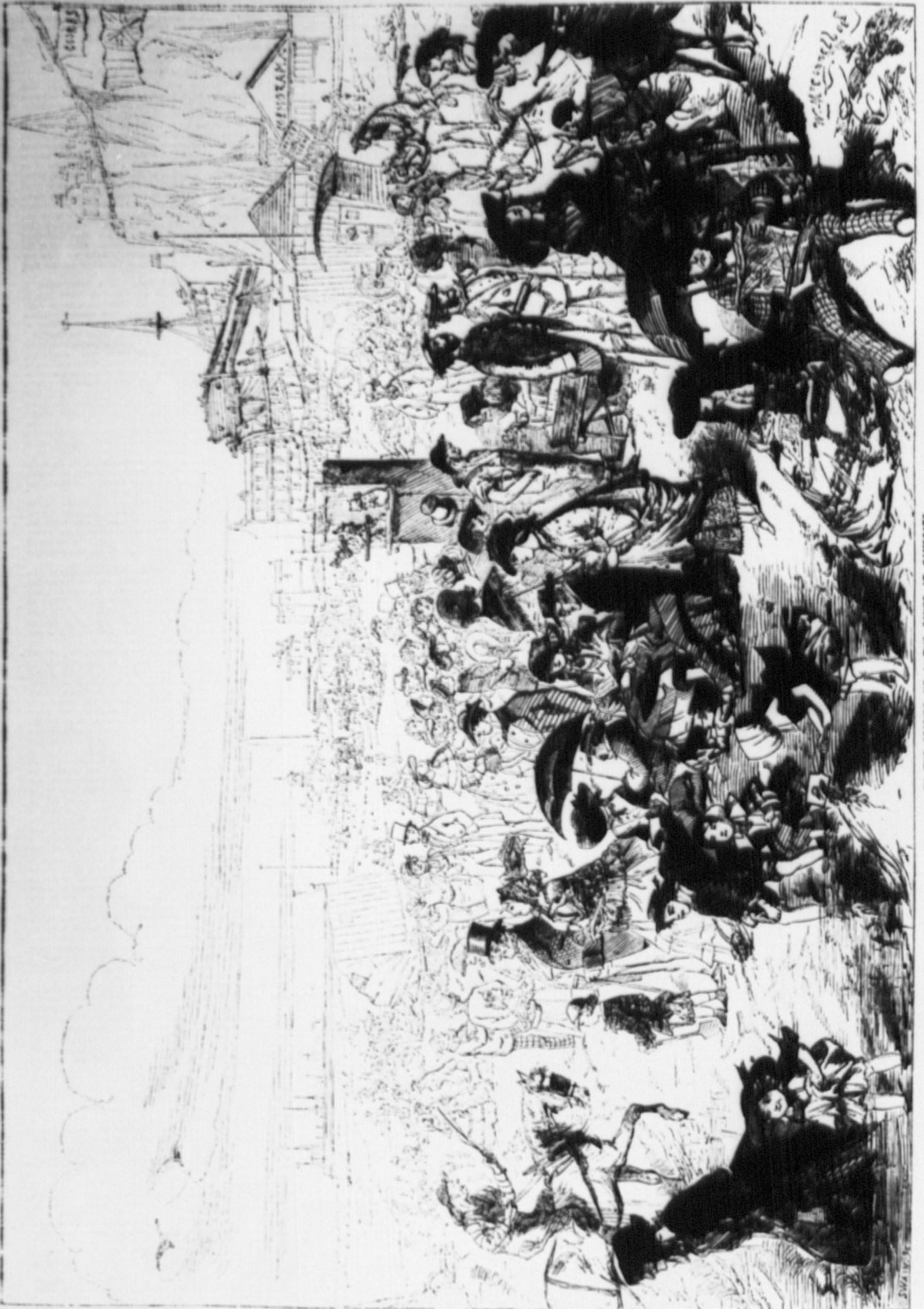


fig.12 'THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT', Punch, vol. XXXIV, Almanack for 1858.



fig.13 Ornamental Initial, Punch, vol. XXXV, 7 Aug 1858, p.52.





BY THE BEASIDE, NO. 1—THE SANDS AT RANGGATE.

fig. 14





THE LADY WHO WAS FOND OF EXERCISE, AND THE DONKEY THAT WASN'T



MESSEURS ANTONIO BENVENUTI AND JOHN FRUDENTIS, OF THE ITALIAN MUSICAL BAND.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

RAMSGATE.

When the weather gets so hot that soda-water bottles are dangerous as powder-flasks, and go off like pistols; when flowers die as soon as they are plucked, and bachelors' shops smell unpleasantly; when Sturgeon sees his bitter ale, and pine apple is at a ha'penny the slice; when your hair is always moist, and your useless arms hang at your sides like bell-polls; when old



THE GENTLEMAN WHO PASSED THE MORNINGS NEAR THE LADIES' BATHING MACHINES.

professes leave off flannel and sit in draughts with their waists open, whilst elderly ladies pearl powder their faces ten times a day; when the warm fingers make marks on the new novel, and dogs have disagreeable expressions and long tongues; when the "catch-'em-alives" at the grocers' are dotted with dead flies thicker than the currants in a Christmas pudding; when the trees in the squares seem powdered over with Scotch snuff; when all these things are seen and take place, then mamma thinks how delightful the sea breeze must be, and suddenly discovers that the children look pale. Then she carefully points out to papa at breakfast that the baby is so white as melted butter, that little Selina has nasty black marks under her eyes; and at dinner she tenderly makes the staid father notice that Tom has scarcely eaten enough to fill an egg-cup, and that Johnny has emptied both water-bottles as if sickening for a fever. If the stern husband should still resist, then one day when he is at business, the doctor is sent for, and he, charming humbug, knows too well his duty not to prescribe "change of air." Then, as a further precaution, Selina is put to bed, Tom is forced to take bitter pills or orange marmalade, and Johnny made to drink wine glasses of pink stuff, until at last papa gives way before the threatened doctor's bill. Then carpets are taken up, chairs piled one on another into barricades of legs, the picture-frames



BEFORE AND AFTER BATHING.

are covered with gauze, the servants put upon board wages and at last the family, with twenty boxes, goes to the sea-side.

All London quits London: the old broken case remains, but the works and moving figures are taken out. Russell Square sends its plate to the bankers, and leaving word that it is on the Continent, bargains for a first floor and double-bedded rooms at Ramsgate; Cadogan Place buys itself big-brimmed hats, and commences bathing at Broad-stairs; and Mornington Crescent, Camden Town, and Kennington rush off to shrimping teas at Margate.

And now the sea-side towns get busy. Those virtuous, elderly spinsters, who have lived the long winter months in their deserted houses, solitary as spiders in their webs, wake up from their torpidity, and grow lively with the summer heat. They take from the linen closet the clean blinds for the bed-room windows, and the net curtains for the handsome drawing-rooms and "neat parlours;" the faded chintz sofa-coverings are washed and ironed; and, buying a bottle of furniture polish, they make their poor arms ache with rubbing up the dull tables and sideboards into a waxy lustre. The stationer sells off his stock of embroidered cards, engraved with "apartments to let;" and the spirited proprietors of libraries, bazars, and assembly rooms have their pianos tuned, and make arrangements with musicians and singers from London.



TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF PUTTING YOUR HAT DOWN ON THE SANDS.



"A BEAUTIFUL CARABIAN, AFTER LEIP, IN BARNACLE SHELLS—WAGTAILED ALL SHELLS GO I'LL EAT 'EM."



THE LITTLE BOY WHO EAT TWO QUARTS OF RED CASCARETTES BEFORE BATHING.



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TAKING AN ECONOMIC BATH.



"BATHING AROUND."



fig.16 W.P.Frith, Coming of Age In Olden Times, 1849,  
Christie's.



EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.

fig.17 'EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING MACHINE', Punch, vol. XVII,  
Jul - Dec 1849 p.46.



fig.18 'THE SEA-SIDE HAT - A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS', Punch, vol. XXVII, Jul - Dec 1854, p.140.

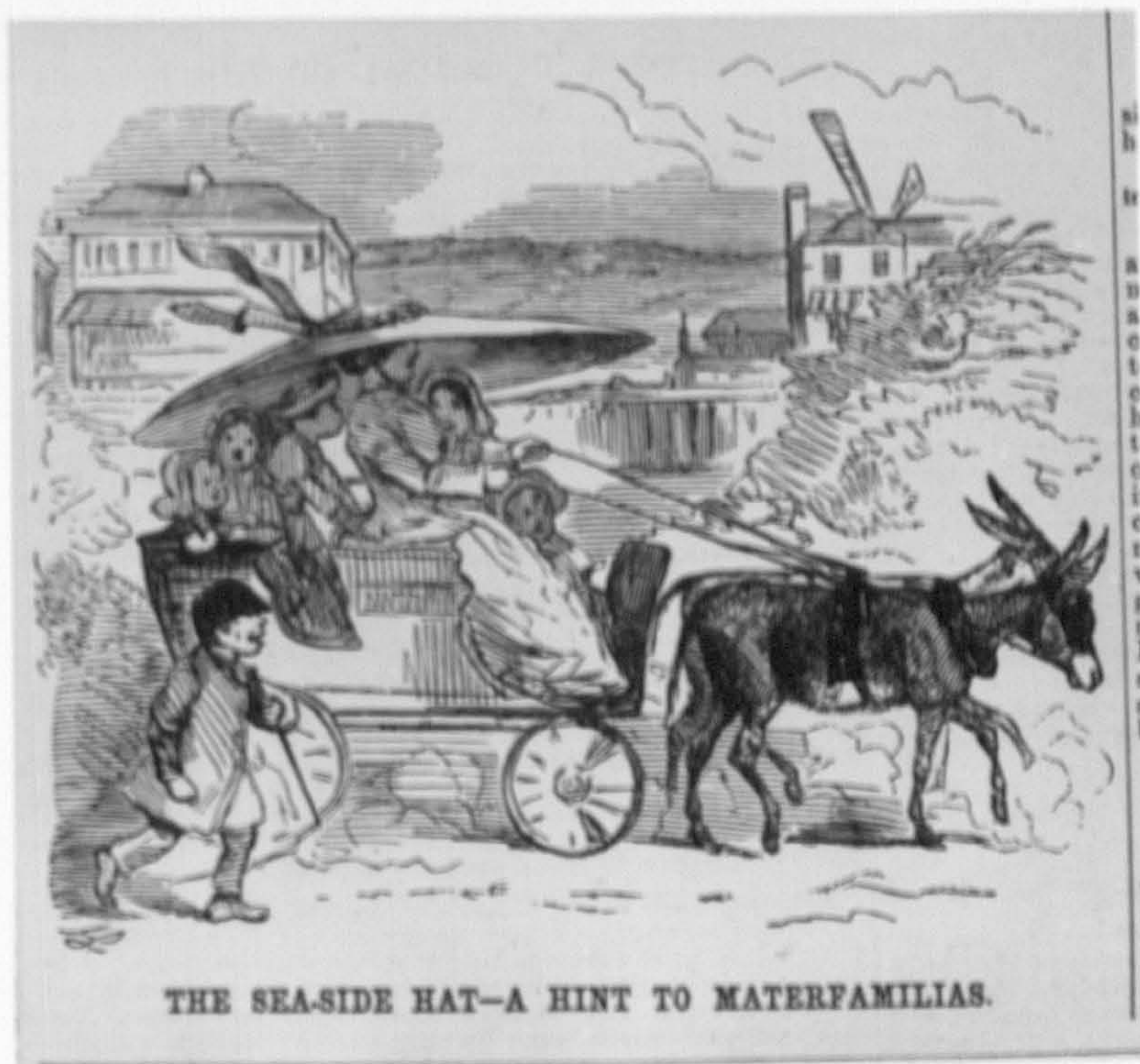


fig.19 'NOW CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN', Punch, vol. XXVII, Jul - Dec 1854, p.116.



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fig.21 'Bathing Woman "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO!..."', Punch, vol. XIX, Jul - Dec 1850, p.110.



(fig.22) 'THE SEA-SIDE. Augustus "Isn't it jolly..."' Punch,

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(fig.23) 'Harry (to Tom)...', Punch, vol. XXIII, Jul-Dec 1852,



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(fig.24) Jane Maria Bowkett, The Promenade at Brighton,  
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fig.25 William Holman Hunt, The Awakening Conscience, 1854, Tate Gallery.





fig.26 William Holman Hunt, Claudio and Isabella, 1853, Tate Gallery.





fig.27 William Holman Hunt, Valentine Rescuing Sylvia from Proteus, 1851, Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.



fig. 28 William Holman Hunt, The Children's Holiday, 1865, Torbay

Borough Council.







William Holman Hunt,  
The Flight of Madeline and Porphyro During the  
Drunkenness Attending the Revelry, 1848,  
Guildhall Art Gallery, Corporation of London.



fig.29 William Holman Hunt, A Converted British Family  
Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of  
the Druids, 1850,



fig.30 John Everett Millais, The Proscribed Royalist, 1853,  
Private Collection.



fig.31



Philip Hermogenes Calderon,

Broken Vows, 1856, Tate

Gallery.



fig.32

Richard Redgrave,

The Fortune Hunter,

1843, Sotheby's.

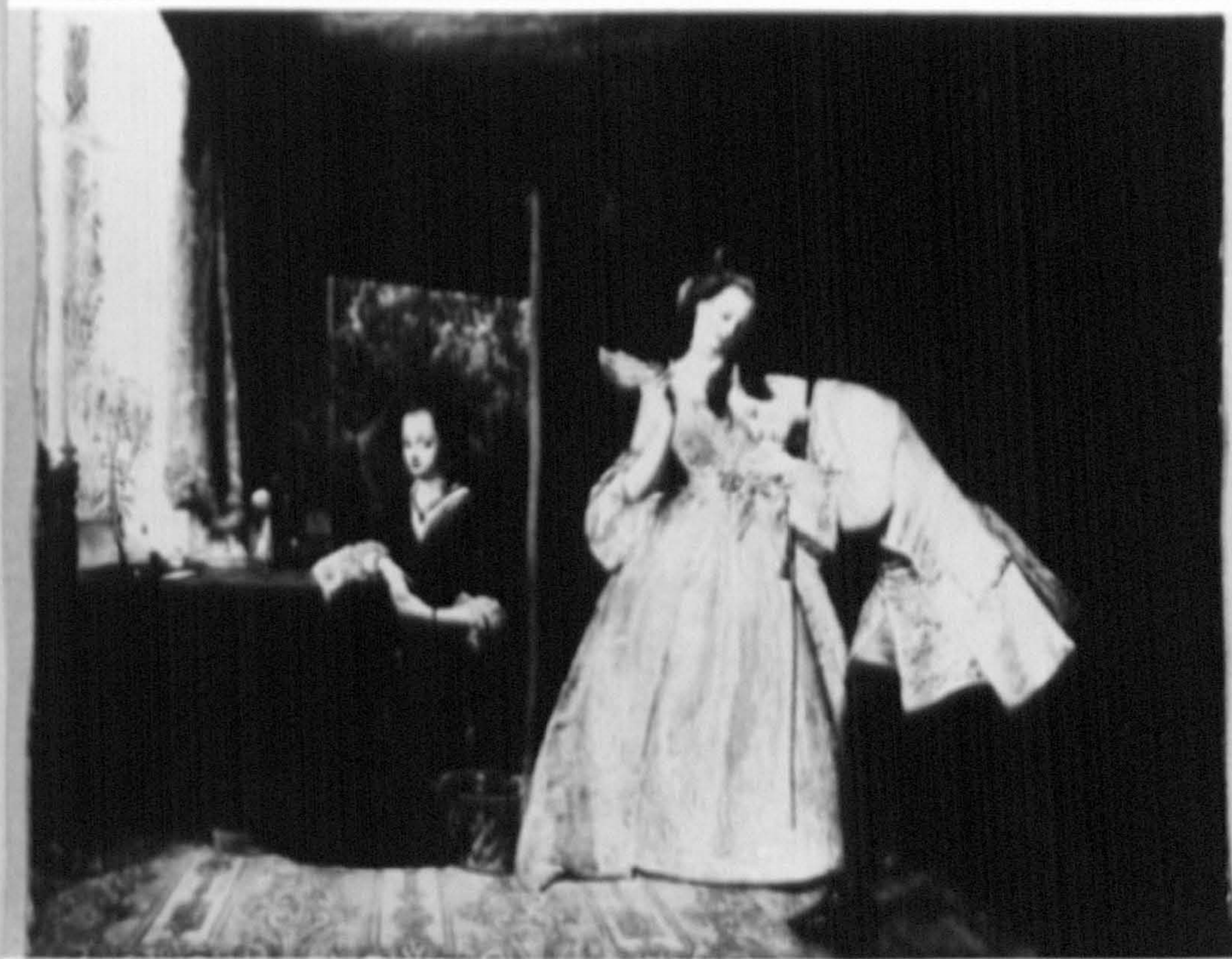


fig.33

John Calcott Horsley,

Showing a Preference,

1860, coll.

Sir David Scott.







"PAY FOR PEEPING."  
L. C. WOODS, N. Y.

Fig. 34





fig.35 Abraham Solomon, First Class - The Meeting, 1854,  
National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.

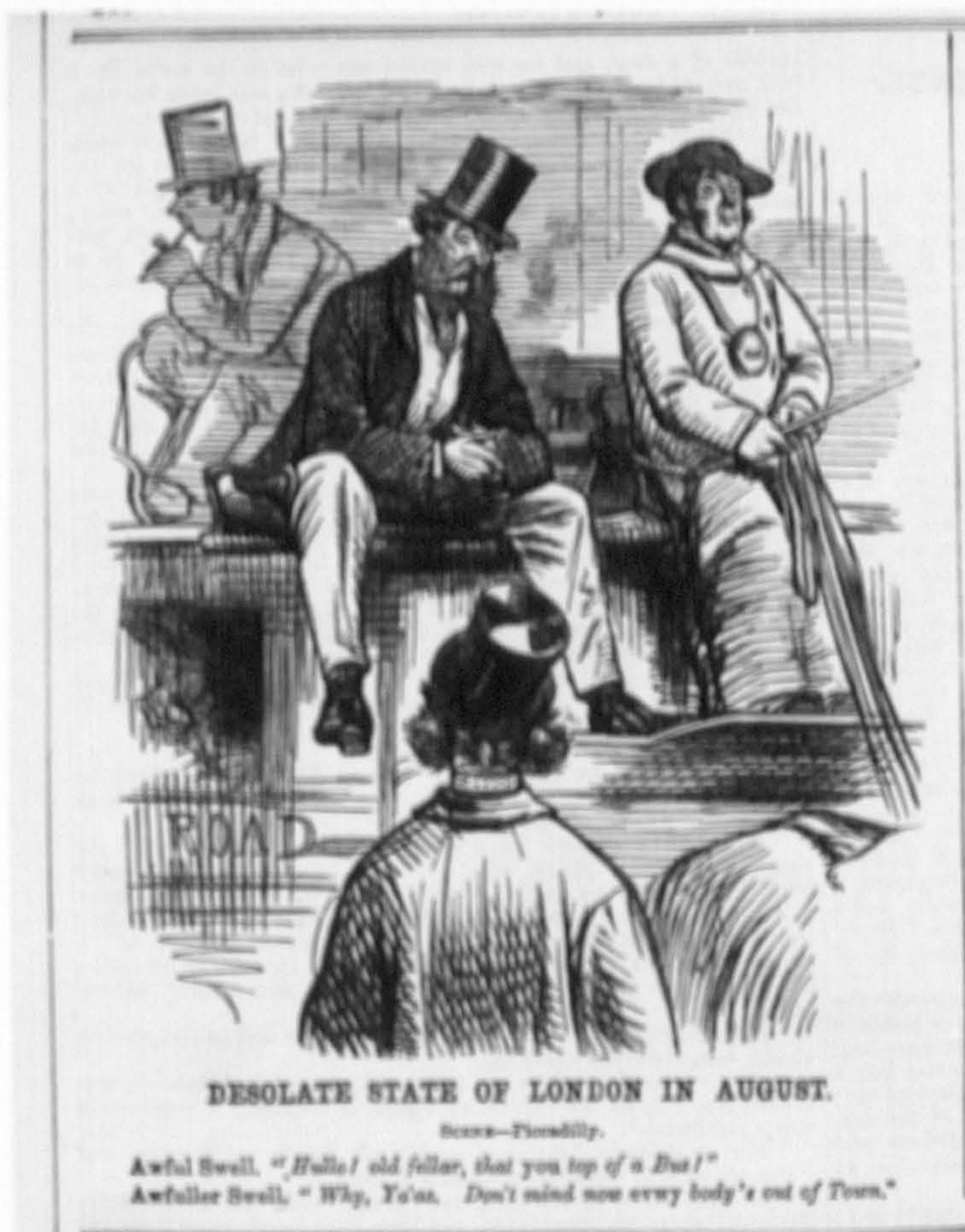


fig.36 Abraham Solomon, First Class - The Meeting, 1854,  
National Railway Museum, York.



fig.37 'DESOLATE STATE OF LONDON IN AUGUST. SCENE - Picadilly.'

Punch, vol.XXXV, 11 September 1858, p.110.



*Lady.* "RENOUNCE YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT BAIT BUTTER AGAIN?"  
*Gravel Flunkeian.* "Oh no, thank you, Ma'am—but the fact is, Ma'am—that I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE BEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HORNEDON, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"

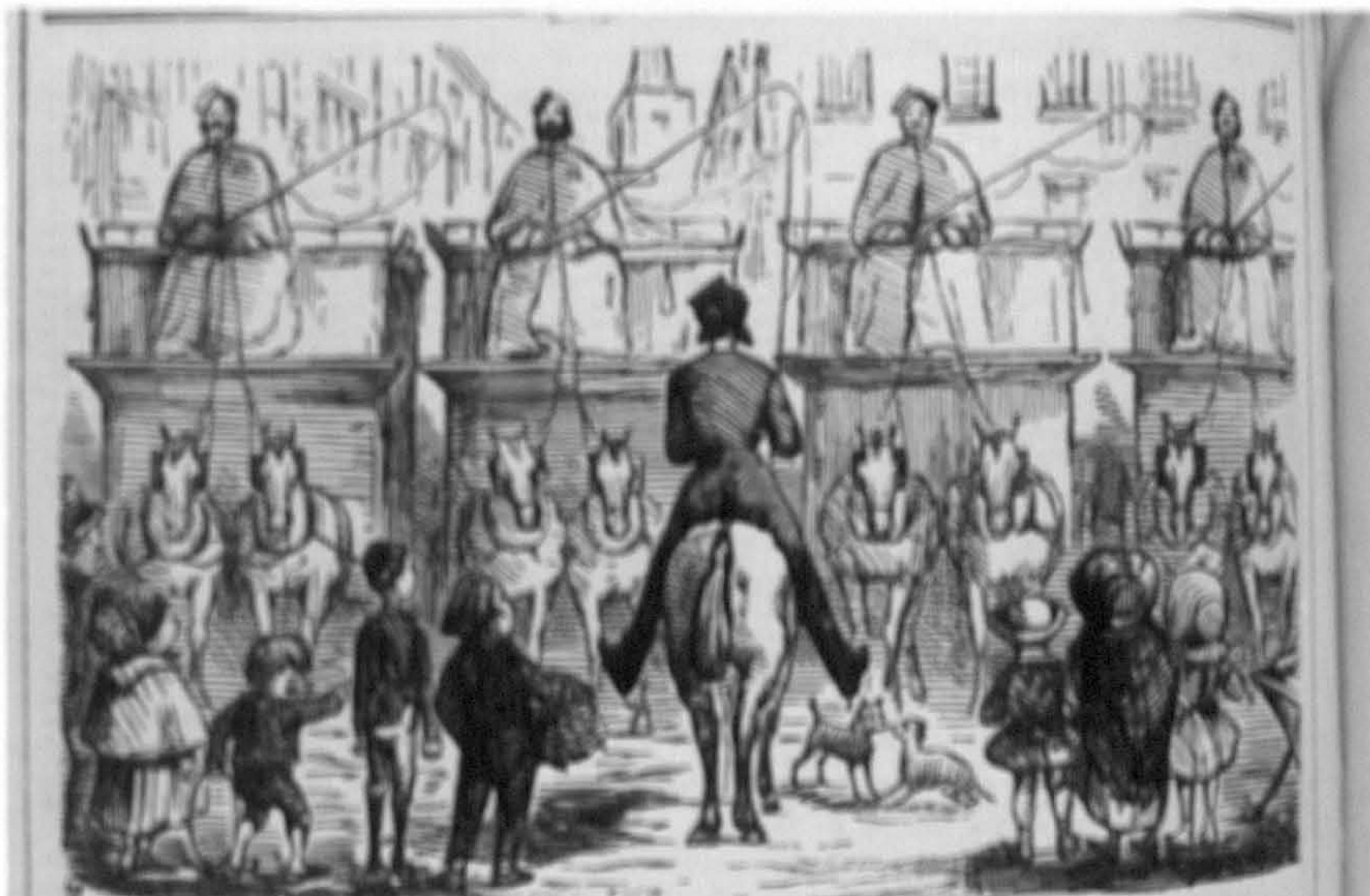
fig.38 'FLUNKEIANA' Punch, vol.XXXVI, 14 May 1859, p.194.



fig.39 William Maw Egley, Omnibus Life In London, 1859, Tate Gallery.







DRILLING THE DRIVERS.

The New Omnibus Company is going to work in a way which entitles it to the highest approval. Disbanding the present exceedingly irregular Corps of Drivers, it has organized a Driving Contingent, composed of veterans from the Crimea, who, from the decorations they have earned, may be supposed well fitted to handle the Hibernians, and who will, we trust, make their horses fly before them as fast as their enemies did. Furthermore, Esauwaria and Anthony Pictor, also from the east of war, has undertaken to drill the Omnibus Contingent, and under his eye all their manoeuvres are already executed with a precision highly creditable.

Instead of the vulgar "Get on, Dicks!" of the ordinary conductor and his not less irritating "Old man, own't you?" "That!" "Go on!" "Forward!" and the impressive but unmeaning "That!" we are solicited—and all "that" between him and the driver is furnished in a systematic criticism upon the personal appearance of other passengers. For "Full inside!" the instruction is "Stand!" and for "All on 'em out!" the single word is "Chaperon!" All to be order, velocity, and economy, and it is gratifying to think that by the introduction of what is military, we shall have at last arrived to what is civil.

fig.40 'DRILLING THE DRIVERS', Punch, vol.XXX, 17 April 1856, p.150.





Cholera Old Gentleman. "Certainly not—no; I shall walk; as you are going to stop at every public-house you come to for glasses of ale.—I'm in a hurry to get to the Bank; I shall get there sooner walking."  
 Oad. "Oh, ho! oh, you'll be here and dressed your divisions, and toddling home again, by the time we get to the Bridge!"



**OMNIBUSIANA (FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW).**

*Irish Old Gentleman (going Conductor & tremendous pull in the ribs).* "Huzzaa tuuzza! Stop! WHAT THE D... CONFOUND YOU, DON'T I TELL YOU STOP AT ACACIA VILLA!"  
*Extremely Civil Conductor.* "Dear Ma, so you see, Sir,—I am your Parson, I'm sure, Sir, but I really quite forget it."  
*Irish Old Gentleman.* "D-o-o-oo's! Has MY PARSON, your LAVOGAR'S SOURCE!—if you give me any of your bad LAVOGAR'S, I'll have you up as sure as you're born."

fig. 41 'Omnibusiana (from another point of view)', Punch,



fig. 44 'A GENT AT COST PRICE', Punch, vol. XXXI, Dec 6 1856,

p. 228.



SCENE.—OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS.

Gen. — Oh, ah!—And what do you find the horses eat?  
Driver. — "Burrin-Tum—Don't You see the 'Queer!'"

fig. 43 'SCENE. - OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH PROMINENT RIBS', Punch, 20 June 1857, p. 245.



ADVERTISEMENT.\*

**T**HE YOUNG LADY with the Spaniel, (a real KING CHARLES) in pink riband, who bit a GENTLEMAN in the Brixton 'bus, is IMplored to return her initials and address. As a proof of the advertiser's heartfelt devotion, he gives an instalment of his name. THEODORE —



fig.45 'ADVERTISEMENT', Punch, vol. XV, Jul-Dec 1848, p.187.



fig.46 C. Rossiter, To Brighton and Back 3/6, 1859, Birmingham

City Art Gallery.

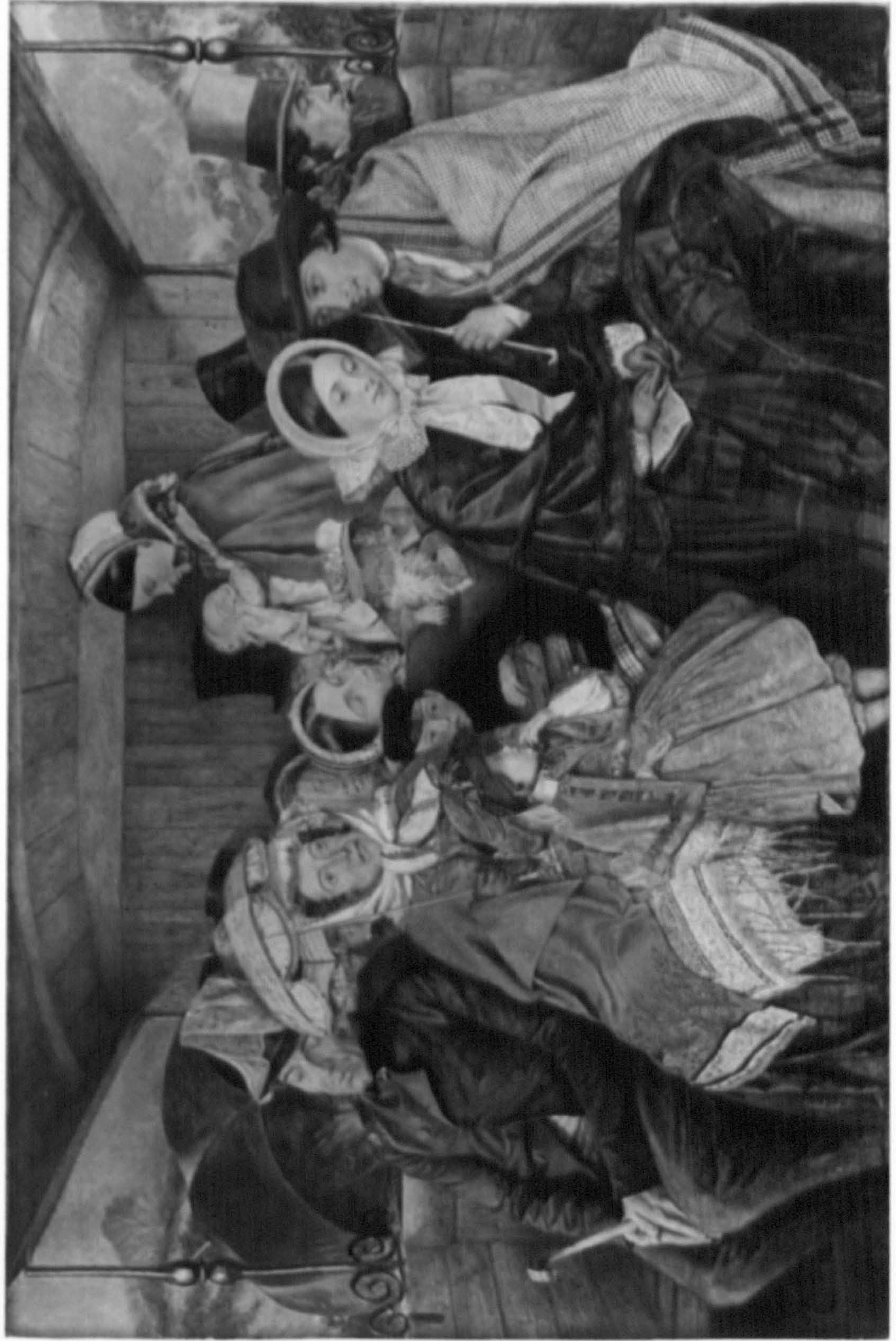




fig.47 W.P.Frith, A Stagecoach Adventure - Bagshot Heath, 1848,  
Frost & Reed collection.







fig.48 W.P.Frith, sketch for A Stagecoach Adventure - Bagshot Heath, 1876, Frost & Reed collection.



fig.49 anon. British School, photo. Witt Library.











**"WHAT NEXT!"**

Smart Young Cud. "Now, then! If any Lady wishes to 'Correspond,' 'tis quite ready, they've on'y got to say so."  
Indignant Old Matron (from the Provinces, and who is set up to the punch system). "Goodness gracious me! If ever I heard such impudence—this comes o' teaching the lower orders to read and write—correspond with him, indeed!"

fig. 52 "WHAT NEXT!", Punch, vol. XXXV, 18 APRIL





22  
 fig.53 'Chair Proprietor...', Punch, vol.XXXVII, 9 July 1859,  
 p.21.



fig.54 'Impudent Boy', Punch, vol.XXXI, 26 July 1856, p.34.

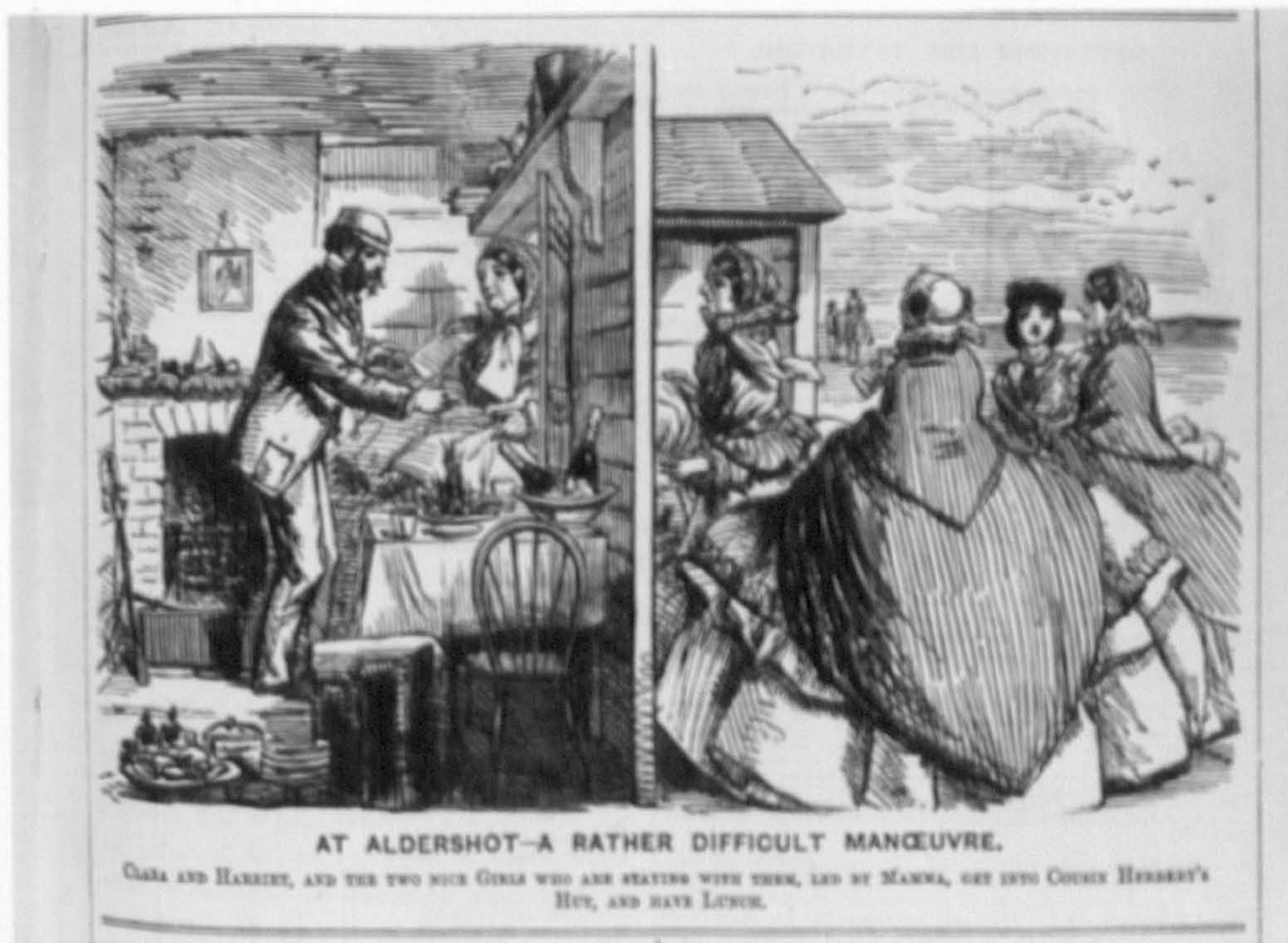


fig.55 'AT ALDERSHOT - A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE', Punch, vol.XXXVI, 28 May 1859, p.213.

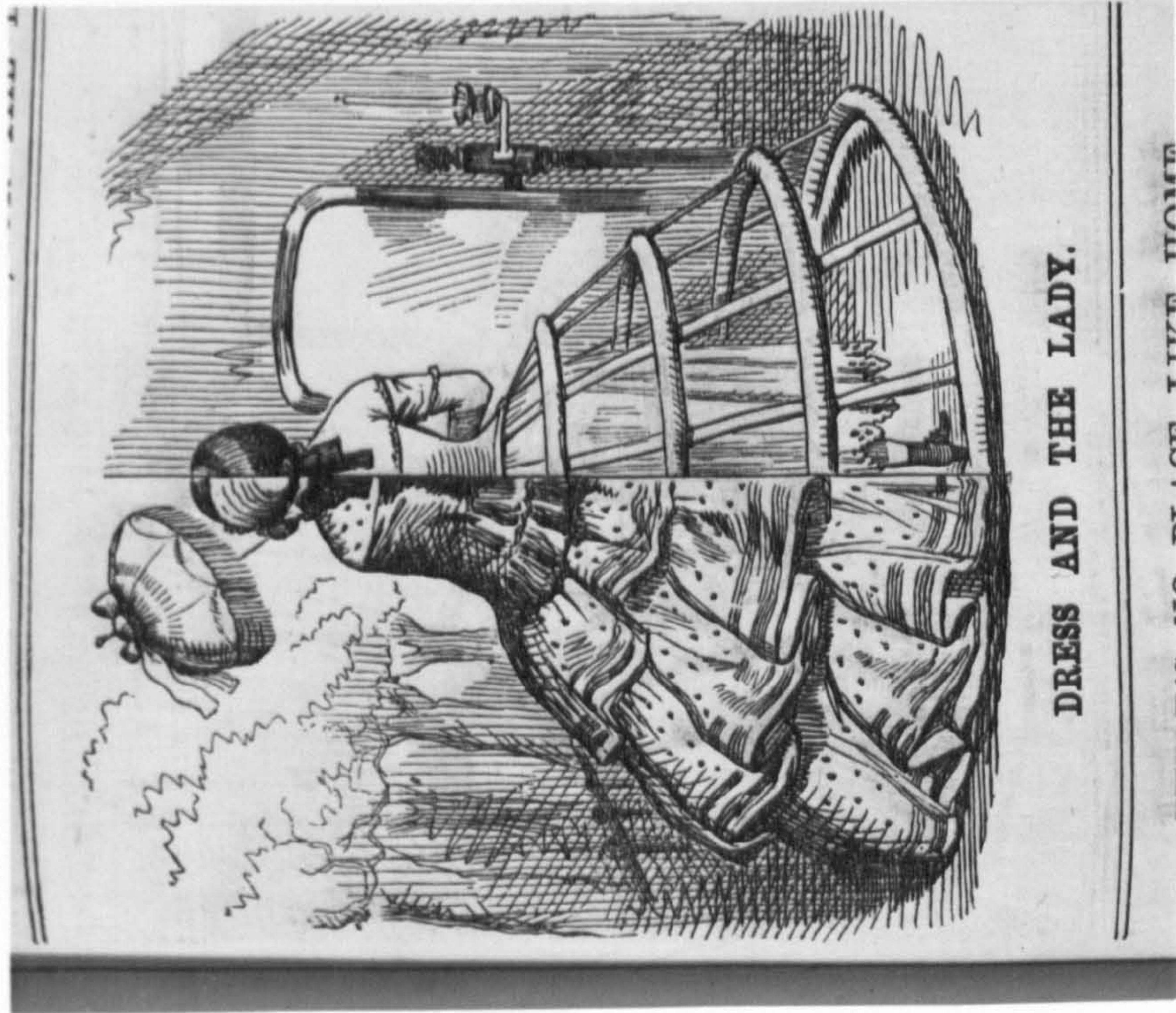


fig.56 'NEW OMNIBUS REGULATION', Punch, vol.XXXV, 2 October 1858, p.133.



fig.57 'Enter Tom (A Disagreeable Boy...)', Punch, vol.XXXIV, Jan-Jun 1858, Almanack.





DRESS AND THE LADY.

fig. 58 'DRESS AND THE LADY', Punch, vol. XXXI, 23 August 1856,

p. 73.



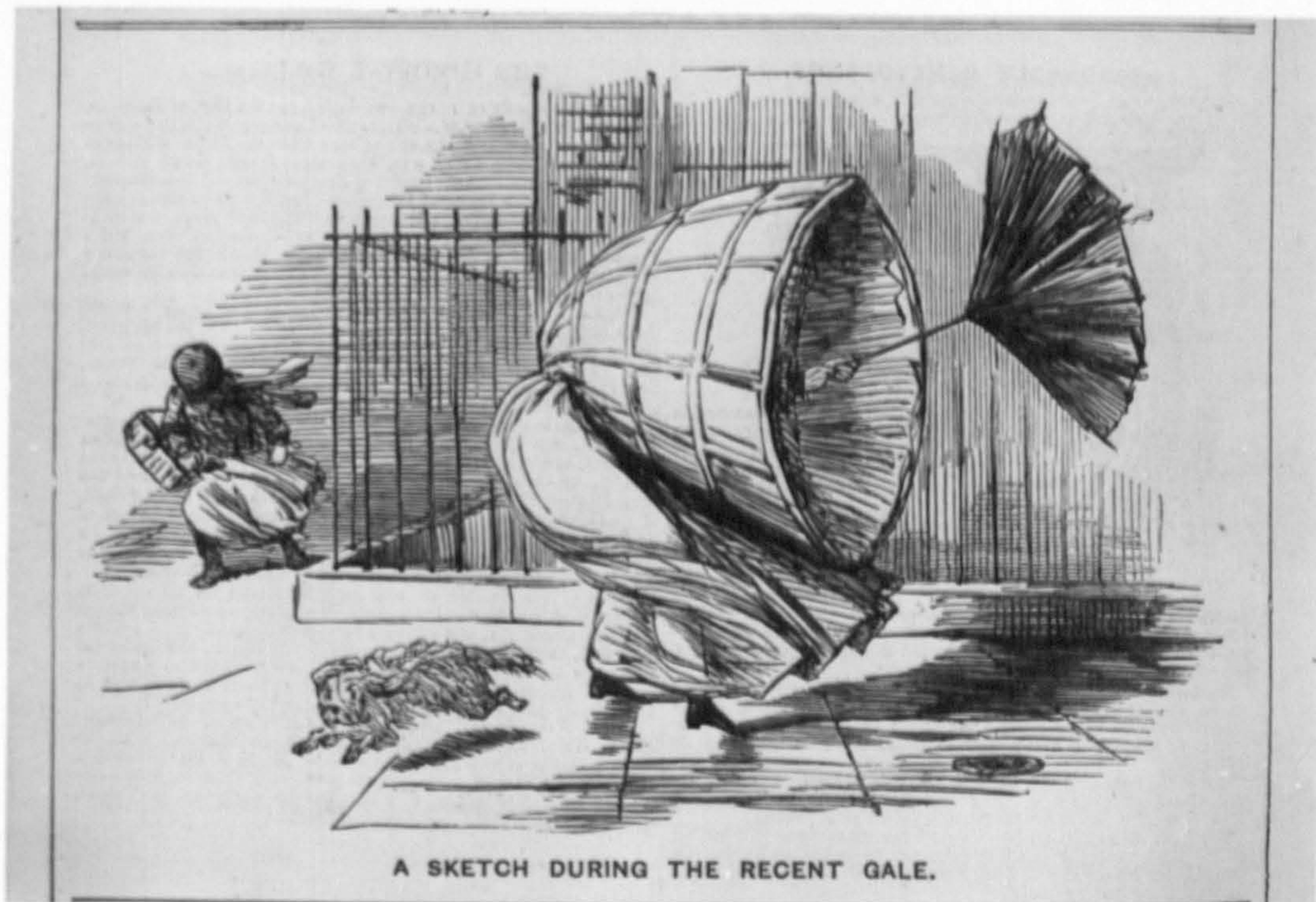


fig.59 'A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE', Punch, vol.XXXI, 20  
December 1856, p.250.





IMITATION IS PERHAPS THE TRUEST FORM OF FLATTERY.

*In a fit of inspiration, Mr. Seelington conceives the brilliant idea of adapting the new Plounce-Suspending Fashion to his Pegtops; and thus, he says, becomes quite independent of the Croasting-Sweepers.*

fig. 60 'IMITATION IS PERHAPS THE TRUEST FORM OF FLATTERY',

Punch, vol. XXXIV, 26 June 1858, p. 254.





*Dreadful Boy.* "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP HOLES!"

fig.61 'Dreadful Boy "MY EYE TOMMY..."', Punch, vol.XXXV, 24 July 1858, p.34.





fig.62 E.J.Armitage, Retribution, 1858, Leeds City Art Gallery.



fig.63 T.J.Barker, Queen Victoria Presenting a Bible in the Audience Chamber at Windsor, 1861, National Portrait Gallery.





fig.64 E.Landseer, Dominion, engraved by W.H.Simmons, published  
1878.

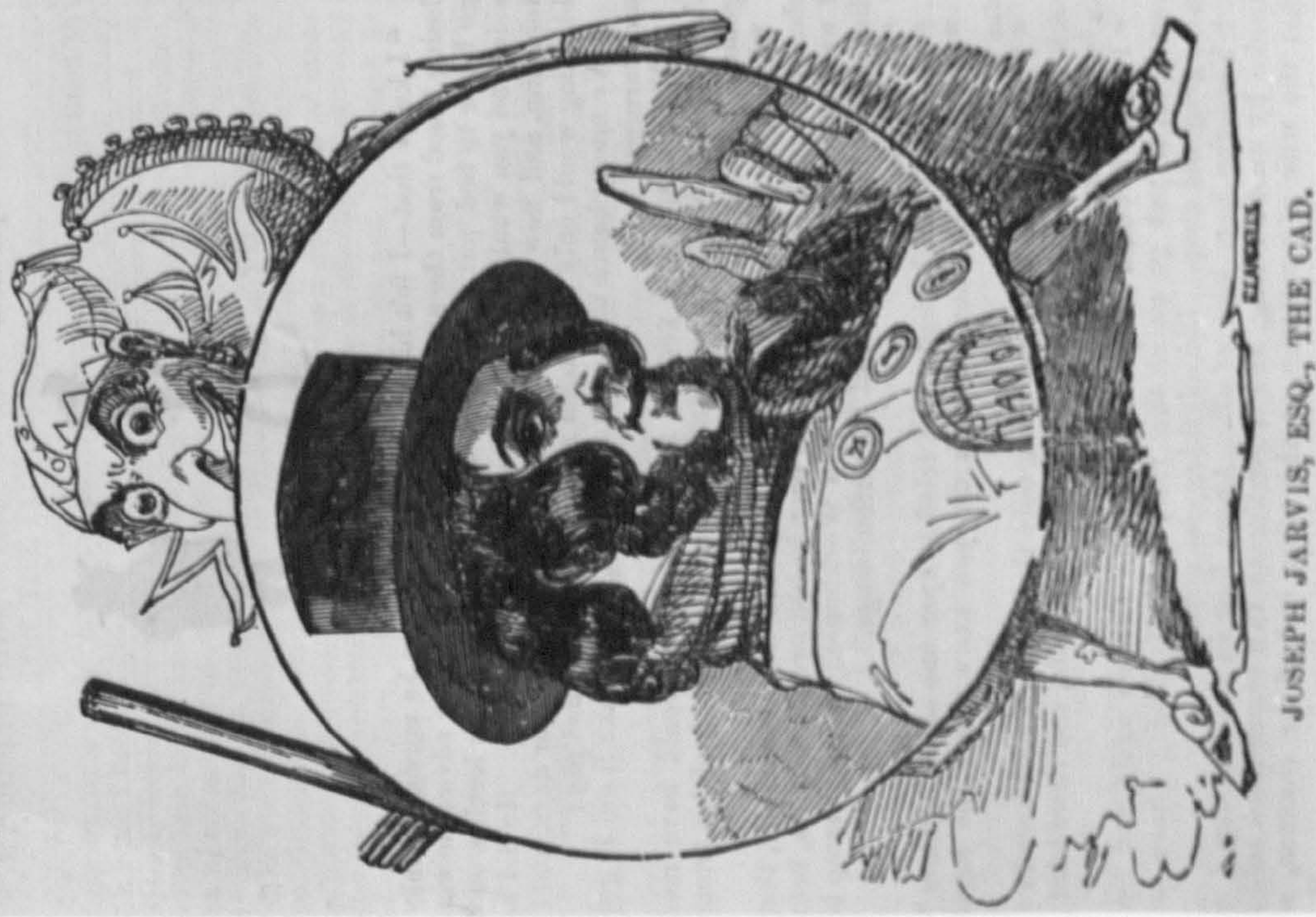




fig.65 W.P.Frith, Charles Dickens in his study at Tavistock House, 1859, Victoria and Albert Museum.



PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.—No. 6.



JOSEPH JARVIS, ESQ., THE CAD.

fig.66 'Joseph Jarvis Esq. the Cad, Punch, vol.II, Jan-Jun, 1842, p.208.



## THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

### A PLEA FOR THE OMNIBUS-MEN AND CABMEN.

We know no class of men in this country who undergo a more severe life of toil, for the convenience of the public, than the Omnibus-men and Cabmen of London, day in every five, but am generally so worn out, that I am glad to spend most of *that* day in bed. I should rejoice to have every Sunday to myself, and would



JOSEPH POWELL, a well-known SIX-day London Cabman.

Some time ago, a few gentlemen who felt a deep sympathy for the Omnibus-men, collected from them, a considerable number of testimonies. We give the following brief extracts from six of the cases, as illustrations of the whole. They carry with them their own affecting appeal.

**No. 1.**

— "I have driven for seven years on the Paddington line. Never have more than one Sunday to myself in the course of twelve months. Have forty-five minutes for my meals, but cannot get them at home. I commence work at eight in the morning, and leave off at eleven at night. Would gladly go to a place of worship if I could."

**No. 2.**

— "I have been a driver for fourteen years. Seldom can get to a place of worship. I have sometimes asked master for a day's rest on a Sunday, but his reply has always been 'Rest when you are dead.' My wife is a religious woman, and it is a sad trouble to her that I can never go with her to church."

**No. 3.**

— "I am on the Islington road. I have one Sun-

willingly sacrifice my day's wages for this purpose. I was once a Sabbath school scholar, and know that I ought not to work on the Sabbath, but what am I to do? I have no other employment to go to, and my wife and family must not starve."

**No. 4.**

— "I am time-keeper at —. My day's work commences at nine in the morning, and finishes at ten at night. I have no leisure for meals, but get them as I stand in the street. I never have a Sunday's rest."

**No. 5.**

— "I leave home for the stables at half-past seven and I never see my own door again until twelve at night. Week days and Sundays are all alike to me. I get two or three Sundays in the course of a year, but I have to sacrifice my wages, and employ a substitute."

**No. 6.**

— "We have a hard life of it. I sometimes think that Omnibus-men are regarded as men without souls, or else the religious people would surely do something for us. I never have a Sunday. I believe God in-



May 1st, 1857.

tended that not only *me* but *my horses*, should have a day of rest, and I think that they *ought* to have it. To have an evening with my family is a pleasure *unknown* to me."

The condition of many of the Cabmen, is even worse than that of the Omnibus-men. We are glad however to state, that during the last three years, a most remarkable improvement in the condition and morals of a large portion of the London Cabmen, has been effected. The last Hackney Coach Act, which gave to cab proprietors the option of taking out *six-day* licences, for a less weekly charge for Government duty than for *seven-day* licences, has proved a great boon to this important class of our countrymen.

It should be generally known, that all cabs numbered 10,000 and *upwards*, are *six-day* cabs, and never come out on the Lord's Day.

To the inquiry, "How many of the cab owners and their men have availed themselves of the *six-day* licences?" the answer is most pleasing, and gives the clearest proof that cabmen *value* the weekly boon of the Sabbath, and also that its observance has an intimate connection with the moral and spiritual welfare of society.

*Out of about five thousand cabs in London, upwards of fifteen hundred of them have now six-day licences, and upwards of six hundred of the cabmen connected with these cabs are members of Christian churches."*

Sometime ago we were told of a cabman, who, since giving up work on the Lord's Day, had risen from a state of wretchedness to one of comfort, and was now known as an active tract distributor. At some pains we found out his address, and in the course of our pleasant interview, he informed us that for many years he lived a wretched life of dissipation—working all days alike. For years he had not entered a place of worship, but one Sabbath evening, when passing Liverpool Street, King's Cross, he was powerfully arrested by the singing of the children at a Sunday School anniversary sermon. The sweet sounds of childhood brought back to his remembrance the admonitions of early life, and he secretly resolved to attend that place of worship on the following Sabbath. He kept his resolution, and in the merciful providence of God, the first sermon led to his conversion.

He now commenced a new life, and although for a time he had to suffer for his observance of the Sabbath, yet, Providence gently smiled upon his path. God has honoured the industry and temperance of the man, and now, instead of being a seven-day driver of a shabby hired cab, he is the *owner* of sixteen cabs and twenty-nine horses!

On subsequently requesting the permission of this respected individual to publish the foregoing particulars, we received from him the following letter.

Sir, Feb. 10th, 1857.

I should wish my brother cabmen to be informed that it is a mistaken notion to think that they get more money by working on Sundays. One hour sooner in the morning will make up for the supposed loss. The horses are fresher for the rest they get on Sundays. I can testify that horses can do more work in the long run in six days, than they can in seven. We have several poor horses which we have bought of masters who worked them on Sundays. They were thought to be "*worked out*," but now they are getting *fat*! If it will do any good by mentioning how the Lord has blessed me with cabs and horses since I have kept the Sabbath, you may give my name and residence.

Yours, &c.,  
JOSEPH POWELL.

No. 2, Sermon Lane, Islington.

We trust that many will ponder on these facts. We desire that they should create a feeling of sympathy for the over-worked omnibus-men and cabmen, and at the same time encourage the proprietors to take out in future six-day licences. Reader! will you do what you can to secure for your toiling fellow countrymen the privileges of the Lord's Day.

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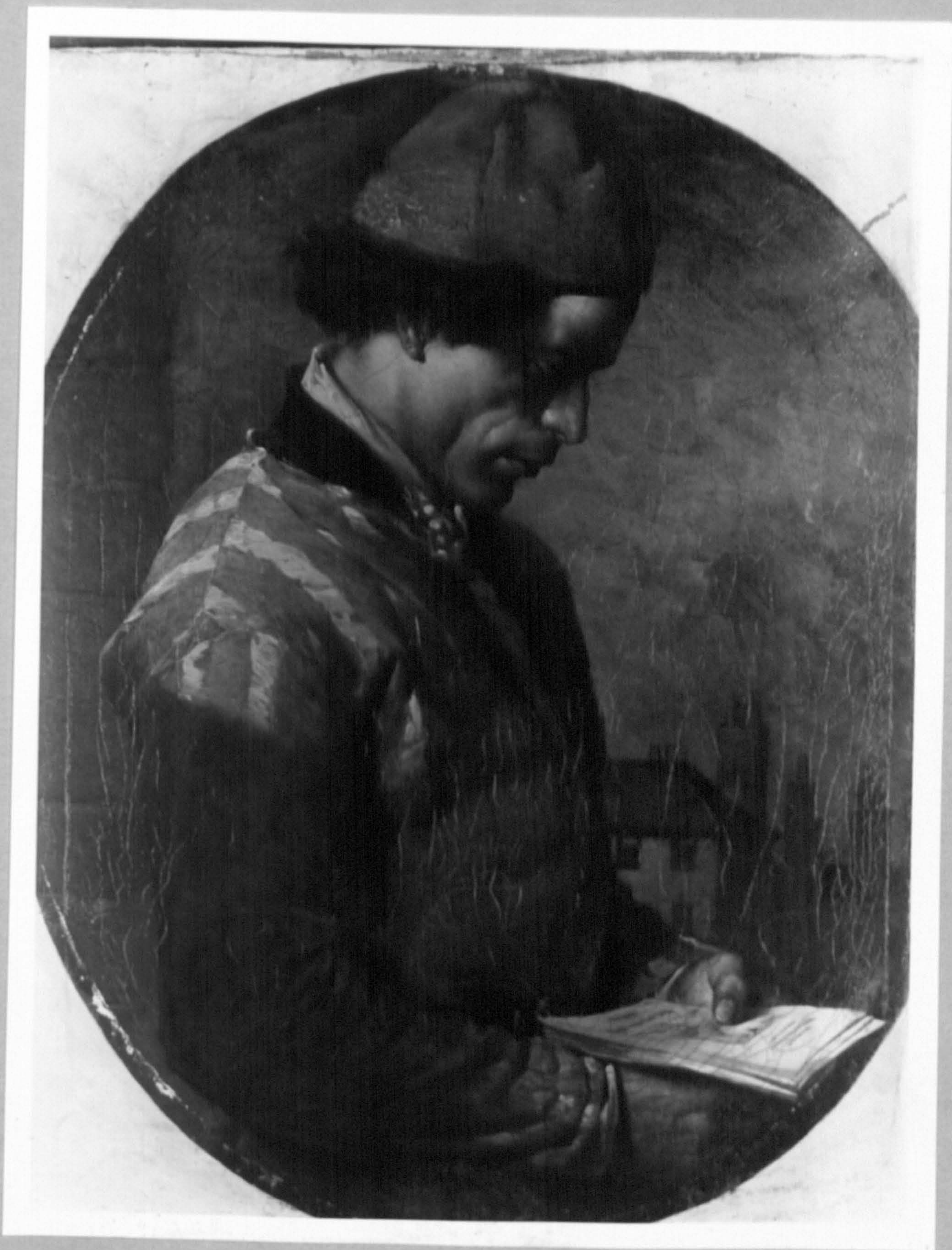


fig.69 Godfrey Sykes, Newsvendor, Glossop Road, 1859, Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield.



fig.68 George Walker, 'Factory Children', from The Costume of Yorkshire, London, Longman, 1814, opp. p.97.

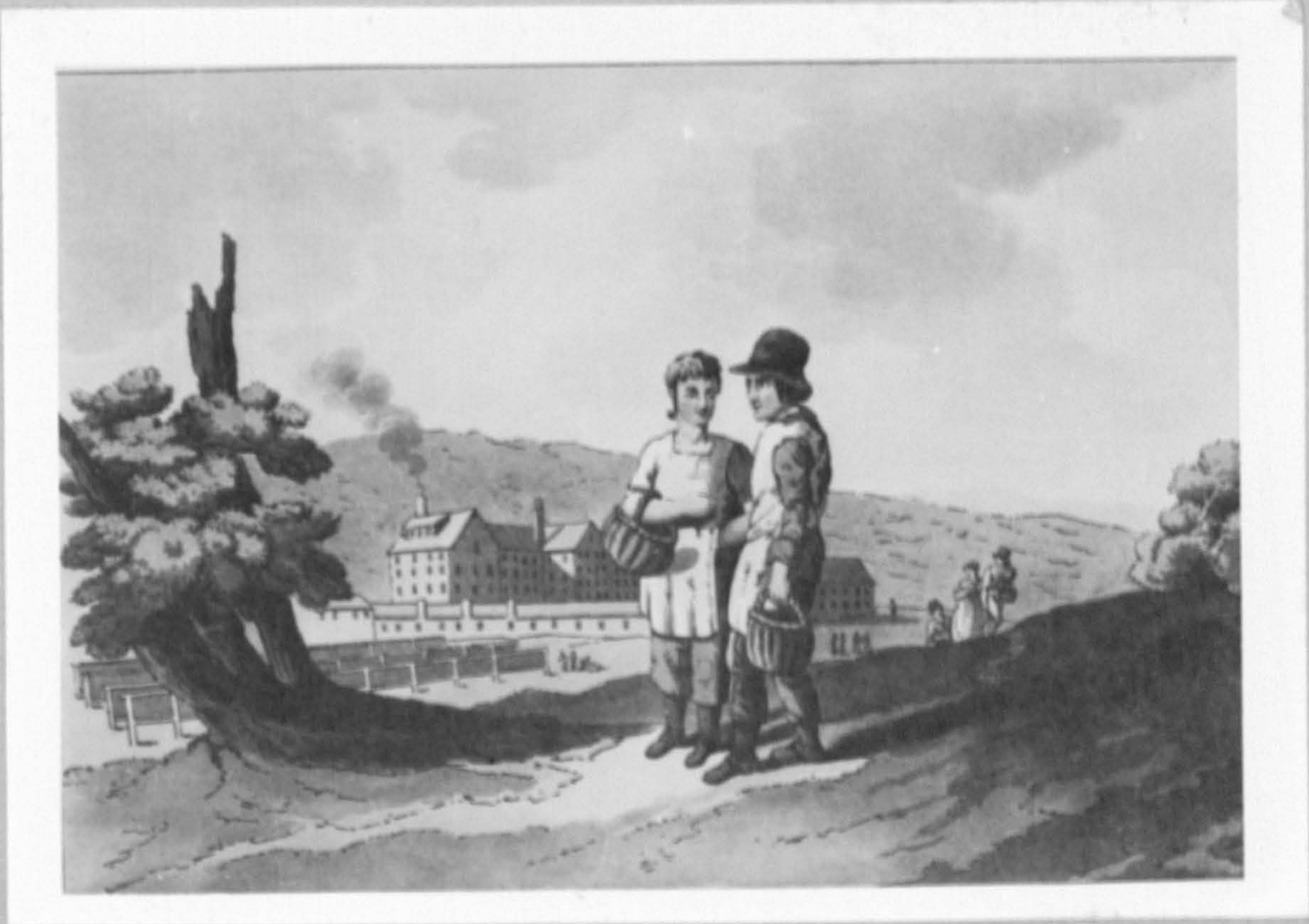


fig.70 T.Webster, Sickness and Health, 1843, Victoria and Albert Museum.