

JOURNEY OVER LAND

A

JOURNEY OVER LAND

TO

INDIA,

*IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.*



A  
JOURNEY OVER LAND  
TO  
INDIA,

PARTLY

BY A ROUTE NEVER GONE BEFORE BY ANY EUROPEAN,

By DONALD CAMPBELL, of Barbreck, Esq.

WHO FORMERLY COMMANDED A REGIMENT OF CAVALRY IN THE SERVICE OF  
HIS HIGHNESS THE NABOB OF THE CARNATIC.



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IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO HIS SON.

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COMPREHENDING

HIS SHIPWRECK AND IMPRISONMENT WITH HYDER ALI,

AND

HIS SUBSEQUENT NEGOCIATIONS AND TRANSACTIONS IN  
THE EAST.

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“HEU QUIBUS ILLE  
“JACTATUS FATIS.”

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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C O N T E N T S

**T**HE Events related in the following Pages, naturally became a frequent subject of conversation with my Children and my Friends. They felt so much satisfaction at the accounts which I gave them, that they repeatedly urged me to commit the whole to paper; and their affectionate partiality induced them to suppose, that the Narrative would be, not only agreeable to them, but interesting to the Public. In complying with their solicitations, I am far from being confident that the success of my efforts will justify their hopes: I trust, however, that too much will not be expected, in regard to literary composition, from a person whose life has been principally devoted to the duties of a Soldier and the service of his Country---and that a scrupulous adherence to Truth will compensate for many blemishes in style and arrangement.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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JOURNEY TO INDIA, &c.

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PART I.

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# JOURNEY TO INDIA, &c.

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## LETTER I.

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MY DEAR FREDERICK,

THE tenderness of a fond father's heart admonishes me, that I should but poorly requite the affectionate solicitude you have so often expressed, to become acquainted with the particulars of my journey over land to India, if I any longer withheld from you an account of that singular and eventful period of my life. I confess to you, my dear boy, that often when I have endeavoured to amuse you with the leading incidents and extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune which chequered the whole of that series of adventures, and observed the eager attention with which, young though you were, you listened to the recital, the tender sensibility you disclosed at some passages, and the earnest desire you

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expressed that " I should the whole relate," I have felt an almost irresistible impulse to indulge you with an accurate and faithful narrative, and have more than once sat down at my bureau for the purpose : but sober and deliberate reflection suggested that it was too soon, and that, by complying with your desire at such a very early period of your life, I should but render the great end that I proposed by it abortive, frustrate the instruction which I meant to convey, and impress the mere incident on your memory, while the moral deducible from it must necessarily evaporate, and leave no trace, or rather excite no idea, in a mind not sufficiently matured for the conception of abstract principles, or prepared by practice for the deduction of moral inferences.

I am aware that there are many people, who, contemplating only the number of your days, would consider my undertaking this arduous task, and offering it to your reflection, even now, premature : but this is a subject on which I have so long and so deliberately dwelt, which I have discussed with so much care, and examined with such impartiality, that I think I may be acquitted of vanity, though I say I am competent to form a judgment on it. The result of that judgment is, that I am determined to indulge you without further delay ; and I trust that you will not, on your part, render it an empty indulgence, but, on the contrary, by turning every circumstance to its best use, by converting every feeling which these pages may excite in your heart into matter of serious reflection, and by making every event

event (as it happens to deserve) an example to promote either emulation on the one hand, or circumspection and caution on the other, justify me in that opinion of you on which I found this determination.

I remember, that when, at an early age, I entered upon that stage of classical education at which you are now, at an earlier age, arrived---I mean, the *Æneid*---I was not only captivated with the beautiful story of the Hero, in the second Book, but drew certain inferences from parts of it, which I shall never forget, and which afterwards served to give a direction to the growth of my sentiments on occasions of a similar nature: above all, the filial piety of *Æneas* made a deep impression on my mind, and, by imperceptibly exciting an emulation in my bosom; augmented considerably the natural warmth of my affection and respect for my father. It is under the recollection of this sensation, and a firm persuasion that your heart is fully as susceptible of every tender impression, and your understanding as fit for the reception of useful history, as mine was then, that I overlook your extreme youth, and write to you as though you were an adult. If there be a thing on earth of which I can boast a perfect knowledge, it is my *FREDERICK's* heart: it has been the object of my uninterrupted study almost since it was first capable of manifesting a sensation; and, if I am not very much mistaken in it indeed, the lively interest he feels in the occurrences of his father's life, is the result, not of idle curiosity, but unbounded filial affection. Such an amiable

motive shall not be disappointed in its end; and while I discharge the duty of a parent in gratifying it, I shall be encouraged and sustained under my labours by the sanguine expectation, that he will derive from my exertions the most solid advantages in his future progress through life. As those advantages are expected also to extend to my dear boy JOHN, whose tender years disqualify him from making the same immediate reflections on the various subjects as they occur, my FREDERICK will perceive that it becomes his duty, not only as a good son, but as an affectionate brother, to assist and enforce them upon his mind, to explain to him the difficulties, and furnish him with his reasonings and inferences on them, so as that they may make, as nearly as possible, equal impressions on the heart and understanding of both.

“ Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum : ”

And though few have the felicity to be warned by other men's misfortunes or faults, because they seldom make deep impressions on their feelings, I am convinced that my sufferings and errors, as they will interest my FREDERICK's heart, and gratify his curiosity, cannot fail to enlarge his understanding, and improve his conduct.

I am my dear FREDERICK's, &c.

D. C.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R II.
 

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**H**AVING, in compliance with your reiterated solicitations, determined to give you a narrative of my journey to the East Indies, and the singular turns of fortune which befel me there, I think it necessary, on reflection, to prepare you still further for the reception of it, by proposing certain terms to be fulfilled on your part; and as, in my last, I told you that I expected you, and, with your assistance, your brother, to turn my relation to a more useful account than the gratification of mere idle curiosity, by letting the moral deducible from my errors and misfortunes strike deep and take root in your mind---so there are other things, which, though not so extremely important, are too weighty to be neglected; to which I desire to direct your attention.

I believe you must have already perceived, that the wellbeing of yourself and your brother is my first---I might, perhaps, without trespassing much upon truth, say, my only object in life; that, to the care of your education, and the cultivation of your mind, I exclusively devote my time and my thoughts; and that, to insure your future happiness, I would sacrifice every thing I have

have a right to dispose of, and risk even life itself. The time, I trust, is not far distant, when your brother will be as well qualified to understand this as you are now---when both will feel alike the important duty it enforces on you---and when your only emulation will be, who shall produce the most luxuriant harvest to reward the labours I have taken---to reward yourselves.

In order, therefore, on my part, to give every thing I do a tendency to the great object of my wishes, and induce you, on your's, to contribute your share to it, I shall give you, as I proceed in my narrative, a topographical description of the various Countries through which I shall have occasion to conduct you, and, as concisely as may be, an account of their manners, policy, and municipal institutions, so far as I have been able to collect them; which I hope will serve to awaken in you a thirst for those indispensable parts of polite education, Geography and History. I expect that you will carefully attend to those sciences, and that you will not suffer yourself, as you read my Letters, to be carried away by the rapid stream of idle curiosity from incident to incident, without time or disposition for reflection: you must take excursions, as you go along, from my Letters to your Geographical Grammar and your Maps---and, when necessary, call in the aid of your Tutor, in order to compare my observations with those of others on the same places, and by those means to acquire as determinate an idea as possible of their local situation, laws, and comparative advantages, whether of Nature or Art. You will thus enable yourself hereafter to consider how  
Society

Society is influenced, and why some Communities are better directed than others.

Here I must observe to you, that as Geography is a science to which rational conversation, as supported by Gentlemen of breeding and education, most frequently refers, the least ignorance of it is continually liable to detection, and, when detected, subjects a man to the most mortifying ridicule and contempt.

The ingenious GEORGE ALEXANDER STEEVENS has, in his celebrated Lecture upon Heads, given a most ludicrous instance of this species of ignorance, in the character of a Citizen, who, censuring the incapacity of Ministers, proposes to carry on the War on a new plan of his own. The plan is, to put the Troops in cork jackets---send them, thus equipped, to sea---and *land them in the Mediterranean*: When his companion asks him where that place lies, he calls him *fool*, and informs him that the Mediterranean is the Capital of Constantinople. Thus, my dear son, has this satirist ridiculed ignorance in pretenders to education; and thus will every one be ridiculous who betrays a deficiency in this very indispensable ingredient in forming the character of a Gentleman. But a story which I heard from a person of strict veracity, will serve more strongly to shew you the shame attendant on ignorance of those things which, from our rank, we are supposed to know; and as the fear of shame never fails to operate powerfully on a generous mind, I am sure it will serve to alarm you into industry, and application to your studies.

During

During the late American War, about that period when the KING of FRANCE was, so fatally for himself, though perhaps in the end it may prove fortunate for the interests of Mankind, manifesting an intention to interfere and join the Americans, a worthy Alderman in Dublin, reading the newspaper, observed a paragraph, intimating, that in consequence of British cruizers having stopped some French vessels at sea, and searched them, France had taken *umbrage!* The sagacious Alderman, more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and proceeded, with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother of the Board, and, with unfeigned sorrow, deplored the loss his Country had sustained, in having a place of such consequence as *UMBRAGE* ravished from it!---desiring, of all things, to be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. To this the other, after a torrent of invective against Ministers, and condolence with his afflicted friend, answered that he was utterly unable to tell him, but that he had often heard it mentioned, and of course conceived it to be a place of great importance; at the same time proposing that they should go to a neighbouring Bookfeller, who, as he dealt in Books, must necessarily know every thing, in order to have this gordian knot untied. They accordingly went; and having propounded the question, “what part of the globe *Umbrage* lay in?” the Bookfeller took a Gazetteer, and, having searched it diligently, declared that he could not find it, and said he was almost sure there was no such place in existence. To this the two Aldermen, with a contemptuous sneer, answered  
by

by triumphantly reading the paragraph out of the newspaper. The Bookfeller, who was a shroud fellow, and, like most of his Countrymen, delighted in a jest, gravely replied, that the Gazetteer being an old edition, he could not answer for it, but that he supposed *Umbrage* lay somewhere on the coast of America. With this the wife Magistrates returned home, partly satisfied: but what words can express their chagrin when they found their error--- that the unlucky Bookfeller had spread the story over the City--- that the newspapers were filled with satirical squibs upon it---nay, that a caricature print of themselves leading the City-watch to the *retaking of Umbrage*, was stuck up in every shop---and finally, that they could scarcely (albeit Aldermen) walk the streets, without having the populace sneer at them about the *taking of Umbrage!*

Thus, my child, will every one be more or less ridiculous who appears obviously ignorant of those things which, from the rank he holds in life, he should be expected to know, or to the knowledge of which vanity or petulance may tempt him to pretend.

I am sure I need not say more to you on this subject; for I think you love me too well to disappoint me in the first wish of my heart, and I believe you have too much manly pride to suffer so degrading a defect as indolence to expose you hereafter to animadversion or contempt. Remember, that as nothing in this life, however trivial or worthless, is to be procured without labour---so, above all others, the weighty and invaluable treasures of erudition are only

to be acquired by exertions vigorously made and unremittingly continued.

“ Quid munus Reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus  
 “ quam si juventutem bene erudiamus.”--- Thus said the matchless  
 TULLY. If, then, the education of youth interests so very deeply  
 a State, can it less powerfully interest him who stands in the two-  
 fold connection of a Citizen and Parent? It is the lively anxiety  
 of my mind, on this point, that obliges me to procrastinate the  
 commencement of my narrative to another Letter, and induces  
 me to entreat that you will, in the mean time, give this the  
 consideration it deserves, and prepare your mind to follow its in-  
 structions.

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### L E T T E R III.

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**A** VARIETY of unpropitious circumstances gave rise to  
 my journey to the East Indies, while domestic calamity marked  
 my departure, and, at the very outset, gave me a foretaste of  
 those miseries which Fate had reserved to let fall upon me in the  
 sequel. The channels from which I drew the means of supporting  
 my family in that style which their rank and connections obliged  
 them to maintain, were clogged by a coincidence of events as  
 unlucky

unlucky as unexpected : the War in India had interrupted the regular remittance of my property from thence : a severe shock which unbounded generosity and beneficence had given to the affairs of my father, rendered him incapable of maintaining his usual punctuality in the payment of the income he had assigned me ; and, to crown the whole, I had been deprived, by death, of two lovely children (your brother and sister), whom I loved not less than I have since loved you and your brother.

It was under the pressure of those accumulated afflictions, aggravated by the goading thought of leaving my family for such a length of time as must necessarily elapse before I could again see them, that I set out for India in the month of May, in the year 1781, with a heart overwhelmed with woe, and too surely predictive of misfortunes.

From the gloomy cave of depression in which my mind was sunk, I looked forward, to seek, in the future, a gleam of comfort ---but in vain : not a ray appeared---Melancholy had thrown her sombre shadow on the whole. Even present affliction yielded up a share of my heart to an unaccountable dismal presentiment of future ill ; and the disasters and disappointments I had passed, were lost and forgotten in ominous forebodings and instinctive presages of those that were to come.

Of all the weaknesses to which the human mind is subject, superstition is that against which I would have you guard with the utmost vigilance. It is the most incurable canker of the mind.

Under its unrelenting dominion, happiness withers, the understanding becomes obscured, and every principle of joy is blasted. For this reason I wish to account for those presages, by referring them to their true physical causes, in order thereby to prevent your young mind from receiving, from what I have written, any injurious impression, or superstitious idea of *presentiment*, as it is fashionably denominated.

If the mind of Man be examined, it will be found naturally prone to the contemplation of the future---its flights from hope to hope, or fear to fear, leading it insensibly from objects present and in possession, to those remote and in expectation---from positive good to suppositious better, or from actual melancholy to imaginary misfortune. In these cases, the mind never fails to see the prospect in colours derived from the medium through which it is viewed and exaggerated by the magnifying power of fancy. Thus my mind, labouring under all the uneasiness I have described, saw every thing through the gloomy medium of melancholy, and, looking forward, foreboded nothing but misfortune: accident afterwards fulfilled those forebodings; but accident, nay, the most trifling change of circumstances, might possibly have so totally changed the face of my subsequent progress, that good fortune, instead of misadventure, might have been my lot, and so all my foreboding been as illusory and fallible as all such phantoms of the imagination really are. Thus I argue now---and I am sure I argue truly; but if reason be not timely called in, and made, as it were,

an habitual inmate, it avails but little against the overbearing force of superstition, who, when she once gets possession of the mind, holds her seat with unrelenting tenacity, and, calling in a whole host of horrors, with despair at their head, to her aid, entrenches herself behind their formidable powers, and bids defiance to the assaults of reason.

Thus it fared with me---Under the dominion of gloomy presentiment, I left London; and my journey down to Margate, where I was to take shipping, was, as SHAKSPEARE emphatically says, “ a phantasm, or a hideous dream---and my little state of “ Man suffered, as it were, the nature of an insurrection :”---the chaos within me forbade even the approach of discriminate reflection; and I found myself on board the Packet, bound to Ostend, without having a single trace left upon my mind, of the intermediate stages and incidents that happened since I had left London.

It has been observed---and I wish you always to carry it in memory, as one of the best consolations under affliction---that human sufferings, like all other things, find their vital principle exhausted, and their extinction accelerated, by overgrowth; and that, at the moment when Man thinks himself most miserable, a benignant Providence is preparing relief, in some form or other, for him. So it, in some sort, happened with me; for I was fortunate enough to find in the Packet a fellow-passenger, whose valuable conversation and agreeable manners beguiled me insensibly  
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of the gloomy contemplation in which I was absorbed, and afforded my tortured mind a temporary suspension of pain. This Gentleman was General LOCKHART: he was going to Bruffels, to pay his court to the Emperor JOSEPH the Second, who was then shortly expected in the Low Countries, in order to go through the ceremonies of his Inauguration. As Bruffels lay in my way, I was flattered with the hopes of having for a companion a Gentleman at once so pleasing in his manners and respectable in his character, and was much comforted when I found him as much disposed as myself to an agreement to travel the whole of the way thither together. Thus, though far, very far from a state of ease, I was, when landing at Ostend, at least less miserable than at my coming on board the Packet.

As this Letter is already spun to a length too great to admit of any material part of the description I am now to give you of Ostend, and the Country to which it belongs, I think it better to postpone it to my next, which I mean to devote entirely to that subject, and thereby avoid the confusion that arises from mixing two subjects in the same Letter, or breaking off the thread of one in order to make way for the other.

Adieu, my dear boy!---Forget not your brother JOHN. That you may both be good and happy, is all the wish now left to, &c.

LETTER

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L E T T E R   I V .

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**T**HAT Country to which I am now to call your attention---I mean, the Netherlands---is marked by a greater number of political changes, and harrassed by a more continued train of military operations, than perhaps any Country in the records of Modern History. It may truly be called the Cockpit Royal of Europe, on which Tyrants, as ambition, avarice, pride, caprice, or malignity, prompted them, pitted thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of their fellow-creatures, to cut each other's throats about some point, frivolous as regarding themselves, unimportant to Mankind, and only tending to gratify a diabolical lust for dominion: Yet, under all these disadvantages, (such are the natural qualities of this Country), it has, till lately, been in a tolerably flourishing state; and would, under good government and proper protection, equal any part of Europe for richness.

Flanders, Brabant, and the Country now called the United Netherlands, were in general known by the name of Netherlands, Low Countries, or Pais-bas, from their situation, as it is supposed, in respect of Germany. Anciently, they formed a part of Belgic Gaul, of which you may remember to have read an account in  
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the Commentaries of JULIUS CÆSAR, who describes the inhabitants as the most valiant of all the Gallic Nations---“ Horum “ omnium Belgæ sunt fortissimi.” They afterwards were subject to petty Princes, and made part of the German Empire ; and, in the sixteenth century, became subject to CHARLES the Fifth of the House of Austria ; but, being oppressed beyond endurance by his son, PHILIP the Second of Spain, (that blind and furious bigot), they openly revolted---flew to arms to assert their freedom ; and, after a struggle as glorious in effect as virtuous in principle---after performing prodigies of valour, and exhibiting examples of fortitude, to which none but men fighting in the Godlike Cause of LIBERTY are competent---led on by the wisdom and valour of the PRINCE of ORANGE, and assisted by the SOVEREIGN of GREAT BRITAIN---they at length so far succeeded, that those now called the United Netherlands, entered into a solemn league, and forced the gloomy Tyrant to acknowledge their independence. But that part to which I am now particularly to allude, continued annexed to the House of Austria. In 1787, they revolted, and made a temporary struggle to disengage themselves from the dominion of the EMPEROR ; but, owing to some cabals among themselves, and the temperate conduct of that Prince, they again returned to their allegiance, and were rewarded with a general amnesty. In 1792, they were over-run by the French Army under General DUMOURIER---opened their arms to those Republicans, and were rewarded for it by oppression, tyranny, and  
injustice.

injustice. The French, however, were driven back out of the Country; and, wonderful to relate, they again received their old Master, the EMPEROR, with strong demonstrations of joy, and manifested their loyalty and attachment to him by every expression that abject hypocrisy could suggest.

“ O! how unlike their Belgic Sires of old!”

Here, could I stop with strict justice, I would---But, behold! the French again came; again they opened their gates to receive them; and again they were, with tenfold fury and rapacity, pillaged, oppressed, and insulted; and at the very time I am writing this, the Guillotine is doing its office---enforcing the payment of the most exorbitant and enormous contributions, and compelling, it is said, one hundred thousand of the ill-fated inhabitants to take the field, as soldiers of the Republic.

Human opinion is so chequered and uncertain, that two very honest men may in certain cases act in direct contradiction and hostility to each other, with the very best intentions---He, therefore, must have but a cold heart, and a contracted understanding, who cannot forgive the man that acts in such cases erroneously, when he acts from the exact dictates of his opinion, and upon the principle which he has conscientiously adopted: but when a whole People are seen whisking about with every gust of fortune, and making a new principle for every new point of convenience, we

must despise them even when they happen to act right, and can scarcely afford them so much as pity in their calamities. The Austrian Netherlands are now in that state; and, without presuming to say in which of their tergiversations they were right, I will venture to pronounce that they deserve punishment, and I believe they are in hands very likely to give them their due.

To return---Ostend is a sea-port of Austrian Flanders, and is situated in the Liberty of Bruges. It was, at one time, the strongest town in Flanders: but a double ditch and ramparts, which constituted its strength, are now destroyed; and in the place where the former stood, docks, or rather basons, extremely capacious and commodious, are formed, for the reception of shipping. The ground about the town is very low and marshy, and cut into a number of fine canals---into some of which, ships of the largest size may enter---and in one of which, vessels of great burthen may ride, even close to Bruges. The harbour here is so fortunately circumstanced, that it was once thought, by Engineers, entirely secure from a blockade; and its pristine strength can in no way be so well described, as by a relation of the defence it made in the four first years of the seventeenth century---though, near the close of the sixteenth, it was no better than an insignificant fishing town. It held out against the Spaniards for three years, two months and sixteen days. Eighty thousand men lost their lives before it, while fifty thousand were killed or died within. It at last surrendered, but on good terms; and not for want of men or provisions, but  
for

for want of ground to stand on, which the enemy took from them, at an amazing loss, step by step, till they had not room left for men to defend it. Three hundred thousand cannon-balls, of thirty pounds weight each, were fired against it; and the besieged often filled up the breaches made in their ramparts with heaps of dead bodies.

Such, my dear boy, are the miracles that men, animated with the all-subduing spirit of Liberty, can perform---Liberty! that immediate jewel of the soul---that first moving principle of all the animal creation---which, with equal power, influences the bird to beat the cage with its wings, and the lion to tear the bars of his imprisonment---the infant to spring from the tender confinement of its nurse, and the lean and shrivelled pantaloon to crawl abroad, and fly the warmth and repose of his wholesome chamber---Liberty! which, for centuries enthralled by artifice and fraud, or lulled into a slumber by the witching spirit of Priestcraft, now rises like a giant refreshed with wine---in its great efforts for emancipation, destroys and overturns systems---but, when finding no resistance, and matured by time, will, I sincerely hope, sink appeased into a generous calm, and become the blessing, the guardian and protector of Mankind!

It is your good fortune, my dear children, to be born at a time when Liberty seems to be well understood in your own Country, and is universally the prevalent passion of men. It is almost needless, therefore, for me to exhort you to make it the groundwork

of your political morality : but let me remind you to guard, above all, against the despotism of certain Tyrants, to whom many of the greatest advocates for Liberty are strangely apt to submit--I mean, your passions. Of all other Tyrants, they are the most subtle, the most bewitching, the most overbearing, and, what is worse, the most cruel. Beneath the domination of other Despots, tranquillity may alleviate the weight of your chains, and soften oppression ; but when once you become the slave of your passions, your peace is for ever fled, and you live and die in unabating misery.

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L E T T E R V.

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**T**HE pride of the English is remarked all over the globe, even to a proverb ! But pride is a word of such dubious meaning, so undefined in its sense, and strained to such various imports, that you shall hear it violently execrated by one, and warmly applauded by another---this denouncing it as a sin of the first magnitude, and that maintaining it to be the most vigilant guardian of human virtue. Those differences in opinion arise not from any defect in the intellects of either, but from each viewing the subject in that one point in which it first strikes his eye, or best suits his taste, his feeling, or his prejudices. I have no doubt, however, but a full consideration

consideration of the subject would shew, that pride, as it is called, is only good or bad as the object from which it arises is mean or magnificent, culpable or meritorious. That noble pride which stimulates to extraordinary acts of generosity and magnanimity, such as, in many instances, has distinguished, above all others, the Nobility of Spain, exacts the homage and admiration of Mankind: But I fear very much that our English pride is of another growth, and smells too rankly of that overstrained commercial spirit which makes the basis of the present grandeur of Great Britain, but which, in my humble judgment, raises only to debase her---by slow, subtle degrees, poisons the national principle, enslaves the once bold spirit of the People, detracts from their real solid felicity, and, by confounding the idea of national wealth with that of national prosperity, leads it in rapid strides to its downfall. In short, we are approaching, I fear, with daily accelerated steps, to the disposition and fordid habits of the Dutch, of whom Doctor GOLD-SMITH so very pertinently and truly speaks, when he says,

“ Ev'n Liberty itself is barter'd here !”

Without leading your mind through a maze of disquisition on this subject, which might fatigue with abstruseness and prolixity, I will bring you back to the point from which the matter started, and content myself with remarking, that the pride of the English, speaking of it as a part of the national character, is the meanest of all pride. The inflation of bloated, overgrown wealth, an over-  
weening

weening affection for money, an idolatrous worship of gain, have absolutely confounded the general intellect, and warped the judgment of the many to that excess, that, in estimating men or things, they refer always to "what is he worth?" or, "what will it fetch?" This sordid habit of thinking was finely hit off by a keen fellow, the native of a neighbouring Kingdom, who, for many years, carried on business in London, and failed:---Sitting one day in a coffee-house in the City, where some wealthy Citizens were discussing a subject not entirely unconnected with cash concerns, one of them observing him rather attentive to their conversation, turned to him, and said, "What is your opinion, Sir, of the matter?"---"'s blood, Sir!" returned he, peevishly, "what opinion can a man have in this Country, who has not a guinea in his pocket?"

Under the influence of all the various caprices inspired by this unhappy purse-pride, I am sorry to say our Countrymen do, when they go abroad, so play the fool, that they are universally flattered and despised, pillaged and laughed at, by all persons with whom they have any dealing. In France, *Mi Lor Anglois* is, or at least was, to have six times as great a profusion of every thing as any other person, and pay three hundred per cent. more for it; and the worst of it was, that a *Mi Lor* was found so conducive to their interest, that they would not, if they could help it, suffer any Englishman to go without a title---nay, would sometimes, with kindly compulsion, force him to accept of it, whether he would

or not : but if an Englishman be, above all others, the object of imposition in foreign countries, certainly none pillage him so unmercifully as his own Countrymen who are settled there. In all the places through which I have travelled, I have had occasion to remark (and the remark has been amply verified by every Gentleman I have ever conversed with on the subject), that the most extravagant houses of entertainment are those kept by Englishmen. At Ostend, as well as other places, it was so : therefore, as economy, when it does not trespass upon the bounds of genteel liberality, is the best security for happiness and respect, I advise you, whenever you shall have occasion to visit the Continent, in the first place to avoid all appearance of the purse-proud ostentation of John Bull ; and, in the next place, to avoid all English houses of entertainment.

It is a singular circumstance, and belongs, I should suppose, peculiarly to Ostend, that the charity-children of the town are permitted to come on board the vessels arrived, to beg of the passengers, one day in the week.

Before I bid adieu to Ostend, I must remark one heavy disadvantage under which it labours---the want of fresh water ; all they use being brought from Bruges. In going from Ostend to Bruges, a traveller has it in his choice to go by land, or water---If by land, he gets a good voiture for about ten shillings of our money ; the road is about fourteen or fifteen miles---If by water (the mode which I adopted, as by far the cheapest and the pleasanter), he  
travels

travels in a vessel pretty much resembling our Lord Mayor's barge, sometimes called a trackschuyt, but often le berque, or barke: it is, in truth, fitted up in a style of great neatness, if not elegance; stored with a large stock of provisions and refreshments of all kinds, and of superior quality, for the accommodation of the passengers; and has, particularly, a very handsome private room between decks, for the company to retire to, in order to drink tea, coffee, &c. &c. or play at cards. In this comfortable, I might say, delightful vehicle, as perfectly at ease as lying on a couch in the best room in London, are passengers drawn by two horses, at the rate of about four miles an hour, for about ten pence, the same length of way that it would cost ten shillings to be jumbled in a voiture over a rough paved road.

The country between Ostend and Bruges is very level, and of course destitute of those charms to a mind of taste, which abound in countries tossed by the hand of Nature into hill, dale, mountain and valley: the whole face of it, however, is, or at least then was, in so high a state of cultivation, and so deeply enriched by the hands of art and industry, aided by the natural fertility of the soil, that its appearance, though far from striking or delightful, was by no means unpleasant; and on approaching the town of Bruges, we passed between two rows of trees, beautiful, shady, and of lofty size---forming, with the surrounding objects, a scene, which, if not romantic, was at least picturesque.

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In passing through Countries groaning beneath the despotic scourge of unlimited Monarchy, where subsidies are raised, and taxes laid on *ad libitum*---where guilty distrust and suspicion, with the eyes of a lynx and the fangs of a harpy, stand sentinels at every gate, to scrutinize the harmless passenger, awake him to the clanks of his fetters, and awe him into compliance, a free-born Briton feels a cold horror creep through his whole frame: his soul recoils at the gloomily ferocious and insolently strict examination, with which a sentinel, at the entry of a town, stops, investigates, demands a passport; and, in short, puts him, *pro tempore*, in a state of durance, with all its hideous formalities and appendages, its gates, its bars, its armed ruffians, its formal professions of laws, and its utter violation of reason and of justice. Entering the town of Bruges, we were stopped by a sentinel, who, with all the saucy, swaggering air of authority, of a slave in office, demanded to know, whether we had any contraband goods? whether we were in any military capacity? whence we came? and whither we were going? with a variety of other interrogatories, to my mind equally impertinent and detestable, but which seemed to make no greater impression on the good Flemings themselves, than demanding the toll at a turnpike-gate would make on an English waggoner.

Talking over this subject, since that time, with a Gentleman who is well acquainted with all those places, he informed me, that in the war between the Emperor and the States General, some French officers, travelling through Flanders to join Count MAIL-

LEBOIS, were stopped at the gate of Bruges, and, by order of the Emperor, sent to his army, turned into the ranks, and obliged to do duty as common soldiers.---Here, my dear FREDERICK, was an act, not only despotick in itself, but aggravated by circumstances of collateral profligacy, of such enormous magnitude as bids defiance to all power of amplification, and leaves eloquence hopeless of describing it with greater force than it derives from a simple narration of the fact: on the one hand, the inroad upon the just personal rights of the individual; on the other, the rights of a Nation violated. Some men in England, judging from their own constitutional security, may disbelieve the fact: but let them consider, that the Marquis de la FAYETTE, an alien, taken upon neutral ground, is now, even now, held in illegal, unjust thralldom and persecution---let them, I say, remember this, and let their incredulity cease.

Bless your stars, my dear boy, that you were born in a Country where such outrages as these can never be perpetrated by any, and will never be approved of *but by a few.*

LETTER

LETTER VI.

**I**N my last, I carried you past a ferocious, impertinent sentinel, into the town of Bruges; and now, having got you there, I must endeavour, from the loose materials I have been able to collect, to give you a short description of it.

I had heard much of Bruges, its grandeur and its opulence; you will guess my surprize then, when, on entering it, I found nothing but an old-fashioned, ill-built, irregular town; the streets, in general, narrow and dirty, and most of the houses strongly expressive of poverty and squalid wretchedness: yet this was anciently a most flourishing city. Did the difference between the town at this time, and its state as it is represented of old, consist only in its external appearance, we might readily account for that, in the great improvements made by the Moderns in the art of house-building; but its present inferiority goes deeper, and is the result of departed commerce---commerce, that fluctuating will-with-a-wisp, that leads States in hot pursuit after it, to entrap them ultimately into mires and precipices, and which, when caught, stays till it

extinguishes the spirit of Freedom in a Nation, refines its People into feeble slaves, and there leaves them to poverty and contempt.

Perhaps there is no subject that affords an ampler field for a speculative mind to expatiate upon, than the various, and, I may say, incongruous revolutions which have chequered the progress of human society from the first records of History down to the present time. It is indeed a speculation which not only tends to improve the understanding, by calling in experience to correct the illusions of theory, but is highly instructive in a moral point of view, by pointing out the instability of the very best strictures of human wisdom, and teaching us how little reliance is to be placed upon human casualties, or earthly contingencies. Look to Greece, once the fountain-head of Arts, Eloquence, and Learning, and the mother of Freedom---her Poets, her Legislators, her Soldiers, and her Patriots, even to this day considered the brightest examples of earthly glory!---see her now sunk in slavery, ignorance, sloth, and imbecillity, below any petty Nation of Europe. Look to Rome---in her turn, the queen of Arms and Arts, the land of Liberty, the nurse of Heroes---the stage on which inflexible Patriots, accomplished Philosophers, and a free People, acted for centuries a drama that elevated Man almost above his nature!---see her now reduced to the last stage of contemptibility---even below it, to ridicule and laughter---swayed by the most contemptible imposture, and sunk into the most despicable enslavement,

enslavement, both of person and opinion---the offices of her glorious Senate performed by a kind of heteroclite being, an hermaphroditical impostor, who, deducing his right from the very dregs and offscourings of superstition and fanaticism, and aided by a set of disciples worthy of such a master, rules the People, not with the terrors of the Tarpeian rock, nor yet with that which to a Roman bosom was more terrible, banishment---but with the horrors of *eternal damnation!*---see her valiant, vigorous Soldiery converted into a band of feeble fiddlers and music-masters, and the clangor of her arms into shrill concerts of squeaking castratoes; those places where her CICERO poured forth eloquence divine, and pointed out the paths that led to true morality---where her BRUTUS and her CATO marshalled the forces of Freedom, and raised the arm of Justice against Tyrants, over-run by a knavish host of ignorant, beggarly, bald-pated Friars, vomiting, to a crowd of gaping bigots, torrents of fanatical bombast, of miracles never performed, of Gods made of wood or copper, and of Saints, that, like themselves, lived by imposture and deception!---see her triumphs and military trophies changed into processions of Priests singing psalms round wafers and wooden crucifixes; and that code of Philosophy and Religion, which operated so effectually upon the morals of her People that there was none among them found so desperate or so base as to break an oath, exchanged for the Roman Catholic branch of the Christian Faith---for dispensations for incest, indulgences for murder, fines for fornication, and an exclusive patent

patent for adultery in their priesthood. Then look to England! ---see her, who once stooped beneath the yoke of Rome, whose Chief, CARACTACUS, was carried there in chains to grace his conquerous triumphs, while herself was made the meanest of the Roman Provinces, now holding the balance of the world, the unrivalled mistress of Arms, Arts, Commerce---every thing.

It was in this irresistible mutation of things, that Bruges sunk from the high state of a most flourishing city, where there are still (unless the French have destroyed them) to be seen the remains of seventeen palaces, anciently the residences of Consuls of different Nations, each of which had distinct houses, magnificently built and furnished, with warehouses for their merchandises: and such was the power and wealth of the Citizens in those days, that it is an indubitable fact, they kept their Sovereign, the Archduke MAXIMILIAN, prisoner, affronted his servants, and abused his officers; nor would they release him until he took an oath to preserve inviolate the laws of the State. Even so late as the time I was there, Bruges had some trade---indeed as good a foreign trade as most cities in Flanders. The people seemed cheerful and happy, and the markets were tolerably supplied.

Several fine canals run in a variety of directions from Bruges: by one of them, boats can go, in the course of a summer's day, to Ostend, Nieuport, Furnes, and Dunkirk; and vessels of four hundred tuns can float in the basin of this town. Another canal leads to Ghent, another to Damme, and another to Sluys. The

water

water of those canals is stagnant, without the least motion; yet they can, in half an hour, be all emptied, and fresh water brought in, by means of their well-contrived sluices. This water, however, is never used for drinking, or even for culinary purposes; a better sort being conveyed through the town by pipes from the two rivers Lys and Scheldt, as in London; for which, as there, every house pays a certain tax.

Although the trade of this city has, like that of all the Low Countries, been gradually declining, and daily sucked into the vortices of British and Dutch commerce, there were, till the French entered it, many rich Merchants there, who met every day at noon in the great market-place, to communicate and transact business, which was chiefly done in the Flemish language, hardly any one in it speaking French; a circumstance that by this time is much altered---for they have been already made, if not to speak French, at least to sing *Ca-ira*, and dance to the tune of it too, to some purpose.

The once-famed grandeur of this city consisted chiefly, like that of all grand places in the dark periods of Popery, of the gloomy piles, the ostentatious frippery and unwieldy masses of wealth, accumulated by a long series of Monkish imposture---of Gothic structures, of enormous size and sable aspect, filled with dreary cells, calculated to strike the souls of the ignorant and enthusiastic with holy horror, to inspire awe of the places, and veneration for the persons who dared to inhabit them, and, by enfeebling the  
reason

reason with the mixed operations of horror, wonder and reverence, to fit the credulous for the reception of every imposition, however gross in conception, or bungled in execution. Those are the things which constituted the greatness and splendor of the cities of Ancient Christendom; to those has the sturdiest human vigour and intellect been forced to bend the knees: they were built to endure the outrages of time; and will stand, I am sure, long, long after their power shall have been annihilated.

What a powerful engine has superstition been, in the cunning management of Priests! How lamentable it is to think, that not only all who believed, but all who had good sense enough not to believe, should, for so many centuries, have been kept in prostrate submission to the will and dominion of an old man in Rome!—My blushes for the folly and supineness of Mankind, however, are lost in a warm glow of transport at the present irradiation of the human mind; and though I can scarcely think with patience of that glorious, Godlike being, HENRY the Second of England, being obliged by the Pope to lash himself naked at the tomb of that saucy, wicked Priest, THOMAS A BECKET, I felicitate myself with the reflection, that the Pope is now the most contemptible Sovereign in Europe, and that the Papal authority, which was once the terror and the scourge of the earth, is now not only not recognised, but seldom thought of, and, when thought of, only serves to excite laughter or disgust.

LETTER

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 LETTER VII.
 

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THE town of Bruges, although the streets be, as I have already described them, so mean, narrow, dirty and irregular in general, contains, nevertheless, some few streets that are tolerable, and a few squares also that are far from contemptible.---I should think it, nevertheless, not worth another letter of description, were it not that the Churches, and Church-curiosities, demand our attention; for you will observe, that in all rich Popish Countries, every Church is a holy toy-shop, or rather a museum, where pictures, statues, gold cups, silver candlesticks, diamond crucifixes, and gods, of various sorts and dimensions, are hoarded up, in honour of the Supreme Being. This city having been for centuries the See of a Bishop, who is Suffragan to the Archbishop of Mechlin, and at the same time Hereditary Chancellor of Flanders, it is not to be wondered at, if ecclesiastical industry should have amassed some of those little trinkets which constitute the chief or only value of their Church. The mitre of this place conveys to the head that wears it a diocese containing six cities, from the names of which you will be able to form some small judgment of

the opulence of one poor son of abstinence and mortification.--- Those cities are, in the first place, Bruges itself, then Ostend, Sluys, Damme, Middleburgh in Flanders, and Oudenberch---not to mention one hundred and thirty-three boroughs and villages; and if you could compute the number of inferior Clergy with which the streets and highways are filled, you would be thunder-struck. There, and in all those Popish Countries, they may be seen, with grotesque habits and bald pates, buzzing up and down like bees, in swarms, (a precious hive!)---and, with the most vehement protestations of voluntary poverty in their mouths, and eyes uplifted to Heaven, scrambling for the good things of the earth with the eagerness of a pack of hounds, and the rapacity of a whole roll of lawyers! With loaded thighs (I might say, loaded arms too, for they have large pockets even in their sleeves, for the concealment of moveables), they return to the great hive, where, contrary to the law of bees, the drone lives in idle state, and he plunders them: contrary, too, to the habits of those useful insects, they banish the queen-bee, and suffer no female to approach their cells, but keep them in contiguous hives, where, under cover of the night, they visit them, and fulfil in private that which they deny in public---the great command of Providence.

The first building in nominal rank, though by no means the first in value, is the great Cathedral, which has at least bulk, antiquity and gloominess enough to recommend it to the Faithful. It is by no means unfurnished within, though not in so remarkable a manner

manner as to induce me to fill a Letter with it. In a word, it is an old Popish Cathedral, and cannot be supposed wanting in wealth : at the time I write, it has been standing no less a time than nine hundred and twenty-nine years, having been built in the year 865.

The next that occurs to me, as worthy of notice, is the Church of Notre Dame, or that dedicated to *our Lady* the Virgin MARY. This is really a beautiful structure of the kind---indeed magnificent. Its steeple is beyond conception stupendous, being so very high as to be seen at sea off Ostend, although it is not elevated in the smallest degree by any rise in the ground ; for, so very flat is the whole intermediate country, that I believe it would puzzle a skilful leveller to find two feet elevation from high-water-mark at Ostend up to this city. The contents of this Church are correspondent to its external appearance---being enriched and beautified with a vast variety of sacerdotal trinkets, and fine tombs and monuments. As to the former, the vestments of that same THOMAS A BECKET whom I mentioned in my last, make a part of the curiosities deposited in this Church : this furious and inflexible impostor was Archbishop of Canterbury ; and his struggles to enslave both the King and People of England, and make them tributary to the Pope, have canonized him, and obtained the very honourable depot I mention for his vestments. To do justice, however, to the spirit and sagacity of the Holy Fathers who have so long taken the pains to preserve them, it must be commemo-

rated, that they are, or, at least were set with diamonds, and other precious stones! Probably, among the many Priests who have, in so many centuries, had the custody of those divine relics, some one, more sagacious than the rest, might conceive, that, to lie in a Church, and be seen by the all-believing eyes of the Faithful, a little coloured glass was just as good as any precious stone, and wisely have converted the originals to some better purpose. If so, it will be some consolation to Holy Mother Church to reflect, that she has bilked the *Sans-culottes*, who certainly have got possession of Saint THOMAS A BECKET'S sacerdotal petticoats; and, if they have been found enough to stand the cutting, have, by this time, converted them into comfortable campaigning breeches. O monstrous! wicked! abominable!--that the Royal MARY, sister to the great Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, should, so long ago as the Reformation, have bought at an immense price, and deposited in the treasury of the Church of *our Lady* the blessed Virgin MARY, the vestments of a Saint, only to make breeches, in the year 1794, for a French soldier! The time has been, that the bare suggestion of such sacrilege would have turned the brain of half the people of Christendom: but those things are now better managed.

Of the tombs in this Church, I shall only mention two, as distinguished from the rest by their costliness, magnificence and antiquity. They are made of copper, well gilt. One of them is the tomb of MARY, heiress to the Ducal House of Burgundy; and

and the other, that of CHARLES (commonly called *the Hardy*), Duke of Burgundy, her father.

In Bruges there were four great Abbeys, and an amazing number of Convents and Nunneries. The buildings, I presume, yet stand; but there is little doubt that their contents, of every kind, have been, before this, put *in requisition*, and each part of them, of course, applied to its natural use.

The Church once belonging to the Jesuits, is built in a noble style of architecture: and that of the Dominicans has not only its external merits, but its internal value; for, besides the usual superabundance of rich chalices, &c. it possesses some very great curiosities---

As, first, a very curious, highly wrought pulpit---beautiful in itself, but remarkable for the top being supported by wood, cut out, in the most natural, deceptive manner, in the form of ropes, and which beguile the spectator the more into a belief of its reality, because it answers the purposes of ropes.

Secondly, a picture---and so extraordinary a picture! Before I describe it, I must apprise you that your faith must be almost as great as that of a Spanish Christian to believe me---to believe that the human intellect ever sunk so low as, in the first instance, to conceive, and, in the next, to harbour and admire, such a piece. But I mistake---it has its merit; it is a curiosity---the Demon of Satire himself could not wish for a greater.

This

This picture, then, is the representation of a Marriage!--- but of whom? why, truly, of JESUS CHRIST with Saint CATHARINE of Sienna. Observe the congruity---Saint CATHARINE of Sienna lived many centuries after the translation of JESUS CHRIST to Heaven, where he is to sit, you know, till he comes to judge the quick and the dead!---But who marries them? In truth, Saint DOMINIC, the patron of this Church! The Virgin MARY joins their hands---that is not amiss---But, to crown the whole, King DAVID himself, who died so long before CHRIST was born, plays the harp at the wedding!

My dear FREDERICK, I shall take it as no small instance of your dutiful opinion of me to believe, that such a picture existed, and made part of the holy paraphernalia of a Temple consecrated to the worship of the Divinity: but I assure you it is a fact; and as I have never given you reason to suspect my veracity, I expect you to believe me in this instance, improbable though it seems: for such a farrago of absurdities, such a jumble of incongruities, impossibilities, bulls and anachronisms, never yet were compressed, by the human imagination, into the same narrow compass.

I protract this Letter beyond my usual length, on purpose to conclude my account of Bruges, and get once more upon the road.

The Monastery of the Carthusians, another Order of Friars, is of amazing size, covering an extent of ground not much less than a mile in circumference. The Carmelites, another Order,  
have

have a Church here, in which there is raised a beautiful monument, to the memory of HENRY JERMYN, Lord Dover, a Peer of England---But the Monastery called the Dunes, a sect of the Order of Saint BARNARD, is by far the noblest in the whole city: the cloisters and gardens are capacious and handsome; the apartment of the Abbot is magnificent and stately, and those of the Monks themselves unusually neat. Those poor mortified penitents, secluded from the pomps, the vanities and enjoyments of life, and their thoughts, no doubt, resting alone on hereafter, keep, nevertheless, a sumptuous table, spread with every luxury of the season---have their country-seats, where they go a-hunting, or to refresh themselves, and actually keep their own coaches.

Among the Nunneries there are two English: one of Augustinian Nuns, who are all ladies of quality, and who entertain strangers at the grate with sweetmeats and wine; the other, called the Pelicans, is of a very strict Order, and wear a coarse dress.

To conclude---In the Chapel of Saint BASIL is said to be kept, in perfect preservation, the blood which JOSEPH of Armethea wiped off with a sponge from the dead body of CHRIST. *Finis coronat opus.*

I fancy you have, by this time, had as much of miracles as you can well digest: I therefore leave you to reflect upon them, and improve.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

As I was going to the berque, at Bruges, to take my departure for Ghent, the next town in my route, I was surpris'd to see a number of officious, busy, poor fellows, crowding round my effects, and seizing them---some my trunk, some my portmanteau, &c. I believe two or three to each: but my astonishment partly subfid'd when I was told that they were porters, who plied on the canal, and about the city, for subsistence, and only came to have the *honour* of carrying my baggage down to the vessel. Noting their eagerness, I could not help smiling. I know there are those, and I have heard of such, who would bluster at them: but my mirth at the bustling importance which the poor fellows affected, soon sunk into serious concern; I said within myself, "Alas, how hard must be your lot indeed!" and my imagination was in an instant back again in London, where a porter often makes you pay for a job, not in money only, but in patience also, and where the furliness of independence scowls upon his brow as he does your work. Every one of my men demanded a remuneration for his labour: one man could have easily done the work of five---  
but

but I resolved not to send them away discontented: he is but a fordid churl that would; and I paid them to their full satisfaction. Here, my dear FREDERICK, let me offer you (since it occurs) my parental advice on this point---from the practice of which you will gain more solid felicity than you can possibly be aware of now: never weigh scrupulously the value of the work of the Poor; rather exceed than fall short of rewarding it: it is a very, very small thing, that will put them in good humour with you and with themselves, and relax the hard furrows of labour into the soft smile of gratitude---a smile which, to a heart of sensibility such as your's, will, of itself, ten-thousand-fold repay you, even though the frequent practice of it should abridge you of a few of those things called pleasures, or detract a little from the weight of your purse.

Being again seated in my berque, I set off for Ghent, a city lying at a distance of twenty-four miles from Bruges. I must here remark to you, that the company one meets in those vessels is not always of the first rank; it is generally of a mixed, motley kind: but to a man who carries along with him, through his travels, a love for his fellow-creatures, and a desire to see men, and their customs and manners, it is both pleasant and eligible---at least I thought it so, and enjoyed it. There were those amongst us who spoke rather loftily on that subject: I said nothing; but it brought to my mind a reflection I have often had occasion to concur in, viz. that a fastidious usurpation of dignity (happily

denominated *statelinefs*) is the never-failing mark of an upstart or a blockhead. The man of true dignity, self-erect and strong, needs not have recourse, for support, to the comparative wretchedness of his fellow-creature, or plume himself upon spurious superiority. You will understand me, however! When I say, "the man of true dignity," I am far, very far, from meaning a lord, a squire, a banker, or a general officer---I mean a man of intrinsic worth---*homo emunctæ naris*---one who, in every station into which chance may throw him, feels firm in the consciousness of right---who can see and cherish merit, though enveloped and concealed behind a shabby suit of clothes---and who scorns the blown-up fool of fortune, that, without sense or sentiment, without virtue, wisdom or courage, presumes to call himself great, merely because he possesses a few acres of earth which he had neither the industry nor merit to earn, or because his great-great-great-grandfather purchased a title by perfidy to his Country, the plunder of his fellow-citizens, or the slaughter of mankind.

Although the face of that part of the Country through which we are now passing, like that of the preceding stage from Ostend to Bruges, wants diversity, it has its charms, and would be particularly delightful in the eye of an English farmer; for it is covered with the thickest verdure on each side of the canal, and the banks are decorated all along by rows of stately trees, while the fields in the back ground are cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, and bear the aspect of producing the most abundant harvest.

You

You will be able to form a judgment of the trifling expence of travelling in this Country, from my expences in this stage of twenty-four miles. I had an excellent dinner for about fifteen pence of our money ; my passage cost me but sixteen more, amounting in all to two shillings and seven pence : compare that with travelling in England, where one cannot rise up from an indifferent dinner, in an Inn, under five shillings at the least, and you must be astonished at the disproportion.

Ghent is the capital of Flanders, and is to be reckoned among the largest cities of Europe, as it covers a space of ground of not less than seven miles in circumference ; but there is not above one half of that occupied with buildings, the greater part being thrown into fields, gardens, orchards, and pleasure-grounds. Situated on four navigable rivers, and intersected into no fewer than twenty-six islands by a number of canals, which afford an easy, cheap and expeditious carriage for weighty merchandise, it may be considered, in point of local advantages for commerce, superior to most cities in Europe ; while those islands are again united by about a hundred bridges, some great and some small, which contribute much to the beauty of the city.

To a man accustomed to mould his thoughts by what he sees in Great Britain, the strong fortifications that surround almost all towns on the Continent convey the most disagreeable sensations---reminding him of the first misery of Mankind, War !---denoting, alas ! too truly, the disposition of Man to violate the rights of his

fellow-creatures, and manifesting the tyrannous abuse of power. On me, though trained and accustomed to military habits, this "dreadful note of preparation" had an unpleasing effect; for, though born, bred and habituated to the life of the Soldier, I find the feelings of the Citizen and the Man claim a paramount right to my heart.

Ghent was once extremely well fortified, and calculated, by nature as well as by art, to repel encroachment. It had a very strong castle, walls and ditches; and now, though not otherwise strong, the country may, by shutting up the sluices, be, for above a mile round, laid in a very short time under water. It was formerly so populous and powerful, that it declared war more than once against its Sovereign, and raised amazing armies. In the year 1587, it suffered dreadfully from all the ravages of famine, under which a number not less than three thousand of its inhabitants perished in one week.

This town is distinguished by the nativity of two celebrated characters: one was the famous JOHN of Gaunt, son of King EDWARD the Third of England; the other, the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, who was born there in the year 1500.

It was in this city that the Confederation of the States, well known under the title of the Pacification of Ghent, which united the Provinces in the most lasting union of interest and laws, was held: this union was chiefly owing to the vigorous, unremitting efforts of WILLIAM the First, Prince of Orange, to  
whose

whose valour and virtue may be attributed the independence of the United States.

In this city there were computed to be fifty companies of Tradesmen, among whom were manufactured a variety of very curious and rich cloths, stuffs, and silks: it is certain, that the woollen manufacture flourished here before it had made the smallest progress in England, whose wool they then bought. There was also a good branch of linen manufacture here, and a pretty brisk corn trade, for which it was locally well calculated. You will observe, once for all, that in speaking of this Country, I generally use the past tense; for, at present, they are utterly undone.

Ghent was the See of a Bishop, who, like the Bishop of Bruges, was Suffragan to the Archbishop of Mechlin. Thus, in most Christian Countries, are the intellects, the consciences, and the cash too, of the People, shut up and hid from the light, by Priest within Dean, and Dean within Bishop---like a ring in the hand of a conjurer, box within box---till at last they are enveloped in the great receptacle of all deception, the capacious pocket of the Archbishop. Let not sceptered Tyrants, their legions, their scaffolds, and their swords, bear all the infamy of the slavery of Mankind! Opinion, opinion, under the management of fraud and imposture, is the engine that forges their fetters!!---JANSENIUS, from whom the Jansenists took their name, was the first Bishop of this place; and the late Bishop, I think, may be reckoned the last.

The

The Municipal Government of this city is correct, and well calculated to secure internal peace and order. The chief magistrate is the High Bailiff; subordinate to whom are Burgomasters, Echivins, and Counsellors.

Ghent is not deficient in stately edifices; and, true to their system, the Holy Fathers of the Church have their share, which, in old Popish Countries, is at least nineteen twentieths. In the middle of the town is a high tower, called Belfort tower; from whence there is a delightful prospect over the whole city and its environs. Monasteries and Churches, there, are without number; besides hospitals and market-places: that called Friday's market, is the largest of all, and is adorned with a statue of CHARLES the Fifth, in his imperial robes. The Stadthouse is a magnificent structure---So is the Cathedral, under which the Reverend Fathers have built a subterraneous Church. What deeds are those which shun the light! Why those Holy Patriarchs have such a desire for burying themselves, and working like moles under ground, they themselves best know, and I think it is not difficult for others to conjecture.

This Cathedral, however, is well worth attention, on account of some capital pictures it contains. The marble of the Church is remarkably fine, and the altar-piece splendid beyond all possible description; and, indeed, in all the others, there are paintings, eminent for their own excellence, and for the celebrity of the masters who painted them.

In

In the Monastery of St. PIERRE, there is a grand library, filled with books in all languages; but it is chiefly remarkable for the superlative beauty of its ceiling, one half of which was painted by RUBENS.

Thus you may perceive, my dear FREDERICK, the charity of the Clergy!---how, in pure pity for the sins of Mankind, and in paternal care of their souls, they exact from the Laity some atonement for their crimes, and constrain them at least to repent---and, with unparalleled magnanimity, take upon themselves the vices, the gluttony, the avarice, and the sensuality, of which they are so careful to purge their fellow-creatures!

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### L E T T E R IX.

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HAVING given you a general outline of the city of Ghent, I shall now proceed to give you an account of one of the most excellent, and certainly the most interesting, of all the curiosities in that place. It is indeed of a sort so immediately correspondent to the most exalted sensations of humanity, and so perfectly in unison with the most exquisitely sensible chords of the feeling heart, that I resolved to rescue it from the common lumber  
of

of the place, and give it to you in a fresh Letter, when the ideas excited by my former might have faded away, and left your mind more clear for the reception of such refined impressions.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stand two large brazen images of a father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incidents :

Both the father and the son were, for some offence against the State, condemned to die. Some favourable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the sentence, upon certain provisions---in short, he was offered a pardon, on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even Monkish barbarity, namely, that he would become the executioner of his father ! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable : This is not to be wondered at ; for I hope, for the honour of our nature, that there are but few, very few sons, who would not have spurned, with abhorrence, life sustained on conditions so horrid, so unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him, at his last moments, to think, that in his death he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty : he lifted the

axe; but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he would have yielded them all, one after the other, rather than again even conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, every thing, vanished before the dearer interests of filial affection: he fell upon his father's neck, and, embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father, my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must be their hearts indeed, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene---A sudden peal of involuntary applauses, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended; and on a simple representation of the transaction, both were pardoned: high rewards and honours were conferred on the son; and finally, those two admirable brazen images were raised, to commemorate a transaction so honourable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

Lay this to your mind, my dear FREDERICK: talk over it to your brother; indulge all the charming sympathetic sensations it communicates: never let a mistaken shame, or a false idea (which some endeavour to impress) that it is unmanly to melt at the tale of woe, and sympathize with our fellow-creatures,

stop the current of your sensibility---no! Be assured, that, on the contrary, it is the true criterion of manhood and valour to feel; and that the more sympathetic and sensible the heart is, the more nearly it is allied to the Divinity.

I am now on the point of conducting you out of Austrian Flanders---One town only, and that comparatively a small one, lying between Us and Brabant: the name of this town is Aloft, or, as the Flemings spell it, Aelst.

From Ghent to Bruffels (the next great stage in my way), I found, to my regret, that there was no conveyance by water: I therefore was obliged to go in a voiture, and stopt at Aloft, as an intermediate stage; and mathematically intermediate it is---for it lies at equal distance from Ghent and Bruffels, being exactly fifteen miles from each.

This is a small, but exceeding neat town, situated on the river Dender; and being a remarkably great thoroughfare, accommodations of every kind are tolerably good in it. It would be idle to suppose, that Catholic zeal had left so many souls unprotected and undisciplined, where there were so many bodies capable of drudgery to pay for it. In truth, there has been as ample provision made for the town of Aloft in the way of sacerdotal business, as for any other town in the Netherlands---regard being had to its bulk; for there were several Convents of Friars, and of course several of Nuns: besides, there was a Jesuit's College of some  
note.

note. How they all fare by this time, it is difficult for me to determine.

The Church of Saint MARTIN could boast of some excellent pictures, particularly a most capital piece, "*La Peste*," by RUBENS.

In a Convent inhabited by a set of Monks, denominated Guiliemite, I saw the tomb of THIERRY MARTIN, who first brought the art of Printing from Germany to that place. His name and fame are transmitted to us by an epitaph upon his tomb, written by his friend, the ingenious ERASMUS.

This tomb of THIERRY MARTIN stands a monument, not only of his merit, but of the short-sightedness and folly even of Monks. Alas, filly men! they little knew, that when they granted THIERRY MARTIN the honours of the Convent, they were harbouring, in their hallowed ground, one of their greatest enemies, and commemorating the man who was contributing to the overthrow of their sacred Order: for the art of Printing, wherever it reached, illuminated the human mind, and first kindled up that light, before which Priestcraft, and all its pious impostures, like evil spectres, have vanished. To the art of Printing is human society indebted for many of the advantages which it possesses beyond the brute or savage tribes---for the perfection of arts, the extension of science, the general enlargement of the mind, and, above all, for the emancipation of person and property from the shackles of despotism, and of the human intellect from the fet-

ters of blindness and ignorance with which sacerdotal fraud had chained it for centuries to the earth.

The territory of this City is of pretty large extent, and is called a County, having, in ancient times, had Counts of its own; and the whole of it is extremely fruitful in pasture, corn, hops, flax, and most other productions of those climes.

I made but a very short stay at Alost, when I proceeded on to Brussels; and, having thus brought you through that part of the Netherlands called Austrian Flanders, I think I ought to give you a general account of the Country at large, as I have hitherto confined myself merely to the cities and towns of it; but as this Letter is already of a length that will not allow of any great addition, I shall postpone my intended description to my next.

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## L E T T E R X.

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**W**ERE Mankind to be guided by moderation, reason, and justice---were there no lust for territory in particular States---no ambition or desire in Kings for an undue enlargement of their power---no unjustifiable infractions attempted by one State or Potentate upon the peace and possession of another---no Armies to  
carry

carry desolation and plunder through the world, nor Churchmen more mild, but not more moderate, to drain them with their subtle deceptions---were the husbandman, the fisherman, the manufacturer, and the labourer, permitted to make, by their industry, the best use of the soil on which chance or nature had planted them, and to lift the fruits of their labour to their own lips---no people were more happy than the inhabitants of Austrian Flanders.

This Country is bounded, to the North, by the Scheldt; to the North-west, by the Northern Sea; to the South, and South-west, by Artois, one of the finest Provinces of France; and to the East, by Brabant. Its greatest length is seventy-five miles; and its greatest breadth, fifty-five. The air is good; but it is said to be better in proportion as it recedes from the sea. The Winters are sometimes long and severe, and the Summers sometimes wet and sultry; yet, in general, the climate is agreeable. The soil is in most parts fertile, and in some to a degree equal to that of any part of Europe. It is chiefly famous for its pasturage; in consequence of which, great numbers of black cattle, horses and sheep, are bred in it, and immense quantities of butter and cheese made. It is, besides, abundantly productive of all sorts of culinary vegetables---fruit in great quantities---corn and flax, which last is not only raised in great plenty, but is celebrated for the fineness and strength of its staple. It is true, that in some parts they have not corn sufficient for the inhabitants; but this is well recompensed

by

by other productions, with the redundance of which they purchase the superfluous grain of their neighbours---for, where the inhabitants do follow tillage, the produce is unequalled, and the superfluity must of course be great.

The superior fecundity of the sheep of this Country is very remarkable, and difficult, perhaps, to be accounted for---a ewe here bringing forth constantly three lambs at a birth, sometimes four, sometimes five, and some have been known to produce as many as six and seven---no small instance of the prodigality of Nature in providing for this spot.

At some distance from the sea-coast, the face of the Country is decorated with a profusion of wood, fitted either for timber or for fuel; and towards the coast, where Nature has been rather niggard of that blessing, the inhabitants substitute, in its stead, for fuel, a kind of turf, which they find at the depth of four or five feet from the surface of the earth, and which makes a fire, not only cheerful, pleasant and hot, but remarkably wholesome, being free from the destructive sulphureous and bituminous vapour attendant upon coal.

Perhaps no part of the world is better supplied than this Province with all sorts of fish, as well those of sea as fresh water: fowl and venison were extremely plenty and reasonable; and a great deal of excellent beer was brewed in it. It is washed by several rivers, four of which are noble streams, namely, the Scheldt, the  
Lys,

Lys, the Scarpe, and the Dender; and there are several canals, the chief of which is that between Bruges and Ghent.

Thus, in whatever way it be considered, Nature seems to have made ample provision for the happiness of the People: how far they are so, you shall hear when I come to give a general view of the Netherlands---that which is applicable to Austrian Flanders being equally so to all the other parts of the Netherlands, excepting those under the dominion of the Republic of the United States.

The States of this Country, according to the Constitution it once possessed, consists of the Clergy, the Nobility, and the Commoners. The Clergy were the Bishops and Abbots: the Nobility was composed of certain families holding hereditary Offices or Baronies, to which that privilege was annexed; and the Commoners were made up of the Burgomasters, Pensioners and Deputies of the Cities and Districts. But the only religion professed or tolerated in this Country, was the Roman Catholic.

Of the People of Austrian Flanders, a celebrated Author gives the following account, which I transcribe for your use, the rather as my stay there was too short to enable me to make any material observations on them, or their manners.---

“ With respect to the persons and characters of the inhabitants,” says he, “ they are, generally speaking, lusty, fat, and clumsy---  
“ very industrious, both in cultivating their lands, and in their  
“ trades and manufactures---lovers of Liberty, and enemies to  
“ Slavery---and not defective in good sense or judgment, though  
“ they

“ they have not so lively an imagination as some other Nations.  
 “ Their women are fair, handsome enough, and honest by their  
 “ natural constitution, as well as from a principle of virtue: as  
 “ they cannot pretend to wit and repartee, they do not make  
 “ themselves ridiculous by the nauseous affectation of them. Both  
 “ sexes are great lovers of public diversions; and every city, town,  
 “ and village, have their kermesses, or fairs, in which all sorts of  
 “ shews are exhibited.”

Many arts which now enrich other Nations, and the importance of which has excited contests and struggles of the most serious kind in the political world, were invented or improved in that Country. Weaving, in general, though not invented, was greatly improved; and the art of forming figures of all sorts in linen was first invented there. To the Flemings we are also indebted for the arts of curing herrings, dying cloths and stuffs, and oil-colours. But those arts, and the manufactures, have gradually slid away from them, and left but a small share behind, when compared with their former flourishing state: they have flown to a Land of Liberty and Security, where hostile feet never tread, where Slavery corrupteth not, where War devoureth not, nor Priests nor Despots break in and steal. Nevertheless, silk, cotton and woollen stuffs, brocades, camblets, tapestry, linen, and lace, are still manufactured here to some small extent.

This Province had Counts of its own, from the ninth century up to the year 1369, when it was made over, by marriage (like a farm

a farm of cattle) to the Dukes of Burgundy ; and afterwards, again, was by them made over, in like way of marriage, to the House of Austria. In 1667, France seized the Southern part ; and the States General obtained the Northern, partly by the Treaty of Munster, and partly by the Barrier Treaty of 1715.

To reckon upon the natural endowments of this Country, one would suppose that it should be a terrestrial paradise : yet such is the wickedness of Man, and the outrageous spirit of Power, that it is almost the last Country in Europe in which I would have property, and fix a permanent residence. Just now, while I am writing, I have before me an account, that the French, to whom they opened their gates, have plundered them to the last atom of their moveable possessions ; and that the property of the unfortunate people is now in waggons, on its way to Paris.

Once more, my boy, I say, bless your God, that planted you in a Country cheered by the voice of Freedom, defended by British Valour, and, what is of more consequence, surrounded by the Ocean.

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 L E T T E R   X I .
 

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**H**AVING conducted you through that part of the Netherlands called Austrian Flanders, we are now to direct our attention to that called Austrian Brabant, of which part, as well as of the Netherlands in general, Brussels, where I arrived the same day I left Ghent, is the capital, giving its name to a quarter or territory that surrounds it.

In all parts of the Netherlands through which I travelled, I could not help admiring the uniform decorations of the roads, rivers and canals, with rows of lofty trees, which form a most agreeable shade from the Summer's burning sun, and yet do not obstruct any great extent of prospect, the Country is so extremely flat. And one thing I remarked, and which certainly seems at first view extraordinary, is, that in the great extent of Country through which we have hitherto passed, from Ostend to Brussels, being sixty-eight miles, I scarce saw one Nobleman or Gentleman's seat---nothing above the house of a husbandman, a curate, or some person of small fortune : and yet the Country is extremely rich ; and I saw many spots, as I went along, charming beyond  
description,

description, and such as would tempt, I should think, a man of taste and opulence to settle in them. This must appear unaccountable to those who do not recollect, that in a Country subject like this to the ravaging incursions of contending armies, fortified towns are considered as the most pleasing, because the most secure retreats of opulence.

As I approached the city of Bruffels, I was struck with a mixed sensation of surprise and delight at the appearance it made ---none that I had ever seen being comparable to it, and not one in Europe, by the account of travellers, being in that respect superior to it, Naples and Genoa only excepted: like them, however, it, when entered, falls far short of the expectation raised by its external appearance, being all composed of hills and hollows, which not only fatigue, but render the appearance of the streets, though well built, contemptible and mean.

Bruffels stands on the beautiful little river Senne, on the brow of a hill. The city is about seven miles in circumference, has seven gates, with extensive suburbs, and is encompassed with a double wall made of brick, and ditches; but its size is too great for strength, as a face of defence of such extent could not possibly hold out a long siege---a great and insuperable defect in such a country as I have described.

Great as is the extent of ground on which this city stands, it is nevertheless very well built, and extremely populous. It is ornamented with no fewer than seven squares, all of them remark-

ably fine, particularly the great square or market-place, which is reckoned to be perhaps the finest in Europe. Around it are the halls of the different trades, the fronts of which are adorned, in a superb manner, with emblematical sculpture, with gilding, and a variety of Latin inscriptions. One quarter of this square is entirely occupied by the town-houses, a noble pile of building, in which there were apartments where the States of Brabant met, finely adorned with tapestry in gilt frames, and some admirable original paintings. At the time I was there, the whole city was in motion, preparing for the Inauguration of the EMPEROR, who was then impatiently expected, and whose approach made such a bustle, and promised such a spectacle, as made me regret the necessity I lay under of proceeding on my journey. The town-house was put into the highest order, and subsequently fell a sacrifice to the great and important event for which it was prepared.

The steeple of this building is of a most stupendous height---three hundred and sixty-four feet; and on the top of it is erected a statue of Saint MICHAEL killing the Dragon, of the enormous height of seventeen feet: this Colossal statue is so constructed as to serve for a weather-cock; and being made of copper, well gilt, is at once conspicuous, magnificent, and ornamental.

The public buildings of Bruffels, particularly the Palaces and Courts of the several Princes, Counts, and other persons of distinction, (and, you may be sure, the Churches and Cloisters too), are spacious, expensive, and magnificent. Behind the Imperial Palace, which

which stood in the highest part of the city, but was burnt down many years ago, is a park, well stocked with deer, and planted with trees, like St. James's-park at London, for the inhabitants to walk in. At the farther end of it is a fine pleasure-house, built by the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, after his abdication.

The Palace is a magnificent structure: the rooms of it are finished in a style far superior to those of any Palace in England, and enriched with many fine paintings: that of the Family of HECTOR, in the Council Chamber, lays claim to the first rank of eminence. Of the other buildings (the grandeur of which entitle them to the names of Palaces), those of the Prince de la Tour and Taxis, and the British Earl of Aylesbury, are distinguished by great beauty and magnificence. Indeed, in all the Palaces, there are collections of original paintings, by the most eminent masters, both Italian and Flemish.

The Royal Library of Brussels claims particular attention, for the magnitude and liberality of its establishment, containing a grand collection of the most excellent books in all languages, and being open all the year on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to public access.

The Arsenal of Brussels is extremely well worth going to see, on account of the very curious antique arms it contains---of which it is, at this distance of time, impossible for me to give you any account worth attention. The armour of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, together with the furniture of his horse, and state sword,

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are shewn: I could see nothing either novel or interesting in them---a strong mark, I presume, of my want of taste; but I confess my organs are not so refined as to feel any extraordinary emotions at the sight of a heap of inert matter, merely because it once enveloped the carcase of a Tyrant: neither were they so very coarse or dull as not to undergo very pointed sensations at the sight of the armour of MONTEZUMA, the injured Emperor of Mexico, the victim of avarice and rapine, under their usual mask, religion. Why MONTEZUMA'S armour should make a part of the trophies of a Popish State, and be triumphantly exhibited, is hard to account for in human folly: why that should be exhibited which is a stain of the deepest-damned black, in their black code of faith, is astonishing, unless we allow the truth of the old saying, "QUOS DEUS vult perdere, prius dementat;" and that, after having violated every principle of virtue, morality, and human feeling---after having surpassed in cruelty all that we know of the worst monsters of the earth, or of the deep, the fell hyena, or the ravening shark---after having successfully emulated the worst efforts of the most malignant spirits that are said to hold counsel for the ruin of Mankind in Hell---they were desirous to transmit the spoils of their ravages to posterity, to tell them what glorious things have been achieved in days of yore, for the love of CHRIST---to demonstrate what benefits are to be derived from a religion which has, for so many hundred years, given sanction to every enormity that strikes the soul of Man with horror, and thereby to make converts

converts to their principles. Monsters! fools! Away with your idle cants, ye hypocrites, who would brand the cruelties of the present days, the massacres of the Jacobins, with the crime of infidelity, and attribute those much lamented defections from humanity to a falling off from the Christian Faith. Look to Mexico! ---see a monster, a High Priest of your religion, collecting, by fair promises and sweet persuasion, a people round him; and, when a plain was filled, commanding his bloodhounds, armed with sword and crucifix, to fall upon and murder them---because one poor creature, who knew not what a book meant, had accidentally dropped a bible from his hands!---see him not sparing age or sex, but butchering all, for the love of CHRIST!---When have the deluded and enfrenzied mob of France perpetrated, in the full torrent of popular frenzy, such atrocities as this cruel Priest committed in cold blood? when have they hunted down their fellow-creatures, massacred children, and given their yet panting members to their dogs for food, as pious Christians, headed by a pious Priest, have done in Mexico? Never! never!---Learn wisdom, then, ye hypocrites! and if you cannot convince your enemies by reason, or conquer them by force, and if their predatory and wicked progress is not to be stopped, do not sanctify their enormities, or palliate their crimes, in the eye of reason, by a comparison with those of a deeper dye: remember, that "not to be the worst stands in some rank of praise," and that the Jacobin cruelties of Paris, horrible though they were, were pity and tender mercy, compared  
with

with the Christian butchery in Mexico, in Europe, in Asia, in every place where Popery ever set its bloody hoof.

You are not, from what I say, to infer that I entertain any illiberal animosity to Popery, as many men, and more women, do, merely because its articles of Faith differ from those in which I was bred; I trust my heart and understanding are above such very degrading prejudices: but I abhor every thing that militates against human happiness---every thing that crushes the operations of intellect---every thing that stops the current of opinion, and prevents its course from enlarging and meliorating our condition: I abhor the impertinent and hypocritical intrusion of all Churchmen upon national or domestic concerns; the more, when that intrusion is mischievous; and more still, when it assumes the mask of piety---for that is at once a fraud upon Man and an abuse of GOD. All those causes of abhorrence attach, more or less, to all sects of the Christian Religion, the Quakers only excepted---but to Popery rather more than to any of the others; for it is observed, that while the very first principles of Christianity, as originally laid down in theory, are peace and good-will towards men, warfare, persecution and bloodshed, have practically marked its footsteps wherever it has trod, and its very essence been perverted by its own Ministers, who, entrusted with the key of the Temple, steal the vestments from the altar, to cover the deformed, crooked back of vice. But the rays of dawning reason now break with fuller light upon Mankind; and it hastens to meridian splendence,

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before which those phantoms raised by pious jugglers will vanish, and, “like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.”

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## L E T T E R XII.

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**I**N the Arsenal of Brussels was another curiosity, which I overlooked in my last---a model of a cannon, constructed so as to throw seven balls at once. It is some consolation to philanthropy to reflect, that of all the abominable engines and instruments which the inventive faculties of Man have discovered to increase the cruelty and carnage of war, not one has been of late times adopted. This model lies here, therefore, only as a memorial of the diabolical genius of the inventor.

The Opera-house of Brussels, accounted the noblest and largest in Europe, is built after the Italian manner, with rows of lodges or closets, in most of which are chimneys. One of those, which belonged to a Prince, whose title I now forget, was hung with looking-glasses, in which, while he sat by the fire, took refreshments, or reclined on his couch, he could see the whole representation, without being exposed to the view of either the actors or the audience.

The markets of Bruffels are very remarkable. The Dukes of St. Pierre paid no less than forty thousand florins, or upwards of three thousand pounds sterling, for four pictures of them, painted by RUBENS and SYNDER---LEWIS the Fourteenth of France offered an immense sum of money for them; but they found their way at last into the collection of the British Earl of Orford. The value of them is said, by connoisseurs, to be beyond computation.

Bruffels is extremely well supplied with water; for, besides the river, it has twenty public fountains, adorned with statues, at the corners of the most public streets; and the lower part of the city is cut into canals, which communicate with the great one, extending from Bruffels to the Scheldt, fifteen miles: by means of this canal, which was finished in 1561, and cost the city eight hundred thousand florins, a person may sail from Bruffels to the North Sea; and barques do actually go twice a day to Antwerp, and back again.

This city is full of Churches, of which the most remarkable is that of Saint MICHAEL and Saint GUDULA, commonly called the Cathedral. It is a superb, old Gothic structure, and, from its celebrated situation, a most beautiful ornament to the city. It is not only grand in its external appearance, but finely adorned within. The pillars which support the roof are lofty and elegant: and against each is a statue of ten feet in height. There are no less than sixteen Chapels in it; and each Chapel is enriched with abundance of splendid ornaments, altar finery, candlesticks, crucifixes,

cifixes, &c. and with some excellent pictures too: a picture of JESUS CHRIST presenting the keys of Paradise to Saint PETER, which is reckoned among the chef-d'œuvres of RUBENS, hangs in one of those Chapels. There are some monuments, also, of very great merit, in the choir of this Church. But that which I think by far the greatest and most admirable curiosity (I mean of human workmanship) in the Church, is a pulpit---one of the richest and most exquisitely wrought pieces I have ever seen: at the bottom are seen ADAM and EVE as large as life, represented as at the moment when the Angel drove them out of Paradise: in both of their faces are deeply and expressively marked the traits of a mind agonised with anguish and remorse: behind EVE is a figure of Death, which follows them; and on the top of the pulpit are seen the figures of JESUS CHRIST and the Virgin MARY crushing the head of the Serpent. The strong expressions in the faces of all those figures, and the exquisite turn of the workmanship, is the more remarkable, as it is all cut out of oak wood.

Of supernatural curiosities, one of the Chapels in this Cathedral contains some, that, for miracle, yield to none in the long catalogue of Monkish devices. Three hosts or wafers are daily worshipped by the People; which hosts or wafers, the Priests firmly assert, and the People as firmly believe, were, so long ago as the year 1369, stabbed by a Jew, and bled profusely. They are exposed on every festival, in a chalice richly set with diamonds; and on the first Sunday after every thirteenth of July,

there is a yearly procession in memory of this stabbing and bleeding, when the hosts are carried in great state round the city, embellished with all manner of precious stones, and attended by all the Clergy, secular and regular, the Magistrates, the Courts of Justice, and even by the Governor of the Province: the Chapel where they are kept is of marble, and the altar of solid silver.

Great God! what an opprobrium to the human understanding, that, at the time when the mind of Man is sufficiently enlightened to avoid the weakness of shameful credulity, a whole People should stoop to such extravagant imposition! what a shame to justice and honesty, that those who are trusted to guard the rights of a People, and who certainly are too well informed to yield their belief to such trash, should yet join in, and give the weight of their authority to so gross, so wicked a deception on a Community! The Magistrates, the Courts of Justice, and the Governor---they walk, too, in company with the bald-pated impostors---Good God! can more be said? volumes of comment could not elucidate or render it more conspicuously absurd than the bare recital of the fact itself.

It is impossible for me to recount to you the number of Nunneries, of various Orders, in which unfortunate women were cloistered up, some from bigotry, and others by force, in this city. There were, however, two of them English---one of Dominican Ladies, founded by Cardinal HOWARD, in the reign of CHARLES the Second, of which a Lady of the Noble House of Norfolk was  
 always

always Abbess : the other is of Benedictine Nuns ; the Beguinage of the latter is like a little town, surrounded with a wall and ditch, and divided into pretty little streets, where every Beguine has her apartment ; the number of them amounts in general to seven or eight hundred, sometimes more.

If population be the true strength of a Nation, this part of Popery is very impolitic. The succession of women in this one Convent since the reign of CHARLES the Second, must amount to many thousands. Had those been married, and, on an average, had only two children each, with the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, down to the present day, in all the ramifications of descent, there is not a doubt but their number would equal that of the whole people of some extensive Provinces. What, then, must be the loss to the population of the earth, arising from the celibacy of so many millions of males and females as have been consigned to sterility in the Catholic Countries, ever since that extraordinary doctrine came first into fashion ? It is out of the reach of calculation : not but, now and then, they may have children--- indeed they certainly have ; but those are generally disposed of in a way not to bring shame on the frail Sisterhood, or their Confessors.

In wading through such a torrent of offensive ideas as the innumerable absurdities and deceptions of Popish Countries continually raise in the mind, it is a pleasing circumstance to be relieved by the contemplation of some really useful, humane institution ;  
and

and such a one presents itself now to my recollection: At Brussels, and, I am told, at all great towns of the Netherlands, there is a public office for lending money at a very moderate interest upon pledges: it is called the Mount of Piety; and was established nearly 108 years ago by the Archduke ALBERT, and ISABELLA, his wife. By this institution, the Poor are saved from the fleecings and frauds of Pawnbrokers: and, to render it still more perfect in accommodation, there are private passages for entrance; so that those who would wish to conceal their necessities, are exempted from the mortification of being seen publicly going in, or coming out.

You have read, I presume, that in the days of Heathenism, the Deities of that curious Mythology were supposed to rejoice in the number Three. The Popish Code has fixed upon Seven as the lucky number. Thus they have seven sacraments, seven deadly sins, &c. &c. Brussels has improved upon that; and, taking the hint from their blessed Liturgy, has seven grand streets; seven parish-churches; seven Patrician families, out of which the Magistrates are or were elected; seven large squares; seven midwives, licensed and sworn by the Senate; and seven gates, leading to seven places of recreation and exercise, one to a place proper for fowling, a second to a place for fishing, a third to one for hunting, a fourth to pleasant fields, a fifth to pastime grounds, a sixth to springs and vineyards, and a seventh to gardens. Besides all which sevens, they boast of having once had the great good fortune  
of

of entertaining, at one time, seven Crowned Heads, with seven thousand horse belonging to their retinue. If there were any spell in the number Seven, the People of Bruffels surely must have been secure from all mischief; but the *Sans-culottes* have broken the charm, dispersed the necromancers, and lowered poor number Seven to its mere arithmetical value.

The Inns, or eating-houses, in this city, were equal to any in the world: a stranger might dine there better and cheaper than in any place, perhaps, on earth. The wines, also, were excellent and cheap; and coach-hire beyond expectation reasonable---And here I recollect to remark to you, that, all the way from Ostend to Bruffels, one is obliged to sit, dine, &c. in bed-chambers; a circumstance which is extremely discordant to the feelings of those who have been used to British Inns, although the bed-chambers are, to say the truth, large and commodious. At the very walls of Bruffels begins the famous wood of Sogne, from which the inhabitants were allowed to cut wood for fuel: as fast as the trees were cut down, fresh ones were planted in their stead; by which means the wood was preserved, and it afforded a continual supply to the Poor.

Bruffels is so very remarkable a place, that I have taken more than my usual scope of description of it. Just as I had finished it, I read a paragraph in the public papers, stating that it is likely to be annexed to the territories of the French Republic.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R XIII.
 

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**H**ITHERTO, as I have proceeded on my travels, I have been purposely very particular in my descriptions of the towns through which I passed on my way to India, in order to give your mind a disposition to inquiry, and point out to you an overflowing source of improvement and delight. Having so far shewn you how amply you will be rewarded, even in amusement, by the trouble of searching into books, for the accurate topographical descriptions of towns, cities, building, &c. &c. I think I may spare myself that labour for the future, and confine myself to those points that more immediately apply to the enlargement of the mind---I mean, the government, laws, manners and character of the People of each Country; and only use the former as subservient to the latter purpose, at least until I come to those places where, the ground being but little trodden by British feet, more precise description may become necessary.

But, before I leave the Netherlands, I must make a few remarks upon the Country and People, which it would be unpardonable in me to omit, after having been already so minutely particular in things of inferior merit to the scope of my plan.

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Although personal appearance be, in the eye of Moral Philosophy, a very inferior consideration, and mind the proper study of Man; yet, in describing a People, I cannot think it altogether unnecessary to include their personal appearance, as it will be found that there exists a greater analogy between the person and the mind of Man than is generally perceived. Thus the lively hilarity, the restless activity, the levity and fantastic character of the French, are strongly portrayed in the national person. In like manner, the lusty, fat, clumsy and misshapen person of the People of the Netherlands, is strongly illustrative of the temper and habit of their mind, intellects and spirits: industrious and heavy; dull of understanding, but not defective in judgment; slow in work---but, persevering in effort, and unerring in the process, they are generally successful in the end: in war, cold and backward at offensive operations, but inflexible and terrible in resistance; like the boar of the forest, they seek not the combat with any, but will not go out of their way to decline it with the most powerful: their appetites and desires cooler than other Nations, but less subject to change or caprice: never violently in love, but rationally attached to their wives; and both men and women faithful to their conjugal vow, as well from natural temperament, as from a principle of virtue.

Thus constituted by Nature, the effects of their industry are wonderful in every thing, but chiefly in their canals and sluices, which serve not only for the support of their commerce, and the

facility of intercourse, but for their defence against enemies: this was in other times; but, alas! the former of these uses, commerce, has so entirely absorbed all their intellect, and possessed their very souls, that they seem almost entirely negligent of the latter; and from being, of all People, the most wise and vigilant in determining and ascertaining their rights, the most zealous asserters and defenders of their independence, the most ardent friends to Liberty, and the most determined enemies to Slavery, they are become a sort of strange, inconsistent, hotch-potch politicians, whom ingenuity itself would find a difficulty in describing. They retain so much of their ancient and noble vigilance as serves to make them suspicious---so much of their independence as disposes them to change---so much of their jealousy as stimulates them to resistance---but not one particle of their former wisdom, to instruct them where they should attach themselves, where resist, or where resolve to act---nor of their courage to carry any resolution they might form into effect.

In the year 1781, the Emperor JOSEPH the Second came to Brussels, in order to indulge his paternal feelings as a Monarch with the contemplation and view of his Subjects, and also to be inaugurated; and perhaps upon no occasion that has ever occurred in the most volatile Nation, was there greater joy more universally expressed. For some time before his arrival, the whole Country was in motion; and, even with them, domestic industry stopped its usual persevering pace, suspended in the eager, anxious expectation

expectation of his arrival. Every thing in the birth, education, natural disposition and person of the young Emperor, united to impress his Subjects with the most exalted opinion of his goodness, and to inspire all ranks of people with the most fortunate presages of a wise and beneficent government. Nor did he disappoint them: his conduct, when among them, is handed over to remembrance, by a variety of acts of benevolence and condescension, which shewed that the grandeur of the Monarch had not made him forget the nature of the Man, and that his heart was better fitted for the mild, domestic enjoyments of a Subject, than the stern and unbending hardihood fit for a King: for I am perfectly of opinion with the celebrated JUNIUS, that there are virtues in a private Man which are vices in a King; and that the Monarch of a Country, in order to preserve respect, should avoid familiarity, and keep his person sacred from too general observation. SHAKSPEARE has put into the mouth of his HENRY the Fourth, a beautiful expression on this subject, well worth the attention of Kings---

- “ Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 “ So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 “ Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,  
 “ Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 “ And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 “ A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
 “ By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 “ But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:  
 “ That men would tell their children, This is he.”

Of the number I have heard, I will mention one anecdote only, and one remarkable expression of JOSEPH's, which will serve to shew in its true light what his disposition was; and when you consider them as the act and sentiment of a young man nursed in the lap of despotism and pride, you cannot but consider them as marvellous.

In his journey to the Low Countries, he visited Wurtzaurg; and, in his perambulating alone and *incog.* stopped at a little public-house, where the people were busily employed in entertaining themselves: he went in, and inquired why they were so merry---“ Sir,” said one of the country people, “ we are celebrating a marriage.” “ May I be permitted to join the company?” said the disguised Emperor. The host obtained that permission for him. When he entered the room, the married couple were presented to him, and he received them with great gaiety, sat down, drank their health, and, having informed himself of their situation, took leave of the company: but what was their astonishment, when, on lifting up a bottle of wine, they found a draft for six hundred florins, signed JOSEPH, and payable for the use of the married couple!

At Luxembourg, when the People called aloud on Heaven to shower down blessings on him for his affability, he made use of this remarkable expression, while his feelings moistened his eyes: “ I wish I could make you as happy in my care, as I am in your affection!”

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The affability of Monarchs has often been magnified by the foolish, and often blamed by the wise: But, if all the instances of condescension practised by Kings were like that I have recited of JOSEPH; if they arose from a sound, unquestionable spirit of philanthropy, not from gaping curiosity, broad folly, or a puerile inquisitive habit; and if, instead of conceiving those they visit paid for their intrusion with the honour of having conversed with Majesty, and leaving them churlishly, they would generously pay them with hard cash, as the good Emperor JOSEPH did; then, indeed, their affability might defy the exaggeration of fools, and must certainly command the applause of the wise.

On the 13th of July, the ceremony of Inauguration took place at Brussels. Nothing could equal the splendour of the place but the general joy of the People: the crowds were beyond all conception immense, and every thing was carried on with regularity till evening, when, in playing off some fire-works, that noble building the town-house took fire, and was burnt: six unfortunate persons lost their lives, and twenty were dangerously hurt: those who perished were absolutely roasted, and their cries were beyond description piercing. To such a temper as JOSEPH's, you will readily conclude that this must be a most afflicting circumstance---it was so; and he left Brussels under the pressure of very different feelings from those with which he entered it, and was followed by the prayers and blessing of all the People.

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But now we are to view the reverse of the medal. The sound of their prayers for his welfare, and praises of his goodness, had hardly died away upon their lips, ere their minds turned to revolt and rebellion. I will not say that they were not right in one or other, or which of those two extremes: certainly they could not be right in both; much less can their subsequent conduct be justified, or accounted for, in any principle of human nature, but that of the most abject meanness, dastardly feebleness, and gross folly. They returned to their allegiance, and besought forgiveness: that forgiveness was granted. How they have behaved since, I have already informed you, (See Letter IV.); and I have now to add, that, pillaged by the French, and likely to be left unprotected, they have again held their necks out, soliciting the protection and the yoke of Austria, and have actually offered to raise 100,000 men for the Emperor, *if* he will again drive the French out of their territories---An excellent word that *IF*!

How a People, once formed for manly pith and love of Freedom, could bend so low, is unaccountable. It is a question hard to be determined, whether an obstinate adherence even to a bad cause, is not more respectable, than a fickle, alternate dereliction, and adoption of right and wrong, as it suits the caprice or convenience of the moment? Of two things so very contemptible, I think the former the least odious and least unmanly.

At the same time, my observations on the Country led me to conceive, that under the name of Freedom, they groaned under the

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the yoke of Tyranny ; for, though the Country was, as I have described it, charming, its fecundity unsurpassed, its face decorated with the best gifts of Providence---I mean, smiling fields and bleating plains---though *Ceres* profusely repaid the labours of the husbandman, though every field had the appearance of a garden, and though, upon inquiry, I found that land which would bring in England five pounds an acre, rented at eight, nine and ten shillings of our money at most---yet, in spite of all this, the farmers were rather poor in general---not even one of them to be found rich or substantial, like the middle rank of that class of men in England. They wanted the great stimulus to industry---security of their property : they were liable to be turned out by their landlords at pleasure, and to be plundered when it should please some Monarch to make war.

The first of these, however, you will observe, is not the oppression of the Emperor : it is the tyranny of that worst of all constituent parts of a State, an Aristocracy---a vile Aristocracy!---that universal, that every-day despotism, under which all places groan, more or less---which is exercised in all the various gradations of life that chequer society, from the great man who, under the name of Minister, domineers over the Peer, to the country fox-hunting savage, who puts a poor wretch in jail to pine for years, (his family, the while, supported by the parish charity), only for doing that which makes the enjoyment of his own life, killing a partridge or a hare!---that Aristocratic tyranny which is seen  
scowling

scowling on the brows of a swaggering fellow in power, adopted by his secretary with increase, by him handed down to an upstart set of fellows in office, dependent on his smile, and by them displayed in all the nauseous, despicable forms which awkwardness and ignorance, lifted above their station, never fail to assume---the cold reserve, the affected stare, the listless nod, the feigned deafness, blindness, absence, and other fashionable perfections, which serve as vents for upstart arrogance, and indemnify the sycophant for the vile homage and submission which he has before paid some wretch mean and arrogant as himself!---I tell you, my dear FREDERICK, it is this Aristocratic usurpation of power, where power exists not, nor is necessary---this insulting assumption of superiority, this hidden petty oppression which rears its head in every manor, nay, almost every town and village in the Kingdom, that puts the Nations out of tune, mars the harmony of social arrangement, and renders power in the aggregate obnoxious. Why, our very women have their faucy, Aristocratic, supercilious front, their haughty stare, their contemptuous titter; and barter the winning softness of the sex, the dimples where the loves should dwell, for the haughty toss of the head, the ill-natured sneer, and the insulting Hector's frown---And thus the spirit of Aristocracy, like a poisonous weed, grows and expands from one to the other with baleful luxuriance, gradually overspreading the whole face of humanity, stopping the wholesome current of the social atmosphere, and

and choaking up the less rank but more useful plants---Thus it goes round in shameful traffic ; and, as the Poet says,

“ The wh—re she kicks her cully,

“ Court-waiters are kick'd at call ;

“ We are all kick'd, yet bully

“ While int'rest kicks the ball.”

I am persuaded, that if the grievances of the most despotic States were fairly estimated, and assigned to their real authors, the Princes of such States would be found responsible for a very small share indeed, when compared with the Aristocracy : and by Aristocracy, I mean not merely Lords, but all men who convert the wealth which Providence has bestowed upon them to the purposes of Tyranny, Exactions, Imposition, and Oppression---under which four heads we will again find, not only imprisonment for begging alms, imprisonment for shooting a partridge, but often seduction, adultery, and persecution for resisting or resorting to law for punishment of that seduction or adultery. Of all those things, the proofs, I fear, in all Nations, are abundant : I am sure they are so in the best governed State in Europe---I mean, England—

“ Qui capit, ille facit.”

I have thrown up a fool's cap : how many are there who will privately put it on !

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 L E T T E R   X I V .
 

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As the time of my departure from Bruffels approached, I found the bitter sensations with which I left London, in some measure, returning. My fortunate encounter with General LOCKHART had afforded me a temporary respite; but now I was once more to face an unknown country alone, without the chance of again meeting a friend to solace my mind, or mitigate my woe, on this side of India.

Having seen as much of Bruffels as my time and occasions would at all allow, and, in truth, having rather trespassed on my plan, for the reasons just mentioned, I determined to push forward as fast as it was possible, and took post for Liege, where I arrived, after passing through a beautiful, fertile, well-cultivated country, to the charms of which the renewed agony of my feelings rendered me almost insensible.

As we have now almost the whole length of Germany before us to travel through, it will be proper, before I proceed further, to give you a general idea of the Constitution of this vast Empire---

over all which, while one great Monarch nominally presides, there

are

are spread a number of petty Potentates, who really rule after as distinct forms of Government as almost any two Governments, however remote, in Europe.

Considering the nature of Government abstractedly, one would suppose that it arose from the general will of the society governed, and was formed for their use and benefit alone : but if we view the different systems scattered over the civilized part of the earth, we shall find that they originated from force and fraud ; and that, in their first formation, when bodily prowess, not intellectual power, bore sway---when he that could carry the strongest armour, and strike the heaviest blows, was sure to govern---when mere animal strength and ferocity disinherited reason of her rights, and robbed her of that ascendancy to which the invention of gunpowder, aided by the art of Printing, has since in some sort restored her---the basis upon which Governments were raised was, one man, not the whole society ; the point then was, how this or that strong ruffian could collect most slaves about him, not how this or that society should choose the best head : if he had strength to carry havoc through the ranks of their enemies, and then to overawe themselves, he was sure of dominion over the people, and left it to his son ; but if it so happened that he did not also bequeath to him bodily prowess to preserve it, the next strong ruffian seized the reins, flung him from his seat, and kept it till he, or some one of his heirs, was again served so in his turn by some other usurper. Hence arose the cabals and intrigues of courts, the spirit of party,

and intestine commotion ; till at length the People, for their own security, and to avoid the horrors of civil war, made choice (from dismal necessity) of some one family to rule them. As society advanced, and opulence held forth temptation, some greater ruffian, followed by a horde of needy, famished barbarians, made incursions on those rulers ; and being irresistible, as well from numbers firmly connected, as from the powerful impulse of necessity, under whose banners they generally robbed and ravaged, was submitted to on terms, and became Lord Paramount of a number of petty Sovereigns, who did homage to him, and fleeced the miserable subjects, to keep him in humour ; and thus, in a series of time, the power of both took root, and remained immoveable, unless when torn up by some violent tempest that convulsed the State, and shook it to its foundations.

Reading this account, you will very naturally exclaim, " Good GOD ! how absurd ! how irrational ! " Yet so it is ; and from this source, muddy though it be, is modern honour, and modern greatness, and modern high blood, derived : from this foul and turbid fountain have most of the Governments of the world issued ; from those strong men of yore have most of our modern governors descended : and as it generally happens (so equally has Providence distributed the gifts of Nature) that the strength of the intellectual part is in the inverse ratio of the animal, perhaps that is the reason why Monarchs are formed, in general, of greater bodily vigour than mental endowments, and better fitted for the Field than the  
Cabinet---

Cabinet---and for this reason are obliged to take from the puiſne ranks of their Subjects ſome aſſiſtant, ſo far removed from the great ſtandard of antique dignity, as to poſſeſs underſtanding enough to govern.

Upon a retroſpective view of the Hiſtory of Europe, it will be found, that for a long time after the birth of CHRIST, Germany was divided among ſuch petty rulers as I have deſcribed, who each held his little State in ſovereignty, and was called *Princeps* in Latin, or, in plain Engliſh, *Prince*. After the downfall of the Weſtern Empire, a Nation called *Franks*, from that part called *Franconia*, over-run a great part of Gaul and Germany, and in the fifth century took poſſeſſion of that part of Gaul which lay North of the river Loire. In the year 800, CHARLEMAGNE, the ſon of PEPIN, their King, formed an immense Empire in the Weſt, comprehending a great part of Germany, France, Italy, and a part of Spain. About eighty years afterwards, the petty Princes of Germany ſhook off the French Carlovinian race, and elected an Emperor of their own from the Houſe of Bavaria.

At laſt HENRY the Fourth, having diſpleaſed that grand arbiter the Pope, was put under the ban, and in conſequence depoſed by the States; on which occaſion His Holineſs had the addreſs to make that great dignity elective, he having uncontrouled power over the electors; ſince which it has continued ſo, with ſome modifications, and under certain regulations, formed by CHARLES the Fourth, at the Diet of Nurunberg. The election, however,

however, has been always so managed, that it has never departed from the regular line of succession but when there was an actual want of heirs.

In a Country over which the Pope had such influence, it might reasonably be supposed that intolerance is carried to a great length; but it is not so, as a review of each particular State shews. The established religion, in general, is Popery. JOSEPH the Second, that good and wise Monarch, displayed a greater spirit of toleration than any other Catholic Prince since HENRY the Fourth of France. He was not murdered by a Friar for it, it is true---those days of pious barbarity are past; but he was visited on the occasion by His Holiness, who, after a variety of remonstrances against the relaxation he gave to religious severity in his own dominions, finding him unmoved by papers, resolved to attack him in person: but, whether it was that the pontifical amulet lost its charm when out of the air of Rome, or that His Holiness was not properly anointed before (like *Hecate* in *Macbeth*) he took his flight, or that he forgot some of those relics which were expected to operate on JOSEPH's mind, so it was, that the good Emperor continued inflexibly attached to his former resolve; and, after kissing His Holiness' toe, and a thousand other pretty politenesses, sent him back to Rome again with his finger in his mouth; and a story to relate, that would, at one time, have set all Europe in a flame, and sent the good Monarch, like HENRY the Second of England, to lash himself  
naked

naked over the rotten remains of some vagabond fraudulent Priest.

In the election of Emperor, the laws of the Empire have laid down no qualification but that which ought to be the *sine quâ non* of all Princes, namely, that he be *justus, bonus, et utilis*--- Neither have they made any limitation in regard to religion, nation, state, or age; nevertheless, the majority of electors being Papists, a Roman Catholic Prince is always chosen.

The rank of the Emperor is very great: he is looked upon by all Crowned Heads as the first European Potentate; and, as such, precedence is always given him and his ambassadors: he is the supreme Head of the German Empire; but his power in the administration thereof is very limited indeed. In ancient times, the Emperor had considerable domains and incomes; but warfare and prodigality have dissipated the greatest part of them, and they have been successively alienated or mortgaged, so that his revenues were very inconsiderable lately, and now, since the French war, are almost as nothing.

The present Emperor FRANCIS found the Empire, when he was elected, incumbered with difficulties of the most enormous magnitude---a war on which the existence of every Monarchy in Europe seemed to depend, an exhausted treasury, and a disposition to revolt in a part of his dominions, the Netherlands. At this present time, his situation is, beyond that of every other Prince, lamentable :---almost all his resources gone, and an insolent, formidable,

midable, triumphant enemy, proceeding and carrying conquest by rapid strides through his Country. He called upon his People to support him. The States of the Netherlands, instead of assisting him to stop the progress of the enemy, invited and opened their gates to them, put them in their bosom, and were stung. Of the other States, some refuse their aid, while some have recourse to feeble expedients; and, to evade the weight, temporise, procrastinate, and shuffle, till at length will come the French Army, and force them to do for their enemy ten times more than (if done timely, and with a good grace) might save the Empire and themselves. The KING of PRUSSIA, one of those States, on being called upon, says he is busily employed in securing the plunder of Poland, and cannot come--- while the tyger is glutting in the blood of the harmless flocks, the huntsmen are coming upon him, to cut him off. As an Englishman, zealous for the welfare of my Country, I wish the KING of PRUSSIA may not, by his attention to Poland, sacrifice all Germany to the French. As an honest man, I cannot help entertaining a wish, that the scandalous and outrageous wrongs done to Poland, and this treachery to the Allies whom he himself brought into the present difficulties, may be expiated by any calamity, however great, that does not extend to the interest or wellbeing of Europe.

It is a maxim in Courts of Equity, that a man coming to demand redress, should come with clean hands, and, seeking equity, should do equity. This maxim has unfortunately never yet extended to decisions

decisions between States : power is their right, and force decides--- Yet, in a contest like the present, the very foundation of which is hostility to Kings, and which is carried on in the twofold way of arms, in the open field and private negociation for insurrection ; when, for the interest of the cause they espouse, as well as their own personal safety, Kings should assume at once their best form to appreciate themselves, and discredit their enemies in the eyes of Mankind---in such a state of things, I say, for the KING of PRUSSIA and the EMPRESS of RUSSIA to take the part they have done with regard to Poland, is so extravagant, that we can only account for it in the will of the ALMIGHTY predisposing them for some extraordinary crisis. No one would expect them to depart from their accustomed crooked path of policy, if safety did not loudly call upon them to proceed in the direct road. It is monstrous to see beings endowed with common sense, expending themselves in an unjust struggle for aggrandizement, while the sword of extinction is suspended by a hair over their heads.

But to return---In this state is the young Emperor at this moment, deserted by his People in the Low Countries, unaided by his Continental Ally, and supported only by Great Britain. What the issue may be, GOD alone can tell : but every one possessing a heart of feeling, or a single sentiment of honour or justice, must wish that young Prince a fortunate delivery from the difficulties which the impolicy and wickedness of others have led him into, and which the treachery of some of them make more formidable, if not utterly insuperable.

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 L E T T E R X V .
 

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THE various districts or territories into which Germany is divided, go under a variety of designations, not known among us as independent titles to power---Principalities, Seigniories, Counties, Electorates, Margravates, and Bishoprics lay and spiritual. Of the lay Bishoprics, Osnaburg, the Prince Bishop of which is our DUKE of YORK, makes one: and Leige, where we are now arrived, is the territory of a Bishop lay and spiritual, or spiritual and temporal, one of the fairest kind of that class---for he possesses temporalities, and enjoys them; whereas their Lordships merely spiritual, enjoy and have the ingratitude and impudence to renounce them: but no matter for that; the Bishop of Liege possesses a Bishopric, fruitful in corn, wine, wood and pasture, with air extremely pleasant and temperate; and while the latter gives his terrestrial clay health and appetite, the former afford him the means of preserving the one, and indulging the other, with true spiritual comfort, and high ecclesiastical voluptuousness. In cases of repletion, too, the mineral waters of the Bishopric, particularly the well-known one of Spa, offer their aid; and some of the best beer

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in the world, which is brewed in these territories, diversifies his spiritual Lordship's cup, and, with its pungent bitter, sends back his palate to his wine with renovated relish.

It is astonishing how inconsistent with themselves, and how discordant in their constituent principles, some very wise institutions are. Thus Episcopacy, and all other branches, posts or ranks, high or low, commissioned or non-commissioned, of the Church, publicly and systematically profess poverty, abstinence, and an utter indifference to temporal concerns, while their livings are enormous, and themselves overfed. Nay, so cautiously has ecclesiastical law provided for that, even in our liberal establishments, that a Bishop, at his instalment, positively declares, in the face of GOD, at the holy altar, that he is averse to being a Bishop---*nolo Episcopari*. Under such conditions, what must not the charity, the condescension, the mortifying submission of a Divine be, to stoop to a Bishopric, and suffer such a heavy load to be heaped upon his back---against his will! Assuredly, the imposing a Bishopric upon him must be a great act of violence on his inclinations: for I cannot think it possible that a Christian Divine would, in the first place, commit the crime of simony by seeking preferment, and gaining it by prostitution; much less can I believe that he would be guilty, at the holy altar, of a solemn act of perjury, by swearing *nolo Episcopari*, if he was not actually, and *bonâ fidé*, averse to a Bishopric.

The Bishop of Liege, however, may be fairly acquitted on the score of his temporal half, for the share of transgressions committed by his spiritual half. And unquestionably, as a Christian Divine, he must groan in spiritual humiliation, when he reflects that his title is emblazoned with the gorgeous vanities of Prince of Liege, Duke of Bouillon, Marquis of Franchemont, Count of Looz, &c. Such a set of proud worldly titles are of themselves sufficient (putting the wine and beer, and repletion, out of the question) to annihilate the spiritual merits of the Bishop, and expunge the grace of GOD from his name here, if not from himself hereafter.

Of all kinds of Slavery, that Nation groans beneath the worst, which has the name, without the essence, of a free Constitution; and Germany abounds with such. By the Constitution of this Bishopric, the Government consists of three States: the first is the Chapter of Liege; the second, the Nobility; and the third, the Deputies of the towns and capital. These, however, are very seldom called together, except to *raise taxes*, or on some such *extraordinary* emergency: but there is a Committee of the States who meet three times a week, and in time of war daily; they are always about the Prince Bishop, to make remonstrances, and demand the redress of grievances---from whence we may reasonably infer, that the People are well protected, or at least well governed; the continual intercourse between the Committee and Bishops, no doubt, tending to promote a very happy influence in favour of the People!

In forming this Constitution, special care has been taken to give the first State a great preponderance. The Chapter is to consist of sixty persons, who must either prove their Nobility for four generations, both by father and mother, or have been Doctors or Licentiates of Divinity for seven years, or of Law for five years, in some famous University, before they can be admitted.

How is it that the profession of the Law should bear such potent sway in almost all Countries---that, even in Liege, a Catholic Country and Ecclesiastical Government, five years study of the Law should be deemed an equal qualification to seven of Divinity? In England, and its dependencies, the ascendancy of the Law is still greater; and even in America, that profession is the first step to State honours. The truth is, that the science of the Law, which, however despicable in practice, is the noblest of human sciences, quickens and invigorates the understanding more than all the other kinds of learning put together; while the study of Divinity (I do not mean real Divinity or Morality, but that whimsical jumble of miracles and incongruities, of fulsome cant and senseless rhapsody, called so by Churchmen) contracts the understanding, and bends it into a kind of crooked cunning. Formerly, the Clergy were the dispensers of the Laws, and they alone studied it---Happy times! happy People! When the united powers of both Lawyers and Priests were lodged in the same person, it is no wonder that they were able to enslave the persons, when they had got possession of the understanding, of the People---that we at this day see so many  
stupendous

stupendous monuments remaining of their pride and power, and that the bloated load of Episcopacy still has its votaries and supporters.

The Bishopric of Liege is very populous and extensive, containing many large Towns, many Baronies and Seigniories, seventeen Abbeys for men, who must be all gentlemen, and eleven for ladies, exclusive of swarms of inferior note. In this distribution of the Abbeys, male and female, I do not think that sufficient regard has been had to equality of numbers: I really think the Fathers have been ill used. The ladies, though, I dare say, are well enough contented with the arrangement.

Although, as I have already apprized you, I do not mean to enter into a minute description of towns, so very easily found in many volumes of Geography and History, there occasionally occur certain curiosities in some of those towns, which it would be unpardonable in me to pass over, as they may not perhaps be found in such books of those sciences as fall in your way.

Liege, the capital of the Bishopric, is unquestionably a beautiful city, of immense size: its opulence, its pleasantness, its plenty and salubrity, may be calculated from the name it has long been expressly called by way of eminence---*the Paradise of Priests*.---Indeed, it must needs be a holy and a happy city; for it is chiefly occupied with Convents, Churches, and other religious foundations.

*The Paradise of Priests!*---Excellent! Why, if the Genius of Sensuality himself were to torture his invention for centuries, to  
strike

strike out an appellation for the grand emporium of luxury, voluptuousness and sensual enjoyment, he could not have hit on one so singularly appropriate as *the Paradise of Priests*.

In a grand Cathedral here, are five great silver chests full of reliques, besides several silver statues of Saints; and a Saint GEORGE on horseback, of massy gold; and in Saint WILLIAM'S Convent, without the city, is the tomb of the famous English traveller, Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, from whom all lying travellers have been since proverbially called *Mandevilles*---an appellation which, I promise you, I will hazard the imputation of dullness rather than incur. I suppose it was for his truly priestlike powers in the *marvellous* that he was honoured with a birth among their Reverences. They have thought it necessary, however, to entreat, by an inscription in bad French, all persons who see it, to pray for his soul. In truth, poor Sir JOHN'S marvellous stories were as harmless as ever were invented, and entertaining to boot. If so much could be said for their Reverences, they might venture to rest their future safety on their own innocence and GOD'S mercy: but I fear their miracles cut deeper, and will be found to go to a much more important and serious account.

In the Bishopric of Liege, twenty miles from the capital, stands the famous town of Spa, so renowned for its excellent waters, that it has become a vulgar name for almost all mineral waters whatsoever. Those are said to open obstructions, concoct crudities, dry up excessive moisture, and strengthen the nerves and bowels; and  
such

such is their reputation, that prodigious quantities of them are carried into foreign countries.

Fortunate coincidence, to have such a choice and easy panacea for intemperance attached to *the Paradise of Priests!*

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L E T T E R   X V I .

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**AIX-LA-CHAPELLE**---The imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, by the Germans called Achen, lies at the distance of twenty-six miles, nearly East, of Liege. As it was a moderate stage, the weather fine, and the face of the country around beautiful, I found my journey extremely pleasant, and entered that famous city in as good a disposition to be pleased with it, as circumstances and reflections so melancholy as mine (which, in spite of every effort, would intrude themselves) may be supposed to allow. It is certainly a very fine city, and well deserves the reputation it has in all parts of the world.

Perhaps no city in Germany has a fairer claim to antiquity than Aix-la-Chapelle; for it was famous, even in the time of the ancient Romans, for its waters, and was by them called *Aquisgranum*, or *Urbs Aquensis*. It was destroyed by the Huns, who, like the French now, destroyed and trampled under foot

every

every vestige of refinement, wherever they carried their conquests; and it lay in ruins till it was rebuilt by CHARLEMAGNE, who made it the seat of his Empire on this side the Alps. By him it was ordained, that the Kings of the Romans should be crowned there: and it has been famous, since that time, for Councils and Treaties, particularly that famous one between France and Spain in 1663, and another lately between France and Great Britain.

Although there are many Protestants, both Lutherans and Calvinists, in this city, they are obliged to go to church two miles off, at a place called Vael, in the Dutchy of Limburg; so that Popery prevails with some portion of its intolerance. Here, as in all other places subject to its power, it has raised the Gothic gloomy pile, accumulated enormous masses of wealth, and hoarded up treasures, under the gulling pretexts of religious paraphernalia: a golden casket, set with precious stones of inestimable value, is hoarded up, not for the actual value of the moveable, but as the only fit receptacle for a relique it contains---a curious one, too, of even its kind---a bit of earth!---A bit of earth? yes! a bit of earth, common earth!---only with this fortunate circumstance in addition, that a drop of the blood of Saint STEPHEN fell, or is said to have fallen, upon it, as he was stoned to death! think of that, master FREDERICK! Why, when those things occur to me, I feel myself agitated by a whimsical tumult of sensations, serious and ludicrous, sorrowful and merry, that it is impossible to describe---something like that state in which the spirits flutter

when a person whimpers between a laugh and cry. But, to carry the matter farther, when we recollect that some of the wisest and brightest of Mankind, some of the bravest Warriors, sternest Philosophers, and ablest Statesmen, that ever existed, have been the dupes of those shallow artificers, and actually have knelt in devout homage to these bits of earth, bone, sticks and stone, &c. we must allow that it answers a great and noble end, by pointing out to us the infirmity of our nature, and shewing us, to use the words of one of our brightest luminaries, " what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue !"

We have already had, and are likely yet to have, such a clumsy load of Cathedrals to attend to, that I should not mention that of Aix-la-Chapelle (a large, gloomy, dreary, old-fashioned, Gothic pile), were it not that it carries along with it some matters worthy of notice. What think you, then, of an Emperor, a Pope, and three hundred and sixty-five Bishops, in one company? Oh! precious assemblage! But where, I hear you ask---where, in the name of God, collect the Bishops? a Pope and Emperor are easily had! My dear FREDERICK, three hundred and sixty-five Bishops might easily be picked up in Christendom, and leave more behind, too, than would serve any useful purpose to the world.---Yes, the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE, and three hundred and sixty-five Bishops, were present at the Consecration of this Cathedral by Pope LEO the Third. That Emperor lies now in great state under the altar of the choir: Pope LEO rots in Rome; and for the

the Bishops, they are gone, perhaps, as *Hamlet* says, “to stop a beer barrel.”---

“Th’ imperial CÆSAR, dead, and turn’d to clay,

“Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.”

From such a splendid and opulent attendance at the Consecration, one would naturally expect that this Cathedral would have been, at the very outset, enriched with costly and valuable trappings: but no---one image of that of Liege would purchase the whole. It should be recollected, however, that they were all, excepting the Emperor, Churchmen---a class, whose charity, generally speaking, has, like a ring, neither end nor beginning; or at least ends and begins in itself, where nobody can see it; or, according to the old proverb, begins at home.

To compensate, however, for those worldly, worthless vanities, gold, silver and jewels, His Holiness, and their three hundred and sixty-five Graces, presented the Cathedral with some exquisite pieces of relique, of more inestimable value, by their account, than the mines of Potosi or Golconda: the first, an old covering---it would be folly for me to say, whether gown, petticoat or shift---but they, that is to say, the Priests, say, and the Faithful believe them, that it was the shift worn by the Virgin MARY at the birth of CHRIST---how their Holinesses came by it, is hard to conjecture:---in the next place, a piece of coarse cloth, which, they also say, and are believed when they say, was girt about

CHRIST on the Cross :---thirdly, a piece of cord, with which they say he was bound :---fourthly, some of the blood of Saint STEPHEN, now eighteen hundred years old :---and, fifthly, a picture of the Virgin and Child, embossed on a jasper, by Saint LUKE. With all due deference to their Reverences' knowledge, I should think a dozen statues in gold of the Apostles would be rather a more valuable gift, and more ornamental, than these rags and cords, which I dare say did not cost altogether six pence. We talk here of our blue ribbons, our red ribbons, and our stars, as great donations; but I think the presents of the Pope and three hundred and sixty-five Bishops to the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, beat them out of the field, whether we consider the magnificence of the gift, or the generosity of the givers.

But that which, above all things, renders Aix-la-Chapelle worthy of notice, is the salubrity of its waters, which bring from England, and all other European Nations, a vast concourse of valetudinarians, who contribute at once to the gaiety and opulence of the city and adjacent country. Some of those waters are used for drinking, and others for bathing, resembling very much, in their quality, the virtues of those of Bath in Somersetsshire, but that some of them are still hotter and stronger: they are unpleasant to the taste till use reconciles the palate to them, and most of them have a very offensive smell; but they are often powerful in effect, and give relief in a great variety of maladies; and they are rendered still more palatable by the commodious neatness of the baths, the  
excellence

excellence of the accommodations, and the great plenty of provisions, which are at once good and reasonable in this city.

I staid so short a time at Aix-la-Chapelle, that I could not, without the aid of some of the miracles wrought by the Saints of the Romish Church, or Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, acquire a sufficient knowledge of the People, to attempt a description of them, or their manners---but it and Spa are so well known, that you cannot have much trouble in finding a description of them already written.

As far as my observations enabled me to judge, there was nothing in the German character that had the power either to create interest, or excite great attention.--They are rather to be approved than admired; and, wanting those prominent features that so whimsically chequer other Nations with the extremes of bad and good, majestic and ridiculous, afford little subject to the traveller for the indulgence of sentimental reflection, or to the philosopher for the exercise of moral speculation.

LETTER

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 LETTER XVII.
 

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BIDDING adieu to the famous city of Aix-la-Chapelle, which, very untraveller-like, I pass'd without drinking of its waters, I push'd on, and soon arriv'd at the city of Juliers, the capital of a Dutchy of that name, sixteen miles from Aix. The Country itself is wonderfully fruitful, teeming with abundance of all sorts of corn, wood, pasture, woad, coal and cattle; above all, a most excellent breed of horses, of which great numbers are exported.

As to the city, though a capital, there was nothing in it that I thought worth attention---that of neatness is its greatest praise. It is not, like Liege, overloaded with enormous church edifices; but, what is much better, the People are opulent, the Poor well supplied, and all happy. In all likelihood, this is owing to the inhabitants being a mixture of Protestant and Roman Catholic; for, by a treaty between the Elector Palatine and the Emperor of Brandenburg, respecting the succession of the territories of the Duke of Cleves, both the Lutherans and Calvinists of this Dutchy, and of  
 Berg,

Berg, are to enjoy the public exercise of their religion, and all other religious rites.

If experience would allow us to wonder at any thing in the management of the Rulers of Nations, it must surely be matter of astonishment, that in an article of such consequence as eternity, and which must be directed by private sentiments alone, such violence should systematically be offered to opinion, and that Mankind should be dragooned, as they have been for so many weary centuries, into the profession of particular modes of faith. Combating opinion by force is so absurd, that I am sure those who have attempted it, never could flatter themselves with the slightest hopes of success. It is therefore clear, that it was in motives very different from real wishes for the eternal welfare of Man's soul, that religious persecution originated. Political finessé and State stratagem are the parents of persecution: and until every Constitution is clean purged of religious prejudices, it must continue to be clogged with obstructions, and involved in confusion. If it be objected that certain religious sects are hostile to certain States, it may be answered, that they are so because the State is hostile to them. Cease to persecute, and they will cease to be hostile---*Sublata causa tollitur effectus*. It is folly, broad folly, to suppose that there are in any particular religion, seeds of hostility to government, any more than in any particular name, complexion, stature, or colour of the hair. Put, for experiment, all the men in the kingdom, of above five feet ten inches heighth, under tests and disqualifications, (and it would be  
full

full as rational as any other tests)---and, my life for it, they would become hostile, and very justly, too; for there is no principle, human or divine, that enforces our attachment to that Government which refuses us protection, much less to that which brands us with disqualifications, and stigmatizes us with unmerited marks of inferiority.

The States of this Dutchy, and that of Berg, consist of the Nobility and the Deputies of the four chief towns of each; and they lay claim to great privileges in their Diets--but they are subject to the Elector Palatine, to whom they annually grant a certain sum for the ordinary charges of the Government, besides another which bears the name of a free gift.

Some Authors say that this town was founded by JULIUS; others deny it; the dispute has run high, and is impossible to be determined: fortunately, however, for Mankind, it does not signify a straw who built it; nor could the decision of the question answer any one end that I know, of instruction, profit or entertainment. *Parva leves capiunt animos.* Those who rack their brains, or rather their heads, for brains they can have none, with such finical impertinent inquiries, should be punished with mortification and disappointment, for the misuse of their time. But what else can they do? You say, Why, yes; they might sit idle, and refrain from wasting paper with such execrable stuff; and that would be better. By the bye, if there were two good friends in every library in Europe, licensed to purge it, like the Barbar and Curate in *Don Quixotte*,

*Quixotte*, of all its ufelefs and mifchievous ftuff, many, many fhelves that now groan under heavy weights would ftand empty.

Travelling over a very even road, and a country extremely flat, (for from Aix-la-Chapelle I met with but one hill), I arrived at Cologne, the capital, not only of the Archbifhopric of that name, but of the Circle of the Lower Rhine. My fpirits, which were not in the very beft tone, were not at all raifed on entering the city, by the ringing of Church-bells, of all tones and fizes, in every quarter. Being a ft ranger, I thought it had been a rejoicing day; but, on inquiry, found that it was the conftant practice. Never, in my life, had I heard fuch an infernal clatter: never before had I feen any thing fo gloomy and melancholy---the ftreets black---difmal bells tolling--bald-pated Friars, in myriads, trailing their long black forms through the ftreets, molding their faces into every fhape that art had enabled them to affume, in order to excite commiferation, and begging alms with a melancholy fong calculated for the purpofe, fomewhat like that of our blind beggars in London, and productive of the fame difagreeable effect upon the fpirits. In fhort, I was not an hour in Cologne, when thofe circumftances, confpiring with the infuperable melancholy of my mind, made me wifh myfelf out of it.

Nevertheless, Cologne is a fine city; and if it be any fatisfaction to you to fpin thofe fine imaginary ligaments that, in the brain of the book-worm, connect the ancient and modern world, I will inform you, that it was anciently called *Colonia Agrippina*, becaufe

AGRIPPINA, the mother of NERO, was born there, and honoured it with a Roman Colony, because it was her birth-place. The mind, forced back to that period, and contemplating the mischiefs of that monster NERO, cannot help wishing that Cologne had been burnt the night of her birth, and Miss AGRIPPINA buried in the ruins, ere she had lived to give birth to that scourge of the world.

Although the established religion here be the Roman Catholic, extraordinary as it may appear, they are very jealous of power; and though the Elector, by his officers, administers justice in all criminal causes, they will not permit him, in person, to reside above three days at a time in the city, nor to bring a great train with him when he visits it; for this reason he commonly resides at Bonne.

Cologne has a very considerable trade, particularly in Rhenish wine; and its gin is reckoned the best in the world, and bears a higher price than any other in all the Nations of Europe.

Like all great Roman Catholic cities, it has a profusion of churches, crosses, miracles, saints, and church trinkets; and I really think it has more steeples and bells than any two cities in Germany. As Liege was called the Paradise of Priests, this ought to be called the Golgotha of Skulls and Skull-caps. In the church of Saint URSULA, they shew, or pretend at least to shew, the bones of eleven thousand Virgin Martyrs. The skulls of some of those imaginary Virgins are in silver cases, and others in skull-caps, of cloth, of gold, and velvet. And in the church of Saint GERION, are no less than

than nine hundred heads of Moorish Cavaliers, of the army of the Emperor CONSTANTINE, (previous to that Saint's conversion to Christianity), who they say was beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to idols: by the bye, the Popish Divines burn, instead of beheading, for not sacrificing to idols---Every one of those heads, however, has a cap of scarlet, adorned with pearls. The whole forms a spectacle, no doubt, equally agreeable and edifying. It struck me, however, as an extremely ludicrous sight, malgre the solemnity of so many death's heads: and when their story was recounted, I could not help internally chuckling, and saying (rather punningly, to be sure), "Ah! what *blockheads* ye must have been, to suffer yourselves to be separated from your snug warm bodies, rather than drop down and worship an idol, in which so many good Christian Divines have shewn you an example!" This, you will conclude, I said to myself: an avowal of my sentiments in that place might have given my head a title to a scarlet cap and pearls; and as I had some further use for it, I did not think it expedient to leave it behind me in the Church of Saint GERION---so, very prudently, kept my mind to myself.

Coming out of the Church, a multitude of beggars, all in canonicals, or student's habits, surrounded, beseeching me for alms---one, pour l'amour de DIEU; another, pour l'amour de la Sainte Vierge; a third, pour le salut de notre Redempteur; a fourth, pour l'amour de Saint GERION; and so on!

When I had gone as far as I wished in donations, another attacked me: though I told him my charity-bank was exhausted, he persevered, and was uncommonly solicitous---till at length, having exhausted the whole catalogue of Saints that are to be found in the Calendar, he raised his voice from the miserable whine of petition, and exclaimed with great energy, “ Par les neuf cent tetes des Cavaliers Maures qui sont sanctifies au Ciel, je vous conjure de me faire l'aumone!” This was too formidable an appeal to be slighted; and so, in homage to the skulls and red caps, I put my hand in my pocket, and stopped his clamours.

Those miserable modes of peculation are the most pardonable of any produced by the Church: we have no right to regret a trifle sacrificed at the shrine of compassion, even when that compassion is mistaken; but our reason revolts at imposition, when it calls coercion to its aid, and assumes the name of right.

Without any national predilection, which you know I am above, I think our Church affairs in Scotland are arranged upon a better system than any other that I know of: hence their Clergy are in general examples worthy of imitation, for learning, piety, and moral conduct.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R XVIII.
 

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LABOURED investigations to establish connections between the history of the ancient and business of the modern world, and virulent disputes about trifles of antiquity, such as in what year this place was built, or that great man was born, when and where JULIUS CÆSAR landed in England, whether he passed this road or that, what route HANNIBAL took over the Alps, and such like, are so essentially uninteresting, useless and unimportant, so unprofitable, and, one would think, so painful too, that it is wonderful how so many men of great learning have been unwise enough to employ their lives in the research.

It does not follow, however, that when information that tends to recall to our minds the great men of antiquity is presented to us, we should reject it. A man of classical taste and education feels a delight in those little memorials of what gave him pleasure in his youth. I know a Gentleman, who, being at Seville, in Spain, travelled to Cordova, for no other purpose but to see the town where LUCAN and SENECA were born: and I dare say, that if you were at Cologne, you would be much pleased to see the Town-house, a great Gothic building, which contains a variety of ancient inscriptions,

tions; the first to commemorate the kindness of JULIUS CÆSAR to the Ubii, who inhabited this place, and of whom you have found mention made by him in his Commentaries, and also his building two wooden bridges over the Rhine: a second commemorates AUGUSTUS sending a colony here. There is also a cross-bow of whalebone, twelve feet long, eight broad, and four inches thick, which they who speak of it conjecture to have belonged to the Emperor MAXIMIN'S. There are also some Roman inscriptions in the arsenal, the import of which I now forget.

It is very extraordinary, but certainly a fact, that there are, about Cologne, families yet existing, who indulge the senseless ambition of pretending to be descended from the ancient Romans, and who actually produce their genealogies, carried down from the first time this city was made a colony of the Roman Empire. Of all kinds of vanity, this is perhaps the most extravagant: for, if antiquity merely be the object, all are equally high, since all must have originated from the same stock; and if it be the pride of belonging to a particular family who were distinguished for valour or virtue, a claim which often only serves to prove the degeneracy of the claimant, it could not apply in the case of a whole People: but this is among the frailties of humanity; and we are often so dazzled with the splendour of terrestrial glory, that we endeavour to be allied to it even by the most remote and ridiculous connections. I heard of a man, whose pride and boast, when drunk, was, that Dean SWIFT had once thrown his mother's oysters (she was an oyster-

oyster-wench) about the street, and then gave her half a crown as an atonement for the injury. On the strength of this affinity did he call the Dean nothing but *Cousin Jonathan*, though the Dean was dead before he was born!

But of all the stories I have ever heard as illustrative of this strange ambition, that which the late Lord ANSON has left us is the most striking. When that great man was travelling in the East, he hired a vessel to visit the island of Tenedos: his pilot, a modern Greek, pointing to a bay as they sailed along, exclaimed in great triumph, "There, ay, there it was that our fleet lay."---"What fleet?" interrogated ANSON---"Why, our Grecian fleet, at the siege of Troy," returned the pilot.

While those doughty descendants of the ancient Romans indulge the cheerless idea of their great and illustrious line of ancient ancestry, the Prince who rules them felicitates himself with the more substantial dignities and emoluments of his modern offices. As Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, he has dominion over a large, fruitful and opulent country: he is the most powerful of the ecclesiastical Electors: he has many Suffragan Princes, lay and spiritual, under him; and he is Archchancellor of the Holy Roman Empire. The revenues of his Archbishopric amount annually to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling; and as Elector, he is possessed of several other great benefices. I presume, because he is a Prince, that he is a man of sense; and, I will venture to say, that, as such, he would not barter those good things for the  
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power to demonstrate that LUCRETIA was his aunt, BRUTUS his grandfather, and the great JULIUS CÆSAR himself his cousin-german.

CHRIST chose his disciples out of fishermen. The Chapter of Cologne is, perhaps, on the contrary, the very most Aristocratic body existing, being composed of forty Canons, who are Princes or Counts of the Empire---Of those, twenty-five choose the Archbishop, and may advance one of their own body to that great and wealthy dignity, if they please.

From Cologne I proceeded to the town of Bonne, which is said to take its name from the pleafantness of its situation. Here the Elector resides, and has a very fine palace. The country around is extremely fruitful and pleafant, and is blessed with most of the good things which render the Rich magnificent and happy, and remind the Poor of their inferiority and wretchedness---particularly wine, which is here remarkably excellent. It contains Churches, Priests, Convents, Cloisters, &c.; but I need not mention them---what place could exist without them?

I should not forget to tell you, that, at this place, JULIUS CÆSAR built one of his bridges across the Rhine---works which would have handed down to posterity the name of a common man, for the magnitude of the structure and ingenuity of the contrivance, but are lost in the crowd of astonishing talents which distinguished that brightest of mortals. The greatest Biographer of Antiquity says of him, that he was as great a General as HANNIBAL, as  
great

great an Orator as CICERO, and as great a Politician as AUGUSTUS; but it might be added, that he was among the first Poets of his day---that he was of the first mechanical genius, and the finest gentleman, in Rome.

Nature seems to have formed, in CÆSAR, a compendious union of all human talents, as if to demonstrate how unavailing they were when opposed to strict rigid honesty and virtue in the character of BRUTUS.

To go from Bonne to Frankfort, there are two ways---one over the mountains of Wetterania, the other up the river Rhine. I made no hesitation to adopt the latter, and was rewarded for my choice with the view of as fine a country, inhabited by as fine a race of People, as I had ever seen. Valleys filled with herds, plains enamelled with corn-fields, and the hills covered with vineyards, regaled the eye, and conveyed to the mind all the felicitating ideas of plenty, natural opulence, and true prosperity. My anxiety, however, to get forward, and disengage myself from a species of solitude in a country where, though travelling is cheap, accommodations of most kinds in the public houses are bad, induced me to push on, without taking the time necessary for making accurate observations on the country as I passed; so that, gliding, as it were, imperceptibly, through a number of towns, of which I recollect nothing distinctly but the names of Coblantz and Mentz, I arrived at the great, free and imperial city of Frankfort on the Maine.

Here I shall stop, for a short time, my relation, in order to give you time for just reflection and examination of what I have already written: and as, in the latter part of it, I have skimmed very lightly over the country, I desire that you will supply the deficiency of my information by close research in books; inform yourself of the great outlines of the Germanic Constitution; look back to its origin, its progress, and its establishment; thence proceed to the distinct parts, or inferior States, of which it is composed; ponder them all well; and from those draw your own inferences, and let me hear what they are with freedom: should they be wrong, I will endeavour to set them right; but should they be right, they will afford me the most lively satisfaction; for they will serve to correct one of the greatest errors under which youth labours---an overweening, sanguine imagination, that things in this life are, or at least can be modelled into perfection; whereas experience, and a just observation of the history of Mankind, will shew, that on this ball things will never be as they ought, but must remain as they are---imperfect.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R   X I X .
 

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THE country about Frankfort is delightful, rich and fruitful, and watered by the beautiful river Maine, which divides the city into two parts, that on the North being called Frankfort, and that on the South, Saxenhausen, from the Saxons, who are supposed to have been the founders of it. The city itself is large, populous and rich, and distinguished for being the place where the Emperor and King of the Romans is elected---though, by the appointment of CHARLEMAGNE, Cologne has a superior claim to that honour. The Magistrates, and great part of the inhabitants, are Lutherans or Calvinists; notwithstanding which, most of the Churches are in the hands of the Roman Catholics---a laudable instance of the true tolerant spirit of a wise and virtuous institution, and a heavy reflection upon, as well as a noble example to the Popish Powers of Europe.

The territory belonging to Frankfort is of very considerable extent; and the trade carried on through it, by means of the rivers Rhine and Mayne, of very great importance, not only to the country itself, but to other commercial nations, and particularly

to Great Britain, whose manufactures are sent to Frankfort, and thence circulated through the Continent, in amazing quantities.

The fairs of Frankfort are talked of all over Europe---of such importance are they in the world of commerce. They are held, one at Easter, and another in September, and continue for three weeks, during which time the resort of people there from all quarters is astonishing. Every thing is done by the Government to render them as attractive to Merchants as possible; and the taxes or duties are extremely low---a bale of the value of ten or twenty thousand crowns paying duty only about ten or eleven pence of our money. All commodities from all parts of the world are sold there, and circulated through the Empire; but, particularly, books are sold in prodigious quantities. After the fairs are over, the shops of the foreign Merchants are shut up, and their names written over their doors.

To give an idea of the great importance these fairs are to commerce, I need only mention, that in the present war, the impediments thrown by the French in the way of the transit of goods up the Rhine, and the shutting up that fair, gave a most alarming paralysis to the manufacturing establishments of England, and a shock to public credit in consequence, that would, but for the timely interference of Parliament, have, in all probability, been fatal to the national credit.

Frankfort is in many respects a pleasant place: the Merchants are extremely convivial and sociable, and form clubs, where they meet

meet to drink tea and coffee, and play at cards. There is a play-house also, a great number of coffee-houses, and other houses of entertainment in abundance. The country around is covered with woods and vineyards; and the circumjacent villages are very pleasant, and well supplied with houses of entertainment, to which the inhabitants of the city resort in the Summer season; and the inns in Frankfort are excellent.

A singular custom prevails here, which I think worth mentioning: Taverns are denoted by pine-trees planted before the doors of them; and the different prices of the wines in their cellars are marked in ciphers on the door-posts.

In the town here is presented the original Golden Bull, or Pope's Authority, which contains the rules and orders to be observed at the election of the Emperors. This Golden Bull is never shewn to strangers but in the presence of two of the Council and the Secretary---It is a little manuscript in quarto, consisting of forty-two leaves of parchment, with a gold seal of three inches diameter, of the value of twenty ducats, hung to it by a cord of yellow silk. It is said to be written in Latin and Gothic characters, without diphthongs; and kept in a black box, together with two written translations of it into the German language.

It is said of Frankfort, that the Roman Catholics possess the churches, the Lutherans the dignities, and the Calvinists the riches. It is therefore one of the few places in Christendom where the churches and the riches do not go into the same hands.

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From Frankfort to Augsburgh, I passed through a number of towns, all of them so very inconsiderable as not to merit any particular description. The way lies from the Palatinate through the Circle of Suabia. In the extreme end of the Palatinate, and immediately before entering the Dutchy of Wirtemberg, the country is covered with fir-trees; and money is so scarce in it, that a loaf of wheaten bread, weighing eight pounds, costs but two pence.

The city of Augsburgh is the capital of a Bishopric of that name in the Circle of Suabia, and is worthy of the attention of the classical traveller for its antiquity. About twelve years before the birth of CHRIST, AUGUSTUS CÆSAR subdued all this country, and, on the place where Augsburgh now stands, formed a colony, gave the town the name of Augusta Vindelicorum, and put it under the government of DRUSUS, the brother of TIBERIUS, afterwards Emperor of Rome. The inhabitants of this place were the Vindelic, a branch of the Illyrians. But, ancient though it be, it has little more of antiquity to entitle it to notice than the bare name; for it has been pillaged so often, particularly by that monster ATTILA, that there are scarcely any remains of its antiquity to be found.

Augsburgh is now, however, a handsome city---the public buildings in general magnificent, and adorned with fountains, water engines of a curious construction, and statues.

The most rich and splendid part of the town belongs to a family of the name of FUGGERS (originally descended from a weaver), who enriched themselves by commerce, and one of whom rendered

rendered not only himself, but the whole family, conspicuous, by entertaining the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth in a superb manner, and supplying him with money, and then throwing his bond into the fire; in return for which, the Emperor made him a Count of the Empire.

This city is remarkable for goldsmiths' ware; and its mechanics are equal to any in the world, for works in gold, ivory, clocks, and time-pieces; and they engrave better than any people in Germany, which brings them considerable profits. But what they are, above all other people, eminent for, is the manufacturing steel-chains so prodigiously fine, that when one of them, of a span in length, has been put about the neck of a flea, it lifts up the whole of it as it leaps; and yet those are sold for less than a shilling of our money a piece.

Controversy, and difference in religious opinions, which has almost, ever since the commencement of Christianity, disgraced the human understanding, and defaced society, imposes upon the liberal, well-thinking traveller, the office of satirist but too often. Augsburgh, however, is a splendid exception, and holds up a most glorious spectacle of manly sense, generous sentiment, justice, and I will say policy too, vanquishing that shark-jawed enemy of Mankind, bigotry. The Magistracy of Augsburgh is composed of about an equal number of Protestants and Roman Catholics---their Senate consisting of twenty-three Roman Catholics and twenty-two Lutherans, and their Common Council of a hundred and fifty of  
each:

each: The executive power is lodged in the Senate---the legislative authority in both bodies. But, what is hardly to be found any where, they all, as well as the People, agree together in the most perfect harmony, notwithstanding the difference of religion; and at all tables but the Communion table, they associate together, dip in the same dish, and drink of the same cup, as if they had never heard of the odious distinction of Papist and Protestant, but as being bound to each other by the great and irrefragable bond of humanity: fellow-creatures, affected by the same feelings, impelled by the same passions, labouring under the same necessities, and heirs to the same sufferings, their means of assuaging the one, gratifying or resisting another, and supplying the third, are the same, though chequered and varied a little in the mode---the road alone different, the ends alike. Is it not cruel, then---is it not intolerable, that the calamities inseparable from humanity should be aggravated with artificial stings, and the nakedness of human nature exposed, and rendered more offensive, by factitious calamities of human contrivance? Cursed were those who first fomented those disputes, and cast those apples of discord through the world: blind were they who first were seduced from the paths of peace by them; and more cursed, and more blind, must they be, who, in this time of intellect and illumination, continue, on the one hand, to keep up a system so wicked and so detestable, or, on the other, to submit to error at once so foolish and so fatal.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R   X X .
 

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FOR the reasons mentioned in my last, Augsburgh is a most agreeable place to live in. Touched with the sensations natural to a man who loved to see his fellow-creatures happy, my heart expanded to a system of peace and harmony, comprehending the whole globe : my mind expatiated involuntarily on the blessings and advantages derived from such a system ; and, taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our feeble nature is pinned on this earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mold, which, I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects that ever constructed castles in the air.

Hurried on by this delightful vision, my person paid an involuntary obedience to my mind ; and the quickness of my pace increasing with the impetuosity of my thoughts, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within the Chapel-door of the Convent of the Carmelites. Observing my error, I suddenly turned about, in order to depart, when a Friar, a goodly person of a man, elderly, and of a benign aspect, called me, and, advancing towards me,

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asked, in terms of politeness, and in the French language, why I was retreating so abruptly---I was confused: but truth is the enemy before whom confusion ever flies; and I told him the whole of my mistake, and the thoughts from which they arose.

The good father, waving further discourse on the subject, but with a smile which I thought carried a mixture of benevolence for myself, and contempt for my ideas, brought me through the Church, and shewed me all the curiosities of the place, and particularly pointed out to me, as a great curiosity, a sun-dial made in the form of a Madonna, the head enriched with rays and stars, and in the hand a sceptre which marked the hours.

Quitting the Chapel, and going towards the Refectory, the Friar stood, and, looking at me with a smile of gaiety, said, "I have yet something to shew you, which, while Lady Madonna marks the time, will help us to pass it; and, as it will make its way with more force and subtlety to your senses than those I have yet shewn you, will be likely to be longer retained in remembrance."

He spoke a few words in German, which of course I did not understand; to a vision bearing the shape of a human creature, who, I understood, was a lay-brother; and, turning down a long alley, brought me to his cell, where we were soon followed by the aforesaid lay-brother, with a large earthen jug of liquor, two glasses, and a plate with some delicately white biscuit.

"You must know," said the Friar, "that the Convent of Carmelites at Augsburgh has for ages been famed for beer unequalled

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in any part of the world; and I have brought you here to have your opinion---for, being an Englishman, you must be a judge, the Britons being famed for luxury, and a perfect knowledge of the *savoir vivre*." He poured out, and drank to me: it looked liker the clearest Champaigne than beer---I never tasted any thing to equal it; and he seemed highly gratified by my expressions of praise, which I lavished upon it, as well from politeness, as regard to truth.

After we had drank a glass each, "I have been reflecting," said the Friar, "on the singular flight of fancy that directed your steps into this Convent---Your mind was diseased, my son! and a propitious superintending Power has guided your steps to a physician, if you will but have the goodness to take the medicine he offers."

I stared with visible marks of astonishment.

"You are surpris'd," continued he; "but you shall hear! When first you disclosed to me those sickly flights of your mind, I could on the instant have answered them: but you are young---you are an Englishman---two characters impatient of reproof: the dogmas of a Priest, I thought therefore, would be sufficiently difficult to be digested of themselves, without any additional distaste caught from the chilling austerity of a Chapel."

I looked unintentionally at the earthen jug, and smiled.

"It is very true," said he, catching my very inmost thoughts from the expression of my countenance---"it is very true! good

doctrine may, at certain times, and with certain persons, be more effectually enforced under the cheering influence of the social board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal sanctity of the pulpit; nor am I, though a Carmelite, one of those who pretend to think, that a thing in itself good, can be made bad by decent hilarity, and the animation produced by a moderate and wise use of the goods of this earth."

I was astonished---

"You fell into a reverie," continued he, "produced by a contemplation of the happiness of a society existing without any difference, and where no human breath should be wasted on a sigh, no ear tortured with a groan, no tears to trickle, no griefs or calamities to wring the heart."

"Yes, father!" said I, catching the idea with my former enthusiasm; "that would be my wish---that my greatest, first desire."

"Then feest thou," interrupted he, "the extent of thy wish, suppose you could realize it, which, thank GOD! you cannot."

"What! thank GOD that I cannot? are these your thoughts?"

"Yes, my son; and ere Madonna marks the progress of ten minutes with her sceptre, they will be your's too."

"Impossible!"

"Hear me, my son!---Is not death a horrible precipice to the view of human creatures?"

"Assuredly,"

“Assuredly,” said I---“the most horrible: human laws declare that, by resorting to it for punishment, as the ultimatum of all terrible inflictions.”

“When, then,” said he, “covered as we are with misery, to leave this world is so insupportable to the human reflection, what must it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taste of in this life? Mark me, child!” said he, with an animated zeal that gave an expression to his countenance beyond any thing I had ever seen: “the miseries, the calamities, the heart-rendings, and the tears, which are so intimately interwoven by the great Artist in our natures as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place our security of a future state, and in the next place serve to slope the way before us, and, by gradual operation, fit our minds for viewing, with some sort of fortitude, that hideous chasm that lies between us and that state---death. View those miseries, then, as special acts of mercy and commiseration of a beneficent Creator, who, with every calamity, melts away a link of that earthly chain that fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his blessings and his goods, when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment: receive his afflictions, too, with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude. Thus, and not otherwise, you will realize all your Utopian flights of desire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations which you cannot alter, and, if you could, would most certainly alter for the worse.

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I sat absorbed in reflection---The Friar, after some pause, proceeded---

“ Errors arising from virtuous dispositions and the love of our fellow-creatures, take their complexion from their parent motives, and are virtuous. Your wishes, therefore, my son! though erroneous, merit reward, and, I trust, will receive it from that Being who sees the recesses of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed to make their way to your understanding, let your adventure of to-day impress this undeniable maxim on your mind---so limited is Man, so imperfect in his nature, that the extent of his virtue borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error.”

I thought he was inspired; and, just as he got to the last period, every organ of mine was opened to take in his words.

“ 'Tis well, my son!” said he---“ I perceive you like my doctrine: then (changing his manner of speaking, his expressive countenance the whole time almost anticipating his whole words) take some more of it,” said he gaily, pouring out a fresh glass. I pleaded the fear of inebriety---“ Fear not,” said he; “ the beer of this Convent never hurts the intellect.”

Our conversation continued till near dinner-time; for I was so delighted, I scarcely knew how to snatch myself away: such a happy melange of piety and pleasantry, grave wisdom and humour, I had never met. At length, the Convent-bell tolling, I rose: he took me by the hand, and, in a tone of the most complacent admonition, said, “ Remember, my child! as long as you live, remember  
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the Convent of the Carmelites; and in the innumerable evils that certainly await you if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old Friar AUGUSTINE will afford you comfort."

"Father!" returned I, "be assured I carry away from you a token that will never suffer me to forget the hospitality, the advice or the politeness of the good father AUGUSTINE. Poor as I am in natural means, I can make no other return than my good wishes, nor leave any impression behind me: but as my esteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, make me wish not to be forgotten, accept this, (a seal ring, with a device in hair, which I happened to have on my finger); and whenever you look at it, let it remind you of one of those, I dare say innumerable, instances, in which you have contributed to the happiness and improvement of your fellow-creatures."

The good old man was affected, took the ring, and attended me to the Convent gate, pronouncing many blessings, and charging me to make Augsburgh my way back again to England if possible, and take one glass more of the Convent ale.

LETTER

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 L E T T E R XXI.
 

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LEAVING Augsburgh, I travelled through Bavaria a long way before I reached the Tyrol County, of the natural beauty of which I had heard much, and which I therefore entered with great expectations of that sublime gratification the beauties of Nature never fail to afford me. I was not disappointed; indeed, my warmest expectations were exceeded.

The first thing that strikes a traveller from Bavaria, on entering it, is the fort of Cherink, built between two inaccessible rocks which separate Tyrol from the Bishopric of Freifingen. So amply has Nature provided for the security of this Country against the incursion of an enemy, that there is not a pass which leads to it that is not through some narrow defile between mountains almost inaccessible; and on the rocks and brows of those passes, the Emperor has constructed forts and citadels, so advantageously placed, that they command all the valleys and avenues beneath.

After a variety of windings and turnings through mountains of stupendous height and awful aspect, I began to descend, and entered the most delightful valley I had ever beheld---deep, long,  
and

and above a mile in breadth---surrounded with enormous piles of mountains, and diversified with the alternate beauties of nature and cultivation, so as to form an union rarely to be met with, and delight at once the eye of the farmer, and the fancy of him that has a true taste for rural wildness. From the heights in descending, the whole appeared in all its glory; the beautiful river Inn gliding along through it longitudinally, its banks studded with the most romantic little villages, while a number of inferior streams were seen winding in different courses, and hastening to pour their tribute into its bosom.

Here I felt my heart overwhelmed with sensations of transport, which all the works of art could never inspire: here Nature rushed irresistible upon my senses, and, making them captive, exacted their acknowledgment of her supremacy: here vanity, ambition, lust of fame and power, and all the tinsel, gaudy, frippery to which habit and worldly custom enslave the mind, retired, to make way for sentiments of harmony, purity, simplicity, and truth: here Providence seemed to speak in language most persuasive, "come, silly Man, leave the wild tumult, the endless struggle, the glittering follies, the false and spurious pleasures which artifice creates, to seduce you from the true---dwell here---and in the lap of Nature study me:" Here, oh! here, exclaimed I, in a transport which bereft me, for the time, of every other consideration, here will I dwell for ever. The charm was too finely spun, to withstand the hard tugs of fact; and all its precious

delusions vanished before a host of gloomy truths---deranged affairs---family far off, with the distance daily increasing---the hazards and the hardships of a long untried journey---and the East Indies, with all its horrors, in the rear. I hung my head in sorrow; and, offering up a prayer to protect my family, strengthen myself, and bring us once more together in some spot heavenly as that I passed through, was proceeding on in a state of dejection proportionate to my previous transports, when I was roused by my postillion, who, pointing to a very high, steep rock, desired me to take notice of it. I did so; but seeing nothing very remarkable in its appearance, asked him what he meant by directing my attention to it---He answered me in the following manner, which, from the singularity of the narrative, and his strange mode of telling it, I think it would injure to take out of his own words: I will, therefore, endeavour, as well as I can, to give you a literal translation of it; and, indeed, the impression it made on my memory was such, that, I apprehend, I shall not materially differ from his words:

“ You must know, Sir, (for every one in the world knows it), that all these mountains around us, are the abodes of good and evil spirits, or Genii---the latter of whom are continually doing every malicious thing they can devise, to injure the people of the country, ---such as leading them astray---smothering them in the snow---killing the cattle by throwing them down precipices---nay, when they can do no worse, drying up the milk in the udders of the goats---and, sometimes, putting between young men and their  
sweethearts,

sweethearts, and stopping their marriage. Ten thousand curses light upon them! I should have been married two years ago, and had two children to-day, but for their schemes. In short, Sir, if it were not for the others---the good ones---who are always employed (and the blessed Virgin knows they have enough on their hands) in preventing the mischiefs of those devils, the whole place would be destroyed, and the country left without a living thing, man or goat!"

Here I could not, for the life of me, retain my gravity any longer, but burst, in spite of me, into an immoderate fit of laughter, which so disconcerted and offended him, that he suddenly refused to proceed with the story any farther, but continued marking his forehead (his hat off) with a thousand crosses, uttering pious ejaculations, looking at me with a mixture of terror, distrust and admiration, and every now and then glancing his eye askance toward the hills, as if fearful of a descent from the evil spirits.

My curiosity was awakened by the very extraordinary commencement of his narrative; and I determined, if possible, to hear it out: so, assuring him that I meant nothing either of slight or wickedness by my laughter---that I had too serious ideas of such things to treat them with levity---and, what was more convincing logic with him, promising to reward him for it---he proceeded with his story as follows:

“ Well, Sir, you say you were not sporting with those Spirits---and fortunate it is for you: at all events, Saint JOHN OF GOD be our

guide, and bring us safe to Innsbruck. Just so the great MAXIMILIAN was wont to laugh at them; and you shall hear how he was punished for it---and that was the story I was about to tell you. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN, that glory of the world, (he is now in the lap of the blessed Virgin in Paradise), once on a time, before he was Emperor, that is to say, when he was Archduke, was always laughing at the country people's fears of those spirits---and an old Father of the Church forewarned him to beware, lest he should suffer for his rashness: so one day he went out hunting, and at the foot of that mountain a most beautiful Chamois started before him; he shot at it, and missed it---(the first shot he had missed for many years, which you know was warning enough to him)---however, he followed, shooting at and missing it, the animal standing every now and then till he came up within shot of it: thus he continued till near night, when the goat disappeared of a sudden, and he found himself buried, as it were, in the bowels of the mountain: he endeavoured to find his way out, but in vain; every step he took led him more astray, and he was for two days wandering about, CHRIST save us! in the frightful hollows of those mountains, living all the time on wild berries: on the second night he bethought himself of his want of faith, and of the saying of old Father JEROME; and he fell on his knees, and wept and prayed all night; and the Virgin heard his prayers, he being a good man, and, above all, an Emperor---God bless you and me! we should have perished---In the morning, a beautiful young man, dressed in a peasant's habit, came

came up to him, gave him victuals and wine, and desired him to follow him, which he did, you may be sure, joyfully---but, oh blessed Virgin! think what his surprize must have been, when, getting again into the plain out of the mountain, the young man disappeared and vanished all of a sudden, just at the foot of that steep rock which I shewed you, and which ever since goes by the name of the Emperor's rock---You see what a dangerous place it is, and what dangerous spirits they must be that would not spare even the holy Roman Emperor. In my mind, the best way is to say nothing against those things, as some faithless people do, and to worship the Virgin and keep a good conscience, and then one will have the less to fear."

By the time he had ended his narrative, we were in sight of Innspruck, when I annoyed and terrified him afresh, by laughing immoderately at the end of his story---but attoned in some measure for it, by giving him half a florin.

On inquiring at Innspruck, I found that MAXIMILIAN had actually lost his way in the mountain, and had been conducted out of it by a peasant, who left him suddenly; the rest was an exaggerated traditionary tale, arising from the superstitious fears of the country people.

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 L E T T E R XXII.
 

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IN all Nations under Heaven, and at all times since the Creation, there have been men formed to make a noise in the world---to increase or impede, to direct or disturb, the calm, sober progress of social life---and, in the eagerness and violence of their efforts to reach the goal of superiority, overturn or thrust out of their ordinary path the rest of Mankind, till either they provoke against them a general conspiracy of their fellow-creatures, or, till reaching the point of their pursuit, they become elevated objects of homage and admiration. Such men are generally composed of great materials for mischief:---having strong natural talents and violent ungovernable spirits; according to the direction these get, they are harmless or mischievous---but, like morbid matter in the animal system, if not let loose by some channel or other, they never fail to disturb the whole economy of the body they belong to, and produce fatal consequences to it and to themselves: Colonial possessions have, therefore, in some views, been of use (as America formerly to England) to draw off those dangerous spirits, who, though they are in times of peace better at a distance, in times of war are found to be the toughest sinews of a Nation.

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The county of Tyrol, such as I have described it, formed by Nature for the residence of the Sylvan Deities, rich in the products of the earth, the people contented and happy, and the whole the region of peace; manufactures, the first root of low vices, and commerce, the great instigator of war, have scarcely been able to set their feet there: hence it happens, that there is no channel through which those exuberant spirits I have alluded to can take their course, or expand their force. Home, therefore, is no place for those of the Tyrolese, who are cursed or blessed (call it which you please) with those very combustible qualities; and they are obliged to roam abroad in search of opportunities of distinguishing themselves, giving vent to their spirits, and manifesting their talents. They are found, therefore, scattered all over the Continent: and as it rarely happens that opportunities occur in life of signalising such talents in a dignified line, rather than be idle they do what they can, and apply to chicanery as a wide and appropriate field for their genius and vigour to work on---the emigrant Tyrolese are, therefore, by most Nations of the Continent, reckoned among the most expert and accomplished sharpers in the world---the people, however, who remain at home, are of a different character---they are, generally speaking, tall, robust and vigorous; the women strong, and very fair; and both sexes exhibit a very pleasing mixture of German phlegm and Italian sprightliness; or, to speak more properly, they are a mean between those two extremes.

Innsbruck,

Innsbruck, though a small city, is handsome and agreeable, standing in a very beautiful valley, surrounded with mountains, which, while their lower parts are well cultivated, are capped on the tops with perennial snow. The castle formerly the residence of the Austrian Princes is stately and magnificent, adorned within with fine paintings, and decorated without by natural and artificial fountains, statues, pleasant gardens, groves, walks and covered galleries, leading to five different Churches.

*A-propos---*Let me not forget the Churches! In a chapel of the Franciscan Church, there is an image of the Virgin MARY as big as the life, of solid silver, with many other images of Saints of the same metal. If some of those silver Deities were transferred to Paris, I fear their divinity would not save them from the hands of the sacrilegious Convention. One thing, however, is well worth the attention of travellers, particularly those who wish to wipe away the sins of a deceased friend, and get them a direct passport to happiness---This Franciscan Church is held to be one of the most sacred and venerable in the world, on account of the indulgences granted to it by several Popes; so that one single Mass said in it, is declared to be sufficient to deliver a soul from the pains of purgatory. When we consider the great and important extent of their power in that respect, we cannot wonder if they had all the Saints in the Calendar, and the Virgin MARY to boot, in solid silver, even of the size of the Colossus at Rhodes.

Hall, the second city in Tyrol, lies one league from Innsbruck: it is famous for its salt-works, and for a mint and silver mines, in which

which seven thousand men, women, and children, are constantly employed.

At a royal palace and castle called Ombras, lying at equal distance from Innsbruck and Hall, there is an arsenal, famous for a prodigious collection of curiosities, such as medals, precious stones, suits of armour, and statues of several Princes on horseback, in their old rich fighting accoutrements; besides great variety of military spoils and trophies taken by the House of Austria; in particular, a statue of FRANCIS the First and his horse, just as they were taken at the battle of Pavia, and two others of Turkish Bashaws, with the costly habits and appointments with which they were taken, embellished with gold, silver, and precious stones. But, above all their curiosities, the most extraordinary is an oak inclosing the body of a deer: this last, however unaccountable, is fact; and equals, I think, any of the wonders in the metamorphoses of OVID.

Leaving Innsbruck, I proceeded on my journey, and soon entered into the mountains, which are there of a terrible height---I was the best part of a day ascending them: as I got near the top, I was shewn, by my driver, the spot where FERDINAND, King of Hungary, and the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, met, when he returned from Africa, in the year 1520. It is marked with an inscription to that effect, and has grown into a little village, which, from that circumstance, bears the name of the Salutation.

Although this mountain, called Bremenberg (or Burning-hill), is covered with snow for nine months in the year, it is inhabited

to the very top, and produces corn and hay in abundance: at the highest part there is a post-house, a tavern, and a chapel, where the traveller is accommodated with fresh horses, provisions, and, if he chooses, a mouthful of prayers---I availed myself of the two first; but the latter being not altogether in my way, I declined it, for which I could perceive that I was, by every mouth and eye in the place, consigned to perdition as a Heretic.

Just at this spot there is a spring of water which falls upon a rock, and divides into two currents, which, at a very small distance, assume the appearance, and, in fact, the magnitude too, of very large rivers. The mountain is sometimes difficult to pass, sometimes absolutely impracticable---I was fortunate, however, in this respect; for I got over it without any very extraordinary delay, and on my way was regaled with the most delicious venison that I have ever tasted in my life; it was said to be the flesh of a kind of goat.

Although it is but thirty-five miles from Innsbruck to Brisen, I was late when I reached the latter; and as it contained nothing worth either the trouble or delay attending the search of, I set out the next morning, and, travelling with high mountains on one side, and a river all along upon the other, arrived at a town called Bolsano, in the Bishopric of Trent. The country all along was thickly inhabited, and the mountains perfectly cultivated and manured even to their highest tops. On entering the valley of Bolsano, I found the air becoming obviously sweet, delightful and temperate;

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the vineyards, and all the trees and shrubs, olives, mulberries, willows and roses, &c. all of the most lively green, and every thing marking the most luxuriant vegetation.

Bolfano is a small, but extremely neat and pleasant town---but nothing I saw about it pleased me so much as their vineyards, which are planted in long terraces along the sides of the hills, and are formed into the most beautiful arbours, one row above another.

From Bolfano to Trent, is fifty-one miles, a good day's journey: almost the whole of it lies through the valley of Bolfano, a most fruitful and pleasant---indeed, delightful road, which made the day's journey appear to me much shorter than it really was.

Perhaps no part of the habitable globe is, within the same comparatively small compass of earth, so wonderfully diversified by the hand of Nature in all her extremes, as that through which I have just carried you. There, under almost the same glance of the eye, were to be seen the stupendous, the rugged, the savage, and the inaccessible---the mild, the fruitful and the cultivated. Here, the mountain capped with perpetual snow, gradually falling in blended gradations of shade, far beyond the reach of the artist's pencil, into the green luxuriant valley; and there, the vineyard, the olivary, and the rich corn-field, bursting at once from rugged rocks and inaccessible fastnesses: the churlish aspect of the tyrant Winter for ever prowling on the mountain's head above---perpetual spring smiling with all her fascinating charms in the plains below. Such scenes as these would baffle all efforts of the poet's pen or painter's

pencil: to be conceived, they must be seen. I shall therefore close my account of them with a strong recommendation to you, that whenever you travel for improvement, you go through the County of Tyrol, and there learn the great and marvellous working of Nature.

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### L E T T E R XXIII.

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PERHAPS the learned unwise men of the world, who spend their lives poring after impossibilities, have never met with a more copious subject of puzzle-pated enjoyment than the derivation of the names of places. In all disputed cases on this subject, the utmost within human reach is conjecture; but the joke of it is, that, fortunately for Mankind, the certainty of it would not be of a single button advantage to them, even if it could be acquired by their search. Doctor GOLDSMITH, in his *Citizen of the World*, has thrown this matter into high ridicule; and I recommend it to your perusal, lest this shadow of literature should one day wheedle you from more respectable pursuits. Trent has afforded vast exercise to book-worm conjectures in this way; for, while some pronounce it to be derived from Tridentum, and  
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for this purpose will have it that NEPTUNE was worshipped there, though so far from the sea---others claim the discovery of its derivation from Tribus Torrentibus, or three streams which run there. Now, as to the first, exclusive of forcing NEPTUNE all the way from the Gulph of Venice to their temples, I cannot find any such similarity in the found of Trent and Trident to warrant the inference; and as to the Tribus Torrentibus, they might as well say that a primmer or hornbook was found there, and that thence it was derived from the Alphabet, since the same analogy subsisted between them, namely, that the letters T, R, E, N, T are to be found in both. But, in the name of God, what signifies what it was called after? Its name is Trent; and if it had been Putney, or John o' Groat's house, the town would be neither the better nor the worse, nor the treasures of literature suffer any defalcation from the difference.

The Bishopric of Trent is about sixty miles long, and forty broad---fertile, and abundant in wine, oil, fruit and pasture---and pleasant, the beautiful river Adige meandering through the whole of it from North to South. The inhabitants are bigoted Roman Catholics---you will the less wonder, then, that the Bishop should have so extensive a Principality, and an annual revenue of forty thousand crowns.

As I receded from Germany, and advanced towards Italy, I found the air, the persons and the manners of the People, to display a very great difference, and to resemble those of the Italians  
 more

more than those of the Germans. Though Popish bigotry be pretty strong in many parts of Germany, it no where there assumes the gloomy, detestable aspect that it does in Italy.

And now, since I have happened to mention the characters of those two People, I may as well, once for all, more particularly as we are got to the verge of both, give you them in full; in both which I am warranted in saying, that all who know the two will agree with me.

Perhaps contrast was never more perfectly exemplified than in a comparison between the Germans and Italians; and that contrast strikes more forcibly and suddenly in passing from one Country to the other, than it would in so short a space between any two People existing. The Italians, jealous, revengeful, treacherous, dissembling, fervile, vicious, sanguinary, idle and sensual. The Germans, on the contrary, open, good-natured, free from malice and subtlety, laborious, sincere, honest and hospitable---and, with those valuable qualities, properly complaisant. So happy is the character of this People, that to be German-hearted has long been a phrase signifying an honest man who hated dissimulation: and their hospitality was, even in the days of JULIUS CÆSAR, remarkable; for we learn from him, that their houses were open to all men---that they thought it injustice to affront a traveller, and made it an article of their religion to protect those who came under their roof. Did not intemperance in eating and drinking detract from their virtues, no People on earth would bear comparison with them

them for intrinsic worth, and particularly for integrity in dealing.

The city of Trent, though not very large in circumference, is populous. The high mountains which surround it, subject it to all the inconveniences of heat and cold---rendering the air excessively hot in Summer, and extremely cold in Winter; besides which, they expose the town to dreadful inundations---the torrents that descend from the mountains being sometimes so impetuous as to roll large pieces of rock with them into it, and having several times laid the whole place waste.

There are in Trent many stately Palaces, Churches and religious houses. The only one, however, that I will particularize, is that of Saint MARY MAJOR, noted for a prodigious large organ, which can be made to counterfeit all sorts of musical instruments, together with the singing of birds, the cries of several beasts, and the sounds of drums and trumpets, so exactly, that it is difficult to distinguish between the imitation and the reality. To what an end such an instrument should be set up in a place of worship, I am at a loss to divine, unless it be to add to the rich, useless lumber that fills all those of Popish Countries.

But that which distinguishes this Church still further, is, that it is the place where the famous Council of Trent was held, concerning the Reformation, at which four thousand persons of a public character, Laymen and Ecclesiastics, assisted. This Council sat eighteen years before it did any thing: but at last the Pope contrived

contrived to get the ascendant; and, after debating and deliberating so long, not only the Protestants, but even the German and French Nations, refused to receive its decrees. Certain of the Clergy, finding the ascendancy that the negotiation of the Pope was getting in this council, said that the Holy Ghost had been sent there from Rome in a *cloakbag*!

Trent once boasted a curiosity---which indeed still remains, though out of use---that, I think, would be found serviceable in most towns in Christendom, and elsewhere too, and particularly at Bath, and such places. It was a tower on the river Adige, into which the stream was conducted, for the purpose of drowning such of the Clergy as were convicted of having been too familiar with their neighbours' wives and daughters!

The People of Trent speak promiscuously, and indifferently, both the German and Italian languages; but whether well or not, I was not adept enough to discover.

My next stage was Bassano, a town in the territory of Vincenza in Italy, situated at the end of a very long narrow valley. It is watered by the river Brenta, which washes that very rich, fertile, serene, healthy and plentiful district of Italy, so celebrated for its admirable wines, as well as for its fine pasture-grounds, rich corn-fields, and prodigious abundance of game, cattle, and mulberry-trees; from all which it is called the Garden and Shambles of Venice.

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The next day I arrived at an early hour at Venice, the description of which I shall not injure by commencing it with the mutilated fragment of a Letter, and shall therefore postpone it to my next.

Thus, my dear FREDERICK, have I, in order to preserve the unity and order of my progress, brought you through Germany with a precise regularity, that, if I was not wishing for your improvement, might be dispensed with---yet have left much, very much indeed, untouched, in the confidence that you will yourself have the industry to find it out.

I confess, my dear boy, that I have often, as I wrote, detected myself in excursions from the road into moral reflection---but I could not stop: your improvement was my object in undertaking the business; and I could not refrain from endeavouring to inculcate such lessons as the progress of the work suggested, and as impressed my mind with a conviction of their truth and utility.

You must have observed, that there are two topics on which I dwell very much---one, LIBERTY---the other, an abhorrence of Bigotry and Superstition. But, before I proceed further, I must call to your remembrance what I have often said, that by Liberty I do not mean that which some people now give that name to---nor do I mean Religion when I speak of Bigotry; for true Liberty is still more incompatible with Anarchy than with Despotism, and Superstition is the greatest enemy of Religion. Let the first object of your heart and soul be true Morality---the next, rational Liberty:

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but remember, that the one is not to be found independent of Religion, nor the other ever to be enjoyed but under the restraining hands of wholesome laws and good government---such as England now boasts.

In these times, when human opinion is actually polled on the two extremes of political judgment, I know, that to speak rationally, is to incur the censure of both, or to be, as POPE somewhere says, “ by Tories called a Whig, by Whigs a Tory :” But I care not---I speak my opinion with the fair face of independence ; nor would scruple to tell the KING of PRUSSIA my hatred of Despotism, or the Convention of France my abhorrence of Anarchy---between both of which the true and genuine point of Liberty lies ; and England, thank GOD ! draws the line.

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L E T T E R XXIV.

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As I approached Venice, I was much delighted with its appearance. Its stately steeples and noble buildings seemed as if just emerging from the sea, and floating on the surface of it ; and it required no great stretch of fancy to imagine, that it undulated with the agitated waves of its parent the Adriatic. On all the surrounding coasts, nature and art seemed to have vied with each other  
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in pouring the greatest profusion of their gifts, while thousands of masts, scattered like forests over the surrounding bays, denoted that Venice; not content with her own, shared in the wealth and luxuries of other climes.

It is indeed difficult to conceive a more extraordinary and pleasing appearance than this city makes at a distance, whether you approach it from the sea or from the continent. Built not like towns in Holland, where immense moles and walls push the sea forward, and encroach on his dominion, it stands on piles erected in the sea; and the foundations of the houses almost touching the water, gives it the appearance of floating on its surface. The steeples are seen at sea at the distance of thirty miles; and the prospect becomes more beautiful the nearer it is approached---presenting in many views the prospect of floating islands.

To erect a city thus upon the water, while so many thousands of acres stand unoccupied, at first sight seems extraordinary---but all those great and strange deviations from the ordinary path presented by Nature, have their source in necessity; and it is not till long after the necessity has been first lamented, and afterwards obviated, that experience comes into aid, and demonstrates, that, from her, security and utility have often arisen. Thus it is with Venice, who, fortified by her local situation (the effort of necessity), sits secure, and bids defiance to the world.

The place where Venice now stands, is supposed to have been formerly a marshy ground, on which the Adriatic Sea had gradually encroached, leaving the more elevated parts of it above

water, and thereby forming a vast number of little islands, hence called Lagunes: on those the fishermen of the neighbouring shores built their huts; and when Italy was invaded by the Goths under ALARIC, and afterwards by that barbarous race, the Huns, under ATTILA, both of whom spread ruin and desolation wherever they came, vast numbers of people from the circumjacent shores of the Adriatic, particularly from Padua and Aquileia, fled hither, and brought along with them immense wealth. Here they laid the first foundations on seventy-two distinct little islands, and certainly with huts, of a city which afterwards stood almost foremost in the naval and commercial world: as those islands were built upon, and became over-peopled, they gradually pushed forward their piles, and built upon them again, till the whole became one vast city, extending to many more of those islands beyond the original seventy-two.

As it was indebted, in a great measure, for its rise and importance to the commerce of the East, which then was carried on by way of the Red Sea and Alexandria, when the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, that trade declined, and Venice declined gradually along with it.

It is amazing, what an extent of territory and accumulation of power the Venetians once possessed. Besides their present possessions, which comprehend the territories of Padua and Verona, the Vincentine, the Brescians, the Bergamasques, the Cremasco, the Polesin of Rovigo, Marca Trevigiana, the Patria del Friuli, and Istria, they had under their dominion the islands of Rhodes, Scio,

Scio, Samos, Mytilene, Andros, Candia, the Morea, and the cities of Gallipoli and Thessalonica: besides which, they, in conjunction with France, took Constantinople, and remained for some time masters of that part of the Empire; and disputed the dominion of Sclavonia, Croatia, Morlachia and Dalmatia, with the Kings of Hungary, and contended with the Genoese for the empire of the sea: but of a great part of these, and their other conquests, they have since been stripped, almost entirely, by the Turks.

As to the government of Venice, I shall not enter into any particulars of its history---It is called a Republic, and was once a Democracy. The name remains, while that which gave it is gone. It is, certainly, now a downright Aristocracy---the privilege of sitting in the great Council being confined to the Nobility; and the Doge, under the name of Head, being no more than a gaudy slave, loaded with fetters: yet, such is the idle fondness of Man for superficial pomp, that this office is fought after with avidity; for though his power be small, his state is very splendid. Hence it is said, that the Doge of Venice is a king in his robes, a senator in council, a prisoner in the city, and a private man out of it; and what is more extraordinary, is, that though he may be deposed, he cannot resign---nor even decline the office, if he be once chosen, without exposing himself to banishment, and his effects to confiscation.

The established religion of this State is the Roman Catholic; but the Venetians are not bigots, and reject the supremacy of the Pope. Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Protestants, are allowed the exercise

exercise of their religion there; and, provided they do not intermeddle with state affairs, of which they are extremely jealous, even their Priests, Monks and Nuns, may take almost any liberties they please---a privilege that you may be assured is not neglected by any of them.

As few places have excited greater admiration and attention than Venice, so none have been more copiously described by travellers, every one of whom may, when he returns to his native country, give a very accurate account of the public buildings, curiosities, paintings, &c. by only translating the book given to him by his Valet de Place, or Cicerone, on his arrival there---It is certain, Venice abounds with all those, particularly paintings; but I had not the time minutely to investigate; nor should I have the inclination, if I did, to describe such things: they are open to you in many well written volumes, which I recommend to your perusal. Such things, however, as strike me for their novelty, or difference from those in other places, I will, as well as I can recollect them, give you an idea of.

To their local situation they owe their security---separated from *terra firma* by a body of water of five miles in breadth, too deep to be forded, and too shallow for vessels of force to pass; and on the other sides, by scattered shallows, the channels between which are marked out by stakes, which, on the appearance of an enemy, they can take away; they bid defiance to hostile army or navy, and have not been reduced to the necessity of erecting walls or fortifications for their defence.

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The first peculiarity that strikes me, as arising immediately from their living, I may say, in the sea, is the total exclusion of all sort of carriages; for those streets that are on firm ground are extremely narrow and crooked; and on most of the canals, so far from having a quay on either side to walk on, the water comes up to the doors of the houses; so that walking is but little known, for they get into a boat off their threshold, and their first step out of it again is, ten to one, on the threshold of another. This circumstance, though in some respects it has its uses, is, in others, extremely disagreeable, as well as injurious; for, though those who have occasion to labour have a sufficiency of exercise, those whose condition exempts them from labour, and who, therefore, in all other countries, resort to artificial labour (exercise) for the promotion of health, are here entirely cut off from all such means of it as we practise, having neither hunting, shooting, riding, bowling, &c. &c. nor can they have them, unless they go to the Continent for them. The chief amusements of the Venetians are reserved for the Carnival time, which commence about a week after Christmas, and which, therefore, I could not see; but, from the concurrent testimony of all travellers and the People themselves, as well as from the evidence of my own observation on the manners of the People, I am well warranted in saying, are festivals of debauchery, riot and licentiousness. This is a subject on which I am, nevertheless, disposed to believe, that more has been said than truth will bear out---yet, a bare statement  
of

of the truth would, I fear, bear hard enough upon the moral character, or at least the piety, of the Venetians.

That masquerades are the very worst schools of vice, the private anecdotes of the *beau monde* even in England might suffice to demonstrate---That courtezans are found lost to all sense of modesty and common decency, the streets of London afford nightly proofs---Therefore, that masquerading (which is the chief amusement of the Venetians) should cloak many crimes, and that their courtezans should be shameless and their women lewd, is no such wonder, seeing, as we do, those things in this Northern clime; but we may, without any illiberality, suppose, that, from physical causes of the most obvious kind, they are carried to a greater extent there than here: though one of the most enlightened and amiable of all travellers says it would be hard to be proved, yet, with deference to him, I think it may be rationally supposed.

There is an active principle in the mind of Man which will not suffer it to rest; it must have some materials to work upon. Men, enlightened by science, have within themselves a fund, and can never want food for contemplation; but the many, in those hours when a suspension of labour or worldly business drives them to expedients for the employment of their time, are but too prone to leave the mind to the guidance of the senses, and to cogitate on vice till they wish to practise it. Hence that homely but true saying, "Idleness is the root of all evil." In England we have a  
variety

variety of expedients which the Venetians want, whose minds being besides naturally more vivid, are more prompt to give a loose to the warm illusions of sensual fancy. Thus prepared, they meet the Carnival, when every thing conspires to give circulation to indulgence; and when those operations of the mind which with us have so many channels to discharge themselves, with them, like a vast stream suddenly confined to one narrow channel, burst forth with an irresistible torrent, and carry away before them every bond that religion or morality has laid down as restraints on the exuberance of human passion. The customs and habits of the place and time contribute to it; for, while the severe restrictions of the female sex for the rest of the year sharpen both inclination and invention on the one hand---on the other, the unbounded license, the universal change of habits, customs and laws---the total suspension of all distinction, care, or business which take place at that time, aided by perpetual masquerade---and those most convenient of all receptacles, the gondolas, with those most expert and forward of all pandars, the gondoliers---afford ample scope to their wishes, and form altogether a mass of circumstances in favour of vicious indulgence, not to be found in any other part of Christendom; to resist which, they must be more virtuous than any other people---a point never yet laid to their charge by the best-natured and most extenuating of all those who have written upon that subject.

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 LETTER XXV.
 

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PROFLIGATE though the People of London are, I will not allow that it is so vicious a city as Venice. That there are in it, and indeed in all capitals, individuals who have reached the highest achme of shameless debauchery and depravity, it would be foolish to deny: but that concubinage is practised in the same open way, so generally, or so systematically as at Venice, no one will venture to assert. I trust the day of depravity and indelicacy is far removed from us, that will exhibit a British mother arranging a plan of accommodation for her son, and bargaining for a young virgin to commit to his embraces---as they do in Venice---not as wife, but as concubine. On that one custom of the Venetian ladies I rest my position; and have no hesitation to avow, that all the private concubinage of London amounts not to such a flagrant consummation of moral turpitude and shameless indelicacy as that practice to which I allude.

The Venetian men are well-featured and well-shaped---the women, well-shaped, beautiful, and, it is said, witty: but I had *that within* which robbed every object of its charms; and I might say

say with HAMLET, that “ Man delighted not me, nor Woman either.”---In short, not all the beauties and novelty of the place, not all the pleasures that stare the traveller in the face, and solicit his enjoyment, not all the exquisite looks of the ladies, could rouse my mind from its melancholy, or fix my attention---I grew weary of Venice before I had been many hours in it, and determined to grasp at the very first opportunity that offered for my departure.

I had arranged, in my own mind, a plan to proceed to Latachea, a considerable sea-port town in Syria, and thence to Aleppo, whence, as it was a great Eastern mart, I entertained hopes that I should find a speedy, or at least a certain conveyance, by a caravan, across the deserts, to Bassorah, and little doubted but that I should find a vessel at some of the Venetian ports, either bound, or belonging to a sea-port of such commercial consequence, upon which I could procure a passage---But in this I was disappointed; for, on the fullest inquiry that I could make, I found that there was only one ship ready to sail, and no probability of any other for a considerable time after---I did every thing I could to avail myself of this conveyance, but was disappointed, owing to a young lady being passenger, who was daughter to the owner of the vessel---and the old gentleman did not approve of an English Officer being of the party with his daughter. I used every argument without success, urging the Resident, Mr. STRANGE, who had behaved very politely to me during my short residence at Venice, to interest himself about it: I likewise entreated Mrs. STRANGE, an affable, pleasant woman,

to exert her endeavours, and made her laugh, by proposing to her to give me a certificate of my behaviour, and to pledge herself to the old gentleman that the happiness or honour of his family would not be disturbed by me during the passage.

Hearing, however, that a ship lay at Trieste, which was to sail thence for Alexandria in Egypt, I determined to embrace that opportunity, and, instead of my former intended route, go to Grand Cairo, thence to Sucz, and so down the Red Sea, by way of Mecca, to Moca, and thence to Aden, where company's vessels, or India country traders are always to be found going to one or other of the British settlements.

I accordingly set out for Trieste, with all the impatience of a sanguine mind, anxious to change place, eager to push forward, and full of the new route I had laid down---the charms of which, particularly of seeing Grand Cairo, the Land of Egypt, and the Pyramids, were painted by my imagination in all the glowing exaggerated colours of romance. The Captain of the vessel was then at Venice, and I accompanied him to Trieste, which is about sixty miles from Venice.

Soon after our arrival at Trieste, I had the mortification to find, that the vessel was by no means likely to keep pace with the ardour of my mind, and that, owing to some unforeseen event, her departure was to be delayed; so, after a few of those effusions which may be supposed on such an occasion to escape a man of no very cool temper hanging on the tenterhooks of expectation, I found

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it necessary to sit down, and patiently wait the revolution of time and event, which nothing could either impede or accelerate.

It has often been remarked, and is held as a point of faith by Predestinarians, that some men are doomed by fate to disappointment---and that, when they are so, no wisdom can obviate, no vigilance provide against, nor no resolution resist, her decrees; but, that, in spite of all the efforts of reason and industry, a series of sinister events shall pursue them through life, and meet them at every turn they attempt to take. Such has been my lot for the greatest part of my life---but I have neither faith enough in Predestination, nor self-love enough, so far to blind me to my own faults, as to suppose that lady Fate had any thing at all to do with it. No, no; it was often owing to a temper, warm, impatient and uncontrouled, which, in almost all cases of momentary embarrassment, chased reason from her office, usurped her place, and decided as chance directed. Let every man examine the grounds of all his serious disappointments in life with candour, and he will find physical causes to which to assign them, without resorting to supernatural. For my part, when I hear a man say that he has been all his life pursued by ill-fortune, I directly conclude, that either he has been a blunderer, or those he dealt with, brutes. In the ordinary operation of earthly contingencies, mischances will happen; but an uniform life of mischance can only arise from mismanagement, or a very extraordinary chain of human injustice---

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These reflections arose from the following incident :

I had procured a servant to attend me on my journey, who, from my short observation of him, promised to contribute very considerably to my comfort, my convenience, and, indeed, to my security as he was apparently honest, sincere, active and clever in his duty, and master of several languages, and particularly of the *lingua Franca*, a mixture of languages, peculiarly useful in travelling through the East. Finding that I was likely to be delayed at Trieste, and conceiving that in this interim letters from England, for which I most ardently longed, might have arrived at Venice for me, I imprudently and impetuously sent him to Venice, for the purpose of taking them up, and carrying them to me. But guess what must have been my feelings when I found, almost immediately after his departure, that the vessel was preparing to sail, and that I must either lose my passage or my servant: anxious though I was to get forward, and grievous though my former delay had been to me, I hesitated which to do; but prudence, for once, prevailed over inclination; and I determined, at all events, to depart, under all the embarrassment attending the want of a servant and linguist, and all the poignant feelings of having been accessory to the disappointment, and perhaps the injury of a poor fellow, whom I really conceived to be a person of merit. In our passage to Alexandria, we touched at Zante, an island on the coast of Greece, belonging to Venice: it was anciently called Zacynthus---

is about fifty miles in circumference, and contains fifty thousand inhabitants. Never before had I tasted any thing equal to the delicious flavour of the fruits of this island---the grapes exquisite, and the melons and peaches of prodigious bigness and unequalled flavour. The island is abundantly fruitful in wine, currants, oil, figs and corn, but is very subject to earthquakes. Near the sea-port which we entered is as great a curiosity in Nature as is any where, I believe, to be found. Two spring wells of clear fresh water throw up large pieces of real pitch, in such quantities, that, it is said, the people collect, one year with another, one hundred barrels of it, which they use in paying their shipping and boats.

In the first stages of melancholy, consolation is rejected by the mind as premature. The heart, intent, as it were, upon sipping full of woe, disclaims all advances of comfort, and feeds on grief alone. Hence the truly skilful in the human heart consider premature consolation as an aggravation of woe, and comfort only with condolence, well knowing that the tide of grief must take its course, and that, until it be first full, no hopes can be had of its retiring. The full force of this I began now to feel. The disquietude of domestic embarrassment---the bitterness of separation from all I loved---the solitary sadness of my situation, wandering through unknown countries---myself unknown and unfriended---aggravated at length by the loss of my servant, who was a sort of prop to my spirits---and my being cast into a ship among a people whose language I little understood, without any soul or one circum-

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stance to mitigate my sorrow, or console me under it; all these, I say, had wound up my feelings to the highest pitch of fortune--- More miserable I could not be when the Island of Zante received me, and, for the first time for a sad series of days, raised me with the transporting sound of an English voice.

I have promised, my FREDERICK, to give you a candid relation, in hopes that you will improve by it: but if I thought, that, on the contrary, any thing I said should tend to raise in your mind a sentiment injurious to your principles, or reflective on your father's conduct, but to be an example and admonitory guide to your own, I should condemn my candour and curse the hour that I wrote---but, I trust to your good sense and disposition, with my care to direct them; and shall, but not without hesitation, proceed. But, as I have already spun out this Letter to such an extent, I will defer my further relation to another.

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L E T T E R XXVI.

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AT the time I set out upon my journey over land to India, I was (though married, and the father of children) very young, naturally of a sanguine constitution: my attachment to the fair sex was no ways diminished by a military education; and  
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a warmth of temper, an ardent sensibility of mind, and a frank unsuspecting disposition, left me but too often to regret the facility with which I yielded to the charms of women. But the regret for each error was willfully smothered in vain determinations of amendment---and the promised amendment again broken in upon by some new error. Thus it was, till riper years and circumstances of weight strengthened my reason, and gave it in some greater degree that dominion it should have over my actions.

Circumstanced as I have in my last Letter described myself to be, and constituted by nature and education as I have mentioned above, I landed in the charming island of Zante, where Nature herself seems to have conspired against chastity---making the very air breathe nothing but transport and delight. There I met a young lady, a native of England---extremely pretty, highly accomplished, and captivating in the extreme: she had been at Venice for her education---was a complete mistress of music, and expressed an intention of following it professionally on her arrival in England, whither she was going passenger in a vessel bound there from Zante. To have accidentally met with a native of England, even of my own sex, in such a distant corner of the world, under such circumstances as mine, just escaped from the horrid life I had for some time led, must have filled me with joy: allowance, therefore, may be made for my feelings on meeting this young lady, and for my thinking of

some expedient to prevent our separation. She laboured, perhaps, under the pressure of feelings as disagreeable as my own, and expressed her satisfaction at meeting with a countryman so very unexpectedly. Reserve was soon thrown off on both sides: we entered into a conversation interesting and confidential, which increased my anxiety to keep her with me, and in order to persuade her to accompany me, I pointed out in the strongest colours possible, the great advantages she might derive from her accomplishments in India, where her musical talents alone, exclusive of her various captivating qualities, would be an inexhaustible mine of wealth. In short, I so very eagerly enforced my proposal to accompany me, and time was so very short, that she consented, and in two hours we had arranged every thing for our departure together--- and here with shame and sorrow I confess (nor shall ever cease to regret it), that this eclairecissement communicated the first ray of substantial pleasure to my heart that it felt since I left London.

Thus far, our project failed before the wind: wayward imagination had decked it out in the most alluring drapery that fancy could fabricate, and prevented us from seeing the impracticability of it, as it stood in the nakedness of truth; and when it came to be carried into execution, a thousand difficulties occurred, that the wildness of passion, and the warmth of our feelings, had before concealed from our view. In the first place, it was necessary for her to obtain the consent of a lady to whose care and protection she was committed: in the next place, accommodations were to be  
procured

procured for her in the same ship with me---a circumstance of most arduous difficulty; besides which, a variety of other impediments---insuperable indeed---concurd to frustrate our views, and put an end to our project. If my pleasure at meeting her was great, my anguish at parting with her was inexpressible. I had once more to face the world alone; and, on the second day of my sojourning at Zante, embarked with a heavy heart, and set sail for Alexandria. The last disappointments we undergo, seem always the heaviest; and this at Zante I thought at that time to be the greatest of my life. But---oh! short-sighted Man! bubble of every delusive shadow! I never reflected, as I have since done, what serious mischiefs, what endless misery, what loss of time, means and reputation, I may by that providential disappointment have escaped---for these are the almost never-failing consequences of such affairs. It too often happens, that the fiend who deludes a man into her snares, is the very person who inflicts the deadly wound into his heart. Avoid, my dear FREDERICK! avoid all such, as you would avoid plague, pestilence, or ruin---steel your heart by timely reflection against their advances. In all your transactions with women, like a good General in warfare, secure for your heart a retreat; for it will be too late to find that they are unworthy when your heart is ensnared---and when you find them worthy of your affection, it will be time enough to give a loose to the sensibility of your heart. A virtuous woman is beyond all calculation to be valued, when she is found; but, alas! in finding

her, you may pass through so many fires ordeal, and run such danger, that it is almost a doubt, whether a wise man (if he can fetter his passions) had not better dispense with the blessing, than run the hazard of searching for it.

On my arrival at Alexandria, I found, to my fresh mortification, that the plague was raging all over Egypt---and as, if this was not of itself sufficient to block up my intended route, an irruption of the Arabs, who in formidable bodies infested all the roads, put a period to all my hopes of seeing Grand Cairo, and viewing the curiosities of that Country, which all who, like us, have the Bible put early into their hands, are taught to venerate as soon as they are taught to read. Here I thought to have viewed the pyramids, whose antiquity, origin, or intended use, have baffled the learned and ingenious inquiries of so many ages---of beholding mount Sinai, the stone of Moses, the track of the Israelites, all of which are said to be clearly pointed out, and Geography by that means brought into the support of Sacred History. These, and many things, I did wish to see---they are worth it: but I have had since reason to believe, that my ill luck was not so great as I then thought it; for the search is dangerous, and made prodigiously expensive by the exactions of the Mahomedan Magistrates. It is as well, therefore, to travel over this Country in books, which afford us good information, and more of it, at an easier rate than you could purchase it in the Country.

Alexandria

Alexandria was built by ALEXANDER the Great, soon after the overthrow of Tyre, about 333 years before CHRIST, and is situated on the Mediterranean, twelve miles West of that mouth of the Nile, anciently called Canopicum. A very extraordinary circumstance is related, as a proof of the suddenness of ALEXANDER's resolution to build it: After he had directed the number of public structures, and fixed the places where they were to stand, there were no instruments at hand proper for marking out the walls, according to the custom of those times: upon this, a workman advised the King to collect what meal was among the soldiers, and sift it in lines upon the ground, in order to mark out the circuit of the walls: the advice was followed, and the King's soothsayer interpreted it to be a presage of the future prosperity and abundance of the city. This prophecy was certainly afterwards verified; for it soon became the exporium of Commerce, of Arts and of Sciences.

By the description of STRABO and other Ancients, it appears that this city was built upon a plan well worthy the vast mind of its founder; and the fragments of its ornaments afterwards composed a part of the grandest embellishments of Rome and Constantinople. In the Museum of the Royal Palace, which occupied a fourth part of the city, the body of ALEXANDER was deposited in a golden coffin---but the detestable SELEUCUS CIBYOFACTES violated the monument, took away the golden coffin, and substituted a glass one in its place.

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This city, like most others of antiquity, has been the scene of terrible massacres. About two hundred years after its foundation, it was totally depopulated by PTOLEMY PHYSCON---the very few who escaped slaughter, flying into other Countries. Desirous, however, not to reign over empty houses, he seduced inhabitants from the neighbouring Countries; and again, for some slight offence, determined on a general massacre of the young men; and accordingly, when they were one day assembled in the Gymnasium, or place of public exercise, he ordered it to be set on fire, so that all perished, either in the flames, or by the swords of his mercenaries, whom he had placed at all the avenues. Afterwards, in the year of CHRIST 215, the Emperor CARACALLA, having been lampooned by some of the inhabitants, ordered a general massacre by his numerous troops, who were dispersed over the city. The inhuman orders being given, all were murdered, without distinction of age or sex; so that, in one night's time, the whole city floated in blood, and every house was filled with carcases: the monster himself, retiring to the Temple of Serapis, was all the time imploring the protection of the Deity---a proof that practical devotion and the most atrocious inhumanity may meet in the same bosom. As if this had not been sufficient vengeance, he stripped the city of all its ancient privileges---ordered all strangers who lived there to depart---and, that the few who remained might not have the satisfaction of seeing one another, he cut off all communication of one street with another, by walls built for the purpose, and guarded with troops.

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Notwithstanding these massacres, Alexandria again recovered its former splendour---and was again sacked by AMROU, the infamous Saracen---and all the intrepid youth of the city perished with arms in their hands. The magnificence of the city may be estimated from the account written by AMROU to the Caliph: " I have taken," said he, " the City of the West ; it is of an immense extent ; I cannot describe to you how many wonders it contains : there are 4000 palaces, 4000 baths," &c. &c.

The great advantages of the East India trade, which was then carried on by the Red Sea, preserved Alexandria through several revolutions ; but having fallen under the dominion of the Turks, and the passage round the Cape of Good Hope being discovered, a fatal blow was given to its commerce, and it has since fallen to decay. It is, however, even now, worth the attention of the classical traveller. Entering the harbour, we passed by the Island of Pharos, where PTOLEMY built the enormous Tower which was once the wonder of the world ; and, when riding within the port, nothing could be more gratifying than to see from thence that mixture of ancient and modern monuments that presented themselves to the view, on which ever side the eye could be turned.

Of myriads of antiquities which this place affords for the inspection of the curious, I shall mention only two---One, the Column of POMPEY, on viewing of which, the remembrance of that great and good man's most unmerited and cruel fate extracted a sigh from the bottom of my heart : this pillar engages the attention

tention of all travellers ; it is composed of red granite ; the capital is Corinthian, with palm leaves, and not indented ; the shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, ninety feet long, and nine in diameter ; the base, a square of fifteen feet on each side ; the whole column is one hundred and fourteen feet high, perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the Eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument : seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels ; approaching it nearer, it produces an astonishment mixed with awe : one would never be tired of admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, nor the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal. Some years ago, a party of English seamen contrived, by flying a kite, to draw a line over the pillar, and by that means made a kind of a shroud, by which they got up, and on the very top of it drank a bowl of punch, to the utter astonishment of a multitude who came to see them ; they broke off one of the volutes of the column, but amply compensated for this mischief by a discovery they made, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known, at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this column, one foot and ancle of which, of enormous size, are still remaining.---The other is the Obelisk of CLEOPATRA, of immense size, and of one single piece of granite marble. Here I observed, too, a thick wall, with towers mouldering under extreme age, which contained, in its face, fragments of architecture of the most exquisite workmanship, such as broken columns, friezes, &c.

&c. ; those were the antique ruins of some fallen pieces of antiquity, at the time that this antique wall was built : what, then, must be the length of time since they had first undergone the hands of the workman ? These circumstances tend to demonstrate, that, far back beyond the reach of our calculation, the Arts flourished : and when one thinks of the miraculous masses of work done in former ages---the magnitude of the pieces of which those works were composed, such as whole columns and obelisks of a single block of marble---the Colossus of Rhodes, made of brass, one foot of which was placed on one side of the harbour, and another on the other side, so that ships passed between its legs---we cannot help yielding up the palm to the Ancients for stupendous magnificence, however we may surpass them for the useful, the elegant and the good.

At Alexandria I remained about twelve days, till, wearied of the confined state I lived in on account of the plague, I resolved to devise some means, if possible, to get away, and at length hired a boat to carry me to the island of Cyprus, from whence I concluded, that I should find no sort of difficulty in procuring a conveyance to Latichea, and so proceed by my first intended route. I accordingly arrived at Cyprus in perfect safety, where, to my great sorrow and astonishment, I found that an epidemical fever, equal in its effects to a plague, prevailed : however, there was no alternative ; I must run the risque, and I dismissed the boat that carried me from Alexandria.

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Although the etymologies of the names of places are of very little importance, and most frequently uncertain, I think it probable that the Learned are right, who assert the name of this is derived from *Κυπρος* (Cyprus) or Cypres---with which shrubs the island abounds. It had, in ancient times, a number of other names---one of which was Paphia, whence Venus, who was worshipped in it, was called the Paphian Goddess. It lies thirty miles West of Syria, whither I was bound, stretching from the South-west to the North-east, one hundred and fifty miles in length, and seventy in breadth in the widest part of it.

This island holds a very high rank in classic lore---It gave birth to some great Philosophers and considerable Poets---The Apostle BARNABAS was a native of it, and, assisted by ST. PAUL, first introduced Christianity among them. Famagusta, a town on the Eastern part of the island, opposite to the shore of Syria, is the ancient Salamis, built by TEUCER the son of TELAMON, and brother of AJAX.

Symisso, on the South-east, the best port in Cyprus, is the *Amathus* mentioned by VIRGIL in his *Æneid*, and by OVID in his *Metamorphoses*. And Baffo, on the Western coast, is the *Παφος* (Paphos) of antiquity, famous for the Temple of Venus.

As the branches of an Empire most remote from the great seat of Government are always more despotically governed than those nearer the source of redress, Cyprus has been continually ruled with a rod of iron since it came into the hands of the Turks. While

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it was under the dominion of Christians, it was well-peopled, having no less than eight hundred or a thousand villages in it, besides several handsome cities; but the Turks have spread ruin and desolation over the country, and it is now so thinly inhabited that more than half the lands lie uncultivated.

The air of this island is now for the most part unwholesome, owing to the damps arising from the many fens and marshes with which the country abounds---while, there being but few springs or rivers in the island, the want of a plentiful fall of rain, at proper periods, distresses the inhabitants very much in another way; and by means of the uncultivated state of the country, they are greatly infested with poisonous reptiles of various kinds.

The most remarkable mountain in Cyprus is called Olympus---a name common to several other mountains in Greece, particularly to that in Theffaly, so famous in the poetry of the Ancients. That in Cyprus is about fifty miles in circumference: great part of it is covered with woods; and at the foot of it are fine vineyards, which produce admirable wine, not only in a sufficiency for their own consumption, but some also for exportation---And although the greater part of the island lies uncultivated, as I have before observed, it produces a sufficient quantity of corn, unless in seasons when their harvest fails, in which case the people are easily supplied from the continent. They have, besides, cattle enough for their own consumption---Many parts of the country abound with wild-fowl,

and several sorts of game, and they have plenty of fish upon the sea coasts.

The trade of Cyprus is not inconsiderable, and carried on chiefly by Jews and Armenians: the commodities in which they deal are wine, oil, cotton, wool, salt, silk, and turpentine---besides, it produces several sorts of earth, fit for the use of painters, particularly red, black and yellow.

Its most wonderful production, however, is the famous stone *Asbestos* (Asbestos) inextinguishable, or *Amiantos* (Amiantos) impollutus, so called from its extraordinary property of resisting fire. It is related that the Ancients made out of this stone a kind of thread that would remain unconsumed in the most intense fire. It is even said, that some experiments have been made in modern days, which have sufficiently proved that the thing is not a fiction. In such extraordinary questions as this, though I do not positively contradict, I always suspend my belief, till something stronger than mere assertion is offered to convince me.

There is one dreadful mischief to which this island is subject--- In the hot season, locusts come from the Continent, in swarms so vast and so thick as to darken the sky like clouds. Those would certainly devour all the fruits of the earth, if they were not driven to sea by a North wind that usually blows at the time of their coming. When that wind happens to fail, which fortunately is seldom, the consequence is a total demolition of the fruits of the Country.

The whole island, as well as particular towns, was entirely consecrated to the Goddess VENUS, who thence was called VENUS CYPRIA, or DEA CYPRIA, and is represented by the Poets as taking a peculiar pleasure in visiting it---and this unquestionably arose from the loose habits and lascivious temperament of the women there, who certainly are, at this time, not remarkable for chastity.

I must confess, however, that I felt great pleasure in entering Cyprus---it was, as I have already stated, classic ground, and dedicated to the Queen of Love. But a traveller who visits it with hopes of amusement, will be much disappointed; for in no one particular did it seem to me to resemble that Cyprus famed in the Heathen Story and Mythology. Of the Cyprian Queen's favours the ladies seemed to boast no one mark, save the most nauseous, disgusting lewdness---and the natural fertility of the soil is half lost beneath the oppressive yoke of the servants of the Turkish Government. Thus, in the extraordinary revolutions that human affairs are incessantly undergoing, that island which for its superior beauties was supposed to be the residence of Love, which gave birth to the Philosophers ZENO, APPOLLONIUS and XENOPHON, is now a miserable, half-cultivated spot, peopled with a mixture of wretched Turks, Jews, Greeks and Christians---groaning under the tyranny of a barbarous despotic abuse of delegated power---and infested with locusts which devour the fruits of the earth---and disgraced

disgraced by a race of ignominious women, who esteem it to be an act of religion to prostitute themselves to all strangers.

Our RICHARD the First made a conquest of this island on his way to the Holy Land, and conferred the Royalty of it on GUY LUSIGNAN, King of Jerusalem. The Venetians possessed themselves of it in the year 1480---but, in the sixteenth century, the Turks dispossessed them, and have ever since kept it under the yoke---I should have remarked that their wine is excellent.

Continuing my route, I hired another boat, after only forty-eight hours stay at Cyprus, and proceeded for Latichea, which, as I have somewhere before mentioned, is a considerable sea-port town of Syria, built on a promontory of land, which, running into the sea, occasions its being continually refreshed with breezes. Fortune, who had hitherto been not very liberal in her dispensations, now favoured me; for, just as I arrived at Latichea, a caravan was preparing. The Consul of the Turkish Company at Cyprus received me with great politeness and hospitality---gave me a Letter to the Resident at Latichea; and by his instruction and assistance, after a very short stay, I set out on my way to Aleppo with the caravan.

As I shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to describe the nature of those caravans, I shall, for the present, tell you, that this was composed of no other beasts of burden than mules and asses, of which there were not less than three or four hundred in number.

Mounted

Mounted on a mule, I travelled along, well pleased with the fertile appearance of the country, and delighted with the serenity of the air---We were, as well as I can now recollect, near ten days on the road; during which time we travelled only in the morning early, and in the heat of the day reposed under the shade of trees.

I was informed, that if, instead of going to Latichea, I had gone to Scanderoon (otherwise Alexandretta), I should, in the road from thence to Aleppo, have travelled through a Country, in which the most singular and extravagant customs prevail that exist in any Country emerged from barbarism---Several of those I heard; but one in particular was, that the men prostituted their wives and daughters to all comers---and that this originated from a principle of religion, though there was every reason to believe, that, like many of their religious institutions, it was at last made subservient to the gratification of avarice.

On my way to Aleppo, I was met by a Mr. ———, an English Gentleman, who had heard of my coming, and who, in the most kind and hospitable manner, insisted upon my living at his house instead of the British Consul's, where I should otherwise have resided during my stay there; and his manner of asking me was so engaging, interesting and impressive, that I found it impossible to refuse him.

As the great public caravan had departed from Aleppo before my arrival, and the expence of forming a private one on my account was too great, as I was travelling on my own account, and had

had no dispatches to authorise or enforce my departure, or bear me out in the expence; I was constrained to remain at Aleppo till some eligible mode of travelling occurred, or another public caravan was formed---This delay gave me an opportunity of seeing and informing myself of the city and surrounding country; the result of which, I shall, in as short a manner as possible, relate to you in a future Letter. It also gave occasion to one of those unhappy incidents which I have so often had occasion to lament, not from any consciousness of direct criminality, but for the scope it gave to misrepresentation, and the injury which that misrepresentation did me in the opinion of some of my friends.

END OF PART I.

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