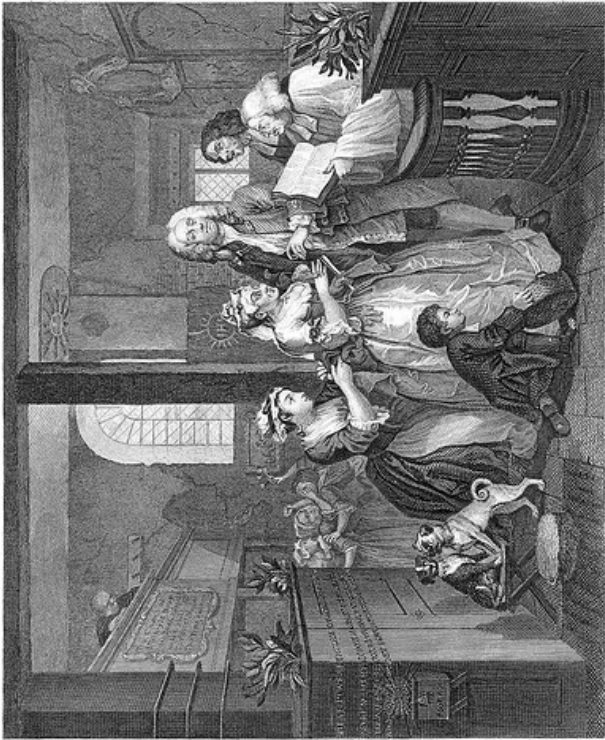


SCENE IN A GAMING HOUSE

"Gold, thou bright son of Phoebus, source
Of universal intercourse;
Of weeping Virtue soft redress:
And blessing those who live to bless:
Yet oft behold this sacred trust,
The tool of avaricious lust;
No longer bond of human kind,
But bane of every virtuous mind.
What chaos such misuse attends,
Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
Health, that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night;
Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,
And all its power to chance is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears, }
Of needless quarrels, endless fears, }
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years! }
Sad purchase of a tortured mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd."

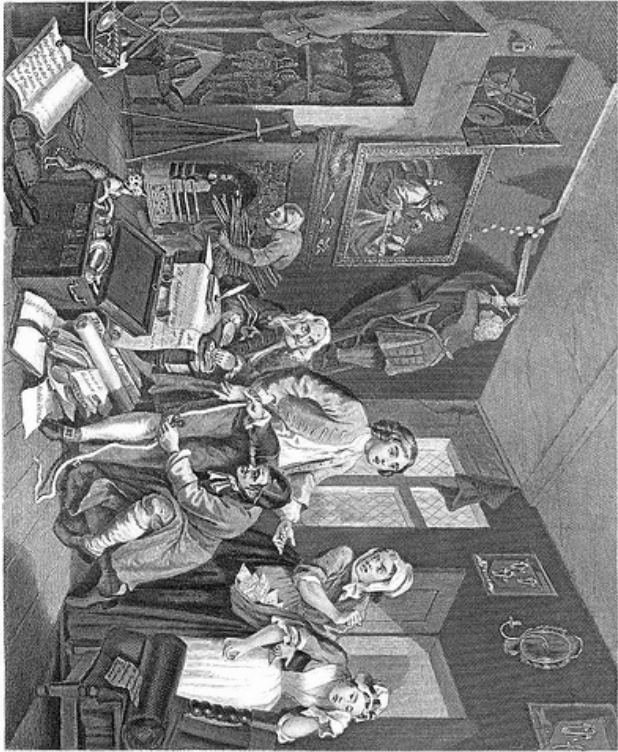


THE YOUNG HEIR TAKING POSSESSION
Oh, vanity of age untoward!
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why these bolts and massy chains,
Squint suspicions, jealous pains?
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'st thou up an useless store?
Hope, along with Time is flown;
Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.
Hast thou a son? In time be wise;
He views thy toil with other eyes.
Needs must thy kind paternal care,
Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there?
Whence, then, shall flow that friendly ease,
That social converse, heartfelt peace,
Familiar duty without dread,
Instruction from example bred,
Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And with the father mix the friend?
Uncircumscribed by prudent rules,
Or precepts of expensive schools;
Abused at home, abroad despised,
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvised;
The headstrong course of life begun,
What comfort from thy darling son?

The Rake's Progress

William Hogarth

Prosperity (with harlot's smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles),
How soon, great foe, can all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind?
Load faith and love with golden chain,
And sprinkle Lethæ o'er the brain!
Pleasure, on her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus comes with her along,
And smooth Lyæus, ever young;
And in their train, to fill the press,
Come apish Dance and swoln Excess,
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taste,
And Fashion in her changing vest.

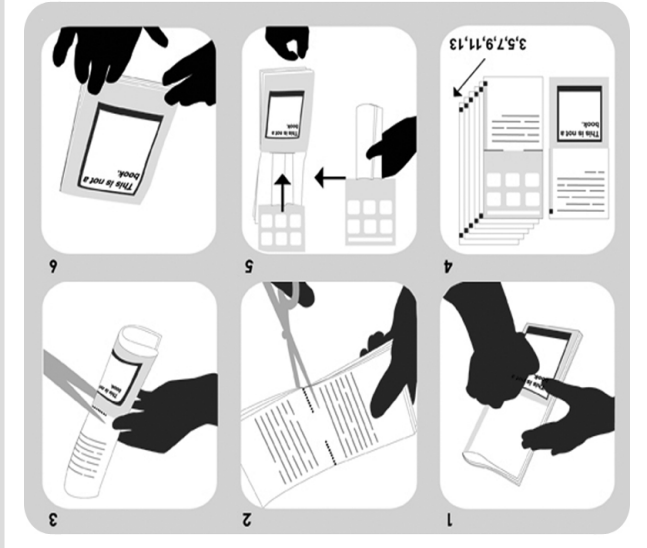


The Rake's Progress

William Hogarth

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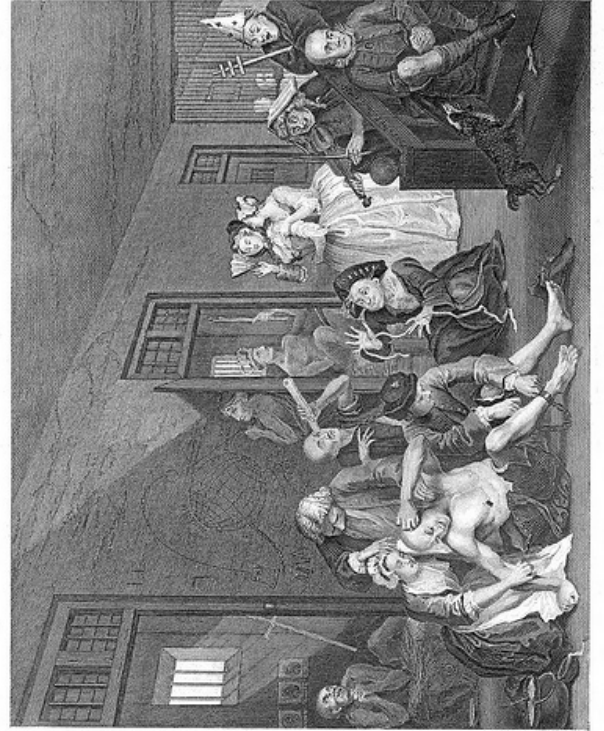
Invented, Painted & Engraved by Wm. Hogarth
Published June 1735

View Hogarth's paintings of *The Rake's Progress*
at Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincolns Inn Fields,
London.

<http://www.soane.org/>

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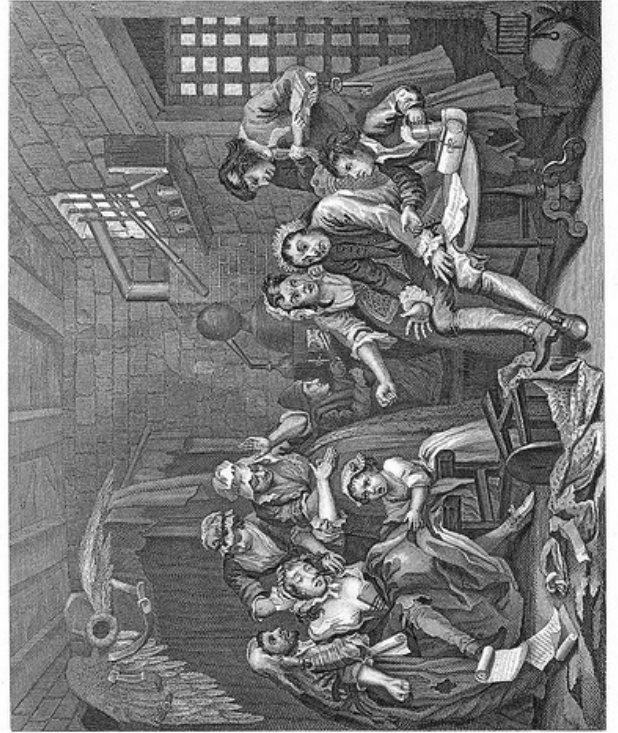
THE TAVERN SCENE

"O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good!
Woman, framed for social love,
Fairest gift of powers above,
Source of every household blessing;
All charms in innocence possessing:
But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above;
Foe to thy being, foe to love!
Guest divine, to outward viewing;
Ablest minister of ruin?
And thou, no less of gift divine,
Sweet poison of misused wine!
With freedom led to every part,
And secret chamber of the heart,
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
And shew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in, with covert treason,
O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
To ransack the abandon'd place,
And revel there with wild excess?"



SCENE IN A MADHOUSE

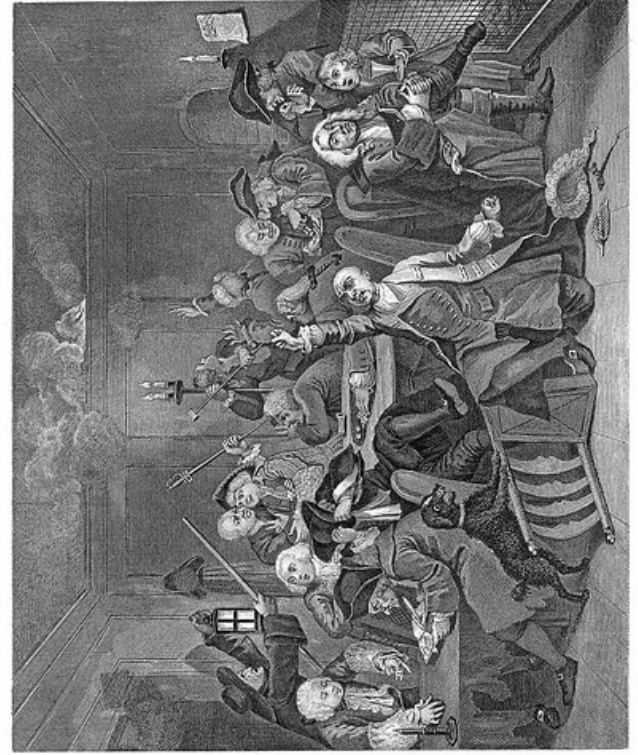
"Madness! thou chaos of the brain, }
 What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain? }
 Tyranny of fancy's reign!
 Mechanic fancy! that can build
 Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
 With rude, disjointed, shapeless measure,
 Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
 Shapes of horror, that would even
 Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven;
 Shapes of pleasure, that but seen,
 Would split the shaking sides of Spleen.
 "O vanity of age! here see
 The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee!
 The headstrong course of youth thus run,
 What comfort from this darling son?
 His rattling chains with terror hear,
 Behold death grappling with despair!
 See him by thee to ruin sold,
 And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!"



"O, vanity of youthful blood,
 So by misuse to poison good!
 Reason awakes, and views unbar'd
 The sacred gates he wish'd to guard;
 Approaching, see the harpy Law,
 And Poverty, with icy paw,
 Ready to seize the poor remains
 That vice has left of all his gains.
 Cold penitence, lame after-thought,
 With fear, despair, and horror fraught,
 Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
 Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd."

PRISON SCENE

"Happy the man whose constant thought,
 (Though in the school of hardship taught,)
 Can send remembrance back to fetch
 Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
 Who, self-approving, can review
 Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
 The gloom of age, and cast a ray
 To gild the evening of his day!
 Not so the guilty wretch confined:
 No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
 No blessings brought from early youth,
 But broken faith, and wrested truth;
 Talents idle and unused,
 And every trust of Heaven abused.
 In seas of sad reflection lost,
 From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
 Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
 And gives the helm to mad Despair."



"New to the school of hard mishap,
 Driven from the ease of fortune's lap.
 What schemes will nature not embrace
 To avoid less shame of drear distress?
 Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
 And mask deformity with shew:
 Gold can avert the sting of shame,
 In Winter's arms create a flame:
 Can couple youth with hoary age,
 And make antipathies engage."

MARRIES AN OLD MAID.