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Hogarth moralized

Hogarth, William

London, 1831

The Rake's Progress.

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THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.*

PLATE I.

OF all the follies in human life there is none greater than that of extravagance, or profuseness; it being constant labour, without the least ease, or relaxation. It bears, indeed, the colour of that which is commendable, and would fain be thought to take its rise from laudable motives, searching indefatigably after true felicity: now, as there can be no true felicity without content, it is this, which every man is in constant hunt after; the learned, for instance, in his industrious quest after knowledge; the merchant, in his dangerous voyages; the ambitious, in his passionate pursuit of honour; the conqueror, in his earnest desires of victory; the politician, in his deep-laid designs; the wanton, in his pleasing charms of beauty; the covetous, in his unwearied heaping up of treasure; and the prodigal, in his general and extravagant indulgence.—Thus far it may be well;—but so mistaken are we in our road, as to run on in the very opposite tract, which leads directly to our ruin. Whatever else we indulge ourselves in is attended with some small degree of relish, and has some trifling satisfaction in the enjoyment; but in this the farther we go, the more we are lost; and when arrived at the mark proposed, we are as far from

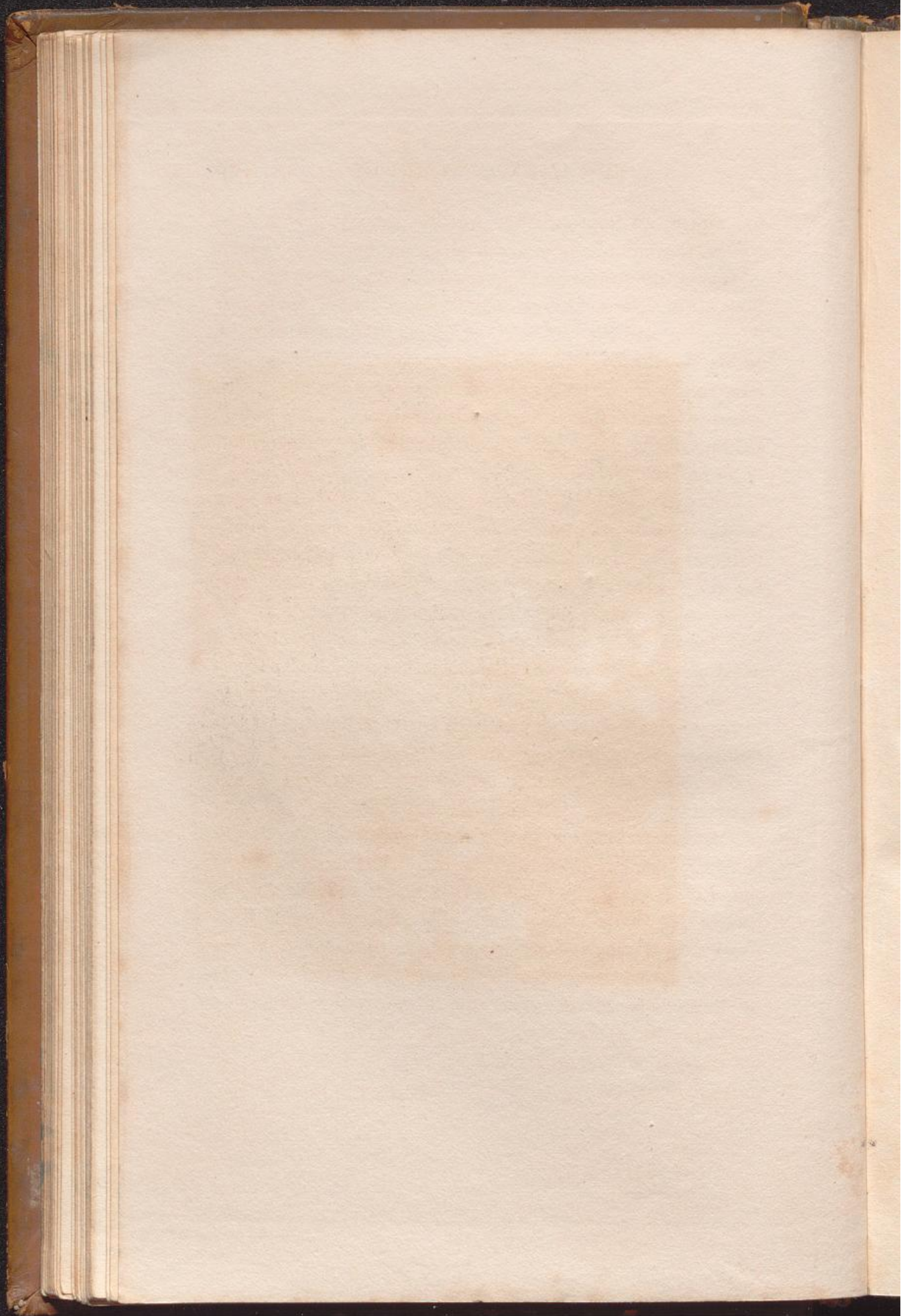
* [Portraits introduced. Figg, a prize fighter, Dubois, a fencing master, Bridgeman, the King's gardener, and Handel. The originals of this series are in the possession of J. Soane, Esq.]



W. G. WOOD EN.

THE FAKER'S PROGRESS. PL. I.

Published by John Major 50, Pall Mall Street, Jan. 21, 1851.



the object we hunt, as when we first set out. Here then we are inexcusable in not attending to the secret dictates of reason, and in stopping our ears at the timely admonitions of friendship. Headstrong and ungovernable, we pursue our course without intermission; thoughtless and unwary, we see not the dangers that lie, immediately, before us; but hurry on, even, without sight of our object, till we bury ourselves in that gulph of woe, where perishes at once health, wealth, and virtue; and whose dreadful labyrinths admit of no return.

Struck with the foresight of that misery, attendant on a life of debauchery, which is, in fact, the off-spring of prodigality; our author has in the scenes before us attempted the reformation of the worldling, by stopping him, as it were, in his career, and opening to his view the many doleful calamities awaiting the prosecution of his proposed scheme of life: he has, I say, in hopes of reforming the prodigal, and at the same time deterring the rising generation, whom Providence may have blessed with earthly wealth, from entering into so iniquitous a course, traced out the life of a young man, hurried on through a various succession of different pursuits, for the few years nature was able to support itself; and this from the instant he might be said to enter into the world, till the time of his leaving it. But as the vice of avarice is equal to that of prodigality, and the ruin of children is often owing to the indiscretion of their parents, he has opened the piece with a scene, which, at the same time, that it exposes the folly of the youth, shews us the imprudence of the father, who is supposed to have hurt the principles of his son by depriving him of the necessary use of some of that gold, he had, with the greatest covetousness, been hoarding to no kind of purpose in his coffers.

The history opens, then, representing a scene crowded with all the monuments of avarice, and laying before us a most beautiful contrast, such as is too general in the world, to pass unobserved ; nothing being more common, than for a son to squander away that substance,* his father, perhaps, had his whole life been amassing.—Here, we see the young heir at the age of nineteen or twenty, raw from the university of Oxford, just arrived at home, upon the death of his father. Eager to know the possessions he is master of, the old wardrobes, where things have been rotting time out of mind, are instantly wrenched open ; the strong chests are unlocked ; the parchments, those securities of treble interest, on which this avaricious monster lent his money, tumbled out ; and the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded with griping care, now exposed to the dishonest hands of those about him. To explain every little mark of usury and covetousness, such as the mortgages, bonds, indentures, &c. the piece of candle stuck upon a save-all, on the mantle-piece ; the rotten furniture of the room ; and the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe ; would be unnecessary : the more striking things, I shall take the liberty of animadverting on. From the vast quantity of papers, falls an old, written journal, where, among other memorandums, we find the following, viz. “ May the 5th 1721, Put off my bad shilling.” Hence are we taught, that so penurious is the disposition of the miser, that, notwithstanding he may be possessed of many large bags of gold, the fear of losing a single shilling, is a continual trouble to him. In one

* [“ Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor :
This year a reservoir to keep and spare ;
The next a fountain spouting through his heir.”]—POPE.

part of the room, we see a man hanging it with black cloth; too general a custom on these occasions among people of fortune, who, through ostentation and a false notion of grandeur, will often expend as much in one day, as would maintain a small family for years. On this hanging are fixed escutcheons by way of dreary ornament; these escutcheons contain the arms of the covetous, viz. three vices, *hard screwed*, with the motto, Beware. On the floor lie a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved for the weight of iron in the nails, and has been soling with leather cut from the covers of an old Family-Bible: an excellent piece of satire, intimating, that such men would sacrifice even their God, to the lust of money. From these, and some other objects too striking to pass unnoticed, such as, the gold falling from the breaking cornice; the jack and spit, those utensils of original hospitality locked up through fear of being used; the clean and empty chimney, in which, a fire is now just going to be made for the first time, and the emaciated figure of the cat, we are given to understand, that such is the natural temper of the covetous man as to suspect all about him to be rogues; he continually fears the evil day is coming; on that account deprives himself of the necessaries of life, and starves, as it were, in the midst of plenty.—But, see the mighty change!—View this unfortunate youth (for the catastrophe undoubtedly proves him so) left to himself, upon the death of his father, possessed of a goodly inheritance. Mark, how his mind is affected!—determined to partake of the mighty happiness, he falsely imagines others of his age and fortune enjoy; see him running headlong into extravagance, withholding not his heart from any joy; but implicitly pursuing the dictates of his will.—How is he

caught by every splendid shew and glittering appearance! —Diversion's joyful train welcomes his approach, and Vanity, in the mask of Happiness, embraces him; Beauty opens all her charms before him, and Mirth shakes him by the hand.—Now, his ear dances to Music's soft vibrations; his senses are exquisitely charmed, and his spirits are upon the wing. He is, as Solomon says, in the midst of men-singers, and women-singers, he becomes for a while the admiration of the women, and the envy of the men; and is seemingly placed in the very centre of felicity. To take this delusive swing of pleasure, his first application is to the tailor, whom we see here taking his measure, in order to trick out his pretty person; but so bewitching is the sight of gold, as to draw more this man's attention than even the business he was sent for. In the interim, enters (with her mother) a poor girl whom this man has debauched under professions of love, and promises of marriage; in hopes of meeting with that notice, she had the greatest reason to expect; but he, corrupted with the wealth of which he is now the master, forgets every engagement he once made, finds himself too rich to keep his word, and, as if gold would atone for a breach of honour, is offering money to her mother, as an equivalent for the non-fulfilling of his promise. Not the sight of the ring given as a pledge of his fidelity; not a view of the many affectionate letters he at one time wrote to her, of which her mother's lap is full; not the tears, nor even the burthened condition of the wretched girl, could awaken in him one degree of tenderness; but hard-hearted and unfeeling, like the generality of wicked men, he turns her off to weep away her woes in silent sorrow, and curse with bitterness her deceitful betrayer. One thing more I should take notice of, which is, that this unexpected

visit, attended with abuse from the mother, so alarms the attention of our youth, as to give that old pettifogger behind an opportunity of robbing him. Hence we see, that one ill consequence is generally attended with another; and that misfortunes, according to the old proverb, seldom come alone.*

* In justice to our author, the lines engraven at the bottom of each plate should not be omitted; the following then are those which are annexed to this.

O vanity of age, untoward,
 Ever spleeny, ever froward!
 Why those bolts, and massy chains,
 Squint suspicion's jealous pains?
 Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
 Lay'st thou in a 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, home-felt peace,
 Familiar duty, without dread,
 Instruction from example bred?
 That youthful mind with freedom mend,
 And with the Father, mix the Friend.

[“ In this print, the drawing and disposition of the figures are tolerably good, the light is properly distributed, and the perspective accurately represented; but the whole wants mass. To display the hoard, it was necessary to open the boxes and doors; and though an exhibition of the heterogeneous collection, heaped together by this wretched defrauder of himself, most forcibly describes the disposition of the man—it hurts the repose of the picture. Breaking the back ground into so many parts, destroys that breadth which ought to be considered as a leading excellence. J. I.]

[The countenance of the deserted girl is here preserved as in the

PLATE II.*

We are next to consider him as launched in the world. Having first performed the last office with respect to his father, that of attending him to the grave; and in a manner very different to the appearance he made while living, burying him with the utmost pomp and parade; and having equipped himself with all the necessaries to constitute him a man of taste, he plunges at once into all the fashionable excesses, and enters with spirit into the character he assumes.

View him then at his levee, attended by masters of various professions, supposed to be here offering their interested services. He, who stands foremost, is readily known to be a dancing-master; behind him, are two men, who, at the time when these prints were first published, were noted for teaching the arts of defence, by different weapons, and who are here drawn from the life; one of whom is a Frenchman,† teacher of the small sword, making

first state of the plate; as Mr. Ireland observes it was afterwards "altered for the worse." Making it, at the same time to disagree with the face of the same character as afterwards introduced.]

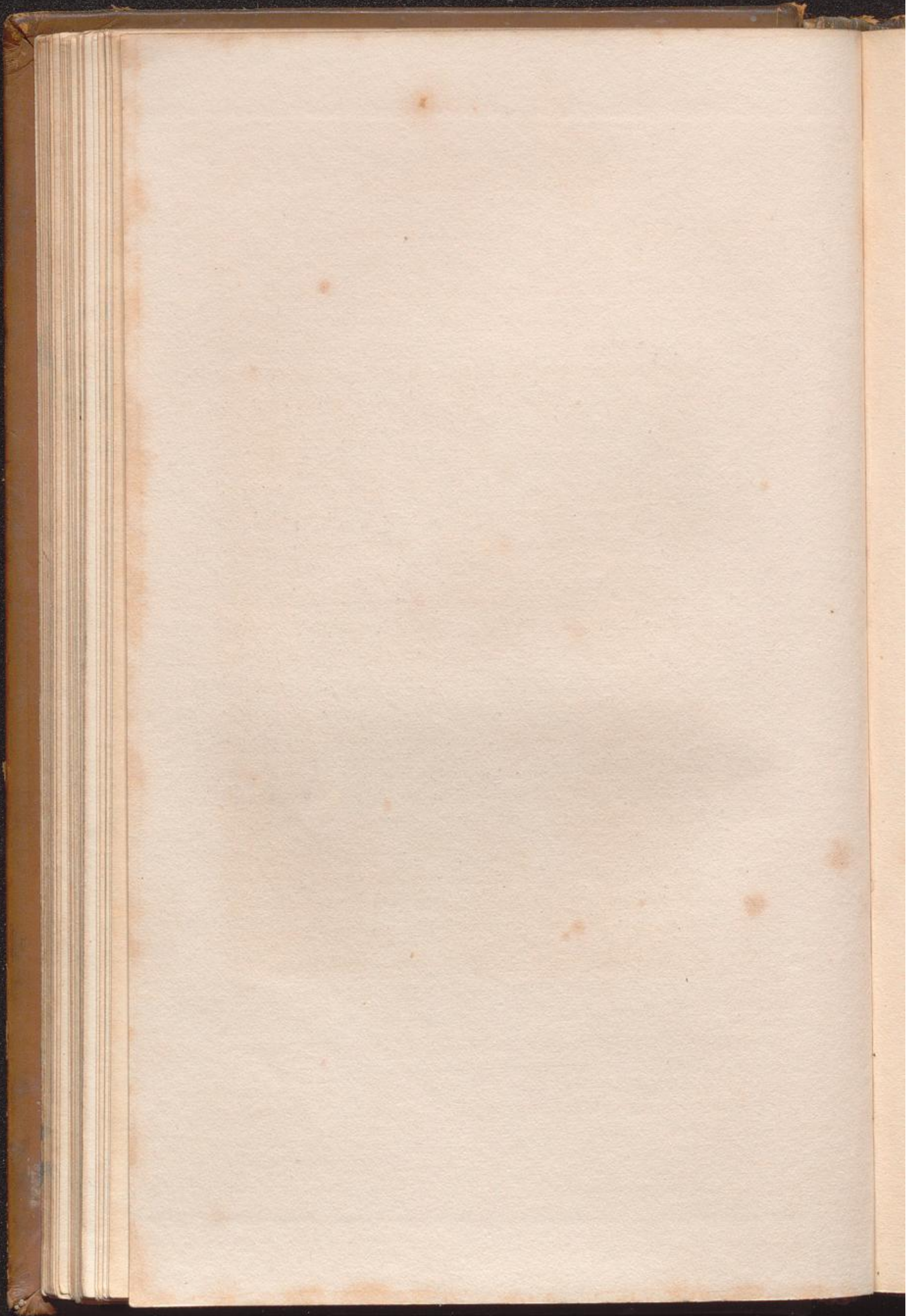
* [To the principal figure in this and the preceding plate, Mr. Gilpin objects that in the first it is unmeaning, and in the second ungraceful; but in order to defend Hogarth, Mr. Ireland takes him at his word, considering that the youth has not been educated, in all respects, to grace the fortune that awaited him; and thinks both the conception and the execution of the author equally praiseworthy.]

† One Du-Bois, remarkable for his high opinion of the science of defence, preferring it to all others. He was killed in a duel by one of the same name.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 2.

Published by John Major 50 Fleet Street, Jan 21 1831.



a thrust with his foil; the other, an Englishman,* master of the quarter-staff; the vivacity of the first, and the cold contempt visible in the face of the second, beautifully describe the natural disposition of the two nations; namely, the boyish levity of the one, and the manly solidity of the other. On the left of which last stands a layer out of gardens,† drawn also from the life, offering a plan for that purpose. A taste for gardening, must be acknowledged to have been the ruin of numbers, it being a passion that is seldom, if ever, satisfied, and attended with the greatest expence. The more improvements we make, the more we are desirous of making; nor can we be induced to desist, till such time as we can support our extravagance no longer. In the chair sits a professor of music,‡ at the harpsichord, running over the keys, waiting to give his lesson; behind whose chair hangs a list of the presents, one Farinelli, an Italian singer, received, the next day after his first performance at the Opera-house; among which, there is notice taken of one, which he received from the hero of our piece, thus; "a gold snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, by J. Rakewell, Esq." By these mementos of extravagance and pride, (for gifts of this kind proceed oftener from ostentation, than generosity) and by the engraved frontispiece to a poem, dedicated to our fashionable spendthrift, lying on the floor, which represents the ladies of Britain sacrificing their hearts to the idol Farinelli, crying out, with the greatest earnestness, "One God, one Farinelli," we are given to understand that dissipation and luxury hath overspread the politer world; that they are desirous of supporting their general character, even at the

* Figg the noted prize-fighter.

† Bridgeman, a man at that time in great esteem.

‡ Handel.

expenditure of their good sense and reason ; that they rashly run into the greatest inconsistencies ; that they revel, without pleasure ; hear, without ears ; see, without eyes ; admire, without taste ; commend, without knowledge, and adore, without love ; and that they are eager to sacrifice their fortunes to the fashion of the times. The principal figure in this plate, is that of him, with one hand on his breast, the other on his sword, whom we may without much difficulty discover to be a bravo in pay ; he is represented, as having brought a letter of recommendation from one, disposed to do all sorts of service. This character is rather Italian than English ; but is here introduced to fill up the list of persons generally engaged in the service of one, who indulges himself in every species of profusion. Our author would have it imagined, in the interval between the first scene and this, that the young man, whose history he is painting, had given himself up to every fashionable extravagance, that is to say, that he had imbibed a taste for cock-fighting, and horse-racing ; two amusements, which the man of fashion can no ways dispense with ; notwithstanding they have been the ruin of thousands. This is evident from his rider bringing in a silver punch-bowl, which one of his horses is supposed to have won, and his saloon being ridiculously ornamented with the portraits of some few celebrated cocks. It is not that there can be any great pleasure in such sort of diversion ; it only furnishing opportunities of keeping up the spirit of gaming, in laying considerable bets on such a cock, or such a horse. The figures in the back part of this plate represent tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and such other persons as generally fill the antichamber of a man of quality, except one, who is supposed to be a poet, and has written some pane-



W. H. Wood sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. — PL. 3.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 7, 1831.

gyric on the person, whose levee he attends, and who waits for that approbation he already vainly anticipates. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this scene is to teach us, that the man of fashion is too often exposed to the rapacity of his fellow creatures, and is commonly a dupe to the more knowing part of the world.*

PLATE III.†

To confirm this, see him now at such an hour of night, when sober and considerate people are taking their rest, in order to rub through the day with satisfaction, revelling at a tavern, supposed to be the Rose, in Drury Lane, (a house

* The lines engraved at the bottom of this plate are,

Prosperity, with harlot's smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles,
How soon sweet foe, can all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind ;
Lead faith and love with golden chain,
And sprinkle lethe o'er the brain !
Pleasure on her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone ;
Venus moves 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.

† [“ This design” says Mr. Ireland, “ may be a very exact representation of what were then the amusements of a brothel ; so different are the manners of 1792 from those of 1734, that I much question whether

noted, at that time for the reception of abandoned women, and such persons, as took more delight in lewd and licentious enjoyment, than in the more rational entertainment of mutual conversation :) with a number of those ragged unfortunate girls (I say ragged, though some of them are artful enough to conceal their being so, by keeping on their cloaks) of which the streets of London in an evening are full. Behold him here, after having in the bucks' phrase beat the rounds, overset a constable of the night, and knocked down a watchman, evident from the staff and broken lanthorn, which he is supposed to have brought off with him in triumph, together with his naked sword, which he was not able to re-sheath; I say, behold him in consort with the major part of his company, absolutely drunk, and to that degree, as not to know his right hand from his left; intimated by the buckling of his sword-belt. In this absence of reason, and unguarded situation, for such surely it may be called, when we are either mad or stupid with the fumes of liquor, he is robbed of his watch, and of every thing of value, by the girl whose hand is in his bosom. One would naturally imagine, that a man, the next day upon the return of his senses, when his blood is in some respect cooled, and the fumes of his night's debauch evaporated, would see the folly of his steps, consider the treatment he met with, detest such abandoned company, and resolve to avoid it for the future; but on the contrary, so rash and inconsiderate is

a similar exhibition is now to be seen in any tavern of the metropolis." Not to "paint the devil blacker than he is," must always be owned as a candid adage, and we trust that even to the present day, if the children of darkness continue as numerous, they are less mischievous from being less gregarious. The end of our great satirist must, at least in part, have been answered.]

youth, as not to regard the precipice before it; so stupid and insensible, as not to be awakened even by the scourgings of pain. Had our debauchee indulged himself with a few minutes serious reflection, it is presumed he would not have returned to that vice by which he was then a sufferer: (plain by the box of mercurial pills lying on the floor, supposed to have fallen from his pocket) no; he acts like the silly moth, that flutters about the candle; though it frequently sings its wings, it will not desist; but, obstinately bent on its own destruction, continues on its idle round till it approaches too near the flame ever to escape again, and meets its death untimely and unthought of. In the early part of the evening, the company is supposed, from the beastly covering of the floor, and the destruction of the furniture, viz. the torn pictures and the broken looking-glass, to have been at high romps; tired however at last with such wild sort of merriment, they are now seated, in order to indulge their lascivious inclinations, glut their insatiable throats with liquor, and feast their ears with sounds of seeming harmony; a little ragged wench, whose action declares the pitch of her imagination, being called in for that purpose, to bawl out ballads of obscenity, and two blind street musicians to accompany her. To increase this uproar, two of the company are at high words, one of whom is spouting wine in her companion's face, the other in return, threatening her with a knife; behind them is another, in excess of anger at being neglected, wantonly putting a candle to a map of the world, swearing she will fire the globe and expire in its flames; intimating the wicked disposition of these creatures, who care not what extensive mischief they occasion, so they can revenge themselves and gratify their licentious humour. In the front is a woman stripping herself in order to exhibit

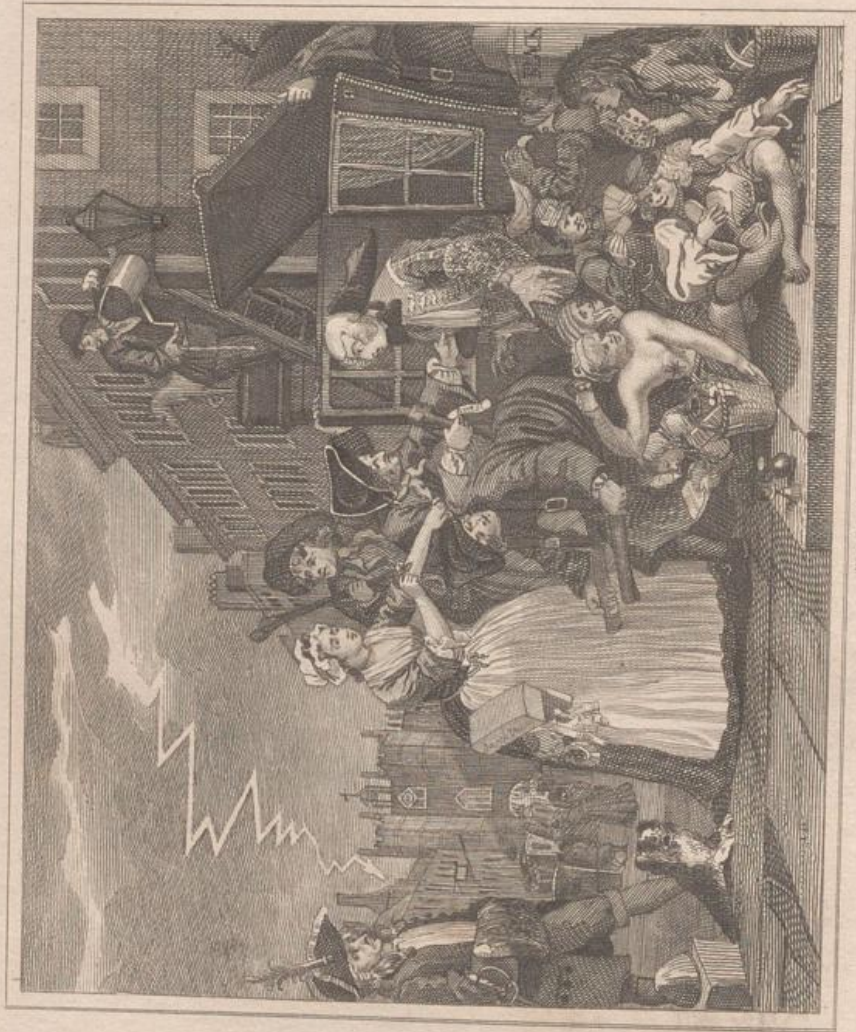
some indecent postures,* a filthy talent she was celebrated for; that large dish, the man† is bringing in, being designed as an apparatus of one of her positions. By such studied libidinous entertainment, if entertainment it can be called, the beastly debauchee gives a loose to his desires, and indulges his lust at the expence of every thing that is decent, rational, and manly. ‡

* A woman who exhibited such postures publicly for a maintenance.

† One Leatherhead, a noted porter, who belonged many years to the Rose tavern, remarkable for his universal knowledge of the women of the town.

‡ The poetry engraved on this plate is,

O vanity of youthful blood,
 So by misuse to poison good !
 Woman, formed 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,
 Abler minister of ruin !
 And thou, no less of gift divine,
 Sweet poison of misused wine !
 With freedom led to ev'ry 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 ?



W.F. Wood, sc.

THE RAKES PROGRESS, PL. 4.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

PLATE IV.

By such excesses as these, it is no wonder he should at last be reduced, it being impossible to support extravagance long; for wealth profusely spent, wastes, as liquor from a leaking cask: as a proof of this, see him stopt in his career by the hand of a sheriff's officer; arrested as he is going to court, it being the birth-day of the late Queen,* which happened on the first of March, the day sacred to the tutelar saint of Wales. This sufficiently appears by the significant strut of the self-sufficient Welchman, proud of the enormous leek which, in honour of the day, he carries in his hat. By the shallow importance of his face, we learn the disposition of that people, who vainly boast of what they have no pretensions to, and signalize themselves in empty pride and senseless particularity; for no other motive could sure induce him to wear his sword on the wrong side. During this unexpected disaster of our fashionable spendthrift, the young woman whom he had formerly debauched, and whom providence had made the mistress of a little money, in the millinery way, very opportunely passes by; and, with a heart full of tenderness and affection, gives him a convincing proof of her continued love; returns his baseness with unmerited kindness; pays the debt, and sets the man at liberty. Hence we perceive the virtuous constancy of the female sex, whose affection, when once rooted, the severest treatment can hardly alienate; and on the contrary, the fickle disposition and killing cruelty of the other, which prides itself in the ruin of virgin innocence, and glories in acts of studied barbarity. In this view of St. James's,† we

* Queen Caroline.

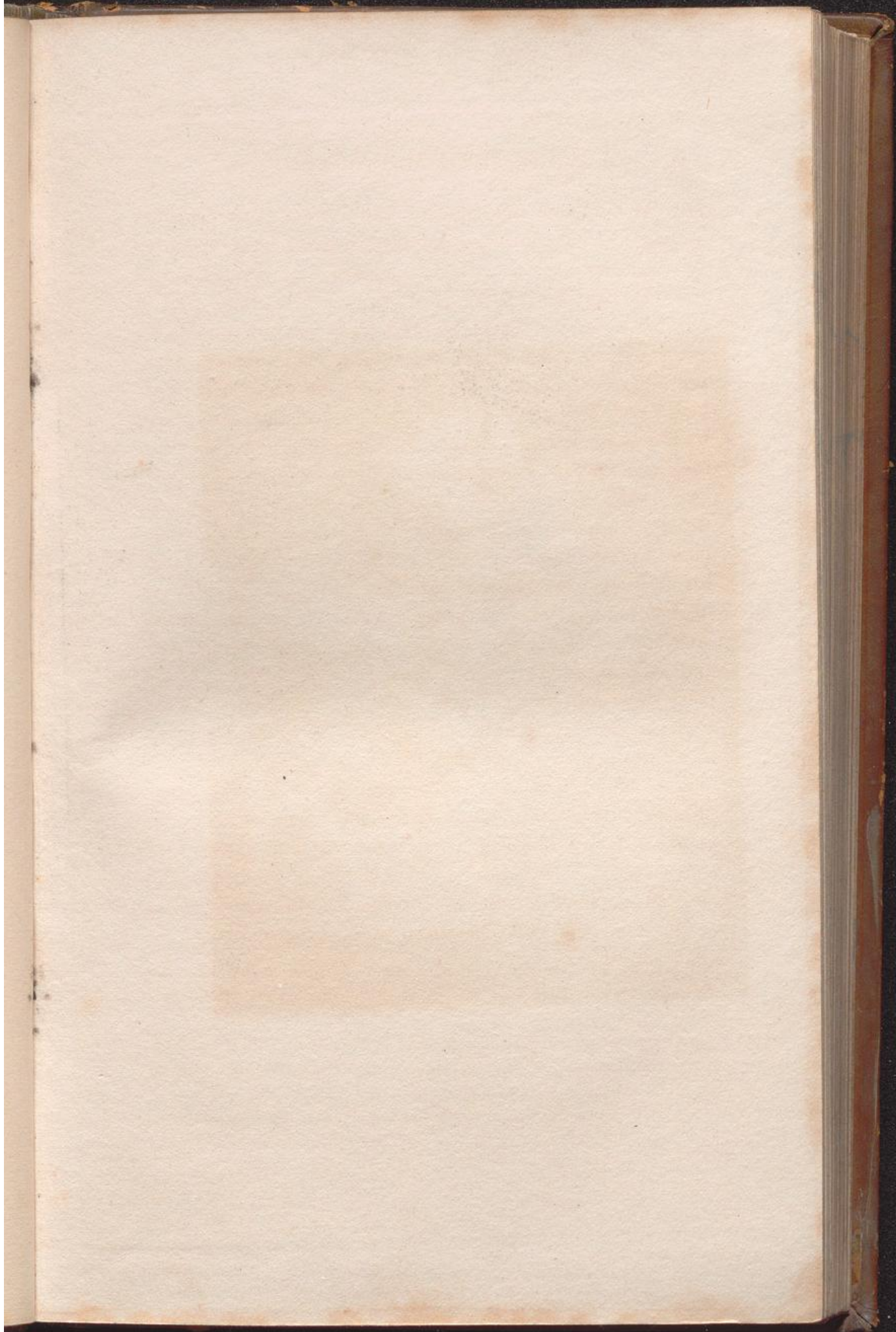
† The Royal Palace.

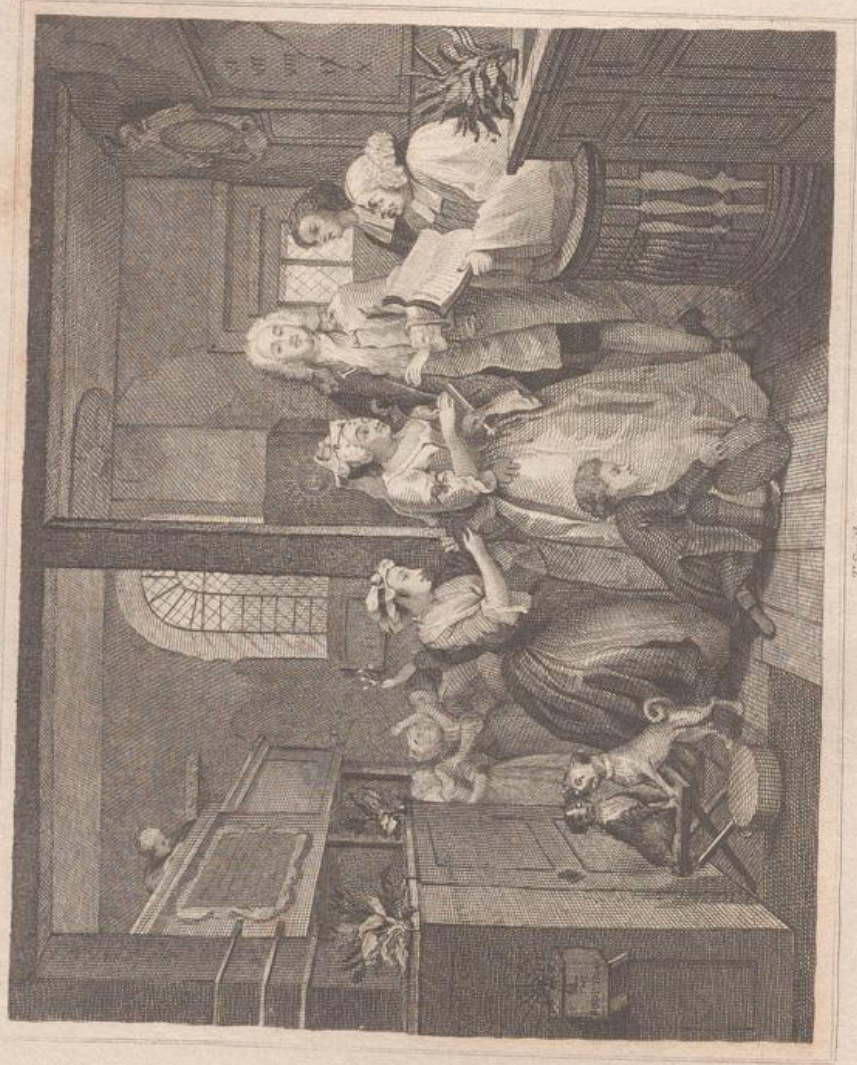
have at the same time that of White's,* a house, against which, for its continued iniquity, heaven seems now to direct its severest vengeance. By way of contrast, and to shew us that the true spirit of gaming subsists as well in low life as in that of high, our author has humorously represented an assembly of shoe-blacks, chimney-sweepers, postilions, and others, gambling with the greatest earnestness; and distinguished it in opposition to that of White's, by the name of Black's.† He has brought to our view also, the various ways of gaming among the lower class of people, such as the tricking cups and balls, the pricking in the belt, the throwing of dice, and playing at cards. One is supposed to have lost his clothes, and is now proposing to play for his basket and brushes; an evident proof of the madness of such persons who will often enter so far into the vice in question, as to play away every individual thing they possess, and strip themselves naked, even of a maintenance. To carry on and perfect the scene, as a contrast to that of the Chocolate-house before-mentioned, Mr. Hogarth has given us a little smutty politician, with a pipe in his mouth, conning over the Farthing-post.‡ The figure of the Lamp-lighter spilling the oil, through inattention to his business, on our hero's head, a circumstance too common, though here conveniently introduced, is calculated only to enrich the piece and support its humour, it being our author's intention to make his prints as well entertaining as instructive.

* A Chocolate-house in St. James's-street, London, called after the name of the man who kept it; formerly the rendezvous of the first gamblers in the land.

† [This very admirable underplot was an after-thought of the author. In the first state of the plate there was a shoe-black stealing a cane in the place of the present group.]

‡ A Newspaper then called by that name, and sold for a farthing.





T. Smith. sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS. - PL. 5.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, June 30, 1831.

This unexpected arrest is the fore-runner only of like misfortunes, being as it were the beginning of his sorrows ; unable now to discharge his just debts, the showers of distress are coming heavy on him, nor has he any other means of sheltering himself from the impending storm, than by an union with an old rich widow, to whom he had made his addresses, under the mask of hypocrisy.*

PLATE V.

Behold him then at the altar, embracing the happy opportunity of recruiting his wasted fortune by a marriage with this deformed and superannuated female, ordinary even to a proverb, and possessed but of one eye. Youth and beauty, though they were the least of his aim, were the reigning objects of hers. Amazing folly of the sex, who pay no regard either to decency or discretion, so they indulge their vanity, and satisfy their wanton inclinations !—With respect to the men, money is their only idol ; domestic happiness

* The following are the lines affixed to this plate.

O vanity of youthful blood,
 So by misuse to poison good !
 Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd
 The sacred gates he watch'd to guard :
 Approaching views the harpy Law,
 And Poverty, with icy paw,
 Ready to seize the poor remains
 That Vice hath left of all his gains.
 Cold Penitence, tame After-thought,
 With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,
 Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
 Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd.

being least regarded (though we cannot but observe his inward inclinations by his amorous leer upon the girl behind, even in the most solemn part of the matrimonial service, which his affected bride imagines directed to herself, and which she returns with a squint of satisfaction.) As this wedding was designed to be a private one, they are supposed to have retired for that purpose to the church of St. Mary-la-bone ;* but as secret as he thought to keep it, it did not fail to reach the ears of that unfortunate young woman whom he had formerly seduced, and who is here represented, entering with her child and mother, in order to forbid the solemnization. They are however opposed by the pew-opener, lest, through an interruption of the ceremony, she should lose her customary fee, and a battle consequently ensues. A manifest token of the small regard paid to these sacred places. By the decayed appearance of the walls of this building, the torn belief, and cracked commandments, our author would humorously and effectually intimate the great indifference shewn to the decency of churches in country parishes, which are in reality more like hovels than places of worship ; (this, whatever may be thought of it, is little less than profane) and at the same time the great decay of Christian piety, and general disregard to all things sacred. With respect to the dogs, they are introduced only as a droll emblem of the subject in hand ; being one of the

* A small village, formerly in the outskirts of London ; now joined to it, by the great increase of buildings.

[It is almost superfluous to remark upon the immense enlargement of this parish since the first appearance of this work,—it being such as to have demanded five new churches for the use of the inhabitants, although the old one is still in existence and service continues to be performed in it.]

pug breed,* paying his court to a one-eyed bitch. On one of the pews are the following lines ;

THESE : PEWES : VNCRVD : AND : TAN : IN : SVNDER
 IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
 TO : WIT : A : VALT : FOR : BVRIAL : THERE : IS
 WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR HIM : AND : HIS

By the orthography of which, and its wretched metre, we are taught the folly and vanity of mankind, in immortalizing their names at the loss of their good sense and reputation. The only thing further to be taken notice of, is that of the poor's box, whose perforation is humorously covered with a web, where a spider is supposed to have been a long time settled, not finding so good a resting-place before ; † and it is probable she might have continued there much longer, had not the overseer, in private, searched the box with a view of stealing its contents. Hence are we given to understand, that dissipation so far prevails as to drive humanity from the heart ; and that so selfish are we grown, as to have no feeling for the distresses of our fellow-creatures ; a matter which, while it disgraces the christian, even degrades the man. ‡

* Trump, a favourite dog of Mr. Hogarth's, which he has painted in many of his pieces.

† [Adverting to this incident, as also to the cracked commandments, and the creed destroyed by the damps of the church, Mr. Ireland observes, " These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour, were perhaps never equalled by an exertion of the pencil ; excelled they cannot be."]

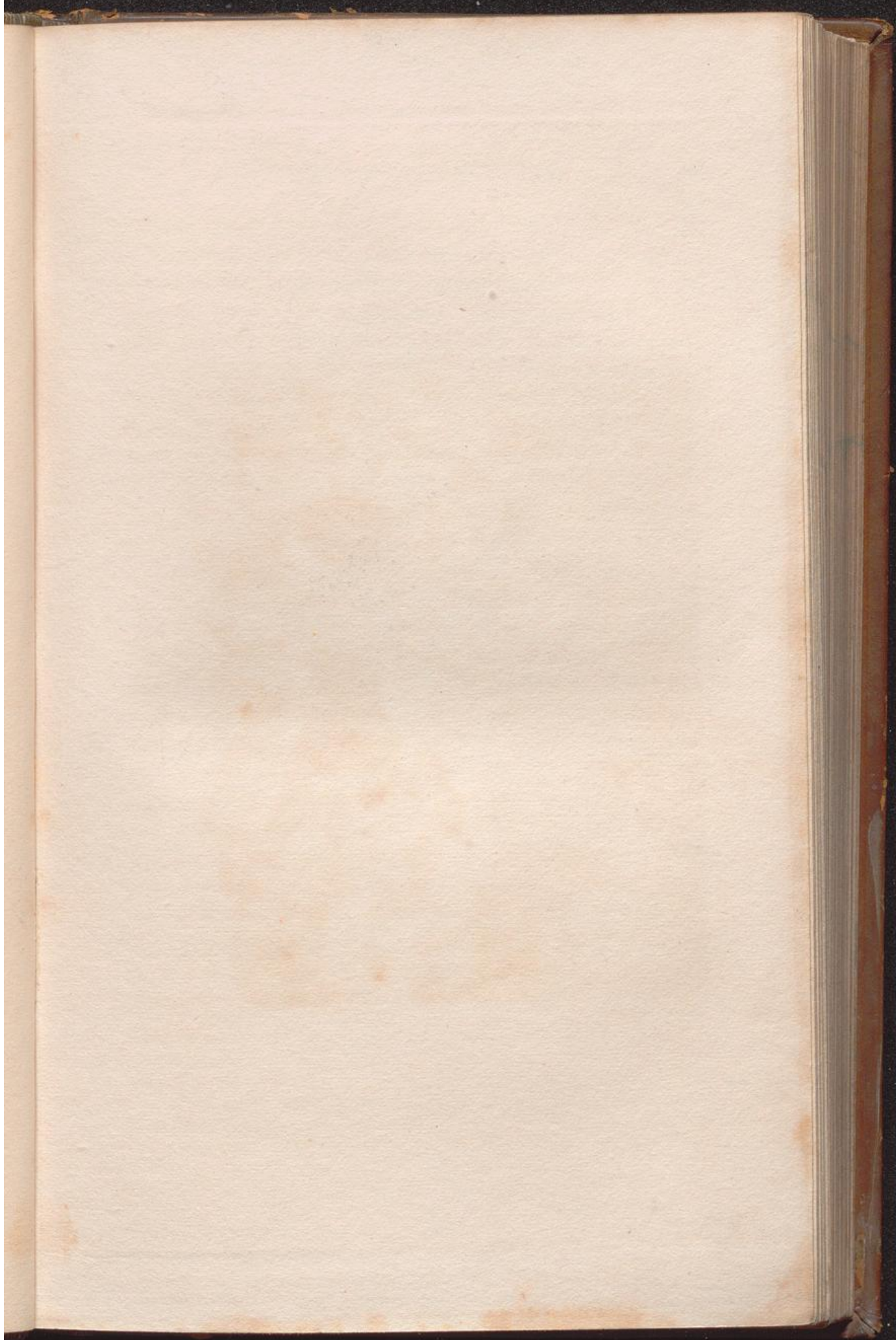
‡ The poetry beneath this plate, is,
 New to the school of hard Mishap,
 Driv'n from the ease of Fortune's lap,
 What shames will nature not embrace,
 T' avoid less shame of lean Distress ?
 Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
 And mask Deformity with shew ;

Flushed now with money, and once more master of a fortune, one would naturally imagine he would endeavour to avoid those rocks on which he split before, and be careful not to reduce himself to that distressed situation he was lately in; no, on the contrary, he hurries into his usual extravagance, with this difference only, that whereas before he never cherished a single thought of gain, he now seems to make it his chief study; in hopes then of adding to his wealth, he rashly takes the most effectual step to lessen it. Strange infatuation, that men should be so blind to their interest, and see not their error 'till their ruin is inevitable!

PLATE VI.

View him then in pursuit of his favourite scheme at a gaming-table, in the middle of the night, in company with gamesters and highwaymen, and sharpers; for at these public tables all sorts of people are admitted that have money to play with; see him, after a run of ill-luck, upon his knees, in a desperate fit of phrenzy, gnashing his teeth, and imprecating divine vengeance upon his head. On his right hand sits a highwayman by the fire-side, (which is covered with a grate, to prevent such accidents as might accrue from the rage of the company) vexed to the soul to think he should have lost, in a short space of time, that which he had hazarded his life in the obtaining of; and so absorbed is he in reflection, as not even to observe the boy who is jogging him, and bawling to him to take his water. Behind him

Gold can avert the sting of Shame,
 In Winter's arms create a flame,
 Can couple Youth with hoary Age,
 And make antipathies engage.





C. Dye sc.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 6.

Published by John Major, 50, Fleet Street, Sept. 1, 1831.

stands one who has met with the same fate, biting his nails with self-anger. At the small table sits a usurer, a common attendant on these occasions, lending money to one of the players at an exorbitant interest. Behind him sits another loser, ready to beat his brains for madness, and cursing his ill fortune with bitterness. Behind him further back is another, in a mood of the greatest rashness, striking with his naked sword at the person supposed to have won his money, whose murder he would certainly accomplish, if not prevented by the intervention of another. To add to this scene of horror and general confusion, they are suddenly alarmed by the watchman with the cry of fire, which is presently found to issue from the wainscot of the room they are in. A noble emblem of the place, intimating that the hope of a gamester is but as a smoke ; and that his pernicious vice is as destructive as fire itself. From this incident we also learn, that so perfectly engrossed is the attention of the persons present, that had it not been for the timely entrance of this man, they would probably have been all burnt before the fire was discovered. Upon the whole, the general tenor of this plate is to create in us an abhorrence of the vice in question, by representing, in its true light, the dreadful consequences of a passion for gaming. Admitting that for a while we have an uncommon share of good luck, still the satisfaction we enjoy on that account, when the tables turn, will in no measure compensate for the bitterness and vexation that attends our loss : nay, it often throws us into a fit of desperate discontent, when even murder shall become the sequel, and heighten the catastrophe.*

* These are the lines annexed to this plate.

Gold, thou bright son of Phœbus, source,
Of universal intercourse ;

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PLATE VII.

By a very natural transition, Mr. Hogarth has passed him from a gaming-house into a prison;* the inevitable consequence of extravagance. He is here represented in a most distressful situation, without a coat to his back, without money, without a friend to help him. Beggared by a course of ill-luck, the common attendant on the gamester, having first made away with every valuable he was master of, and having now no other resource left to retrieve his wretched circumstances, he at last vainly promising himself success, commences author, and attempts, though inadequate to the task, to write a play, which we see lying on the table, just returned, with an answer from the manager of the theatre, to whom he had offered it for acceptance, that his piece

Of weeping virtue, sweet redress,
 And, blessing those, who live to bless;
 Yet, oft, behold this sacred trust,
 The fool of avaricious lust,
 No longer bond of human-kind,
 But, bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.

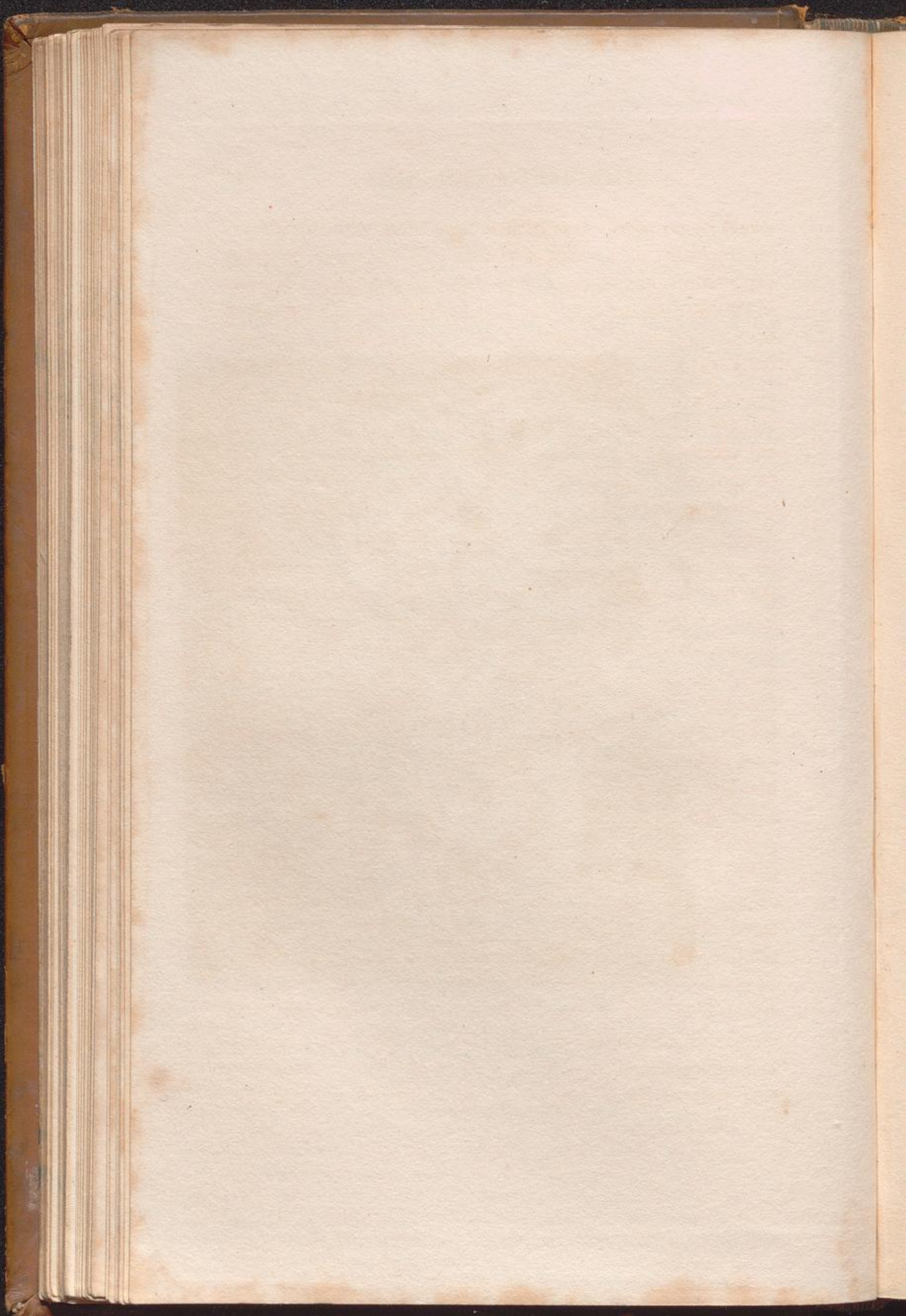
What chaos such misuse attends!
 Friendship stoops to prey on Friends;
 Health, that gives relish to delight,
 Is wasted with the wasting night:
 Doubt and mistrust are thrown on heaven,
 And, all its pow'r to chance is given.
 Sad purchase of repentant tears,
 Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
 Of hopes, of moments, pangs of years! }
 Sad purchase of a tortur'd mind,
 To an imprison'd body join'd.

* Supposed to be that of the Fleet.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, PL. 7.

Published by John Mayor 50 Fleet Street, Sept. 21. 1831.



would by no means do. Struck speechless with this alarming incident, all his hopes vanish, and his most sanguine expectations are changed into dejection of spirit. To add to this distress, he is reproached by his wife, and upbraided for his perfidy, in concealing from her his former connections, (with that unhappy girl, who is here present, with her child, the innocent offspring of her amours, fainting at the sight of his misfortunes, being unable to relieve him further) and plunging her into those difficulties, she never shall be able to surmount. To heighten also the scene, see the underturnkey pressing him for his prison-fees, called garnish-money, and the boy refusing to leave the beer he called for, without being first paid for it. Among those assisting the fainting mother, one of whom we observe clapping her hand, another applying the drops, is a man, crusted over as it were with the rust of a goal; supposed to have started from his dream, having been disturbed by the noise, at a time when he was settling some affairs of state; to have left his great plan unfinished; and to have hurried to the assistance of distress. We are told, by the papers falling from his lap, one of which contains a scheme for paying the national debt, that his confinement is owing to that itch of politics some persons are troubled with, who will neglect their own affairs in order to busy themselves in that which no ways concerns them, and which they in no respect understand, though their immediate ruin shall follow it: nay, so infatuated do we find him, so taken up with his beloved object, as not to spare a few minutes in the decency of his person. In the back part of this room is one who owes his ruin to an indefatigable search after the Philosopher's Stone. Strange and unaccountable!—Hence we are taught, as well as by that pair of human wings on the tester of the bed, that

scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary ; and that more men owe their misfortunes to wild and romantic notions, than to any accident in life whatever.

In this upset of his life, and aggravation of distress, we are to suppose him almost driven beyond his reason. Now, for the first time, he feels the severe effects of pinching cold, and griping hunger. At this melancholy season, reflection finds a passage to his heart. Now, rolls he, in his mind, the folly and sinfulness of his past life ;—considers within himself, how idly he has wasted that precious substance, he is, at present, in the utmost need of ;—looks back with shame on the iniquity of his actions, and forward with horror, on the rueful scene of misery that awaits him ; till his poor brain, torn with excruciating thought, loses at once its power of thinking, and falls a sacrifice to merciless despair.*

* The following are the lines annexed to this plate.

Happy the man, whose constant thought,
(Tho' 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 that shine thro'
The gloom of age, and, cast a ray,
To gild the ev'ning of his day !

Not so the guilty wretch confin'd,
No pleasures meet his roving mind,
No blessings fetch'd from early youth,
But, broken Faith, and, wretched Truth,
Talents idle, and, unus'd
And, every gift of heaven abus'd,
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors, still, to horrors tost,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And, gives the helm to mad Despair.

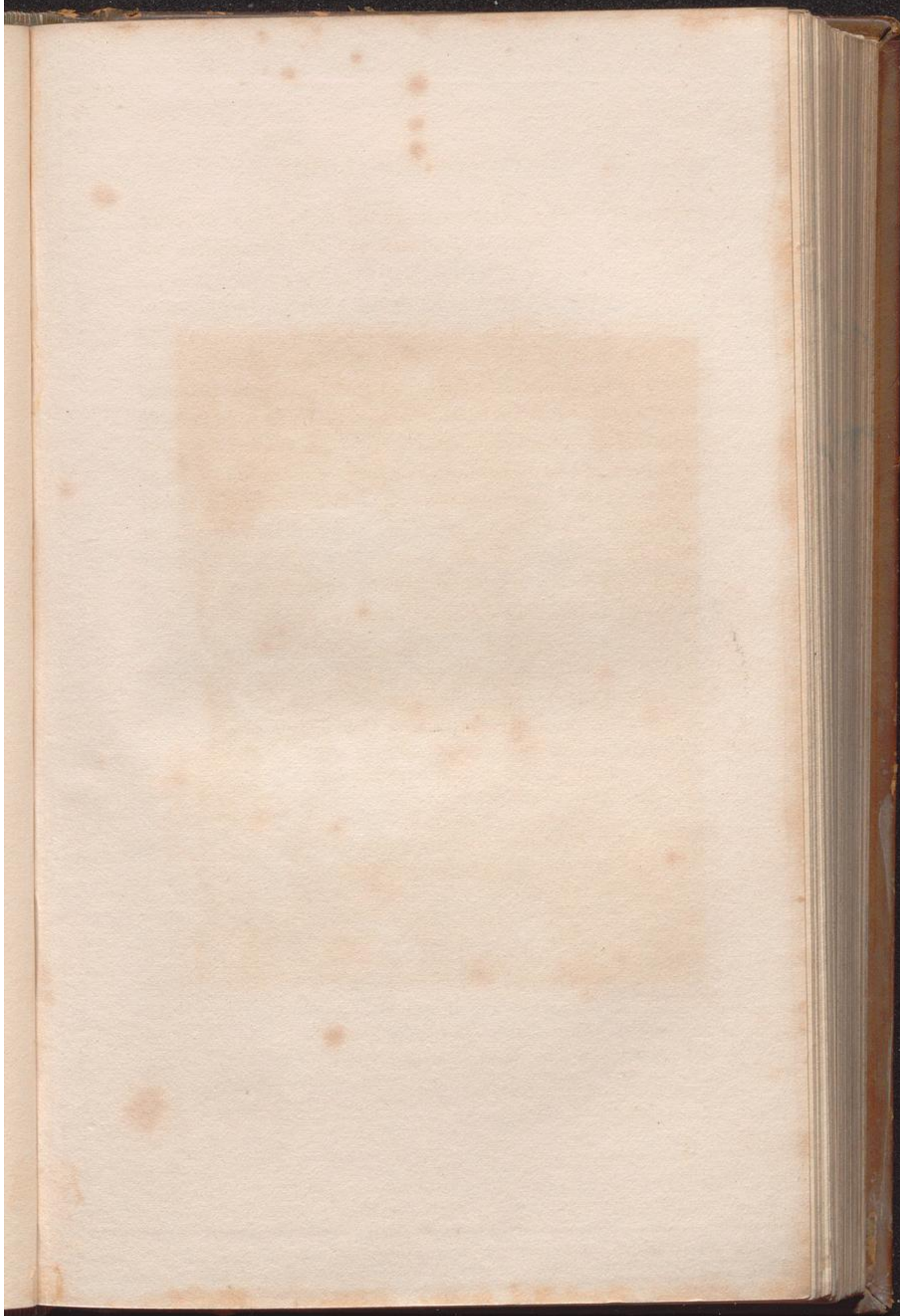


PLATE VIII.*

See him then raving in all the dismal horrors of hopeless insanity, removed from one place of confinement to another, namely, the hospital of *Bethlehem*, the senate of mankind, where each man may find a representative; there, we behold him trampling on the first great law of nature, tearing himself to pieces with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent any further mischief, he might either do to himself or others. Madness, sad blemish of our nature!—Was it not for this charitable institution, what dreadful consequences would ensue!—How would the poor distracted being when the restraint of fear and shame were fled, and when stubborn self-will had lost its guard; how would it waste in endless ravings, exist a torment to itself, and a terror to mankind! But beneath this friendly roof, nursed by the tender interposing hand of humanity, we often see the shattered senses

* [Respecting this print, Mr. Ireland relates the following anecdote of that excellent artist, and amiable man, Mr. Mortimer. “He was once requested to delineate several of the Passions, as they are personified by Mr. Gray. One of the subjects proposed was,

‘Moody Madness laughing wild amid severest woe.’

The instant this line was read to him, he opened a portfolio, took out the eighth plate of the *Rake's Progress*, and pointing to the principal figure, exclaimed, ‘Sir, if I had never seen this print, I should say it was not possible to paint these contending passions in the same countenance. Having seen this, which displays Mr. Gray's idea with the faithfulness of a mirror, I dare not attempt it. I could only make a correct copy; for a deviation from this portrait, in a single line, would be a departure from the character.’”]

resume their former powers, and useless members restored once more to society. Still, to this doleful place, we behold our hero followed by his former mistress, and are hence taught the wonderful effects of love and friendship, which will stand firm and unshaken in the storms of distress, and will not desert us, even amid the soul-distracting tempest of adversity. Our author, in this scene of horror, has taken an opportunity of pointing out to us the various causes of mental blindness, for such surely it may be called when the intuitive faculties are either destroyed or impaired. In one of the inner rooms of this gallery, No. 54, is a despairing wretch imploring Heaven for mercy, whose brain is crazed with lip-labouring superstition, the most dreadful enemy of human kind, which attended with ignorance, error, penance, and indulgence, too often deprives its unhappy votaries of their senses. The next in view, is one man drawing lines upon a wall, in order if possible to find out the longitude, and another before him looking through a paper, by way of telescope; by these expressive figures we are given to understand, that such is the misfortune of man, that while, perhaps, the aspiring soul is pursuing some lofty and elevated conception, soaring to an uncommon pitch, and teeming with some grand discovery, the ferment often proves too strong for the feeble brain to support; the intenseness of thought disconcerts the slender fibres; the thin partitions and inclosures, which keep the ideas separate, and ranged in a beautiful order, are burst asunder by the force of the labouring imagination; and the whole magazine of notions and images, lie jumbled together, and mingled in wild confusion. It may probably be wondered at, why Mr. Hogarth should have introduced into this piece, so trifling an object

as a tailor, for such that man is intended to represent, who is staring at the mad astronomer, with a sort of wild astonishment, wondering through excess of ignorance, what discoveries the heavens can possibly afford; proud of his profession, he has fixed variety of patterns in his hat, by way of ornament; has covered his poor weak head with shreads; and makes his measure the constant object of his attention: I say, it may probably be wondered at, why so trifling a character should be here introduced; among others, whose insanity is supposed to be owing to passions of a more exalted nature; but the wonder will immediately cease, when it is known that a certain nobleman,* some few years since, had such an unaccountable passion for cutting out, and making up of clothes, as to keep several men for that purpose in his house, with whom, and in which employ, he spent the major part of his time and fortune. He was of opinion that a tailor should be born such, that he ought to be master of the various rules of proportion: man being a beautiful animal, and his form not designed to be destroyed by the lacerating hands of a mangling cloth-cutter. Behind this man stands another, playing on the violin, with his book upon his head, intimating that too great a love for music had been the cause of his distraction. On the stairs sits another, crazed by love, (evident from the picture of his beloved object round his neck, and the words, "charming Betty Careless," upon the banisters, which he is supposed to scratch upon every wall and every wainscot,) and wrapt up so close in melancholy pensiveness, as not even to observe the dog that's flying at him. Our author would insinuate, by the handkerchief round his neck, that love seldom, if ever, works this unhappy effect upon the truly brave, the sensible, and

* Lord L——r.

manly ; but preys thus only on the fribble, the ignorant, and effeminate. Behind him, and in the other inner room, No. 55, are two persons maddened with ambition, which is a kind of dropsy ; the more we drink the more we covet. These men, though under the same influence of the same passion, are actuated by different notions, one is for papal dignity, the other for regal ; one imagines himself Pope, and saying mass ; the other fancies himself a King, is encircled with the true emblem of Royalty, Sceptres being little less than straw, and Crowns than Chaff, and is casting contempt on his imaginary subjects, by an act of the greatest disdain. To brighten this distressful scene, and draw a smile from him, whose rigid reasoning might condemn the bringing into publick view this blemish of humanity, are two women introduced, walking in the gallery, (a customary thing at *Bedlam*,) as curious spectators of this melancholy sight ; one of whom is supposed, in a whisper, to bid the other observe the naked man, which she takes an opportunity of doing, by a leer through the sticks of her fan. An admirable lesson to the prude, who is here taught that fallacies of all kinds are odious, more particularly hers, which seldom fails to bring the laugh upon itself. To complete the whole, is a draught of the halfpenny reversed, (struck in the year 1763,) against the wall, representing the Britannia, also craz'd ; an emblem of the disposition of the times, which were then so extremely unaccountable, as to savour strongly of madness ; nor are they so much altered since, but that, at present, the satire is equally seasonable.*

* The lines to this plate are,

Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
 What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain ? }
 Tyranny of Fancy's reign !

Thus, imagining the hero of our piece to expire raving mad, the story is finished, and little else remains, than to close it with a proper application. Reflect, then, ye parents, on this tragic tale; consider with yourselves, that the ruin of a child is often owing to the imprudence of a father. Had the young man, whose story I have related, been taught the proper use of money; had his parent given him some insight into life, and graven, as it were, upon his heart the precepts of religion, possessing him with an abhorrence of vice; had he instilled in his mind the duties of a son, a husband, and a father; and with the liberal education he was giving him, shewn him the claim society had to his best services; I say, had he done this, instead of studying how to enrich himself at the expence of all that was good and virtuous, our youth would, in all probability, have taken a contrary course, lived a credit to his friends, and an honour to his country; but raw and unexperienced in the ways of

Mechanic Fancy that can build
Vast labyrinths, and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
Shapes of horror, that wou'd, 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 Heav'n effac'd by thee.—
The head-strong 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.

life, he idly imagined he was accountable to no one for his conduct ; that there was no true pleasure but in the gratification of his passions ; and that his treasures were inexhaustible ; led thus unthinkingly into a track of wickedness and profusion, he soon made a shipwreck of his virtue, and fell an early sacrifice to ignorance and error.

Having through the course of these pages made such reflections on the particular incidents that occurred, as renders it unnecessary to say more, I shall only beg leave to address myself, by way of conclusion, to such persons as this history alludes to, namely, gentlemen, whom fortune has placed in an exalted station. Let me tell you then, from the mouth of an experienced moralist, that you cannot, without unpardonable guilt and reproach, waste and fool away your life and fortune. You ought to reflect, that you owe more to God and your country, than others do. To God, to his providence you owe it, that you are born to those fortunes which others toil for. Oh ! consider, you are masters of that time which others are forced to devote to their wants and necessities, and that you are placed at first in those advantageous heights, which others climb to by slow and tedious steps. Your guilt is therefore greater than the poorer man is capable of ; while you invade the honour of that God, from whom alone you derived yours ; while you dethrone him who raised you, and employ all your power and treasure against that being from whom you received them. And as you owe to God, so do you to your country, more than other men. You are those who should be the support and ornament of it ; you are placed in higher orbs, not that like meteors, your ominous blaze should be the gaze and terror of the multitude ; but that like stars, you might lighten

and beautify, animate and impregnate the inferior world. If your virtues do not more distinguish you from the crowd than your fortunes, you are exposed, not honoured, by the eminence of your station; and you debauch and betray your poor country by your sin and folly, which your example, your wisdom, your courage, and your bounty, with all those other great virtues which persons of your rank should shine with, should protect, enrich, and raise to the highest reputation of virtue and power. Reflect well on this, and shudder.