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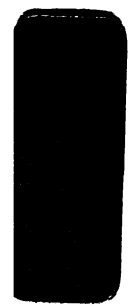


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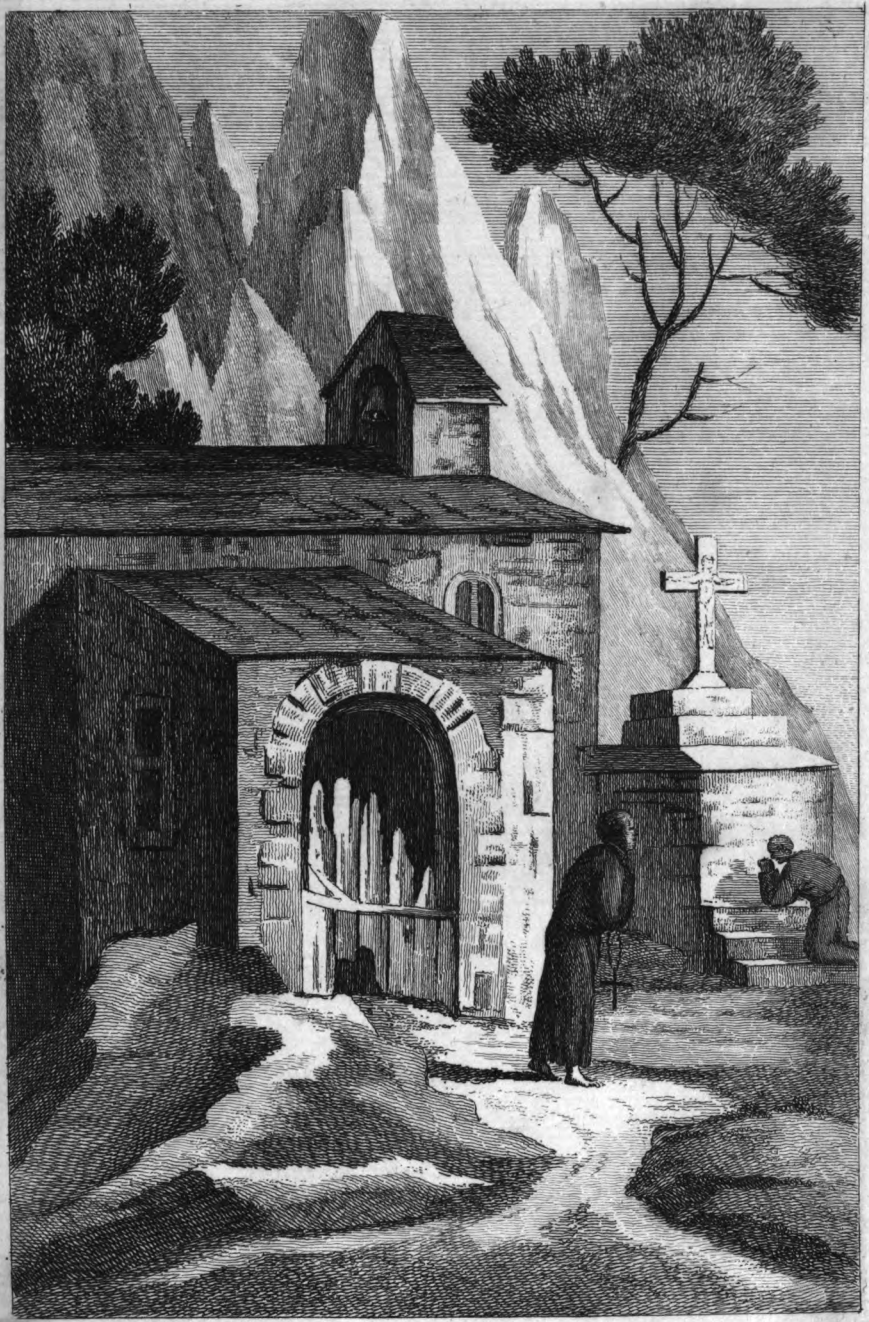

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A

YEAR'S JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE,

AND

PART OF SPAIN.

BY

PHILIP THICKNESSE, Esq.

THE SECOND EDITION WITH ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY W. BROWN, IN THE STRAND.

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DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

VOL. I.

The Pilgrim, before the Title-page.

The Hermitage, with a ſingle Figure, before the firſt Letter.

The Inſcription on the Frize of the Maiſon Carrée, between 94 and 95.

The Maiſon Carreé, between Pages 98 and 99.

The Temple of Diana, between Pages 100 and 101.

The View of Montſerrat, between Pages 210 and 211.

The Bird Hermit, between Pages 232 and 233.

VOL. II.

The Hermitage, with two Figures, to face the Title-page.

Place the Author's Equipage, betwen Pages 72 and 73.

The Taurobolium, to face Page 83.

The Fandango Muſic, to face Page 246.

Note, The *Bas Reliefs*, on plate the 2d, Vol. I. over the TEMPLE of DIANA, are cut on the *Pont du Guard*, and the Amphitheatre at *Niſmes*, Fig. 2, on the former; and 3, 4, and 5 on the latter.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 30, for *ſpite* read *ſpit*.
66, read had not left a *ſingle* bottle of wine.
87, for *drink*, read *drank*.
96, read perplexing to the examiner *now*.
143, read their very *black* hair.
144, read ſpare *him* a little.
238, omit the word *and*.
256, for *Madame*, read *Meſdames*.

VOL. II.

Page 8, for *ſpots*, read *ſports*.
12, dele the ; after the word *doubt*, and inſert it after the word *illiteral*.
257, Art. 16. *with or without a bag to your hair*.
268, Art. 32. read, *and aſſuring*.
271, read *they cannot wonder if they are treated with contempt*, &c.
Ibid. after ſafeſt ſide, add, *they muſt take the conſequences*.

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TO THE

READER.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Hor.

WHEN I firſt conceived the idea of publiſhing the following Letters by ſubſcription, I only thought it probable, I might raiſe, among a few friends, money ſufficient to pay for engraving a perſpective view of Montſerrat, and thereby make known to my countrymen, one of the moſt ſingular, and beautiful productions of Nature;—a ſpot too, not leſs to be noticed for its form, than for its inhabitants; being the dwelling-place of religious,

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religious, and virtuous men;—and virtuous men, whatever NATION, RELIGION, or climate they are of, are reſpectable men;——and therefore I have placed, under the nobleſt of all monuments, (a monument raiſed by the finger of GOD) the name of a Nobleman * of our own country; for whoſe private virtue, and public character, all good men bear the higheſt reverence and reſpect;—but when I look upon the long liſt of reſpectable names, which *now* follow that noble perſon's, I ſhould be overcome with ſhame and confuſion were I not certain that the greater part of them came there from motives of an HIGHER NATURE,

* Lord Camden, to whom the view of Montſerrat is thus inſcribed:

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD CAMDEN,
LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN,
GREAT IN THAT HIGH OFFICE,
BUT GREATER STILL IN THE RESIGNATION OF IT,
THIS PLATE IS—&c. &c.

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NATURE, than expectation of either entertainment, or information.

If, however from having walked ſlowly over one mighty kingdom, and from having penetrated a little into another, I have thereby gained ſufficient information, to give a few uſeful hints to ſuch ſtrangers who may follow me, it is as much as I aimed at, and as much, I hope, as my candid Subſcribers can expect, when they conſider, that being driven out of my own country, with ſeven children in my train, my journey was rather undertaken to try *how*, and *where*, I could contrive to live, than to find amuſement for myſelf; much leſs to furniſh entertainment to others.—I muſt confeſs, however, that I did find an infinite ſource of amuſements; ſuch as were ſuitable to my age, and turn of mind; and I only lament, that I am ſo

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poorly qualified to convey an idea of them to others. Beſide which, I gathered up on my long journey, that which neither KINGS can give, nor Riches purchaſe—HEALTH and CONTENTMENT*!—The firſt, by exerciſe and temperance; the latter, by being convinced, that he is a happier man who can bear up againſt misfortunes and injuries, however grievous, which he could not prevent, than thoſe men, who violate the laws they are placed to defend, by acts of the higheſt injuſtice; whether ariſing from perſonal pique, or political prejudices:—for in what, and where do all theſe worldly trifles end?—in ſorrow, ſickneſs, and in Death.——

" † O eloquent, juſt, and mighty Death!

" —whom

* Non petit ab APPOLINE divitas, ſed ut ſit ſana mens in ſana corpore, ſays Horace.

† Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the beſt and greateſt men this kingdom ever produced,—yet he died upon a ſcaffold!

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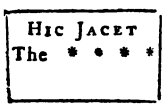
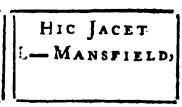
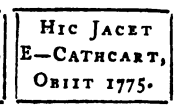
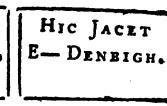
" —whom none could adviſe, thou haſt
" perſuaded; what none have dared, thou
" haſt done; and whom all the world
" hath flattered, thou only haſt caſt out
" of the world and deſpiſed; thou haſt
" drawn together all the far-fetched great-
" neſs, all the pride, cruelty, guilt, and
" ambition of man; and covered it over
" with theſe two narrow words——

" HIC JACET."

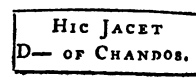














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A JOURNEY, &c.

LETTER I.

CALAIS, June 20th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are kind enough to ſay, that thoſe letters which I wrote from this kingdom, nine or ten years ago, were of ſome uſe to you in the little tour you made through France ſoon after; and as they have been conſidered in ſome degree to be ſo to many other perſons (ſince their publication) who were unacquainted with the manners and cuſtoms of the French nation; I ſhall endeavour to bring together, in this ſecond correſpondence with you, not only ſome of the former hints I

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gave you, but ſuch other remarks as a longer acquaintance with the country, and a more extenſive tour, may furniſh me with; but, before I proceed any farther, let me remind you of one great fault I was then guilty of; for though your partiality to me might induce you to overlook it, the public did not, I mean that of writing when my temper was diſturbed, either by croſs incidents I met with upon the road, or diſagreeable news which often followed me from my own country into this. I need not tell a man of your diſcernment, in what a different light all objects, whether animate, or inanimate, appear to thoſe whoſe temper is diſturbed, either by ill health, ill treatment, or, what is perhaps more prevalent than either, the chagrin he may feel at not being rated in the eſtimation of others, according to that value he puts upon himſelf. Could Dr. Smollett riſe from the dead, and ſit down in perfect health, and

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and good temper, and read his travels through France and Italy, he would probably find moſt of his anger turned upon himſelf. But, poor man! he was ill; and meeting with, what every ſtranger muſt expect to meet at moſt French inns, want of cleanlineſs, impoſition, and incivility, he was ſo much diſturbed by thoſe incidents, that to ſay no more of the writings of an ingenious and deceaſed author, his travels into France and Italy are the leaſt entertaining, in my humble opinion, of all his works. Indeed I have obſerved that moſt travellers fall into one extreme, or the other, and either are all panegyric, or all cenſure; in which caſe, all they ſay cannot be juſt; for, as all nations are governed by men, and the bulk of men of all nations live by artifice of one kind or other, the few men who paſs among them, without any ſiniſter views, cannot avoid feeling, and but few from complaining of the ill treatment

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they meet with; not considering one of Swift's shrewd remarks; *I never*, said he, *knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian.*

Remember, therefore, when I tell you how ill I have been treated either by *Lords*, or *Aubergistes*, or how dirtily served by either, it is to prepare myself and you too, to be content with neighbours fare.

When a man writes remarks upon the manners and customs of other nations, he should endeavour to wean himself from all partiality for his own; and I need not tell you that I am in *full possession* of that single qualification, which I hope will make you some amends for my defects in all the others; for it is certainly unjust, uncandid, and illiberal, to pronounce a custom or fashion absurd, because it does not coincide with our ideas of propriety.

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A Turk, who travelled into England, would, upon his return to Conſtantinople, tell his countrymen, that at Canterbury, [being out of *opium*] his hoſt did not know even what he demanded; and that it was with ſome difficulty he found out that there were ſhops in the town where *opium* was ſold; and, even then, it was with greater he could prevail upon the vender of it to let him have above half an ounce: if he were queſtioned, why all theſe precautions? he would tell them, laughingly, that Engliſhmen believe *opium* to be a deadly poiſon, and thoſe people ſuſpected that he either meant to kill himſelf, or to poiſon another man with it.

A French gentleman, who travelled ſome years ſince into Spain, had letters of recommendation to a Spaniſh Biſhop, who received him with every mark of politeneſs, and treated him with much

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hoſpitality: ſoon after he retired to his bed-chamber a prieſt entered it*, holding a veſſel in his hand, which was covered with a clean napkin; he ſaid ſomething; but the Frenchman, underſtanding but little Spaniſh, intimated by ſigns his thanks, and deſired him to put it down; believing that his friend, the Biſhop, had ſent him a plate of ſweetmeats, fruit, iced cream, or ſome kind of refreſhment to eat before he went to bed, or to refreſh his exhauſted ſpirits in the night: but his aſtoniſhment was great indeed, when he found the prieſt put the preſent under the ſide of the bed; and more ſo, when he perceived that it was only a *pot de chambre*;—for, ſays the Frenchman, "in Spain, they do not uſe *la chaiſe percée!*" The Frenchman is ſurpriſed at the Spaniard, for not uſing ſo convenient a vehicle; the Engliſhman is equally

* The Biſhops in Spain are attended and waited upon by inferior clergy.

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equally ſurpriſed that the Frenchman does; —the Frenchman is always attentive to his own perſon, and ſcarce ever appears but externally clean, and well dreſſed; while his houſe, and private apartments, are perhaps covered with litter and dirt, and in the utmoſt confuſion;—the Engliſhman, on the other hand, often neglects his external dreſs, but his houſe is always exquiſitely clean, and every thing in it kept in the niceſt order; and who ſhall ſay which of the two judge the beſt for their own eaſe and happineſs? I am ſure the Frenchman will not give up his powdered hair, and laced coat, for a clean houſe; nor do I believe thoſe fineries would ſit quietly upon the back of an Engliſhman in a dirty one. In ſhort, my dear Sir, we muſt take the world, and the things in it, as they are; it is a dirty world, but, like France, has a vaſt number of good things in it, and ſuch as I meet with, in this my third tour, which ſhall be a long one,

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if I am not *ſtopped* by the way, you ſhall have ſuch an account of as I am able to convey to you: I will not attempt to *top the traveller* upon you, nor raiſe monuments of wonder where none are to be ſeen; there is real matter enough to be found upon this great continent to amuſe a man who travels ſlowly over it, to ſee what is to be ſeen, and who wiſhes not to be ſeen himſelf. My ſtyle of travelling is ſuch, that I can never be diſturbed in mind for want of reſpect, but rather be ſurpriſed when I meet with even common civility. And, after all, what does it ſignify, whether Monſieur *un Tel* travels in a laced coat *et tres bien mis*, attended by half a dozen ſervants, or, as Pope ſays,

* * * * "run,
"The Lord knows whither, in a chaiſe and one."

I am, your's, &c.

LETTER

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LETTER II.

June 25th, 1776.

BEFORE I leave Calais, let me remind you, that an Engliſh guinea is worth more than a *Louis d'or*; and obſerve, that the firſt queſtion *my friend Monſieur Deſſein*, at the *Hotel D'Angleterre* will put to you (after he has made his bow, and given you a ſide look, as a cock does at a barley-corn) is, Whether you have any Engliſh gold to change? becauſe he gets by each guinea, full weight, ten *Sols*. By this hint you will conclude, he will not, upon your return, aſk you for your French Gold; but in this too you will be miſtaken, for he finds an advantage in that alſo; he will not indeed give you guineas, but, in lieu thereof, he has always a large quantity of *Birmingham Shillings*, to truck with you for your *Louis d'ors*. I am afraid when Lord North took

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took into conſideration the ſtate of the gold coin, he did not know, that the better ſtate it is put into in England is the ſureſt means of tranſporting it into France and other countries; and that ſcarce a ſingle guinea which travellers carry with them to France (and many hundred go every week) ever returns to England: beſide this, the quantity of gold carried over to the ports of Dunkirk, Boulogn, and Calais, by the ſmugglers, who always pay ready money, is incredible; but as money, and matters of that kind, are what I have but *little concern in*, I will not enlarge upon a ſubject no way intereſting to me; and ſhall only obſerve, that my landlord, *Monſieur Deſſein*, who was behind-hand with the world ten years ago, is now become one of the richeſt men in Calais, has built a little theatre in his garden, and by uniting the profitable buſineſs of a banker to that of a publican; by ſtudying the *Gout* of the

Engliſh

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Engliſh nation, and changing their gold into French currency, has made, they ſay, a *Demi-Plum.*

Notwithſtanding the contiguity of Calais to England, and the great quantity of poultry, vegetables, game, &c. which are bought up every market-day, and conveyed to your coaſt, I am inclined to believe there are not many parts of France where a man, who has but little money, can make it go farther than in this town; nor is there any town in England where the fiſhery is conducted with ſo much induſtry, nor any in Europe which abounds with more knaves and fools of both nations *.

Yeſterday I viſited my unfortunate daughter, at the convent at Ardres;—but

* Calais is a ſort of enlarged King's Bench priſon; the Engliſh fugitives live within *the rules*, and the French inhabitants make it a rule to oppreſs and diſtreſs them. People of character ſhould avoid all manner of connection with one Morrel, who teaches the French language and who ſpeaks tolerable good Engliſh, the fellow being a ſpy and an informer.

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But why do I ſay unfortunate? She is unfortunate only in the eyes of the world, not in her own; nor indeed in mine, becauſe ſhe aſſured me ſhe is happy. I left her here, you know, ten years ago, by way of education, and learning the language; but the ſmall-pox, which ſeiſed her ſoon after, made ſuch havock on a face rather favoured by nature, that ſhe deſired to hide it from the world, and ſpend her life in that retirement, which I had choſen only to qualify her *for* the world. I left her a child, I found her a ſenſible woman; full of affection and duty; and her mangled and ſeamed face ſo ſoftened by an eaſy mind, and a good conſcience, that ſhe appeared in my partial eyes rather an agreeable than a plain woman; but ſhe did not omit to ſignify to me, that what others conſidered her misfortune, ſhe conſidered (as it was not her fault) a happy circumſtance; "if "my face is plain (ſaid ſhe) my heart is "light

"light, and I am ſure it will make as "good a figure in the earth as the faireſt "and moſt beautiful." My only concern is, that I find the *Prieure* of this convent, either for want of more knowledge, or more money, or both, had received, as parlour boarders, ſome Engliſh ladies of very ſuſpicious characters. As the converſation of ſuch women might interrupt, and diſturb the peace and tranquillity of mind in which I found my daughter, I told the *Prieure* my ſentiments on that ſubject, not only with freedom, but with ſome degree of ſeverity; and endeavoured to convince her, how very unwarrantably, if not irreligiouſly, ſhe acted. An abandoned, or vicious woman, may paint the pleaſures of this world in ſuch gaudy and bewitching colours to a poor innocent Nun, ſo as to induce her to forget, or become leſs attentive to, the profeſſions ſhe has made to the next.

It

It was near this town, you know, that the famous interview paſſed between Henry the Eighth, and Francis the Firſt, in the year 1520; and though it laſted twenty-eight days, and was an event which produced at that time ſo many amuſements to all preſent, and ſo much converſation throughout Europe, neither the inhabitants of this town, nor of Calais, ſeem to know any more of it, than that one of the baſtions at Ardres is called the Baſtion of the Two Kings.—There ſtill remains, however, in the front of one of the houſes in Calais, upon an ornamented ſtone, cut in old letter,

God ſave the King;

And I ſuppoſe that ſtone was put, where it now remains, by ſome loyal ſubject, before the King arrived, as it is in a ſtreet which leads from the gate (now ſtopped up) which Henry paſſed through.

P. S.

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P. S. Thoſe who wiſh to ſee the portrait of one of the moſt worthy Kings who ever wore a crown, will find in the *Hotel de Ville* at Calais no bad one of Henry the Fourth of France. They have no water in Calais but what falls from the heavens; and there are not more dirty people on earth.

LETTER

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LETTER III.

IN a very few days I ſhall leave this town, and having procured letters of recommendation from ſome men of faſhion now in England, to their friends in Spain, I am determined to traverſe this, and make a little tour into that kingdom; ſo you may expect ſomething more from me, than merely ſuch remarks as may be uſeful to you on any future tour you make in France; for, I mean to conduct you at leaſt over the Pyrenean hills to Barcelona. Though I have been two or three times before in Spain, it was early in life, and when my mind was more employed in obſerving the *cuſtoms* and *manners* of the birds and beaſts of the field, than of their lords and maſters; and made too on the other ſide of that kingdom. Having ſeen as much of Paris as I deſired ſome years ago, I in-

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I intend to paſs through the provinces of *Artois*, *Champagne*, *Bourgogne*, and ſo on to *Lyons*; by which rout you will percieve, I ſhall leave the capital of this kingdom, many leagues on my right hand, ſee ſome conſiderable towns, and taſte now and then of the moſt delicious wines, on the ſpots which produce them: beſide this, I have a great deſire to ſee the remains of a Roman ſubterranean town, lately diſcovered in *Champagne*, which perhaps may gratify my curioſity in ſome degree, and thereby leſſen that deſire I have long had of viſiting *Herculaneum*, an *under-ground* town, which you know, I always ſaid I would viſit, if a certain perſon happened to be put *under ground* before me; but the CAUSE, and the event, in all human affairs, are not to be fathomed by men; for though the event happened, the *cauſe* fruſtrated my deſign; and I muſt croſs the *Pyrenean*, not the *Alpine* hills. But leſt I forget it, let me tell you, that as my travelling muſt be

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upon the frugal plan, I have ſold my four-wheel poſt-chaiſe, to *Monſ. Deſſein*, for twenty-two guineas, and bought a French *cabriolet* for ten, and likewiſe a very handſome Engliſh coach-horſe, (a little touched in the wind indeed) for ſeven. This equipage, I have fitted up with every convenience I can contrive, to carry me, my wife, two daughters, and all my *other* baggage; you will conclude therefore, *light* as the latter may be, we are *bien chargées*; but as we move ſlowly, not above ſeven leagues a day, I ſhall have the more leiſure to look about me, and to conſider what ſort of remarks may prove moſt worthy of communicating from time to time to you. I ſhall be glad to leave this town, though it is, in one reſpect, ſomething like your's*, every day producing many *ſtrange faces*, and ſome very agreeable acquaintance. The arrival of the packet-boats from Dover conſtitutes the principal amuſement of this town

* Bath.

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town. The greater part of the Engliſh *tranſports* who come over, do not proceed much farther than to ſee the tobacco plantations near *St. Omer's*; nor is their return home leſs entertaining than their arrival, as many of them are people of ſuch *quick parts*, that they acquire, in a week's tour to *Dunkirk*, *Boulogn*, and *St. Omer's*, the *language*, dreſs, and manners of the country. You muſt not, however, expect to hear again from me, till I am farther *a-field*. But leſt I forget to mention it in a future letter, let me refreſh your memory, as to your conduct at Dover, at Sea, and at *Calais*. In the firſt of theſe three diſagreeable places (and the firſt is the worſt) you will ſoon be applied to, by one of the captains of the packets, or by-boats, and if you hire the boat to yourſelf, he will demand five guineas; if you treat with another, it may be all one, becauſe they are all, except one, partners and equally intereſted; and therefore will

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abate nothing. Captain Watſon, ſenior, is the only one who *ſwims upon his own bottom**; and as he is a good ſeaman, and has a clean, convenient veſſel, I would rather turn the ſcale in his favour, becauſe I am, as you will be, an enemy to all aſſociations, which have a tendency to impoſition upon the public, and oppreſſion to ſuch, who will not join in the general confederacy; yet I muſt in juſtice to the captains of the confederate party, acknowledge, that their veſſels are all good; *well found*; and that they are civil, decent-behaved men. As it is natural for them to endeavour to make the moſt of each *trip*, they will, if they can, foiſt a few paſſengers upon you, even after you have taken the veſſel to your own uſe only. If you are alone, ſuch an intruſion is not agreeable, but if you have ladies with you, never ſubmit to

* Captain Watſon is now upon the ſame *bottom* with the others.

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to it; if they introduce men, who appear like gentlemen upon your veſſel, you cannot avoid treating them as ſuch; if women, you cannot avoid treating them with more attention than may be convenient, becauſe they *are* women; but were it only in conſideration of the ſea-ſickneſs, and its *conſequences*, can any thing be more diſagreeable than to admit people to *pot* and *porringer* with you, in a ſmall cloſe cabin, with whom you would neither eat, drink, or converſe, in any other place; but theſe are not the only reaſons; every gentleman going to France ſhould avoid making new acquaintance, at Dover, at Sea, or at *Calais*: many *adventurers* are always paſſing, and many honeſt men are often led into grievous and dangerous ſituations, by ſuch inconſiderate connexions; nay, the beſt, and wiſeſt men, are the moſt liable to be off their guard in this reſpect, and therefore you will excuſe my pointing it out to you.

 I could

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I could indeed relate ſome alarming conſequences, nay, ſome fatal ones, which have befallen men of honour and character in this country, from ſuch unguarded connexions; and ſuch as they would not have been drawn into, on the other ſide of the "*invidious Strait.*" When an Engliſhman leaves his own country, and is got no farther from it than to this town, he looks back upon it with an eye of partial affection; no wonder then, if he feels more diſpoſed to be kind to a countryman and a ſtranger he may meet in this.—I do not think it would be difficult to point out, what degree of intimacy would ariſe between two men who knew but little of each other, according to the part of the world they were to meet in.—I remember the time, when I only knew your perſon, and coveted your acquaintance; at that time we lived in the ſame town, knew each other's general character, but paſſed without

ſpeaking

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ſpeaking, or even the compliment of the hat; yet had we met in London, we ſhould certainly have taken ſome civil notice of each other: had the interview been at York, it is five to one but it would have produced a converſation: at Edinburgh, or Dublin, we ſhould have dined, or gone to the play together: but if we had met at Jamaica, I ſhould have been invited to ſpend a month at your PENN, and experienced many of thoſe marks of hoſpitality, friendſhip, and generoſity, I have found from the Creoles in general. When you get upon the French coaſt, the packet brings to, and is ſoon boarded by a French boat, to carry the paſſengers on ſhore; this paſſage is much longer than it appears to be, is always diſagreeable, and ſometimes dangerous; and the landing, if the water be very low, is wet and dirty; in this caſe, never mind the advice of the captain; his advice is, and muſt be regulated by his

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own and his owner's intereſt, more than your convenience; therefore ſtay on board till there is water enough to ſail up to the town, and be landed by a plank laid from the packet to the ſhore, and do not ſuffer any body to perſuade you to go into a boat, or to be put on ſhore, by any other method, though the *packet-men* and the *French-men* unite to perſuade you ſo to do, becauſe they are mutually benefited by putting you to more expence, and the latter are entertained with ſeeing your clothes dirtied, or the ladies *frighted*. If moſt of the packet-boats are in *Calais* harbour, your captain will uſe every argument in his power to perſuade you to go on ſhore, in the French boat, becauſe he will, in that caſe, return directly to Dover, and thereby ſave eight-and-twenty ſhillings port duty. When we came over, I prevailed upon a large company to ſtay on board till there was water enough to ſail into the harbour: it is not in the power of the

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the captain to deceive you as to that matter, becauſe there is a red flag hoiſted gradually higher and higher, as the water flows into the harbour, at a little fort which ſtands upon *ſtilts* near the enterance of it. When you are got on ſhore, go directly to the *Silver Lion* *; and be in no trouble about your baggage, horſes, or coach; the former will be all carried, by men appointed for that purpoſe, ſafely to the Cuſtom-houſe, and the latter wheeled up to your *Hotel*, where you will ſit down more quietly, and be entertained more decently, than at Dover.

P. S. Having mentioned the ſad conſequences which have befallen men of character by forming unguarded connexions abroad, it may not be amiſs to confirm

* The *Silver Lion* kept by Payne an Engliſhman, is a very good Houſe, and in *ſome reſpects*, preferable to Deſſein's, as the drains from the Military Hoſpital run under the latter, and are often very offenſive, if not dangerous.

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confirm it at the expence of my own weakneſs of purſe and perſon by the following very extraordinary narrative.

During my reſidence at Calais, I had obſerved a young man dreſſed in a well known regimental of the Britiſh king's, and upon enquiring the cauſe of his being ſo long in that town, I was informed, that he had killed his brother officer in a duel, and was waiting for the king's pardon; confident that the king could not pardon him without a tryal, and that if an officer had fallen by his hands ſuch an accident muſt have appeared in the public prints, I concluded the man was an impoſtor, and the ſtory an invention, and therefore avoided all manner of connexion with him: but being invited to dine with a gentleman and lady of faſhion, and finding this young *duelliſt* at the table, I took occaſion to aſk my friend, whether the noble captain was a French

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a French acquaintance only, or whether he knew him to be the man he aſſumed; he aſſured me, that he had long known him, that he was heir to a good fortune, an officer in the corps he ſaid he was, and that he had actually killed his man: ſoon after this, by way of making ſome atonement for the ſhy manner, I was conſcious, I had behaved towards him, I invited the Captain to eat a dinner with me, which he did, and not meeting with him, till ten days after, and perceiving he looked pale, I aſked whether he had been ill?—No, he had not, but had been in goal, and was that minute releaſed: he had drawn, he ſaid, a bill on Meſſrs. Hoare without any letter of advice, the bill had been returned, and his landlord, to whom he had given it, and to whom he was indebted, had put him in goal, where he had remained till his ſervant had been over to his wife (for he has a wife and ſeveral children) to fetch him money. I then

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then expreſſed my ſurpriſe he did not apply to me, being certain I could have procured him either the money, or the liberty of the town: we then parted, and I ſaw no more of this ingenious *duelliſt* till about a week after, when he called loudly to me, being then very near the door of the goal, and deſired I would not let the man in whoſe cuſtody he was, put him again into priſon, for ſo trifling a ſum as thirty guineas; I therefore paſſed my word for the perſon of the priſoner, and we both went to *Monſ. Deſſein*'s, whom I entreated to advance the money upon the gentleman's draft, aſſuring him that he was a man of family and fortune, though at that time in diſtreſs: but *Monſ. Deſſein* abſolutely refuſed; at length, though it was very inconvenient to me, I deſired *Monſ. Deſſein* to lay down half the money, promiſing at the ſame time to ſee him paid, and that I would produce the other half, and this he complied with;

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and the young gentleman was forthwith ſet at liberty, who aſſured me that he had obtained the king's *pardon*, and had received his majeſty's orders to join his corps immediately, and that he ſhould ſail the next morning, and would immediately pay the money into Meſſrs. Hoare's hands: but being informed the next day, that inſtead of ſetting off for England *alone*, he had engaged two French valets, and an actreſs from the Calais ſtage to accompany him, I began to ſuſpect that I had diſtreſſed myſelf to a very idle purpoſe indeed, and therefore waited upon the Captain, told him what I had heard, and called upon him to give me his word and honour that he would not take thoſe *three recruits* along with him, and at the ſame time gave him mine, if he attempted it, that I would ſtop his departure; and, as I did not certainly know but that he had killed a man, I painted to him in ſtrong colours, how indecent ſuch a ſtep would appear

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appear at all times, and particularly at ſuch a time; till at length he promiſed me moſt ſolemnly to leave the woman behind, however, the next day being informed that the *little actreſs* was about to embark in diſguiſe, and that my Captain was alſo in a maſquerade habit, I gave directions to the bailiff to ſtop his departure, but having furniſhed him with my *own* and *Deſſein*'s weapons, he turned them upon us, and made his eſcape to Dover, and immediately upon his arrival wrote me a letter, the ſubſtance of which was to inform me, "that he was juſt arrived in "a country where no ſuch fellow as I dare "ſhow my face, and that in *ſpite* of me, "and my infamous gang, he was then in "the arms of his ducheſs." I ſent a copy of this letter to Lord Barrington, who anſwered mine with great politeneſs, as did the colonel of the *noble Captain*'s corps. And upon my arrival in England, I enquired for my *worthy friend*, not to

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fight him (for I proteſt I will not fight ſuch a *fighting killing Captain*) but to get my money. And I was ſo fortunate to find him where ſuch a wretch ought always to be, i. e. in a jail, where I lodged a detainer and got my money. I have heard ſince, that the Captain, *however, eſcaped the trial* for murther, no officer of his corps having been miſſed but *himſelf*. And God forbid ſo valuable a member, and ſo excellent an officer, of his majeſty's army, ſhould have made a miſtake and killed himſelf, when he thought he had only killed an honeſt man. If, however, he is ſtill alive, and ſtill in the army; I wiſh the gentlemen of the corps in which he ſerves, all imaginable happineſs in the young gentleman's ſociety, unleſs they will turn to an article of war, which I think ſays, that any officer who behaves in a ſcandalous infamous manner, ſuch as is unbecoming the character of an officer or a gentleman, ſhall be diſmiſſed

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the ſervice. He may indeed, ſay, that two valets and an actreſs are marks of diſtinction, and that obtaining money by falſe pretences is better than forging; that no debts, but gaming debts, are to be paid upon honour; and as to ingratitude, why if a man will be fooled and cajoled out of his money, who can help it? A gentleman, eſpecially an officer, muſt appear like a gentleman, though he be in reality the greateſt ſcrub in nature.

LETTER

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LETTER IV.

RHEIMS, in Champagne.

LITTLE or nothing occurred to me, worth remarking to you, on my journey hither, but that the province of *Artois* is a fine corn country, and that the French farmers ſeem to underſtand that buſineſs perfectly well. I was ſurpriſed to find, near *St. Omer*, large plantations of tobacco, which had all the vigour and healthy appearance of that which I have ſeen grow in *poor* America. On my way here (like the countryman in London, in gazing about) I miſſed my road; but a civil, and, in appearance, a ſubſtantial farmer, conducted us half a league over the fields, and marked out the courſe to get into it again, without returning directly back, a circumſtance I much hate, though perhaps it might have been the ſhorter way. However, before

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I gained the high road, I ſtumbled upon a private one, which led us into a little village pleaſantly ſituated, and inhabited by none other but the pooreſt peaſants; whoſe tattered habits, wretched houſes, and ſmiling countenances, convinced me, that chearfulneſs and contentment ſhake hands oftener under thatched, than painted roofs. We found one of theſe villagers as ready to boil our tea-kettle, provide butter, milk, &c. as we were for our breakfaſt; and during the preparation of it, I believe every man, woman, and child of the hamlet, was come down to *look at us*; for beſide that wonderful curioſity common to this whole nation, the inhabitants of this village, had never before, ſeen an Engliſhman; they had heard indeed often of the country, they ſaid, and that it was *un païs tres riche*. There was ſuch a general delight in the the faces of every age, and ſo much civility, I was going to ſay politeneſs,

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ſhown to us, that I caught a temporary chearfulneſs in this village, which I had not felt for ſome months before, and which I intend to carry with me. I therefore took out my guitar, and played till I ſet the whole aſſembly in motion; ſome, in ſpite of their wooden ſhoes, and others without any, danced in a manner not to be ſeen among our Engliſh peaſants. They had "ſhoes like a ſauce-boat," but no "ſteeple-clock'd hoſe." While we breakfaſted, one of the villagers fed my horſe with ſome freſh-mowed hay, and it was with ſome difficulty I could prevail upon him to be paid for it, becauſe the trifle I offered was much more than his *Court of Conſcience* informed him it was worth. I could moralize here a little; but I will only aſk you, in which ſtate think your man is beſt; the untaught man, in that of nature, or the man whoſe mind is enlarged by education and a knowledge of the world; The behaviour of the in-

habitants of this little Hamlet, had a very forcible effect upon me; becauſe it brought me back to my earlier days, and reminded me of the reception I met with in America, by what we *now* call, the *Savage* Indians; yet I have been received in the ſame courteous manner in a little Hamlet, unarmed, and without any other protection but the law of nature, by thoſe *ſavages*;—indeed it was before the *Savages of Europe* had inſtructed them in the art of war, or Mr. Whitfield had preached *methodiſm* among them. Therefore, I only tell you what they *were* in 1735, not what they *are at preſent*. When I viſited them, they walked in the flowery paths of Nature; now, I fear, they tread the polluted *roads of blood*. Perhaps of all the uncivilized nations under the ſun, the native Indians of America *were* the moſt humane; I have ſeen an hundred inſtances of their humanity and integrity;—when a white man was under the laſh of the executioner, at

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Savannah in Georgia, for uſing an Indian woman ill, I ſaw *Tomo Chachi*, their King, run in between the offender and the corrector, ſaying, " *whip me, not him*;"— the King was the complainant, indeed, but the man deſerved a much ſeverer chaſtiſement. This was a *Savage King*. *Chriſtian* Kings, too often, care not who are whipt, ſo they eſcape the ſmart. Having mentioned the humanity of the Indians of America, it may appear ſtrange to the reader in *theſe days*, when he hears of the horrid uſe Kings now make (BY CHRISTIAN AUTHORITY) of the Tomahawk, among our unfortunate countrymen, where neither man, woman or child, who come within the reach of their ſcalping knife can eſcape. It may therefore be proper to obſerve, that it has been a cuſtom immemorial, to put their vanquiſhed enemies to death; the ſcalp is the *ſtandard* they fight for, and if they can bring it off, it is deemed honourable: cuſtom is as hard to be conquered as

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kingdoms. In ſome countries, women voluntarily throw themſelves into the fire, to burn with the dead body of their huſband, and this, not from partial love perhaps, ſo much, as from cuſtom and love of glory: in that country it is thought honourable, and an Indian warrior, taken alive, would think his enemies denied him juſtice, if they refuſed to burn him alive. I might have ſeen a brave man ſuffer this death, and did ſee as much of it as I could bear, i. e. the fire which conſumed him. The manner of his death was as follows: a great number of little ſplinters of fir trees, which are ſtrongly charged with turpentine, were pricked into his ſkin, and that too from head to foot like a larded hare, and in this bloody condition, without betraying any ſigns of fear, he was placed upon a block in the middle of a large pile of wood in the form of a ſugar loaf, and there ſmoaked his laſt pipe of *Ceſena* till the flames burnt it from his valiant hands.

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LETTER V.

RHEIMS.

WE arrived at this city before the buſtle which the coronation of Lewis XVI. occaſioned was quite over; I am ſorry I did not ſee it, becauſe I now find it was worth ſeeing; but I ſtaid at *Calais* on purpoſe to avoid it; for having paid two guineas to ſee the coronation of George III. I determined never more to be put to any extraordinary expence on the ſcore of *crowned heads*. However, my curioſity has been tolerably gratified in hearing it talked over, and in reading *Marmontel*'s letter to a friend upon that ſubject; but I will not repeat what he, or others have ſaid upon the occaſion, becauſe you have, no doubt, ſeen in the Engliſh papers a tolerable good one; only that the Queen was ſo

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overcome with the repeated ſhouts and plaudits of her new ſubjects, that ſhe was obliged to retire. The fine Gothic cathedral, in which the ceremony was performed, is indeed a church worthy of ſuch a ſolemnity; the portal is the fineſt I ever beheld; the windows are painted in the very beſt manner; nor is there any thing within the church but what ſhould be there. I need not tell you that this is the province which produces the moſt delicious wine in the world; but I will aſſure you, that I ſhould have drunk it with more pleaſure, had you been here to have partaken of it. In the cellars of one wine-merchant, I was conducted through long paſſages more like ſtreets than caves; on each ſide of which, bottled Champagne was piled up ſome feet higher than my head, and at leaſt twelve deep. I bought two bottles to taſte, of that which the merchant aſſured me was each, of the beſt ſort he had, and for which I paid ſix livres;

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livres: if he ſells all he had in bottles at that time, and at the ſame price, I ſhall not exceed the bounds of truth if I ſay, I ſaw ten thouſand pounds worth of bottled Champagne in his cellars. Neither of the bottles, however, contained wine ſo palatable as I have often drunk in England; but perhaps we are deceived, and find it more palatable by having ſugar in it; for I ſuſpect that moſt of the Champagne which is bottled for Engliſh conſumption, is ſo prepared. That you may know however, for the future, whether Champagne or any other wine is ſo adulterated, I will give you an infallible method to prove:—fill a ſmall long-necked bottle with the wine you would prove, and invert the neck of it into a tumbler of clear water; if the wine be genuine, it will all remain in the bottle; if adulterated, with ſugar, honey, or any other ſweet ſubſtance, the ſweets will all paſs into the tumbler of water, and leave the genuine wine

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wine behind. The difference between *ſtill* Champagne, and that which is *mouſſe*, is owing to nothing more than the time of the year in which it is bottled.

We found in this town Captain Naſh an Engliſh officer, from whom we received many civilities, and who made us acquainted with a French gentleman and lady, whoſe partiality to the Engliſh nation is ſo great, that their neighbours call their houſe "THE ENGLISH HOTEL." The partiality of ſuch a family is a very flattering, as well as a very pleaſing circumſtance, to thoſe who are ſo happy to be known to them, becauſe they are not only the firſt people in the town, but the *beſt*; and in point of talents, inferior to none, perhaps, in the kingdom. I muſt not, after ſaying ſo much, omit to tell you, it is *Monſieur & Madame de Jardin*, of whom I ſpeak; they live in the GRANDE PLACE, *vis-à-vis* the ſtatue of the King; and if ever you

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you come to Rheims, be aſſured you will find it a GOOD PLACE. *Madame de Jardin* is not only one of the higheſt-bred women in France, but one of the firſt in point of letters, and that is ſaying a great deal, for France abounds more with women of that turn than England. Mrs. Carter, Miſs Aikin, Mrs. Montagu, Miſs Moore, and a few other ladies in England, are celebrated for their literary genius; but in France, I could find you a ſcore or two. To give you ſome idea of the regard and affection *Monſieur de Jardin* has for his wife—for French huſbands, now and then, love their wives as well as we Engliſhmen do, —I ſend you a line I found in his ſtudy, wrote under his lady's miniature picture:

" Chaque inſtant à mes yeux la rend
" Plus eſtimable."

This town ſtands in a vaſt plain, is of great extent, and encloſed within high walls, and a deep ditch. The public walks are

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are of great extent, nobly planted, and the fineſt in the whole kingdom. It is, indeed, a large and opulent city, and abounds not only with the beſt wine, but every thing that is good; and every thing in plenty, and conſequently cheap. The fruit market, in particular, is ſuperior to every thing of the kind, but I will not tantalize you by ſaying any more upon that ſubject, unleſs you were near enough to *eat* a bottle of Champagne, in the way that God gives it.

P. S. The Antiquary will find amuſement in this town. There are many Roman remains here worthy of notice; but ſuch as require the information of ſome inhabitant to point them out.

LETTER

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LETTER VI.

DIJON.

YOU will laugh, perhaps, when I tell you, I could hardly refrain from tears when I took leave of the *De Jardin* family at *Rheims*,—but ſo it was. Good-breeding, and attention, have ſo much the appearance of friendſhip, that they may, and often do, deceive the moſt diſcerning men;—no wonder, then, if I was unhappy in leaving a town, where I am ſure I met with the firſt, and had ſome reaſon to believe I ſhould have found the latter, had we ſtaid to cultivate it. *Bourgogne*, is, however, a much finer province than *Champagne*; and this town is delightfully ſituated; that it is a cheap province, you will not doubt, even to Engliſh travellers, when I tell you, that I had a good ſupper for four perſons, three decent beds, good hay, and plenty of corn, for my

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my horſe, at an inn upon this road, and was charged only four livres ten ſols! not quite four ſhillings and ſixpence. Nor was it owing to any miſtake; for I lay the following night at juſt ſuch another inn, and was charged juſt the ſame price, for nearly the ſame entertainment. They were carriers' inns, indeed, but I know not whether they were not, upon the whole, better, and cleaner too, than ſome of the town *auberges*. I need not therefore tell you, I had ſtrayed a little out of *la Route Angloiſe*, when I found ſuch a *bon Marchè*.

Dijon is pleaſantly ſituated, well built, and the country round about it is as beautiful as nature could well make it. The ſhady walks round the whole city are very delightful, and command a pleaſing view of the adjacent country. The excellence of the wine of this province, you are better acquainted with than I am; though I muſt

muſt confeſs, I have drunk better Burgundy in England, than I have yet tafted here: but I am not ſurpriſed at that; for at Madeira I could not get wine that was even tolerable.

We found here, two genteel Engliſh gentlemen, Meſſieurs Plowden and Smyth, from whom we received many marks of attention and politeneſs.—I imagined I ſhould be able to bear ſeeing the execution of a man, whoſe crimes merited, I thought, the ſevereſt puniſhment. He was broke upon the wheel, ſo it is called; but the wheel is what the body is fixed upon to be expoſed on the high-road, after the execution. This man's body, however, was burnt. The miſerable wretch (a young ſtrong man) was brought in the evening, by a faint torch light, to a chapel near the place of execution, where he might have continued in prayer till midnight; but after one hour ſpent there,

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there, he walked ſteadily from the chapel to the ſcaffold, accompanied by his confeſſor, who with great earneſtneſs continually preſented to him, and bade him kiſs the crucifix he carried in his hand. After he had aſcended the ſcaffold and turned his eyes towards heaven, he very willingly ſubmitted to the dreadful ſentence, laying himſelf upon his back, and extended his arms and legs over a croſs, which was laid flat, and fixed faſt upon the ſcaffold for that purpoſe, to which he was then ſecurely tied by the executioner and his mother, who aſſiſted her ſon, in this dreadful buſineſs. Part of the croſs was cut away, in eight places, ſo as to leave a hollow vacancy, where the blows were to be given, which are, between the ſhoulder and elbow, elbow and wriſt, thigh and hip, and knee and ancle. When the wretch was ſecurely tied down, the end of a rope which was round his neck, with a running nooſe, was brought through a hole

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a hole in, and under the ſcaffold; this was to give the *Coup de Grace*, after breaking: a *Coup* which relieved him, and all the agitated ſpectators, from an infinite degree of miſery, except only, the executioner and his mother, for they both ſeemed to enjoy the deadly office. The blows were then given, with a heavy piece of iron, made in the form of a butcher's cleaver without an edge, and the bones of the arms, legs and thighs were broken in eight places; at each blow, the ſufferer called out, *Mon Dieu!* without ſaying another word, or even uttering a ſingle groan. During all this time, the Confeſſor called upon him continually to kiſs the croſs, and to remember how Chriſt, his Redeemer ſuffered for us. Indeed, there was infinite addreſs, as well as piety, in the conduct of the Confeſſor; for he would not permit this miſerable wretch to have one moment's reflexion about his bodily ſufferings, while a matter of ſo

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much more importance to him was depending; but thoſe eight blows ſeemed nothing to two dreadful after-claps, for the executioner then untied the body, turned his back upwards, and gave him two blows on the ſmall of the back with the ſame iron weapon; and yet, even that did not put an end to the life and ſufferings of the malefactor! for the finiſhing ſtroke was, after all, done by the halter, and then the body being rolled up like a bundle of old clothes, was thrown into a great fire, and conſumed to aſhes. There were two or three executions ſoon after, but of a more moderate kind. Yet I hope I need not tell you, that I ſhall never attend another; and would have made my eſcape from this, had it been poſſible.—Here, too, I ſaw upwards of fourſcore criminals linked together, by one long chain, and ſo they were to continue till they arrived at the galleys at *Marſeilles*. Now I am ſure you will be, as I was,

aſtoniſhed

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aſtoniſhed to think, an old woman, the mother of the executioner, ſhould willingly aſſiſt in a buſineſs of ſo horrid a nature; and, I dare ſay, you will be equally aſtoniſhed, that the magiſtrates of the city permitted her. Decency, and regard to the ſex, alone, one would think, ſhould have put a ſtop to a practice ſo repugnant to both; and yet, perhaps, not one perſon in the town, conſidered it in that light. Indeed, no other perſon would have aſſiſted the executioner, and he muſt have done all the buſineſs himſelf, if his mother had not been one of that part of the *fair ſex*, which Addiſon pleaſantly mentions, "*as a raker of cinders*;" for the executioner could not have even hired a ſingle perſon to have given him the leaſt aſſiſtance. There was a guard of the *Marechauſſée*, to prevent the priſoner's eſcape; but none that would have lifted up a finger towards forwarding the execution; for the office is hereditary and infamous, and

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the officer is ſhut out of all ſociety. His perquiſites, however, were conſiderable; near ten pounds, I think, for this ſingle execution; and he had a great deal more of ſuch ſad buſineſs coming on. I would not have given myſelf the pain of relating; nor you that of reading, the particulars of this horrid ſtory; but to obſerve, that it is ſuch examples as theſe, that render travelling in France, in general, ſecure. I ſay, in general; for there are, nevertheleſs, murthers committed very frequently upon the high roads in France; and were thoſe murthers to be made known by newspapers, as ours are in England, perhaps it would greatly intimidate travellers of their own, as well as other nations. But as the murthered, and murtherers, are generally foot-travellers, though the dead body is found, the murtherer eſcapes; for as nobody knows either party, nobody troubles himſelf about it. All over France, you meet with an infinite number of people travelling

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travelling on foot, much better dreſſed than you find, in general, the ſtage-coach gentry in England. Moſt of theſe foot-travellers, are young expenſive tradeſmen, and artiſts, who have paid their debts or repleniſhed their purſes by a light pair of heels; when their money is exhauſted, the ſtronger falls upon the weaker, knocks out his brains, and furniſhes himſelf with a little more money; and theſe murthers are never ſcarce heard of above a league from the place where they are committed; for which reaſon, you never meet a foot-traveller in France, without arms, of one kind or other, and carried for one *purpoſe*, or the *other*. Gentlemen, however, who travel only in the day-time, and who are armed, have but little danger to apprehend; yet it is neceſſary to be upon their guard when they paſs through great woods, and to keep in the *middle* of the road, ſo as not to be too ſuddenly ſurpriſed; becauſe a *convenient* opportunity, may induce

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two or three *honeſt* travellers, to embrace a favourable occaſion of repleniſhing their purſes; and as they always murther thoſe whom they attack, if they can, thoſe who are attacked ſhould never ſubmit, but defend themſelves to the utmoſt of their power. Though the woods are dangerous, there are, in my opinion, plains which are much more ſo; a high hill, which commands an extenſive plain, from which there is a view of the road ſome miles, both ways, is a place where a robber has nothing to fear but from thoſe whom he attacks; and he is morally certain of making his eſcape, one way, or the other: but in a wood, he may be as ſuddenly ſurpriſed, as he is in a ſituation to ſurpriſe others; for this reaſon, I have been more upon my guard, when I have ſeen people approach me on an extenſive plain, than when I have paſſed through deep and gloomy woods; nor would I ever let any of thoſe people come too near my chaiſe;

I always

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always ſhowed them the *utmoſt diſtance*, and made them return the compliment, by bidding them, if they offered to come out of their line, to keep off: this ſaid in a peremptory manner, and with a ſtern look, is never taken ill by honeſt men, and has a forcible effect upon raſcals, for they immediately conclude you think yourſelf ſuperior to them, and then they will think ſo too: whatever comes unexpected, is apt to diſmay; whole armies have been ſeiſed with a panic from the moſt trifling artifice of the oppoſite general, and ſuch as, by a minute's reflexion, would have produced a quite contrary effect: the King's troops gave way at Preſton Pans; the reaſon was, they were diſmayed at ſeeing the rebels (I *beg pardon*) come down *pell mell* to attack them with their broad ſwords! it was a new way of fighting, and, they weakly thought, an invincible one; but had General Cope previouſly rode through the ranks, and appriſed the

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troops of the manner of their fighting, and aſſured them how feeble the effect of ſuch weapons would be upon men armed with muſket and bayonet, which is exactly the truth, not a man would have retired; yet, *trim-tram*, they all ran, and the General, it is ſaid, gave the earlieſt notice of his own defeat! But I ſhould have obſerved, above, that the laws of France being different, in different provinces, have the contrary effect in the ſouthern parts, to what they were intended. The *Seigneur* on whoſe land a murthered body is found, is obliged to pay the expence of bringing the criminal to juſtice. Some of theſe lordſhips are very ſmall; and the proſecuting a murtherer to puniſhment, would coſt the lord of the manor more than his whole year's income; it becomes his intereſt, therefore, to hide the dead body, rather than purſue the living villain; and, as whoever has property, be it ever ſo ſmall, has peaſants about him who will

be

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be glad to obtain his favour, he is ſure that when any of theſe peaſants ſee a murthered body, they will give him the earlieſt notice, and the ſame night the body is for ever hid, and no enquiry made after the offender. I ſaw hang on the road ſide, a family of nine, a man, his wife, and ſeven children, who had lived many years by murther and robberies; and I am perſuaded that road murthers are ten times more common in France than in England; yet people of condition may, nevertheleſs, travel through France with great ſafety, and always obtain a guard of the *Marechauſſée*, through woods foreſts, or where they apprehend there is any danger.

P. S. The following method of buying and ſelling the wine of this province, may be uſeful to you:

To have good Burgundy, that is, wine *de la premiere tête*, as they term it, you muſt

muſt buy it at from 400 to 700 livres. There are wines ſtill dearer, up to 1000 or 1200 livres; but it is allowed, that beyond 700 livres, the quality is not in proportion to the price; and that it is in a great meaſure a matter of fancy.

The carriage of a queüe of wine from Dijon to Calais *, or to any frontier town near England, coſts an hundred livres, ſomething more than four ſols a bottle; but if ſent in the bottle, the carriage will be juſt double. The price of the bottles, hampers, package, &c. will again increaſe the expence to ſix ſols a bottle more; ſo that wine which at firſt coſt 600 livres, or 25 ſols a bottle, will, when delivered at Dunkirk, be worth 29 ſols a bottle, if bought in caſk; if in bottles, 39 ſols.—Now add to this the freight, duties, &c. to London; and as many pounds ſterling as

* Dunkirk is the neareſt ſea port, but being a free one, for all goods to *enter*, none can be ſent coaſt ways out of it.

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as all theſe expences amount to upon a queüe of wine, juſt ſo many French ſols muſt be charged to the price of every bottle. The reduction of French ſols to Engliſh ſterling money is very plain, and of courſe the price of the beſt Burgundy delivered in London, eaſily calculated.

If the wine be ſent in caſks, it is adviſeable to chooſe rather a ſtronger wine, becauſe it will mellow, and form itſelf in the carriage. It ſhould be double caſked, to prevent, as much as poſſible, the frauds of the carriers. This operation will coſt ſix or eight livres per piece; but the great and principal object is, whom to truſt to buy the beſt, and to convey it ſafely. I doubt, it muſt not paſs through the hands of *Monſieur C——*, if he deals in wine, as he does in drapery, and bills of exchange.

LETTER

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LETTER VII.

LYONS.

UPON our arrival at *Chalons*, I was much diſappointed; as I intended to have embarked on the *Soane*, and have ſlipped down in the *coche d'eau*, and thereby have ſaved my horſe the fatigue of dragging us hither: but I could only ſpare him that of drawing my heavieſt baggage. The *coche d'eau* is too ſmall to take horſes and *cabriolets* on board at *Chalons*; but at *Lyons* they will take horſes and coaches, or houſes and churches, if they could be put on board, to deſcend the Rhone to *Pont St. Eſprit*, or *Avignon*. So after we have taken a fortnight's reſt here, I intend rolling down with the united force of the two mighty rivers, the *Rhone* and the *Soane*, as I am well aſſured, it is a ſhort, a ſafe, and a moſt delightful paſſage.

Nothing

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Nothing can be more beautiful than the country we paſſed through from *Chalons* to this noble city. When we got within a few leagues of it, we found every mountain, hill, and dale, ſo covered with *châteaux*, country houſes, farms, &c. that they appeared rather like towns, villages, and hamlets. Nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the great wealth of the citizens of *Lyons*, than that they can afford to build ſuch houſes, many of which are more like palaces, than the ſummer retreats of the *Bourgeois*. The proſpect from the higheſt part of the road, a league or two from *Lyons*, is ſo extenſive, ſo pictureſque, and ſo enchantingly beautiful, that, impatient as I was to enter into the town, I could not refrain ſtopping at a little ſhabby wine-houſe, and drinking coffee under their mulberry trees, to enjoy the warm day, the cooling breeze, and the noble proſpects which every way ſurrounded us.

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The town of *Lyons*, too, which ſtands nearly in the centre of Europe, has every advantage for trade, which men in trade can deſire. The *Soane* runs through the centre of it, and is covered with barges and boats, laden with hay, wood, corn, and an infinite variety of goods from all parts of the kingdom; while the *Rhone*, on the other ſide, is ſtill more ſerviceable; for it not only ſupplies the town with all the above neceſſaries of life, but conveys its various manufactures down to the ports of the *Mediterranean* ſea expeditiouſly, and at little expence. The ſmall boats, which ply upon the Soane, as ours do upon the Thames, are flat-bottomed, and very meanly built; they have, however, a tilt to ſhelter them from the heat, and to preſerve the complexion, or hide the *bluſhes* of your female *Patronne*,—yes, my dear Sir, female!—for they are all rowed by females; many of whom are young, ſome very handſome, and all neatly dreſſed. I have,

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have more than once, been diſpoſed to bluſh, when I ſaw a pretty woman ſitting juſt oppoſite me, labouring in an action, which I thought would have been more becoming myſelf. I aſked one of theſe female *Scullers* how ſhe got her bread in the winter? Oh, Sir, ſaid ſhe, giving me a very ſignificant look, ſuch a one as you can better conceive, than I convey, *dans l'hiver J'ai un autre talent.* And I aſſure you I was glad ſhe did not exerciſe *both her talents* at the ſame time of the year; yet I could not refrain from giving her a double fee, for a ſingle fare, as I thought there was ſomething due to her *winter*, as well as ſummer abilities.

But I muſt not let my little *Bateliere*'s talents prevent me, while I think of it, telling you, that I did viſit, and ſtay ſome days at the Roman town lately diſcovered in Champagne, which I mentioned to you in a former letter: it ſtood upon a moun-

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tain, now called the *Chatelet*, the foot of which is watered by a good river, and its ſides garniſhed with *good wine*. *Monſieur Grignon*, whoſe houſe ſtands very near it, and who has there an iron manufacture, firſt diſcovered the remains of this ancient town; his men in digging for iron ore, found wrought gold, beſide other things, which convinced *Monſieur Grignon* (who is a man of genius) that it was neceſſary to inform the King of what they had diſcovered; in conſequence of which, his Majeſty ordered the foundation of the houſes to be laid open; and I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing in *Monſieur Grignon's* cabinet, an infinite number of Roman utenſils, ſuch as weights, meaſures, kitchen furniture, vaſes, buſts, locks, ſwords, inſcriptions, pottery ware, ſtatues, &c. which afforded me, and would you, a great deal of pleaſure as well as information. *Monſieur Grignon*, the elder, was gone to Paris; a circumſtance which gave me

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me great concern to hear, before I went to his houſe, but which was ſoon removed by the politeneſs, and hoſpitable manner I was received by his ſon: yet, my only recommendation to either, was my being a ſtranger; and being a ſtranger is, in general, a good recommendation to a Frenchman, for, upon all ſuch occaſions, they are never ſhy, or backward in communicating what they know, or of gratifying the curioſity of an inquiſitive traveller; their houſes, cabinets, and gardens, are always open; and they ſeem rather to think they receive, than grant a favour, to thoſe who viſit them. How many fine gardens, valuable cabinets, and curioſities have we in England, ſo ſhut up, that the difficulty of acceſs, renders them as unentertaining and uſeleſs to the public, as they are to the ſordid and ſelfiſh poſſeſſors! I am thoroughly ſatisfied that the town I am ſpeaking of was deſtroyed by fire, and not as has been imagined, by any convul-

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ſion of the earth, as I found among a hundred other ſtrong proofs of it, an infinite number of pieces of melted glaſs, lead, &c. But though I examined the cellars of eight hundred Roman citizens, the ſelfiſh rogues had not a ſingle bottle of wine.—I longed to taſte the *old Falernian* wine, of ſeventeen hundred years. —The cellars with the ſtairs leading down to them of about eight hundred houſes have been emptied of the rubbiſh which filled them, but that is by no means the whole town; I ſhould rather ſuppoſe, that what has been opened is about one-third of the ancient city. The workmen, however, have been taken off, and it is probable, the ſurface will remain unbroken till ſome antiquary King ſucceeds to the crown of France; they imagine what has been opened was the principal part of the city, and that the ſuburbs are not worth exploring; whereas it is more probable that the houſes of the greateſt wealth,

were

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were about the extremities from whence the proſpects were ſo enchanting: beſide it appears from *Monſieur Grignon's* cabinet, and the ſmall ſcale of the houſes, that what are laid open were chiefly the habitation of tradeſmen.

I write from time to time to you; but not without often thinking it is a great preſumption in me to ſuppoſe I can either entertain, or inſtruct you; but I proceed, upon your commands, and the authority of Lord Bacon, who ſays, he is ſurpriſed to find men make diaries in ſea voyages, where nothing is to be ſeen but ſky and ſea, and for the moſt part omit it in land travels, where ſo much is to be obſerved; as if chance were better to be regiſtered than obſervation. When you are tired of my regiſter, remember, I can *take* as well as *give a hint*.

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LETTER VIII.

MOST travellers, not farmers by profeſſion, are apt to attend more to the roads they paſs over than to the ſoil which lies on each ſide of them; yet, though I am no great farmer, I know enough of farming to determine, whether land is well or ill cultivated; I will therefore venture to ſay, that all the country about *St. Omer*, and from thence to *Arras*, is cultivated by excellent farmers, who have excellent ſoil to cultivate. It is an open country, abounding with wheat, rye, beans, clover, tobacco and cole ſeed, as well as vetches, barley and oats; all their fallows are clean, and dreſſed with dung and lime. In the town of *Aire*, I ſaw a great quantity of coals, in a brick-maker's yard, which the man informed me, came from *Condé*, and *Valenciennes*. It is generally believed in England, that there

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there are no coals in France, but the truth is, there are great plenty in many parts of France, as well on the ſouth, as north ſide of the kingdom, but the French conſider them as very obnoxious, and even dangerous to burn; and French ſervants often object to live with Engliſh families at *Calais*, *Dunkirk*, *Liſle*, &c. becauſe they burn the *Charbon de terre*. It is remarkable, that all the ſheep, between *St. Omer*, *Aire*, and *Arras*, are without horns, though otherwiſe handſome and very large. In the province of *Artois*, great quantities of poppies are cultivated for oil, as well as cole ſeed.

St. Quintin is the firſt town in *Picardy*; and here again I ſaw plenty of coals, which were dug near the city. There is a canal from *St. Quintin* to *Paris*, and they are now cutting one to *Liſle*, which canal is to paſs under ground for three leagues; much of the country from *St. Quintin* to

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LAON, belongs to the Duke of Orleans, and is very beautiful, being finely diverſified with hills and woods; at *Laon*, are the firſt vines in this part of France, but the wine they produce is not much eſteemed. An acre, or what the French call an *arpent*, of good land, lets in this country for a *Louis d'or* a year, the landlord paying the *Vingtieme*, which is the twentieth part of the produce, and is therefore a *vingt quatre ſous* upon every *Louis d'or*, but then the valuation of the land is changeable as the rent changes. I forgot to tell you that at Rheims, I ſaw a very fine gold cup in the treaſury, given by Lewis XV. and a ſhip the gift of Henry III. and that at the church of *St. Nicaiſe*, belonging to the convent of Benedictines there, is a curious ſhaking pillar. In the abbey of *St. Remy*, is to be ſeen that ſaint's tomb, and in it, the oil *ſent from Heaven*, to annoint the Kings of France at their coronation, which has never

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never been exhauſted. It is no uncommon thing in Champagne, to ſee women, not only driving, but holding the plough. At and about *St. Allin*'s in Burgundy, I found that they began cutting their wheat, &c. on the firſt of July, which ſhows what a mighty difference there is in point of climate, between this part of France and England. In Burgundy, the rent of land is chiefly paid in grain, the tenant brings home half the produce to the landlord's barns; but the landlord pays all taxes charged on the land, and finds half the ſeed; but this mode is not reckoned ſo beneficial to the farmer, as when the rent (as is ſometimes done) is paid in money. They have had no extraordinary good vintages in Burgundy, ſince the year 1762; and here let me obſerve, that though we complain ſo much of the Romiſh clergy, yet they are more moderate than ours in gathering their tythes, as they tythe corn, wine, and oil, not pigs,

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milk, and apples; they take here the great tythes only; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the country clergy in France, attend to the functions of their duty (and have ten times the duty to perform) much better than in general it is done with us. If they would but give the Romiſh clergy leave to take wives to themſelves, and thereby prevent their being *too ſociable* now, and then, with the wives of their pariſhoners, they would be very reſpectable people indeed; but while women are women, and prieſts are men, not allowed a wife of *their own*, nobody is ſure of *their own* wife; and they are apt to ſin, with thoſe who *ought*, and who *can forgive them*; and therefore I hope they will forgive me, in recommending to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, I ſhould have ſaid firſt, his Holineſs the Pope, to permit the Romiſh clergy to marry, or to forbid the wives of the laity to go to confeſſion. It is ſaid, that lawyers are

apt

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apt to be worſe men, than men of other profeſſions, from learning ſo early in life, by their practice, what curſed rogues mankind in general are! but I ſhould think the charge better laid againſt the Romiſh prieſts, who, by the confeſſion of their female penitents, find out very early how frail the weaker ſex are. When a woman thinks her ſoul at ſtake, if ſhe does not confeſs, not only all the ſins ſhe has committed, but all the very thoughts which have paſſed in her boſom; I fear her body is never quite out of danger. A French catholic lady who paſſes *pure* through the hands of her confeſſor, *Accoucheur*, hair-dreſſer, &c. &c. has more merit than an Engliſh proteſtant lady, as ſhe eſcapes the moſt powerful *operator* of all the male tribe of female attendants.

I am, &c.

LETTER

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LETTER IX.

PONT ST. ESPRIT.

AFTER a voyage of one whole, and one half day, without ſail or oar, we arrived here from *Lyons*. The weather was juſt ſuch as we could wiſh, and ſuch as did not drive us out of the ſeat of my *cabriolet* into the cabbin, which was full of prieſts, monks, friars, milleners, &c. a motley crew! who were very noiſy, and what they thought, I dare ſay, very good company; the deck, indeed, afforded better, and purer air; three officers, and a prieſt; but it was not till late the firſt day, before they took any civil notice of us; and if a Frenchman ſhows any backwardneſs of that ſort, an Engliſhman, I think, had better *hold up*: this rule I always religiouſly obſerve. When the night came on, we were landed in as much

much diſorder as the troops were embarked at *St. Cas*, and lodged in a miſerable *auberge*. It was therefore no mortification to be called forth for embarkation before day-light. The bad night's lodging was, however, amply made up to us, by the beautiful and pictureſque objects and variety which every minute produced. For the banks of this mighty river are not only charged on both ſides with a great number of towns, villages, caſtles, *châteaux*, and farm-houſes, but the ragged and broken mountains above, and fertile vales between and beneath, all together exhibit what occaſions a mixture of delight and aſtoniſhment, which cannot be deſcribed, nor well imagined. Upon comparing notes, we found that the officers (and no men underſtand the *etiquette* of travelling better than they do,) had not fared much better than we; one of them therefore propoſed, that we ſhould all ſup together that night at *Pont St. Eſprit*,

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where he aſſured us, there was one of the beſt cooks in France, and he would undertake to regulate the ſupper at a reaſonable price. This was the firſt time we had eat with other company, though it is the general practice in the ſouthern parts of France. Upon entering the houſe, where this *Maître Cuiſinier* and prime miniſter of the kitchen preſided, I began to conceive but an indifferent opinion of the Major's judgement; the houſe, the kitchen, the cook, were, in appearance, all againſt it; yet, in ſpite of all, I never ſat down to ſo good a ſupper; and ſhould be ſorry to ſit often at table, where ſuch a one was ſet before me. I will not—nay, I cannot tell you what we had; but you will be ſurpriſed to know what we paid;—what think you of three livres each? When I aſſure you, ſuch a ſupper, if it were to be procured in London, could not be provided for a guinea a head! and we were only ſeven who ſat down to it.

I muſt

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I muſt not omit to tell you, that all the ſecond day's voyage, we heard much talk of the danger there would be in paſſing the bridge of *Pont St. Eſprit*; and that many horſes, and men, landed ſome miles before we arrived there, chooſing rather to walk or ride in the hot ſun, than ſwim through *ſo much danger*. Yet the truth is, there was none; and, I believe, ſeldom is any. The *Patron* of the barge, indeed, made a great noiſe, and affected to ſhow how much ſkill was neceſſary to guide it through the main arch, for I think the bridge conſiſts of thirty; yet the current itſelf muſt carry every thing through that approaches it, and he muſt have ſkill, indeed, who could avoid it. There was not in the leaſt degree any fall; but yet, the barge paſſed through with ſuch violence, that we ran half a league in a minute; and very ſoon after landed at the town of *Pont St. Eſprit*, which has nothing in it very remarkable, but this long bridge, the

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the good cook, and the first olive trees we had seen.

This is *Lower Languedoc*, you know, and the province in which ten thousand pounds were lately distributed by the *sagacious* Chancellor of England, among an hundred French peasants; and though I was *weak enough* to think it *my property*, I am not wicked enough to envy them their good fortune. If the decision made one man wretched, it made the hearts of many glad; and I should be pleased to drink a bottle of wine with any of my fortunate cousins, and will, if I can find them out; for they are my cousins; and I would shake an honest cousin by the hand, though he were in wooden shoes, with more pleasure than I would the honest Chancellor, who put them *so unexpectedly* upon a better footing. I think, by the *laws* of England, no money is to be transported into other kingdoms; by the

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the JUSTICE of it, it may, and is;—If ſo, law and juſtice are ſtill at variance; which puts me in mind of what a great man once ſaid, upon reading the confirmation of a decree in the Houſe of Lords, from an Iriſh appeal:—"It is (ſaid he) ſo very abſurd, inconſiſtent, and intricate, that, in truth, I am afraid it is really made *according to law*."

P. S. A better memory than mine has now furniſhed me with ſome particulars of our *Pont St. Eſprit Repas*.

The firſt appearance on the table was, a fine large water melon, a ſalad, a baſket of ripe figs, and ſome enormous bunches of black and white, or rather red and yellow grapes, between which were a boiled poularde, and another fricaſſeed, with ſix ſkewers of ſweet bread moſt exquiſitely dreſſed; then a larded hare roaſted, a brace of red partridges, a roaſted poularde, ſtewed pigeons,

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pigeons, becca fica roaſted, cream cuſtards, roaſted truffles and coffee; after the firſt courſe, the other diſhes were brought in ſingly. I ſhould not have ſet this noble repas out, but that you may ſee how French officers live upon the road, and how Engliſhmen *pay for it*.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Nismes.

ON our way here we eat an humble meal; which was, nevertheleſs, a moſt grateful *repas*, for it was under the principal arch of the *Pont du Gard*. It will be needleſs to ſay more to you of this noble monument of antiquity, than that the modern addition to it, has not only made it more durable, but more uſeful: in its original ſtate, it conveyed only horſe and man over the river *Gorden*, (perhaps *Gardon*) and water to the city of *Niſmes*. By the modern addition, it now conveys every thing over it, but water, as well as furniſhes an high idea of Roman magnificence; for beſide the immenſe expence of erecting a bridge of a triple range of arches, over a river, and thereby uniting the upper arches to the mountains on each ſide: the ſource from whence the water was conveyed, is

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ſix leagues diſtant from *Niſmes*. The bridge is twenty-four *toiſes* high (twenty-four toiſes are 144 feet) and above an hundred and thirty-three in length; the bridge therefore is 798 feet long, and was *my ſole property* for near three hours; for during that time, I ſaw neither man nor beaſt come near it; every thing was ſo ſtill and quiet, except the murmuring ſtream which runs gently under two or three of the arches, ſo that I could almoſt have perſuaded myſelf, from the ſilence, and rude ſcenes which every way preſented themſelves, that all the world were as dead as the men who erected it. That ſide of the bridge, where none of the modern additions appear, is nobly fillagreed by the hand of time; and the other ſide is equally pleaſing, by being a well-executed ſupport to a building which, without its aid, would in a few ages more have fallen into ruins.

I was

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I was aſtoniſhed to find ſo fine a build-ing ſtanding in ſo pleaſant a ſpot, and which offers ſo many invitations to make it the abode of ſome hermit, quite deſtitute of ſuch an inhabitant; but it did not afford even a beggar, to tell the ſtrange ſtories which the common people relate; though it could not fail of being a very lucrative poſt, were it only from the bounty of ſtrangers, who viſit it out of curioſity; but a Frenchman, whether monk, or mumper, has no idea of a life of ſolitude: yet I am ſure, were it in England, there are many of our *firſt-rate beggars*, who would lay down a large ſum for a moiety of *ſuch a walk*. If a moiety of ſweeping the kennel from the Mews-gate to the Iriſh coffee-hooſe oppoſite to it, could fetch a good price, and I was a witneſs once that it did, to an unfortunate beggar-woman, who was obliged by ſickneſs to part with half

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of it; what might not a beggar expect, who had the *ſweeping* of the *Pont du Gard*; or a monk, who erected a confeſſional box near it, for the benefit of *himſelf*, and the ſouls of poor travellers?

After examining every part of the bridge, above and below, I could not find the leaſt traces of any ancient inſcription, except three initial letters, C, P, A; but I found cut in *demi relief* a very extraordinary kind of *Priapus*, or rather groupe of them; the country people, for it is much effaced, imagine it to be dogs in purſuit of a hare; but if I may be permitted to *imagine* too, perhaps, indeed, with no better judgement, might not thoſe kind of repreſentations be emblematical of the populouſneſs of the country? though more probably they were wanton fancies of the maſter maſon,

ſon, or his journeymen; for they are too diminutive a work, to bear any proportion to the whole, and are therefore blemiſhes, not ornaments, even allowing that in thoſe ages, ſuch kinds of ſculpture were not conſidered in the light they would be in theſe days of more delicacy and refinement.

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LETTER XI.

NISMES.

I HAVE now been here ſome time, and have employed moſt of it, in viſiting daily the *Maiſon Carrée*, the *Amphitheatre*, the Temple of *Diana*, and other Roman remains, which this town abounds with, above all others in France, and which is all the town affords worthy of notice, (for it is but a very indifferent one). The greater part of the inhabitants are Proteſtants, who meet publickly between two rocks, at a little diſtance from the city, every Sunday, ſometimes not leſs than eighteen thouſand, where their paſtors, openly and audibly, perform divine ſervice, according to the rites of the reformed church: ſuch is the difference between the mild government of Lewis XVI. and that which was practiſed in the reign of his great grandfather. But reaſon

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reaſon and philoſophy have made more rapid ſtrides in France, within theſe few years, than the arts and ſciences. It is, however, a great and mighty kingdom, bleſt with every convenience and comfort in life, as well as many luxuries, beſide good wine; and good wine, drunk in moderation, (and *here* nobody drinks it otherwiſe) is not only an excellent cordial to the nerves, but I am perſuaded it contributes to long life, and good health. Here, where wine and *eau de vie* is ſo plenty, and ſo cheap too, you ſeldom meet a drunken peaſant, and never ſee a gentleman (*except he be a ſtranger*) in that ſhameful ſituation.

Perhaps there is not, on any part of the continent, a city or town which has been ſo frequently ſacked by foreign invaders, nor ſo deeply ſtained with human blood, by civil and religious wars, as this: every ſtreet and ancient building within its walls,

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ſtill exhibit many ſtrong marks of the exceſſes committed by the hands of domeſtic, as well as foreign barbarians, except only the Temple now called, and ſo called from its form, the *Maiſon Carrée*, which has ſtood near eighteen hundred years, without receiving any other injuries than the injury of time; and time has given it rather the face of age, than that of ruins, for it ſtill ſtands firm and upright; and though not quite perfect in every part, yet it preſerves all its due proportions, and enough of its original and leſſer beauties, to aſtoniſh and delight every beholder, and that too in a very particular manner. It is ſaid, and I have felt the truth of it in part, that there does not exiſt, at this day, any building, ancient or modern, which conveys ſo ſecret a pleaſure, not only to the *connoiſſeur*, but to the clown alſo, whenever, or how often ſoever they approach it. The proportions and beauties of the whole building are ſo

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intimately united, that they may be compared to good breeding in men; it is what every body perceives, and is captivated with; but what few can define. That it has an irreſiſtible beauty which delights men of ſenſe, and which *charms* the eyes of the vulgar, I think muſt be admitted; for no other poſſible reaſon can be aſſigned why this building alone, ſtanding in the very centre of a city, wherein every exceſs which religious fury could inſpire, or barbarian manners could ſuggeſt, has ſtood ſo many ages, the ONLY uninſulted monument of antiquity, either within or without the walls; eſpecially, as a very few men might, with very little labour, ſoon tumble it into a heap of rubbiſh.

The *Amphitheatre* has a thouſand marks of violences committed upon it, by fire, ſledges, battering rams, &c. which its great ſolidity and ſtrength alone reſiſted.

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The *Temple of Diana* is ſo nearly deſtroyed, that, in an age or two more, no veſtige of it will remain; but the *Maiſon Carreé* is ſtill ſo perfect and beautiful, that when *Cardinal Alberoni* firſt ſaw it, he ſaid it wanted only *une boëte d'or pour la defendre des injures de l'air*; (a box of gold to defend it from the injuries of the weather) and it certainly has received no other, than ſuch as rain, and wind, and heat, and cold, have made upon it; and thoſe are rather marks of dignity, than deformity. What reaſon elſe, then, can be aſſigned for its preſervation to this day? but that the ſavage, and the ſaint, have been equally awed by its ſuperlative beauty.

Having ſaid thus much of the perfections of this edifice, I muſt however confeſs, it is not, nor ever was, perfect; for it has ſome original blemiſhes, but ſuch as eſcape the obſervation of moſt men, who have not time to examine the parts ſeparately,

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rately, and with a critical eye. There are, for example, thirty *modillions* on the cornice, on one ſide, and thirty-two on the other; there are ſixty-two on the weſt ſide, and only fifty-four on the eaſt; with ſome other little faults; which its aged beauty juſtifies my omitting; for they are ſuch perhaps as, if removed, would not add any thing to the general proportions of the whole. Nobody objected to the moles on Lady Coventry's face; thoſe ſpecks were too trifling, where the *tout enſemble* was ſo perfect.

Cardinal Richlieu, I am aſſured, had ſeveral conſultations with builders of eminence, and architects of genius, to conſider whether it was practicable to remove all the parts of this edifice, and re-erect it at *Verſailles*: and, I have no doubt, but Lewis XIV. might have raiſed this monument to his fame there, for half the money he expended in murthering, and driving

driving out of that province, ſixty thouſand of his faithful and ingenious ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of religion; an act, which is now equally abhorred by Catholics, as well as Proteſtants. But, Lord Cheſterfield juſtly obſerves, that there is no brute ſo fierce, no criminal ſo guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy; who thinks himſelf, either by divine or human right, veſted with the abſolute power of deſtroying his fellow-creatures *.

Lewis XI. of France, cauſed the Duke of *Nemours*, a deſcendant of King *Clovis*, to

* I had much rather, ſaid that barbarous brute, Philip II. king of Spain, and huſband of *England's Queen Mary*, be no king at all, than have hereticks for my ſubjects; and there are kings I doubt not, who would rather not be Kings at all, if they could not govern their ſubjects according to their own unruly paſſions, rather than by the eſtabliſhed laws of their kingdoms: may all ſuch kings periſh. Whoever wiſhes to know what kings and their miniſters can do, who wiſh to graſp at unwarrantable power, are requeſted to look over Dr. Watſon's hiſtory of the reign of Philip II., for it makes very little difference as *to the people*, whether, a king perſecutes for the *ſake* of *God's power* or his own.

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to be executed at Paris, and placed his children under the ſcaffold, that the blood of their father might run upon their heads; in which bloody condition they were returned to the Baſtile, and there ſhut up in iron cages: and a King of SIAM, having loſt his daughter, and fancying ſhe was poiſoned, put moſt of his court, young and old, to death, by the moſt exquiſite torture; by this horrid act of cruelty, near two thouſand of the principal courtiers ſuffered the moſt dreadful deaths; the great Mandarins, their wives, and children, being all ſcorched with fire, and mangled with knives, before they were admitted to his laſt favour—that of being thrown to the elephants.

But to have done with ſad ſubjects.—It was not till the year 1758 that it was certainly known at what time, or for what purpoſe, the *Maiſon Carrée* was erected; but fortunately, the ſame town which produced

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produced the building ſo many ages ago, produced in the latter end of the laſt, a Gentleman, of whom it may be juſtly ſaid, he left no ſtone unturned to come at the truth. This is *Monſieur Seguier*, whoſe long life has been employed in collecting a cabinet of Roman antiquities, and natural curioſities, and whoſe penetrating genius alone could have diſcovered, by the means he did, an inſcription, of which not a ſingle letter has been ſeen for many ages; but this *habile obſervateur*, perceiving a great number of irregular holes upon the frontal and frize of the edifice, concluded that they were the cramp-holes which had formerly held an inſcription, and which, according to the practice of the Romans, were often compoſed of ſingle letters of bronze. *Monſieur Seguier* therefore erected ſcaffolding, and took off on paper, the diſtances and ſituation of the ſeveral holes; and after nicely examining the diſpoſition of them, being aſſiſted therein

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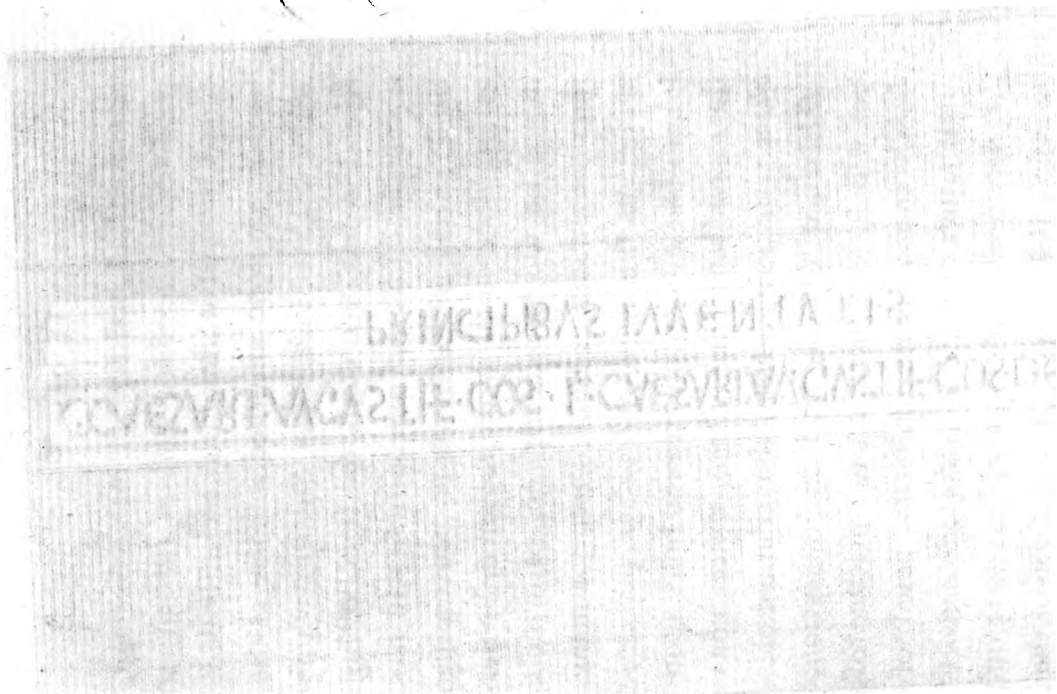

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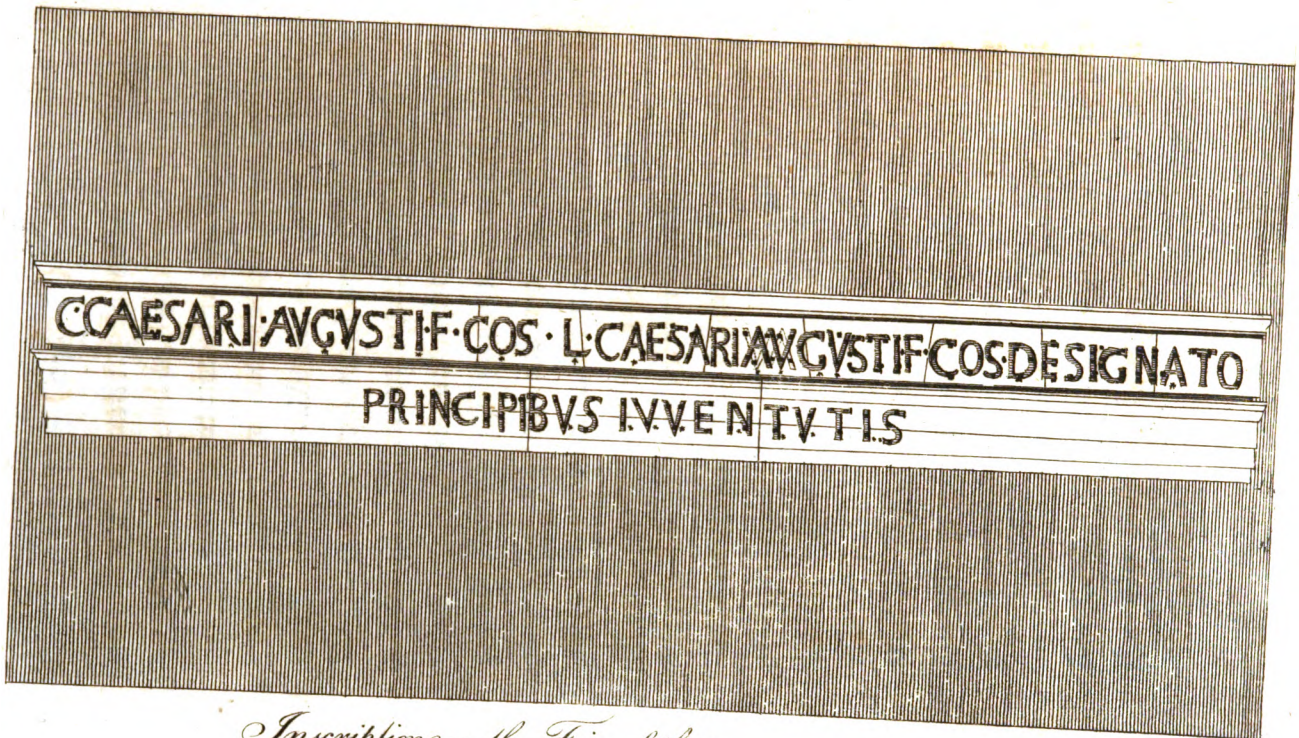

Inscription on the Frize of the **MAISON CARRÉE.**

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therein by a few faint traces of ſome of the letters, which had been impreſſed on the ſtones, brought forth, to the full ſatisfaction of every body, the original reading, which was then laid before *l'Académie des Inſcriptions & de Belles Lettres de Paris*, of which he is a member, and from whom he received public thanks; having unanimouſly agreed, that there was not a doubt remained, but that he had produced the true reading: and as the method and manner *Monſieur Seguier* took to decypher this ancient inſcription, cannot be eaſily explained by words, I herewith ſend you a drawing, which he permitted me to take from his original impreſſion, and which will explain the matter clearly at one view, and ſpare me, at the ſame time, copying the inſcription. But I muſt obſerve, that as the workman who fixed the letters was not quite *au fait* in his buſineſs, he very often made the holes too high, or too low, and by that means rendered

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rendered *Monſieur Saguier*'s taſk much more difficult; for you will perceive many of the holes were, by that clumſineſs, quite uſeleſs then, and very perplexing to the examiner.

The *Maiſon Carrée* is not, however, quite ſquare, being ſomething more in length than breadth; it is eighty-two feet long, and thirty-ſeven and a half high, excluſive of the ſquare ſocle on which it ſtands, and which is, at this time, ſix feet above the ſurface; it is divided into two parts, one encloſed, the other open; the *façade* is adorned with ſix fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, and the cornice and front are decorated with all the beauties of architecture. The frize is quite plain, and without any of thoſe bas-reliefs or ornaments which are on the ſides, where the foliage of the olive leaf is exquiſitely finiſhed. On each ſide over the door, which opens into the encloſed part,

two

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two large ſtones, like the but-ends of joiſts, project about three feet, and theſe ſtones are pierced through with two large mortices, eight inches long, and four wide; they are a ſtriking blemiſh, and muſt therefore have been fixed, for ſome very neceſſary purpoſe—for what, I will not riſque my opinion; it is enough to have mentioned them to you. As to the inſide, little need be ſaid; but that, being now conſecrated to the ſervice of GOD, and the uſe of the order of *Auguſtines*, it is filled up with altars, *ex votos*, ſtatues, &c. but ſuch as, we may reaſonably conclude, have not, excluſive of a religious conſideration, all thoſe beauties which were once placed within a Temple, the outward ſtructure of which was ſo highly finiſhed.

Truth and concern compel me to conclude this account of the *Maiſon Carrée*, in lamenting, that the inhabitants of

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Niſmes (who are in general a very reſpectable body of people) ſuffer this noble edifice to be defiled by every ſpecies of filth which poverty and neglect can occaſion. The approach to it is through an old ragged kind of a barn door; it is ſurrounded with mean houſes, and diſgraced on every ſide with filth, and the *offerings* of the neareſt inhabitants. I know not any part of London, but what would be a better ſituation for it, than where it now ſtands: I will not except St. Giles's, Rag-fair, nor even Hockly in the Hole.

LETTER

Plate the 1.t

fig. 2.

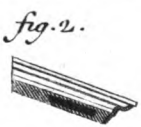

fig. 1.

THE MAISON CARREE AT NÎMES.

P. Thicknesse del. 1776.

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LETTER XII.

NISMES.

ENCLOSED I ſend you a pretty exact drawing of the ſtate in which that once-ſuperb edifice, the Temple of Diana, now appears; by which you will ſee, with concern, that there remains only enough to give the ſpectator an idea of its former beauty; for though the roof has been broken down, and every part of it ſo wantonly abuſed, yet enough remains, within and without, to bear teſtimony that it was built not only by the greateſt architect, but enriched alſo by the hands of other great artiſts: indeed, the maſon's work alone is, at this day, wonderful; for the ſtones with which it is built, and which are very large, are ſo truely worked, and artfully laid, without either cement or mortar, that many of the joints are ſcarce viſible; nor is it poſſible to put the

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point of a penknife between thoſe which are moſt open. This Temple too is, like the *Maiſon Carrée*, ſhut up by an old barn-door: a man, however, attends to open it; where, upon entering, you will find a ſtriking picture of the folly of all human grandeur; for the area is covered with broken ſtatues, buſts, urns, vaſes, cornices, frizes, inſcriptions, and various fragments of exquiſite workmanſhip, lying in the utmoſt diſorder, one upon another, like the ſtript dead in a field of battle. Here, the ghoſt of Shakeſpeare appeared before my eyes, holding in his hand a label, on which was engraven thoſe words you have ſo often read in his works, and now ſee upon his monument.

I have often wondered, that ſome man of taſte and fortune in England, where ſo much attention is paid to gardening, never converted one ſpot to an *Il Penſeroſo*, and another to *L'Allegro*. If a thing of that

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kind was to be done, what would not a man of ſuch a turn give for an *Il Penſeroſo*, ſuch as this Temple now is?——where ſweet melancholy ſits, with a look

" That's faſtened to the ground,
" A tongue chain'd up, without a ſound."

The modern fountain of *Niſmes*, or rather the Roman fountain recovered, and re-built, falls juſt before this Temple; and the noble and extenſive walks, which ſurround this pure and plentiful ſtream, are indeed in the French ſtyle very magnificent: but what muſt it have been in the days of the Romans, when the Temple, the fountain, the ſtatues, vaſes, &c. ſtood perfect, and in their proper order? Though this building has been called the Temple of Diana, by a tradition immemorial, yet it may be much doubted, whether it was ſo. The Temples erected, you know, to the daughter of Jupiter, were all of the Ionic order, and this is a mixture

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mixture of the Corinthian and Compoſite. Is it not, therefore, more probable, from the number of niches in it to contain ſtatues, that it was, in fact, a Pantheon? Directly oppoſite to the entrance door are three great tabernacles; on that of the middle ſtood the principal altar; and on the ſide walls were twelve niches, ſix on the right hand are ſtill perfect. The building is eleven *toiſes* five feet long, and ſix *toiſes* wide, and was thrown into its preſent ruinous ſtate during the civil wars of Henry III. and yet, in ſpite of the modern ſtatues, and gaudy ornaments, which the inhabitants have ſo beſtrewed, to decorate their matchleſs fountain, the Temple of Diana is ſtill the greateſt ornament it has to boaſt of.

LETTER

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LETTER XIII.

MONTPELLIER.

NEVER was a traveller more diſappointed than I was upon entering into this renowned city; a city, the name of which my ears have been familiar to, ever ſince I firſt heard of diſeaſe or medicine. I expected to find it filled with palaces; and to perceive the ſuperiority of the ſoft air it is ſo celebrated for, above all other places; inſtead of which, I was accompanied for many miles before I entered it, with thouſands of *Moſquitos*, which, in ſpite of all the hoſtilities we committed upon them, made our faces, hands, and legs, as bad in appearance, as perſons juſt recovering from a plentiful crop of the ſmall-pox, and infinitely more miſerable. Bad as theſe flies are in the Weſt-Indies, I ſuffered more in a few

days from them at, and near Montpellier, than I did for ſome years in Jamaica.

However fine and ſalubrious the air of this town might have been formerly, it is far otherwiſe now; and it may be naturally accounted for; the ſea has retired from the coaſt, and has left three leagues of marſhy ground between it and the town, where the hot ſun, and ſtagnated waters, breed not only flies, but diſtempers alſo; beſide this, there is, and ever was, ſomething very peculiar in the air of the town itſelf; it is the only town in France where verdegriſe is made in any great quantity *; and this, I am inclined to think, is not a very favourable circumſtance; where the air

* I muſt here acknowledge my miſtake and confeſs my ignorance, with reſpect to the cauſe of ſo much verdegriſe being made at this particular city. The ingenious Dr. Milman, whoſe merit I have pointed out in another place, when I knew him only by common fame, has ſince convinced me, that the particular conſtruction of their cellars, and not any impurities peculiar to the air, is the real reaſon why verdegriſe forms faſter in thoſe cellars than in other parts of the kingdom.

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air is ſo diſpoſed to canker it, and corrode copper, it cannot be ſo pure, as where none can be produced; but here, every cave and wine-cellar is filled with ſheets of copper, from which ſuch quantities of verdegriſe are daily collected, that it is one of the principal branches of their trade. The ſtreets are very narrow, and very dirty; and though there are many good houſes, a fine theatre, and a great number of public edifices, beſide churches, it makes altogether but an indifferent figure except at a diſtance.

Without the walls of the town, indeed, ſtands a noble equeſtrian ſtatue of Lewis XIV. ſurrounded with ſpacious walks, and adorned with a beautiful fountain. Theſe walks command a view of the Mediterranean Sea in front, and the *Alps* and *Pyrenees* on the right and left. The water too is conducted to a moſt beautiful *Temple d'Eau* in this place, over a triple

a triple range of arches, in the manner of the *Pont du Gard*, from a very conſiderable diſtance. The modern arches over which it runs, are indeed, a great and mighty piece of work; for they are ſo very large, extend ſo far, and are ſo numerous, that I could find no perſon to inform me of their exact number; however, I ſpeak within the bounds of truth, I hope, when I ſay there are many hundred; and that it is a work which the Romans might have been proud of, and muſt therefore convey an high idea of the riches and mightineſs of a kingdom, wherein one province alone could bear, and be willing too to bear, ſo great an expence, and raiſe ſo uſeful, as well as beautiful a monument; for beſide the immenſe expence of this triple range of arches, the ſource from whence the water is conveyed, is, I think, three leagues diſtant from the town, by which means every quarter of it is plentifully ſupplied with fountains

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which always run, and which in hot climates, are equally pleaſing, refreſhing, uſeful and wholeſome.

The town abounds with apothecaries' ſhops, and I met a great many phyſical faces; ſo that if the air is not good, I conclude the phyſic is, and therefore laid out two *ſols* for a pennyworth of ointment of *marſhmallows*, which alleviated a little the extreme miſery we all were in, during our ſtay at this celebrated city. If, however, it ſtill has a reputation for the cure of a *particular diſorder*, perhaps that may ariſe from the impurity of the air—and that the air which is ſo prone to engender verdegriſe, may wage war with other ſubtle poiſons; yet, as I found ſome of my countrymen here, who had taken a longer trial of the air, and more of the phyſic, than I had occaſion for, who neither admired the one, nor found benefit from the other, I will not recommend *Montpellier*

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pelter as having any peculiar excellencies within its walls, but good wine, and ſome good actors. It is a dear town, even to the natives, and a very impoſing one to ſtrangers; and therefore I ſhall ſoon leave it, and proceed ſouthward.

Perhaps you will expect me to ſay ſomething of the *Sweets* which this town is ſo famed for: there are indeed ſome ſweet ſhops of that ſort; and they are *bien placées*. At theſe ſhops they have ladies ſilk pockets, ſatchels for their ſhifts, letter caſes, and a multitude of things of that kind, quilted and *larded* with ſomething, which does indeed give them a moſt pleaſing and laſting perfume. At theſe ſhops too, beſide excellent lavendar water, eſſence of bergamot, &c. they ſell *eau de jaſmin, de pourri, de cedre, de giroſle, ſans pareille, de mille fleurs, de zephir, de oiellet, de ſultan*, and a hundred other ſorts; but the *eſſence of bergamot* is above all,

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as a ſingle drop is ſufficient to perfume a handkerchief; and ſo it ought to be, for it is very dear.

A Correſpondent, ſince the firſt edition of this work was publiſhed, having favoured me with the following paper relative to the mode of making verdegriſe, I hope he will excuſe my inſerting it.

No. VIII.

EUROPE is almoſt entirely furniſhed with verdegriſe from *Montpellier*. The inhabitants pretend that there is ſomething in the air of the place which is favourable to that manufacture.—They ſay, that with the ſame wines, and the ſame materials, it cannot be made, even at ſo ſmall a diſtance as *Marſeilles*; that the experiment has been tried, and that no verdegreaſe could be produced.—This ſtory can only find credit with thoſe whom ignorance

ignorance may prepare to receive, or intereſt diſpoſe to believe it. A ſhort account of the proceſs will eaſily convince any one, even though moderately ſkilled in chymiſtry, that the production of this matter depends upon other circumſtances than the properties of the air, and that the pretence of ſome peculiar qualities in the atmoſphere of the place, is a mere trick to ſecure a monopoly. Verdegriſe is a ſalt formed by the union of the vegetable acid with copper. The method of making it, as practiſed at *Montpellier*, is as follows: The ſtalks of the grapes, after the fruit has been plucked off, are dried in the ſun, and are then put into a tub; ſome of the poor wines of this country are poured upon them, and a portion of common ſalt is added; the tub, with the aforementioned ingredients, is put into a cellar, which is generally of a temperature which is favourable to fermentation. Its temperature is probably never under forty degrees

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Plate the 2.

fig. 2.



fig. 3.



fig. 4.

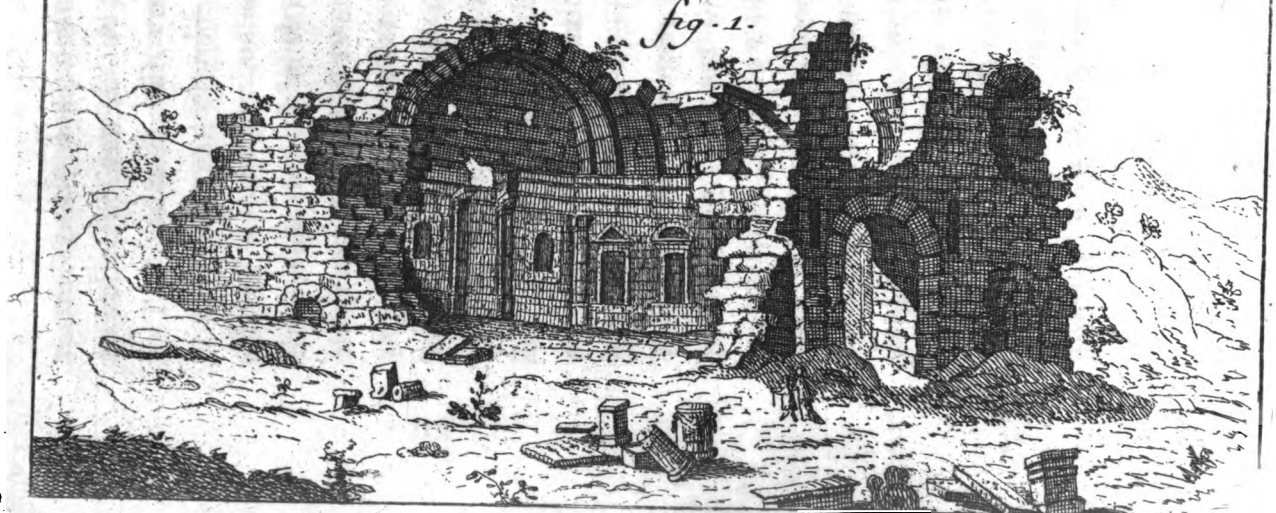


fig. 5.



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

fig. 1.



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degrees of Fahrenheit, and always much ſhort of ſeventy: but I was not allowed to try it with my thermometer. The fermentation is generally kept up eight or ten days, and when the ſtalks of the grapes are thoroughly ſoaked, and have imbibed a conſiderable part of the ſpirit and acid produced by the fermentation, the remaining vinegar at the bottom of the tub is thrown away, and thin plates of copper are placed between the ſtalks of the grapes, and allowed to remain there thirty or forty days. The moiſture of the ſtalks now diſtils upon the plates, which are rendered more liable to be corroded by the acid, by being previouſly put into the fire, and in ſome degree calcined. At the end of thirty or forty days, the plates of copper are taken out and placed upon ſtands, to favour the thorough formation of the ſalts upon their ſurface. When the chryſtallization is perfect, and the ſalts pretty dry, they are ſcraped off and lain together

together in an heap; but they are afterwards frequently ſpread out and expoſed in dry weather to preſerve them.—Verdegriſe coſts at *Montpellier* about twelve *ſols* per pound to make, and is ſold for about nineteen. With us it is ſold, I believe, for half a crown a pound. The great ſecret of this myſtery is to keep the cellars of ſuch a temperature as to enable the fermentative proceſs to go on, that the ſtalks of the grapes may imbibe the acid and ſpirit produced by it. It is well known, that no temperature is more favourable to fermentation, than that from forty to ſeventy degrees of Fahrenheit. The reaſon why this manufacture ſhould be confined almoſt entirely to this country ſeems to be owing to the mildneſs of the climate; but that it ſhould be limited to the town of *Montpellier*, ſeems more properly to be aſcribed to the manner of building their cellars, which, by their depth and cloſeneſs, are equally ſecured from

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from the penetrating cold winds of winter and the intenſe heat of their ſummers. Their temperature, I ſhould imagine, can vary but little, and probably rarely ſinks beneath forty, and perhaps may not ever paſs fifty degrees. If in Germany or England, we could obviate the ſeverity of our winters, which perhaps might be done by a proper attention to the manner of building our cellars; we might make verdegriſe with the *Rheniſh*, as well as they do at *Montpellier*, with the wines of *Languedoc*.

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LETTER XIV.

Cette.

I WAS very impatient till I had driven my horſe from the Britiſh to the Mediterranean coaſt, and looked upon a ſea from *that land* which I had often, with longing eyes, viewed *from the ſea*, in the year 1745, when I was on board the Ruſſel, with Admiral Medley. I have now completely croſſed this mighty kingdom and great continent, and it was for that reaſon I viſited *Cette*. This pretty little ſea-port, though it is out of my way to *Barcelona*, yet it proves to be in *the way* for my poor horſe; as I found here a Spaniſh bark, upon which I put part of my baggage. I was obliged to have it, however, opened and examined at the Cuſtom-houſe; and as the officer found in it a baſs viol, two guittars, a fiddle, and

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and ſome other muſical inſtruments, he very naturally concluded I was a muſician, and very kindly intimated to me his apprehenſions, that I ſhould meet with but very little *encouragement in Spain:* as I had not any better reaſon to aſſign for going there, but to fiddle, I did not undeceive this good-natured man till the next morning, when I owned, I was not ſufficiently *cunning* in the art of muſick, to get my bread by it; and acknowledged that I had unfortunately been bred to a worſe profeſſion, that of arms; and if I got time enough to *Barcelona* to enter a voluntier in the *Walloon* guards, and go to *Algiers*, perhaps I might get from his Catholick Majeſty, by my ſervices, more than I could acquire from his Britannick—ſomething to live upon in my old age: but I had no better encouragement from this Frenchman as an adventurer in arms, than in muſic; he aſſured me, that Spain was *un vilain païs*, and that France was the

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only country in the world for a *voyageur*. But as I found that *France* was the only country he had *voyaged* in, and there never above twenty leagues from that ſpot, I thanked him for his advice, and determined to proceed; for though it is fifteen miles from *Montpellier*, we are not got out of the latitude of the *Moſquitos*.

On the road here, we met an infinite number of carts and horſes, laden with ripe grapes. The gatherers generally held ſome large bunches (they were the large red grape) in their hands, to preſent to travellers; and we had ſome from people, who would not even ſtay to receive a trifling acknowledgement for their generoſity and politeneſs.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the proſpects which every way ſurrounded us, when we came within three or four miles of this town; both ſides of the road were

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were covered with thyme, and lavendar ſhrubs, which perfumed the air; the ſea breeze, and the hot ſun, made both agreeable; and the day was ſo clear and fine, that the ſnow upon the *Alps* made them appear as if they were only ten leagues from us; and I could eaſily have been perſuaded that we were within a few hours drive of the *Pyrenees*; yet the neareſt of them was at leaſt a hundred miles diſtant.

The great Canal of *Languedoc* has a communication with this town, where covered boats, neatly fitted up for paſſengers, are continually paſſing up and down that wonderful and artificial navigation. It is a convenient port to ſhip wine at; but the people have the reputation of playing tricks with it, before and after it is put on board; and this opinion is a great balk to the trade it is ſo happily ſituated to carry on, and of great benefit to the free port of *Nice*.

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LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR, PERPIGNAN.

BEFORE I leave this kingdom, and enter into that of Spain, let me trouble you with a letter on a ſubject which, though no ways intereſting to yourſelf, may be very much ſo *to a young Gentleman of your acquaintance* at Cambridge, for whoſe happineſs I, as well as you, am a little anxious. It is to appriſe you, and to warn him, when he travels, to avoid the *gins and man-traps* fixed all over this country; traps, which a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, combined even with father's and mother's wit, will not be ſufficient to preſerve him from, unleſs he is firſt ſhown the manner in which they are ſet. Theſe traps are not made to catch the legs, but to ruin the fortunes

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fortunes, and break the hearts of thoſe who unfortunately ſtep into them. Their baits are artful, deſigning, wicked men, and profligate, abandoned, and proſtitute women. *Paris* abounds with them, as well as *Lyons*, and all thegreat towns between *London* and *Rome*; and they are principally ſet to catch the young Engliſhman of fortune, from the age of eighteen, to five and twenty; and what is worſe, an honeſt, ſenſible, generous young man, is always in moſt danger of ſetting his foot into them. You ſuſpect already, that theſe traps are made only of paper and ivory, and that cards and dice are the deſtructive engines I mean. Do you know, that there are a ſet of men and women, in *Paris* and *Lyons*, who live elegantly by lying in wait and by catching every *bird of paſſage*?—But particularly the Engliſh *gold finch*. I have ſeen and heard of ſuch wicked artifices of theſe people, and the fatal conſequences to the

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unfortunate young men they have ensnared, that I really think I could never enjoy a single hour of contentment, if I had a large fortune, while a son of mine was making, what is called, the tour of Europe. The minute one of these young men arrives, either at *Paris* or *Lyons*, some *laquais de place*, who is paid for it, gives the earliest notice to one of the confederacy, and he is instantly way-laid by a French *Marquis*, or an English *Chevalier d'Industrie*, who, with a most insinuating address, makes him believe, he is no sooner arrived, than he has found a sincere friend. The *Chevalier* shows him what is most worthy of notice in *Paris*, attends him to *Versailles* and *Marly*, cautions him against being acquainted with the honest part of the French nation, and introduces him to the knaves only of his own, and this country; carries him to see French Ladies of the *first distinction*, (and such who certainly *live*

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in that ſtyle) and makes the young man giddy with joy. But, alas! it is but a ſhort-lived one!—he is invited to ſup with the *Counteſs*; and is entertained not only voluptuouſly, but they play after ſupper, and he wins too. What can be more delightful to a young man, in a ſtrange country, than to be flattered by the French, courted by the Engliſh, entertained by *the Counteſs*, and cheered with ſucceſs?—Nay, he flatters himſelf, from the particular *attention* the *Counteſs* ſhows him, above all other men admitted to her toilet, that ſhe has even ſome *tendre* for his perſon:—juſt at this *critical moment*, a *Toyman arrives*, to ſhow *Madame la Comteſſe* a new-faſhioned trinket; ſhe likes it, but has not money enough in her pocket to pay for it:—here is a fine opportunity to make *Madame la Comteſſe* a preſent;—and why ſhould not he?—the price is not above four or five guineas more than his laſt night's winnings;—he offers it; and, with

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with *great difficulty* and much perſuaſion, ſhe accepts it; but is quite *aſhamed* to think of the trouble he has given himſelf: —but, ſays ſhe, you Engliſhmen are ſo noble—ſo charming,—ſo generous—and ſo—ſo—and looks ſo ſweet upon him, that, while her tongue faulters, *egad* he ventures to cover her confuſion by a kiſs; —where, inſtead of giving him the two broad ſides of her cheek, ſhe is ſo *off her guard*, and ſo overcome, as to preſent him, *unawares*, with a pretty handſome daſh of red pomatum from her lovely pouting lips—and inſiſts upon it that he ſup with her *tête a tête*, that very evening—when all his happineſs is completed. In a few nights after, he is invited to meet the *Counteſs*, and to ſup with *Monſieur le Marquis*, or *Monſieur le Chevalier Anglois*; he is feaſted with high meat, and inflamed with delicious wines;—they play after ſupper, and he is ſtript of all his money, and gives—drafts upon his Banker for all his

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his credit. He visits the *Countess* the next day; she receives him with a civil coolness—is very sorry, she says—and wished much last night for a favourable opportunity to give him a hint, not to play after he had lost the first thousand, as she perceived luck run hard against him:—she is extremely mortified;—but, as a friend, advises him to go to *Lyons*, or some provincial town, where he may study the language with more success, than in the hurry and noise of so great a city as *Paris*, and apply for further credit. His *new friends* visit him no more; and he determines to take the *Countess*'s advice, and go on to *Lyons*, as he has heard the *South* of *France* is much cheaper, and there he may see what he can do, by leaving *Paris*, and an application to his friends in *England*. But at *Lyons* too, some artful knave, of one nation or the other, accosts him, who has had notice of his *Paris* misfortunes;—he *pities* him;—and, rather than

than ſee a countryman, or a gentleman of faſhion and character in diſtreſs, he would lend him fifty or a hundred pounds. When this is done, every art is uſed to debauch his principles; he is initiated into a gang of genteel ſharpers, and bullied, by the fear of a goal, to connive at, or to become a party in their iniquitous ſociety. His good name gives a ſanction for a while to their ſuſpected reputations; and, by means of an hundred pounds ſo lent to this honeſt young man, ſome thouſands are won from the *birds of paſſage*, who are continually paſſing through that city to the more ſouthern parts of *France*, or to *Italy*, *Geneva*, or *Turin*.

This is not an imaginary picture; it is a picture I have ſeen, nay, I have ſeen the traps ſet, and the game caught; nor were thoſe who ſet the ſnares quite ſure that they might not put a ſtop to my peregrination, for they *riſqued a ſupper at me*, and

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and let me win a few guineas at the little play which began before they ſat down to table. Indeed, my dear Sir, were I to give you the particulars of ſome of thoſe unhappy young men, who have been ruined in fortune and conſtitution too, at *Paris* and *Lyons*, you would be ſtruck with pity on one ſide, and horror and deteſtation on the other; nor would ever riſque ſuch a *finiſhed part* of your ſon's education. Tell my Cambridge friend, from me, when he travels, never to let either Lords or Ladies, even of his own country, nor *Marquiſes*, *Counts*, or *Chevaliers*, of this, ever draw him into play; but to remember that ſhrewd hint of Lord Cheſterfield's to his ſon;—"When you play with men, (ſays his Lordſhip) know with *whom* you play; when with women, for *what* you play."—But let me add, that the only SAFE WAY, is never to play at all.

At one of theſe towns I found a man, whoſe family I reſpected, and for whom I had

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had a perſonal regard; he loaded me with civilities, nay, made me preſents, before I had the moſt diſtant ſuſpicions *how* he became in a ſituation to enable him ſo to do. He made every profeſſion of love and regard to me; and I verily believed him ſincere, becauſe I knew he had been obliged by a part of my family;—but when I found a coach, a country houſe, a good table, a wife, and ſervants, were all ſupported by the *chance* of a gaming-table, I withdrew myſelf from all connexions with him; for I fear, he who lives to play, may *play* to *live*.

Upon the whole, I think it is next to an impoſſibility for a young man of fortune to paſs a year or two in *Paris*, the ſouthern parts of *France*, *Italy*, &c. without running a great riſque of being beggared by ſharpers, or ſeduced by artful women; unleſs he has with him a tutor, who is made wiſe by years, and a frequent

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acquaintance with the cuſtoms and manners of the country: an honeſt, learned Clergyman tutor, is of leſs uſe to a young man in that ſituation, than a truſty *Valet de Chambre*. A travelling tutor muſt know men; and, what is more difficult to know, he muſt know women alſo, before he is qualified to guard againſt the innumerable ſnares that are always fixt to entangle ſtrangers of fortune.

It is certainly true, that the nearer we approach to the ſun, the more we become familiar with vices of every kind. In the *South of France*, and *Italy*, ſins of the blackeſt dye, and many of the moſt unnatural kind, are not only committed with impunity, but boaſted of with audacity; and, as one proof of the corruption of the people, of a thouſand I could give you, I muſt tell you, that ſeeing at *Lyons* a ſhop in which a great variety of pictures were hung for ſale, I walked in, and after examining

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examining them, and aſking a few queſtions, but none that had the leaſt tendency to want of decorum, the maſter of the ſhop turned to his wife, (a very pretty woman, and dreſſed even to a *plumed* head) —ſhow *Monſieur* the little miniature, ſaid he; ſhe then opened a drawer and took out a book, (I think it was her maſs-book) and brought me a picture, ſo indecent, that I defy the moſt debauched imagination to conceive any thing more ſo; yet ſhe gave it me with a ſeeming decent face, and only obſerved, that it was *bien fait*. After examining it with more attention than I ſhould, had I received it from the hands of her huſband, I returned it to her prayer-book, made my bow, and was retiring; but the huſband called to me, and ſaid, he had a magazine hard by, where there was a very large collection of pictures of great value, and that his wife ſhould attend me. My curioſity was heightened in more reſpects than

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than *one*: I therefore accepted the offer, and was conducted up two pair of ſtairs in a houſe not far off, where I found a long ſuite of rooms, in which was a large number of pictures, and ſome, I believe, of the beſt maſters. But I was a little ſurpriſed, on entering into the farthermoſt apartment, as that had in it an elegant *chintz* bed, the curtains of which were feſtooned, and the foliages held up by the paintings of two naked women, as large as life, and as indecent as nakedneſs could be repreſented; they were painted, and ſo well painted too, on boards, cut out in human ſhape, that at firſt I did not know whether I ſaw the ſhadow or the ſubſtance; however, as this room was covered with pictures, I began to examine them alſo, with the fair attendant at my elbow; but in the whole collection, I do not remember there was one picture, which would not have brought a bluſh in the face of an Engliſh Lady, even of the moſt eaſy virtue.

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Yet, all this while, when I aſked the price of the ſeveral parts and pieces, ſhe anſwered me with a decent countenance, as if ſhe attended me to ſell her goods like other ſhop-keepers, and only in the way of buſineſs; however, before I left the room, I could not, I thought, do leſs than aſk her—her own price. She told me, ſhe was worth nothing; and immediately invited me to take a peep through a convex glaſs, at a picture which was laid under it, on the table, for that purpoſe:——it was a picture of ſo wicked a tendency, that the painter ought to have been put upon a pillory, and the exhibiter in the ſtocks. The Lady obſerved to me again, that it was well painted; but, on the contrary, the only merit it had, was being quite otherwiſe. I therefore told her, that the ſubject and idea only were good; the execution bad.

Juſt at this time, ſeveral French Gentlemen came in to look at the pictures, and

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and my ſurpriſe became infinitely greater than ever; they talked with her about the ſeveral pieces, without betraying the leaſt degree of ſurpriſe at the ſubjects *, or the woman who ſhowed them; nor did they ſeem to think it was a matter of any to me; and I verily believe, the woman was ſo totally a ſtranger to ſentiment or decency, that ſhe conſidered herſelf employed in the ordinary way of ſhop-keepers, that of ſhowing and ſelling her goods. Her ſhop was almoſt oppoſite to the General Poſt-office, where I went every day for my letters, and I frequently ſaw women of genteel appearance, go into it, but whether they viſited the magazine or not, I cannot ſay, but I have no doubt, but my little conductreſs, treated them as well as me, with a ſight of *the little miniature* in her MASS-BOOK.

 I ſhall

* After all is it not moſt likely, that the men who came in were of the *woman's party?* and if they had *found* me making *one* among them, that I muſt have paid for ſeeing ſuch a fine ſhow.

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I ſhall leave you to make your own comments upon this ſubject; and then I am ſure you will tremble for the fatal conſequences which your ſon, or any young man, may, nay muſt be led into, in a country where Vice is painted with all her bewitching and gaudy colours, in the fore-ground of the picture; and where Virtue, if there be any, is thrown ſo far behind in the back ſhade, that it is ten to one, but it eſcapes the notice of a youthful examiner.

I cannot help adding another inſtance of the profligacy of this town. Lord P——e being invited by a French Gentleman to ſpend a day at his *Chateau*, in the country, the latter took occaſion to tell his Lordſhip, that in order to render the day as agreeable as poſſible to his company, he had provided ſome young people of *both ſexes* to attend, and deſired to know his Lordſhip's *goût*. The young nobleman concealed

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concealed his ſurpriſe, and told his *generous* hoſt, that he was not faſhionable enough to walk out of the paths of nature. The ſame queſtion was then put to the other company, in the order of their rank; and being put to the laſt, an *humble Frenchman*, he replied, it was to him *egal, l'un et l'autre*, juſt as it proved moſt convenient. This is not a traveller's ſtory; it is a fact; and I dare ſay the Nobleman, who was of the party, will give it the ſanction of his name, though I cannot with any degree of propriety; and indeed I had myſelf ſome proof, that the age of fifty-ſix, and fifteen, were not ſo much at variance, in that climate as in this; for an artiſt's daughter of infinite beauty gave me more than one fair offer, of her being at my ſervice; ſhe thought perhaps that a *voyageur*, might riſque, what an inhabitant durſt not; for the ſeduction of an unmarried girl, is as uncommon in France, as virtue and conſtancy is among the mar-

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ried women. It is certain that the women as well as the men in the *South* of *France*, are not only very wicked and witty, but very wanton; I could give many ſingular inſtances of the latter, but ſhall only mention two of the former.—When a prieſt brought a dying lady the ſacrament, ſhe refuſed receiving it, for ſaid ſhe, if it be the body of Chriſt, to-day, being *maigre* day, (Friday) it would be ſinful to eat it; and another, ſeeing a lame prieſt approach her bed-ſide with the hoſt, ſhe obſerved, that Chriſt came to her, as he entered *Jeruſalem*, riding upon an aſs.

LETTER

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LETTER XVI.

JONQUIRE.

I HAVE now croſſed the *Pyrenees*, and write this from the firſt village in Spain. Theſe mountains are of ſuch an enormous height, as well as extent, that they ſeem as if they were formed even by nature to divide nations. Nor is there any other paſs by land into this kingdom but over them; for they extend upwards of ſixty leagues from the *Mediterranean* Sea, near *Perpignan* in *Rouſillon*, to the city of *Pompelina* in *Navarre*; I ſhould have ſaid, extend *into* the *Mediterranean* Sea, for there the extremity projects its lofty head, like a noble fortreſs of nature, into the ocean, far beyond the low lands on either ſide. Indeed the extenſive plains on both ſide theſe lofty mountains (ſo unuſual in the ſouthern parts of Eu-

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rope) would almoſt make one ſuſpect, that nature herſelf had been exhauſted in raiſing ſuch an immenſe pile, which, as if it were the backbone of an huge animal, was made to hold, and bind together, all the parts of the weſtern world. There are, I think, nine paſſes over theſe hills into *Spain*, two or three of which are very commodious, and wonderfully *pictureſque*: others are dreadful, and often dangerous; the two beſt are near the extremities; that which I have juſt paſſed, and the other near *Bayonne*; the former is not only very ſafe, except juſt after very heavy and long-continued rains, but in the higheſt degree pleaſing, aſtoniſhing, and wonderfully romantic, as well as beautiful.

At *Boulou*, the laſt village in *France*, four long leagues from *Perpignan*, and ſeemingly under the foot of the *Pyrenees*, we croſſed a river, for the firſt time, which muſt be forded four or five times more, before

before you begin to aſcend the hills; but if the river can be ſafely croſſed at *Boulou*, there can be no difficulty afterwards, as there alone the ſtream is moſt rapid, and the channel deepeſt. At this town there are always a ſet of fellows ready to offer their ſervice, who ford the river, and ſupport the carriage; nor is it an eaſy matter to prevent them, when no ſuch aſſiſtance is neceſſary; and I was obliged to handle my piſtols, to make them quit their hold on my chaiſe; as it is more than probable, they would have overſet us in ſhallow water, to gain an opportunity of ſhowing their *politeneſs* in picking us up again. The ſtream, indeed, was very rapid; and I was rather provoked by the rudeneſs of the people, to paſs through it without aſſiſtance, than convinced there needed none.

Having croſſed the river four or five times more, and paſſed between rocks,

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and broken land, through a very uncultivated and romantic vale, as well as rough ground; we began to aſcend the *Pyrenees*, upon a noble road, indeed! hewn upon the ſides of thoſe adamantine hills, of a conſiderable width, and an eaſy aſcent, quite up to the high *Fortreſs of Bellegarde*, which ſtands upon the pinnacle of the higheſt hill, and which commands this renowned paſs.

You will eaſier conceive, than I can deſcribe, the many rude and various ſcenes which mountains ſo high, ſo rocky, ſo ſteep, ſo divided, and, I may add too, ſo fertile, exhibit to the traveller's eyes. The conſtant water-falls from the melted ſnow above, the gullies and breaches made by water-torrents during great rains, the rivulets in the vales below, the verdure on their banks, the herds of clambering goats, the humble, but pictureſque habitations of the goat-herds, the hot ſun

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ſhining upon the *ſnow-capt* hills above, and the ſteep precipices below, all crowd together ſo ſtrongly upon the imagination, that they intoxicate the paſſenger not only with delight and wonder, but alſo with true devotion, for they cannot be looked upon without calling forth reſpect and reverence towards that being, who could ſo raiſe, and ſo adorn ſuch ſtupendous monuments.

The French nation, in no inſtance, ſhow their greatneſs more, than in the durable and noble manner they build and make their high-roads; here, the expence was not only cutting the hard mountains, and levelling a fine road on their ſides, but alſo building arches of an immenſe height, from mountain to mountain, and over breaks and water-falls, with great ſolidity, and excellent workmanſhip.

The invalid guard at this fortreſs take upon themſelves, very improperly, and I

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am ſure very unwarrantably, to examine ſtrangers, with an impertinent curioſity; for they muſt admit all who come with a proper *paſſa pórta* into *Spain*, and dare not admit any without it. On my arrival at the Guard-houſe, they ſeiſed my horſe's head, and called for my *paſſa-pórta*, in terms very unlike the uſual politeneſs of French guards; and while my paſs was carried into a little office, hard by, to be regiſtered, thoſe who remained on the ſide of my chaiſe, took occaſion to aſk me of what country I was: I deſired to refer them to my *paſſa pórta*, (where I knew no information of that kind was given,) as it was a queſtion I ſaid I could not very well anſwer; but upon being farther urged, I at length told them, I was an *Hottentot*.—*Otentot*—*Otentot*—pray what king "governs that country?" ſaid one of them. No king governs the *Hottentots*, I replied. "What, then, is your "country without a king?" ſaid another, with

with aſtoniſhment! No; not abſolutely ſo, neither; for the *Hottentots* have a king; but he always keeps a number of ambitious and crafty men about his court, who govern him; and thoſe men, who are generally knaves, feed the people with guts, and entrails of beaſts, give the king now and then a GOOD *bit* of the main body, and divide the reſt among themſelves, their friends, their favourites, and ſycophants. But I ſoon found, theſe were queſtions leading to a more important one; and that was, what *countryman* my horſe was;—for, ſuſpecting him to be an *Engliſhman*, they would perhaps, if I had been weak enough to have owned it, have made me pay a conſiderable duty for his admiſſion into *Spain*; though I believe it cannot legally be done, or levied upon any horſe, aſs or mule, French or Engliſh, (to uſe an act of parliament phraſe) but ſuch "as are not actually in harneſs, nor "drawing in a carriage." It was well therefore

therefore that I did not proceed with poſt horſes, and ride my own as I intended from *Perpignan* to *Jonquire*.

The *Spaniards* too, have done their duty, as to the deſcent of the *Pyrenees* from *Bellegarde*, but no farther; from thence to this village, is about the ſame diſtance that *Boulou* is from the foot of the mountains on the other ſide; and though this road is quite deſtitute of art, it is adorned highly indeed by the hand of nature.

But, before I left *Bellegarde*, I ſhould have told you, that near that Fortreſs, the arms of *France* and *Spain*, cut on ſtone pillars, are placed *vis à vis* on each ſide of the road; a ſpot where ſometimes an affair of *honour* is decided by two men, who engage in perſonal combat, each ſtanding in a different kingdom; and where, if one falls, the other need not run;

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run; for, by the Family Compact, it is agreed, not to give up deſerters, aſſaſſins, or murtherers.

The road is not leſs romantic on the *Spaniſh*, than on the *French* ſide of the *Pyrenees*; but the face of the country is more beautiful, and the face of all things, animate and inanimate, are quite different; indeed, one would be apt to think, that inſtead of having paſſed a few high hills, we had been tranſported over a large ocean; the hogs, for inſtance, which are all white on the *French* ſide, are all black on this, as well as the men and women.

We arrived here upon a Sunday, when the inhabitants had on their beſt apparel: but inſtead of high head-dreſſes, falſe curls, plumes of feathers, and a quantity of powder; the women had their very hair combed tight from their foreheads and temples, and tied behind, in either red,

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red, blue, or black nets, ſomething like the caul of a peruke, from which hung large taſſels down to the middle of their back; the men's hair was done up in nets in the ſame manner, but not ſo gaudy.

Before we arrived here, I overtook a girl with a load of freſh hay upon her head, whom *(at the requeſt of my horſe)* I entreated to ſpare her a little; but, till ſhe had called back her brother, who had another load of the ſame kind, ſhe would not treat with me; they ſoon agreed, however, that my requeſt was reaſonable; and ſo was their demand; and there, under the ſhade of a noble grove of large cork-trees, and on the ſide of a living ſtream, we and our horſe eat a moſt luxurious meal: appetite was the ſauce; and the wild ſcenes, and ſtupendous rocks, which every way ſurrounded our *grand ſalle à manger*, were our deſſert.

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And that you may not be alarmed about this mighty matter (as it is by many thought) of passing from *France* to *Spain*, by the way of *Perpignan* and the *Pyrenees*; it may not be amiss to say, that I left the last town about seven o'clock in the morning, in a heavy French *cabriolet*, drawn by one strong English horse, charged with four persons, and some baggage; yet we arrived here about four o'clock the same day; where, at our supper, we had a specimen of Spanish cookery, as well as Spanish beds, bills, and custom-house officers: to the latter, a small donative is better bestowed, than the trouble of unpacking all your baggage, and much better relished by them: as to the host, he was neither rude, nor over civil; the cookery more savoury than clean; the window frames without glass, the rooms without chimneys, and the beds (mattrasses) without curtains. The demand for such entertainment, rather dearer than in France.

Before I left *Perpignan*, I found it neceſſary to exchange ſome French gold for Spaniſh, and to be well informed of the different value between the money of the two kingdoms. There were many people willing to change my money; though but few, indeed, who would give the full value. Formerly, you know, the *Pyrenees* were charged with gold, from whence the Phœnicians fetched great quantities every year. In the time of the Romans, much of the *Pyrenean* gold was ſent to Rome; and a King of Portugal, they ſay, ſo lately as the year 1512, had a crown and ſceptre made of the gold waſhed from theſe hills into the *Tagus*: their treaſures were known, you may remember, even to Ovid.

"*Quodque ſua Tagus amne vehit, fluit igneus aurum.*"

But as I had no reaſon to expect to find a gold mine on my paſſage into Spain, I

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thought it beſt to carry a little with me, and leave nothing to chance; and I ſhould have been content to have found, by the help of my gun, the bird vulgarly called the *Gelinotte des Pyrenees*; it has a curved bill like a hawk, and two long feathers in the tail; but though I ſaw a great number of different birds, I was not fortunate enough to find the *Ganga*, for that is the true name of a bird, ſo beautiful in feather, and of ſo delicate a flavour, that it is even mentioned by Ariſtotle, and is a native of theſe hills.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the day we left *Cette* we ſtopped, according to cuſtom, to eat our cold dinner in an olive grove; from whence we had a noble view of the Mediterranean Sea, and a moſt delightfully ſituated *Chateau*, ſtanding upon the banks of a ſalt-water lake, at leaſt twenty miles in circumference, "clear as the expanſe of heaven;" and that while

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we were preparing to ſpread our napkin, a gentleman of genteel appearance, came out from a neighbouring vineyard, and aſked us if any accident had happened, and deſired, if we wanted any thing, that we would command him, or whatever his houſe afforded, pointing to the *Chateau*, which had ſo attracted our notice; we told him our buſineſs was to eat our little *repas*, with his leave, under, what we preſumed, was his ſhade alſo, and invited him to partake with us. As he had already captivated us by his polite attention, and by his agreeable converſation, we lamented that we had not better pretenſions to have viſited his lovely habitation. We found he was well acquainted with many Engliſh perſons of faſhion, who have occaſionally reſided at *Montpellier*; and I am ſure, his being a winter inhabitant of that city, muſt be one of the moſt favourable circumſtances the town affords. Theſe little attentions to ſtran-

gers

gers are never omitted by the well-bred part of the French nation. I could not reſiſt aſking the name of a gentleman, to whom I felt myſelf ſo much obliged, nor avoid telling him my own, and what had paſſed at the town of *Cette*, relative to the muſical inſtruments, as one of the largeſt was ſtill with us.—He ſeemed aſtoniſhed, that I preferred the long and dangerous journey by land, as he thought it, to *Barcelona*, when I might, he ſaid, have run down to it over a ſmooth ſea, on the ſame bark I had put my baggage. *Monſieur Bougée* muſt be well known to moſt people of faſhion who viſit *Montpellier*; and I was happy in having it in my power to oblige him with an Engliſh caſt ſteel raſor, in return for the voluntary offer he had made us, of refreſhing ourſelves at his delightfully ſituated *Chateau*,

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LETTER XVII.

Girona.

FROM *Jonquiere* to *Figuiere* (about four hours journey, ſo they reckon in Spain) the road is tolerably good, and the country beautiful; over which the traveller may, as nature has done, repoſe himſelf upon a flowery bed indeed; for nature ſurely could not do more for the pleaſure and profit of man, than ſhe has done from *Jonquiere* to *Girone*. The town of *Figuiere* is, properly ſpeaking, the firſt town in Spain; for *Jonquiere* is rather a hamlet; but *Figuiere* has a decent, comfortable appearance, abounds with merchants and tradeſmen, and, at a little diſtance from it, ſtands the ſtrongeſt citadel in Spain: indeed it is the frontier town of the kingdom. The quietneſs of the people, and ſeeming tranquillity of all ranks

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ranks and orders of men in Spain, is very remarkable, and to a perſon who has juſt left a kingdom in every reſpect ſo different, wonderful! Strangers as we were, and as we muſt be known to be, we paſſed unnoticed; and when we ſtopped near a cottage to eat our hedge dinner, neither man, woman, nor child came near us, till I aſked for water, and then they brought with it, unaſked, dried grapes, and cheſtnuts, but inſtantly retired. I was charmed with the Arcadian inhabitants, and viſited the inſide of their cabin; but its ſituation upon a little *tump*, on the bank of a brook, ſhaded by ever-green oaks, and large ſpreading fig-trees, was all it had to boaſt of; it had nothing within but ſtraw beds, Indian corn, dried grapes and figs.

From *Figuiere* to *Girone*, which is a good day's journey, the country is encloſed, and divided into fields, and the hedge rows and corn fields, had in many places the

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appearance of the fineſt parts of England, only warmed by a hotter ſun, and adorned with woods and trees of other ſpecies; inſtead of the hawthorn, we met with the orange, the pomegranate, the myrtle, the cypreſs, and the cork: in ſhort, all nature animate and inanimate, ſeemed to rejoice here, man only excepted.

From many parts of this road we had a view of the Mediterranean Sea, and the Gulf of *Roſes*, a fine bay, over which the heads of the *Pyrenées* hang; and on the banks of which there ſeemed to be, not only villages, but large towns; the ſituations of which appeared ſo enchanting, that I could hardly reſiſt the temptation of viſiting them;—and now wonder why I did not; but at that time, I ſuppoſe, I did not recollect I had nothing elſe to do.

We entered this town rather too late, and were followed to our inn by an armed ſoldier,

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ſoldier, who demanded, in harſh terms, my attendance upon the Governor: I enquired whether it was cuſtomary for a gentleman, juſt off a journey, to be ſo called upon, and was aſſured it was not; that my *paſſa-porta* was ſufficient. I therefore gave that to my conductor, and deſired him to take it, and return it, which he did, but required to be paid for his trouble—a requeſt I declined underſtanding, of a man who did his duty ſo very ungraciouſly.

This is a fortified city, and well built, but every houſe has the appearance of a convent; I was going to ſay a gaol. I went to the market in the morning, where fruit, fleſh, and vegetables, were to be ſold in abundance; but, inſtead of that noiſe which French and Engliſh markets abound with, a general ſilence and gravity reigned throughout; which can hardly be thought poſſible, where ſo many buyers

and

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and ſellers were collected together. There I bought a baſket of figs, but the vender of them ſpoke to me as ſoftly as if we had been engaged in a conſpiracy, yet ſhe did not attempt to impoſe; I dare ſay, ſhe aſked me no more than ſhe would have demanded of a Spaniard. The manners of people are certainly infectious; my ſpirits ſunk in this town; and I wanted nothing but the Catalan language, and a long cloak, to make me a complete Spaniard. Our inn was the Golden Fountain; and, conſidering it was in *Spain*, not a bad one. If the town, however, was gloomy, the country round about it exhibited all the beauties nature can any where boaſt of.

In climates, ſays ſome writer, where the earth ſeems to be the pride and maſterpiece of nature, rags and dirt, ghaſtly countenances, and miſery under every form, are oftener met with, than in thoſe countries leſs favoured by nature; and the forlorn

forlorn and wretched condition of the people in general ſeems to belie and diſgrace their native ſoil. Certain it is, that the natives of the ſouthern parts of Europe have neither the beauty, ſtrength, nor comelineſs of men born in more northern climates. I have ſeen, in the South of France, in Spain, and Portugal, the aged eſpecially of both ſexes, who hardly appeared human! nor do you ſee, in general, even among the youthful, much more beauty than that which youth alone muſt give; for youth is beauty. Whoever compares the natives of Switzerland, England, Ireland, and Scotland, with thoſe of Spain, Portugal, or other Southern climates, will find, that men born among cold, bleak mountains, are infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of the fineſt climates under the ſun. Perhaps, however, this difference may ariſe more from the want of Liberty, than the power of climate. Oh Liberty! ſweet Liberty! without thee life

life cannot be enjoyed! Thou parent of comfort, whose children bless thee, though they dwell among the barren rocks, or the most surly regions of the earth? Thou blessest, in spite of nature; and in spite of nature, tyranny brings curses.

" O LIBERTY! thou Goddess heavenly bright,
" Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight,
" Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
" And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train,
" Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
" And poverty looks chearful in thy sight,
" Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
" Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

ADDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

AFTER we left *Girone* *, we passed through a fine country, but not equal to that which is between *Figuiere* and *Girone*, and lay the first night at a *veritable* Spanish *posada*; it was a single house, called the *Grenade*. We arrived there early in the afternoon; and though the inside of the house was but indifferent, every thing without was charming, and our host and his two daughters offered us the best they had, treated us with civility enough, and gave us good advice in the prosecution of our journey to *Barcelona*; about four leagues from this house, are two roads to that city, one leading to the side

* Between this town and *Figuiere* I saw part of several square stones lying in the earth, and which were, no doubt, the ancient *Termini*, or mile stones.

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ſide of the Mediterranean Sea, the other inland. He adviſed us to take the former, which exactly tallied with my inclination; for wherever the ſea-coaſt affords a road in hot climates, that muſt be the pleaſanteſt; and I was very impatient till we got thither.

After we had left the high inland road, we had about three leagues to the ſea ſide, and the village on its margin where we were to lodge; this road was through a very wild, uncultivated country, over-run with underwood and tall firs. We ſaw but few houſes, and met with fewer people. When we came near the ſea, the country, however, improved upon us; and the farms, churches, convents, and beacons, upon the high lands, rendered the proſpects every way pleaſing. We croſſed a ſhallow river ſeveral times, adorned on both ſides with an infinite quantity of tall beeches, on one of which trees (boy like)

I cut

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I cut my name, too high for *other boys*, without a ladder, to cut me *out* again. At length we arrived at the village, and at a *poſada*, than which nothing could be more dreadful, after the day-light was gone; for beſide the rudeſt miſtreſs, and the dirtieſt ſervants that can be conceived, there lay a poor Frenchman dying in the next room to us; nay, I may almoſt ſay, in the ſame room with us, for it could hardly be called a door which parted us. This poor man, who had not a ſhilling in his pocket, had lain twenty days ill in that houſe; but was attended by the prieſts of the town, with as much aſſiduity, as if he had been a man of faſhion: he had been often exhorted by them, it ſeems, to confeſs, but had refuſed. The night we came, however, he feared would be his laſt, and he therefore determined to make his confeſſion; I was in the room when he ſignified his deſire ſo to do; and all the people were diſmiſſed but the pariſh prieſt.

prieſt. I returned to my room, and could now and then hear what the prieſt ſaid; but the ſick man's voice was too low: his crimes however, I fear, were of an high nature, for we heard the prieſt ſay, with a voice of impatience and ſeeming horror, *Adonde—adonde—adonde?*——Where—where—where?

You may imagine, a ſad ſupper, lighted by ſtinking oil, burning in an iron lamp hung againſt the ſide of a dirty wall, (for there were no candles to be had) and while the ſick man was receiving the laſt ſacrament, would have been little reliſhed had it been good; that our dirty ſtraw beds were no very comfortable retreat; and that day-light the next morning, was what we moſt wanted and impatiently wiſhed for. Indeed, we never ſpent a more miſerable night; but it was amply made up to us by this day's journey to *Martory*, for we coaſted it along the Mediterranean

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diterranean Sea, which ſometimes waſhed the wheels of my chaiſe. At others, we croſſed over high head-lands, which afforded ſuch extenſive views over both elements, as abundantly overpaid us for the ſufferings of the preceding evening. The roads, indeed, over theſe head-lands, were bad enough, and in ſome places dangerous; but between walking and riding, with a ſteady horſe, we got on very well.

On this coaſt, we had a village at every league, inhabited by rich fiſhermen, and wealthy ſhip-builders, and found all theſe artificers buſy enough in their profeſſions; in ſome places there were an hundred men dragging in, by bodily ſtrength, the *Seine net*; at others, ſtill more ſurpriſing, ſhips of two hundred tons were building on the dry land, where no tide riſes to launch them! Theſe villages are built cloſe to the ſea; nothing intervenes be-

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tween their houſes, and the ocean, but their little gardens, in which, under the ſhade of orange, lemon, and vine trees, which were loaded with fruit, ſat the wives and daughters of the fiſhermen, making black ſilk lace. Though I call them villages, and though they are in reality ſo, yet the houſes were ſuch, in general, as would make a good figure even in a fine city; for they were all well built, and many adorned on the outſide with no contemptible paintings.

The town, indeed, from which I write, is ſituated in the ſame manner, but is a little city, and affords a *poſada*, (I ſpeak by compariſon remember) comfortable enough; and the ſea a fiſh, they call the red fiſh, than which nothing can be more delicious; I may venture almoſt to call it the ſea woodcock, for it is eaten altogether in the ſame manner. We fared bet-

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ter than my poor horſe, for not a grain of oats or barley did this city afford; nor has he taſted, or have I ſeen, a morſel of hay ſince I parted from my little *Donna*, near the foot of the *Pyrenees*. To-morrow we have ſeven hours to *Barcelona*; I can ſee the high cape under which it ſtands, and from under which you ſhall ſoon hear again from me: here the principal merchant of the town, in ſpite of my requeſt being backed by a ſubſtantial tradeſman, whom he knew, refuſed to give me Spaniſh money for my *Louis d'ors*; nay, he even refuſed to change me a ſingle one though I urged the neceſſity I was under for a little currency to pay my way on to *Barcelona*; yet he had a daily intercourſe and trade with France; and he was a Spaniard of good character, as I found upon enquiry at *Barcelona*. To give the French nation their due, I muſt ſay, ſuch an inſtance of ſurly rudeneſs could not have

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been met with from one end of that kingdom to the other. And as it was the firſt buſineſs I had entered upon with any man above the rank of an inn-keeper; it made no very favourable impreſſion upon me, of a nation I then intended to finiſh my days in*.

* Berkley, in his *Icon Animarum* ſays, that a Spaniſh cobler, on his death bed, gave charge to his eldeſt ſon above all things, to endeavour to preſerve and retain the Majeſty worthy of ſo great a family. And I was more than once treated with the utmoſt diſdain, for aſking Spaniards, of both ſexes, to give me a little bodily aſſiſtance to ſet my baggage to *rights* upon the road.

LETTER

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LETTER XIX.

BARCELONA.

UPON our arrival at this town, we were obliged to wait at the outward gate above half an hour, no perſon being admitted to enter from twelve till one, though all the world may go out; that hour being allotted for the guards, &c. to eat their dinner. As I had no letter to any perſon in this city, but to the French Conſul, I had previouſly wrote to a Mr. Ford, a merchant at *Barcelona*, with whom I had formerly travelled from London to Bath, to beg the favour of him to provide lodgings for me; I therefore enquired for Mr. Ford's houſe, and found myſelf conducted to that of a Mr. Curtoys: Mr. Ford, unfortunately for me, was dead; but the ſame houſe and buſineſs is carried on by Meſſrs. Adams and Curtoys,

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toys, who had received and opened my letter. After this family had a little *reconnoitred* mine, Mr. Curtoys came down, and with much civility, and an hoſpitable countenance, told me his dinner was upon the table, and in very preſſing terms deſired that we would partake of it. We found here a large family, conſiſting of his wife, a motherly good-looking woman: Mrs. Adams, her daughter by a former huſband, a jolly dame; and ſeveral children. Mrs. Adams ſpoke the Catalan, French, Engliſh, and Spaniſh tongues; all which were neceſſary at a table, where there were people who underſtood but one only of each language. Mr. Curtoys preſſed us to dine with him a few days after, a favour which I, only, accepted; when he told me, he was nominated, but not abſolutely fixed in his Conſulſhip of this city; that he had obtained it by the favour of Lord Rochford, who had ſpent ſome days at his houſe, on his

his way to Madrid, when his Lordſhip was Ambaſſador to this Court; and before I went from him, he deſired I and my family would dine with him at his country-houſe the next day: inſtead of which, I waited upon him in the morning, and told him, that I had formerly received civilities from his friend, Lord Rochford, and believed him once to have been mine; but that, unfortunately, I found now it was much otherwiſe; and obſerved, that perhaps his politeneſs to me might injure him with his Lordſhip; and that I thought it right to ſay ſo much, that he might be guided by his own judgement, and not follow the bent of his inclination, if he thought it might be prejudicial to his intereſt; and by the way of a little return for the hoſpitable manner in which he received and entertained me, and my family, I took out an hundred and twenty-five pounds, in Bank notes, and deſired him to ſend them to England; adding,

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that I had about thirty pounds in my pocket, which I hoped would be ſufficient for my expences, till he had an account of their ſafe arrival. But inſtead of his wonted chearful countenance, I was *con-tunded* with an affected air of the man of buſineſs; my bank notes were ſhined againſt the window, turned and twiſted about, as if the utmoſt uſe they could be of were to light the Conſul's pipe after ſupper. I aſked him whether he had any doubts of their authenticity; and ſhowed him a letter to confirm my being the per-ſon I ſaid I was, written to me but a ſhort time before, from his friend Lord Rochford, from whom he too had juſt received a letter: he then obſerved, that a burnt child dreads the fire; that their Houſe had ſuffered; that a Jew had lately paſſed through France, who had put off a great number of falſe Bank notes, and that I might indiſcreetly have *taken* ſome of them; but aſſuring him that I had

received

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received all mine from the hands of Meſſrs. Hoare, and that I would not call upon him for the money till he had received advice of their being good. I took his note, and left my own.

But as there was a poſſibility, nay, a probability, that Mr. Curtoys might not have early advice from England, or might not give it to me if he had, (for all his hoſpitality of countenance and civility was departed) I thought it was neceſſary to ſecure a retreat; for I ſhould have informed you, that I found at his table one Wombwell, whoſe uncle I had lived in great intimacy with many years before at Gibraltar, and who left this man (now a Spaniſh merchant) all his fortune. Indeed, I ſhould have ſaid, that Wombwell had viſited me, and even had aſked me to dine with him; and as he appeared ſomewhat ſuperior in underſtanding, and knowledge of the world to good Mr. Curtoys, I went

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I went to him, with that confidence which a good note, and a good cauſe, gives to every man. And told him the Conſul's fears, and my own, leſt I might want money before Mr. Curtoys was ready to ſupply me; in which caſe, and which only, I aſked Mr. Wombwell if he would change me a twenty pound Bank note, and ſhowed him one which I then took out of my pocket; but Wombwell too examined my notes, with the nice attention of a cautious tradeſman, and put on all that imperious inſolence which riches, and the haughty Spaniſh manners to an humble ſuitor, could ſuggeſt. I tell you, my dear Sir, what paſſed between us, more out of pity than reſentment towards him; he ſaid (I will recollect it as nearly as I can) "that if you are Mr. Thick-"neſſe, you muſt have lived a great deal "in the world; it is therefore unfortu-"nate you are not acquainted with Sir "Thomas Gaſcoyne, a gentleman of

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" faſhion, well known in England, and " now in the ſame auberge with you." I confeſſed that I had ſeen, and converſed with Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne there, and that it was very true, he was to me, and I to him, utter ſtrangers; but I obſerved, that Sir Thomas had been ten years upon his travels, and that I had lived fourteen in retirement, before he ſet out, and therefore that was but a weak circumſtance of my being an impoſtor; I obſerved too, that impoſtors travelled ſingly, not with a wife and children; and that though I by no means wiſhed to force his money out of his pocket, I coveted much to remove all ſuſpicions of my being an adventurer, for many obvious reaſons. This reply opened a glimpſe of generoſity, though ſullied with arrogance and pride. " I ſhould be ſorry, (ſaid he) to ſee a " countryman, who is an honeſt man, in " want of money; and, therefore, as I " think it is probable you are Mr. Thick-

neſſe,

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" neſſe, I will, when you want your note " changed, change it;" adding, however, that " he thanked God! if he loſt the " money, he could afford it." I then told him, he had put it in my power to convince him, I was Mr. Thickneſſe, by declining, as I did, the boon he offered me; I declined it, indeed, with an honeſt indignation, becauſe I am ſure he did not doubt my being Mr. Thickneſſe, and that *he*, not *I*, was the REAL PRETENDER. I had before told him, that I had ſome letters in my pocket written by a Spaniſh Gentleman of faſhion, whoſe hand-writing muſt be well known in that town;—but to this he obſerved, that there was not a Jew in Spain who could not write Spaniſh;—he further remarked, that if I was Mr. Thickneſſe, I had, in a publication of my travels, ſpoke of Sir John Lambert, a Pariſian Banker, in very unhandſome terms, and, for aught he knew, I might take the ſame liberty with his name in future.

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future. I acknowledged that his charge was very true, and that his ſuggeſtion might be ſo; that I ſhould always ſpeak and publiſh ſuch truths as I thought proper, either for the information of others, or the ſatisfaction of myſelf. Mr. Wombwell, however, acknowledged, that Mr. Curtoys, to whom I ſhowed Lord Rochford's letter to me, ought to have been quite ſatisfied whether I was, or was not an impoſtor; but I ſtill left him under real or pretended doubts, with a reſolution to live upon bread and water, or the bounty of a tailor, my honeſt landlord; for, though a Spaniard, I am ſure he had that perception, and that humanity too, which Meſſrs. Curtoys and Wombwell have not, or artfully concealed from me: yet, in ſpite of all the unkind behaviour of the latter, I could not help ſhowing him my ſhare of vanity too; I therefore ſent him a letter, and encloſed therein others written to me by the late Lord Holland,

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Holland, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Oxford, and many other people of rank; and desired him to give me credit, at least, for *that* which he could lose nothing by—that of my being, if I was an impostor, an ingenuous one. He sent the letters, handsomely sealed up, back again, without any answer; and there finished for ever, our correspondence, unless *he should renew it* *."

I am ashamed of saying so much about these men and myself, where I could find much better subjects, and some, perhaps, of entertainment; but it is necessary to show how very proper it is for a stranger to take with him letters of recommendation when he travels, not only into other kingdoms, but to every city where he proposes to reside, even for a short time; for,

* This *great* and *magnanimous* Mr. Wombwell was in London, when the first edition of this book was published, but has not renewed the correspondence.

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for, as Wombwell juſtly obſerved, when I have a letter of recommendation from my friend, or correſpondent, I can have no doubt who the bearer is; and I had rather take that recommendation than Bank notes.—I confeſs, that merchants cannot be too cautious and circumſpect: I can, and do forgive Mr. Curtoys, for reaſons he ſhall ſhow you under his own hand; but I have too good an opinion of Mr. Wombwell's perception, to ſo readily forget or to forgive his ſhrewd repriſals; though I muſt, I cannot refrain from telling you what a flattering thing he ſaid to me: I had ſhown him a printed paper, ſigned *Junius*; ſaid he, "If you wrote "this, you may be, for aught I know, "really JUNIUS." I aſſured him that I was not; for being in Spain, and out of the reach of the inquiſitorial court of Weſtminſter-Hall, I would inſtantly avow it, for fear I ſhould die ſuddenly, and carry

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carry that ſecret, like Mrs. *Faulkner*, to the grave with me.

P. S. Since the publication of the firſt edition of this work, I have received a letter from *Barcelona*, informing me, that the London Houſe, in parternſhip with that of Mr. Curtoys, had failed; which unexpected blow fell ſo heavily and unexpectedly on Mr. Curtoys, that he died ſoon after broken hearted, leaving eight children and a wife quite unprovided for; and what added to the concern I felt for this ſad calamity is, that ſix of the children I heard were then ill of the ſmall-pox. Meſſrs. Adams and Wombwell applied for the conſulſhip, but neither ſucceeded: a circumſtance truely afflicting, becauſe I am perſuaded Mr. Adams, on whom the ſupport of the whole family now depends, would have become a father and a friend to the afflicted family.

LETTER

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LETTER XX.

BARCELONA.

YOU will, as I am, be tired of hearing ſo much about Meſſrs. Wombwell, Curtoys, Adams, and Co.—but as there are ſome other perſons here, whom my laſt letter muſt have put you in ſome pain about, I muſt renew the ſubject. I had, you know, ſome letters of recommendation to the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, which I had reſerved to deliver into his Excellency's hands at *Madrid*; but which I found neceſſary to ſend away by the poſt, and to requeſt the honour of his Excellency to write to ſome Spaniard of faſhion here, to ſhow me countenance, and to clear up my ſuſpected character. I accordingly wrote to the *Marquis*, and ſent him my letters of recommendation, but ſixteen days was the ſooneſt I could

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expect an anſwer. I therefore, in the mean time, wrote to the *Intendant* of *Barcelona*, a man of ſenſe, and high birth; told him my name, and that I had letters in my pocket from a Spaniſh Gentleman of faſhion, whom he knew, which would convince him who I was, and deſired leave to wait upon him. The *Intendant* fixed ſix o'clock the ſame evening. I was received, and conducted into his apartment, for he was ill, by one of his daughters; the only woman I had ſeen in *Barcelona* that had either beauty or breeding;—this young Lady had both in a high degree. After ſhowing my letters, and having converſed a little with the *Intendant*, a Lady with a red face, and a noſe as big as a brandy bottle, accoſted me in Engliſh: "Behold, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) "your countrywoman." This was Madam O'Reilly, wife to the Governor of *Monjuique* Caſtle, and brother to the Gentleman of that name, ſo well known, and

ſo

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ſo amply provided for, by the late and preſent King of Spain. She was very civil, and ſeemed ſenſible. Her huſband, the Governor, ſoon after came in, and the whole family ſmiled upon me. I then began to think I ſhould eſcape both gaol and inquiſition. Mrs. O'Reilly viſited my family. Mr. O'Reilly borrowed a houſe for me, and a charming one too; I ſay borrowed it, for no Spaniard lets his houſe; I was only to make him ſome *recompenſe for his politeneſs and generoſity*. The *Intendant* even ſent Governor O'Reilly to know why Mr. Curtoys had not preſented me, on the court-day, to the Captain-General. Mr. Conſul Curtoys was obliged to give his reaſons in perſon; had they been true, they were good: the *Intendant* accepted them, and ſaid he would preſent me himſelf. Things ſeemed now to take a favourable turn: Mr. Curtoys viſited me on his way back from the *Intendant's*; aſſured me he had told him that I was a

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man of character, and an honeſt man; and that though he could not *ſee me* as *Conſul Curtoys*, he ſhould be glad to ſee me as *Merchant Curtoys*. On the other hand, the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, with the politeneſs of a miniſter, and the feelings of humanity, wrote me a very flattering letter indeed, and ſent it by a ſpecial *courier*, who came in four days from *Madrid*. Now, thought I, a fig for your Wombwells, Curtoys, &c. The firſt miniſter's favour, and the *ſhining countenance* of Madam O'Reilly, muſt carry me through every thing. But, alas! it was quite otherwiſe;—the *courier* who brought my letter had directions to deliver it into my own hands; but either by *his blunder*, or Madam O'Reilly's, I did not get it till *nine hours* after it arrived, and then *from the hands* of Madam O'Reilly's ſervant. The contents of this letter were ſoon known: the favour of the Miniſter at *Madrid* did not ſhine upon me at the

Court

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Court of Barcelona! I viſited Madam O'Reilly, who looked at me,—if I may uſe ſuch a coarſe expreſſion,—"*like God's revenge againſt* murther*."—I could not divine what I had done, or what omitted to do. I could get no admittance at the *Intendant's* neither. I propoſed going to *Montſerrat*, and aſked my *fair* countrywoman for a letter to one of the Monks; but—*ſhe knew nobody there, not ſhe:*—Why then, Madam, ſaid I, perhaps I had better go back to France:—Oh! but, ſays ſhe, perhaps the *Marquis of Grimaldi* will not let you; adding, that the laws of France and Spain were very different.——But, pray Madam, ſaid I, what have laws of either kingdom to do with me, while I violate none of them? I am a citizen of the world, and conſequently free in every country.—Now,

 Sir,

* It is hoped the Reader will excuſe this very coarſe and almoſt unintelligible expreſſion, till they ſee *Madam O'Reilly her ownſelf.*

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Sir, to decypher all this, which I did by the help of ſome *characters* an honeſt Spaniard gave me:—Why, ſays he, they ſay you are a *great Captain*; that you have had an attention ſhown you by the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, which none of the O'Rielly's ever obtained; and they are afraid that you are come here to take the eldeſt brother's poſt from him, and that you are to command the troops upon the ſecond expedition to *Algiers*; for every body is much diſſatisfied with his conduct on the firſt; adding, that the Spaniards do not love him.——I told him, that might ariſe from his being a ſtranger; but I had been well aſſured, and I firmly believed it, that he is a gallant, an able, and a good officer; but, ſaid I, that cannot be the reaſon of ſo much ſhyneſs in the *Intendant*, even if it does raiſe any unneaſineſs in the O'Reilly family:—— Yes, ſaid he, it is; for the Captain-General O'Reilly is married lately to one of the

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the *Intendant's* daughters. So you ſee here was another mine ſprung under me; and I am determined to ſet out in a day or two for *Montſerrat*. I had but one card more to play, and that was to carry the open letter I had to the French Conſul, and which, I forgot to tell you, I had ſhown to the acute, diſcerning, and ſagacious merchant Wombwell. It was written by *Madame de Maigny*, the Lady of the *Chevalier de Maigny*, of the regiment *d'Artois*, one of the Gentlemen with whom I had eat that voluptuous ſupper in company at *Pont St. Eſprit*; but, as Mr. Wombwell ſhrewdly obſerved, my name was not even mentioned in that letter, it was the *bearer only* who was recommended; and how could that Lady, any more than Mr. Wombwell, tell, but that I had murthered the firſt bearer, and robbed him of his recommendatory letter, and dreſſed myſelf in his ſcarlet and gold-

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laced coat, to practiſe the ſame wicked arts upon their lives and fortunes?

Now, you will naturally wiſh to know how Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne, my *vis à vis* neighbour in the ſame *Hotel*, conducted himſelf. I had, before all this *fuſs*, eat, drank, and converſed with him: he is a ſenſible genteel, well-bred man; and there was with him Mr. Swinburne, who was equally agreeable: no wonder, therefore, if I endeavoured to cultivate an acquaintance with two ſuch men, ſo much ſuperior, in all reſpects, to what the town afforded. Sir Thomas, however, became rather reſerved; perhaps not more ſo than good policy made neceſſary for a man who was only juſt entering upon a grand tour through the whole kingdom, from *Barcelona* to *Cadiz*, *Madrid*, &c. &c. I perceived this ſhyneſs, but did not reſent it, becauſe I could not cenſure

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it. He had no ſuſpicion of me at firſt; and if he had afterwards, I could not tell what circumſtances might have been urged againſt me, by Meſſrs. Wombwell, Curtoys, &c. And I conſidered, that if a man of his fortune and figure could have been ſuſpected, there was much reaſon for him to join with others in ſuſpecting me.

The Jew, it ſeems, who had put off the counterfeit bank notes, had been advertiſed in all the foreign papers; his perſon was particularly deſcribed; and as application had been made to the Courts of France and Spain, to ſtop the career of ſuch a villain, the Governor of *Barcelona* had, upon Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne's firſt arrival, ſtopped him, and ſent for the Conſul, verily believing he had got the offender. The Jew was deſcribed as a ſhort, plump, black man; and as Sir Thomas has black eyes, and is rather *en bon*

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bon point, the plain, honeſt Governor had not diſcernment enough to ſee that eaſe and good breeding in Sir Thomas, which no Jew, however well he may imitate Bank notes, can counterfeit. But as Sir Thomas had letters of credit upon Mr. Curtoys, which aſcertained his perſon and rank, this adventure became a laughable one to him. It is, indeed, from his mouth I relate it, though, perhaps, not with all the circumſtances he told me.—Now, had my perſon tallied as well as Sir Thomas's did with that of the itinerant Jew, I ſhould certainly have been in one of the round towers, which are placed pretty thick in the walls of the fortification of this town.

You will tremble—I aſſure you I do—when I think of another eſcape I had; and I will tell you how:—The day after I left *Cette*, I came to a ſpot where the roads divide; here I aſked two men, which

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which was mine to *Narbonne?* one of them anſwered me in Engliſh; he was a ſhabby, but genteel-looking young man, ſaid he came from *Italy*, and was going to *Barcelona*; that he had been defrauded of his money at *Venice* by a parcel of ſharpers, and was going to *Spain* to get a paſſage to Holland, of which country he was a native; he was then in treaty, he ſaid, with the other man to ſell a pair of breeches, to furniſh him with money to carry him on; and as I had no ſervant at that time, he earneſtly entreated me to take him into my ſervice: I would not do that, you may be ſure; but leſt he might be an unfortunate man, like myſelf, I told him, if he could contrive to lie at the inns I did, I would pay for his bed and ſupper. He accepted an offer, I ſoon became very ſorry I had made; and when we arrived at *Perpignan*, I gave him a little money to proceed, but abſolutely forbad him either to walk near my chaiſe,

or

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or to ſleep at the ſame inns I did; for as I knew him not, he ſhould not enter into another kingdom as one in my *ſuite*; and I ſaw no more of him till ſome days after my arrival at *Barcelona*, where he accoſted me in a better habit, and ſhowed me ſome real, or counterfeit gold he had got, he ſaid, of a friend who knew his father at *Amſterdam*. He was a bold, daring fellow; and it was with ſome difficulty I could prevail upon him not to walk *cheek by jole* with me along the ramparts.

Soon after this I was informed, that a fine-dreſſed, little black-eyed man, was arrived in a bark from *Italy*. This man proved to be, as Mr. Curtoys informed me, the very Jew, whom Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne was ſuſpected to be: he was apprehended, and committed to one of the round towers. But what will you ſay, or what would have been my lot, had I taken the other man into my ſervice?—for the

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minute *my white man*, for he was a *whitiſh* Jew, ſaw the black one arrive, he decamped; they were afraid of each other; and both wanted to eſcape; my man went off on foot; the black man was apprehended, while he was in treaty with the maſter of the ſame bark he came in, to carry him to ſome other ſea-port. Now had I come in with ſuch a ſervant, and with my ſuſpected Bank notes, without letters of credit, or recommendation; had the Jew arrived, who is the real culprit, and who had been connected with my man, what would have become of his maſter, your unfortunate humble ſervant?—I doubt the *abilities* of his Britannic Majeſty's Conſul would not have been able to have divided our degrees of *guilt* properly; and that I ſhould have experienced but little charity on my ſtraw bed from the humanity of Mr. Wombwell. However, I had ſtill one card more to play to reinforce my purſe; it was one, I thought,

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thought, could not fail, and the money was nearer home:—I had lent, while I was at *Calais*, thirty guineas to a French officer, for no other reaſon but becauſe he wanted it: I knew the man; and as he promiſed to pay me in three months, and as that time was expired, I applied to Mr. Harries, a Scotch merchant, at his houſe at *Barcelona*, on whom the London Bankers of the ſame name, give letters of credit to travellers. I begged the favour of him to ſend the note to his correſpondent at *Paris*, and to procure the money for me, and when it was paid, that he would give it to me at *Barcelona*; but Mr. Harries too begged to be excuſed; he ſtarted many difficulties, but at length did give me a receipt for the note, and promiſed, reluctantly enough, to ſend it. I began now to think that I ſhould ſtarve indeed. Every article of life is high in *Spain*, and my purſe was very low. I therefore wrote to Mr. Curtoys, to know if

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if he had any tidings of the Bank bills; for I had immediately wrote to Meſſrs. Hoare, to beg the favour of them to ſend Mr. Curtoys the numbers of thoſe which I received at their Houſe; and they very politely informed me, they had ſo done. Whereupon Mr. Conſul Curtoys favoured me with the following anſwer:

"Mr. Curtoys preſents his compli-
"ments to Mr. Thickneſſe; no ways
"doubts the Bank bills *to be good*, from
"London this poſt under the 24th paſt,
"they *accuſe* receipt thereof, &c. *Bar-*
"*celona*, 12th of December, 1775*."

As Mr. Curtoys's correſpondent had *accuſed receipt thereof*, I thought I might too,

* I got my money very fortunately indeed, for this houſe failed very ſoon after, and it is with pleaſure I underſtand that the conſulſhip which Mr. Curtoys was juſt fixed in, is a comfortable ſupport for his very large family, as I find the failure was his misfortune, not his fault, nor indeed do I look upon *him* by any means in the unfavourable light he looked upon me at Barcelona, which is more than I can ſay of *kind* Mr. Wombwell.

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too, and accordingly I went and claimed my money. The Caſhier was ſick, they ſaid, and I was deſired to call again the next morning, *when he would be much better*;—I did ſo, and received the money; and ſhall ſet off immediately for *Montſerrat*, ſinging, and ſaying what I do not exactly agree to; but, being at Rome, I would do as they do there: I therefore taught my children to repeat the following Spaniſh proverb:

" Barcelonaes Buéno,
" Si la Bolſa ſuéno;
" Suéno ô no ſuéno,
" Barcelonaes Buéno."

" If your purſe does but ſound,
" Barcelona's good ground,
" Nay ſound, or not ſound,
" Barcelona's good ground.

I need not tranſlate what, I am ſure, you will underſtand the ſenſe of, much better than you will think I experienced the truth. I hope, however, to have done

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done with my misfortunes; for I am going to viſit a ſpot, inhabited by virtuous and retired men; a place, according to all reports, cut out by nature for ſuch who are able to ſequeſter themſelves from all worldly concerns; and from ſuch, (ſtrangers as they are) I am ſure I ſhall meet with more charity (for they deal in nothing elſe) than I met with humanity or politeneſs at Barcelona.

P. S. I ſhould have have told you, that before Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne left this town, he ſent a polite meſſage, to deſire to take leave of me and my family: I therefore waited upon him; and as he propoſed viſiting Gibraltar, I troubled him with a letter to my ſon, then on that duty; and was ſorry ſoon after to find that my ſon had left the garriſon before Sir Thomas could arrive at it. If you aſk me how Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne ventured to make ſo great a tour through a

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country ſo aukwardly circumſtanced for travellers in general, and ſtrangers in particular, I can only ſay, that when I ſaw him, he had but juſt begun his long journey, and that he had every advantage which *religion* and fortune could give him. I had none: he travelled with two coaches, two ſets of horſes, two ſaddle mules, and was protected by a train of ſervants. I had religion, (but it was a bad one in that country) and only one footman, who ſtrictly maintained his character, for he always walked. Indeed it is the faſhion of moſt Spaniſh gentlemen to be followed by their ſervants on foot. This remark is confirmed by Mr. Carter, in his very entertaining and inſtructive journey from Gibraltar to Malaga. But here I cannot help repeating what a Spaniſh traveller has recorded ſo long ago as 1669, of an Engliſh nobleman's mode of travelling whom he met in the South of France. This morning, ſays

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ſays the traveller, I met my Lord of Northumberland, who came into France for the benefit of his Lady's health, who had in his *ſuite* upwards of ſixty Engliſh horſes; adding that he is eſteemed one of the richeſt Lords of England. I therefore travelled like a Spaniard; Sir Thomas like an Engliſhman. The whole city of *Barcelona* was in an uproar the morning Sir Thomas's two coaches ſet off; and I heard, with concern, that they both broke down before they got half way to *Valencia*; but, with pleaſure, by a polite letter ſoon after from Mr. Swinburne, that they got ſo far in perfect health.

P. S. Before I quit Barcelona, it will be but juſt to ſay, that it is a good city, has a fine mole, and a noble citadel, beſide *Monjuique*, a ſtrong fort, which ſtands on a high hill, and which commands the town as well as the harbour. The city is very large, and ſtrongly fortified, it

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ſtands in a large plain, and is encompaſſed with a ſemi-circular range of high hills, rather than mountains, which form *un coup d'œil*, that is very pleaſing, as not only the ſides of the hills are adorned with a great number of country-houſes, but the plain alſo affords a great many, beſide ſeveral little villages. The roads too, near the town, are very good. As to the city itſelf, it is rather well built in general, than abounding with any particular fine buildings. The Inquiſition has nothing to boaſt of now, either within or without, having (fortunately for the public) loſt a great part of its former power: it, however, ſtill keeps an awe upon all who live within its verge. I never ſaw a town in which trade is carried on with more ſpirit and induſtry: the indolent diſpoſition of the Spaniards of *Caſtile*, and other provinces, has not extended ever into this part of Spain. They have here a very fine theatre; but thoſe who perform upon the

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ſtage are the refuſe of the people, and are too bad to be called by the name of actors. They have neither libraries nor pictures worthy of much notice, though they boaſt of one or two paintings in their churches by natives of the town, François *Guirro*, and John *Arnau*. In the cuſtom-houſe hangs a full-length of the preſent King, ſo execrable, that one would wonder it was not put, with the painter, into the Inquiſition, as a libel on royalty and the arts*. I am told, at *La Fête Dieu* there are ſome proceſſions of the moſt ridiculous nature. The fertility of the earth in and about the town is wonderful; the minute one crop is off, another is put in; no part of the year puts a ſtop to vegetation. In the coldeſt weather, the market abounds with a great variety of the choiceſt flowers; yet their ſweets cannot over-power the intolerable ſmell which ſalt fiſh, and

 ſtinking

* The cuſtom-houſe has ſince been burnt, and it is to be hoped the King's picture was not *ſaved*.

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ſtinking fiſh united, diffuſe over all that part of the city; and rich as the inhabitants are, you will ſee the legs, wings, breaſts, and entrails of fowls, in the market, cut up as joints of meat are in other countries, to be ſold ſeparately: nor could I find in this great city either oil, olives, or wine, that were tolerable. I paid a guinea a day at *la Fontaine d'Or* for my table; yet every thing was ſo dirty that I always made my dinner from the deſſert; nor was there any other place but the ſtable of this dirty inn to put up my horſe, where I paid twelve livres a week for ſtraw only; and whoever lodges at this inn, muſt pay five ſhillings a day for their dinner, whether they dine there or not.

Catalonia is undoubtedly the beſt cultivated, the richeſt, and moſt induſtrious province, or principality, in Spain; and the king, who has the SUN FOR HIS HAT, (for it always ſhines in ſome part of his dominions)

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dominions) has nothing to boaſt of, equal to *Catalonia*.

As I have almoſt as much abhorrence of the Moors, as even the Spaniards themſelves, (having viſited that coaſt two or three times, many years ago) you may be ſure I was grieved to meet, every time I went out, ſo many maimed and wounded officers and ſoldiers, who were not long returned from the unſucceſsful expedition to *Algiers*. There are no troops in the world more ſteady than the Spaniards; it was not for want of bravery that they miſcarried, but there was ſome ſad miſmanagement; and had the Moors followed their blows, not a man of them would have returned. My ſervant, (a French deſerter) who was upon that expedition, ſays, General O'Reilly was the firſt who landed, and the laſt who embarked;—but it is the HEAD, not the *arm* of a com-

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mander in chief, which is moſt wanted. The Moors, at the dawn of day, advanced upon the Spaniards behind a formidable *maſked and moving battery* of camels: the Spaniards, believing them, by ſo faint a light, to be cavalry, expended a great part of their ſtrength, ſpirits, and ammunition, upon thoſe harmleſs animals; and it was not till *this curtain* was removed that the dreadful carnage began, in which they loſt about nine thouſand men. There ſeems to have been ſome ſtrange miſmanagement; or what is more probable that there was no very good underſtanding between the marine and the land officers. The fleet were many days before the town, and then landed juſt where the Moors expected they would land. There is nothing ſo difficult, ſo dangerous, nor ſo liable to miſcarriage, as the war of *invading*; our troops experienced it at *St. Cas*; and they either have, or will experience

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perience it in America*. The wild Negroes in Jamaica, to whom Governor Trelawney wiſely gave, what they contended for, (LIBERTY) were not above fifteen hundred men, fit to bear arms. I was in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes with them, and ſecond in command under Mr. Adair's brother, a valiant young man, who died afterwards in the field, who made peace with them; yet I will venture to affirm, that though five hundred diſciplined troops would have ſubdued them in an open country, the united force of France and England could not have extirpated them from their faſt holds in the mountains. Did not a Baker battle, and defeat two Marſhals of France in the Cevennes? And is it probable, that all the fleets and armies of Great-Britain can conquer America?——England may as well attempt moving that Continent to this ſide

* This was printed before General Burgoyne's misfortunes, or General Howe's expedition up Cheſapeak Bay.

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ſide the Atlantic. There is not a Provincial Colonel, who is not a better General in the woods of America, than even a Marſhal of France; the Spaniards could not ſubdue their *near* neighbours in the low countries, though the inhabitants deſerted their native country, by troops of ten thouſand at a time. And as to cruelties; civil wars ever did, and ever will produce ſuch inſtances of it, on both ſides, as are two ſhocking to repeat; burning alive, or ſcalping alive, is all the ſame to the unhappy victims.

LETTER

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LETTER XXI.

MONTSERRAT.

I Never left any place with more ſecret ſatisfaction than I did *Barcelona*; excluſive of the entertainment I was prepared to expect, by viſiting this holy mountain; nor have I been diſaped; but, on the contrary, found it, in every reſpect, infinitely ſuperior to the various accounts I had heard of it. I will attempt to give you ſome idea of it;—to give a perfect deſcription of it is impoſſible;—to do that, it would require ſome of thoſe attributes which the Divine Power, by whoſe almighty hands it was raiſed, is endowed with. It is called *Montſerrat*, or *Mount Scie**, by the *Catalonians*, words which ſignify a cut or *ſawed mountain*; and ſo called, from its ſingular

* The arms of the Abbey are—A ſaw in the middle of a rock.

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ſingular and extraordinary form; for it is ſo broken, ſo divided, and ſo crowned with an infinite number of ſpiring cones, or PINE heads, that it has the appearance, at a diſtant view, to be the work of man; but, upon a nearer approach, to be evidently raiſed by HIM alone, to whom nothing is impoſſible. It looks, indeed, like the firſt rude ſketch of GOD's work; but the deſign is great, and the execution ſuch that it compels all men who approach it, to lift up their hands and eyes to heaven, and to ſay,—Oh GOD!—HOW WONDERFUL ARE ALL THY WORKS!

It is no wonder then, that ſuch a place ſhould be fixed upon for the reſidence of holy and devout men; for there is not ſurely upon the habitable globe, a ſpot ſo properly adapted for retirement and contemplation; it has therefore, for many ages, been inhabited only by monks and hermits, whoſe firſt vow is, never to forſake

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ſake it;——a vow, without being either a hermit or a monk, I could make, I think, without repenting.

If it be true, and ſome great man has ſaid ſo, that "*whoſoever delighteth in ſolitude is either a wild beaſt, or a God;*" the inhabitants of this ſpot are certainly more than men; for no wild beaſts dwell here. But it is the *place*, not the people, I mean at preſent to ſpeak of. It ſtands in a vaſt plain, ſeven leagues they call it, but it is at leaſt thirty miles from *Barcelona*, and nearly in the centre of the principality of *Catalonia*. The height of it is ſo very conſiderable, that in one hour's ſlow travelling towards it, after we left *Barcelona*, it ſhowed its pointed *ſteeples*, high over the leſſer mountains, and ſeemed ſo very near, that it would have been difficult to have perſuaded a perſon, not accuſtomed to ſuch deceptions, in ſo clear an atmoſphere, to believe, that we had much more than

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than an hour's journey to arrive at it; inſtead of which, we were all that day in getting to *Martorel*, a ſmall city, ſtill three leagues diſtant from it, where we lay at the Three Kings, a pretty good inn, kept by an inſolent impoſing Italian. *Martorel* ſtands upon the ſteep banks of the river *Lobregate*, over which there is a modern bridge, of a prodigious height; the piers of which reſt on the oppoſite ſhore, againſt a Roman triumphal arch of great ſolidity, and originally of great beauty. I think I tell you the truth when I ſay, that I could perceive the convent, and ſome of the hermitages, when I firſt ſaw the mountain, at above twenty miles diſtance. From *Martorel*, however, they were as viſible as the mountain itſelf, to which the eye was directed, down the river, the banks of which were adorned with trees, villages, houſes, &c. and the view terminated by this the moſt glorious monument in nature. When I firſt ſaw the mountain,

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mountain, it had the appearance of an infinite number of rocks, cut into *conical* forms, and built one upon another to a prodigious height. Upon a nearer view, each cone appeared of itſelf a mountain; and the *tout enſemble* compoſes an enormous maſs of the *Ludus Helmonti*, fourteen miles in circumference, and what the Spaniards *call* two leagues in height. As it is like unto no other mountain, ſo it ſtands quite unconnected with any, though not very diſtant from ſome very lofty ones. Near the baſe of it, on the ſouth ſide, are two villages, the largeſt of which is *Montroſol*; but my eyes were attracted by two ancient towers, which ſtood upon a hill near *Colbaton*; we drove to the ſmalleſt, where we found a little *poſada*, and the people ready enough to furniſh us with mules and aſſes, for we were now become quite impatient to viſit the hallowed and celebrated convent, *De Neuſtra Senora del Montſerate*, a convent, to which pilgrims

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pilgrims reſort from the fartheſt parts of Europe, ſome bearing, by way of penance, heavy bars of iron on their backs, others cutting and ſlaſhing their naked bodies with wire cords, or crawling to it on all-fours, like the beaſts of the field, to obtain forgiveneſs of their ſins, by the interceſſion of *our Lady of Montſerrat*.

When we had aſcended a ſteep and rugged road, about one hour, and where there was width enough, and the precipices not too alarming, to give our eyes the utmoſt liberty, we had an earneſt of what we were to expect above, as well as the extenſive view below; our impatience to ſee more, was increaſed by what we had already ſeen; the majeſtic convent opened to us a view of her venerable walls; ſome of the hermits cells peeped over the broken precipices ſtill higher; while we, glutted with aſtoniſhment, and made giddy with delight and amazement, looked

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up at all with a reverential awe, towards that God who raiſed the PILES, and the holy men who dwell among them.—Yes, Sir,—we caught the holy flame; and I hope we came down better, if not wiſer, than we went up. After aſcending full two hours and a half more, we arrived on a flat part on the ſide, and about the middle of the mountain, on which the convent is built; but even that flat was made ſo by art, and at a prodigious expence*. Here, however, was width enough to look ſecurely about us; and, good God! what an extenſive field of earth, air, and ſea, did it open! The ancient towers, which at firſt attracted my notice near *Colbaton*, were dwindled into

 pig-

* If Mr. Barretti's account of Spain, is as inaccurate throughout, as that which he gives of the ſituation of the convent of *Neuſtra Senora*, and *Friar Guerin*, it is indeed very defective; he ſays, the church and convent lie towards the *feet* of that high *hill*; and ſo *indeed Silveſter's print* of *Monſerrat repreſents it*; but we found it four hours ſteep aſcent to it, and juſt half way to the top of the mountain.

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pig-ſties upon a *monticule*. At length, and a great length it was, we arrived at the gates of the *Sanctuary*; on each ſide of which, on high pedeſtals, ſtand the enormous ſtatues of two ſaints; and nearly oppoſite, on the baſe of a rock, which leans in a frightful manner over the buildings, and threatens deſtruction to all below, a great number of human ſculls are fixed in the form of a croſs. Within the gate is a ſquare cloiſter, hung round with paintings of the miracles performed by the Holy Virgin, with votive offerings, &c. It was advent week, when none of the monks quit their apartments, but one, whoſe weekly duty it was to attend the call of ſtrangers; nor did the whole community afford but a ſingle member *(Pere Tender*, a *Fleming)* who could ſpeak French. It was *Pere Paſcal*, by whom we were ſhown every mark of politeneſs and attention, which a man of the world could give, but adminiſtered with all that humility

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humility and meekneſs, ſo becoming a man who had renounced it. He put us in poſſeſſion of a good room, with good beds; and as it was near night, and very cold, he ordered a braſier of red-hot embers into our apartment; and having ſent for the cook of the ſtrangers kitchen*, (for there are four public kitchens) and ordered him to obey our commands, he retired to *veſpers*; after which he made us a ſhort viſit, and continued to do ſo, two or three times every day, while we ſtaid. Indeed, I began to fear we ſtaid too long, and told him ſo; but he aſſured me the apartment was ours for a month or two, if we pleaſed. During our ſtay, he admitted me into his apartments, and filled my box with delicious Spaniſh ſnuff,

 and

* The cook not having delivered, we thought, a fair account of the money given him to buy our proviſions, and finding I was offended, brought one of the monks (his confeſſor I preſume) to clear matters up; but he ſo repeatedly called him, *Holy Father*, and ſo often kiſſed his hand during the enquiry, that I was ſoon convinced *his account was the beſt.*

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and ſhowed us every attention we could wiſh, and much more than, as *unrecommended* ſtrangers, we could expect. All the poor who come here are fed gratis for three days, and all the ſick received in the hoſpital. Sometimes, on particular feſtivals, ſeven thouſand arrive in one day; but people of condition pay a reaſonable price for what they eat. There was before our apartment a long covered gallery; and though we were in a deep receſs of the rocks, which projected wide and high on our right and left, we had in front a moſt extenſive view of the *world below*, and the more diſtant Mediterranean Sea. It was a moon-light night; and, in ſpite of the cold, it was impoſſible to be ſhut out of the enchanting lights and ſhades, which her ſilver beams reflected on the rude rocks above, beneath, and on all ſides of us.—Every thing was as ſtill as death, till the ſonorous convent bell warned the Monks to midnight prayer.

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At two o'clock, we heard ſome of the tinkling bells of the hermits cells above give notice, that they too were going to their devotion at the appointed hour: after which I retired to my bed; but my mind was too much awakened to permit me to ſleep; I was impatient for the return of day-light, that I might proceed ſtill higher; for, miſer like, though my *coffers were too full*, I coveted more; and accordingly, after breakfaſt, we eagerly ſet our feet to the firſt *round* of the *hermit's ladder*; it was a ſtone one indeed, but ſtood in all places dreadfully ſteep, and in many almoſt perpendicular. After mounting up a vaſt chaſm in the rock, yet full of trees and ſhrubs, about a thouſand paces, fatigued in body, and impatient for a ſafe reſting place, we arrived at a ſmall hole in the rock, through which we were glad to crawl; and having got to the ſecure ſide of it, prepared ourſelves, by a little reſt, to proceed farther; but

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not, I aſſure you, without ſome apprehenſions, that if there was no better road down, we muſt have become *hermits*. After a ſecond clamber, not quite ſo dreadful as the firſt, but much longer, we got into ſome flowery and ſerpentine walks, which led to two or three of the neareſt hermitages then viſible, and not far off, one of which hung over ſo horrible a precipice, that it was terrifyingly pictureſque. We were now, however, I thought, certainly in the garden of Eden! Surely, Eden could not be more beautifully adorned; for God alone is the gardener here alſo; and, conſequently, every thing proſpered around us which could gratify the eye, the noſe, and the imagination.

"Profuſe the myrtle ſpread unfading boughs,
"Expreſſive emblem of eternal vows."

For the myrtle, the eglantine, the jaſmin, and all the ſmaller kind of aromatic ſhrubs

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ſhrubs and flowers, grew on all ſides, thick and ſpontaneouſly about us; and our feet bruſhed forth the ſweets of the lavendar, roſemary, and thyme, till we arrived at the firſt, and peaceful hermitage of *Saint Tiago*. We took poſſeſſion of the holy inhabitant's little garden, and were charmed with the neatneſs, and humble ſimplicity, which in every part characteriſed the poſſeſſor. His little chapel, his fountain, his vine arbor, his ſtately cypreſs, and the walls of his cell, embraced on all ſides with ever-greens, and adorned with flowers, rendered it, excluſive of its ſituation, wonderfully pleaſing. His door, however, was faſt, and all within was ſilent; but upon knocking, it was opened by the venerable inhabitant; he was clothed in a brown cloth habit, his beard was very long, his face pale, his manners courteous; but he ſeemed rather too deeply engaged in the contemplation of the things

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of the next world, to loſe much of his time with *ſuch things* as we were. We therefore, after peeping into his apartments, took his benediction, and he retired, leaving us all his wordly poſſeſſions, but his ſtraw bed, his books, and his beads. This hermitage is confined between two pine heads, within very narrow bounds; but it is artfully fixed, and commands at mid-day a moſt enchanting proſpect to the Eaſt and to the North. Though it is upwards of two thouſand three hundred paces from the convent, yet it hangs ſo directly over it, that the rocks convey not only the ſound of the organ, and the voices of the monks ſinging in the choir, but you may hear men in common converſation from the piazza below *.

This is a long letter; but I know you would not willingly have left me in the midſt

* As Lord Bacon makes it a doubt, whether ſound aſcends or deſcends with the greateſt eaſe, I am ſorry I did not enquire into this matter below.

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midſt of danger, or before I was ſafe arrived at the firſt ſtage towards heaven, and ſeen one humble hoſt on GOD's high road.

P. S. At two o'clock, after midnight, theſe people riſe, ſay maſs, and continue the remainder of the night in prayer and contemplation. The hermits tell you, it was upon high mountains that God choſe to manifeſt his will:—*fundamenta ejus in montibus ſanctis*, ſay they;—they conſider theſe rocks as ſymbols of their penitence, and mortifications; and their being ſo beautifully covered with fine flowers, odoriferous and rare plants, as emblems of the virtue and innocence of the religious inhabitants; or how elſe, ſay they, could ſuch rocks produce but *ad extra* ſpontaneouſly flowers in a deſert, which ſurpaſs all that art and nature combined can do, in lower and more favourable ſoils? They may well think ſo; for human reaſon, cannot account for the manner,

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manner, by which ſuch enormous quantities of trees, fruits, and flowers, are nouriſhed, ſeemingly without ſoil. But that which eſtabliſhed a church and convent on this mountain, was the ſtory of a hermit who reſided here many years; this was *Juan Guerin*, who lived on this mountain alone, the auſterity of whoſe life was ſuch, that the people below, believed he ſubſiſted without eating or drinking. As ſome very extraordinary circumſtances attended this man's life, all which are univerſally believed *here*, it may not be amiſs to give you ſome account of him:—You muſt know, Sir, then, that the devil envying the happineſs of this good man, equipped himſelf in the habit of a hermit, and poſſeſſed himſelf of a cavern in the ſame mountain, which ſtill bears the name of the *Devil's Grot*; after which, he took occaſion to throw himſelf in the way of poor *Guerin*, to whom he expreſſed his ſurpriſe, at ſeeing

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ing one of his own order dwell in a place he thought an abſolute deſert; but thanked God, for giving them ſo fortunate a meeting. Here the devil and *Guerin* became very intimate, and converſed much together on ſpiritual matters; and things went on well enough between them for a while, when another devil, chum to the firſt poſſeſſed the body of a certain Princeſs, daughter of a Count of *Barcelona*, who became thereby violently tormented with horrible convulſions, and though ſhe was often taken to the Holy Altar, and every ſpiritual means uſed to recover her, yet all proved ineffectual; at length the dæmon which poſſeſſed her, and who ſpoke for her, ſaid nothing could relieve her from her ſufferings, but the prayers of a devout and pious hermit, named *Guerin*, who dwelt on *Montſerrat*. Her father, therefore, immediately repaired to *Guerin*, and beſought his prayers and interceſſion for the recovery of his daughter. It ſo happened

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happened (for ſo the devil would have it) that this buſineſs could not be perfectly effected in leſs than nine days; and that the Princeſs muſt be left all that time alone with *Guerin* in his cave. Poor *Guerin*, conſcious of his frail nature, oppoſed this meaſure with all his might; but there was no reſiſting the argument and influence of the devil, and ſhe was accordingly left. Youth, beauty, a cave, ſolitude, and virgin modeſty, were too powerful not to overcome even the chaſte vows, and pious intentions of poor *Guerin*, who was at bottom a very honeſt fellow. In ſhort, the devil left the virgin, and poſſeſſed the ſaint. He conſulted his falſe friend, and told him how powerful this impure paſſion was become, and his intentions of flying from the danger; but the devil adviſed him *to return to his cell*, and pray to God to protect him from committing ſo heinous a ſin. *Guerin* took his treacherous council, returned, and fell into

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into the fatal ſnare. The devil then perſuaded him to kill the Princeſs, in order to conceal his guilt, and to tell her father, ſhe had forſaken his abode while he was intent on prayer. *Guerin* did ſo; but became very miſerable, and at length determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain a remiſſion of his complicated crimes. The Pope enjoined him to return to *Montſerrat*, on all-fours, and to continue in that ſtate, without once looking up to heaven, for the ſpace of ſeven years, or till a child of three months old, told him, his ſins were forgiven: all which *Guerin* chearfully complied with, and accordingly crawled back to the defiled mountain.

Not long before the expiration of the ſeven years, Count *Vifroy*, the father of the murthered Princeſs, was hunting on the mountain of *Montſerrat*, and paſſing near *Guerin's* cave, the dogs entered, and the

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the ſervant ſeeing a hideous figure, concluded they had found the wild beaſt they were in purſuit of: they informed the Count of what an uncouth animal they had ſeen, who gave directions to ſecure the beaſt alive, which was accordingly done; for he was ſo over-grown with hair, and ſo deformed in ſhape, that they had no idea of the creature being human, He was therefore kept in the Count's ſtable at *Barcelona*, and ſhown to his viſitors as a wonderful and ſingular wild beaſt. During this time, while ſome company were examining this extraordinary animal, a nurſe with a young child in her arms looking in, the child, after fixing its eyes ſtedfaſtly for a few minutes on *Guerin*, ſaid, " *Guerin riſe, thy ſins are forgiven thee!*"——*Guerin* inſtantly roſe, threw himſelf at the Count's feet, confeſſed the crimes he had been guilty of, and deſired to receive the puniſhment due to them, from the hands of him whom he had ſo highly

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highly injured;—but the Count, perceiving that God had forgiven him, thought it right to do ſo too.

I will not trouble you with all the particulars which attended this miracle; it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the Count and *Guerin* went to take up the body of the murthered Princeſs, for burial with her anceſtors; but, to their great aſtoniſhment, found her there alive, poſſeſſing the ſame youth and beauty ſhe had been left with, and no alteration of any kind, but a purple ſtreak about her neck, where the cord had been twiſted, and wherewith *Guerin* had ſtrangled her. The father deſired her to return to *Barcelona*; but ſhe informed him, that could not be; ſhe was enjoined by the Holy Virgin, ſhe ſaid, to ſpend her days on that miraculous ſpot; and accordingly a church and convent was built there, the latter inhabited by Nuns, of which the Princeſs (who had riſen from the

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the dead) was the Abbeſs. It was called the Abbey *des Pucelles*, of the order of *St. Benoit*, and was founded in the year 801. But ſuch a vaſt concourſe of people, of both ſexes, reſorted to it, from all parts of the world, that at length it was thought prudent to remove the women to a convent at *Barcelona*, and eſtabliſh a body of *Benedictine* monks in their place.

Strange as this ſtory is, it is to be ſeen in the archives of this holy houſe; and in the ſtreet called *Condal*, at *Barcelona*, may be ſeen in the wall of the old palace of Count *Vifroys*, an ancient figure, cut in ſtone, which repreſents the nurſe with the child in her arms, and a ſtrange figure, on all-fours, at her feet, and that is Friar *Guerin* *.

Now, whether you will believe all this ſtory, or not, I cannot take upon me to ſay;

* This account is taken from the archives of the court.

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ſay; but I will aſſure you, that when you viſit this ſpot, it will be neceſſary to *ſay you do*, and *to aſſure you that I do*; or *you* will appear in their eyes, a much greater wonder, than any thing which I have related, of the Devil, the Friar, the Virgin, and the Count, though, between you and me, I ſtrongly ſuſpect, that when this female ſeminary was eſtabliſhed, ſome of the Nuns ran the riſque of being *murthered* in the *ſame manner*, that their *Prieure* was, in hopes of *coming to life again*, and that this was the *real* reaſon of removing them to *Barcelona*.

It is ſaid that the Spaniards, being a mixed people, deſcending from the Goths, Moors, Jews, and ancient Spaniards, borrowed their ſuperſtition from the Jews; melancholy from the Moors; pride from the Goths; and from the original Spaniards, a deſire and thirſt after the firſt of all earthly bleſſings—LIBERTY.

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LETTER XXII.

THE ſecond hermitage, for I give them in the order they are uſually viſited, is that of *St. Catherine*, ſituated in a deep and ſolitary vale: it however commands a moſt extenſive and pleaſing proſpect, at noon-day, to the Eaſt. The buildings, garden, &c. are confined within ſmall limits, being fixed in a moſt pictureſque and ſecure receſs under the foot of one of the high pines. Though this hermit's habitation is the moſt retired and ſolitary abode of any, and far removed from the *din* of men, yet the courteous, affable, and ſprightly inhabitant, ſeems not to feel the loſs of human ſociety, though no man, ſurely, can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accuſtomed to hear the voice of men, he is amply recompenſed, by the

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mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their ſanctuary as well as his; nor is any part of the mountain ſo well inhabited by the feathered race of beings, as this delightful ſpot. Perhaps, indeed, they have ſagacity enough to know, that there is no other ſo perfectly ſecure. Here the nightingale, the black-bird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little ſongſters, greater ſtrangers to my eyes, than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect ſecurity, and live in the moſt friendly intimacy with their holy protector, and obedient to his call; for, ſays the hermit,

" Haſte here, ye feather'd race of various ſong,
" Bring all your pleaſing melody along!
" O come, ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves.
" Perch on my hands, and ſing your abſent loves!"

When inſtantly the whole *vocal band* quitted their ſprays, and ſurrounded the perſon of their daily benefactor, ſome ſettling

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upon his head, others entangled their feet in his beard, and, in the true ſenſe of the word, took his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given: their confidence too is ſo great, (for the holy father is their bondſman) that the ſtranger alſo partakes of their familiarity and careſſes. Theſe hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls, either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing leſt their attention ſhould be withdrawn from heavenly, to earthly affections. I am ſorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be ſaid to tranſgreſs the law, but he certainly *evades* it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon his *court*; nor can any prince or princeſs upon earth, boaſt of heads ſo *elegantly plumed*, as may be ſeen at the Court of *St. Catherine*; or of vaſſals who pay their tributes, with half the chearfulneſs, they are given and received,

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received, by the humble monarch of this ſequeſtered vale.

" Riſe my ſoul on wings of fire,
" Riſe the rapt'rous choir among ;
" Hark ! 'tis nature, ſtrikes the lyre,
" And leads the general ſong.

If his meals are ſcanty, his deſſert is ſerved up with a ſong, and he is huſhed to ſleep by the nightingale; and when we conſider, that he has but few days in the whole year, which are inferior to ſome of our beſt in the months of May and June, you may eaſily conceive, that a man who breathes ſuch pure air, who feeds on ſuch light food, whoſe blood circulates freely from moderate exerciſe, and whoſe mind is never ruffled by wordly affairs; whoſe ſhort ſleeps are ſweet and refreſhing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly reſidence; lives a life to be envied, not to be pitied.—Turn your eyes but one minute from this man's

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ſituation, to that of any monarch, or miniſter on earth, and ſay, on which ſide does the balance turn?——While ſome princes may be embruing their hands in the blood of their ſubjects, this man is offering up his prayers to God, to preſerve all mankind:—While ſome miniſters are ſending forth fleets and armies, to wreak their own private vengeance on a brave and uncorrupted people, this ſolitary man is feeding, from his own ſcanty allowance, the birds of the air.—Conceive him, in his laſt hour, upon his ſtraw bed, and ſee with what compoſure and reſignation he meets it!—Look in the face of a dying king, or a plundering, and blood-thirſty miniſter—what terrors the ſight of their velvet beds, adorned with crimſon plumage, muſt bring to their affrighted imagination!—In that aweful hour, it will remind them of the innocent blood they have ſpilt;—nay, they will perhaps think, they were dyed with the

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the blood of men ſcalped and maſſacred, to ſupport their vanity and wanton ambition!—In ſhort, dear Sir, while kings and miniſters are torn to pieces by a thirſt after unwarrantable power, and uſeleſs riches, which a thouſand anxious cares, prevent their enjoyment of, this poor hermit can have but one, *i. e.* leſt he ſhould be removed (as the prior of the convent has a power to do) to ſome other cell, for that is ſometimes done, and very properly.

The youngeſt and moſt hardy conſtitutions are generally put into the higher hermitages, or thoſe to which the acceſs is moſt difficult; for the air is ſo fine in the higheſt parts of the mountain, that they ſay it often renders the reſpiration painful. Nothing therefore can be more reaſonable, than, as theſe good men grow older, and leſs able to bear the fatigues and inconveniencies the higheſt abodes unavoidably ſubject them to, they ſhould

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be removed to more convenient dwellings, and that the younger and ſtouteſt men ſhould ſucceed them.

As the hermits never eat meat, I could not help obſerving to this good man, how fortunate a circumſtance it was for the ſafety of his little feathered friends; and that there were no boys to diſturb their young, nor any ſportſman to kill the parent.——God forbid, ſaid he, that one of them ſhould fall, but by his hands who gave it life!—Give me your hand, ſaid I, and bleſs me!—I believe it did; *but it ſhortened my viſit:*—ſo I ſtept into the *grot*, and *ſtole* a pound of chocolate upon his ſtone table, and myſelf away*.

If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have ſeen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells!—his features, his manners, all

* The Author has been much cenſured for *committing this theft*, by Meſſrs. Curtoys and Wombwell.

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all his looks and actions, announce it;—yet he had not even a ſingle *maravedi* in his pocket:—money is as uſeleſs to him, as to one of his black-birds. Methinks I ſaw within his breaſt the following beautiful ſentiments:

" Within my limits lone and ſtill,
" The blackbird pipes in artleſs trill,
" Faſt by my couch congenial gueſt,
" The wren has wove her moſſy neſt,
" From buſy ſcenes, and brighter ſkies,
" To lurk with innocence, ſhe flies:
" Here hopes in ſafe repoſe to dwell,
" Nor aught ſuſpects the ſylvan cell.

" While ſuch pure joys my bliſs create,
" Who but would ſmile at guilty ſtate?
" Who but would wiſh his holy lot,
" In calm oblivion's humble grot?
" Who but would caſt his pomp away,
" To take my ſtaff, and amice gay;
" And to the world's tumultuous ſtage,
" Prefer the blameleſs hermitage?

It is ſcarce neceſſary to ſay, that the above beautiful lines are Mr. Warton's.

Within

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Within gun-ſhot of this *remnant* of *Eden*, are the remains of an ancient hermitage, called *St. Pedro*. While I was, there, my hermit followed me; but I too, *coveted retirement*. I had juſt bought a fine fowling-piece at *Barcelona*; and when he came, I was availing myſelf of the hallowed ſpot, to make *my vow*, never to uſe it. In truth, dear Sir, there are ſome ſorts of pleaſures too powerful for the body to bear, as well as ſome ſort of pain: and here I was racked upon the wheel of felicity; and could only ſay, like the poor criminal who ſuffered at *Dijon*,—O God! O God! at every *coup*.

I could wiſh to ſee drawn by the pen of ſome philoſophic maſter, ſome ſolid reaſoning between the duration and exceſs of pleaſure, and that of pain, which fills the life of man. I ſhould think, if we were to compare the pleaſures of pain, which fall in general to the lot of man, we ſhould

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ſhould find that we are made much more able to endure continued pain, than a long ſucceſſion of pleaſures. Where is the man who could ſupport pleaſure for twenty-four hours together (with whatever ingenuity it was varied) without wearineſs, diſguſt, and oppreſſion, and wiſhing to ſeek repoſe in ſlumber? But a ſeries of pain is to be endured for a long time, without any the ſmalleſt degree of repoſe; and how often does the ingenious cruelty of tyrants put men to the barbarous experience of this ſad truth? It muſt therefore be concluded, that the nature of pain is much more durable than pleaſure; nor is it difficult to compare the meaſure of pain with that of pleaſure on a human body. Let your body, for example, be ſeiſed with violent pain, or your mind with the deepeſt affliction, what pleaſures can be offered able to diveſt the one, or the other? Thoſe objects, which we ſought after with the utmoſt eagerneſs and

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and ardour, and which have moſt captivated our ſenſes, then loſe all their charms, they not only become inſipid, but hateful; on the other hand, what pleaſures, however delicious, are powerful enough to reſiſt the ſtroke of heavy affliction? No pleaſure can relieve me from phyſical grief; but there are enough of ſorrows ſufficient to deprive me of phyſical pleaſures: where is the pleaſure that is capable of curing me of the tooth-ache? Give a man honour, riches, and every thing which luxury or the wit of others can invent, and I will engage to find him afflictions and wretchedneſs to make every idea of pleaſure from them vaniſh. In ſhort, my dear Sir, there is no pleaſure able to ſecure us from miſery; and every man ſpends the greateſt proportion of his life a prey to languor, wretchedneſs, and deſpair. Such is the impotency of pleaſure, ſuch the power of grief: if this picture has any reſemblance to the common

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mon fate of humanity, tell me whether I have not found the ſpot, where if there lives a truely happy man, I may ſay *ecce homo!*

Theſe men are really birds in Paradiſe; power, pride, envy, anger and ambition, are the paſſions which diſturb mortal men in general: but thoſe paſſions are unknown in this ſacred ſpot. Love, charity, benevolence, and humanity, alone are dealt out here with liberal hands, to all who want, or aſk for it. How ſuperior then is the life of one of theſe hermits to that of any king in Chriſtendom? Unleſs we could find kings exerting all their power to render their ſubjects free and happy, by a juſt obſervance of the laws, and by a parental regard for their people. There is nothing in my opinion ſo degrading to human nature, as to look round all parts of the known world, and to perceive that ſo many millions of people are governed by half

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half a ſcore tyrants!—What a bleſſing then it is to be born in this happy iſle, where the king and his miniſters are ſo reverenced for their humanity, juſtice, candour, and integrity.

Where men of all nations, who have *real* merit, are provided for in preference even to the natives; where no diviſions in the ſenate ariſe, which can diſturb the rulers in their great deſign in eaſing the taxes at home, by laying them on the ſhoulders of Renegadoes abroad. In ſhort, where peace, harmony, love, and friendſhip, prevail above all other ſpots in the known world, and except only among the religious community of this holy ſpot mentioned above.

I was ſorry my hoſt did not underſtand Engliſh, nor I Spaniſh enough, to give him the ſenſe of the lines written in

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in poor *Shenſtone*'s alcove, at the Leaſowes.

" O you that bathe in courtlye bliſs,
" Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
" Do not too raſhly deeme amiſſe
" Of him that hides contented here.

I have forgot the other lines; but they conclude thus:

" For faults there beene in buſye life
" From which theſe peaceful glennes
are free."

LETTER

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LETTER XXIII.

I KNOW you will not like to leave *St. Catherine's* harmonious cell ſo ſoon;—nor ſhould I, but that I intend to viſit it again. I will therefore conduct you to *St. Juan*, about four hundred paces diſtant from it, on the eaſt ſide of which, you look down a moſt horrid and frightful precipice,—a precipice, ſo very tremendous, that I am perſuaded there are many people whoſe imagination would be ſo intoxicated by looking at it, that they might be in danger of throwing themſelves over: I do not know whether you will underſtand my meaning by ſaying ſo; but I have more than once been ſo bewildered with ſuch an alarming *coup d'œil* on this mountain, that I began to doubt whether my own powers were ſufficient to protect me:—Horſes, from ſudden fright, will often

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often run into the fire; and man too, may be forced upon his own deſtruction, to avoid thoſe ſenſations of danger, he has not been accuſtomed to look upon. Perhaps I am talking nonſenſe, and you will attribute what I ſay to lowneſs of ſpirits; on the contrary, I had thoſe feelings about me only during the time my eyes were employed upon ſuch frightful objects; for my ſpirits were enlivened by pure air, exerciſe, and temperance:—in one reſpect, I remember to have been ſtruck in the ſame manner when the grand exploſion of the fire-works was played off, many years ago, upon the concluſion of peace! The blaſt was ſo great, that it appeared as if it were deſigned to take with it all earthly things; and I felt almoſt forced by it and ſummoned from my ſeat, and could hardly refrain from jumping over a parapet wall which ſtood before me. The building of this hermitage, however, is very ſecure; nothing can ſhake or remove it,

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but that which muſt ſhake or remove the whole mountain. At this cell, ſmall as it is, King Philip III. dined on the eleventh of July 1599;—a circumſtance, you may be ſure, the inhabitant will never forget, or omit to mention. It commands at noon-day a fine proſpect eaſtward, and is approached by a good ſtage of ſteps. Not far from it, on the road ſide, is a little chapel called St. Michael, a chapel as ancient as the monaſtery itſelf; and a little below is the grotto, in which the image of the Virgin, now fixed in the high altar of the church, was found. The entrance of this grotto is converted into a chapel, where maſs is ſaid every day by one of the monks. All the hermitages, even the ſmalleſt, have their little chapel, the ornaments for ſaying maſs, their water ciſtern, and moſt of them a little garden. The building conſiſts of one or two ſmall chambers, a little refectory, and a kitchen; but many of them have every convenience, within,

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within, and without, that a ſingle man can wiſh or deſire; except he ſhould wiſh for, or deſire *ſuch things*, as he was obliged to renounce when he took poſſeſſion of it.

From hence, by a road more wonderful than ſafe or pleaſing, you are led on a ridge of mountains to the lofty cell of *St. Onofre*. It ſtands in a cleft in one of the pine heads, ſix and thirty feet (I was going to ſay) above the earth; its appearance is indeed aſtoniſhing, for it ſeems in a manner hanging in the air; the acceſs to it is by a ladder of ſixty ſteps, extremely difficult to aſcend, and even then you have a wooden bridge to croſs, fixed from rock to rock, under which is an aperture of ſo terrifying an appearance, that I ſtill think a perſon, not over timid, may find it very difficult to paſs over, if he looks under, without loſing in ſome degree, that firmneſs which is neceſſary to

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his own preſervation. The beſt and ſafeſt way is, to look forward at the building or object you are going to.——Fighting, and even courage, is mechanical; a man may be taught it as readily as any other ſcience; and I would *pit* the little timid hermit of *St. Onofre* to a march, on the margin of the precipices on this mountain, againſt the braveſt general we have in America. The man that would not wince at the whiſtle of a cannon-ball over his head, may find his blood retire, and his ſenſes bewildered, at a dreadful precipice under his feet. *St. Onofre* poſſeſſes no more ſpace than what is covered in by the tiling, nor any proſpect but to the South. The inhabitant of it ſays, he often ſees the iſlands of *Minorca*, *Majorca*, and *Ivica*, and the kingdoms of *Valencia* and *Murcia*. The weather was extremely fine when I viſited it, but there was a diſtant hazineſs which prevented my ſeeing thoſe iſlands; indeed, my eyes were better employed in examining

examining objects nearer and more intereſting, as well as more pleaſing. Going from this hermitage, you have a view of the vale of *St. Mary*, formerly called *la Vallée Amere*, through which the river *Lobregate* runs, and which divides the biſhoprick of Barcelona from that of *De Vic*.

Leſt you ſhould think I am rather too tremendouſly deſcriptive of this *upland* journey, hear what a French traveller ſays, who viſited this mountain about twenty years ago. After examining every thing curious at the convent, he ſays, "*Il ne* "*me reſtoit plus rien à voir que l'hermitage* "*qui eſt renommé, il eſt dans la partie la* "*plus élevée de la montagne, & partagé en* "*treize habitations, pour autant d'hermites.* "*Le plaiſir de le voir devoit me dedommager* "*de la peine qu'il me falloit prendre pour y* "*monter, en grimpant pendant plus de deux* "*heures. J'aurois pu me ſervir de ma*

 "*mule,*

" *mule, mais il m'auroit fallu prendre un*
" *chemin où j'aurois mis le double du tems.*
" *Je m'armai donc de courage, & entré dans*
" *une enceinte par une porte que l'on m'ouv-*
" *rit avec peine au dehors du monaſtere, je*
" *commençai a monter par des degrés qui*
" *ſembloient perpendiculaires, tant ils étoient*
" *roides ; & je fus obligè de m'agraffer à des*
" *barres qui y ſont placées exprés : enſuite,*
" *me traînai par-deſſous de groſſes pierres,*
" *qui ſont comme des voûtes ruinés, dont les*
" *ouvertures ſont le ſeul paſſage qu'il y ait*
" *pour quiconque a la témerité de s'engager*
" *dans ces défiles ; apres avoir grimpé, envi-*
" *ron mille pas, je trouvai un petit terrein*
" *uni oú je me laiſſai tomber tout étendu afin*
" *de reprendre ma reſpiration qui commen-*
" *coit à me manquer.*" And yet this was only the Frenchman's firſt ſtage on his way to the neareſt hermitage ; and who I find clambered up the very road we did, rather than take the longer route on mule-back ;

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back; and, for ought I know, a route ſtill more dangerous, for there are many places where the precipices are perpendicular on both ſides, and where the road is too narrow even to turn the mule; ſo he that ſets out, muſt proceed.

After aſcending a ladder fixed in the ſame pine where *St. Onofre* is ſituated, at an hundred and fifty paces diſtant, is the fifth hermitage of the Penitent *Madalena*; it ſtands between two lofty pines, and on ſome elevated rocks, and commands a beautiful view, towards noon-day, to the Eaſt and Weſt; and near to it, in a more elevated pine, ſtands its chapel, from whence you look down (dreadful to behold!) a rugged precipice, and ſteep falls upon the convent at two miles diſtance. There are two roads, or rather paſſages, to this cell, both exceedingly difficult; by one you mount up a ladder of at

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leaſt an hundred ſteps; the other is of ſtone, and pieces of timber to hold by; the hermit who dwells here ſays, the whiſtling of the winds in tempeſtuous nights, ſounds like the roaring of baited bulls.

LETTER

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LETTER XXIV.

I Muſt now lead you up to the higheſt part of the mountain; it is a long way up, not leſs than three thouſand five hundred paces from *St. Madalena*, and over a very rugged and diſagreeable road for the feet, which leads to the cell of *St. Geronimo*; from the two turrets of which, an immenſe ſcene indeed is opened; too much for the head of a *low-lander* to bear; for it not only takes in a view of a great part of the mountain beneath, but of the kingdoms of *Arragon*, *Valencia*, the Mediterranean Sea, and the iſlands; and as it were, one half of the earth's orbit. The fatigue to clamber up to it is very great; but the recompenſe is ample. This hermitage looks down upon a wood above a league in circumference, in which formerly ſome hermits dwelt; but

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but at preſent it is ſtocked with cattle belonging to the convent, who have a fountain of good water therein. Near this hermitage is a place they call *la Poza*, where the ſnow is preſerved for the uſe of the *Religieux*. The inhabitant either was not within, or would not be diſturbed; ſo that after feaſting my eyes on all ſides, my conductor led me on eaſtward to the ſeventh hermitage, called *St. Antonio*, the father of the Anchorites: it ſtands under one of the higheſt PINES, and the acceſs to it is ſo difficult and dangerous, that very few ſtrangers viſit it; —a circumſtance which whetted my curioſity; ſo, like the boy after a bird's-neſt, I *riſqued it*, eſpecially as I was pretty ſure I ſhould *take the old bird ſitting*. This hermit had formerly ſerved in the Spaniſh army; and though he made great interceſſion to the Holy Virgin and ſaints in heaven, as well as much intereſt with men on earth, he was not, I think, quite hap-

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py in his exalted ſtation. His turret is ſo ſmall, that it will not contain above two men; the view from it, to the Eaſt and North, is very fine; but it looks down a moſt horrible and dreadful precipice, above one hundred and eighty toiſes perpendicular, and upon the river *Lobregate*. No man, but he whom cuſtom has made familiar to ſuch a tremendous *eye-fall*, can behold this place but with horror and amazement; and I was as glad to leave it, as I was pleaſed in having ſeen it. At about a gun-ſhot diſtance from it riſes the higheſt pine-head of the mountain, called *Caval Hernot*, which is eighty toiſes higher than any other *cone*, and three thouſand three hundred paces from the convent below. Keeping under the ſide of the ſame hill, and along the baſe of the ſame pine-head, you are led to the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, eight hundred paces from *St. Antonio*, which hermitage has two chapels, one of which is hewn out of the heart of the

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the PINE, and consequently has a natural as well as a beautiful cupola; the access to this cell is very difficult, for the crags project so much, that it is necessary to clamber over them on all-four; the prospects are very fine to the southward and eastward. The inhabitant was from home; but as there was no fastening to his doors, I examined all his worldly goods, and found that most of them were the work of his own ingenious hands. A little distant from hence stands a wooden cross, at which the road divides; one path leads to *St. Benito*, the other to the *Holy Trinity*. By the archives of the convent, it appears, that in the year 1272, *Francis Bertrando* died at the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, after having spent forty-five years in it, admired for his sanctity and holy life, and that he was succeeded therein by *François Duranda Mayol*, who dwelt in it twenty-seven years.

Descending

Deſcending from hence about ſix or ſeven hundred paces, you arrive at the ninth hermitage, *St. Benito*; the ſituation is very pleaſing, the acceſs eaſy, and the proſpects divine. It was founded by an *Abbot*, whoſe intentions were, that it ſhould contain, within a ſmall diſtance, four other cells, in memory of the five wounds made in the body of Chriſt. This hermit has the privilege of making an annual entertainment on a certain day, on which day all the other hermits are invited where they receive the ſacrament from the hands of the mountain vicar; and after divine ſervice, dine together. They meet alſo at this hermitage on the day of each titular ſaint, to ſay maſs, and commune with each other.

LETTER

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LETTER XXV.

I Cannot ſay a word to you on any other ſubject, till you have taken a turn with me in the ſhrubberies and gardens of the glorious (ſo they call it) hermitage of *St. Ana.* Coming from *St. Benito,* by a brook which runs down the middle of the mountain, ſix hundred paces diſtant from it, ſtands *St. Ana,* in a ſpacious ſituation, and much larger than any other, and ſituated nearly in the centre of them all. The chapel here is ſufficiently large for the whole ſociety to meet in, and accordingly they do ſo on certain feſtivals and holidays, where they confeſs to their mountain vicar, and receive the ſacrament. This habitation is nobly adorned with large trees; the evergreen oak, the cork, the cypreſs, the ſpreading fig-tree, and a variety of others; yet it is nevertheleſs dreadfully

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dreadfully expoſed to the fury of particular winds; when the buildings are ſometimes greatly damaged, and the life of the inhabitant endangered, by the boughs which are torn off, and blown about his dwelling. The foot-road from it to the monaſtery, is only one thouſand three hundred paces, but it is very rugged and unſafe; the mule-road is above four times as far. It was built in 1498, and is the hermitage where all the pilgrims pay a more than ordinary devotion.

Eight hundred and fifty paces diſtant, on the road which leads to the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, ſtands, in a ſolitary and deep wood, the hermitage of the *Holy Trinity*. Every part of the building is neat, and the ſimplicity of the whole prepares you to expect the ſame ſimplicity of manners from the man who dwells within it: and a venerable man he is; but he ſeemed more diſpoſed to converſe with

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with his neighbours, *Madame Nature*, than with us. The ſight of this holy man brought to my mind Gray's ODE to ADVERSITY.

" Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
" Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
" And Melancholy, ſilent maid
" With leaden eye, that loves the ground."

His trees, he knows, never flatter or affront him; and after welcoming us more by his humble looks than civil words, he retired to his long and ſhady walk; a full gun-ſhot in length, and nothing in nature certainly can be more beautiful; it forms a cloſe arbour, though compoſed of large trees, and terminates in a view of a vaſt range of pines, which are ſo regularly placed ſide by ſide, and which, by the reflection of the ſun on their yellow and well burniſhed ſides, have the appearance of the pipes of an organ a mile in circumference. The Spaniards ſay that the mountain is a block of coarſe jaſper, and theſe

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organ pipes, it muſt be confeſſed, ſeem to confirm it; for they are ſo well poliſhed by the hand of time, that were it not too great a work for man, one would be apt to believe they had been cut by an artiſt.

Five hundred and ſixty paces from the hermitage of the Holy Trinity, ſtands *St. Cruz*; it is built under the foot of one of the ſmaller pines; this is the neareſt cell of any to the convent, and conſequently oftenеſt viſited, being only ſix hundred and ſixty paces from the bottom of the mountain, moſt of which I had to make in the night, not conſidering, how ſhort the twilights are in theſe latitudes, and being more attentive to *place*, than to *time*, for like the baniſhed Valentine, I was warned of the approach of darkneſs by the nightingale, but conſoled myſelf, as he did, in thinking

"Here I can ſit unſeen of any,
"And to the nightingales complaining notes;
"Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes."

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LETTER XXVI.

I Am now come to *St. Dimas*, the laſt, and moſt important, if not the moſt beautiful of all the hermits habitations. This hermitage is ſurrounded on all ſides by ſteep and dreadful precipices, ſome of which lead the eyes ſtraight down, even to the river *Lobregate*; it can be entered only on the eaſt ſide by a draw-bridge, which, when lifted up, renders any acceſs to it almoſt impoſſible. This hermitage was formerly a ſtrong caſtle, and poſſeſſed by a *banditti*, who frequently plundered and ravaged the country in the day-time, and ſecured themſelves from puniſhment, by retiring to this faſt hold by night. As it ſtands, or rather hangs over the buildings and convent below, they would frequently lower baſkets by cords, and demand proviſions, wine, or whatever neceſſaries or luxuries

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luxuries the convent afforded; and if their demands were not inſtantly complied with, they tumbled down rocks of an immenſe ſize, which frequently damaged the buildings, and killed the people beneath: indeed, it was always in their power to deſtroy the whole building, and ſuffer none to live there; but that would have been depriving themſelves of one ſure means of ſubſiſtence:——at length, however, the monks, by the aſſiſtance of good glaſſes, and a conſtant attention to the motion of their *upper ſtory troubleſome boarders*, having obſerved that the greater part were gone out upon the *marauding* party, perſuaded ſeven or eight ſtout farmers to believe, that heaven would reward them, if they could ſcale the horrid precipices, and by ſurpriſe ſeiſe the caſtle, and ſecure the few who remained in it;—and theſe brave men accordingly got into it unobſerved, killed one of the *banditti*, and ſecured the others for a public example. The caſtle

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was then demolished, and a hermitage called *St. Dimas*, or the Good Thief, built upon the ſpot. The views from it are very extenſive and noble to the ſouth and eaſtward.

And now, Sir, having introduced you to all theſe ſmall but heavenly abodes, and made you acquainted with ſome of the very reſpectable inhabitants. I muſt aſſure you, that a man, well verſed in *author-craft*, might write thirteen little volumes upon ſubjects in every reſpect ſo pleaſingly ſingular. But as no written account can give a perfect idea of the particular beauties of any mountain, and more eſpecially of one ſo unlike all others, I muſt quit nature, and conduct you to the works of art, and treaſures of value, which are within the walls of the holy ſanctuary below; only obſerving, what I omitted to mention before, that the great rains which have fallen ſince the creation of all things,

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down the ſides of this ſteep mountain, have made round the whole baſe of it, a prodigious wide and deep trench, which has the appearance of a vaſt river-courſe drained of its water. In this deep valley lie an infinite number of huge blocks of the mountain, which have, from age to age, caved down from its ſides, and which render the *tout au tour* of the mountain below, full as extraordinary, as the pointed pinnacles above: beſide this, there are many little receſſes and *breaks* on all ſides of the hill below, ſo adorned by ſtately trees, and natural fountains, that I know not which part of the enchanted ſpot is moſt beautiful or moſt to be admired. I found in one of theſe places a little garden, fenced in by the fallen rocks, a deep ſpring of ſo clear and cool a water, and the whole ſo ſhaded by ever-green oaks, ſo warmed by the ſun, and ſo ſuperlatively romantic, that I was determined to find out the owner of it, and to have ſet about

building a houſe or a hut to the garden, and to have made it my abode; but alas! upon enquiry, I found the well was an holy one, and that the water, the pureſt and fineſt I ever ſaw or taſted, could only be uſed for holy purpoſes. And here let me obſerve, that the generality of ſtrangers who viſit this mountain come prepared only to ſtay one day, and that is, to dine with my Italian hoſt at *Marterell* on their way, and to return to him the next day; —but it is not a day, nor a week, that is ſufficient to ſee half the natural and ſmaller beauties, which a mountain ſo great and wonderful of itſelf affords on all ſides, from the higheſt pinacle above, to the foundation ſtones beneath.

But I ſhould have told you, that there are other roads to ſome of the hermitages which, by twiſting and turning from ſide to ſide, are every week clambered up to, by a blind mule, who, being laden with

thirteen

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thirteen parcels containing the week's proviſion for each hermit, goes up without any conductor, and taking the hermitages in their proper order, gets as near as he can, and waits till the hermit has taken his portion; and proceeding till he has diſcharged his load, and his truſt, returns to his ſtable below. I did not ſee this animal on the road, but I ſaw ſome of his *offerings there*, and had it from his *own mouth* in the ſtable below, and you may rely upon the truth of what I tell you, for he is as much reſpected below almoſt, as the wooden Virgin is above.

Before I quit the hermits, however, I muſt tell you, that the hardſhips and fatigues which ſome of them voluntarily inflict upon themſelves, are almoſt incredible; they cannot, like the monks in *Ruſſia*, ſit in water to their chins, till they

are frozen up, but they undergo ſome penances almoſt as ſevere.

Here thoſe elegant lines of Mrs. Chapone's haunted my imagination, but I could only recover the following ſtanza:

"Oh! guide me to the humble cell,
"Where reſignation loves to dwell,
"CONTENTMENT'S bower in VIEW.
"Nor pining grief, with abſence drear,
"Nor ſick ſuſpence, nor anxious fear
"Shall there my ſteps purſue."

There is a pretty compliment, and a very juſt one, in theſe verſes, to Mrs. ELISABETH CARTER, on her beautiful ode to WISDOM,

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

PERE PASCAL having invited us to high maſs, and to hear a Spaniſh ſermon preached by one of their beſt orators, we attended; and though I did not underſtand the language ſufficiently to know all I heard, I underſtood enough to be entertained, if not edified. The decency of the whole congregation too was truely characteriſtic of their profeſſion. There ſat juſt before us a number of lay-brothers, bare-headed, with their eyes fixed the whole time upon the ground; and though they knew we were ſtrangers, and probably as ſingular in their eyes, as they could be in ours, I never perceived one of them, either at, or after the ſervice was over, to look, or even glance an eye towards us. The chapels, and church of this convent, is a very noble building; and

and high over the great altar is fixed the image of the Virgin, which was found eight hundred years ago in a deep cave on the ſide of the mountain: they ſay the figure is the work of St. Luke; if that be true, St. Luke was a better carver than a painter, for this figure is the work of no contemptible artiſt; it is wood, of a dark-brown or rather black colour, about the ſize of a girl of twelve years of age; her garments are very coſtly, and ſhe had on a crown richly adorned with *real* jewels of great value; and I believe, except our Lady of *Loretto*, the paraphernalia of her perſon, is ſuperior to all the ſaints or crowned heads in Europe. She holds on her knees a little Jeſus, of the ſame complexion, and the work of the ſame artiſt. The high altar is a moſt magnificent and coſtly ſtructure, and there conſtantly burns before it, upwards of fourſcore large ſilver lamps. The baluſtrades before the altar were given by King Philip III. and

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coſt ſeven thouſand crowns; and fourteen thouſand more, to cut away the rock to lay the foundation of this new church, the old one being ſo ſmall, and often ſo crowded by pilgrims and ſtrangers, that many of the monks loſt their lives in it every year. The whole expence of building the new one, excluſive of the inward ornaments, is computed at a million of crowns; and the ſeats of the choir, ſix and thirty thouſand livres. The old church has nothing very remarkable in it but ſome ancient monuments, one of which is of *Bernard Villomarin*, Admiral of Naples; a man (as the inſcription ſays) illuſtrious in peace and war. There is another of *Don John d'Arragon, Dux Lunæ*, who died in 1528; he was nephew to King Ferdinand. But the moſt ſingular inſcription in this old church is one engraven on a pillar, under which *St. Ignatius* ſpent a whole night in prayer before

fore he took the reſolution of renouncing the world, which was in the year 1522.

After maſs was over, we were ſhown into a chamber behind the high altar, where a door opened to the receſs, in which the Virgin is placed, and where we were permitted, or rather required to kiſs her ſwarthy hand. At the ſame time I perceived a great many pilgrims entering the apartments, whoſe penitential faces plainly diſcovered the reverence and devotion with which they approached her ſacred preſence. When we returned, we were preſented to the Prior; a lively, genteel man, of good addreſs; who, with *Pere Tendre*, the Fleming, ſhowed us an infinite quantity of jewels, veſſels of gold and ſilver, garments, &c. which have been preſented by Kings, Queens, and Emperors, to the convent, for the purpoſe of arraying this miraculous image. I begin to ſuſpect that

that you will think I am become half a Catholic;—indeed I begin to think ſo myſelf; and if ever I publickly renounce that faith which I now hold, it ſhall be done in a pilgrimage to *Montſerrat*; for I do not ſee why God, who delights ſo much in variety, as all his mighty works teſtify; who has not made two green leaves of the ſame tint,—may not, nay, ought not to be worſhipped by men of different nations, in variety of forms. I ſee no abſurdity in a ſet of men meeting as the Quakers do, and ſitting in ſilent contemplation, reflecting on the errors of their paſt life, and reſolving to amend in future. I think an honeſt, good Quaker, as reſpectable a being as an Archbiſhop; and a monk, or a hermit, who think they merit heaven by the ſacrifice they make for it, will certainly obtain it: and as I am perſuaded the men of this ſociety think ſo, I highly honour and reſpect them: I am ſure I feel myſelf highly obliged to them.

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them. They have a good library, but it is in great diſorder; nor do I believe they are men of much reading; indeed, they are ſo employed in prayer, and confeſſing the pilgrims and poor, that they cannot have much time for ſtudy.

I forgot to tell you, that at *Narbonne*, I had been accoſted by a young genteel couple, male and female, who were upon a *pilgrimage*; they were dreſſed rather neat than fine, and their garments were adorned with cockle and other marine ſhells; ſuch, indeed, all the poorer ſort of pilgrims are characteriſed with. They preſented a tin box to me, with much addreſs, but ſaid nothing, nor did I give them any thing; indeed, I did not *then* know, very well, for what purpoſe or uſe the charity they claimed was to be applied. This young couple were among the ſtrangers who were now approaching the ſacred image. I was very deſirous of knowing their ſtory, who they

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they were, and what ſins people ſo young, and who looked ſo good, had been guilty of, to think it neceſſary to come ſo far for abſolution. *Their ſins on the road*, I could be at no loſs to gueſs at; and as they were ſuch as people who love one another, are very apt to commit, I hope and believe, they will obtain forgiveneſs of them.—— They were either people of ſome condition, or very accompliſhed *Chevaliers d'Induſtrie*; though I am moſt inclined to believe, they were *brother and ſiſter*, of ſome condition.

After viſiting the Holy Virgin, I paid my reſpects to the ſeveral monks in their own apartments, under the conduct of *Pere Paſcal**, and was greatly entertained.—I found

* Having ſent one of the impreſſions of Montſerrat to Pere Paſcal; he in return thanks me in his own name and that of the community; "it is dear to us, ſays he, "on two accounts, firſt for the excellence of the engraver's "art, and ſecondly for the ſtrong reſemblance it bears to "our holy abode, but adds, I am glad however you did "not ſend the book, and that we could not underſtand it "if you had, leſt you might have ſaid what we might be "concerned to hear."

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found them excellently lodged; their apartments had no finery, but every useful convenience; they had several good harpsichords, as well as good performers, beside an excellent organist. The Prior, in particular, has so much address of the polite world about him, that he must have lived in it, before he made a vow to retire from it.

I never saw a more striking instance of national influence than in the person of *Pere Tendre*, a Fleming!—In spite of his holy life, and living among Spaniards of the utmost gravity of manners, I could have known him at first sight to have been a Frenchman. I never saw, even upon the *Boulevards* at Paris, a more lively, animated, or chearful countenance.

Indeed, one must believe, that these men are as good as they appear to be; for they have reason enough to fear that every hour

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hour may be their laſt, as there hangs over their whole building ſuch a terrifying maſs of rock and pine heads, ſo ſplit and divided, that it is difficult to perceive by what powers they are ſuſtained: many have given way, and have no other ſupport than the baſe they have made by their own weight in ſlipping in part down, among the ſmaller rocks and broken fragments. About an hundred years ago, one vaſt block fell from above, and buried under it the hoſpital, the ſick, and all their attendants; where it ſtill remains, a dreadful monument, and memento, to thoſe who dwell ſo near it!——I ſhould fear (God avert the day!) that the ſmalleſt degree of an earthquake, would bury all the convent, monks, and treaſure, by one fatal *coup*.

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LETTER XXVIII.

BEFORE I bring forth the treaſures of this hoſpitable convent, and the jewels of *Neuſtra Senora*, it may be neceſſary to tell you, that they could not be ſo liberal to others, were not others liberal to them; and that they have permiſſion to aſk charity from every church, city, and town, in the kingdoms of France and Spain, and indeed all over Europe, for which purpoſe they have always lay-brothers out, gathering money and other donations. They who feed all who aſk, muſt, of courſe, be fed themſelves; nor has any religious houſe in Europe (*Loretto* excepted) been more highly honoured by Emperors, Kings, Popes, and Prelates, than this: nay, they have ſeemed to vie with each other, in beſtowing rich and coſtly garments, jewels of immenſe value,

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value, and gold and silver of exquisite workmanship, to adorn the person of *Neustra Senora*; as the following list, though not a quarter of her *paraphernalia*, will evince: but before I particularise them, it may be proper to mention the solemn manner in which the Virgin was moved from the old to the new church, by the hands of King Philip III. who repaired thither for that purpose as privately as possible, to prevent the prodigous concourse of people who would have attended him had it been generally known. Here he staid four days, in which time he visited all the hermitages above, in one; but returned, greatly fatigued, and not till ten o'clock at night. After resting himself the next day, he heard mass, and being confessed, assisted at the solemnity of translating the Virgin, in the following manner:—After all the monks, hermits, and lay-brothers had heard mass, and been confessed, the Virgin was brought down

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and placed upon the altar in the old church, and with great ceremony, reverence, and awe, they clothed her in a rich gold mantle, the gift of the Duke of *Branzvick*, the ſleeves of which were ſo coſtly, that they were valued at eighteen thouſand ducats. The Abbots, monks, hermits, &c. who were preſent, wore clokes of rich gold brocade, and in the proceſſion ſung the hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*; one of whom bore a gold croſs, of exquiſite workmanſhip, which weighed fifty marks, and which was ſet with coſtly jewels. The proceſſion conſiſted of forty-three lay-brothers, fifteen hermits, and ſixty-two monks, all bearing wax tapers: then followed the young ſcholars, and a band of muſic, as well as an infinite number of people, who came from all parts of the kingdom to attend the ſolemnity; for it was impoſſible to keep an act of ſo extraordinary a nature very private. When the Virgin was brought into the new church,

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church, ſhe was placed on a tabernacle by four of the moſt ancient monks; the King holding a large lighted taper, on which his banner and arms were emblazoned, and being followed by the nobles and cavaliers of his court, joined in the proceſſion; after having placed themſelves in proper order in the great cloyſter of the church, the monks ſung a hymn, addreſſed to the Virgin, accompanied by a noble band of muſic: this being over, the king taking the Virgin in his arms, placed her on the great altar; and having ſo done, took his wax taper, and falling on his knees at her feet, offered up his prayers near a quarter of an hour: this ceremony being over, the monks advanced to the altar, and moved the Virgin into a receſs in the middle of it, where ſhe now ſtands: after which, the Abbot, having given his pontifical benediction, the king retired to repoſe himſelf for a quarter of an hour, and then ſet off for *Martorell*, where he ſlept,

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and the next day made his entry into *Barcelona*.

Among an infinite number of coſtly materials that adorn this beatiful church, one is a moſt noble organ, which has near twelve hundred pipes. In the *Cuſtodium*, you are ſhown three crowns for the head of the infant Jeſus, two of which are of pure gold, the third of ſilver, gilt, and richly adorned with diamonds; one of the gold crowns is ſet with two hundred and thirty emeralds, and nineteen large brilliants; the other has two hundred and thirty-eight diamonds, an hundred and thirty pearls, and ſixteen rubies; it coſt eighteen thouſand gold ducats.

There are four crowns alſo for the head of the Virgin; two of plated gold, richly ſet with diamonds, and two of ſolid gold; one of which has two thouſand five hundred large emeralds in it, and is valued at fifty

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fifty thouſand ducats; the fourth, and richeſt, is ſet with one thouſand one hundred and twenty-four diamonds, five of which number, are valued at five hundred ducats each; eighteen hundred large pearls, of equal ſize; thirty-eight large emeralds, twenty-one ſaphires, and five rubies; and at the top of this crown is a gold ſhip, adorned with diamonds of eighteen thouſand dollars value. The gold alone of theſe crowns weighs twenty-five pounds, and, with the jewels and ſetting, upwards of fifty. Theſe crowns were made at *Montſerrat*, from the gold, and ſeparate jewels, preſented to the convent, from time to time, by the crowned heads, and other princes of Europe. There is alſo another ſmall crown, given by the Marquis *d'Aytona*, ſet with ſixty-ſix brilliants.

The Infanta gave four ſilver candleſticks, which coſt two thouſand four hundred ducats.

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Anne of Auſtria, daughter to Philip III. gave a garment for the Virgin, which coſt a thouſand ducats.

There are thirty chalices of gilt plate, and one of ſolid gold, which coſt five thouſand ducats.

Prince Charles of Auſtria, with his conſort Chriſtiana of Brunſwick, viſited *Montſerrat* in the year 1706, and having kiſſed the Virgin's hand, left at her feet his gold-hilted ſword, ſet with ſeventy-nine large brilliants. This ſword was given the Emperor by Anne, Queen of England.

In the church are ſix ſilver candleſticks, nine palms high, made to hold wax flambeaux. There are diamonds and jewels, given by the Counteſs d'Aranda, Count Alba, Ducheſs of Medina, and forty other people of high rank, from the different courts of Europe, to the value of more

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than an hundred thouſand ducats.—But were I to recite every particular from the liſt of donations, which my friend, *Pere Paſcal*, gave me, and which now lies before me, with the names of the donors, they would fill a volume inſtead of a letter, but what was ſhown me became tireſome; a fine ſword for the Virgin, or a pair of diamond ear-rings for the Son of God, became offenſive when applied to ſuch objects.

LETTER

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LETTER XXIX.

I Know you will expect to hear ſomething of the Ladies of Spain; but I muſt confeſs I had very little acquaintance among them: when they appear abroad in their coaches, they are dreſſed in the modern French faſhion, but not in the extreme; when they walk out, their head and ſhape is always covered with a black or white veil, richly laced; and, however fine their gowns are, they muſt be covered with a very large black ſilk petticoat; and thus holding the fan in one hand, and hanging their *chapelets** over the wriſt of the other, they walk out, preceded by one or two ſhabby-looking ſervants, called pages, who wear ſwords, and always walk bare-headed.

I have already told you, that the moſt beautiful, indeed the only beautiful woman,

* Beads.

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man, I ſaw at *Barcelona*, was the Intendant's daughter; and I aſſure you, her black petticoat, and white veil, could not conceal it; nor, indeed, is the dreſs an unbecoming one. Among the peaſants, and common females, you never ſee any thing like beauty, and, in general, rather deformity of feature. No wonder then, where beauty is ſo ſcarce, and to be found only among women of condition, that thoſe women are much admired, and that they gain prodigious influence over the men.—In no part of the world, therefore, are women more careſſed and attended to, than in Spain. Their deportment in public is grave and modeſt; yet they are very much addicted to pleaſure; nor is there ſcarce one among them that cannot, nay, that will not, dance the *Fandango* in private, either in the decent, or the indecent manner. I have ſeen it danced both ways, by a pretty woman, than which nothing can be more *immodeſtly agreeable*: and I

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was shown a young Lady at *Barcelona*, who in the midst of this dance, ran out of the room, telling her partner, she could *stand it* no longer;—he ran after her, to be sure, and must be answerable for the consequences. I find in the musick of the *Fandango*, written under one bar, *Salido*, which signifies *going out*; it is where the woman is to separate a little from her partner, and to move slowly by herself; and I suppose it was at *that bar*, the lady was so overcome, as to determine not to return. The words *Perra Salida* should therefore have been placed at that bar, especially when the ladies dance it in the high *gout* *.

The men dress as they do in France and England, except only their long cloak, which

* Mrs. Kindersley in her very entertaining letters from Teneriffe, speaks of a favourite diversion among the rich Hindoos, called the *notch*, a performance of dancing girls; and I am inclined to think, that the eastern name for all manner of dances should be used; is not the *notch* a better name for a dance than the Fandango.

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which they do not care to give up. It is ſaid that Frenchmen are wiſer than, from the levity of their behaviour, they ſeem to be; and I fancy the Spaniards look wiſer, from their gravity of countenance, than they really are; they are extremely reſerved, and make no profeſſions of friendſhip till they feel it, and know the man, and then they are friendly in the higheſt degree.

I met with a German merchant at *Barcelona*, who told me he had dealt for goods to the value of five thouſand pounds a year with a Spaniard in that town; and though he had been often at *Barcelona* before, that he had never invited him to dine or eat with him, till that day.

The farrier who comes to ſhoe your horſe has ſometimes a ſword by his ſide; and the barber who ſhaves you croſſes himſelf before he *croſſes your chin*.

There

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There is a particular part of the town where the ladies of eaſy virtue live; and if a friend calls at the apartment of one of thoſe females, who happens to *be engaged*, one of her neighbours tells you, ſhe is *amancebados y caſarſe a mediacarta*; *i. e.* that ſhe is half-married.——If you meet a Spaniſh woman of any faſhion, walking alone without the town, you may join her, and enter into whatever *ſort of converſation* you chooſe, without offence; and if you paſs one without doing ſo, ſhe will call you *ajocaos*, and contemn you: this is a cuſtom ſo eſtabliſhed at Madrid, that if a footman meets a lady of quality alone, he will enter into ſome indecent converſation with her; for which reaſon, the ladies ſeldom walk but with their huſbands, or a male friend, by their ſide, and a foot-boy before, and then no man dare ſpeak, or even look towards them, but with reſpect and awe:—a blow in Spain can never be

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be forgiven; the ſtriker muſt die, either *privately* or publicly.

No people on earth are leſs given to exceſs in eating or drinking, than the Spaniards; the *Olio*, or *Olla*, a kind of ſoup and *Bouilli*, is all that is to be found at the table of ſome great men: the table of a *Bourgeois* of Paris is better ſerved than that of many *grandees* of Spain; their chocolate, lemonade, iced water, fruits, &c. are their chief luxuries; and the chocolate is, in ſome houſes, a prodigious annual expence, as it is offered to every body who comes in, and ſome of the firſt houſes in Madrid expend twenty thouſand *livres* a year in chocolate, iced waters, &c. The grandees of Spain think it beneath their dignity to look into accounts, and therefore leave the management of their houſehold expences to ſervants, who often plunder and defraud them of great ſums of money.

Unlike

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Unlike the French, the Spaniards (like the Engliſh) very properly look upon able phyſicians and ſurgeons in a very reſpectable light:——Is it not ſtrange, that the French nation, ſhould truſt their health and lives in the hands of men, they are apt to think unworthy of their intimacy or friendſhip?—Men, who muſt have had a liberal education, and who ought not to be truſted in ſickneſs, if their ſociety was not to be coveted in health. Perhaps the Spaniſh phyſicians, who of all others have the leaſt pretenſions, are the moſt careſſed. In fevers they encourage their patients to eat, thinking it neceſſary, where the air is ſo ſubtle, to put ſomething into the body for the *diſtemper to feed upon*; they bleed often, and in both arms, that the blood may be drawn forth *equally*; the ſurgeons do not bleed, but a ſet of men called *Sangrero* perform that office, and no other; the ſurgeons conſider it diſhonourable to perform that operation. They ſeldom

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ſeldom trepan; a ſurgeon who attempted to perform it, would himſelf be perhaps in want of it. To all fleſh wounds they apply a powder called *coloradilla*, which certainly effects the cure; it is made of myrrh, maſtic, dragon's blood, gum ammoniac, &c. When perſons of faſhion are bled, their friends ſend them, as ſoon as it is known, little preſents to amuſe them all that day; for which reaſon the women of eaſy virtue, are often bled, that their lovers may ſhow their attention, and be *bled too*.—The French diſeaſe is ſo ignorantly treated, or ſo little regarded, that it is very general; they conſider a *gonorrhœa* as healthful to the reins; and, except a tertian ague, all diſorders are called the *calentura*, and treated alike, and I fear very injudiciouſly; for there is not, I am told, in the whole kingdom, any public academy for the inſtruction of young men in phyſic, ſurgery, or anatomy, except at Madrid.

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Notwithſtanding the ſobriety, temperance, and fine climate of Spain, the Spaniards do not, in general, live to any great age; they put a prodigious quantity of ſpice into every thing they eat; and though ſobriety and temperance are very commendable, there are countries where eating and drinking are carried to a great exceſs, by men, much more virtuous than in ſome where temperance, perhaps, is their principal virtue.

LETTER

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LETTER XXX.

I Forgot to tell you that, though I left the Convent, I had no deſire to leave the ſpot where I had met with ſo cordial a reception; nor a mountain, every part of which, afforded ſo many ſcenes of wonder and delight. I therefore hired two rooms at a wretched *poſada*, near the two ancient towers below, and where I had left my horſe, that I might make my daily excurſions on, and about the mountain, as well as viſit thoſe little ſolitary habitations above, once more. My hoſt, his wife, and their ſon and daughter, looked rather cool upon us; they liked our money better than our company; and though I made their young child ſome little preſents, it ſcarce afforded any return, but prevented rudeneſs, perhaps. The boys of the village too, though I diſtributed a

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little money every day to the poor, frequently pelted me with ſtones, when they gained the high ground of me; and I found it neceſſary, when I walked out, to take my fuzee. I would have made a friend of the prieſt, if I could have found him, but he never appeared!—It was a poor village, and you may eaſily conceive our reſidence in ſuch a little place, where no ſtranger ever ſtaid above an hour, occaſioned much ſpeculation. My ſervant too (a French deſerter) had neither the politeneſs, nor the addreſs ſo common to his countrymen; but I knew I was *within a few hours* of honeſt *Pere Paſcal*; and while the hog, mule, and aſs of my hoſt continued well, I flattered myſelf I was not in much danger; had either of thoſe animals been ill, I ſhould have taken my leave; for if a ſuſpicion had ariſen that an heretic was under their roof, they would have been at no loſs to account for the cauſe, or the calamity which had,

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or might befall them.—During my reſidence at this little *poſada*, I ſaw a gaudy-dreſſed, little, ugly old man, and a handſome young woman, approach it; the man ſmiled in my face, which was the only ſmile I had ſeen in the face of a ſtranger for a fortnight; he told me, what he need not, that he was a Frenchman, and a noble Advocate of *Perpignan*; that his name was *Anglois*, and that his anceſtors were Engliſh; that he had walked on foot, with his maid, from *Barcelona*, in order to pay his devotions to the Holy Virgin of *Montſerrat*, though he had his own chaiſe and mules at that city; he ſeemed much fatigued, ſo I gave him ſome chocolate, for he was determined, he ſaid, to get up to the convent that night. During this interview, he embraced me ſeveral times, profeſſed a moſt affectionate regard for me and my whole family; and I felt enough for him, to deſire he would fix

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the day of his return, that I might not be out upon my rambles, and that he would dine and ſpend the evening with me; in which caſe, I would ſend him back to *Barcelona* in my *cabriolet*; all which he chearfully conſented to; and having lent him my *couteau de chaſſe*, as a more convenient weapon on aſs-back, than his fine ſword, we parted, reluctantly, for five days; that was the time this *noble Advocate* had allotted for making his peace with the Holy Virgin;—I ſay, his peace with the Holy Virgin; for he was very deſirous of leaving *his* virgin with us, as ſhe was an excellent cook, and a moſt faithful and truſty ſervant, both which he perceived we wanted; yet, in ſpite of his encomiums, there was nothing in the behaviour of the girl, that correſponded with ſuch an amiable character: ſhe had, indeed, a beautiful face, but ſtrongly marked with ſomething, more like impudence,

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pudence, than boldneſs, and more of that of a pragmatic miſtreſs, than an humble ſervant; and therefore we did not accept what, I was very certain, ſhe would not have performed. I impatiently, however, waited his return, and verily believed the old man, had bought his crimſon velvet breeches, and gold-laced waiſtcoat in honour of the Virgin, and that his viſit to her was a pious one.—He returned to his time, and to a ſad dinner indeed! but it was the beſt we could provide. But he had loſt ſo much of that vivacity he went up with, that I began to fear I had loſt his friendſhip, or he the benediction of the Holy Virgin. Indeed, I had loſt it, in ſome meaſure, but it was transferred but a little way off; for he took the firſt favourable occaſion to tell my wife, no woman had ever before made ſo forcible an impreſſion upon him, and ſaid a thouſand other fine things, which I cannot repeat, without loſing the eſteem I

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ſtill have for my countryman; eſpecially as he did not propoſe ſtaying above *one night* with us, nay, that he would depart the next morning, *de bon matin*. During the evening, all his former ſpirits returned, as well as his affection for me: he told me, he ſuſpected I wanted money, and if that was the caſe, thoſe wants ſhould be removed; ſo taking out a large parcel of gold *duros*, he offered them in handſome terms, and I am perſuaded too, he would have lent, or given them to me. I aroſe early, to ſee that my man and chaiſe were got in good order, to conduct ſo good a friend to *Barcelona*; but not hearing any thing of *Monſieur L'Anglois*, I directed my ſervant to go into his chamber, to enquire how he did;—he returned, and ſaid, that *Madame* was awake, but that *Monſieur* ſtill ſleeps. Madame! what Madame? ſaid I!—Is it the young woman who came with him? I then found, what I had a little ſuſpected, that the mountain virgin,

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virgin, was not the *only* virgin, to whom *Monſieur L'Anglois* made his vows. He ſoon after, however, came down, drank chocolate with us, and making a thouſand profeſſions of inviolable regard, he ſet off in my chaiſe for *Barcelona*; but, I ſhould have told you, not till he made me promiſe to viſit him at *Perpignan*, where he had not only a town, but country houſe, at my ſervice.—All theſe profeſſions were made with ſo much openneſs, and ſeeming ſincerity, that I could not, nor did doubt it; and as I was determined to leave that inhoſpitable country, and return to France, I gave him my *paſſa-porta*, to get it *refreſhed* by the Captain-General at *Barcelona*, that I might return, and paſs *by* the walls only of a town, I can never think of, but with ſome degree of pain, and ſhould with horror, but that I now know, there is one man lives in it, and did then *, who has lamented that he had not an opportunity

* Mr. THALBITZER.

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portunity to ſhow me thoſe acts of hoſpitality, his nature and his ſituation, often give him occaſion to exerciſe; but the *etiquette* is, for the ſtranger to viſit firſt; and I found but little encouragement to viſit a Pruſſian Gentleman, though married to an Engliſh Lady, after the hoſtile manners I had experienced from my *friends* and *countrymen*, Meſſrs. *Curtoys*, *Wombwell*, *O'Rilly*, &c.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXI.

IN the archives of *Montſerrat*, they ſhow a letter written to the Abbé by King Philip II. who begins "venerable and devout *Religieux*," and tells him, he approves of his zeal, in wiſhing to build a new church at *Montſerrat*, charges him to continue his prayers for him, and, to ſhow his own zeal for that holy houſe, informs him, that the bearer of his letter is *Etienne Jordan*, the moſt famous ſculptor in Spain, who is directed to make the new altar-piece at the king's expence, and they agreed to pay *Jordan*, ten thouſand crowns for the deſign he then laid before them: the altar was made at *Valladolid*, and was brought to *Montſerrat* on ſixty-ſix waggons; and as Jordan did much more to the work than he had engaged to perform, the king gave him four thouſand

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thouſand crowns, over and above his agreement, and afterwards gave nine thouſand crowns more, to gild and add further ornaments to it.

At the death of Philip II. his ſon Philip III. aſſiſted in perſon to remove the image of the Virgin from the old to the new church. Before this noble altar (in which the figure of the Virgin ſtands, in a nitch about the middle of it) are ſix candleſticks of ſolid ſilver, each of which weighs eighty pounds; they are a yard and a half high; and yet theſe are mere trifles, when compared to the gold and jewels which are ſhown occaſionally.

The monks obſerve very religiouſly their ſtatutes; nor is there a ſingle hour in the day that you find the church evacuated.—I always heard at leaſt two voices chanting the ſervice, when the monks retire from the church, which is not till ſeven

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ſeven o'clock at night; the pilgrims continue there in prayer the greater part of the night.

I ſhould have told you, that beſide the ſuperior among the hermits, there are two ſorts of them, neither of which can poſſeſs a hermitage till they have ſpent ſeven years in the monaſtery, and given proofs of their holy diſpoſition, by acts of obedience, humility, and mortification; during which they ſpend moſt of their time, night as well as day, in the church, but they never ſing or chant. After the expiration of the ſeven years, the Abbot takes the advice of his brethren, and if they think the probationer's manners and life entitle him to a ſolitary life above, above he is ſent,—but not, perhaps, without being enjoined to wait upon ſome old hermit, who is paſt doing the neceſſary offices of life for himſelf.——Their habit,

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as I ſaid before, is brown, and they wear long beards; but ſometimes the hermits are admitted into holy orders, and then they wear black, and ſhave their beards: however, they are not actually fixed to the lonely habitations at firſt, but generally take ſeven or eight months trial. Many of the abbés, whoſe power, you may be ſure, is very great, and who receive an homage from the inferiors, very flattering, have, nevertheleſs, often quitted their power in the great Houſe, for a retirement above. They obſerve religiouſly their abſtinence from all ſorts of fleſh; nor are they permitted to eat but within their cells. When any of them are very ill, they are brought down to the convent; and all buried in one chapel, called St. Joſeph.

The lay-brothers are about fourſcore in number; they wear a brown habit, and are

are ſhaved; their duty is to diſtribute bread, wine, and other neceſſaries, to the poor and the pilgrims, and lodge them according to their condition: but many of them are ſent into remote parts of the kingdom, as well as France and other Catholic countries, to collect charity; while thoſe who continue at home, aſſiſt in getting in their corn, and fetching proviſions from the adjacent towns, for which purpoſes they keep upwards of fifty mules.—Theſe men too have a ſuperior among them, to whom they are all obedient.

There is alſo a number of children and young ſtudents, educated at the convent, who are taken in at the age of ſeven or eight years, many of whom are of noble families; they all ſleep in one apartment, but ſeparate beds, where a lamp conſtantly burns, and their decent de-

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portment is wonderful. Don Juan de Cardonna, admiral of the galleys, who ſuccoured Malta when it was beſieged by the Turks, was thus bred at *Montſerrat*, and when he wrote to the Abbé, " Re-" commend me," he ſaid, " to the pray-" ers of my little brethren."

As I have already told you of the miracle of a murthered and violated virgin coming to life, and of a child of three months old ſaying, *Guerin, riſe, thy ſins are forgiven thee*; perhaps you will not like to have further proofs of what miracles are wrought here, or I could give you a long liſt, and unanſwerable arguments to prove them.

Frere Benoît d' Arragon was a hermit on this mountain, whoſe ſanctity of life has made his name immortal in the hermitage of St. Croix, where the

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the following ſketch of his life is thus engraven.

" Occidit hac ſacrâ Frater Benedictus in æde,
" Inclytus & fama, & religione ſacer.
" Hic ſexaginta & ſeptem caſtiſſimus annos,
" Vixit in his ſaxis, te, Deus alme, precans.
" Uſque ſenex, ſenio manſit curvatus & annis,
" Corpus humo retulit, venerat unde prius.
" Aſt anima exultans, clarum repetivit olympum,
" Nunc ſedet in ſummo glorificata throno."

It appears, that Lewis XIV. king of France, gave a certain ſum to this convent, to ſay maſs and pray for the ſoul of his deceaſed mother; the ſum however was not large, being ſomething under fifty pounds; this donation is recorded in the chapel of *St. Louis*, upon a braſs lamp.

P. S. The time that this wonderful mountain became the habitation of a religious community, may be pretty nearly aſcertained by the following ſingular

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epitaph, on a beautiful monument, ſtill legible in the great church of *Tarragona*.

" *Hic quieſcit Corpus ſanctæ memoriæ*
" *Domini Joannis, filii Domini Jacobi, Re-*
" *gis Arragonum, qui decimo ſeptimo anno*
" *ætatis ſuæ factus Archiepiſcopus Toleta-*
" *nus, ſic dono ſcientiæ infuſus divinitûs &*
" *gratia prædicationis floruit, quod nullus*
" *ejuſdem ætatis in hoc ei ſimilis crederetur.*
" *Carnem ſuam jejuniis & ciliciis macerans,*
" *in vigeſimo octavo anno ætatis ſuæ factus*
" *Patriarcha Alexandrinus & Adminiſtra-*
" *tor Eccleſiæ Tarraconenſis, ordinato per*
" *eum, inter multa alia bona opera,* novo
" Monaſterio ſcalæ Dei *Dioceſſis Tarra-*
" *conenſis, ut per ipſam ſcalam ad Cælum*
" *aſcenderet, reddidit ſpiritum Creatori*
" XIV. *kalendas Septembris, anno domini*
" MCCCXXXIV. *anno verò ætatis ſuæ*
" XXXIII. *pro quo deus tam in vita, quam*
" *poſt mortem ejuſdem, eſt multa miracula*
" *operatus.*"

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This very young Biſhop was the ſon of James II. and his Queen *Dona Blanca*; and that he was Prior of the monaſtery of Montſerrat, appears in their archives; for I find the names of ſeveral hermits of this mountain, that came down to pay homage to him.——*Dederunt obedientiam domino Joanni, Patriarchæ Alexandrino, & adminiſtratori prioratus Montis Serrati,* &c.— It is therefore probable, that he was the firſt Prior, and that the convent was built about the year 1300; but that the mountain was inhabited by hermits, or men who retired from the world many ages before, cannot be doubted.

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LETTER XXXII.

I Have had (ſince I mentioned the Spaniſh Ladies in a former letter) an opportunity of ſeeing ſomething more of them; what they may be at *Madrid*, I cannot take upon me to ſay; but I am inclined to belive, that notwithſtanding what you have heard of Spaniſh beauty, you would find nature has not been over liberal as to the perſons of either ſex in Spain; and though tolerable good features upon a brown complexion, with very black hair, finely combed, and pinned up with two or three gold bodkins, may be very pleaſing, as a *new object*, yet a great deficiency would appear, were you to ſee the ſame women dreſſed in the high faſhions of England or France. England, for real and natural female beauty, perhaps ſurpaſſes all the world; France, for dreſs, elegance,

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elegance, and eaſe. The Spaniſh women are violent in their paſſions, and generally govern every body under their roof; huſbands who contend that point with them, often finiſh their days in the middle of a ſtreet, or in a priſon; on the other hand, I am told, they are very liberal, compaſſionate, and charitable*. They have at *Barcelona* a fine theatre, and tolerable good muſic; but the actors of both ſexes are execrable beyond all imagination: their firſt woman, who they ſay is rich, by means of one *talent or other*, (for ſhe, like my little Lyons water-girl, has *two talents*) is as contemptible in her perſon, as in her theatrical abilities: it is no wonder, indeed; for theſe people are often taken from ſome of thoſe gipſey troops, I ſhall mention hereafter, and have, conſequent-

* *Mandoza*, Ambaſſador to Queen Eliſabeth, was aſtoniſhed to ſee men and women ſit promiſcuouſly in our churches, he thought it, he ſaid, a great incentive to laſciviouſneſs. A Spaniard would as readily ſend his wife to another man's bed as alone to church with her; opportunity in Spain, is conſidered as——ALL SUFFICIENT.

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ly, no other qualifications for the ſtage, but impudence inſtead of confidence, and ignorance inſtead of a liberal education. Perhaps you will conclude, that the theatre at *Madrid* affords much better entertainment; on the contrary, I am well aſſured it is in general much worſe: a Gentleman who underſtands the language perfectly, and who went to *Madrid* with no other view but to gratify his curioſity, in ſeeing what was worthy of notice there, went only once to the theatre, where the heat of the houſe, and the wretchedneſs of the performance, were equally intolerable; nor are the ſubjects very inviting to a ſtranger, as they often perform what they call "*Autos Sacramentales*,"—*ſacramental repreſentations*. The people of faſhion, in general, have no idea of ſerving their tables with elegance, or eating delicately; but rather, in the ſtile of our fore-fathers, without ſpoon or fork, they uſe their own fingers, and give drink from the

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glaſs of others; foul their napkins and cloaths exceedingly, and are ſerved at table by ſervants who are dirty, and often very offenſive. I was admitted, by accident, to a Gentleman's houſe of large fortune, while they were at dinner; there were ſeven perſons at a round table, too ſmall for five; two of the company were viſitors; yet neither their dinner was ſo good, nor their manner of eating it ſo delicate, as may be ſeen in the kitchen of a London tradeſman. The deſſert (in a country where fruit is ſo fine and ſo plenty) was only a large diſh of the ſeeds of *pomegranates*, which they eat with wine and ſugar. In truth, Sir, an Engliſhman, who has been in the leaſt accuſtomed to eat at genteel tables, is, of all other men, leaſt qualified to travel into other kingdoms, and particularly into Spain; eſpecially, if what Swift ſays be true, that "a nice man is a "man of dirty ideas."—I know not the reaſon, whether it proceeds from climate,

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or food, or from the neglect of the poorer order of the people; but *head-combing* ſeems to be a principal part of the day's buſineſs among the women in Spain, and it is generally done rather publicly.—The moſt lively, chearful, neat young woman, I ſaw in Spain, lived in the ſame houſe I did at *Barcelona*; ſhe had a good complexion, and, what is very uncommon, rather light hair; and though perfectly clean and neat in her apparel, yet I obſerved a woman, not belonging to the houſe, attended every morning to comb this girl's head, and I believe it was *neceſſary* to be combed. I could not very well aſk the queſtion; but I ſuſpect that there are people by profeſſion called *head-combers*; every ſhop door almoſt furniſhes you with a ſpecimen of that buſineſs; and if it is ſo common in *Barcelona*, among a rich and induſtrious people, you may imagine, it is infinitely more ſo, among the ſlothful part of the inland cities and ſmaller

ler towns;—but this is not the only objection a ſtranger (and eſpecially an Engliſh Proteſtant) will find to Spain; the common people do not look upon an Engliſhman as a Chriſtian; and the life of a man, not a Chriſtian, is of no more importance in their eyes, than the life of a dog: it is not therefore ſafe for a proteſtant to truſt himſelf far from the maritime cities, as an hundred unforeſeen incidents may ariſe, among people ſo ignorant and ſuperſtitious, to render it very unſafe to a man known to be a Proteſtant. If it be aſked, how the Conſuls, Engliſh merchants, &c. eſcape?——I can give no other reaſon than what a Spaniard gave me, when I put that queſtion to him: ——"Sir," ſaid he, "we have men "here, (meaning Barcelona) who are "Proteſtants all day, and Papiſts all "night; and we have a chapel where "they go, into which no other people "are

"are admitted*." However, I was convinced, before I went into Spain this time, from what I remembered formerly, that it was ſo neceſſary to appear a good Catholic, that I always carried a little crucifix or two, ſome beads, and other *accidental* marks of my faith; and where I ſtaid any time, or, indeed, where I ſlept upon the road, I took occaſion to let ſome of thoſe *powerful protectors* be ſeen, as it were, by chance;—it is very neceſſary to avail one's ſelf of ſuch innocent frauds, in a country where innocence itſelf may not be ſufficient to ſhield you from the fury of religious bigotry, where people think they are ſerving God, by deſtroying men: The beſt method to ſave yourſelf, is by ſerving God in the ſame manner they

* When a young man, Mr. Curtoys's nephew, went to ſhow me the city, he always *avoided* taking me into their churches; *another time*, he ſaid, would be as well: this young man has ſince his uncle's death, publicly embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and in conſequence thereof, is likely to be promoted at court.

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they do, till you are out of their power. I really thought, that Philoſophy and Reaſon entered into Spain at the ſame gates at which the Jeſuits were turned out of the kingdom; and, I ſuppoſe, ſome did; but it muſt be many years before it is ſufficiently diffuſed over the whole nation *, to render it a country like France; where men, who behave with decency and decorum, may live, or paſs through, without the leaſt apprehenſion or inconvenience on the ſcore of religion; if they do not meddle with politics or fortifications.

That

* It is ſaid that the Spaniards (being a mixed people) deſcending from the Goths, Moors, Jews, and ancient Spaniards, borrowed ſuperſtition from the Jews; melancholy from the Moors; pride from the Goths, and from the original natives, a deſire and thirſt of the firſt of all earthly bleſſings—*Liberty*. One inſtance of their pride may be ſeen in Berkley's *Icon Animarum*, who ſays, that a cobbler being upon his death bed, gave in charge to his eldeſt ſon, above all things, to endeavour to preſerve and retain the majeſty of ſo great a family.

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That you may not imagine my ſuſpicions of the danger of paſſing through Spain are ill founded, I will relate what happened to two Engliſh Gentlemen of faſhion at *Murcia*, as I had it from the mouth of one of them lately:—They had procured letters of recommendation from ſome friends to the *Alguazil*, or chief magiſtrate of that town; and as there were ſome unfavourable appearances at their firſt entering *Murcia*, and more ſo at their *poſada*, they thought it right to ſend their letters directly to the *Alguazil*; who, inſtead of aſking them to his houſe, or viſiting them, ſent a ſervant to ſay he was ill, and who was directed to invite them to go that night to the comedy: they thought it right, however, to accept the invitation, extraordinary as it was: the *Alguazil's* ſervant conducted them to the theatre, and paid (for he was directed ſo to do, he ſaid) for their admittance; and

having conducted his ſtrangers into the pit, he retired. The comedy was then begun; but, nevertheleſs, the eyes of the whole houſe were turned upon them, and their's, to their great aſtoniſhment, upon the *ſick Alguazil* with his whole family. Thoſe near whom they at firſt ſtood, retired to ſome diſtance: they could not, he ſaid, conſider the manner in which they were looked at, and retired from, but to ariſe from diſguſt or diſlike, more than from curioſity. This reception, and the manner in which they had been ſent there, deprived them of all the amuſement the houſe afforded; for though the performers had no great excellence, there was, among the female part of the audience, more beauty than they expected. Mr. B——, one of the Gentlemen, at length diſcovered near him in the pit a man whom he knew to be an Iriſhman, and in whoſe countenance he plainly perceived a deſire to ſpeak, but ſeemed withheld

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held by prudence. At length, however, he got near enough to his countryman to hear him ſay, without appearing to addreſs himſelf to any body, "*Go hence! go hence!*" They did ſo; and the next morning, though it was a fine town, which they wiſhed to examine, and to ſpend ſome time in, ſet off early for *Carthagena*, where they had ſome particular friends, to whom they related the *Alguazil's* very extraordinary behaviour, as well as that of the company at the theatre. It was near the time of the Carnival at *Carthagena:* the conduct of *Don Marco* to the two gentlemen ſtrangers, became the ſubject of converſation, and indeed of indignation, among the Spaniards of that civilized city; and the *Alguazil*, who came to the Carnival there ſoon after, died by the hands of an aſſaſſin; he was ſtabbed by a maſk in the night. Now ſuppoſe this man loſt his life at *Carthagena*, for his ill behaviour to the two ſtrangers

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ſtrangers at *Murcia*, or for any other cauſe, it is very certain, if natives are ſo liable to aſſaſſination, ſtrangers are not very ſecure.

P. S. To give you ſome idea of the addreſs of the pulpit oratory in Spain, about ſixty or ſeventy years ago, (and it is not in general much better at preſent) take the following ſpecimen, which I aſſure you, is ſtrictly true:—

A preacher holding forth in the place called *Las Manzanas* at Madrid, after informing his auditors of the ſufferings of Jeſus Chriſt, added,—and is it not ſtrange, that we ſtill continue to ſin on, and live without repentance? O Lord God! ſaid he, why ſuffereſt thou ſuch ungrateful and wretched ſinners to live?—And inſtantly giving himſelf a violent box on the ear, the whole aſſembly followed his example, and four thouſand *ſoufflets* were given and received in the twinkling of an eye.

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eye.—A French Ambaſſador, from whoſe *Memoires* I take this ſtory, was upon that inſtant burſting out in laughter, at the pious ceremony, had he not been checked by one of his friends, who happened to ſtand near, and who aſſured him, that neither his rank nor character would have ſaved him, had he been ſo indiſcreet, for the enraged populace would have cut him in a thouſand pieces! whereupon he hid his face in his handkerchief, and boxed his own ears more for the love of himſelf, than from gratitude to his Redeemer.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXIII.

THERE are in Spain twelve councils of ſtate, viz. of *War*, of *Caſtile*, of the *Inquiſition*, of the royal orders of *St. Iago*, of *Arragon*, of the *Indies*, of the chamber of *Caſtile*, of the *Cruzada*, of the *State* of *Italy*, of the *Finances and Treaſure*, and laſtly, that (of no uſe) of *Flanders*.

The council of *War* is compoſed of experienced men of various orders, who are thought capable of adviſing upon that ſubject, and not of any determinate number.

That of *Caſtile* has a preſident and ſixteen other members, beſide a ſecretary and inferior officers; it is the firſt of all the councils, and takes cognizance of civil as well as criminal matters. The king

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calls this council only OUR council, to mark its ſuperiority to all others. The preſident is a man of great authority, and is treated with the utmoſt reſpect; nor does he ever viſit any body.

The council of the *Inquiſition*, eſtabliſhed by *Don Fernando* in 1483, has an inquiſitor general for its preſident, who is always a *Grandée* of the firſt condition; he has ſix counſellors, who are called apoſtolic inquiſitors. This court, (the power of which has, fortunately for mankind, been of late years greatly abridged) has a great number of inferior officers, as well as *holy ſpies*, all over the kingdom, particularly at *Seville*, *Toledo*, *Valladolid*, *Barcelona*, and other places, where theſe horrid tribunals are fixed. Each is governed by three counſellors, who, however, are dependant on that of Madrid; and to whom they are obliged every month to give a particular account of what has paſſed

paſſed through their hands. Theſe men have now no power to impriſon a prieſt, a religious, nor even a gentleman, without obtaining the conſent of the ſupreme court above; they meet at *Madrid* twice every day, and two of the king's council always attend at the afternoon meeting.

Of the council of the three royal orders of Spain, that of *Santiago* is the firſt; the other two are *Calatrava* and *Alcantara*. It is compoſed of a preſident, ſix counſellors, and other officers.

The preſident of the council of *Arragon* is called the vice chancellor, who is aſſiſted by nine counſellors, and inferior officers. This council attends to the public ſtate of the kingdom of *Arragon*, as well as to the iſlands of *Majorca*, *Ivica*, &c.

The council of the *Indies* was eſtabliſhed in 1511, for the conſervation and augmen-

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tation of the new kingdoms discovered by *Columbus* in South America, in 1492; and where the Spaniards have at this time four thousand nine hundred leagues of land, including *Mexico* and *Peru*; these lands are divided into many kingdoms and provinces, in which they had built, in the year 1670, upwards of eight thousand churches, and more than a thousand convents. They have there a patriarch, six archbishops, thirty-two bishops, and three tribunals of the inquisition. This council is composed of a president, a grand chancellor, and twelve counsellors, a treasurer, secretary, advocates, agents, and an infinite number of inferior officers. They meet twice a week, to regulate all the affairs, both by land and sea, relative to that part of the king's dominions.

The council of the *Cruzada* is composed of a president, who is called the commissary general, and who has great privileges.

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privileges. The clergy are obliged to pay ſomething annually to it; and if any one finds a purſe of money in the ſtreets, they are obliged to deliver it to the ſecretary of this council.

The council of *State* is compoſed of men of the firſt birth and underſtanding about the court. The king preſides, and is aſſiſted by the archbiſhop of *Toledo*. This council is not confined to any certain number; they meet three times a week, to deliberate on the moſt important affairs of the kingdom.

The council of *Italy* attends to the affairs of *Naples*, *Sicily*, and *Milan*; it is compoſed of a preſident, and ſix counſellors, three of whom are Spaniards, one Neapolitan, one Italian, and one Sicilian; each of which have their ſeparate charge on the affairs of thoſe countries.

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The council of *Finances and Treaſure* is compoſed of a preſident, who is called *preſidente de la hazienda*, that is, ſuperintendant of the finances; eight counſellors, and a great number of other officers, beſide treaſurers, controllers, &c. who have a great ſhare of the moſt important affairs of the nation to regulate; they hear cauſes, and are not only entruſted with the treaſures of the kingdom, but with adminiſtration of juſtice to all the king's ſubjects. You may eaſily judge what a number of officers compoſe this council, when I tell you, that they have twenty-ſix treaſurers.

The council of *Flanders* have now only the *name*; as the king of England bears that of France.—The form and manner which men, high in office or blood, obſerve in paying or receiving viſits, is very ſingular: the inquiſitor-general, for inſtance, has ſeveral black lines marked upon the floor of his ante-chamber, by which he

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he limits the civilities he is to ſhow to men, according to the rank or office they bear: he has his *black* marks for an ambaſſador, an envoy, &c. When people of condition at Madrid propoſe to make a viſit, it is previouſly announced by a page, to know the day and hour they can be received; and this ceremony is often uſed on ordinary viſits, as well as thoſe of a more public nature: the page too has his coach to carry him upon theſe errands. I have ſeen the account of a viſit made by the Cardinal of *Arragon* to the Admiral of *Caſtile*, the train of which filled the whole ſtreet; he was carried by ſix ſervants in a magnificent chair, and followed by his body coach drawn by eight mules, attended by his gentlemen, pages, eſquires, all mounted on horſeback, and arrayed in a moſt ſumptuous manner. Every order of men aſſume an air of importance in Spain. But the moſt extraordinary circumſtance, relative to mere uſeleſs form, is related

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by one who accompanied the young King Philip V. and grandſon to Lewis XIV. when he took poſſeſſion of the crown of Spain, where upon a particular day in each week, the king found all the grandees and firſt people aſſembled in the great hall of the palace. When the king entered, the preſident called out, *Levantarſe*, (riſe) they roſe:—*Deſcobijar*, (uncover)—They uncovered, *Sentor* (ſit down) they ſat down. When theſe *important* matters had been gone through with much *ſolemnity*. What think you of the next word of command, *Deſpedir?*—Which was, begone!—They went. *Don Franciſco de Velaſco*, having preſented a petition to the king, without any notice being taken of it, delivered another to *Cardinal Portocarréro*, who refuſed to hear him; he then applied to the preſident of the council of Caſtile, who ſaid he knew nothing of the matter, and laſtly, he beſought the Duke de Harcourt, the French King's Ambaſſador,

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dor, who declined interfering in the buſineſs. What a government! exclaimed *Velaſco*;

Un Roi qui ne parle pas!
Un Cardinal qui n'ecoute pas!
Un Preſident de Caſtille, qui ne peut pas!
And un Ambaſſadeur de France, qui ne veut pas!

This remark of *Velaſco's* was the ſubject of much mirth at that time, not only in Spain, but in France and England alſo.

The Princeſs *des Urſins*, a woman of high birth and of imperious deportment, told Marſhal de Noailles, that ſhe had the honour to give the King his robe de chambre when he went to bed, and to carry his ſlippers and draw his curtains before he roſe; but complained bitterly to the Marſhal, that the *Count de Benavente* required her to take the King's ſword when ſhe carried in the *pot de chambre*,

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bre, as ſhe had a *lamp* to carry at the ſame time, the oil of which ſhe had frequently ſpilled, and thereby ſoiled or ſpoiled her garments. The King never roſe till this Lady had drawn his curtains, and it would have been death, for any perſon elſe to have entered the bed-chamber while the Queen was in bed; or ſhould the Queen (which was once the caſe) fall from her horſe, there ſhe muſt lie till the King himſelf picks her up. It would be a ſacrilegious crime for any man elſe to touch her. Theſe important *nothings*, begin above, and deſcend even to the loweſt order of men, for I have been aſſured, that when a ſhoemaker has been called upon to make a pair of ſhoes, he would not undertake the work till he had firſt enquired of *Dona*, his wife, whether there was any money in the houſe? If ſhe anſwered in the affirmative, he would not work. Even the beggars do not give up this univerſal privilege, as the following inſtance

inſtance will evince:——A foreigner of faſhion, who was reading in a bookſeller's ſhop in Madrid, was accoſted by one of the town beggars, who in an arrogant manner aſked his charity, in terms which implied a demand rather than a favour. The ſtranger made no reply, nor did he take the leaſt notice, but determined to continue reading, and diſmiſs the inſolent beggar by his ſilent contempt: this increaſed the beggar's hardineſs; he told him, he might find time enough to read after he had attended to his requeſt, and what he had to ſay. But ſtill the gentleman read on, and diſregarded his rudeneſs. At length, the beggar ſtept up to him, and with an air of the utmoſt inſolence, at the ſame time taking him hold by the arm, added, What! neither charity, nor courteſy? By this time the ſtranger loſt all patience, and was going to correct him for his temerity:—Stop, Sir, (ſaid the beggar, in a lower tone of voice) hear me;

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me;—pardon me, Sir; do you not know me? No, certainly; replied the ſtranger. But, ſaid he, you ought, for I was ſecretary to an embaſſy in a certain capital, where we lived together in intimacy; and then told him his name, and the particular misfortunes which had reduced him to that condition; he expreſſed himſelf with art, addreſs, and eloquence, and ſucceeded in getting money from the gentleman, though he could not convince him that he was his old acquaintance.

There are in Spain an infinite number of ſuch ſort of beggars, who are men of ſenſe and letters, and ſo *au fait* in the art, that they will not be denied. The grand ſecret of the art of begging is in perſeverance; and all the *well-bred* part of beggars do not deſpair, though they have ten refuſals. But the worſt ſort of beggars in Spain, are the troops of male and female gypſies: theſe are the genuine breed, and differ

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differ widely from all other gypſies, and, I may ſay, from all other human beings *. In Spain I often met troops of theſe people; and when that interview happens, in roads very diſtant from towns or dwellings, the interview is not very pleaſing; for they aſk as if they knew they were not to be refuſed; and, I dare ſay, often commit murthers, when they can do it by ſurpriſe. Whenever I ſaw any of theſe people, I walked with a gun in my hand, and near to the ſide of my chaiſe, where there were piſtols viſible; and by ſhowing them I was not afraid, or at leaſt, making them believe ſo, they became afraid of us. They are extremely ſwarthy, with hair as black as jet; and form a very pictureſque ſcene under the ſhade of thoſe rocks and trees,

* The gypſies found in Germany, in Spain, and in England, throughout Europe, are a very remarkable people, and very unlike the natives; even here, though they have mixed very much with our people, they are ſtill ſtrangely different from us in complexion, &c. &c.

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trees, where they ſpend their evenings; and live in a manner by no means diſagreeable, in a climate ſo ſuitable to that ſtyle of life, and where bread, water, and idleneſs, is certainly preferable to better fare with hard labour. It is owing to this univerſal indolence, that the roads, the inns, and every thing, but what is abſolutely neceſſary, is neglected in Spain, yet, bad as the roads are, they are better than the *poſadas*, or inns. *El ſalir de la poſada, es la mejor journada*,—"*the beſt part of the journey*, ſay the Spaniards, *is the getting out of the poſada*," to which I ſincerely ſubſcribe. For as neither king or people are at much expence to make, or mend the high roads, except juſt about the capital cities, they are dry or wet, rough or ſmooth, ſteep or rugged, juſt as the weather or the ſoil happens to favour or befoul them. —Now, here is a riddle for your ſon;

I know he is an adept, and will ſoon overtake me.

I'm rough, I'm ſmooth, I'm wet, I'm dry;
My ſtation's low, my title's high;
The King my lawful maſter is.
I'm us'd by all, though only his:
My common freedom's ſo well known,
I am for that a proverb grown.

The roads in Spain, are, like thoſe in Ireland, very *narrow*, and the leagues very long. When I complained to an Iriſh ſoldier of the length of the miles, between Kinſale and Cork, he acknowledged the truth of my obſervation; but archly added, that though they were *long*, they were but *narrow*.—Three Spaniſh leagues make nearly twelve Engliſh miles; and, conſequently, ſeventeen Spaniſh leagues make nearly one degree. The bad roads, ſteep mountains, rapid rivers, &c. occaſion moſt of the goods and merchandiſe, which are carried from one part of the kingdom to the other, to be conveyed on mule-

mule-back, and each mule has generally a driver; and as theſe drivers have their fixed ſtages from *poſada* to *poſada*, ſo muſt the gentlemen travellers alſo, becauſe there are no other accommodations on the roads but ſuch houſes; the ſtables therefore at the *poſadas* are not only very large, but the beſt part of the building, and are the lodging-rooms of man and beaſt; for all the muleteers ſleep there, with their clothes on, upon a bundle of ſtraw: but while your ſupper is preparing, the kitchen is crowded with a great number of theſe dirty fellows, whoſe clothes are full of vermin; it would be impoſſible, therefore, for even a good cook to dreſs a diſh, with any decency or cleanlineſs, were ſuch a cook to be found; for, excluſive of the numbers, there is generally a quarrel or two among them, and at all times a noiſe, which is not only tireſome, but frequently alarming. Theſe people, however, often carry large ſums of money, and though they

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they are dirty, they are neither poor nor diſhoneſt.—I was told in France, to beware of the *Catalans*; yet I frequently left many looſe things in and about my chaiſe, where fifty people lay, and never loſt any thing.

When I congratulated myſelf in a letter to my brother, upon finding in Wales a Gentleman of the name of Cooke*, whoſe company, converſation, and acquaintance, were ſo perfectly pleaſing to me; my brother obſerved, however, that my Welch *friend* was not a *Welchman*, for, ſaid he, "there are no COOKS in Wales;" —but this obſervation may be with more juſtice applied to Spain; for I think there are no COOKS in Spain; but there are, what is better, a great number of honeſt, virtuous men: I look upon the true, genuine Spaniards to be as reſpectable men as any in Europe; and that, among the

* John Cooke, Eſq; of Goytre, near Abergavenny.

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lower order of them, there is more honour and honeſty than is to be found among more poliſhed nations; and, I dare ſay, there were an hundred Spaniards at *Barcelona*, had they been as well informed about my identity as Meſſrs. Curtoys and Wombwell, that would have changed my notes, or lent me money without.

P. S. The tour through Spain and Portugal by UDAL ap RHYS, grandfather to the now Mr. Price of Foxley in Herefordſhire, abounds with many flagrant falſehoods; and *like mine* it was written, indeed, as many modern travels are, over a pipe, in his own chimney corner. DON UDAL, never was in Spain.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXIV.

Nismes.

MONSIEUR *L'Anglois* having ſent me back my *paſſa-porta*, ſigned by *Don Philipe Cabanes*, the Captain-General of *Barcelona*, accompanied by a very kind and friendly letter, I determined to quit the only place in Spain which had afforded me any permanent pleaſure or amuſement. We accordingly ſet off the next day for *Martorel*, and went to the Three Kings, where our Italian hoſt, whoſe extortions I have complained of before, received us with a face of the utmoſt diſdain; and, though he had no company in his houſe, put us into much worſe apartments than thoſe we had occupied before. I ordered ſomething for ſupper, and left it to him, as he had given us a very good one on our way to *Montſerrat*, but he was not only

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determined to puniſh us in lodging, but in eating alſo, and ſent only four little mutton cutlets, ſo ſmall, that they were not ſufficient for one, inſtead of four perſons; we pretended, however, not to perceive his inſolence, that he might not enjoy our puniſhment; and the next day, as I was deſirous of looking about me a little, we removed to another *poſada*; where, about noon, a Canon of great eccleſiaſtical preferment arrived, with a coach, ſix mules, and a large retinue, to dinner: the Canon had no more the marks of a gentleman than a muleteer; and he had with him two or three perſons of no better appearance. While his dinner, a kind of *olla*, was preparing, I went into the kitchen, where the ſmell of the rancid oil, with which it was dreſſed, would have dined two or three men of moderate or tender ſtomachs; nor had he any other diſh. There was behind his coach a great quantity of bedding, bedſteads, &c. ſo you will

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will perceive he travelled *comme il faut*. His livery ſervants were numerous, and had on very ſhort livery coats, with large ſleeves, and ſtill ſhorter waiſts. After he had eat a dinner enough to poiſon a pack of hounds, he ſet off in great pomp for *Barcelona*,—a city I paſſed the next day with infinite pleaſure, without entering its inhoſpitable gates; which I could not have done, had not *Monſieur L'Anglois* ſaved me that mortification by getting my *paſſa-porta refreſhed*. I confeſs, Sir, that while I paſſed under the fortifications of that city, which the high road made neceſſary, I felt, I knew not why, a terror about me, which my frame is in general a ſtranger to; and rather riſqued two hours night travelling, bad and dangerous as the roads were, than ſleep within four leagues of it; ſo that it was ten o'clock before we got to *Marteroy*, (commonly called) *Mattareau*, a little city by the ſea ſide, where we had lodged on our way *to Barcelona*.

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The proceeded next day we on the ſame delightful ſea coaſt we had before paſſed, and through the ſame rich villages, on our way to *Girone*, *Figuiere*, &c. and avoided that horrid *poſada* where the Frenchman died, by lying at a worſe houſe, kept by better people; but having bought a brace of partridges, and ſome *red fiſh* on the road*, we fared ſumptuouſly, except in beds, which were ſtraw mattraſſes, very hard, and the room full of wet Indian corn; but we were no ſooner out of our *poſada*, than the climate, the beautiful coaſt, and the ſmooth clear ocean made us ample amends for the *poſada* grievances.

It is contrary to the law of Spain, to bring more than a certain quantity of Spaniſh gold, or ſilver out of the kingdom, and

* The red fiſh I find by the ingenious Mr. Carter, (I wiſh I could call him fellow-traveller in Spain) are called by the Spaniards *Salmonettes*.

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and as I had near an hundred pounds in gold *Duros*, about the ſize of our quarter guineas, I endeavoured to change them at *Figuiere*, but I found ſome very artful, I may ſay roguiſh, ſchemes laid, to defraud me, by a pretended difficulty to get French money, and therefore determined to proceed with it to *Jonquiere*, the laſt village, where it was not very probable I could find ſo much French money. I therefore had a very large French *queüe* made up, within which the greater part of my Spaniſh gold was bound; and as the weight *made* me hold up my *tête d'or*, the cuſtom-houſe officers there, who remembered my entrance into Spain, found half a crown put into their hands, leſs trouble than examining my baggage gratis; they accordingly *paſſed* me on my way to *Bellegarde*, without even opening it; and we found the road up to that fortreſs, though in the month of December, full as good as when we had paſſed it in the ſummer;

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and after descending on the French side, and crossing the river, got to the little *auberge* at *Boulou*, the same we had held too bad when we went into Spain, even to eat our breakfast at; but upon our return, worthy of being a place of rest, and we accordingly staid there a week: beds with curtains, rooms with chimnies, and paper windows, though tattered and torn, were luxuries we had been unaccustomed to.—But I must not omit to tell you, that on our road down, on the French side of the *Pyrenees*, two men, both armed with guns, rushed suddenly out of the woods, and making towards us, asked, whether we wanted a guard? I was walking, perhaps fortunately at that time, with my fusil in my hand, and my servant had a double barrelled pistol in his; and therefore we forbid them to approach us, and told them, we had nothing to lose but our lives, and that if they did not retire, we should look upon them as people who meant

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meant to plunder, rather than to protect us: they accordingly retired into the woods, and I began to believe they had no evil intent; but finding an *Exempt* of the *Maréchauſſée* at *Boulon*, I told him what had paſſed, and aſked him whether his men attended upon that road, in coloured clothes, or any others were allotted, to protect or guard travellers? He aſſured me there were no ſuch people of any kind; that his men always moved on horſeback, in their proper character, and ſuſpected *our guard* would have been very troubleſome, had they found us *off our guard*; but he did not offer, nor did I aſk him, to ſend after them, though he was a very civil, ſenſible man, who had been three years on duty in *Corſica*; and, conſequently, his company, for the week we ſtaid in ſuch a poor town, was very agreeable. And as *Monſieur Bernard*, or ſome officer of the *Maréchauſſée*, is always in duty at this town, I would adviſe thoſe who enter

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into Spain, by that route, to procure a couple of thoſe men to eſcort them up to *Bellegarde*—an attention which no officer in France will refuſe to ſhow ſtrangers when it is not incompatible with his duty.

The rapid water at this town, which I had paſſed going into Spain, was now lower than uſual. Here too my horſe, as well as his maſter, lived truely *in clover*; and though our habitation was humble, a habitation at the very foot of the *Pyrenees* could not but be very beautiful; no part of France is more ſo; it is indeed a beautiful and noble ſight, to ſee the hanging plantations of vines, olives, and mulberry trees, warmed by a hot ſun on the ſides of thoſe mountains, the upper parts of which are covered with a perpetual ſnow. But beautiful as all that part of the country is, there was not a ſingle gentleman's houſe in the environs.

After

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After a complete week's refreſhment, we proceeded to *Perpignan* to ſpend our Chriſtmas, where we found the *Chevalier de Maigny* and his Lady, who had given us the letter of recommendation to the French Conſul at *Barcelona*, who ſhowed us thoſe marks of civility and politeneſs, French officers in general ſhow to ſtrangers. There we ſtaid a fortnight; and *Monſieur de Maigny* got me a conſiderable profit, in changing my Spaniſh gold for French.

In this town, I found an unfortunate young Iriſhman; he had been there three months, without a friend or a ſhilling in his pocket; and as he was a man of education and good breeding, I could not ſo ſoon forget my own ſituation at *Barcelona*, not to pity his; but what moſt induced me to aſſiſt him a little, was, what he feared might have had a contrary effect. When I aſked him his name, he readily anſwered, "Roach; an unfortunate name!" ſaid he;—"but, as it is my name, I will

"*wear*

"*wear it.*"—He had a well-wiſher in the town, a French watch-maker, to whom he imparted the little kindneſs I had ſhown him; and as it was not enough to conduct him on foot to the north ſide of this kingdom, the generous, but poor watch-maker, gave him as much as I had done, and he ſet off with a light heart, though *thinly clothed*, for his own country *. He had been to viſit a rich relation at Madrid; and, I believe, did not meet with ſo cordial a reception there as he expected.

At this town I drank, at a private gentleman's houſe, part of a bottle of the wine made at a little village hard by, called *Rios Alto*; the moſt delicious wine I ever taſted: but as the ſpot produces only a ſmall quantity, that which is really of the growth

* When I arrived at Calais, I found that my donation had proved fatal to Mr. Roach, he had got to Rouen, and there he and two other Engliſh adventurers, robbed a French merchant of ſix thouſand livres; they were all condemned to death, but Mr. Roach having a rich relation at Paris, he to avoid ſo great an ignominy to his family, got them all three pardoned, if being locked up in dungeons for life can be ſo called.

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growth is very ſcarce, as well as dear: it has the ſtrength of full port, with a flavour ſuperior to Burgundy.

Perpignan is the principal city of *Rouſſillon*; it is well fortified, but the works are in a ruinous condition; the ſtreets are narrow and dirty, but the Governor's, and the botanic gardens are worthy of notice; the climate is remarkably fine, and the air pure. The *Pyrenees*, which are at leaſt fifteen miles diſtant, appear to hang in a manner over the town: to ſee ſo much ſnow, and feel ſo much ſun, is very ſingular. Wood is very ſcarce and dear in that town; I frequently ſaw mules and aſſes laden with roſemary and lavendar buſhes, to ſell for firing. The barbarous language of the common people of this province, is very convenient, as they underſtand French, and can make themſelves underſtood through a great part of Spain; from which kingdom not a day paſſes but mules and carriages arrive, except when the heavy

rains

rains or ſnow obſtruct the communication. —The mules and aſſes of Spain, and this part of France, are not only very uſeful but valuable beaſts: the only way to get a valuable one of either ſort from Spain, is, to fix upon the beaſt, and promiſe a round ſum to one of the religious mendicants to ſmuggle it out of the kingdom, who covers the animal with bags, baſkets, and a variety of trumpery, as if he was going into France to collect charity; and paſſes, either by *not* being ſuſpected, or by being a *Religieux* if he is ſuſpected.

As we took exactly the ſame route from *Perpignan* to this town as we went, except leaving *Cette* a few leagues on our right; I ſhall ſay nothing of our return, but that we reliſhed our reception at the French inns, and the good cheer we found there, infinitely more than as we went; and that we were benighted for ſome hours before we got into *Montpellier*, and caught in the moſt dreadful ſtorm of rain, thunder and lightning

lightning I ever was expoſed to: I was obliged for two hours to hold my horſe's bridle on one ſide, as my man did on the other, and feel with our ſtick for the margin of the road, as it was elevated very high above the marſhy lands, and if the wheel had ſlipped over on either ſide, it muſt have overſet the chaiſe into the low lands; beſides which, the roaring of the water-ſtreams was ſo great, that I very often thought we were upon the margin of ſome river or high bridge; nor was my ſuffering quite over even after I got into the city; I could not find my former *auberge*, nor meet with any body to direct me; and the water-ſpouts which fell into the middle of thoſe narrow ſtreets, almoſt deluged us.—My poor horſe, too, found the ſteep ſtreets, ſlippery pavement, and tons of water which fell upon him, as much as he could well bear: but, as the old ſong ſays,

"Alas! by ſome degree of woe,
"We every bliſs obtain;——

So

So we found a good fire and good cheer an ample recompence for our wet jackets. —It was so very dark on the road, that though I led my horse by the head above a league, I could but seldom see it; nor do I remember in my whole life, to have met with any difficulty, which so agitated my mind:—no; not even at the *bar of the House of Lords*, I did not dread the danger so much, as the idea of tumbling my family over a precipice, without the power to assist them; or, if they were *gone*, resolution enough to *follow*.

P. S. The next day I visited *Monsieur Bougée*, whose civility I mentioned in my letter on our way to Spain; and as I declined accepting his urgent request of me and my family's dining with him; he sent me a basket of excellent wine, made from that vineyard in which I had so fortunately met him; for it was by his favour I saw what was worthy of being seen at Montpellier.

END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.

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