

From its windows, and indeed from that whole side of the hill, you see straight afore you the vast ocean extending itself beyond the reach of eyes. The immense liquid plain has its uniformity interrupted only in one small place about ten miles from the land. I mean, that about ten miles off at sea there is a Light-house erected on a rock, which stands absolutely by itself, and is called *The Eddy-stone*. The Light-house is very visible from Mount-Edgcombe, though at such a distance. On your left hand you have the harbour with the islet of St. Nicholas, the citadel, the dock, and the town of Plymouth. The harbour swarms with men of war and ships of several sizes, some at anchor and some in motion, and with numberless boats perpetually rowing or sailing backwards and forwards; the whole of this surrounded by a vast tract of fine country, diversified by a great many hills and streams of water. Add to this, that under the windows and all

about the park, there are cows, and deer, and geese, and turkeys, and other animals peaceably feeding upon a verdant carpet bounded all round by a circular walk. A fine contrast to the busy scene transacted below in the harbour.

What do you say to it now? They speak of the Chartreuse at Naples, and they say it is the finest situation in the world. I believe it. But Mount-Edgecombe is also the finest; and so you have two finest, one at Naples, and the other in Devonshire. In Queen Elizabeth's time the admiral of the Spanish Armada, making sure of conquering this kingdom, begg'd Mount-Edgecombe of Philip II by way of reward for his intended conquest. Philip promised to give it; but the English admiral hindered him from keeping his promise, by accomplishing the destruction of the Armada with his invention of fire-ships. A horrible storm had already begun that destruction.

Of

Of the Light-house and rock on which it stands, I saw once the model in London. There was formerly another light-house on that rock; which was washed away by the sea on a stormy night, and still another that was accidentally burnt. I remember very well that I admired much the model of this. The ingenuity of the architect (one Mr. Smeaton) was great, who found the means of erecting such an edifice in such a place; that is, upon a sloping rock perfectly naked, and almost incessantly beaten by millions of the most tremendous waves.

To think of digging that rock, and thus give the edifice a good foundation, was utterly impossible, as the rock is near as hard as porphyry. The architect therefore had a multitude of holes bored into it, and large iron bars driven into those holes. To bore such holes required no small labour, as you may imagine. Then, between bar and bar the foundation was laid, by connecting large flat stones in
such

such a manner, that each entered into a part of the next. No sand was employed there but what was fetched so far as the neighbourhood of Rome. You know the nature of the *Pozzolana*, that hardens under water every day more when mixed with lime, and incorporates with the stones in such a manner, as to make one solid mass with them in a little time.

This was certainly a noble undertaking; and thus the dangerous rock is made visible to nocturnal navigators, as lights are shown every night on the top of that strange edifice by two men, who live constantly there, and sometimes see nobody for whole months, especially in winter. Those men have provisions sent them from Plymouth when the weather will permit. But let them be ever so plentifully supplied, still they must husband them with great care for fear of a long tempestuous winter, that leaves no room for sending them any thing. What a happy life some mortals lead on the sur-



face of this globe ! To be shut up in a small apartment (a very small one) on the top of a tower seventy foot high, and see nothing but water from its narrow windows, and hear no other sound but that of the raging billows incessantly beating about them ! I am told that those billows are often such, as to approach the very top of the Light-house, and sprinkle its narrow windows. The celebrated Rousseau never heard of such a place, I suppose ; or he would have begg'd the employ of lamp-lighter there, he who hates so much all converse with mankind. It is impossible to imagine a properer mansion for a philosopher so much out of humour with this wicked world.

After having walk'd a while in the circular walk of Mount-Edgcombe, and well considered all the parts of that surprising prospect, I took my leave of the engineer, who was going another way, and went back to the barge with another gentleman who had dined with us. His
cheerful

cheerful countenance, the liveliness of his conversation, and the reverend hoariness of his locks, made me readily sympathise with him. He is a Naturalist and an Antiquarian. As we crossed the harbour again, he pointed at a place on the left hand, and made me take notice of some large holes which go deep under the shore. Near those holes, said he, lived in ancient days a mighty giant called *Og-magog*; and we are informed by an old chronicle, that he fought once a most terrible battle with another giant called *Corineus*, whom he killed and threw head-long into the sea just by those holes: so that they have retained the name of the victor to this day, and are called *The holes of Og-magog*.

On our landing at Plymouth the gentleman insisted upon my going to eat a bit of supper with him; and while it was making ready, he showed me his collection of medals and natural curiosities. But oh the wonderful discretion of a Na-

turalist and Antiquarian! He only pointed cursorily to a few of the rarest pieces in the collection, and did not teize me with minute and tiresome details. Many of his brethern have got the trick of keeping you a long time, descanting upon every rusty medal they have, upon every broken idolet, every reptile, every plant, every petrification, and every chrystallification; nor are they aware, that he who has not made such things the principal object of his studies, considers a good many of them as mere baubles, and cannot look upon them with such eager eyes as they do themselves, who having employed many of their thoughts about them, and been at a great deal of trouble in collecting, hold almost every individual piece as dear as a jewel.

Do not imagine however, that I condemn the collectors of medals; much less those of natural curiosities. He who has leisure and means, does very well to employ them this way, if he knows of no
better

better to render himself useful to the literary commonwealth. It is of considerable advantage in the prosecution of our studies to know something of ancient coins and other remains of remote ages ; and it is a most rational satisfaction to be acquainted with every pebble that lies in your way, with every weed you tread upon, and with every flower you pluck up. And to be able to range almost every thing you see in its proper class, will certainly help on life in a manner delightful as well as innocent. But to honour accidental inspectors with your prolix details, proves intolerably fatiguing.

My gentleman is none of these over-officious explainers, and did not put me out of patience for a single moment. Nor will I pass over in silence his daughter, who seemed to be very well versed in the maidenly science of shells and butterflies, and not even ignorant of the manner in which coral is formed and insects live in its cavities, as I found by conversation

while at supper. Her father has made her the keeper of his cabinet, and she knows so much of every thing in it, as to supply pretty well his absence when there is occasion to show it to strangers. I wish we had in Italy many young ladies as learned as Miss Betsey, and able to procure themselves so harmless a pastime as that of examining the various productions of nature. I think it would be a very advantageous addition to that of dancing well, and fingering a harpsichord with a masterly hand.

But the pleasure of scribbling has made me encroach upon the hour of going to bed. Therefore, good night. I see the dawn peeping out. It is near four by my watch, and rather time to set out than to go to sleep. However, I will go to sleep; and so good night again.

L E T T E R VII.

Petty tyranny scarcely avoidable. Incessant rain.

From an inn called Horse-bridge, Aug. 21, 1760.

THIS has proved a very rainy day, which has made my short journey very disagreeable. At the town where I dined, having nobody to talk to, and yet wanting to talk, I asked mine hostess how she went on in her business. Very poorly, said the old woman. I am sorry, said I, to hear you say so. But how can this be, as this town seems so populous?

She then informed me, that almost the whole territory of that town belongs to a noble peer of this realm, who never goes there, and leaves all his concerns to the management of an agent. The agent by these means, from a very insignificant fellow that he originally was, is become a most considerable personage in the town and plays the bashaw over almost every

body there. Do you see (quoth the woman) that girl there? Well: she is a virtuous girl, and never would mind the agent. I will say no more: but he took something amiss of us, and declared himself our enemy. He is all-powerful here, and does right and wrong, just as he lists: nor can we get any redress, as the justice himself stands in fear of him. Some of the townsmen, who have been wronged by the agent as well as we, are gone feverally to London to complain of him to the lord; but never could get admittance, because he is too great a man to be spoke to by ordinary people; besides that several of his grace's servants are in the bashaw's interest, and take care to stop all information. Every body gives a good word to the lord, and says that he would set all things to rights (a) if he was but apprised of what is doing in this place.

(a) The complaints of the inhabitants (as I was casually apprised since my return to England) have reached the peer, and the agent has been turned out of his place.

To

To distress me and my family, the agent will have nothing further to do with any inhabitant who comes to my inn; and he has it in his power to harrass many, and deny bread to many, having, as I said, the management of almost all the land in the territory, and many of them being the lord's tenants. Thus I am ruined, continued the old woman, as I have no means of subsistence but such chance-travellers as you are, and the road from Plymouth to Falmouth not much frequented. Not a single glass of cyder can I sell to any body dependant on that man. They all avoid me and my house as if the plague was in it!

Now, ye Englishmen, said I to myself, behold! Here as well as elsewhere, the whale swallows up the small fishes, whatever you may say of your laws, which you think so very antidotal against all sort of tyranny. Your laws, you say, are an adamantine shield that covers your whole island. No oppression is here of any

kind; no: not the least shadow of it. But go to mine hostess, gentlemen, and you will hear another story. You will hear that it is in your country as in all others; I mean that no such laws can be thought on by mortal legislators, as perfectly to screen the weak against the strong, or the poor against the rich; especially when the subject of complaint is not so great as to draw the public attention, which is generally the case in those many oppressions that the little endure from the great. Innumerable are the distresses that one part of mankind would heap upon the other, were it not for a law much higher than any you can pass. That law you must all endeavour to inculcate to each other, that it may spread further and further. That alone will prove powerful if you keep it: but if you despise or neglect it, none else will be much conducive to the suppression and extinction of petty tyranny.

Thus

Thus did I go on moralizing the whole afternoon, closely shut up in my chaise because of the rain. This inn of Horse-bridge is the last place in Devonshire. To-morrow I shall be in Cornwall by break of day.

L E T T E R VIII.

Chivalry-books. Variations of speech. Tin, Gold, and Coal-mines in Italy. Why should we work hard?

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJO DE CULTURA

Falmouth, Aug. 22, 1760.

WITHIN pistol-shot of the house where I wrote my last, there is a brook with a plank over it. At the east-end of that plank Devonshire ends, and at the west-end Cornwall begins.

Cornwall is a province frequently mentioned in our ancient books of chivalry. It is represented as a country, where knights-errant often met with strange adventures: With distressed damsels riding about on milk-white palfreys in search of

of assistance against some giant who had robbed them of their lovers, or against some necromancer who had shut up some beautiful queen in his enchanted tower.

Why Cornwall was oftener named in those books than Devonshire or some other of the adjacent parts, is not easy to say. Perhaps some fashionable description of that country determined their choice, or perhaps in the ages of chivalry Cornwall was better known to the Italians than Devonshire and other adjacent parts on account of the tin with which it abounds. The Italians were then the greatest (perhaps the only) navigators in Europe, and knew one better than the other upon that account. Give a better guess if you can as to the predilection our romancers had for this province whenever they laid the scene in Great Britain.

As Falmouth is little less than three hundred miles from London, I expected to be much puzzled in many parts by variation of speech. But I have found that
the

the same language is very nearly spoken all along the road. The very speech of Falmouth is so like that of London, as not to give me the least trouble. This would not have been the case in Italy, where in a much shorter space you meet with dialects quite unintelligible to the Tuscans or the Romans, and, what is still more surprising, with other manners and other tenours of living, which is not perceptibly the case from London to Falmouth.

However it is lucky that I happened not to come this way about a century and half ago ; for I am told that a dialect of the Welch language was then spoken throughout this province, which had certainly been utterly unintelligible to me. How the Cornish came to be quite annihilated in so short a time is matter of astonishment, considering that the present inhabitants are not colonists, but lineal descendants from the inhabitants of that age.

As

As it has rained apace ever since I crossed the small brook above-mentioned, I could see almost nothing these three days but the road and the inns where I alighted. I cannot therefore tell you any very remarkable thing of the country which I left behind. It was my intention to stop at Truro, and go to see the tin-mines in its neighbourhood; but this untimely rain, which still continues, has defeated my scheme, and put me quite out of humour; so that I jogged along to this place, and thus have deprived both you and myself of some entertainment and information.

Truro is the chief town of Cornwall. By what I could see of it, I liked it better than either Exeter or Plymouth. Along one of the streets lie scattered a great many square pieces of tin, each of about three hundred pounds weight, as I am told. They tell me likewise, that tin is dug out of the mine along with a great deal of earth; and not in bits or lumps,
but

but in grains as small as common sand. The tin is separated from the earth by several washings, and, when thus separated, is melted and cast into those square pieces. The pieces are marked with the king's stamp, and a small duty is paid for that mark. Then it is melted again, and cast into ingots about as big as my thumb, and little less than three spans long; and in this form is tin transported wherever it goes. I got one of those ingots, and could as easily bend it as I can a rope. In the bending it gives a successive cracking sound, and yet it is not a sound, properly speaking: it is rather a noise. Nor will an ingot break by bending, except you twist it hard, and contrary-wise. The square pieces look very much like silver unpolished, and emit a pretty sound or tinckling when struck with a stick or a stone.

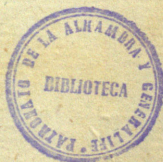
It is a good thing for the Cornish people to have plenty of a commodity like this, which is of general use, and almost peculiar

peculiar to their province. It makes them ample amends for their soil, which in many places seemed to me very barren. I do not know whether we have any tin in Italy : but I have once seen an English book of travels (whose title or author I cannot now recollect) in which it is said, that the hills about Spoleto and Norcia contain much of it. If this is true, our Italians must be considered as less industrious than the English, for not searching into those hills. It is a remark made by many foreigners, that if nature does not place her treasures within the reach of our countrymen, they scarcely deign to have recourse to art in order to get at them. I will not for the present attempt to settle the ballance of industry between ours and other nations. Such a discussion would be endless. This however I will say, that we have coal-mines in several parts of Italy, which were never looked into, but by some curious naturalists ; and that I have myself seen hundreds

dreds of poor people searching for gold in some of our rivers, particularly after a heavy shower in a torrent called *Orba*, which runs between the high Monferrat and the Genoese; and was told, that many a one is often so lucky, as to get in a few hours as much of it as will sell for a crown and more. Yet no body ever made the least attempt towards discovering the place from which that gold is washed down.

These and several other neglects of this nature, have often been censured by strangers, and the character of the Italians for industry is not so great in foreign countries as it ought perhaps to be. But though we do not search for coals and metals, yet I cannot find in my heart peevishness enough to join with these censurers. It is true that to be rich is a most convenient thing; and you will easily believe me when I tell you, that I should not at all be displeas'd at an income of ten thousand pounds, and even ten thousand

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times more. But when I consider that Italy fares as well, taken all together, as any other country that can be named; that there are as few real wants amongst us as any where else; that very few amongst our poor live in perfect idleness; and that few, very few, are those who can ever be enriched by hard and constant labour; when I consider all this, I cannot indeed wish to see labour much multiplied amongst our poor. And pray, why should they

*Ransack the centre, and with impious hand
Rifle the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid?*

and why should they work harder and harder, to no better purpose than to make the rich still richer?

Italy has been so favoured by providence, that it might shift by itself, better perhaps than any other country, if it were put to it. We have a fertile ground that yields with moderate labour not only every necessary of life, but even a great
many

many articles of luxury; nay, we have those articles in such plenty, that we can well spare a large share for other nations, and exchange them for what we fancy will do us good. We want nothing realy, but a succession of good governors careful to see that people may have a share suitable to their several ranks of those blessings which the country yields with great liberality; and let English, Dutch, or other people, born in climates less kind than ours, perpetually contrive new schemes to load their poor with work, and think perpetually how to put them all (if it were feasible) about unbosoming mountains, or plowing the ocean in numberless directions, in order to encrease the number of the few who are to enjoy without working. Too much must be endured by those, to whose lot it falls to go upon such errands; and I like not to see our poor employed in occupations that kill some and harass many.

I know that politicians and traders have millions of things ready to offer against reasonings like this. The very dullest amongst them, thinks himself equal to the task of proving, that the Italians, because less industrious, must of course be less happy than the English or the Dutch, who are the modern patterns of industry. But let us take notice, that in the dictionary of traders and politicians, riches and happiness are made perfectly synonymous, though they are not strictly so in the lexicon of philosophers; and let us reflect above all, that it is impossible to enrich the hundredth part of the inhabitants of any country, but through the hard and incessant labour of the other ninety nine parts.

L E T T E R IX.

*Pilchards. Packet-boats, and last farewell
to England.*

Falmouth still, One o'clock in the afternoon, Aug. 23, 1760.

MY trunk has been carried this minute on board; I have already dined; I have paid four guineas for the permission of embarking; and have no further business here but to wait for the signal of departure. The weather is perfectly fair, and the wind as favourable as one can wish, since the streamer on the mast-head points exactly to Lisbon.

It was a most lucky thing that I reached Falmouth last night. Had I tarried four and twenty hours longer on the road, I should have been obliged to pass a week or a fortnight here, waiting for another packet; which had proved somewhat vexatious, as this place affords no other amusement to an unknown

stranger, but that of walking about, or looking on the sea.

Last night I supped with some gentlemen just arrived from the place where I am going. They had a very bad passage. Calms and storms alternately; and were full four and forty days about it. If this was to be my case, it would heartily make me curse my curiosity to see Portugal and Spain. However let us hope for the best. I have now advanced too far to retreat, and will take my chance.

So by and by I shall be in England no more! This is no pleasing consideration. By and by I shall be tost up and down the waves. And this other consideration, do you think it pleasing? But, what is really not pleasing, I shall have no other company on board, except the people that belong to the packet. What shall I do to employ my time if the passage proves long? Scribble and read. But a man cannot read and scribble for ever. I shall want a little talk likewise; and the people

people of the packet, I suppose, will have other business to mind than my converse. Put all this together, and say whether my present situation can raise your envy. But it is a folly to abandon ourselves to our imaginations when they are of the gloomy kind.

I had not much rest last night, as I went to bed much vexed at the rain that continued pouring without any sort of discretion. But rising with the sun, I was mightily pleased to see it shine in its greatest glory, and not the least speck of a cloud in the whole horizon. I walked along the shore, waiting for the captain of the packet, with whom I was to go for the passport. In my walk I met with a gentleman, an early riser, it seems, as well as myself. I bowed; he bowed. Going for Lisbon, sir? Yes, sir. I hope you will have a good passage. I thank you kindly. Words beget words. We said something of the war; we made a jest of the French; praised the king of

Prussia, prince Ferdinand, and so forth. Then we came to talk of Falmouth. He told me that he traded much in pilchards; and that he sent every year several ship-loads to several parts of Europe, and particularly to Italy.

Pilchards, as I could collect from his discourse, are the chief commodity that the Falmouth people have for trade. The fish comes in this neighbourhood generally three times a year, and always in large shoals. That which is caught in winter proves best and sells best. They take immense quantities of it; salt it; stow it in large barrels; and sell it for the greatest part to the several catholic nations. Should the Pope turn Protestant, and abolish lent and meagre days, or only tell us that it is no sin to eat a good fowl on a Friday, the Falmouthians would have no great temptation to laugh at the jest. Yet, besides this resource, they have money necessarily circulating in the town, in consequence of the many
 packets

packets here stationed for several parts of the West-Indies, Spain, and Portugal. Nor is this country barren and unpleasant. I like very well what I have seen of it, and Falmouth seems to me one of those innumerable places where a man may live agreeably, provided he has wherewithal to supply all his wants. But hark ! it is the signal-gun that calls me on board with its resounding voice. So farewell England, farewell again and again.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

L E T T E R X.

*Sea-sickness. Monsieur or the Dog. Neither
Fight nor storm. Englishmen mending.*

From on board the King-George-Packet, about a hundred and fifty miles off Falmouth. Aug. 24, 1760.

YESTERDAY about two o'clock in the afternoon I came hastily on board. The sails were spread, and in less than three hours, with the shore always in view, we found ourselves off a place called

called *Land's End*, which (as the name implies) is the western-most point of England. I fetch'd a deep sigh when a little after I saw it no more.

It was near eight when all I could see about us was nothing but water, water, water. The sky was quite bright, the wind blew very fresh, and the sea was as flat as the table I am writing upon : so that, finding I was already thirty miles from the shore without the least symptom of the sea-sickness, I made sure I should escape it. It came into my head that about five and twenty years ago, crossing that little puddle pompously called *the Adriatic Sea* by the Venetians, I was taken ill within two or three miles from the land ; and that the same had happened ten years ago when I went from Boulogne to Dover. This was good ground enough for hope, considering my present distance from the shore. Yet that hope was blasted, and at sun-

set

set my stomach wrought with such violence, that for near three hours I was more ill than words can express. I was carried down little less than senseless, and put to bed. An end was soon put to my torment by my falling into a most profound sleep, in spite of the incessant crackings of the ship, and in spite of the walking, talking, singing, and jumping of the sailors.

It was near eight this morning when I was awakened by some of the fellows crying out *a sail, a sail*. As I found myself tolerably well, I got up instantly, and went upon deck, where about an hour after I saw through my spying-glass a ship that seemed to make towards us. Now, thought I, I shall have something to enliven my letter of to-day. Every man on board was looking at the ship, some through telescopes, and some with their own eyes. None could as yet tell whether it was a friend or a foe. This
 packet

packet is a most special failer; so that none of our people feared being overtaken by any pursuer, and we went on as if no body had been in sight. The captain inquired with great kindness after my health, hoped I would be sick no more, and order'd tea, which was most acceptable, as my throat was very sore because of the efforts made last night. I breakfasted heartily; then looked again at the ship that followed; then took up a book; then went down to dine; then went up to look at the ship again; then read again and again. Towards five this afternoon the ship was within two or three miles of us, and several of our people were positive that it was *Marshal Bellisle*, a privateer of Morlaix that carries twelve or fourteen guns. By what marks they could know it, I cannot tell. As this opinion prevailed, our tars wished the Dog would come an inch nearer, just to give him a broadside or two, by way of pay-

paying him for his sawciness in looking at us. As we have a few guns more than the Dog, (for dog is the word) we would presently cure him of his impertinence. But packets are strictly forbidden to fight, when fighting can be avoided by sailing away. They cannot even stop to attack enemies of inferior force. Therefore Monsieur, or the Dog, (the two words are synonymous) is perfectly safe, and may follow as long as he lists. We have now spread a few additional sails, and the captain tells me, that in about two hours we shall see him no more if this wind continues. My account of this voyage therefore will not be graced with the narration of a naval combat, which would make it much prettier; and it will prove quite insipid if we are also so unlucky as not to meet with a storm to excite a little my powers of description.

But what shall I say now the privateer has disappeared? I want a subject for scribbling

scribbling half an hour longer, and here I have none at hand. Let me step back to the dear island I quitted yesterday.

The farther I went from London, the more tractable seem'd the low people. None did I meet that was sparing of bows and civil behaviour ; and in the whole journey I never was honoured once with the pretty appellation of *French dog*, so liberally bestowed by the London rabble upon those who have an outlandish look ; and you know how few are the strangers that can look like natives any where.

This custom of abusing strangers without the least provocation, is by many attributed to the freedom of the English government : But I am far from being of this opinion, as the custom of abusing strangers is not peculiar to the English. There are other governments quite different from the British, where the low people make thus free with those who are not their countrymen ; and call them
by

by injurious names as they go by. However, in the space of ten years, I have observed that the English populace have considerably mended their manners in this particular; and am persuaded that in about twenty years more they will become quite as civil to strangers as the French and the Italians. When I first went to London, I remember that a stranger could scarcely walk about with his hair in a bag without being affronted. Every porter and every street-walker would give a pull to his bag, merely to rejoice themselves and passengers: but now, both strangers and natives wear bags about London without molestation; nor is the *French-dog* by far so much in fashion as it was then, when they would even bestow it upon a Turk, whose chin was shaded by a beard, and whose head was hidden in a turban.

The low people all over the kingdom seem to think that there are but two nations in the world, the English and the French;

French ; and he must be a Frenchman who is not an Englishman. Then they know something of a sea-faring people called the Dutch, for whom they have the greatest contempt. But talk to them of other nations ; of the Italians for instance : They have heard something of the Italians ; but a'n't the 'Taliens French ? What are they ? Have they any bread to eat, or any beer to drink, like the English ? Or do they feed upon soup-meagre and frogs like the French ?

Here you will be apt to wonder at the ignorance of the English populace : but while you wonder, be pleased to recollect that our Italian populace are full as ignorant, and even more. What notions have our populace of the English ? They have heard that the English do not believe the Pope to be infallible : of course they are not Christians. But what are they ? No body knows for certain ; but the English believe in transmigration, and that they shall be turned into some animal

animal or other after death ; mean while they are all Lords, and not men and women, but something else, no body knows what.

Such are the notions our low people have of the English ; and what encreases their absurdity is, that they see English travellers every day, who look as much like men as the Pope himself. And as to the English notions about eating and drinking, did you ever hear of the honest Neapolitan who was going to Rome? He put bread and onions in his post-chaise, not knowing (said he) whether there was any thing to eat at such a distance from Naples.

Excusing therefore their rudeness to strangers, and their contempt for all other countries, [into which contempt they are betray'd by many of their daily scribblers, who are incessantly reviling all other countries;] the populace of England is far from being so hateful as strangers are apt to think a little after

their arrival in London. I have seen them contribute as many shillings as they could spare, towards the maintenance of the French prisoners they have made in the present war : I have seen them sorry when the news came that Damiens had stabb'd the King of France : and I have heard an universal shout of joy when their parliament voted a hundred thousand pounds to the Portuguese on hearing of the tremendous earthquake. What do you say to this ? Is it possible to hate people of this make ? What signifies their ridiculous custom of calling names, by which foreign blockheads are so much offended ?

But 'tis time to go to bed. If I am in the humour to-morrow, I will resume this topic, and tell you more of the English. Except a little fore-throat, I now find myself better than ever I was in my life ; and yet last night my sickness was so horrible, that I thought it
im-

impossible to survive it. It is really a thing that feels fatal.

L E T T E R X I.

Acquaintance contracted at Sea. A Bag-pipe. Juno's and Venus's.

King George Packet, Aug. 25, 1760.

THE Captain's name is Bawn, and the Lieutenant's Oak. They are both very kind and very civil; nor did I ever see any people mind their business more closely than they do theirs. I think they live without sleep. They are always upon deck, and attentive to the sailors, that each may stick to his respective duty. Scarcely dare I to exchange ten words with either for fear of proving troublesome. However, when we are *along side of a buttock of beef*, as they phrase it, we talk fast enough, and drink to each other merrily. But you do not know that I have found a treasure in this ship. Yes,

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indeed ; and this treasure is the Surgeon. This morning, as we were both in the great room (I mean a room which is eight or nine feet wide) I saw this surgeon looking into a quarto book, which I perceived to be an Italian dictionary. Do you read Italian, Sir? “ I have been “ studying it a while, Sir, but I cannot “ say that I know much of it.”

These were the first words I heard him utter, for he looks very reserv'd. Sir, said I, I know something of Italian myself ; and if you chuse, we will read a page or two together out of any book you have. With all my heart, said he ; and fetch'd a volume of Redi's medical consultations. I read a few periods, and as fluently as if it had been my own language. He was astonished at my readiness, as he had not yet found by my pronounciation that I was no Englishman. You read it, said he, much better than I. Were you ever in Italy? Ay, said I, I was only born and bred there, and was moreover the very identical

identical compiler of this dictionary. The Scotchman (for he is a Scotchman) seem'd extremely pleas'd with this kind of adventure, and we are already very intimate friends. He speaks Spanish and Portuguese, besides some other languages; has been in all the four quarters of the world playing the fudgeon on board this and that ship, and seems well skilled in his profession. Was it possible to form a better acquaintance in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean? He plays, besides, on the bag-pipe; an odd instrument I never saw in Italy. Our mountaneers indeed have the bag-pipe, but different from his. They introduce the air into the bag by blowing continually into a tube while they are playing: but he swells it by means of a bellows, which he presses with his left elbow, while he is managing the flute with his fingers. A very good contrivance to spare one's lungs! We are resolv'd to read a good deal of Italian and Portuguese before we reach Lisbon.