

I ask him numberless questions about Malabar and Madagafcar, and tell him, by way of exchange, all that I know of Milan and Venice. Be no longer concerned at my situation : I am very well off ; and this voyage shall be chearfully performed.

I promised yesterday to speak a little more of the English. Let us then begin with the Ladies, the best subject in the whole world to write upon.

And are the English Ladies handsomer than ours? Upon my word I expected this to be your first question. But, first or last, the answer requires some consideration : Nay, I will not answer it at all. I will only tell you a bit of conversation I had once with an able painter of ours, who has lived many years in England as well as myself. I ask'd him once this same question ; and his answer was, that in Italy he has seen more Juno's than in England ; but that in England there are more Venus's than in Italy.

How-

However you must not conclude from this, continued he, that the Italian beauties are all in the grand stile, and all the English in the lovely. There are many pretty women in Italy too, and many very majestic in England. But, in general, the British have more delicate complexions than ours, and ours more determinate features (*fattedezze risolute* was the phrase) than theirs. Look at the skins and shapes at Ranelagh. Do you ever see any thing in Italy so bright and so tempting? But then look at the noses of our Roman Ladies, look at the lips of the Neapolitan, look at the whole form of the Lombard and Venetian! Is there any thing properer for a Raphael to paint, or a Michelangelo to carve? In another thing, besides, our Italians excel. No eyes in the world like those of Italy for striking you dead at once.

Hang your eyes and eye-brows, said I peevishly. I care not a farthing for eyes or skins, for lips and chins, for noses and

shapes. What's all this to me? I am in-
tirely for sense, wit, and goodness, which
are the true sources of amiableness in the
fair. This is what we ought to mind,
and not your fooleries about Juno's and
Venus's. And will you say, that in point
of wit, sense, and goodness, the Italian
Ladies can vie with the English?

The painter seeing me grow so angry,
ran away, crying that he would not listen
any longer to a traitor to his country:
thus I lost a fine opportunity of show-
ing my skill in debating a question.

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA
JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

L E T T E R X I I .

Tediousness. Vain efforts to drive it away.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27, early in the morning.

IT was impossible yesterday to make
use of my quill, because of a flat calm
that made me sick. About sun-set a
gale sprung up, and I could eat a bit of
biscuit, drink a glass, and go to bed
without being carried.

At

At five this morning I got up, not at all chearful. You never saw me in so brown a humour. I went upon deck, and sat there a full hour in perfect idleness. It is now past six, and I am still torpid, and my mind seems unwilling to be put in motion. Yet my mind is not a bottle of claret, that must be handled gently: so I will shake it, and force it to guide this quill until I am called to breakfast.

Vile dead weather that of yesterday! I know now what a calm is, and am sure storms are better by half. The captain says the contrary, but I will not believe a word about it. Did not the calm make me sick? Nor is it possible to describe the horror of that disorder called the seasickness! He must be an orator that can. You groan in spite of yourself: you growl like a wounded wolf, if wolves growl when they are wounded, which is a thing I am not sure of: you are ill, vastly ill, prodigiously ill! and yet, the
 more

more sick you are, the more these sea-faring folks go on repeating, that 'tis nothing, nothing indeed, nothing at all. Now heartily I could thrash them, if I durst, for terming nothing so dreadful a torment! and yet they must be right, for they must know better than I.

Nor is that hateful sickness the only plague one has on board a packet. There is another to be encounter'd, named Tedioufness, which is full as great, full as detestable. And how can I help myself against it? I may stay below in my room, or I may stay upon deck. If I stay below, I cannot have any company, save that of my own self, which is pretty tolerable company as long as I can write. But can I write for ever? I grow presently tired of it; and tedioufness lays hold of me if I do not run up-stairs. Well. I run up-stairs. But what can I do when I am there? I look at a very tall may-pole here, and at another there. They both support some pieces of canvass that hang loose

loose in a calm, or catch the wind as it happens to stir. Do I look at any thing else? Yes: at two rows of brass-guns that never will let me hear their voices, on the frivolous pretence that no Monsieur will come near enough to be spoke to. What else can I cast my eyes upon? A boundless plain that struck me once with its immense expansion, rendered infinitely awful for a moment or two by an interminable uniformity, and irresistibly tremendous by its massy solemn undulation. The object is grand, prodigiously grand! But I have look'd at it so long, that familiarity has had its usual effect, and I cannot bear any longer that invariable expansion and invariable undulation. I find that nothing can please me long but what can talk; and the ocean cannot talk!

Here you will say, that a man used to think, might beguile one hour after another even in a dark dungeon, if he would but exert his mental powers and think away without intermission. How pretty

pretty this in speculation ! But where is the man who can always call forth thoughts, and force them to dance in his presence as he pleases ? Whatever you may do where you are, I cannot in this packet. I have often endeavoured to create an object ; and to tell you of one in particular, it is but a minute ago that I reached Turin, where you were impatiently waiting for my arrival. You all ran down stairs on hearing the rattle of my wheels and the claps of the postillion's whip. Six arms were extended to help me out of the chaise. One of you embraced me, one squeezed my hand, one was ready to cry for joy. Welcome, welcome, how do you do ?

Had the illusion lasted, tediousness had kept at a distance. But my powers proved too weak, and it vanished away as soon as form'd. A beam crack'd, or a sailor swore, or a wave dash'd against the stern, and farewell illusion ! There is no possibility on board a packet to
build

build a castle in the air that is worth erecting! I put myself often in the posture of Guido's famous Magdalen, my left elbow on my left knee, the knuckles of my left hand under my chin, and my eyes half shut. An excellent posture for the purpose of building the amplest castle, with good solid walls, lofty turrets, and elevated battlements. But the fundamental brick is scarcely laid, that it is displaced by some unwelcome violence. When I was a boy it was one of my chief delights to stand watching a pretty circle which I had form'd on the smooth surface of a pond by throwing a small pebble into it. But my school-fellows, mischief-making urchins, who presently smook'd me at my usual diversion, would pick up any thing that lay before them and fling it into the pond. My poor harmless circle was thus incessantly destroy'd by a thousand others, broken, confused, and undistinguishable! Here is a simile for you! And have I not stolen

it



it from some English poet? I think I have; but cannot recollect from whom.

A fellow calls me to breakfast. When it is over I will beg a tune on the bagpipe of my good surgeon: then we will read a while; and then come down to scribble again.

L E T T E R XIII.

*A Bonito and the Flying-fish. Sea-voyages.
Machinery in Epick Poems.*

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27, aforenoon.

I Saw a thing just now that I had never seen before. A fish full five spans from head to tail. The failors hook'd it in. They call it *Bonito*; a Spanish word that means *middling good*. I am to have my share of it at dinner by way of encouragement to eat, for the Captain swears I eat nothing: but this is to be understood only when I am sea-sick, as,
when

when I am well, I perform my duty as bravely as any man in the packet.

The hook with which the Bonito was caught, is near as big as my little finger, and the bait was a bit of rag wrapp'd round it, with the addition of two feathers clapp'd upon it in such a manner as aukwardly to resemble the *Flying-fish*, which Bonitos consider as a tit-bit. No creature but a silly fish could ever mistake a bit of rag for a dainty morsel.

The *Flying-fish* is about the size of a herring. Its fins are much larger in proportion than those of any other fish, and stand in the stead of wings. I have seen thousands of them to-day that darted out of the water, and flew, or rather flutter'd along in a straight line, the distance of two or three ships' length, then dropp'd down in their natural element.

I have never before seen a *Flying-fish*, nor a Bonito. So here are two new ideas fairly added to my stock. I am glad of the
the

the addition though but small. Who knows but one day or other they may turn to good account? To point a moral, for instance, in speaking of some conqueror or some attorney? To bring about a new comparison between a poor hostess and some agent in Devonshire? We have never knowledge enough: we must always endeavour to heap up as much of it as we can. Every thing has its use upon occasion, and the poorest trifle will unexpectedly be of service in speech or in writing, in prose or in poetry.

The Bonito will come upon table within an hour: but I would rather it was an anchovy, and be with you to eat it. I should like it better than the biggest inhabitant of the ocean in this packet. An irksome thing it is to go by sea! And yet I ought to be ashamed to say so, considering what a short voyage I am going. Lisbon must be looked upon as next door to Falmouth when we think of the voyages of some Englishmen, Dutchmen, French-

Frenchmen, Spaniards, and other people. But I am a traveller like Ulysses, who went a while up and down the Mediterranean, and made as great a pother about it as if he had gone from Ithaca to Japan by Terra del Fuego, and back again another way. Fifty thousand people, nay, fifty hundred thousand, who were neither kings nor heroes, have gone twenty times as far, and no Mæonian bard dreamed of composing epic poems upon any of them. The only epic poem that ever was written since that of Homer to celebrate a man who had gone a long voyage, was the performance of a Spaniard. I must tell you the story to lengthen my letter.

This Spaniard (Erçilla was his name) perfectly aware that no modern bard would ever trouble his head about any man who went a few thousand miles by water, having been so far as Peru, (if I mistake not) resolved to be himself his own Homer.

In consequence of this resolution, he sat down to his desk ; and after having invoked Apollo and the Muses, rhymed a long epic poem, of which his voyage was the subject, and himself the principal Hero.

After this example I have a mind to write the *Olisipossy*, or an epic account of my voyage from Falmouth to (a) Olisipo, alias Lisbon. As for a hero, I am not at all afraid of wanting one of the very first magnitude ; and as for subaltern characters my good surgeon is ready at hand for an Achilles, Mr. Bawn for a Hector, and Mr. Oak for a Diomedes, an Ajax, a Nestor, or any thing. The cabin-boy himself might be made good use of for a Patroclus, an Automedon, or a Calchas.

But without machinery an epic poem is not worth a farthing ; and how shall

I con-

(a) That Lisbon was once called OLISIPO appears from an ancient inscription. It was also called ULYSIBONA, ULYSIPONA, and FELICITAS JULIA.

I contrive it? In times of yore machinery was always ready. Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Minerva, Neptune, Mars, and other celestials were kind enough to fly to the assistance of a distressed poet. Strange beings besides, that were half girls and half fish, were to be met almost on any voyage, and they would sing airs and duos by the side of the ship, and play a thousand gambols on the water. Ulysses himself met with some of them in the gulf of Naples, and an Archbishop, who was a kind of Greek poet in French prose, has informed us that Telemachus, the eldest son of Ulysses, met once a very fine lady sitting in state on an enormous shell of an oyster, and rambling at a great distance from the shore round the island of Cyprus or Crete (I forget which) with a whole orchestra of fiddlers and pipers, some swimming along by the help of their tails, some sitting upon dolphins and sharks, and some riding upon crabs and lobsters.

This indeed was fine machinery. But, alas, it is all forestalled ! and should I make use of it, there is no puny Critic amongst the puny Reviewers of England, but what would call me a plagiarist !

The good times for machinery are over, and now instead of Syrens and Tritons we meet in our voyages with nothing else but a Bonito and a Flying-fish ; and surely neither the Flying-fish nor the Bonito can be made use of in this critical age by way of machinery.

I must therefore drop the scheme of the *Olisipossy*, as I have not invention enough to overcome this difficulty : and instead of lamenting that neither Syren nor Triton will come to sing *Care luci*, or pipe upon their shells about this packet, I must endeavour to be pleased when my honest Scotchman presses the bellows of his bag-pipe with his elbow.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Life led in a Packet. The beneficial effects of a dinner. Several thousand reis are no riches.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27. towards evening.

I Ought not to mention the Bonito again. You must have had enough of it. Yet the conveniency of beginning a new letter without taking the trouble of thinking about a pretty exordium, makes me tell you, that Bonito is a very improper name for such a fish; because, instead of being but *middling good*, it is in fact *exceedingly good*.

But what shall I say next? I will acquaint you with the tenour of life in this packet.

You know already that in the morning I get up, sometimes sooner sometimes later. You know likewise that when I am up, either I do something, or I do nothing; read, or read not; write, or write not: and you can guess that about eight

I breakfast *Anglicè* upon tea and toast, or bread and butter : this custom however I intend to break myself of ; and as soon as I am in Portugal I propose to reassume that of falling early upon grapes, figs, and melons, in order to qualify myself again for my native country, that I may not be a foreigner at home.

The time between breakfast and dinner I fill up as well as I can. My book and my quill, *cela va sans dire*. Sometimes I walk ; and the deck is long enough for it, as it is exactly thirty three of my steps and a shoe over. Yet this exercise proves often inconvenient, as I am not used to move like a crab, leaning on one side, in order to adapt my body to the inclination of the packet, which hangs often on the larboard or the starboard side, according as the wind blows. Therefore, when I cannot walk, or am tired of it as well as of reading and writing, I sit idle.

As for confabulation I have not much of it. The surgeon is far from being talkative.

talkative. The Captain and Mr. Oak mind the altitude and the latitude; so that, when we have got some intelligence about each other's health in the morning, praised the weather at noon, and heard how many knots we go towards evening, there is almost an end of our converse.

But dinner comes upon table. And here let me tell you that I need none of your pity, as our dinner is always so ample that it would suffice a dozen friars after the most rigid fast.

This indeed is the very best hour of all the four and twenty, and the only one that deserves to be painted with pretty butter-fly wings like the handsomest of those three which have been introduced by Raphael in his wedding of Cupid and Psyche, perhaps to give a hint that a wedding-dinner ought to last three hours.

But do you get new bread every day?

Yes: here is a baker on board, Madam, that makes it.

But your meat is salted ?

Not at all, Madam, excepting the beef. The mutton is fresh, because we have live sheep on board. We have also a pretty grunting pig, and so many cages full of poultry, as would last us two months and more, if we were to be two months at sea.

No child in England would want such details; but our land-lock'd Ladies on the other side the Alps must be told the minutest particulars; and I will always submit to any drudgery to give their curiosity most ample satisfaction.

By this account you see how well we employ the dining hour. With that hour some speculatists have found great fault, and bitterly bemoaned the necessity men are under of eating their dinners. If men, said one of them, were freed from that necessity, and of course not obliged to contrive how to provide themselves with victuals, which takes up almost all their time, they would undeniably have more
leisure

leisure for the cultivation of their understandings ; for attending to sciences and arts, to manufactures and commerce.

But, gentlemen, if I may dare to speak my mind amongst you, let me say that just the contrary would happen. If we were not forced to think after the means of filling our bellies, would we not one and all sink into idleness? Why do the learned make books, lawyers defend property, physicians feel the pulse, astronomers gaze at the zodiack, husbandmen plow, masons build, tailors sew, and soldiers fight, but for the sake of procuring a dinner? Strike off this necessity, and there is an end of every thing good, desirable, and laudable. The more I think on it, the more I say with the Bergamasco (you remember that ballad-finger) whose song always ended with the burthen :

Tuto tuto in questo mondo

Che se fa de bel e de bon,

L' è per un piato de Maccaron.

How-

However, be this as it will, our dinner here is seldom protracted beyond an hour. The Captain, Mr. Oak, the Surgeon, and myself are sober men, and commonly make an end of it as soon as the second bottle is over. Then I walk, or sit, or read, or write, or listen to the bag-pipe, until the fun goes down and leaves me at liberty to look a while at the greater or lesser bear. Towards nine I call for a bisket and a glass of Madeira, and then go to bed.

This is the story *à peu près* of every day; nor can any of you, as I conceive, find the least fault with such a regular and innocent manner of spending time.

But you go to bed, you say: and pray, what sort of bed have you got?

My bed is a thing placed in a dark closet, and clapp'd betwixt two planks, as one may say: so that it looks something like a trunk without a lid. *Couch* might possibly be a fitter name for it than *Bed*.

But

But here I would not have you think that I have my meat and drink with this bed, merely because I have a plain unmeaning face. You would be mistaken if you should suppose it. Besides the four guineas I paid the king at Falmouth for the permission to embark in a packet of his, on my arrival in *Portingal* (as the sailors say) I am to pay the Captain twenty three thousand reis.

What a frightful sum ! And how rich must he be who can pay off so many thousand !

Do not let imagination carry you too far. Twenty three thousand reis make no more than five moidores : so that, if the voyage and my present appetite last long, Captain Bawn will be half undone. Besides that to make sure of a short voyage I would willingly submit to pay him some thousand reis more. Be it short or long, it is quite plain that I must be a gainer by the bargain.

LET-



L E T T E R XV.

*Beauty of a Night at Sea. Three Ships
pursuing.*

King-George-Packet, Aug. 28, 1760.

LAST night the motion of the packet was very violent and very disagreeable. But so much the better, because we also went at a greater rate than usual.

Finding it impossible to sleep in that motion, I crawled off my couch a little after midnight and went upon deck, where I employ'd both my eyes in looking at the packet, at the foaming billows, at both the bears, and at the other heavenly lights over-head.

All these objects put together form a spectacle by moon-light which is really glorious. The packet itself (which is certainly less than nothing when the eye of the mind compares it with the ocean and the heavens) the packet, I say, in the
bodily

bodily eye of such a poor narrow-minded mortal as I am, makes a magnificent figure on the waves, adds much to that glorious spectacle, and challenges a very considerable share of admiration.

It was between two and three this morning when a little roguish fellow who stood on the mast-head, descried three sails which he took to be in full chase of us.

As the uniform tenour of my present life leaves me a constant prey to tediousness, I think I felt some little tickling pleasure on the sudden hearing of the usual cry *a sail, a sail*: and I am really of opinion that in my irksome situation it would not displease me much to have a dozen bullets interchanged with an enemy in what they call a running fight.

Mr. Oak was then upon deck, and the Captain was soon call'd; nor did the Surgeon stay long before he came too. It was not long before we all could distinctly see three clouds of canvass that were

were driven towards us. The Captain soon concluded they were three men of war, and swore that they were English. However, not chusing to venture a parley for fear of mistake, we crowded instantly as much sail as the packet could bear, and flipp'd away in spight of all the efforts we supposed they made to overtake us. The chace lasted full four hours, and when Mr. Oak saw them give up the point, was quite positive they had known us by the swiftness of our sailing, and that they are a part of Commodore Edgcombe's Squadron.

This little adventure, and some distant possibility of a pretty combat, raised my spirits so well, that I chose to stay upon deck till dinner, which was not performed in silence, as we had all something to say about the three sails; a subject that was not exhausted till we could talk of *Cape Finisterre*, of which about four in the afternoon we had a confused fight.

I was

I was much comforted to hear that if the wind holds but two days longer, we shall be at Lisbon on Sunday, as it is but three hundred miles off. This is good news, considering how tired I am with my voyage, though it has to this hour been as prosperous as we could wish, excepting the calm on the second day.

L E T T E R XVI.

A hole in the Cabbin why and what for.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 29, 1760.

IN the midst of the great cabbin I took notice to day of a square bit of a plank, which is moveable. I asked the Surgeon about it, and this is the substance of the information that I got with regard to a hole which is covered by that moveable plank.

Almost every week a packet fails from Falmouth to Lisbon with only the mail that is sent from London. Mails are not heavy cargoes: but when a packet fails

back to England, besides the returning mail, it has that hole fill'd with so many bags of Portugal-coin, as often amount from thirty to fifty, and even sixty thousand pounds sterling. A round sum when we look into the almanack, and find that every year has two and fifty weeks.

Those bags are deliver'd to the Captains of the packets by the English merchants at Lisbon, and put by the Captain into the hole in the great cabin; and it has happen'd some weeks, that the bags proved so numerous as partly to obstruct the usual celerity of their sailing. And this was the case once, that a packet called the *Prince Frederic* was actually taken by a Barbary Pirate with no less than eighty thousand pounds sterling in the hole.

You may now guess why we are not afraid of pursuers. No vessel is turned into a packet but what is a prime sailer, and all possible care is also taken both at Falmouth and Lisbon to clean them so well

well before they put to sea, that they swim along like dolphins.

I need not tell you that the Portuguese (considering King and people together) are very rich in gold and jewels. Their riches however are not the product of Portugal, but of their ultramarine settlements: and I have often heard it affirm'd with confidence, that from Brasil alone they draw yearly above two millions sterling. As to Portugal itself, its products are but scanty and its manufactures inconsiderable. The only things that it yields in very great plenty, are oranges, lemons, and wine. Of these the English buy up large quantities; but still the balance of trade rises high in their favour, as the Portuguese get from them many articles both for home and for their settlements abroad. Therefore the surplus due to England is paid by Portugal in gold; and this gold goes every week into the holes in the cabin.

See how the things of this world are equipoised! The Portuguese want the conveniencies which the English have the industry to make, and the English want the gold which the Portuguese draw from the Brasils; and thus both nations do each other's business.

The French and the Dutch have long fought to gain from the English a commerce so beneficial. But I have a notion their schemes will hardly ever take, for two reasons. The one is, that the English are much stronger at sea than both the French and Dutch together: and there is something in superior strength, that will carry any point amongst nations as well as amongst individuals. The other reason is, that neither the Dutch nor the French could buy from the Portuguese those large quantities of fruit and wine which the English take in part of payment for what they furnish. Suppose even the Portuguese should be willing to have the greatest part of what they want

want either from the French or the Dutch rather than from the English, the English would presently make them change their mind, even without going to war for it. They have but to provide themselves with wine and fruit from some other country, and the Portuguese are half undone.

It is therefore most probable, that the commerce of Portugal will not be lost to England as long as its inhabitants are fond of the bowl and the bottle, even on the supposition that the French naval force should increase and the English decrease; which, as far as human foresight can go, will not be the case tomorrow. The English are in a fair way to come off quite victorious this war: and if they do, what power for centuries to come will dare to control their will on the ocean, and what ship sail to Portugal or any where else but by their permission?

L E T T E R XVII.

*Vain wishes or castle-building. Study hard.
Pronunciation how attained. The Rock,
the Rock.*

King-George-Packet, Aug. 30, 1760.

LISTEN with attention to every thing you hear in the short space of a day, and I am widely mistaken if you do not find that there is no man living but who wishes every day of his life for something quite impossible for him ever to obtain.

Every man living is thoroughly persuaded that vain wishes are no less ridiculous than absurd; and yet do but stretch your hand, and you will certainly touch a mortal who secretly wishes to be possess'd of such opulence as Crefus never had, of such power as Kulikan had been ashamed to claim, or of such beauty as Circassia could never produce.

I will

I will not set about to enquire whether this universal proneness to wish for impossibilities is a lamentable depravation of our minds, or a quality designedly given us by nature for very good purposes. Be this as it will, I will take the liberty to advise my friends never to suffer long such extravagant wanderings of their imaginations : for, besides that the character of an ethereal brick-layer is absurd and ridiculous, a man who does not get the habit of checking his thoughts when they run wild about, will insensibly lose much of that activity which his circumstances in life may possibly require. By mere wishing nothing is gotten : but by a vigorous and unremitted use even of indifferent abilities, it is very near certain that many things may be obtained very well worth a man's wishing.

I was led into this train of thinking by overhearing one of the sailors wish just now, that he could speak the language in which I was addressing my good

furgeon. This put me in mind of Sir Arthur and Sir Marmaduke, two worthy knights of my acquaintance, one of whom wish'd often in my hearing that he knew Latin, and the other Greek. But dear knights, said I to them, instead of repeating your wishes for these ten years past, as you have done, why did you not lay violent hands upon the Port-Royal-Grammars, or any book that might have been conducive to that end which you seem to think would have made you both prodigiously happy?

A language is not like the heart of a maiden, of which the possession sometimes depends on us, and sometimes not. A man really desirous to know a language, be it Latin or Greek, Arabic or Ethiopic, will certainly make himself master of it, if he will but sit down and do what I am actually doing.

And what are you actually doing?

I am studying Portuguese like a dragon, and am about it three or four hours every day.

day. A fortnight or three weeks before I left London I did very near the same; and all along the road from Plymouth to Falmouth never did I cease in my chaise to peep into a Portuguese book: so that, if I do not understand the very pilot who shall steer us up the Tagus to Lisbon, I will think myself such a knight as Sir Arthur or Sir Marmaduke.

But, brothers, I see you laugh. What do you laugh at?

We laugh at your boast, Sir.

Tout doucement, Mesdames, as people will often say in France. To learn a language in a month I think impossible as well as you. But as to the enabling myself to understand the pilot in a month, you will recollect that I have known the Spanish tongue these five and twenty years, and that the Portuguese is but a dialect of the Spanish; nor do I think that it differs quite so much from it as the dialect of Venice does from the language of Tuscany. Then, I intend not

to be a critic in the Lusitanic and master all its niceties and prettinesses. I want no more of it than will decently help me on while I stay in Portugal: and so you see that my confidence as to the pilot, is not quite so ill-grounded as you thought.

I will not let this opportunity slip of telling you, that there is an infallible way to give your little son a facility of pronouncing any language, if you intend to make him learn more than one. Lend me your ear, and I will tell you how this may be done.

Our people of rank at Turin have got a notion, that their children must never be suffered to speak any Piedmontese but what is spoken in the metropolis; and in consequence of this notion they keep a strict watch upon the poor little things for fear they should catch the clownish accent on the opposite side of the Po.

This practice is wrong, and I wish you may never adopt it. Let the boy learn
the

the polite speech of his town; but be not afraid to let him learn likewise that of the peasants: nay, encourage him to mimick their talk. By making him learn two speeches instead of one, you will enable him to articulate more sounds than by his learning only one. And if it is in your power, I would even have you shift him from place to place while his organs of speech are yet tender and pliant, and bring him to mimick any uncouth speech of Piedmont or Monferrat. Take him likewise frequently to the play, and make him mind the different Italian dialects spoken by the Dramatis Personæ, and repeat as much of their nonsense as it is possible. Nothing will ever spoil his polite Piedmontese when he hears it constantly spoke at home; and yet numberless are the sounds that he will certainly enable himself to form, if you will but put him thus in the way.

Many Italians are to be found in Paris and in London, who in a very little time
 speak

Speak French and English with such a right pronounciation as to be mistaken for natives. The reason is, that Italy abounds more with different dialects than any other country of the same dimension, and that few are its inhabitants but what know more than one, either by moving from place to place, or by going to those plays in which every interlocutor speaks the dialect of his own town.

On the other hand you do not meet with a French gentleman in a hundred able to pronounce a foreign language right, not even when he has studied it a great while, and when he can speak it with purity of phraseology and grammatical correctness. No other reason can be assigned for this, but that in his infancy his Mamma was terrified when she caught him in the abominable act of uttering any sound that border'd on the *poiffard* or the *badaut*, and reprimanded him with such severity as if he had committed a great crime. He was thus brought

brought up with an untractable tongue that never will utter any sound but what is genuine Gallic.

But, Sir, come upon deck, and you will see the Rock. The Rock I suspect to be some part of the Portugal coast; and so farewell in haste.

L E T T E R XVIII.

*Navigation ended. Batiste and Kelly,
Plunge or pay. Banks of the Tagus.*

Lisbon, Aug. 30, 1760. about midnight.

LOOK at the date, and give me joy. We landed this evening about eight o'clock. I was very glad to be rid of my floating habitation; yet sorry to leave the Captain, the Lieutenant, and my good Surgeon. They have treated me with kindness and civility, for which I shall remember them as long as I live.

Well; I am landed: and there is an end of navigation. But I thought it very odd that when first on shore I could not stand

stand upon my legs, but tottered to the right and the left, as if my blood had been in an undulating motion. This difficulty of standing and walking with a steady foot was not the effect of any giddiness. I cannot tell what it was, but it seem'd as if the ground had moved like a ship: yet in the ship I could stand or walk very well, and, as I thought, without tottering. Thus unable when I landed to make use of my legs, I was obliged to hire a man who handed me for about a mile to a coffee-house. The odd motion of my blood subsided by degrees as I went on, and in less than two hours I was again like myself.

From the coffee-house I sent my helper to enquire after one *Batiste*, a faithful French servant I had formerly in London. He was presently found out; and hearing of my unexpected arrival, rose hastily from supper and came to me quite out of breath with running, his countenance full of joy and surprize.

This

This *Batiste* took me to one *Kelly*, an old Irishman who keeps a kind of an inn on the summit of a hill called *Buenos Aires*. I was quite fatigued when we reach'd it. Here I have taken up my quarters for the time I shall stay in Lisbon; and now let me come to the conclusion of my voyage.

It was about ten in the morning when our people had a full view of the *Rock of Lisbon*; that is, of a very high promontory on the left hand as you enter the Tagus, and at no great distance from the mouth of it.

That promontory looks perfectly barren, and has the appearance of a huge heap of rugged stones. Yet I am told that up and down it, there are many fine spots; that in the lower parts it is embellished with vineyards; that in several places it is covered with trees; and that it has even some flats where sheep and cattle are grazing.

I am