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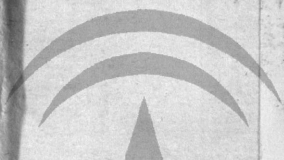
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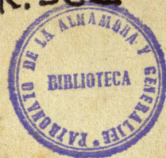
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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
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J O U R N E Y

F R O M

L O N D O N T O G E N O A,

T H R O U G H

E N G L A N D, P O R T U G A L, S P A I N,

and F R A N C E.

By JOSEPH BARETTI,

Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal
Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Donativo del Sr. Conde de
Romanones a la Biblioteca
de la Alhambra. 1899

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel-Street, Covent-
Garden; and L. DAVIS, in Holborn.

MDCCLXX.

TO THE
P R E S I D E N T
AND
M E M B E R S
OF THE
R O Y A L A C A D E M Y

OF

P A I N T I N G , S C U L P T U R E ,
and A R C H I T E C T U R E .

GENTLEMEN,

IN my various rambles through various countries, I have neither seen nor heard of a set of artists comparable to that which your monarch assembled when he formed you into an academy. Instead of attempting to express my

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grati-

iv D E D I C A T I O N .

gratitude to that royal goodness, which has deigned to connect me with so respectable a society, I will revere and love it in silence, and endeavour to show that I deserve what it has bestowed, by a vigorous exertion of my abilities whenever occasion shall call them into your service. In the mean while, gentlemen, give me leave to dedicate to you the first work I have prepared for publication since I had the honour of belonging to you. You have a right to this small token of an affection, which inclination as well as duty has kindled in the breast of

Your most humble

and most

devoted servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

P R E F A C E.

I Have not a better apology to offer for my confidence in presenting this enlightened nation with these volumes, than that the accounts of Spain hitherto published in the English language, are in general adjudged to be very imperfect. This observation, which I had often heard repeated by many Englishmen of distinguished knowledge, has emboldened me to publish my remarks upon that country.

*In the descriptions that follow, I hope it will appear that I have spared no pains to carry my reader in some measure along with me; to make him see what I saw, hear what I heard, feel what I felt, and even think and fancy whatever I thought
and*

vi P R E F A C E.

and fancied myself. Should this method prove agreeable, and procure the honour of a favourable reception to my work, I shall owe it in a great part to my most revered friend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who suggested it to me, just as I was setting out on my first journey to Spain. It was he that exhorted me to write daily, and with all possible minuteness: it was he that pointed out the topics which would most interest and most delight in a future publication. To his injunctions I have kept as close as I was able, and my only fear upon this occasion, is, that some want of dexterity in the management of my narratives may justly have subjected me to the charge of egotism, as I am convinced that I have passed too frequently from my subject to myself, and made myself as much too often the hero of my own story. Yet this fear is not so predominant, as to exclude the hope that such an impropriety will be overlooked if I have but succeeded in the main point, and effectually assisted the imagination of my reader to form an idea tolerably just of Spain,

by

P R E F A C E. vii

by exhibiting as well the face of the country, as the manners of the inhabitants. This it will appear that I have laboured pretty hard to attain; and as this is the chief end of a traveller's narrative, the real critick will not be displeas'd that it has been principally pursued, that subordinate and incidental parts have been less diligently considered, and that, where attention was most required, it has been most liberally bestowed.

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

[15]

L E T T E R I.

Notice given of the departure.

London, Aug. 13, 1760.

DEAR BROTHERS,

TO-morrow I shall at last quit this metropolis, and set out for Fal-mouth on my way home through Portugal, Spain, and the southern part of France. A long round-about way! But you know that all communication is stopped between Dover and Calais because of the war; and since I must go a long journey, I care not how long I make it. I go through Portugal and Spain rather than Holland, because of Holland I have heard and read enough, whereas I know little of Portugal and

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less



less of Spain, as there are but very imperfect accounts of either. Besides, that going the Falmouth-way, I shall likewise see the western part of this kingdom, which I have not visited.

To-morrow then is the day, from which I reckon that in about two months, or three at most, I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, after an absence of full ten years. My blood runs warmer and my heart beats quicker, when I think that after so long a separation I am going to sit down again to a domestic meal with one of my brothers fronting me, and one at each side of me!

Now therefore, England, farewell! I quit thee with less regret, because I am returning to my native country after a very long absence, considering the shortness of life. Yet I cannot leave thee without tears. May Heaven guard and prosper thee, thou illustrious mother of polite men and virtuous women! Thou
great

great mart of literature ! Thou nursery of invincible soldiers, of bold navigators, and ingenious artists, farewell, farewell ! I have now forgotten all the crosses and anxieties I have undergone in thy regions for the space of ten years : but never will I forget those many amongst thy sons who have assisted me in my wants, encouraged me in my difficulties, comforted me in my adversities, and imparted to me the light of their knowledge in the dark and intricate mazes of life ! Farewell, Imperial England, farewell, farewell !

L E T T E R II.

People in the stage-coach. Salisbury and its cathedral. Militia. Bone-lace and Ducking-stool at Honiton. Love whence arising.

Exeter, Aug. 16, 1760.

BEHOLD ! I am distant from London a hundred and sixty miles, and more !

On Friday I fet out in one of thofe numberlefs coaches that are continually going backwards and forwards from town to town. The coach contained fix people; and all fix proved agreeable company to each other, though collected by mere chance: three women on one fide, and three men over againft them.

This begins to look like a novel; and yet it is no novel at all. In this coach were an elderly aunt with her two nieces, an English gentleman, a Scotch officer, and your eldeft brother. The fix horfes went on at a great rate. I knew the officer's country by his pronounciation, as well as by his earneft talking with the aunt about nobility. This was his favourite topick. But the Englishman and I, employed our time to better purpofe, chatting as faft as we could with the nieces, both modeftly talkative and modeftly pretty. Yet the good aunt was not fo deep funk into genealogy as her partner would have her; but turned to

us from time to time, and encouraged her girls to be chearful and sing songs, which they often did in such a manner, as to please even an Italian.

So agreeable a company I shall probably not find in the remainder of my journey, as it is but seldom that poor travellers are so lucky as to meet with such good-natured aunts, and with girls so pretty, so sprightly, and so obliging. The Scotchman, though somewhat stiff and ridiculous with his accounts of the great nobility in Argyleshire, yet was not unwelcome, as he is a man of very good sense in other respects. The English gentleman is learned beyond his age, and rather over civil, as he has but lately quitted the college.

On the first day I saw nothing, as one may say, because we trotted along very fast. I could only observe that the inns, where we alighted to change horses and refresh ourselves, are all neat and good, as all inns are on all great roads in Eng-

land. We crossed Salisbury in haste on the second day: but as I had heard much of its cathedral, I chose to give a look at it. So I alighted, and ran like a fury through the town. Thus running I took notice of the market, which is spacious and plentifully stored with meat and all sorts of vegetables. Along the large street I crossed, there is water running on both sides just by the houses; which must be a great convenience to the inhabitants. I entered the cathedral for a minute. It is a stately building, and much more gothic than that of Milan; but not half so large, as far as I can remember. That of Milan I take to be the largest edifice of the kind in the whole world.

On a wide plain, not far from Salisbury, there is that thing (I know not what name to give it) called Stone-henge. I should be sorry if you had not preserved all my former descriptions of several remarkable things in this kingdom. Were
I never

I never to come to England again, as may easily be the case, I shall be very glad to have those descriptions, in order to receive a pleasing remembrance from time to time. A poor pleasure, compared to that I should feel in seeing this country again! But still, better little than nothing.

Not far from Salisbury there is likewise a country-seat belonging to an English earl, where there is the amplest collection of statues, busts, and other ancient monuments in this kingdom together with many fine paintings; almost every thing brought at an immense expence from your side of the Alps. I do not know what possessed me, that I never went to see that seat in the space of ten years, especially as I was twice in its neighbourhood. But men are naturally procrastinators: they put it off till next day, till next week; and the next day or the next week never comes.

On the third day we dined at a little town called Honiton, where they make a good deal of that lace so much admired by Italian ladies, that goes with us by the name of *Merletti d'Inghilterra*. I wonder why it is not made every where, as those who make it are neither philosophers nor conjurers, but poor ignorant women. I would have bought some for some people at Turin: but forbore, to avoid being plagued at the many custom-houses where I shall be searched before I reach home.

At Honiton, from the window of the inn, I saw a battalion of militia newly raised. They went through their military exercise; and I own I did not much admire their movements. However, they will drive the world before them when they come to be better modelled; and the French will find it no jest, if ever they dare to come over in their flat-bottom boats, and set their feet
on

on the British shore, as they have been threatening this long while.

We dined hastily. Then the Englishman and I walked out of the town, just to stretch our legs a little. We went so far as a small rivulet, where I took notice of an engine called a Ducking-stool. What is it? I will tell you if I can. It is a stool to sit on. A kind of armed wooden chair, fixed on the extremity of a pole about fifteen feet long. The pole is horizontally placed on a post just by the water, and loosely pegg'd to that post; so that by raising it at one end, you lower the stool down into the midst of the rivulet. Do you comprehend me? That stool serves at present to duck scolds and termagants: but it is said, that the superstitious inhabitants of Honiton used formerly to place on it those old women whom they thought to be witches, and duck'd them unmercifully several times; sometimes to death.

While



While the young gentleman and I were gravely philosophising on the notion of witches, which has been so general at all times and in all countries, the coach overtook us. But instead of getting into it, we wanted to pull the young ladies out of it, and give them a plunge or two, because in our days the opinion prevails, that all pretty girls are witches, and old women are so no more. Indeed Miss Anne and Miss Helen had a fine escape, and may thank the coachman who was in haste, or they had paid for their bewitching looks.

Not far from Honiton they left us as well as the Scotch officer, and the separation seemed grievous to us all. We kissed and parted; and not with eyes perfectly dry. Did I say kissed? Yes, upon my word. But you Italians make so much of a kiss, that there is no enduring you. Here we make nothing of it, especially on such occasions; nor is there any harm in it, whatever you may think.

think. What have you to say, you people on the other side of that huge mountain? I am sure I shall not abide your silly fashions, now I am used to those of England. What a ridiculous thing is kissing men and men, or women and women! The English have twenty times more wit than you. When I am amongst you again, I will positively follow the English fashions: and so, tell all the damsels in your neighbourhood, that I am coming to mend their manners. I will set up as a reformer now I am a travell'd man, and will do as all travell'd men do, when they get back home. They look, and with good reason, upon themselves as a good deal the wiser for having seen the world.

However, I felt more pain than I will tell you in the act of quitting those two amiable maidens. Perhaps I have seen them for the last time, and that is always an ugly thought! Nothing endears people so fast to each other as travelling together

together in the same vehicle; and the effect is natural. Our love for persons arises from the pleasure we receive from them. The more pleasure they can give us, the greater our love. This is philosophy, or I am a blockhead. In that coach none of us could receive any pleasure but what was got from one of the other five; and each endeavoured to give some, that he might receive some. Thus one sung a song, one told a story, one produced a pun, one did this, and another did that. The whole world was without the coach, and within there was nothing but ourselves. Therefore having nothing else to love, we loved each other very fast. It has been observed, that the strongest love is that contracted in a jail; and the coach was for three days a perfect jail to us: so we were all become friends enough to grieve at parting. But what signifies talking? We parted, and there is an end; such transitory joys and pains are the lot of travellers.

travellers. The coach goes no further than this town, and I must think to-morrow of another vehicle.

L E T T E R III.

Fine dressing not blameable. Fifty broken noses. A promise to write trifles.

Exeter Hill, Aug. 17, 1760.

THIS morning early I walked all over this town. It is none of the finest, very ill paved, and very dirty, tho' it is summer. In winter it must be ten times worse. The houses are generally built in such a style of architecture, that Palladio would have hang'd himself for vexation, if he had seen them. I went to give a look to the cathedral. As it is Sunday, it was full of people, and the parson was preaching against the vanity of dressing. What he said upon the subject was sensible enough, and feelingly delivered; but not much to the purpose.

pose, as I thought, because the Exonians do not pique themselves (those at least who formed his audience) on the magnificence of their apparel. Many looked clean; but not one gaudy. Yet, had they even been fine, I do not like to hear dressing much condemned. Dressing is one of the many things that encrease the difference between the reasonable animal and the unreasonable; and any thing, be it ever so small, that increases that difference, is never much amiss. Extremes to be sure are extremes; and the vanity of dressing may be carried so far as to be ridiculous; yet sinful it can scarcely ever be: therefore, if I were a preacher, I would never bear hard upon this point, because I have observed that people well dressed, have in general a kind of respect for themselves; and whoever respects himself, does a very good thing. As for my part, I love dressing so well, that if I could afford it,

it, I would be half a beau all the year round.

This cathedral is Gothic, like that of Salisbury; but much inferior to it in many respects. It is large enough for the town, but has nothing very remarkable, except the fifty figures (if I have counted them right) which adorn its front. They are alto-relievos, and all noseless. Time has pick'd off their noses, and made dust of them, as it does of all noses, whether marble or not. From the top of the church, where I ascended by a winding stair case, the steps of which are in bad order, I have taken a view of the country round. It is very fine, full of small hills covered with trees, and watered by many streams.

Before the cathedral are some trees planted in rows, each tree fantastically cut in the form of a fan. About the walls of a ruined castle, which stands higher than the town, there is a fine walk much frequented by women, as I could see towards the latter part of the afternoon.

afternoon. I saw few men there. The prospect facing the castle on the side of the walk, is one of the most pleasing.

To-morrow my trunk will be forwarded to Falmouth in a cart or waggon. The English gentleman and I go to Plymouth, where I intend to make but a short stay. I want to be at Falmouth and embark for Lisbon. Having no more pretty girls to travel with, I find that I grow impatient, and long to see my journey's end, thinking more and more deeply on the three thousand miles I have to go. It is the seventh or eighth part of the globe's circumference! From Plymouth, and even from Falmouth, I will write to you again, and send my letters back to London, that they may be forwarded to you from thence. From Falmouth onward I propose to write to you every night, even when I am at sea, and tell you the story of every day. But whatever I write, as I go on, shall not be brought to you by any body but myself.

Be

Be sure I will write a world of things that I shall see or hear. Trifles indeed they will commonly be, as I shall have no leisure any where to make deep remarks. Yet I will endeavour to be entertaining, at least to myself; as I shall probably have no other means of beguiling the evenings but by my quill.

L E T T E R IV.

Manufactures of Serges and Tapestry. Father Norbert and his workmen from France.

Plymouth, Aug. 18, 1760.

I Left Exeter this morning at eleven; after having visited two manufactories, one of serges, and the other of that sort of tapestry, which in French is called *Gobelins* from the place where it is made at Paris: The serges of Exeter are, as I am told, chiefly exported into Catholic countries for the use of monks and nuns of various orders. In several storehouses of that town there are so many

VOL. I. C bales

bales of it, as would suffice to make an intrenchment round the camp of the Austrians, who are said to be so numerous in Saxony. I mean that at Exeter they make a large quantity of those serges: but travellers must exaggerate if they will prove entertaining. Many fanatical speculators would fain see all our religious orders abolished: but, were it not for those other fanatics who compose those orders, Exeter would fare but poorly.

As to the Gobelin-tapestry, the art of making it in perfection was introduced in England by a famous anti-jesuit, the reverend father Norbert, a French capuchin-friar, whom Benedict XIV (a kind of anti-jesuit himself) permitted to go and live in England, on condition he should play the missionary there, and convert the good people to his church. But, instead of doing as he was bid, and as he had promised, the honest fellow took the liberty of secularising himself, and assumed

assumed the name of Monsieur Parisot, and turned director of a manufactory of that sort of tapestry. In this undertaking he found means of being assisted by a voluntary subscription of the English nobility and gentry, which amounted to more than ten thousand pounds, as I was told at that time. That subscription the Monsieur pocketed soon after his arrival in London. I went several times from London to Fulham to see his looms, which would have procured him a pretty livelihood if he had been a man of some economy. But he lived at such a rate, and was possessed of so many virtues, especially those two cardinal ones vulgarly called lust and vanity, that he contracted many debts in a little time, turned bankrupt, and ran away.

The looms and other manufacturing implements which he could not carry off, were sold by auction; and one Mr. Pafavan bought them for little more than

nothing. With them he set up a diminutive manufactory at Exeter, after having taken into his service a few deserters from the Gobelins of Paris, who were inticed away by the friar's magnificent promises. These workmen, in consequence of those promises, came over to England, fairly venturing a halter, if they had been caught in the act of deserting. But the friar was far from keeping his word with them as soon as he had a sufficient number of them in his power. The salaries he then appointed them (and they were forced to accept) were but scanty. On his running away from England, the poor fellows found themselves in a very sad plight. They knew no other trade but that of tapestry-making, were ignorant of the language, and could not go back to France, where they would have been hanged for their desertion. Mr. Passavan picked out of the streets of London those few whom hunger and wretchedness had not time

to

to kill, and got them to Exeter, where he makes a penny out of their labour.

One part of this story I knew some years ago: the other I had from those few Frenchmen at Exeter; and I fancy you will not be displeas'd with this anecdote of a man so much talk'd of in Italy for his virulent writings against the Jesuits; whose books were for a time in every body's hands; and whose character proved at last no better than those of the worst part amongst those whom he censur'd.

I take now my leave of Exeter and of the organ of its cathedral, which the Exonians scruple not to say is the finest in England. And now you must fancy that you see me in a post-chaise hastening to Plymouth, quite enamour'd with the rural beauties of Devonshire, which are not inferiour to the best parts of Piedmont and Lombardy. At night I reached this town with a whole neck. A lucky thing enough, considering how precipi-

tously the postillions drove. It was quite dark when I alighted at the inn. I have written these lines while supper is making ready. Can any body say that I am idle ?

L E T T E R V.

A man of war and a dock visited.

Plymouth still, Aug. 19, 1760.

THIS morning I rambled about this small and irregular town, and visited its two churches, called St. Andrew and St. Charles. The English care but little for saints : yet they give their names to churches. A little piece of incongruity, as I take it. It proves how difficult it is to get rid of ancient customs.

I walked a while on the key of the harbour and along the sea-shore, where I saw nothing very remarkable, excepting two bay-mules. One of them was lame. And here, to keep up the character of a skilful, attentive, and judicious traveller,

I must

I must tell you that mules in England are far from being so common as with us. These two are almost all that I have seen in ten years.

Having noted down the lame mule in my memorandum-book with a pencil, I went towards the arsenal, or dock, as they call it here. It is about two miles distant from the town. In my way there, and just by it, I spy'd a man of war of sixty or seventy guns, called the Nottingham. They were refitting it, being just come from a long voyage. As I had never seen the inside of a man of war, I chose to visit it thoroughly with the assistance of two sailors, who explained to me the use of every thing in it, answering my numerous and foolish questions with a great deal of patience. What is this, and what is that, and what is the use of that other thing? Indeed the fellows were much in the right if they laughed at my ignorance of every thing. I am sure they winked at each other, and

looked arch: yet I say it again, they were perfectly right to make sport of such a mere landman as I am.

This visit lasted little less than three hours. But, just as it was over, and I was taking my leave of my friendly instructors, a sun-burnt sort of a gentleman came on board; one of the under-officers, I think. He approached me with a very particular kind of civility; something of openness mixed with roughness. Indeed I know not what name to give to that kind of civility. A medley of boldness, contempt, self-sufficiency, and kindness. Extract an idea out of these different ideas, and enjoy it. Hearing I was a stranger who had never been before under the deck of a war-ship, he took hold at once of both my hands, and grasped them so tenaciously, that I could not escape him. *“ Here, Sir, let’s walk below, and I’ll show her to you. A damn’d old baggage she; and we’ll all go to the bottom in her next voyage; but I don’t care a*
“ rusb.”

"*rush*." It was with the utmost difficulty I saved myself from his well-meant kindness. I entered an inn in the dock, and dined.

After dinner I went in search of an engineer for whom I had a letter, in which he was desired by a friend in London to show me the dock and any other thing curious about Plymouth. He is a most gentleman-like man, and possessed of much polite learning besides his skill in his profession.

He took me into the most hidden recesses of the dock, and showed me every thing. There I saw great heaps of cannon and mountains of cannon-balls, impatiently waiting for an opportunity to assist in the propagation of the human species : there I saw numberless masts of various sizes, all modestly lying down in a vast close : there I saw a prodigious long room, in which many men, running with their backs forwards and their bellies backwards,



backwards, (you comprehend me) were making those ropes, which are afterwards joined many together, and formed into cables as big as my waist. There I saw the vast chauldrons full of tar, where those ropes are boiled: and there I saw a very large wheel so constructed, that it contains about a dozen men in itself, who make it turn with great velocity by their incessant trampling upon some wooden bars that are laid across its inside. You have seen what we call a winding-cage put in motion by the bird it contains? That wheel is made upon the principles of a winding-cage, and those men in it may be called the bird. They had no more cloaths on than a frog, excepting their trowsers. The men turn the wheel; the wheel moves a press; the press squeezes the ropes that have been boiled in the chauldrons; and the ropes thus squeezed, emit the tar with which they were there impregnated. In short, I saw so many things in that dock, that Briareus, who had

had fifty writing-hands out of his hundred, would not be able to set them all down in an age, were he charged with making the inventory. Upon my credit, as I came out of that place I was little less than stupified. My faculties were nearly overpowered by the immense variety of objects that had past before my eyes. It was dark when I got back to the inn.

L E T T E R VI.

Fortifications. Mount Edgcombe. An habitation fit for Jean-Jacques. An antiquarian and his daughter.

Plymouth still, Aug. 20, 1760.

THE courteous engineer called upon me this morning early, and took me into a barge rowed by six stout fellows, besides the man at the rudder. We crossed with great swiftness a part of the harbour, and landed on a small rocky islet, called St. Nicholas, which has been placed

placed by nature in the very mouth of Plymouth-harbour. In less than half an hour we made the tour of the fortification upon it. Then we went to see the citadel, which is certainly very strong, and so well provided with batteries, that woe to the French Argonaut who should ever dare to come in search of the golden fleece on this shore. Yet I was not astonished at its strength. He who has seen our fortresses on the Alps, especially *Fenestrelles* and *La Brunette*, needs not to be surpris'd at any thing of that kind.

It was Charles the Second who built this citadel, in order to bridle the inhabitants of Plymouth, who had sided with Cromwell in the famous civil war. For these several years past they have been adding new fortifications to the harbour and the dock. So that, if the Plymouth-people had once the mortification to see themselves checked by them, they have now the pleasure to see themselves secured against all foreign invaders. No foe
must

must now think of landing there without an immense force. I even question whether it would be possible for any force to take it (I mean any force the French can muster) considering how the approach to it is rendered difficult by St. Nicholas and the citadel mutually supporting each other. Be it possible or not, I should not be pleased to be in the head-ship that came on so desperate an errand.

After dinner we got again into the barge, and made towards a hill about as high as that of the capuchins on the right side of your Po. They call it Mount-Edgcombe; and it is, properly speaking, a promontory which juts out into the sea on the right side of Plymouth-harbour. The proprietor of it is an English lord, who has a house upon it. In the whole world there is perhaps not another so well situated. A bold expression, you will say. But were you to see it, you would be astonished at the prospect it commands.

From