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Boswell
ON THE GRAND TOUR
ITALY, CORSICA, AND FRANCE
1765-1766

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McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON



Yet after ten years, their attachment to Paoli is as strong as at the first. Nay, they have an enthusiastic admiration of him. "This great man whom God hath sent to free our country," was the manner in which they expressed themselves to me concerning him.

Those who attended on Paoli were all men of sense and abilities in their different departments. Some of them had been in foreign service. One of them, Signor Suzzoni, had been long in Germany. He spoke German to me, and recalled to my mind the happy days which I have passed among that plain, honest, brave people, who of all nations in the world receive strangers with the greatest cordiality. Signor Gian Quilico Casabianca, of the most ancient Corsican nobility, was much my friend. He instructed me fully with regard to the Corsican government. He had even the patience to sit by me while I wrote down an account of it, which from conversations with Paoli I afterwards enlarged and improved. I received many civilities from the Abbé Rostini, a man of literature, and distinguished no less for the excellency of his heart. His saying of Paoli deserves to be remembered: "We are not afraid that our General will deceive us, nor that he will let himself be deceived."

I also received civilities from Father Guelfucci of the order of Servites, a man whose talents and virtues, united with a singular decency and sweetness of manners, have raised him to the honourable station of secretary to the General. Indeed all the gentlemen here behaved to me in the most obliging manner. We walked, rode, and went a-shooting together.

The peasants and soldiers were all frank, open, lively, and bold, with a certain roughness of manner which agrees well with their character and is far from being displeasing. The General gave me an admirable instance of their plain and natural solid good sense. A young French marquis, very rich and very vain, came over to Corsica. He had a sovereign contempt for the barbarous inhabitants, and strutted about with prodigious airs of consequence. The Corsicans beheld him with a smile of ridicule and said, "Let him alone, he is young."

The Corsican peasants and soldiers are very fond of baiting cattle with the large mountain dogs. This keeps up a ferocity among them which totally extinguishes fear. I have seen a Corsican in the very