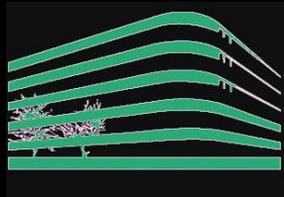


CAMPO Y CIUDAD (1749-1851). LA PERCEPCIÓN DEL PAISAJE Y LA FORMACIÓN DE LA CIUDAD INDUSTRIAL

Dr. Javier Maderuelo
Universidad de Alcalá

Ciclo de Conferencias

Imperio y Arte. Una introducción a la pintura británica y a la historia de su Imperio



Fundación Juan March

La isla del tesoro. Arte británico de Holbein a Hockney.



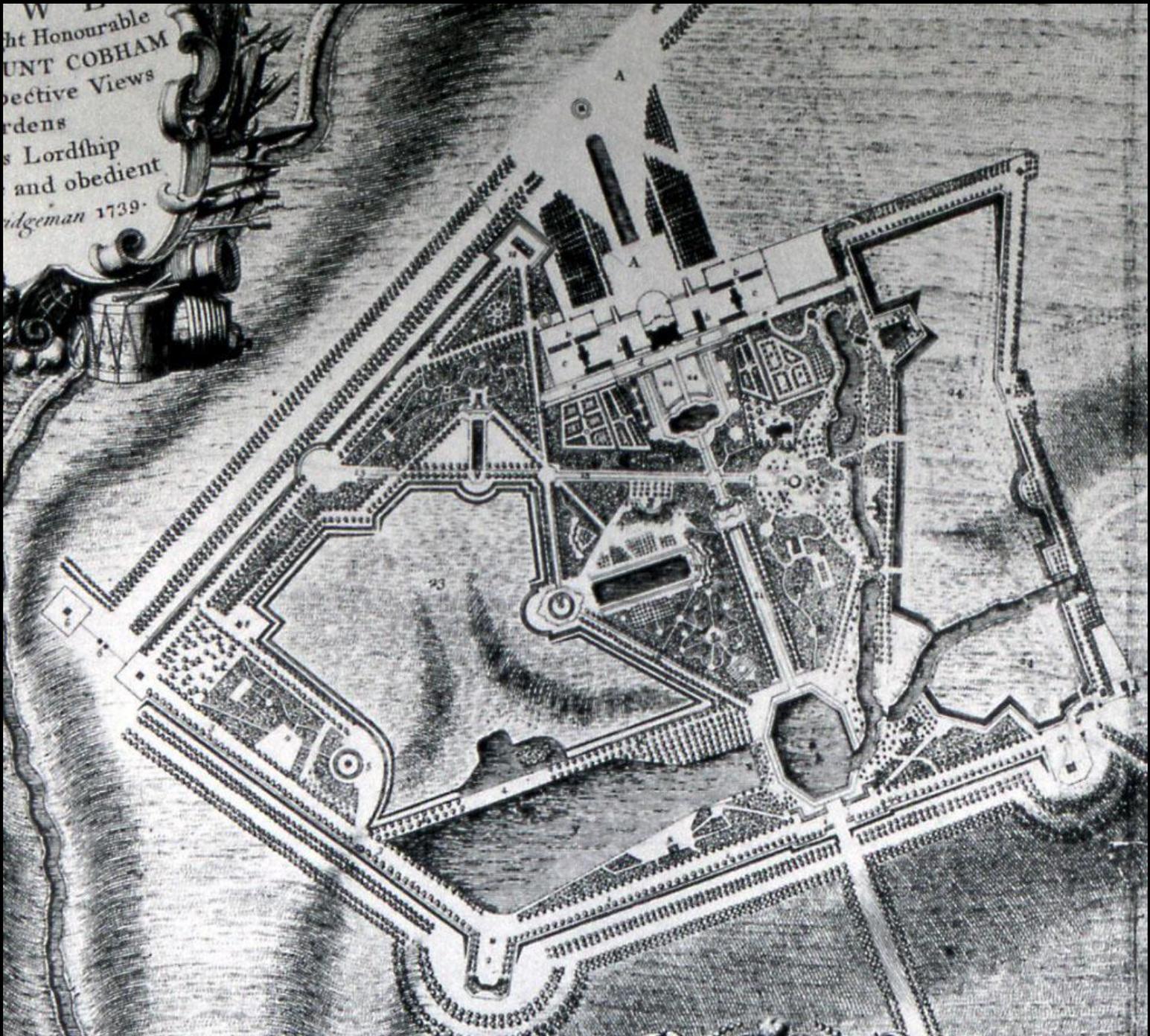
Engraved for *The Modern Universal British Traveller.*



View of LEASOWES near Hales Owen in SHROPSHIRE, including the Priory & Seat of the late Will.^m Shenstone Esq.^r

W. Jenkins sculp

W
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UNT COBHAM
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and obedient
dgement 1739.









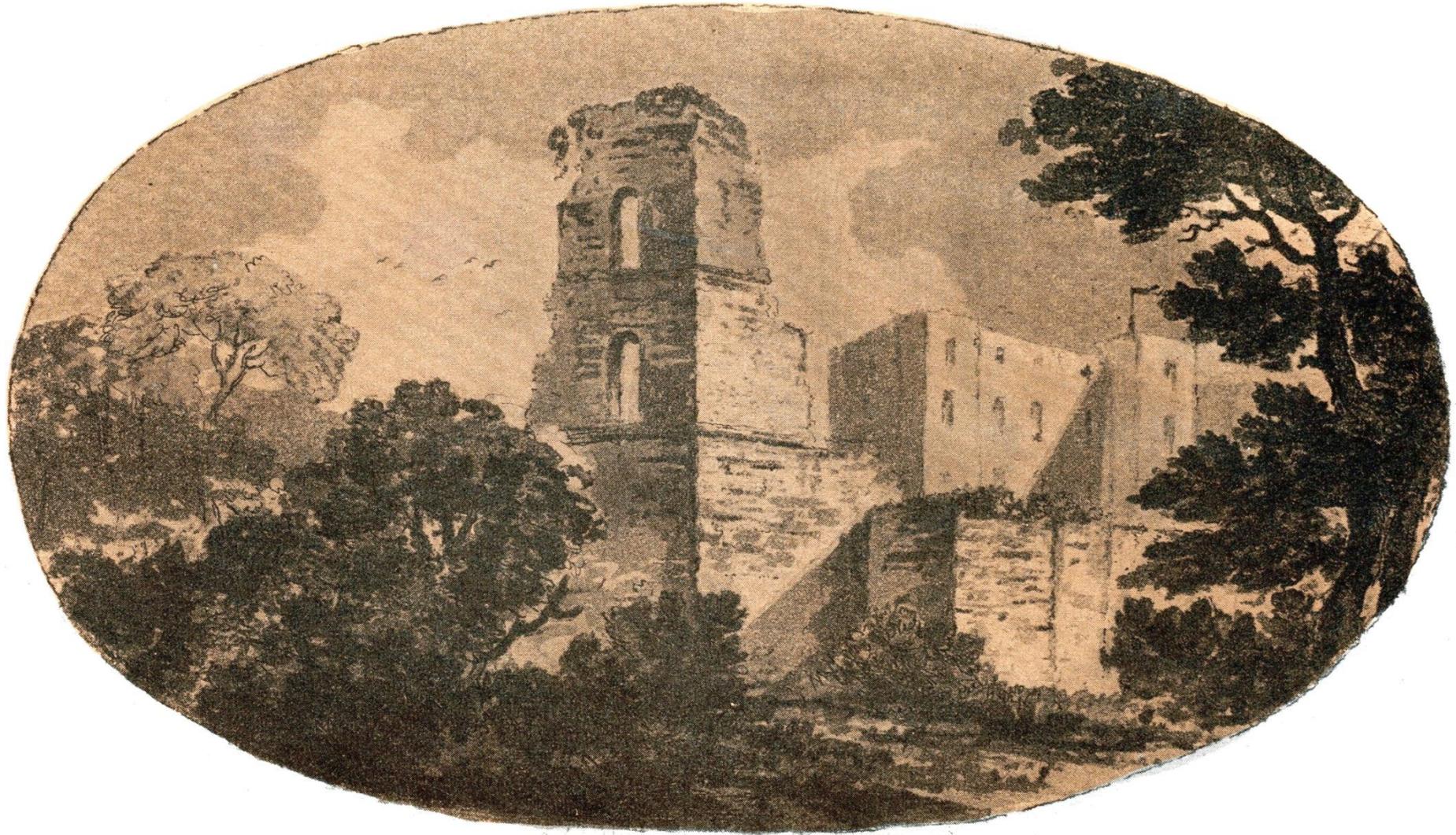
















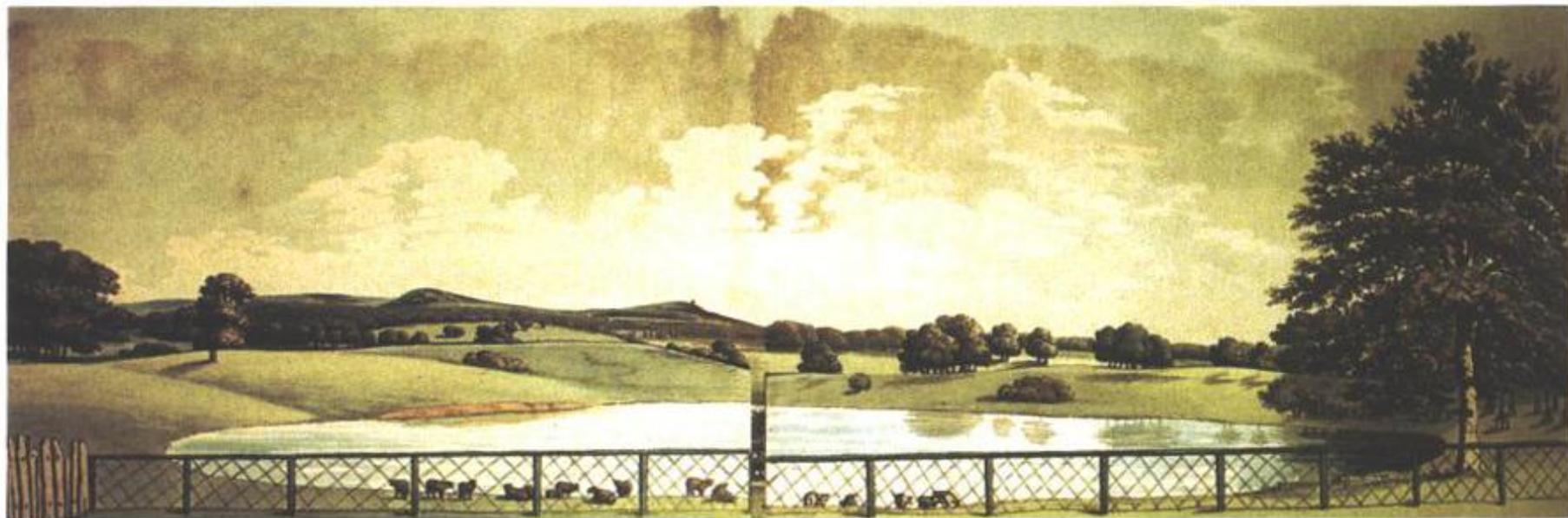




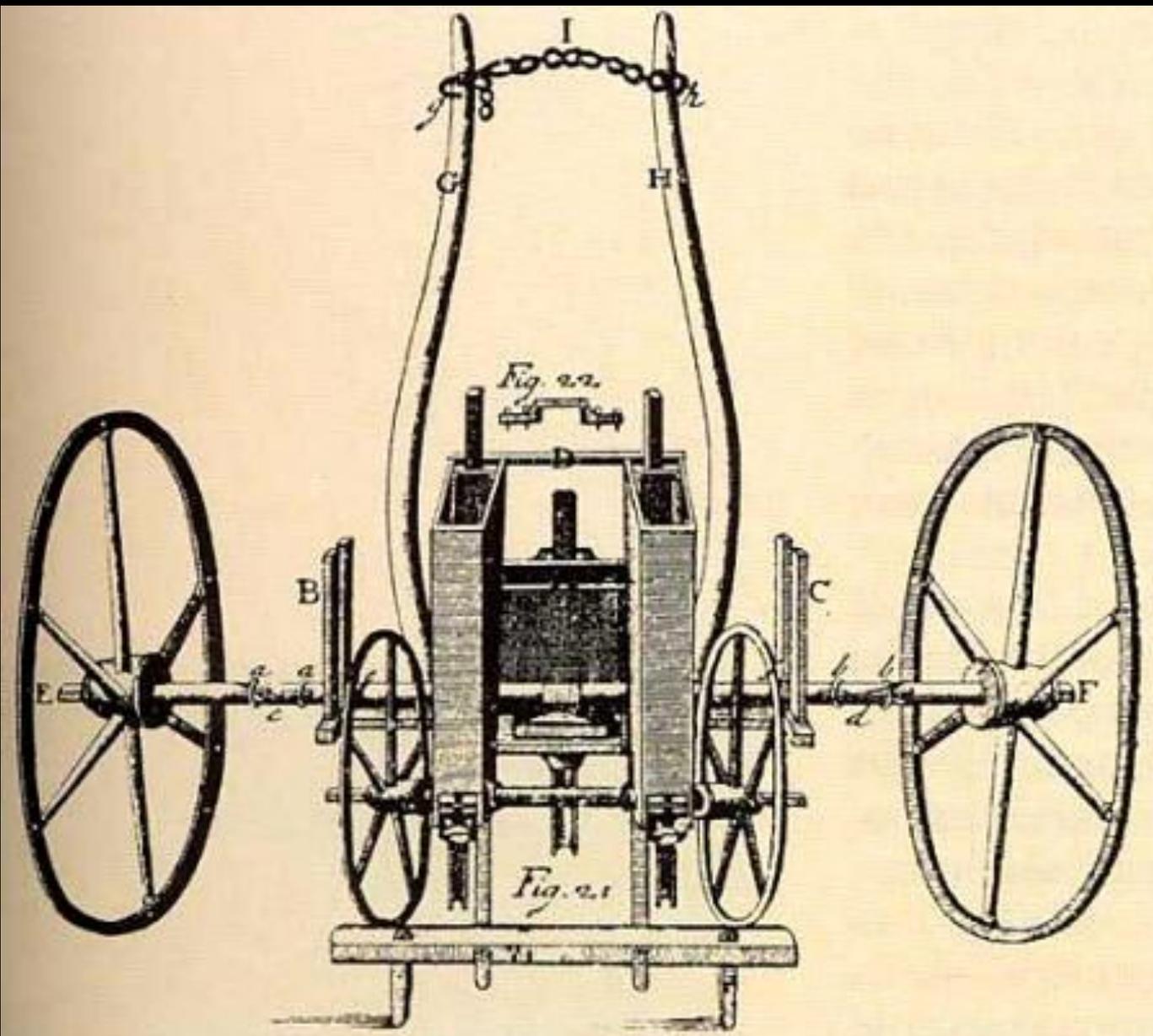


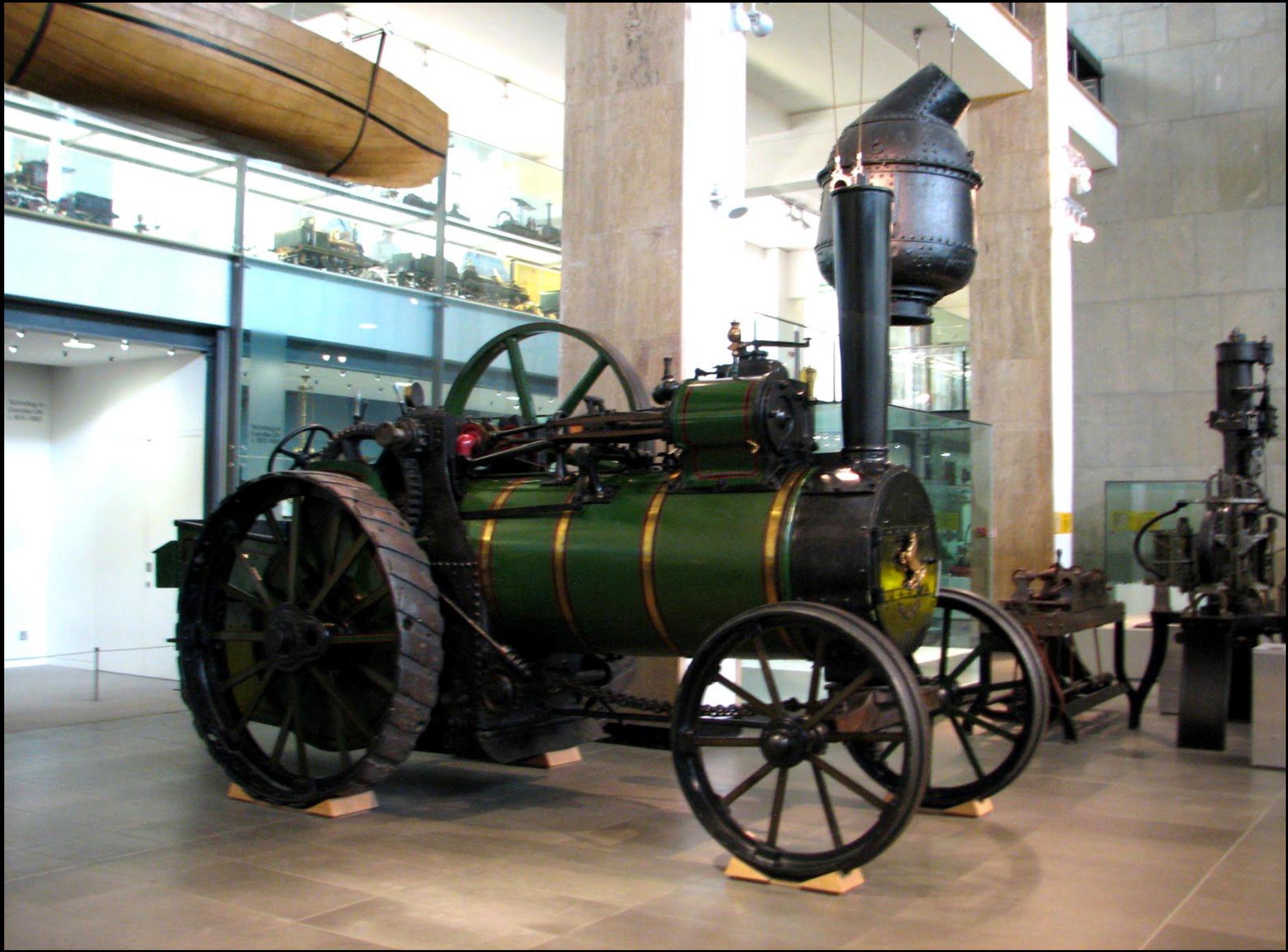


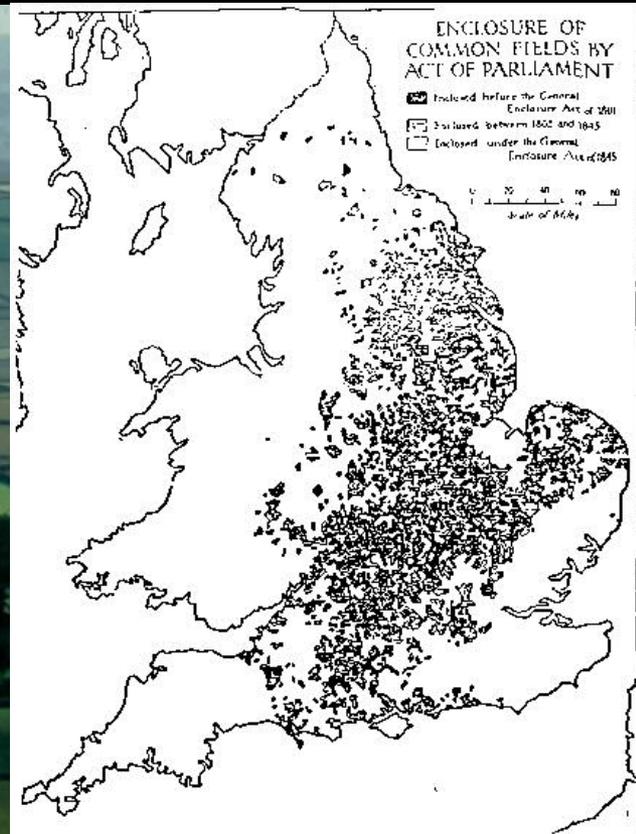


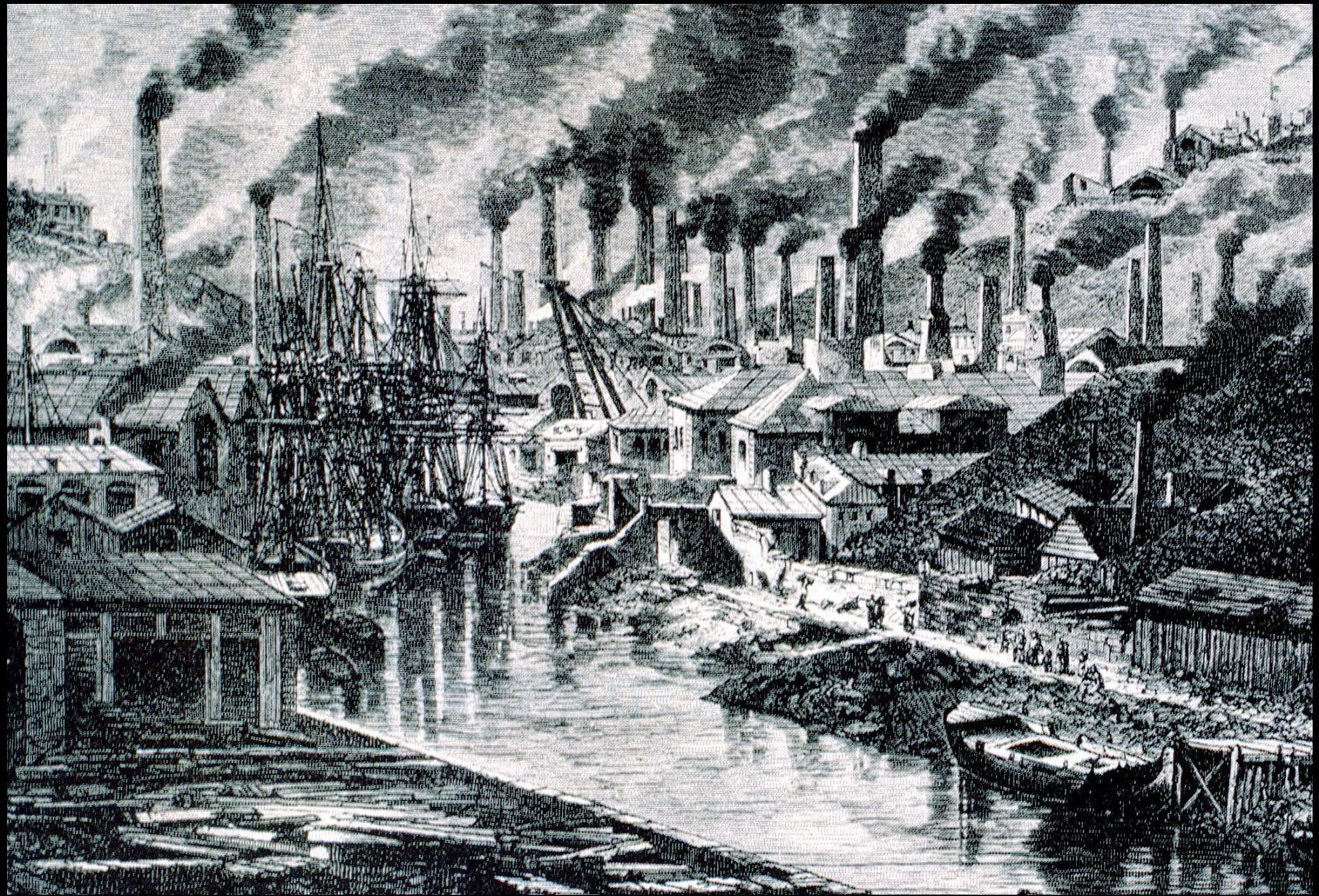


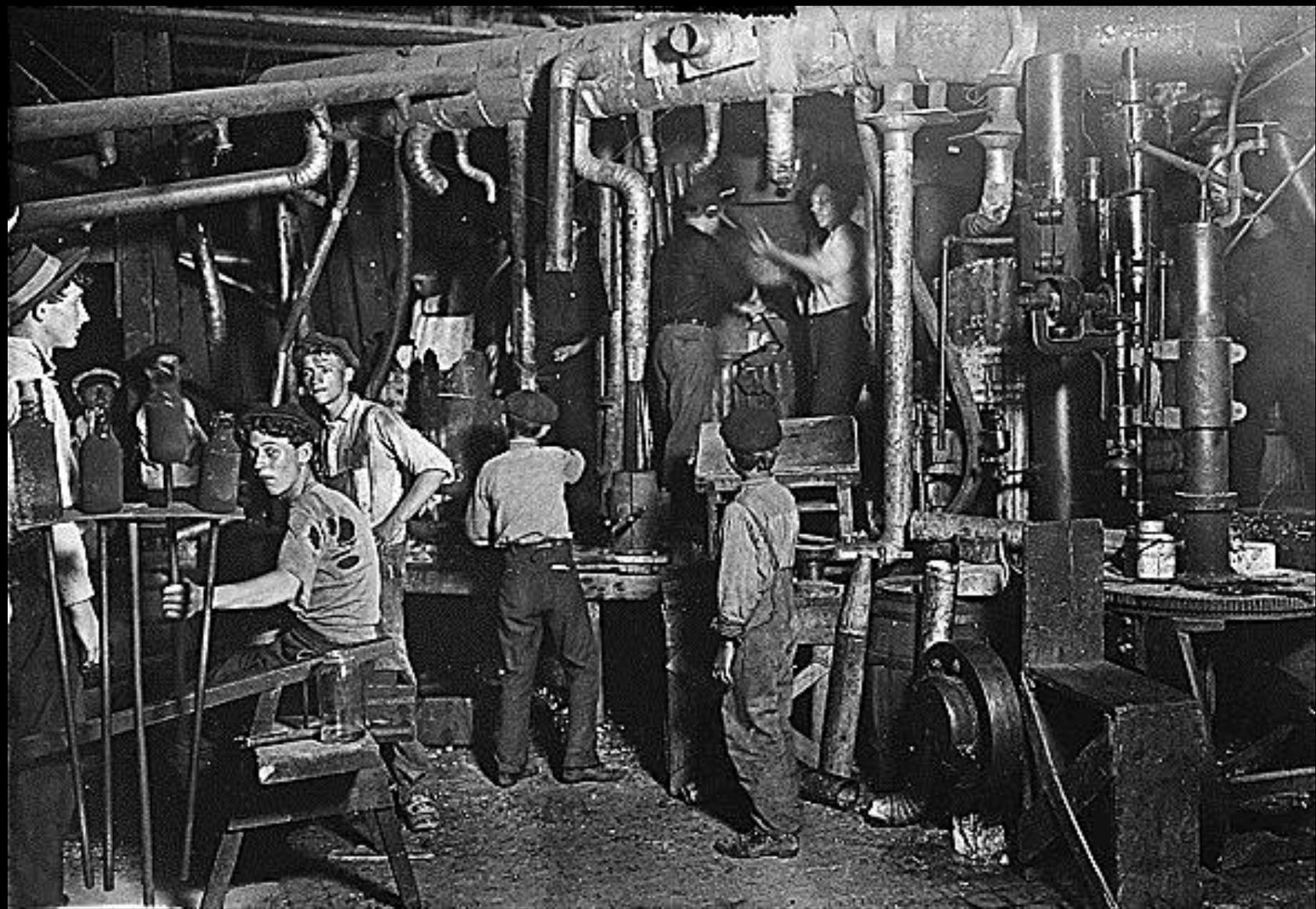










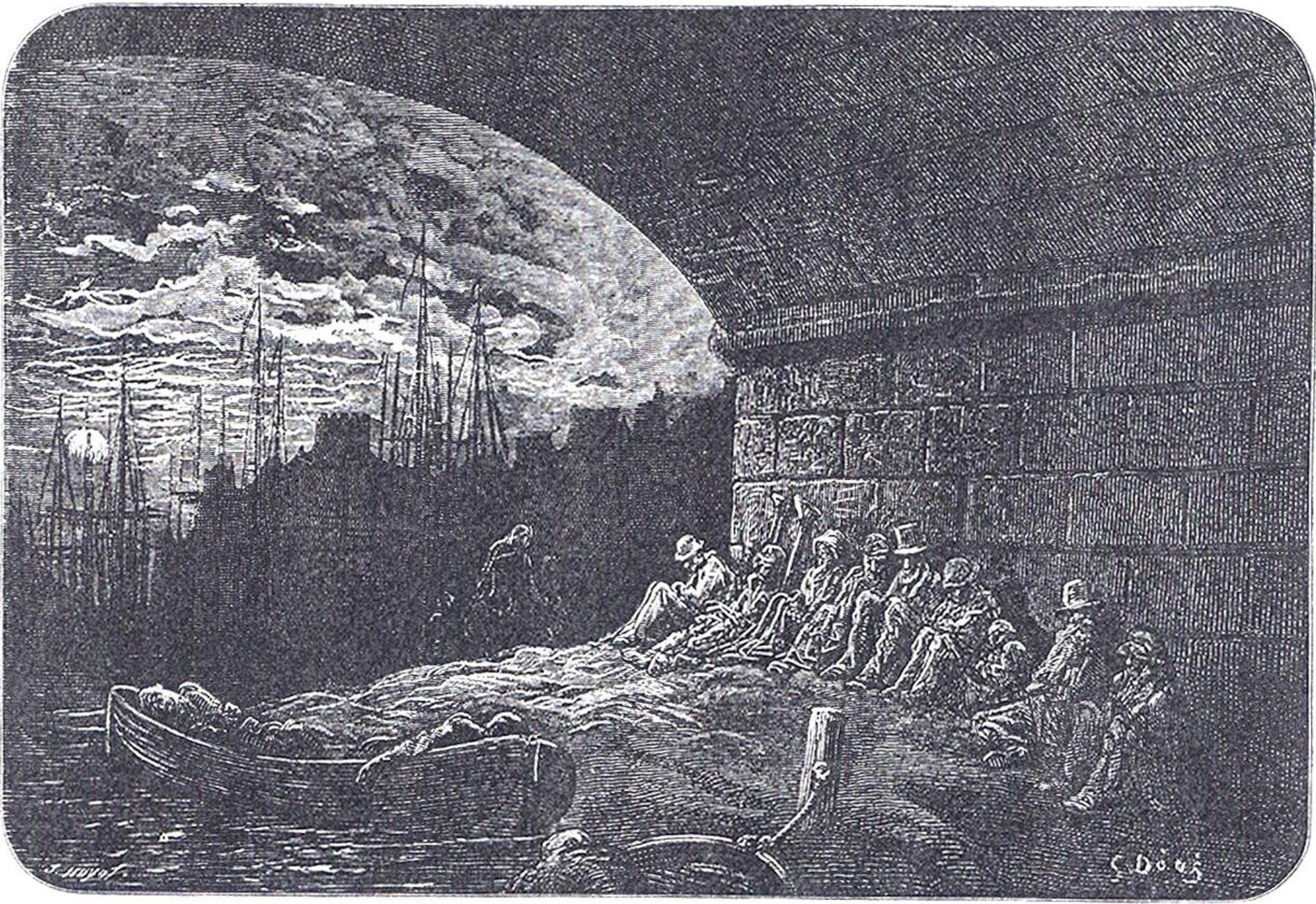












A. Lloyd

C. D. 45





ST ANDREW
Thornhill Square

HOLY TRINITY
Cloudesley Squa

ST MARY
Islington

ST THOMAS
Barnsbury

ALL SAINTS
Kings Cross

ST SILAS

ST PET

MICHAEL
edonian Rd





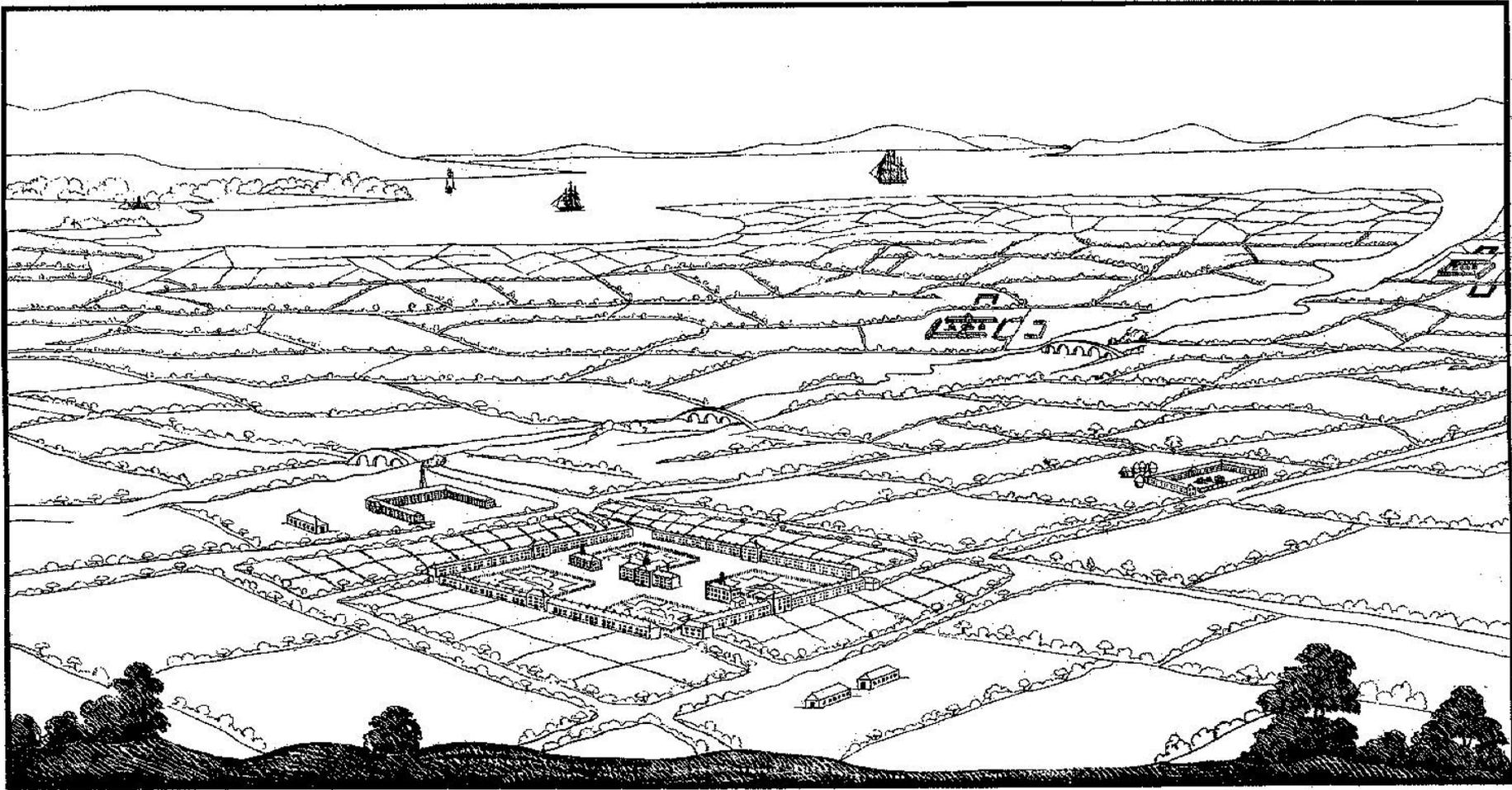




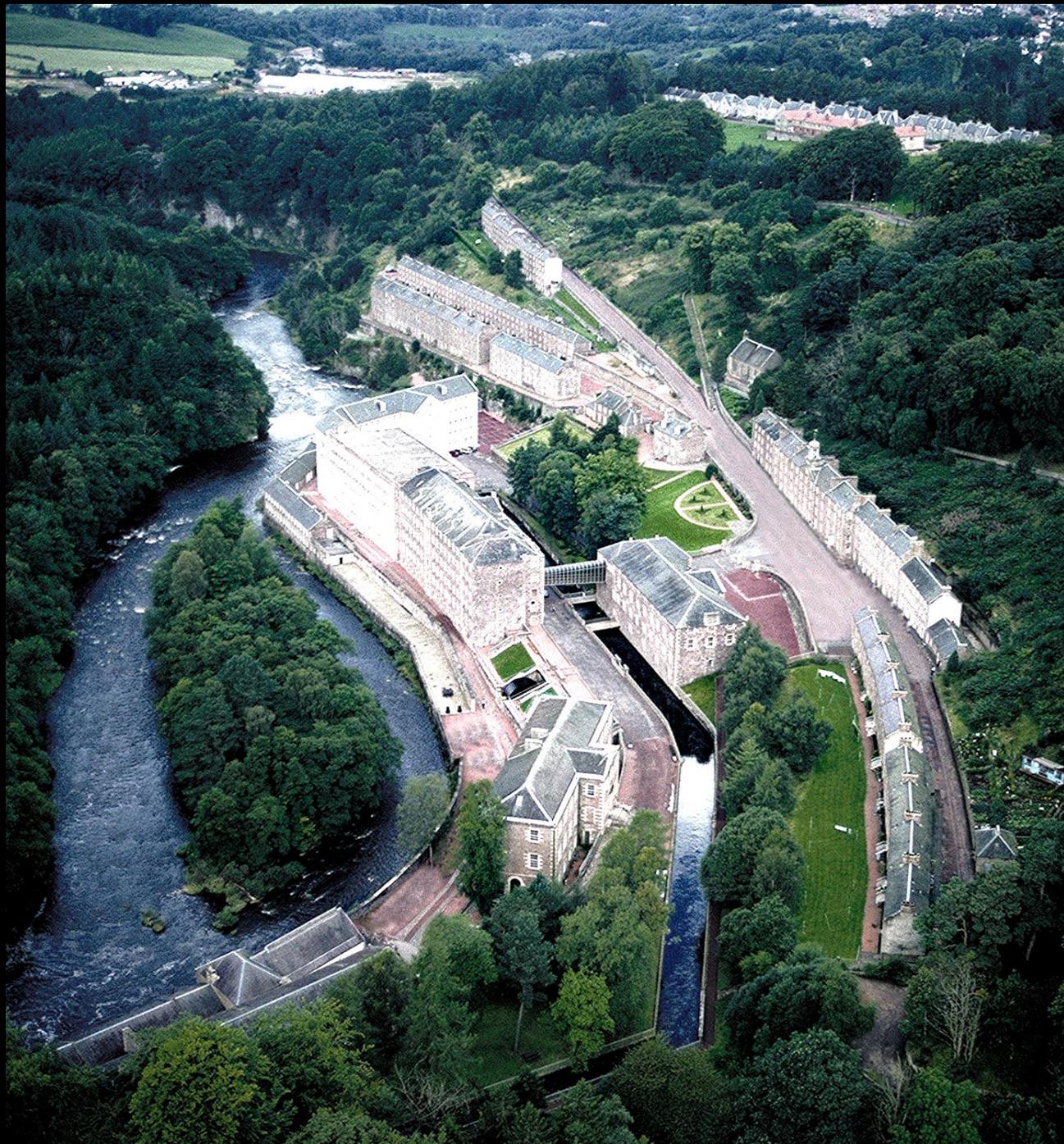


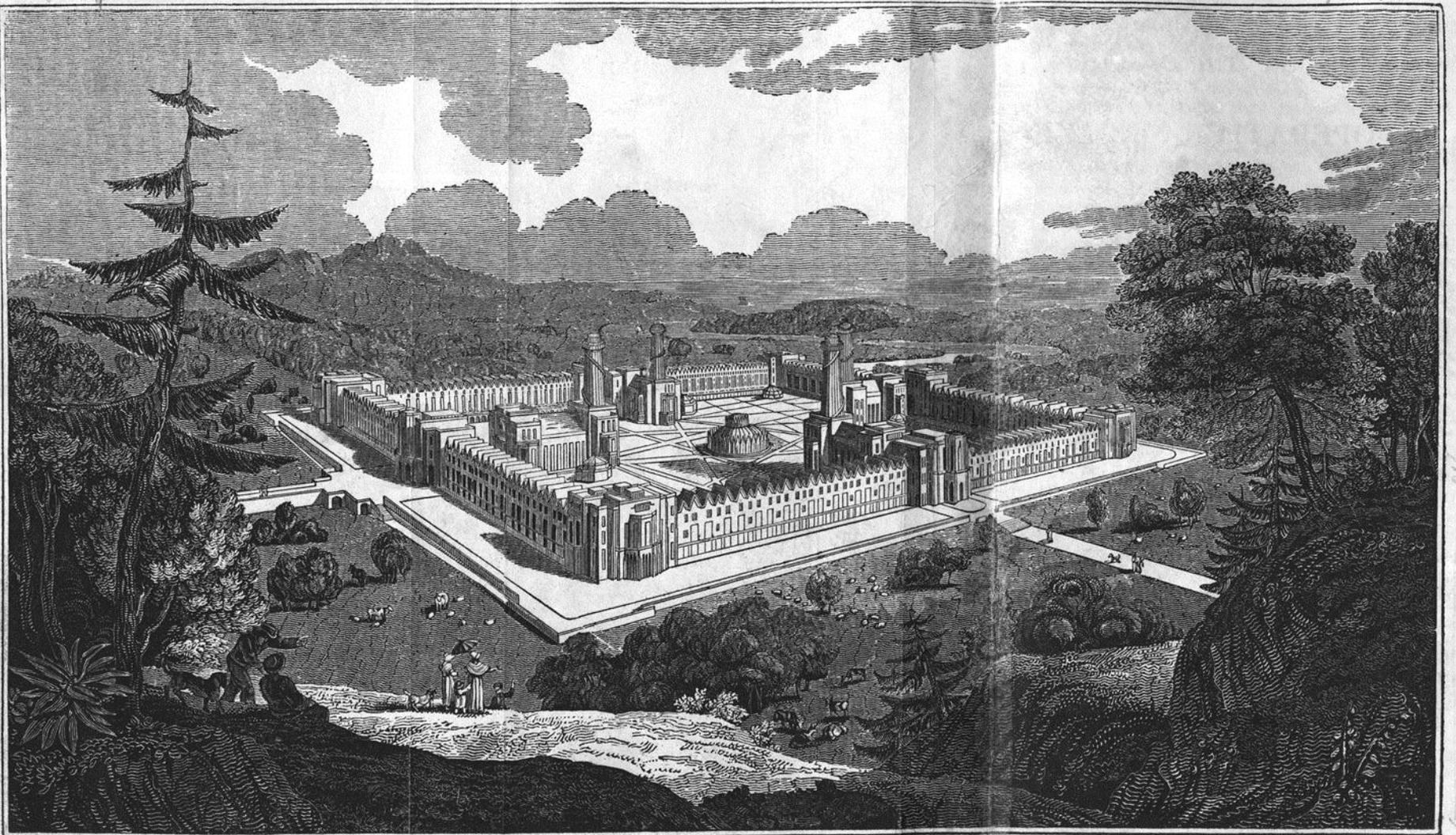


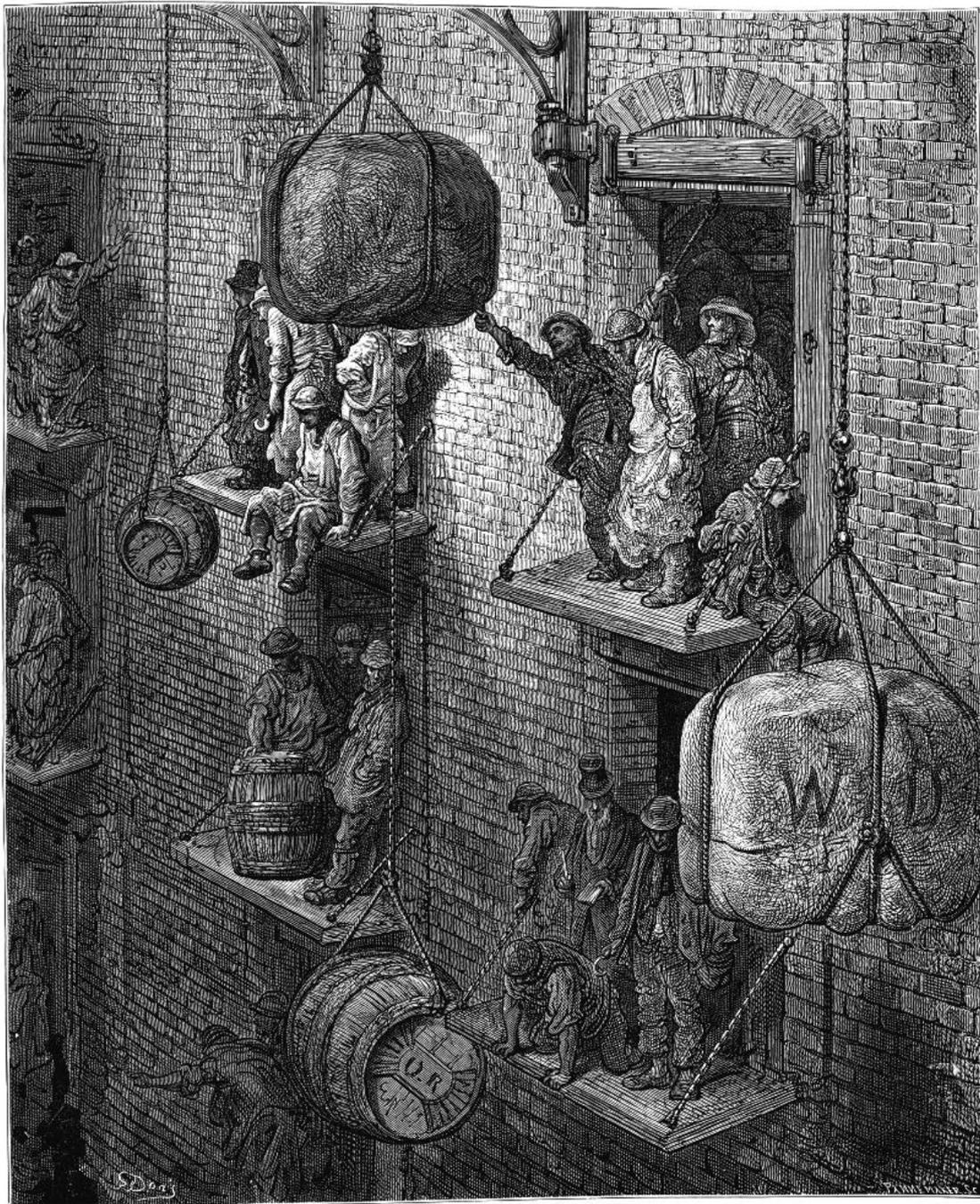




A VIEW & PLAN OF THE VILLAGES OF UNITY & MUTUAL CO-OPERATION,
DESCRIBED IN MR OWEN'S REPORT ON THE POOR. 1817

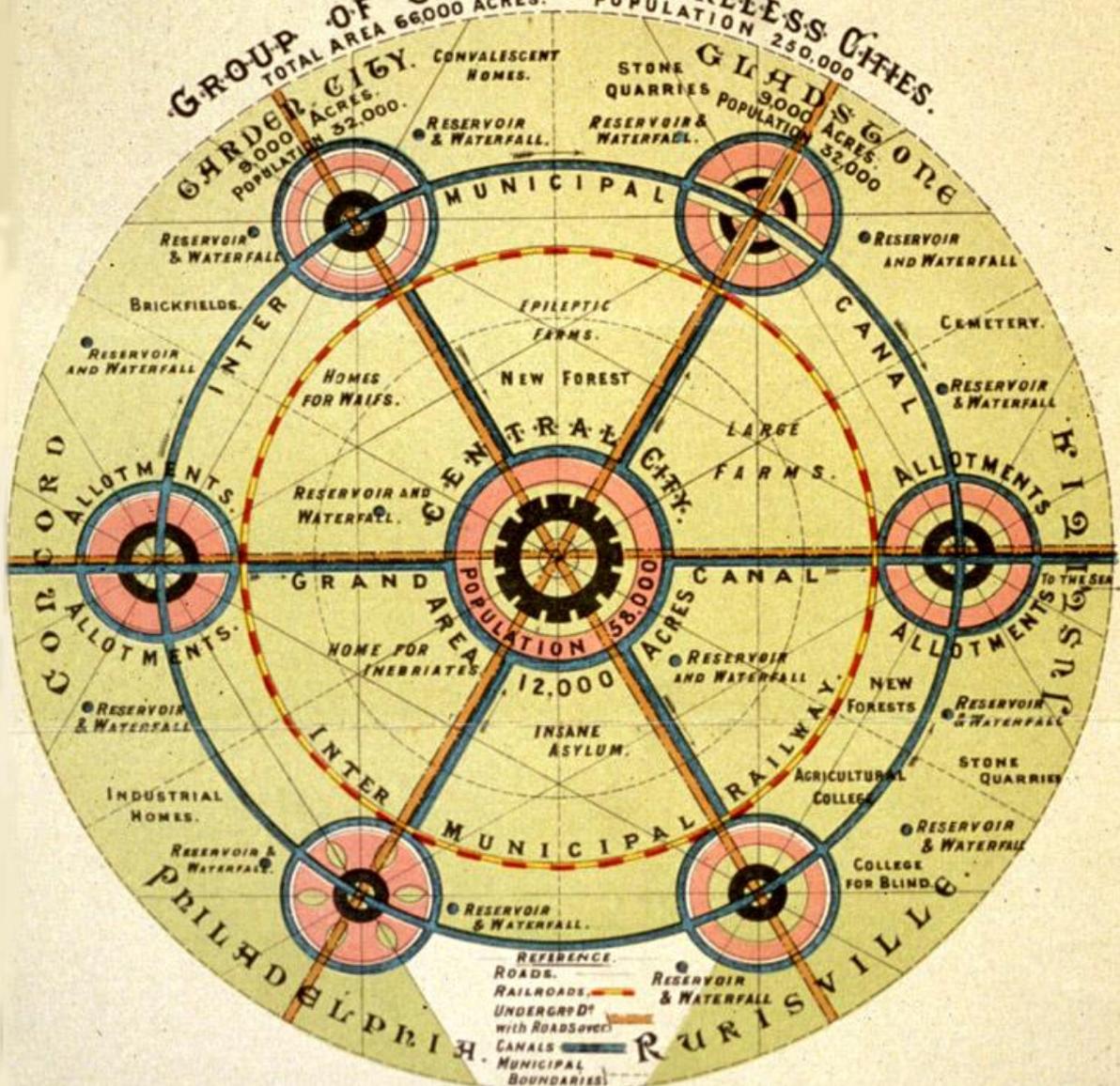








GROUP OF SLUMLESS SMOKELESS CITIES.



REFERENCE:
 ROADS ———
 RAILROADS ———
 UNDERGROUNDS ———
 CANALS ———
 MUNICIPAL BOUNDARIES ———

SCALE

1 MILE 1/2 Miles.

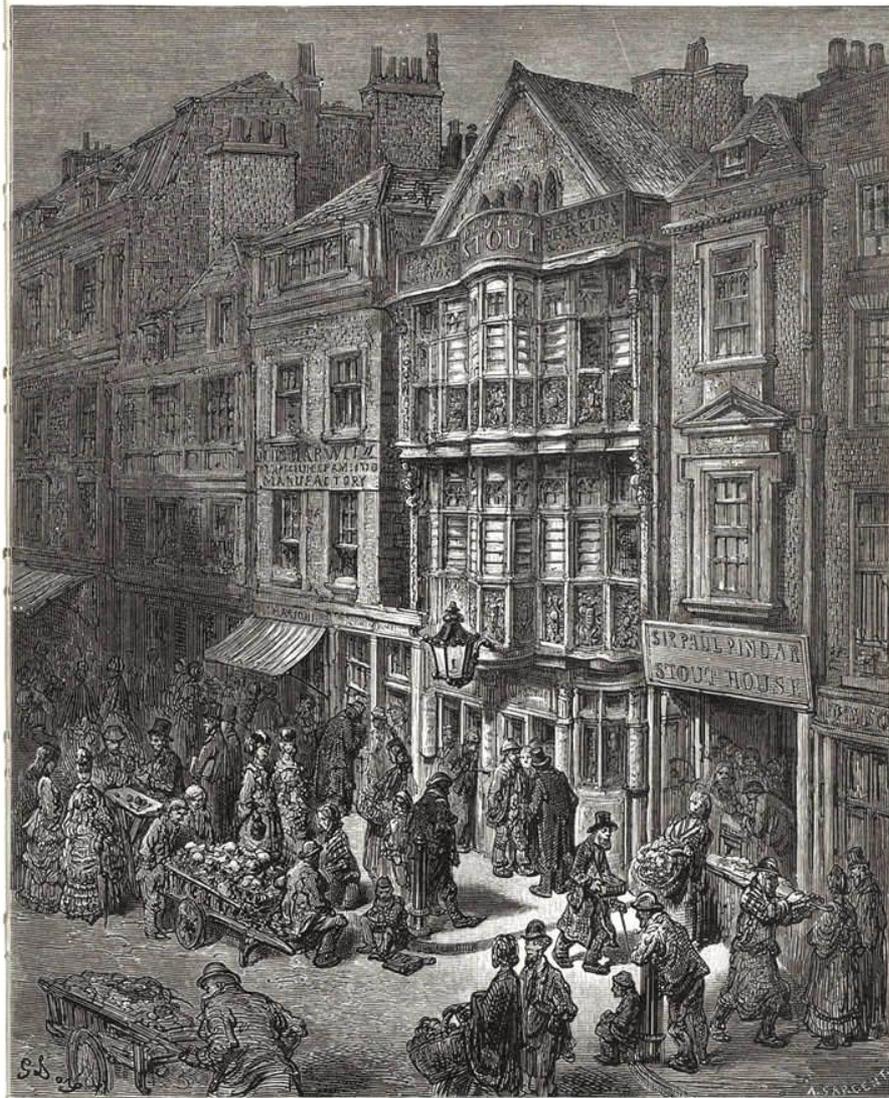


duty that compelled him to emerge before the day was aired—to use Beau Brummell's delightfully whimsical phrase.



On our way to the City on the tide of Labour, we light upon places in which the day is never aired: only the high points of which the sun ever hits. Rents spread with rags, swarming with the children of mothers for ever greasing the walls with their shoulders; where there is an angry hopelessness and carelessness painted upon the face of every man and woman; and the oaths are loud, and the crime is continuous; and the few who do work with something like system, are the ne'er-do-weels of the great army. As the sun rises, the court swarms at once: for here there are no ablutions to perform, no toilettes to make—neither brush nor comb delays the outpouring of babes and sucklings from the cellars and garrets. And yet in the midst of such a scene as this we cannot miss touches of human goodness, and of honourable instinct making a tooth-and-nail fight against adverse circumstances.

Some country wenches, who have been cast into London—Irish girls mostly—hasten out of the horrors of the common lodging-house to market,



BISHOPSGATE STREET















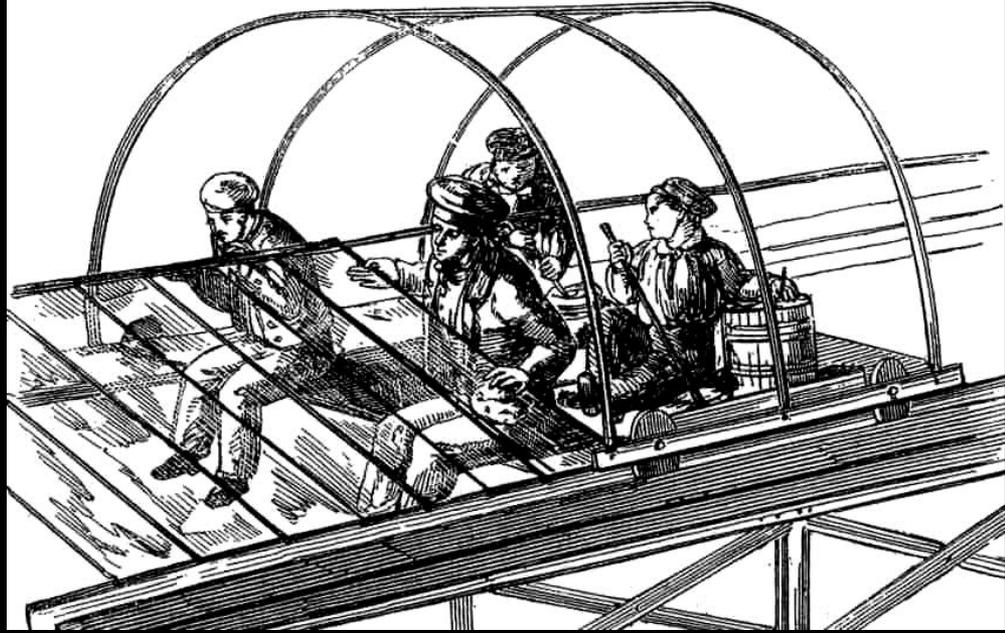
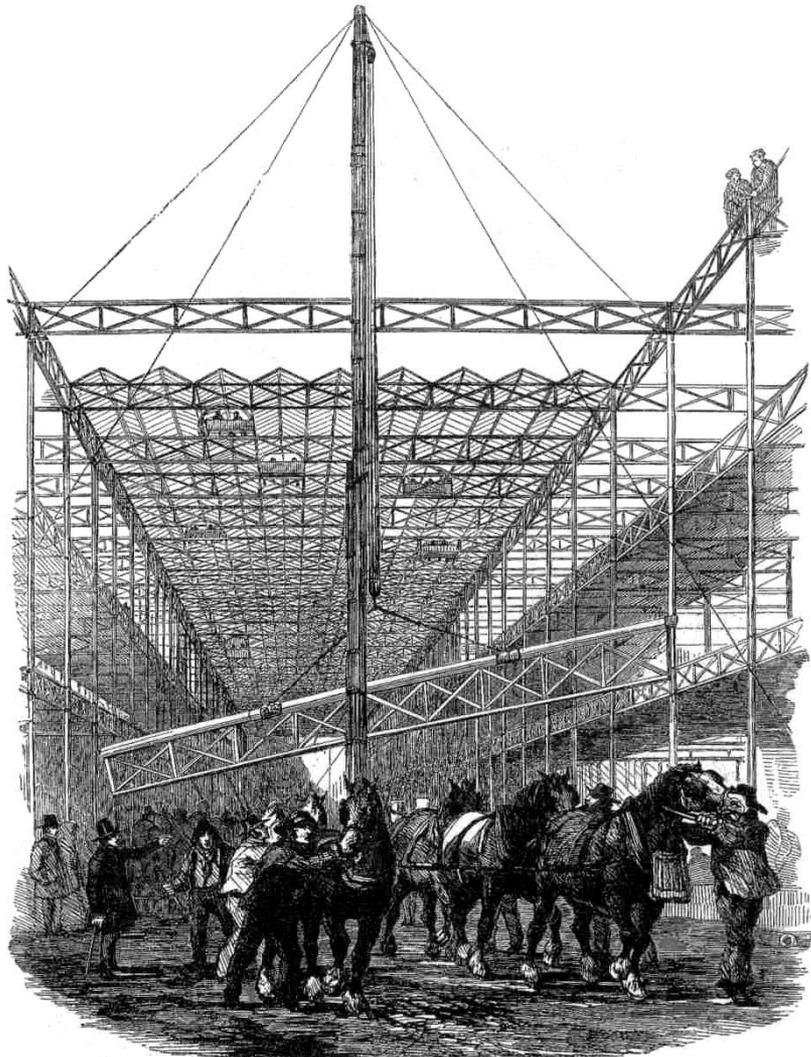




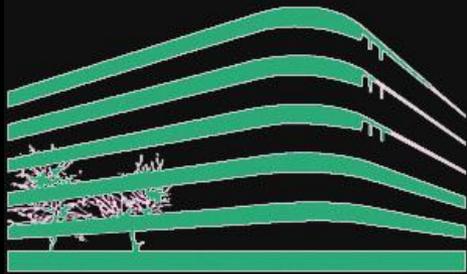












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