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WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 9, 1792.

Character of the celebrated Mr. Hogarth.

By MR. IRELAND.

WERE it considered by a connoisseur, he would probably assert, that this man could not be a painter, for he had never travelled to Rome;—could not be a judge of art, for he spoke irreverently of the ancients; gave his fingers neither dignity nor grace; was erroneous in his distribution of light and shade, and inattentive to the painter's balance; that his grouping was inartificial, and his engraving coarse.

To traverse continents in search of antique paintings, explore caverns for mutilated sculpture, and measure the proportions of a statue with mathematical precision, was not the boast of William Hogarth. The temple of nature was his academy, and his topography the map of the human mind. Disdaining to copy or translate, he left the superior class of beings that people the canvasses of Poussin and Michael Angelo to their admirers, selected his images from his own country, and gave them with a verity, energy, and variety of character*, ever appropriate, and invariably original. Considering his peculiar powers, it is fortunate for his fame that he was a native of Britain. In Switzerland the scenery is romantic, the rocks are stupendous; in Italy the models of art are elevated and majestic; the ruins

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* He frequently drew sketches of heads upon his nail, and, when he came home, copied them on paper, from whence they were transferred to his plates.

of ancient Greece still continue a school of architecture and proportion; but in England, and England only, we have every variety of character that separates man from man. To these he resorted, and rarely attempted to heighten nature by either ideal or elevated beauty; for though he had the eye, he had not the wing of an eagle; when he attempted to soar, particles of his native clay clung to his pinions, and retarded his flight.

His engravings, though coarse, are forcible, in a degree scarcely to be paralleled. Every figure is drawn from the quarry of nature, and, though seldom polished, is always animated.

He has been accused of grossness in some of his single figures; but the general vein of his wit is better calculated to make the man of humour smile, than the humourist laugh; has the air of Cervantes, rather than Rabelais; of Fielding, rather than Smollet.

I do not know in what class to place his pictured stories. They are too much crowded with little incidents for the dignity of history; for tragedy, are too comic, yet have a termination that forbids us to call them comedies. Being selected from life, they present to us the absurdities, crimes, punishments, and vicissitudes of man; to day basking in the bright beam of prosperity, to morrow sunk in the gloom of comfortless despair. Be it recorded to his honour, that their invariable tendency is the promotion of virtue, and diffusion of such a spirit as tends to make men industrious, humane, and happy. If some of the incidents are thought too ludicrous, and a few of the scenes rather bold on the licentious, let it be remembered that, since they were engraved, the standard of delicacy has been somewhat altered; that species of wit which this sentimental and double-refined age deems too much debased for common currency, was then, with a still larger portion of alloy, the sterling coin of the kingdom.

On canvass he was not so successful as on copper. Scripture history, which was one of his first attempts, did not add a leaf to his laurel. In small portraits of conversations, &c. he was somewhat more successful; but in a few years the novelty wore off, and the public grew tired. Though he had great facility*, and general success in his resemblances, his eye was too correct, and

* G. M. Hainforth, Esq. of Berkley-Square, has in his possession a portrait of the late Justice Walsh, which, for a wager, Mr. Hogarth painted in less than an hour; and it is said to be a strong resemblance.

and his hand too faithful for those who wished to be flattered. The fantastic fluttering robes, given by contemporary painters, were too absurd for him to imitate; and he painted all his figures in the exact habits they wore. Compared with the dignified dresses of Vandyke, the Germanic habit which then prevailed, gave a mean and unpicturesque formality to his portraits.

Though hardly to be classed as a little man, Hogarth was rather below the middle size; had an eye peculiarly bright and piercing; and an air of spirit and vivacity. From an accident in his youth he had a deep scar on his forehead; the mark remained, and he frequently wore his hat so as to display it. His conversation was lively and cheerful, mixed with a quickness of retort that did not gain him friends. Severe in his satire on those who were present, but of the absent he was usually the advocate; and has sometimes boasted that he never uttered a sentence concerning any man living that he would not repeat to his face. In the relations of husband, brother, friend, and master, he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent. In diet abstemious; but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted. Not parsimonious, yet frugal; but such were the rewards then paid to artists, that, after the labour of a long life, he left a very inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a large sum of what was bequeathed. His character, and the illustrations I have attempted, are built upon a diligent examination of his prints: If in any case it should be thought that they have biased my judgment, I can truly say, that they have informed it. From them I have learnt much, which I should not otherwise have known; and to inspecting them I owe many very happy hours. Considering their originality, variety, and truth, if we take from the artist all that he is said to have wanted, he will have more left than has been often the portion of man.

The ERROR of a GOOD FATHER:

A T A L E.

By M. MARMONTEL.

(Continued from Page 6.)

“YOU will take it for granted, that the abuse was the only part of these complaints that came to my ears.

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A step-mother, a fury, an unnatural father;—"See" said my wife, "see how at twelve years old, he speaks of you and me. I afflict you, and I am grieved myself to see such a disposition in a child. But nature in so tender an age is not perhaps inflexible. I have heard of a worthy man in a priory, near the forest of Lyons, who takes children to board with him, and brings them up with the greatest care. He has above all the gift of correcting their disposition, rendering the most stubborn tempers gentle and simple." She then mentioned several instances, and seeing me overwhelmed; "There is no help for it," said she, "it is an evil whence good may spring. Your son's mind announces a great deal of energy; but it must be mastered, if you do not wish to see his fiery temper lead him to commit the most dreadful excesses."

"What could I oppose to this advice, persuaded as I was that my son's violence was natural to him. I consented to his leaving the house, which he himself seemed to desire. A village, a solitude in the heart of a forest, nothing seemed to shake his resolution.

"The day of his departure, when he came to take leave of me, he advanced with a serious and steady air that would have surprised me in a man. "Go, son," said I, "go and learn to govern your temper, and come back some time hence with more docility and moderation. Give me a kiss, and bid me farewell."—It was at this moment that his poor heart was bursting. Instead of throwing himself into my arms, he fell at my feet, and took my hand. Ah! my good friend, I think I still feel upon this hand, the impression of his burning lips. "You are not then unfeeling," said I, seeing him half stifled by his sobs?—"Unfeeling! I! Ah! my good father," said he, in the most affecting tone. "Well," rejoined I, "if you be well disposed, if you love your father, promise him to mend."—"Mend!" said he, in a faltering voice. "What then is the crime of your child? Is it the having——." Here he stopped, and looking up at me with an expression that pierced me to the heart; "Father," said he, "my dear father, in the name of her who is dead and gone, give your blessing to your child, who is going to leave you." He was at my feet, and while I bade heaven bless him, he bedewed them with his tears.

"I was as much affected as he, and nature, which pleaded in his looks, and in my heart, was about to reconcile us: My arms were opened, and his pardon was upon my lips. Alas!

one word more, and what a world of torments should I have avoided.

"At that moment his mother-in-law made her appearance with her two children. "Rise, son," said I, "kiss your mother's hand, and ask the continuance of her kindness." At these words his tears stopped, his whole soul took fire, and a look of indignation was the only farewell my wife received from him. I bade him embrace his brothers; but he pushed them scornfully away, and fell again at my feet. "Father," said he, "forgive me! I love and revere you; but do not force me to kiss the hand that oppresses me; do not order me to embrace"—"Get up, unnatural child," said I, "I no longer own you;" and when he was walking away with the wildness of despair upon his countenance, I exclaimed, "Let him go, and never let him appear before my face again."

"What I had seen of the fire and harshness of his temper, the persuasion I was in that his hatred of his mother-in-law was unjust, and my hopes that his removal from home, with riper years, and the assiduity of a good master, would correct his bad temper; all this, I say, softened the impression his departure made upon my mind, and caused his absence to appear advantageous both to him and myself.

"But the fatal prepossession that had ruined him in his father's opinion, was equally injurious to him in that of his tutor. The worthy man was a composition of music and pedantic manners. You may imagine how he went about correcting a spirit that was represented to him as ungovernable, and which, if he could not bend, he was ordered to break. A severe and tiresome discipline, a rough manner, with strict and rigorous rules, forever attended by threats and chastisement; every thing, in short, that is most oppressive in power, and most painful in slavery, was the system of education to which my son was subjected. His feelings were hurt by it, and he conceived an aversion for every thing imposed by so hard a task-master.

"But what afflicted him the most was his being told, whenever he complained of the constraint and rigour of his situation, that such was the will of a justly irritated father. "Justly irritated!" would he exclaim, shedding tears, "ah! if he had known, if he could but know the heart of his child! Curse on the wretches who have thus envenomed the heart of a kind parent. Curse on the serpent whose poison is instilled into it every day, and all day long!" And when his master reproached him with hating study, he used to answer; "no, it is not
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study that I hate, 'tis life; nor do I know why I so long defer my deliverance."

"Severe as his master was, he was nevertheless obliged sometimes to relax a little, to appease him. My son was therefore allowed now and then some moments for diversion; but the only use he made of his liberty was to seek solitude; and when he was found there immersed in his gloomy melancholy, and asked the cause, he used to say, "he was sick."—"And where is your complaint?"—"It is here," answered he, striking his bosom at the place where his heart was beating.

"If I had then known what I have known since, I should have been sensible of my injustice, and should have gone, in spite of my wife, to embrace and console my unhappy boy. A single caress, a mark of kindness from me, would have changed his disposition: He would have grown gentle and affectionate in my arms. But it was never to me that his master wrote; and the most afflicting passages of his letters were the only ones I saw. But a trait of cruelty I cannot pardon, even to the shade of her who was guilty of it, was the keeping back of the letters that my son wrote to me in the paroxysms of his grief.

"It was the despair to which my silence reduced him, that made him take his last resolution. He ran away; and the vicinity of the forest of Lyons favouring his flight, a single night enabled him to baffle the pursuit of a man, whose means of sending after him were but small.

"When I received the news of his escape, or perhaps of his death, I felt the shock that so fatal an accident must occasion in the mind of a father. But my wife had address enough to divert my grief, by pretending to look upon this event as a piece of youthful folly, and by assuring me that in a few days my son would either be brought back, or would return of his own accord. In the mean time, we agreed to keep the matter private, though I did not spare my endeavours to find him out. The idea that gave a wrong direction to my search, was the supposition that he might be gone on board a merchant ship, as often happens to the children of low people. I wrote to all the sea-ports, and sent thither his description, although I did not name him. But the most exact and diligent enquiries were all to no purpose, and at the end of six months deceitful hopes, I fell into the afflicting persuasion that my son was no more.

"No means were neglected to dispel my grief, and to divert my tenderness and attention to the bringing up of my two remaining

maintaining children under my own inspection. But, as if nature had been resolved to revenge a step-mother's cruelty, both her sons were carried off by a rapid infection. That contagion, which in our climates is so fatal in the early periods of life, seized them both together; and their inconsolable mother soon followed them to the grave.

"Thus was I left alone, overwhelmed with sorrow; but as I did not think myself to blame, I should have had fortitude enough to bear with patience all the rigour of my fate, if Heaven, which leaves nothing unpunished, had not made me discover, at the bottom of a bureau, the affecting letters that my unfortunate son had written to me during his exile, and that my wife had concealed. Ah! my dear friend, it was from that moment that my bosom was haunted by the deep and poignant grief, of which you saw me the prey.

"In what a style were those letters written! I recollect the last, and will repeat it to you: "What, my dear father," said he, "will you never afford a word of consolation to your unhappy child? Ten letters, couched in the most tender and suppliant terms; ten letters, bathed in the tears of an unoffending son, whose only request is that you will cease to hate him, could not obtain that last favour. O, Sir, write me the consolatory words, the words that will restore me to life, "My child, I do not hate you." I will kiss the sacred characters a thousand times a day. They shall be imprinted upon my lips, and engraved on my heart. That heart overflows with respect and tenderness for you. It is not of you that it complains. Cease then any longer to rend it by your unkindness. It has hitherto had the fortitude to bear every thing; but the silence, the neglect, the forgetfulness, or the hatred of a father, is an evil it is unable to support. I feel it will soon sink under the burthen."

"Figure to yourself, if it be possible," continued Monsieur de Vaneville, "the excess of my grief and indignation. What could have been more criminal than to intercept my son's letters; to make him believe that I had given him up, and me that he braved my resentment. It is to you alone that I have revealed this fatal secret."

"See," says Voltaire, "how the kindest and the most tender sentiment of nature, the affection of a mother for her children, becomes, in its excess, baneful and atrocious."—"Alas!" said Vauvenarque, "all the passions are the offspring of self-love, and to be unjust and cruel, they need only resemble their parent."

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"The old gentleman," continued Cideville, then related to me how he was haunted in his solitary abode by the most excruciating reflections. "I recollected," said he, "a thousand traits of the hatred that this unjust woman had conceived against my son, and which I ought to have perceived through all their disguises.

"I was angry with myself for having given way to such infatuation. I sometimes upbraided nature for not having pleaded in favour of my own blood; and sometimes, considering myself as criminal for not listening to her dictates, my resentment fell upon my own head. My house was hateful to me. The world, in which I fancied every eye enquired after my son, became quite insupportable, and I then acquainted you with the resolution I had taken to abandon it, and to hide myself from mankind.

"I was ready to set off, when to complete the rending of my heart, Juliana, the nurse of my unhappy son, having heard that I had lost him, came to me all disconsolate, and in the effusion of her grief disclosed the secret of their conversations. Never did father suffer as I did, while listening to her. In these declarations I recognized all the mortifications and disgusts he had laboured under, without ever having ventured to utter a complaint. I perceived that cruelly as his heart had been tortured, his affection and respect for me had ever remained unalterable. I perceived, in short, that I had been an unkind father to the best of children. "And perhaps he is no more," cried I, throwing myself back in my chair, "I am the cause of his death."

"The poor woman, mingling her tears with mine, endeavoured to console me." "No, Sir," said she, "unless any one has had the cruelty to lay violent hands upon him, which Heaven forbid I should believe, or some accident should have shortened his days, your son cannot be dead. Twenty times have I heard him, in the violence of his sorrow, declare, that if his life were his own, he would have taken his resolution; but instantly the amiable youth, lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, would cry out, "No my life is thine, O God! thou has conferred this gloomy and painful existence upon me, and thou alone hast a right to recall the gift. But," added he, "thou art witness to what I endure; in retribution restore me ere long my father's kindness, and in his arms I will forget all my sufferings."

"I began then to entertain some hopes; but I was ever figuring to myself what hardships my son might yet undergo,

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and all comfort was banished from my heart. I considered giving way to the least effusion of joy as a criminal indulgence; a frugal and rustic manner of living was still too full of enjoyment; nor could I forgive myself the moments of diversion which the culture of my garden afforded in mitigation of my sorrow. This labour," said I, "is voluntary and grateful, while that to which necessity has condemned my son is hard and unremitting. I amuse myself in ornamenting a fertile spot, and he perhaps is sorrowfully occupied in clearing a rugged and ungrateful soil, and watering it with the sweat of his brow. My table will be covered with plenty of simple viands, while I know not but a morsel of bread, of coarse bread, with no other seasoning than his tears, may sometimes be denied him. How do I know, but, on board a vessel, at the mercy of the waves, tossed about by tempests, and spent with the fatigue of the day, his nightly slumber may be broken by the storm, while I go to enjoy the sweets of a tranquil repose?—O, no—it was not tranquil, the image of my son, pursuing me continually, broke my rest. At table I fancied I saw him standing pale and languid before me, and every thing I tasted lost its relish. Shall I tell you all? Whenever I was alone, and impressed with the idea of his image, the tears streamed from my eyes. I stretched out my arms to my son, and asked his pardon.

"Thus, my friend, did I pass three years of my life in this solitude, partaking of the labours of the rude inhabitants, to whom nature has given joy in recompence, but who were afflicted at my sorrow; and, believe me, I have but imperfectly described this long and mournful scene of parental grief, this tedious night of sorrow.

"In the mean while, what was become of my son, and how did I find him? This is what he will himself relate, when you are alone together."

"The young couple and their friend having now joined us, we directed our steps toward the rising ground, whence we enjoyed a view of rural labours, magnificently terminated by a fine setting sun."

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE.

ONE of Petrarch's friends, the Bishop of Cavillon, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he read and wrote, when he was at Vaucluse, should entirely destroy his health,

health, which was already greatly impaired, desired him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch gave it to him immediately, without suspecting the motive of his request; when the good Bishop instantly locking up his books and writing desk, said, "I interdict you from pen, ink, paper, and books, for the space of ten days." Petrarch felt the severity of the sentence, but conquered the violence of his feelings, and obeyed. The first day appeared longer to him than a year; on the second, he was afflicted with the head-ach from morning till night; and on the third he was attacked by a fever. The Bishop, affected by the condition to which he was reduced, returned him the key of his library, and restored him to health.

*A Description of the Habitations, Customs, and Manners
of the Inhabitants of the Isle of Man.*

[From Mr. Townley's Journal in the Isle of Man.]

WE saw several houses, in a stile above that of farm-houses and many that were visibly intended for that use only; and some of those appear tolerably well built, and to be, in some degree, comfortable; but greatly were we hurt to see, at the same time, such numbers of the most miserable cottages, or rather huts, interspersed among them; making the most unfavourable impression upon us, relative to the poverty of the country; and exciting no small share of compassion, for the wretched inhabitants of such miserable dwellings; from whence the dusky smoke was conveyed, by a small firkin, or barrel, but frequently only out of the door; and where a pitiful window (of not more than half a yard square) gives the sole glimmering of Heaven's kind light. Yet cheerfulness, no doubt, dwells there; contentment, I trust, generally; for that is one of the humble blessings of the poor; which Divine Providence rarely withholds from the very lowest ranks of mankind; thereby giving them an equivalent in that general distribution of happiness, which flows from the divine goodness, as the common father of all.

The walls of those wretched habitations (seldom above seven feet high) are sometimes constructed of rough unhewn stone; but far more generally of fods. The roofs of them all are thatched with straw; but so slightly laid on, that they are under a necessity of securing the light covering in its place, by a number

ber of straw ropes, drawn over the roofs, and fastened by pegs into the tottering walls.

The appearance of so many despicable dwellings, as are scattered over every part of the island, gives a general idea of poverty in the extreme; and the great want of timber trees, coppice-wood, and even quick hedges, as general a one of sterility. Almost all their fences are narrow earth-banks; sometimes bare, and sometimes covered with a few straggling whins, suffered to shoot at random. The earth (of which those banks are made) is of so very loose a nature, as to be continually tumbling down, and, of course, wanting continual reparations. When in the best plight, they are but very poor guards to property; consequently frequent trespassings must happen, between near neighbours, (and vexatious law-suits be the unavoidable consequences) if they did not use that necessary precaution of hopping all their sheep; and frequently their little horses too.

The common people of this place are, certainly, of a most lazy, indolent disposition; lying very late in a morning, and, when aroused by necessity, from the bed of sloth, going to their several employments, with a most visible reluctance. This is a character uniformly given of the labouring people in general, belonging to the island, by those who have long known them. However, it is agreed by all, that there is one kind of business, in which they engage with the greatest alacrity: the herring-fishery. During this busy season, not the least sign of supineness, or indolence, is observable in those who engage in it: on the contrary, unremitting industry, and the most active spirit of enterprise, pervade, invigorate, and enliven the whole mass of the people, that devote themselves to that hurrying, and (sometimes) dangerous, employment.

There are not less than 400 prodigious fine boats, belonging to the people of the isle, that are engaged in that business.— Those boats are manned with stout hands, from five, to seven, or eight, in a boat. The gains, from the fishery, are sometimes enormous; but, in some untoward seasons, very trifling: hardly paying the charges of sitting out; yet in this, as in all other lotteries, the flattering hope of gaining a considerable prize buoys up their spirits, and induces them most freely to hazard both life and property, in their own favourite pursuit.

As soon as the season is entirely over, they retire to their respective homes, to enjoy the fruits of their toil; and indulge themselves, with the most unbounded latitude, in the only pleasures of life which they think worthy of attaining, (by the sweat of the brow) intemperance, sleep, and indolence. In the tor-

pid state arising from such indulgencies, they are sure to continue as long as there are any remains of their earnings; till those are entirely exhausted, it is in vain to solicit numbers of them to the most easy, or the most necessary, kinds of labour; frequently refusing (according to credible information) their aid in getting in the fruits of the ground; even in a ticklish harvest-time.

For the above reasons, many sensible, thinking persons, those of landed property especially, are induced to wish that their herrings would, (in their southern emigrations) find out a new route, and steer their annual course far distant from their shores; believing, that if the common people were deprived of that source of profit, and employment, they would be certainly led into habits of industry, both more useful to the public, and more certain of gain to themselves; the consequence of which would be, a better cultivation of all the lands in the island; an improvement of their present stock of cattle; a considerable extension of their present linen manufactory; and, perhaps, the establishment of others, equally beneficial; making the isle much less dependent upon other countries, for many of the necessities of life, and infusing an active spirit of industry through the general mass of the people.

Were the consequences certain to be as above surmised and fondly expected, I should be induced to join most cordially, though only a sojourner, in the patriotic wish: but when it is calmly considered, with what extreme difficulty long established customs and prejudices are subdued, even such as are manifestly absurd and hurtful,—how extremely difficult it is, even to check the growth of evil habits, particularly those of intemperance and idleness, and to work an entire change in the habitudes and dispositions of the collective body, in any state or people—the accomplishment of such a wish would probably be attended with many hurtful consequences; some perhaps alarming ones; for, deprived of that usual source of subsistence, the poor labouring people or paupers of the island, might be induced to follow the course of the herrings, to some more fertile country. Natal attachment (that providential check upon rambling) would have little or no influence upon people so circumstanced as they are; their wretched habitations could have no allurements whatever; for they could hardly be worse accommodated, in that respect, wherever they went; even if compelled (for a while) to become joint-tenants with the beasts of the forest, in dens, caves, and holes of the rocks. And as to the main articles of sustenance, they are, in them, as far removed

moved from luxuries as almost any people upon the face of the globe. Their bread, that staff of life, is made of coarse barley meal, or flour, kneaded and baked into sodden cakes. Their other usual articles of food, potatoes and butter-milk; and, when an indulgence toward homely luxury is allowed by the frugal matron, it is barely by the addition of two or three red herrings, to relish their wonted allowance.

This last, if I can give credit to creditable people, is the only fare, even of the mountain farmers, nineteen days out of twenty; butchers meat never entering their doors, except at two stated seasons, Christmas and Easter.

If the proprietors, and substantial renters, of estates seriously wish to convert the poor peasants, from being, as they are now, such slothful, to active, industrious, useful members of society; they must begin the laudable work, by bettering the condition of those poor, miserable wretches; by building them more comfortable and decent habitations to dwell in; by tempting them to activity, with the offer of constant employment, where the labour is not too severe at first, and the wages equal to the exigencies of their families.

Many sources of employment point out themselves very plainly to an attentive eye, in the various and necessary improvements of draining, fencing, banking, embanking, breaking up and clearing the ground from trumpery productions, and pestiferous weeds. Such useful improvements would find sufficient daily work, for double the number of labourers that are now in the island.

Draining, where a superfluity of moisture prevails, chilling the ground, and oppressing vegetation, is the true foundation of all rational improvement upon lands of that nature. How many hundred acres of fine holm-land are to be seen, in that charming vale above the nunnery, entirely covered with rushes, and other useless, aquatic plants; neither fit for hay nor pasturage! Such is the miserable plight of almost all the level grounds, on the banks of both the streams, extending a considerable way up toward the hills. Yet those grounds, after proper draining, would become almost invaluable, by yielding luxuriant crops of the finest hay. Thousands and thousands of acres of boggy or morass grounds, now visible in every part of the island, ask the same kind of help. There are many acres rendered entirely useless, being mere stoneries, for want of proper banking, or rather embanking, and securing against the river's overflowings, in rainy seasons.

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A better mode of fencing would, in a great measure, dry up those fountains of bitter water, which cause to spring up, in every parish, so many feuds, animosities, and dissensions among friends and near neighbours, thereby poisoning all the sweets of society, by preventing the frequency of cattle's trespassings, and the consequent interference of busy, meddling people, ever too ready to perpetuate such unhappy differences, by lingering and expensive litigations.

The very great advantage of breaking up, clearing, and bringing into proper tillage, the many thousand acres of barren, useless land, to be seen wherever you direct your steps, is too notorious to want any explanation. However, I must set down, that the money expended in an improvement of that kind, or any of the other before noticed, would, if conducted with judgment and accuracy, pay cent. per cent. in a country where labour is so cheap, and the rents of improved estates advancing so rapidly: but the employment of the poor, in constant, useful labour, should be the primary object of concernment, with the public-spirited of the island. While they remain in their present deplorable condition, being not better sheltered from the inclemencies of the seasons, than the beasts of the fields, and graze around their execrable huts: and are scarcely better fed than their domestic animals;—as long as they may truly observe, of their own miserable being, what the unhappy Lear does of the madman's, just bolted from his cave of famine, "Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:" abjectness and despondency must be too often the consequence; and where they inhabit, a spirit of industry will be looked for in vain: there being no spur to it, not even "hope that comes to all,"—and is the last refuge of the miserable." But let these poor creatures be once in possession of decent habitations, such as are fit to shelter human beings; let them but once taste some of the most humble comforts of life, they will be soon aroused to labour, in order to preserve those comforts; and, in a short time, be inspired with an honest, virtuous pride, to increase the number of them afterward; and carefully to preserve them, that they may entail those blessings upon their beloved offspring, which they themselves so long stood in need of; but, alas! never knew!

As to the higher ranks, the men are, in general, very civil, attentive, and very hospitable to strangers. This observation is meant to extend to the principal inhabitants in every part of the island, save one or two; who sworn, all at once, into unwildy

wieldy magnitude, think it would be a letting down to their upstart greatness, and mushroom consequence, to pay any attention, or civility, to foreigners. If the blind capricious goddess (who finds out merit, where no mortal can do) would, in her unbounded liberality, bestow a little civility upon her favourites, she would make them more comfortable to themselves, and much more so to all who must have occasion either to converse, or have any kind of intercourse with them. In short a nabob is found a nuisance in every country: more especially an ignorant one, that is a mere egotist in every trivial conversation.

The ladies are exceedingly civil, affable, and polite; very sprightly in conversation, and uncommonly neat and smart in their dress. There are many very pretty women, and very accomplished. As to the middle ranks, when they are sober and cool, they are decently civil, and attentive even to strangers: but the lowest classes are rude, ungovernable, and uncivilized; far beyond the common people in any country I have had occasion to visit. But this tart observation, which has forced its way through my pen, is only meant to take place within the town of Douglas: for I have often noticed, with pleasure, that the common people in the inland parts, as well as the other towns, are as civil and obsequious as could be wished.

When the insular laws become meliorated by the mild spirit of the British, a reform in manners and customs will soon take place. Strangers may then be glad to visit an island, so beautifully romantic, so abounding in the most picturesque views; and where they may live so well and comfortably, if the climate suit their constitutions, not only in the summer, but the winter months too: for they may live, at all times, as well in the eating way, as reasonable people can desire, and where a bad bottle of port, or rum-spirit, is as rare to be met with, even in village inns, as a good one, of either kind, at any common inn, or house for the reception of travellers, within the noble island of Great Britain.

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

(Continued from Page 635 of our last Volume.)

ON the fifth day the doors were ready; the inner was entirely plated with iron, and I was fettered as before: Perhaps,

haps, they found further cruelty unnecessary. The principal chain, however, which fastened me to the wall, like that I had before broken, was thicker than the first. Except this, the capitulation was strictly kept. They deeply regretted that, without the King's express commands, they could not lighten my afflictions, wished me fortitude and patience, and barred up my doors.

It is necessary I should here describe my dress. My hands being fixed and kept asunder, by an iron bar, and my feet chained to the wall, I could neither put on shirt or stockings in the usual mode; the shirt was therefore tied, and changed once a fortnight; the coarse ammunition stockings were buttoned on the sides; a blue garment, of soldier's cloth, was likewise tied round me, and I had a pair of slippers for my feet. The shirt was of the army linen.

About three weeks after my attempt to escape, the good Gefhardt first came to stand centinel over me; and the centinel they had so carefully set was indeed the only hope I could have of escape; for help must be had from without, or this was impossible.

The effort I had made had excited too much surprise and alarm for me to pass without strict examination; since, on the ninth day after I was confined, I had, in eighteen hours, so far broken through a prison built purposely for myself, by a combination of so many projectors, and with such extreme precaution, which prison had universally been declared impentable.

Gefhardt scarcely had taken his post before we had free opportunity of conversing together; for, when I stood with one foot on my bedstead, I could reach the aperture, through which light was admitted.

Gefhardt described the situation of my dungeon, and our first plan was to break under the foundation which he had seen laid, and which he affirmed to be only two feet deep.

Money was the first thing necessary. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned bringing with him a sheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he passed through my grating; as he also did a piece of small wax-candle, some burning amadou (a kind of tinder), a match, and a pen. I now had light, and I pricked my finger, and wrote with my blood to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna, described my situation in a few words, sent him an acquittance for three thousand florins on my revenues, and requested he would dispose of a thousand florins to defray the expences of his journey

to Gummern, only two miles from Magdeburg. Here he was positively to be on the 15th of August. About noon, on this same day, he was to walk, with a letter in his hand; and a man was there to meet him, carrying a roll of smoking tobacco, to whom he must remit the two thousand florins, and return to Vienna.

I returned the written paper to Gefhardt by the same means it had been received, gave him my instructions, and he sent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was safely put in the post.

My hopes daily rose, and as often as Gefhardt mounted guard, so often did we continue our projects. The 15th of August came, but it was some days before Gefhardt was again on guard; and oh! how did my heart palpitate when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have succeeded." He returned in the evening, and we began to consider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach the aperture of the window that admitted air; beside that it was too small. It was therefore agreed that Gefhardt should, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then should convey the money to me in the water-jug.

This, luckily, was done. How great was my astonishment when, instead of one, I found two thousand florins! For I had permitted him to reserve half to himself, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five pistoles, which he persisted was enough.

Having money to carry on my designs, I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The first thing necessary was to free myself from my fetters. To accomplish this, Gefhardt supplied me with two small files, and, by the aid of these, this labour, though great, was effected.

The cap, or staple, of the foot-ring was made so wide that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which passed through it on the inside; and the more I filed this away, the further I could draw the cap down, till at last the whole inside iron, through which the chains passed, was quite cut through; by this means I could slip off the ring, while the cap on the outside continued whole, and it was impossible to discover any cut, as only the outside could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I so compressed as to be able to draw them out of the hand-cuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a screw-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, by which I could take out the screws at pleasure, so that at the time of

examination no proofs could appear. The rim round my body was but a small impediment, except the chain, which passed from my hand-bar; and this I removed, by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the necessary hour, I closed with bread, rubbed over with rusty iron, first drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any sum that, without striking the chain, link by link, with a hammer, no one, not in the secret, would have discovered this fracture.

The window was never strictly examined; I, therefore, drew the two staples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plaistering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating: Finding I succeeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and substituted an artificial one of my own fabricating, by which I obtained a free communication with the outside, additional fresh air, together with all necessary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be seen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, so that I could work fearless and undetected.

Every thing prepared, I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of stone, but oak planks, three inches thick; three beds of which were laid crosswise, and were fastened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter, and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made use of the hole at the end of the bar, which separated my hands, to draw it out, and this nail I sharpened upon my tomb-stone into an excellent chisel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward, and having drawn away a piece of board which was inserted two inches under the wall, I cut this so as exactly to fit: The small crevice it occasioned I stopped up with bread, and strewed over with dust, so as to prevent all suspicious appearance. My labour under this was continued with less precaution, and I had soon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white sand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully distributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no further; for to dig were useless, unless I could rid myself of my rubbish. Gefhardt supplied me with some ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, stuffed them with earth, and passed them between the iron bars, to Gefhardt, who, as often as he was on guard, scattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furnished with room to secrete them under the floor, I obtained more instruments, together with a pair of pistols, powder, ball, and a bayonet.

I now discovered that the foundation of my prison, instead of two, was sunken four feet deep. Time, labour, and patience were all necessary to break out, unheard, and undiscovered; but few things are impossible, where resolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, corresponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and stoop in: The lying down on the floor to work, the continual stooping to throw out the earth, the narrow space in which all must be performed, these made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again resumed, which, alone, required some hours to effect. My greatest aid was in the wax candles, and light I had procured; but as Gefhardt stood sentinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed; the sentinels were forbidden to speak to me under pain of death: And I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to seek new assistance.

Being without a stove, I suffered much this winter from cold, yet my heart was cheerful, as I saw the probability of freedom; and all were astonished to find me in such good spirits.

Gefhardt, also, brought me supplies of provisions, chiefly consisting of sausages and salt meats, ready dressed, which increased my strength, and, when I was not digging, I wrote satires and verses: Thus time was employed, and I contented, even in prison.

(To be continued.)

A SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

THIS If to give notis that there If Now at Mrs _____

A verrey hansom Chinc to Bee Droad lots for by 25 Subscribers Each to Put in 1 Shiling and housoever Drows the Number 25 haf the Prize onely Spending 2 Shilings and 6 Pence as Sun as the Munney is all in thare will bee an apointed tim for it to bee Droan for

Answer by J. Chivers, St. Austell, to the Charade inserted April 30.

THE prating lawyer likes a Fee,
As by your lines appears to me;

F 2

Ling's

Ling's a fish at sea I've seen
 Oftimes when I have fishing been :
 These two combin'd will soon explain,
 That FEELING should within us reign,

† We have received the like answer from D. G. of Chard; S. Hill, near Dawlish; Philomathes, Rattery; John Turner, of Yealmspton, near Plymouth; Alphonso, St. Austell; W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; T. Taylor, Bickington; T. Gill jun. Stythians; H. Cross, M. Barret jun. and T. Sparkes jun. of Exeter; T. Walker, Hemyock; R. Tucker, Broad Winfor; a youth of Tiverton; W. W. of Sturminster; J. K. C. near Wells; J. Arthur, of Eglos-hayle; and P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath.

Answer, by Alphonso, of St. Austell, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inserted April 30.

YES, all the riches fam'd Peru can boast,
 Or all the gems that strew Golconda's coast,
 With HEALTH compar'd appear like trifling toys,
 Or airy bubbles blown by playful boys.

||*|| We have received the like answer from W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; T. Sparkes jun. and H. Cross, of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; R. Hawkey, Creed; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; J. Bulgin, Castle Carey; J. H. of Lyme; S. Shapton, of Awliscombe; and W. W. of Sturminster.

Answer, by T. T. of Bickington, to the Anagram, inserted May 7.

A N Halter is the thing you mean,
 Transpose it, Lather will be seen;
 One letter change, transpose again,
 Then HARLOT will appear full plain.

††† We have received the like answer from Alphonso and J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; T. Gill jun. Stythians; R. Hawkey, Creed; J. H. Lyme; Amico Crewkerniensis; J. Rogers, Exon; T. K. of Gulvall; Jane Mitchell, Polruan, near Fowey; J. Arthur, of Eglos-hayle; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; and T. Scadding, of Wellington.

A QUESTION,

A QUESTION, by *W. Upjohn, of Shaftesbury.*

GIVEN $xxxxxyyyy - xxxxxx = 29356.629744 = a$
 $xx + 20yy = 503.61 = b$
 To find the value of x and y .

An ANAGRAM, by *T. T. S. of Exeter.*

A N English city first of all pray name;
 One letter alter'd will I know explain
 What's often us'd for food; and then I know
 One letter chang'd again, 'twill clearly shew
 An instrument; which if I right define
 You'll see when sat to table for to dine.

A REBUS, by *J. Chivers, of St. Austell.*

A Valiant hero bring to view;
 And him who that brave hero slew;
 A town of France must next be found;
 And then a poet's name expound;
 Who made the Trojan horse you'll next explore;
 And last what misers do adore:
 Find the initials, range them in a line,
 And then a Danish island you'll define.

A CHARADE, by *Richard Tucker, of Broadwinfor.*

WHEN the resplendent beams of day
 Are by my first obscur'd;
 Then bards, my next is useful found,
 So let it be procur'd.

But in the morn when Phoebus bright
 Illumes the azure sky,
 Arise, and cast my whole aside,
 And to your callings hie.



||†|| Our Correspondents are requested to observe that it is expected they should pay the Postage of their Letters, and that otherwise they will not see what they send inserted.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The POWER of CONSCIENCE.

[From "Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-One," a Poem in Imitation of the Thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, by Mr Murphy.]

YET think not that the wretch who finds a flaw,
To baffle justice, and evade the law,
Unpunish'd lives; he pays atonement due;
Each hour his malefactions rise to view.
Vengeance, more fierce than engines, racks and wheels,
Unseen, unheard, his mangled bosom feels.
What greater curse can earth or heaven devise,
Than his, who self-condemn'd in torture lies?
From agony of mind who knows no rest,
But bears his own accuser in his breast?

What charm shall bid these horrors rage no more?
Heal the hurt mind, and gentle peace restore?
That charm is virtue; virtue can supply
Comfort in life, and courage when we die.
Virtue the purest blessing can impart,
The conscience clear, and self-applauding-heart.
At Delphos when a Spartan youth applied,
What think you then the Pythian maid replied?
The treach'rous knave his friend's best treasure stole,
And meant by perjury to keep the whole.
Unpractis'd yet in fraud, he ask'd advice:
"The priestess answer'd, "The bare thought is vice;
"Vice, that strikes deep infection to the mind;
"Vice, that in time will retribution find."
And if the slave no deeper plung'd in ill,
'Twas fear, not virtue, that controul'd his will.
Who but conceives a crime, with malice fraught,
Warps into vice, and kindles at the thought.
What tho' the embryo sin, conceal'd with art,
In thinking die? Guilt rankles in his heart,

If the strong motive urge him to the deed,
Horror, remorse, and misery succeed;
See him at table, listless, wan with care,
In thick-ey'd musing lost, and pale despair.
Within his mouth, now unelastic, slow,
The viands loiter, and insipid grow.
In vain for him the banquet spreads its store,
The rarest banquet now can please no more.
In vain for him the mellowing years refine
The precious age of the pure racy wine.
In vain gay wit calls forth her magic train;
He flies the scene, to think, and dwell with pain.
No respite from himself, with cares oppress'd,
If weary nature sink at length to rest,
In the dead waste of night pale phantoms rise,
Stalk round his couch, and glare before his eyes.
The temple bends its arches o'er his head,
And the long isles their umber'd twilight shed,
He sees the altar perjur'd where he trod,
The violated altar of his God!
He groans, he rises, but the conscious mind
Wakes to worse horrors than he left behind.
Of his fix'd doom each object is a sign,
A visitation from the Pow'r Divine!
Kindled in air if sudden meteors fly,
And hollow murmurs shake the vaulted sky,
No more the tempest springs from gen'ral laws;
The winds have now a preternatural cause.
'Tis God in wrath, that spreads his terrors round;
'Tis God, who now his enemies has found;
'Tis God's right arm, that shakes the distant poles,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Soon as the warring elements subside,
And nature smiles with renovated pride,
Remorse and horror now no more appal;
'Tis chance, not providence, that rules the ball.
A fever comes; 'tis Heaven's avenging rod!
Again he owns the attributes of God.
He dies, and leaves the church his children's share,
And hopes in Heaven to make his soul his heir.
Such the deep pangs obdurate villains find;
Such the dire furies of the guilty mind.
Temptation saps its way by slow degrees,
First a mere thought, by habit taught to please.

While yet our actions in our motives lie,
 Their dang'rous sophistry the passions ply.
 The deed perform'd assumes its genuine hue;
 He starts, turns pale, and trembles at the view.
 Grief, and remorse, and madness, and despair,
 In sad vicissitudes his bosom tear.
 New fears, new hopes, now rise, and now subside,
 And the will drives with the alternate tide.
 The bound once pass'd, farewell the peaceful shore,
 Where dwells fair virtue! he wades back no more.
 In the wide annals of recorded time,
 Where find the knave who dar'd one only crime?
 His life a climax of flagitious deeds;
 Fraud grows on fraud, and guilt to guilt succeeds.
 The laws at length demand their victim due;
 He joins at Boulogne the self-exil'd crew;
 Or to some cottage, where conceal'd he lies,
 Trac'd, and detected in his mean disguise,
 He's dragg'd in fetters to the dungeon's gloom,
 Condemn'd in anguish there to wait his doom;
 And leave, at length, this lesson to mankind:
 "Eternal Justice is not lame or blind."

ON A LADY WEeping.

[From the Latin of NICHOLAUS ARCHIUS.]

LOVELY gems of radiance meek,
 Trembling down my Laura's cheek,
 Like the little streams that glide
 Thro' the meadow's flowery pride.
 Pledges sweet of pious woe,
 Tears which friendship taught to flow;
 Glitt'ring in your chrystal show'r,
 Wantons love's insidious pow'r:
 Sparkling in your lucid light,
 There he waves his pinions bright,
 As some winged warbler oft,
 When spring-clouds shed their treasures soft,
 Joyous tricks his plumes anew,
 And flutters in the heavenly dew.