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HENRY SWINBURNE ESQR.

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TRAVELS THROUGH SPAIN,

IN THE YEARS 1775 AND 1776.

IN WHICH SEVERAL MONUMENTS OF ROMAN AND MOORISH ARCHITECTURE ARE ILLUSTRATED BY ACCURATE DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY *HENRY SWINBURNE*, ESQ.

RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI; LE VRAI SEUL EST AIMABLE.
BOILEAU.

THE SECOND EDITION; TO WHICH IS ADDED, A JOURNEY FROM BAYONNE TO MARSEILLES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

MOST travellers that favour the world with their obſervations on foreign countries, endeavour to ſoften the edge of criticiſm by declaring, that they had originally no intentions of appearing in print, but were betrayed into the preſs by the importunities of their friends. This excuſe ſeldom anſwers the end; for when any eſſential defect raiſes the indignation of the reader, as ſevere a ſentence is paſſed upon the ſtraggler decoyed into the literary walk, as upon the moſt avowed voluntary treſpaſſer. I ſhall therefore be very inge-

nuous, and acknowledge that when I ſet out upon my Spaniſh journey, I had thoughts of publiſhing my remarks on that country. I had an earneſt deſire of purſuing a tract almoſt untrodden by travellers, that I might know how great a degree of credit was due to the accounts already given. In my plan of inquiry, an inveſtigation of the ſoil, cultivation, government, commerce, and manners of that kingdom, was to be the grand primary object; but what I was more confident of my ſtrength in, and what I own I found more ſuitable to my inclinations, was the ſtudy of its antiquities, eſpecially the Mooriſh: in that line, my own eye and labour were ſufficient helps to enable me to collect intereſting materials for a publication.

The travels through Spain that have appeared in print, are either old and obſolete, conſequently in many reſpects

unfit

unfit to convey a proper idea of its present state; or only relations of a passage through particular provinces, where the authors had neither time nor opportunity to procure much information.

Not being under any restraint in point of time; being furnished with letters, and every thing necessary for rendering the tour easy, and my stay in the towns agreeable and instructive, with a sufficient knowledge of the language, I had some reason to hope I might accomplish my purpose, with satisfaction to myself, and utility to the public. How far I have succeeded, is submitted to the judgment of the candid reader; at least some indulgence is due to me for having contributed my mite, however insignificant, to the common stock of topographical knowledge; which of late years has been so prodigiously increased by accumulated imports from all parts of the globe.

There

There is but one merit I inſiſt upon, that of a ſteady adherence to Veracity, as far as I was able to diſcern Truth from Falſehood. I may be detected in many miſtakes; becauſe a foreigner muſt often be expoſed to receive partial accounts of things from the natives, who have an intereſt in hiding the nakedneſs of their country, and in exaggerating its advantages; but I ſhall never be detected in a wilful perverſion of the truth.

Many things in my private letters, of which the following ſheets are almoſt exact copies, were not deemed proper for the public inſpection; there are many trifling occurrences that fill up a letter very agreeably, but when printed become ridiculous. The additions made to the correſpondence conſiſt chiefly of the hiſtorical, commercial, and literary parts; which I drew from the moſt eſteemed Spaniſh authors, as well as from manu-

ſcripts, and information communicated by my friends. In theſe reſearches I was much aſſiſted by the Reverend Mr. R. Waddilove, chaplain to the Britiſh embaſſy: who, I hope, will excuſe my making him this ſlight acknowledgment.

I have been very particular in whatever regards the hiſtory and architecture of the Moors, as thoſe are ſubjects not yet worn thread-bare: with the help of the prints, I hope to give the curious a ſatisfactory idea of their manner of building, diſtributing, and adorning public edifices. The Alhambra of Granada is an *unique*, and its excellent preſervation affords an opportunity of ſtudying all the detail of their deſigns and ornaments.

I can anſwer for the exactneſs of the drawings: I never took the liberty of adding or retrenching a ſingle object, for the ſake of improving the beauty or harmony of the landſcape.

Not

Not to multiply notes and references in the body of the work, I thought proper to give at the beginning, a Chronological Table of the Kings of Spain; Tables of weights, coins, and meafures; and an Itinerary of our route, with the number of hours it requires to perform each ftage.

A CHRO-

A Chronological Table of the KINGS of SPAIN.

Invaded by the Carthaginians	———	239 before Christ.
Conquered by the Romans	———	206 before Christ.
Conquered by the Goths	———	409 after Christ.
Invaded by the Saracens	———	712 after Christ.

KINGS OF

Asturias and Leon.	Castille.	Aragon.
Began to reign	1037 Ferdinand	1035 Ramiro
	1067 Sancho II.	1063 Sancho
	1073 Alfonso VI.	1094 Peter
718 Pelayo	1109 Alfonso VII.	1104 Alfonso
737 Favita	1126 Alfonso VIII.	1134 Ramiro II.
739 Alfonso	1157 Sancho III.	1137 Petronilla Raymund of Barcelona
758 Froila	1158 Alfonso IX.	1162 Alfonso II.
768 Aurelio	1214 Henry	1196 Peter II.
774 Silo	1217 Berengela	1213 James
783 Mauregat	1217 St. Ferdinand III.	1276 Peter III.
788 Bermudo	1252 Alfonso X.	1285 Alfonso III.
791 Alfonso II.	1284 Sancho IV.	1291 James II.
845 Ramiro	1295 Ferdinand IV.	1327 Alfonso IV.
851 Ordono	1312 Alfonso XI.	1336 Peter IV.
862 Alfonso III.	1350 Peter	1387 John
910 Garcias	1369 Henry II.	1395 Martin
913 Ordono II.	1379 John	1412 Ferdinand
923 Froila II.	1390 Henry III.	1416 Alfonso V.
923 Alfonso IV.	1404 John II.	1458 John II.
927 Ramiro II.	1450 Henry IV.	1459 Ferdinand II.
952 Ordono III.	1474 Isabella Ferdinand V.	
956 Sancho	1504 Joan Philip	
967 Ramiro III.	1506 Charles	
985 Bermudo II.	1556 Philip II.	
999 Alfonso V.	1598 Philip III.	
1027 Bermudo III.	1621 Philip IV.	
1037 Sancho Ferdinand I. of Castille	1665 Charles II.	
1067 Sancho II.	1700 Philip V.	
1073 Alfonso VI.	1724 Lewis	
1109 Urraca Alfonso VII.	1726 Philip VI.	
1126 Alfonso VIII	1746 Ferdinand VI.	
1157 Ferdinand II.	1759 Charles III.	
1188 Alfonso IX.		

TABLE of the KINGS OF SPAIN continued.

KINGS OF

Navarre.	Portugal.	Saracens.
Garcias Ximenes	1109 Henry	755 Abdoulrahman
880 Fortun	1112 Tereſa	788 Hiſſem
	1128 Alfonſo	795 Hachem
905 Sancho	1182 Sancho	
925 Garcias II.		822 Abdoulrahman
970 Sancho Abarca	1212 Alfonſo II.	853 Mahomet
994 Garcias III.	1223 Sancho II.	886 Almundar
	1248 Alfonſo III.	888 Abdallah
1000 Sancho III.	1279 Dennis	
1035 Garcias IV.		912 Abdoulrahman
1054 Sancho IV.	1325 Alfonſo IV.	961 Alhacan
1076 Sancho V.	1357 Peter	976 Hiſſem
1094 Peter	1367 Ferdinand	
	1383 John	1014 Deſtruction of the kingdom of Cordova
1104 Alfonſo		
1134 Garcias V.	1423 Edward	
1150 Sancho VI.	1438 Alfonſo V.	1236 Mahomet
1194 Sancho VII.	1481 John II.	1273 Muley
	1495 Emmanuel	
1234 Thibault		1302 Mahomet
1253 Thibault II.	1521 John III.	1310 Nazer
1270 Henry	1557 Sebaſtian	1315 Iſmael
1274 Joanna	1578 Henry	1326 Mahomet
	1580 Philip	1333 Juzaf
1304 Lewis	1598 Philip II.	1354 Lago
1316 Philip		1374 Mahomet
1322 Charles	1621 Philip	1379 Mahomet
1328 Joanna II.	1640 John IV.	1392 Juzaf
1349 Charles II.	1646 Alfonſo VI.	1396 Balba
1387 Charles III.	1683 Peter II.	
		1408 Juzaf
1425 Blanche	1706 John V.	1423 Elaziri
1441 John	1750 Joſeph	1427 Zagair
1479 Eleonora	1777 Mary	1432 Juzaf
1479 Francis	Peter	1445 Ben Oſmin
1483 Catherine		1453 Iſmael
John		1475 Abilhuſſan
		1485 Abouabdallah
1516 Henry		1492 Ferdinand and Iſabella
1555 Joan III.		
Anthony		
1572 Henry		

A TABLE *of* WEIGHTS *and* MEASURES.

WEIGHTS OF CATALONIA.

12 Ounces 26 Pounds 4 Arrobas 120 Pounds 125 Pounds	make	1 Pound 1 Arroba 1 Quintal 100 ℔ of Amsterdam 1 cwt. English

WEIGHTS OF CASTILLE.

1 Quintal	contains	100 Libras, or 4 Arrobas
1 Arroba 1 Media Arroba 1 Quarto de Arroba 1 Media quarto de Arroba	contains	25 lb. 12 lb. 8 oz. 6 lb. 4 oz. 3 lb. 2 oz.
1 Libra 1 Mediatt 1 Quarteron 1 Medio quarteron 1 Onza	contains	16 Onzas 8 oz. 4 oz. 2 oz. 4 quartas
1 Quarta 1 Media quarta 1 Adarmes	contains	2 Medios Quartas 2 Adarmes 2 Medios Adarmes

N. B. The Valencian and Catalonian lb. contains only 12 oz. but the oz. are larger.

LONG MEASURE.

12 Inches 3 Castillian feet 1648 Varas 7680 Varas	make	1 Castillian foot 1 Vara 1 Mile 1 League

The Vara is about 33 Inches English. 1920 Varas make an English Mile of 1760 Yards.

A TABLE OF COINS.

IMAGINARY.

Real de Vellon —	equal to half a real de plata, or eight quartos	2 maravidis
Efcudo de Vellon — — — — — — —		10 reals de Vel.
Ducado de Vellon — — — — — — —		11 r. V. 1 mar.
Ducato de Plata nuevo — — — — — —		16 r. V. 17 mar.
Ducato de Plata Antiguo — — — — —		20 --- $25\frac{15}{17}$
Dobla de oro Decabua, Pefo — — — — —		14 --- 9

N. B. A Real de Vellon is worth 8 Quartos 2 Maravidis, or 17 Ochavos.

BRASS.

Maravidi, the leaft coin in Spain

Ochavo — — — — — —	2	maravidis
Quarto — — — — — —	4	maravidis
Dofquartos — — — — —	8	maravidis

SILVER.

Medio real de Plata — — — —	1	r. de Vellon.	
Real de Plata — — — — —	2		
Real de 2, pefetta, piftreen — —	4		
Real de 4 Sevillano — — — —	8		
Real de 8 Sevillano — — — —	16		
Medio real columnario — — —	1	—	8
Real de Plata colum. — — —	2	—	17
Real de a 2 colum. — — — —	5		
Real de a 4 — — — — — —	10		
Real de a 8 — — — — — —	20		

GOLD.

Veintino, pefo duro, hard dollar — — —	20	r. de Vellon.	
Efcudo de oro nuevo — — — — — —	37	—	17
Efcudo de oro Antiguo — — — — —	37	—	22
Doblon de a 2 nuevo, piftola — — — —	75		
Doblon de a 2 Antiguo — — — — —	75	—	10
Doblon de a 4 nuevo — — — — —	150		
Doblon de a 4 Antiguo — — — — —	150	—	20
Doblon de a 8 nuevo, quadruple — — —	380		
Doblon de a 8 Antiguo — — — — —	301	—	6

ITINERARY.

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going
Perpignan	Notre dame; bad.	
Boulou	Dolphin; tolerable	4
Junquiera	Town-houſe	3
Figuera	S. Joſeph; bad; French houſe	3½
Coldoriol	Single houſe; bad	3½
Girona	Fontana d'Oro; good	4
Mayorquien	Bad	4¼
Sanſalony	Bad	6½
Rincon	Single houſe	6
Barcelona	Fontana d'Oro	4½
Cipreret	Single houſe; clean	4½
Villa Franca	Bad	5
Figuereta	Single	5½
Tarragona	Bad	3½
Reus		3
Hoſpitalet	Single; no lodging	5
Venta del Platero	Single; as bad as any in Spain	3¾
Venta Don Ramon	Tolerable; new	4½
Tortoſa	S. Joſeph; new inn	3
Ildecona	Poor	5
Benecarlo		3
Torreblanca		6½
Caſtillon	S. Franciſco; good	7
Nule	Good	3½

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Morviedro	Clean	4
Valencia	S. Andrea; not the beſt	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Alzira	French; clean	$6\frac{1}{2}$
San Felipe	French; new	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Mojente		$4\frac{1}{2}$
Fuente de la Xiguera	Good	3
Villena		4
Monforte		$6\frac{1}{4}$
Alicant	S. Franciſco; pleaſant	4
Elche	Bad	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Orihuela	Tolerable	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Murcia	Tolerable	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Venta San Pedro	Nothing	$5\frac{3}{4}$
Carthagena	Aquila d'Oro; excellent	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Fuente del Alamo	Bad	$4\frac{1}{4}$
Totana	Clean	6
Lorca	Tolerable	4
Puerto Horniera	Very bad	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Velez el Rubio		6
Xirivel		$3\frac{1}{2}$
Cuellar		5
Baca		$4\frac{1}{4}$
Venta del Golpe	Wretched	$6\frac{1}{4}$
Guadix		$3\frac{1}{4}$
Iſnallos	Tolerable	$11\frac{3}{4}$
Granada	Al Sol; there is a better	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Loja		10
Antequera	Corona; clean	11
Venta de Almoyna		3
Malaga	Coffee-houſe	3
Venta de la Compania		3
Antequera		3

Pedrera

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Pedrera		11
Offuna	Good	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Puebla		$2\frac{3}{4}$
Arajal	Good	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Molares	Very bad	$4\frac{1}{4}$
Cabecas		6
Venta del Bifcayno	Good	3
Xeres	Arroyo; good	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Puerto S. Maria	Three Emperors; Italian	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Cadiz	Cavallo blanco; Italian	2
Chiclana	Baudry; good	4
Cortijos		14
San Roque		12
Gibraltar		$1\frac{1}{2}$
San Roque		$1\frac{1}{2}$
Cara del Duque		12
Chiclana		14
Cadiz		4
Puerto		$0\frac{3}{4}$
Xeres		3
V. Bifcayno		7
V. Alcantirella		$6\frac{3}{4}$
V. Oran	Clean	2
Sevilla	La Reyna; Italian	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Carmona	Good	$7\frac{1}{2}$
V. Monclova		$5\frac{3}{4}$
Eccija	S. Agoftino	4
Carlotta	New; good	4
Cordova	Fonda; Italian	5
Carpio		6
Aldea		5
Anduxar		5

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
V. Rombla	—	4
Carolina	New; excellent	7¼
V. Miranda	—	3
Viſo	—	6
Santa Cruz	—	3¼
Valdepenas	Good; new. Good wine	3½
Mancanares	—	5
Villaharta	—	5¾
Puerto Lapiche	—	2½
Conſuegra	—	3½
Mora	Good	6
Toledo	Sangre de Chriſto; clean	6¾
Illeſcas	—	6¾
Geteſe	—	4¾
Madrid	S. Sebaſtian; Italian	3
Aranjuez	Italian; good	4
Madrid	—	4
Eſcurial	—	4½
V. S. Catalina	—	4
S. Ildefonſo	—	9
Segovia	Good	2
S. Maria	—	5¾
Villa S. Cruz	—	5½
Hornillo	—	4¼
Valladolid	Good	5¼
V. Trigeros	—	4
Torquemada	—	7
Villa Rodrigo	—	5
Burgos	Good	9¼
Torres	Poor place	3½
Birvieſca	—	5½
Pancorvo	Tolerable	5½

V. S. Gaetan

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
V. S. Gaetan	Excellent	7
Victoria	Good	2
Montdragon	Dirty	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Vergara	Good	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Tolosa		$9\frac{1}{4}$
Hernani	Good	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Passage		6
S. Jean de Luz	Good	4
Bayonne	S. Etienne	

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A MAP
of Part of
EUROPE.
The Author's route
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
NORTH
SEA
IRELAND
Dublin
Cork
Cape Clear
WALES
ENGLAND
London
Bristol
Portsmouth
Plymouth
Scilly Is.
Lands End
SCOTLAND
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Dumbarton
Inverness
Aberdeen
Perth
Stirling
Carlisle
Newcastle
Liverpool
Manchester
Birmingham
Oxford
Canterbury
Dover
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
Antwerp
Brussels
Ghent
Bruges
Lille
Calais
Boulogne
Dieppe
Rouen
Caen
Cherbourg
Guernsey I.
Jersey I.
Brest
Rennes
Nantes
Paris
Versailles
Fontainebleau
Orleans
Tours
Blois
Loire R.
Saumur
Poitiers
la Rochelle
Bordeaux
Bayonne
Pau
Toulouse
Montauban
Auch
Agen
Montpellier
Nismes
Aix
Marseilles
Toulon
Arles
Avignon
Orange
Lyons
Chambery
Geneva
Lausanne
Berne
SWITZERLAND
Basel
Mentz
Coblentz
Cologne
Trevor
Metz
Nancy
Strasbourg
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Frankfort
Nuremberg
Ratisbon
Passau
Linz
Vienna
Presburg
HUNGARY
Buda
Danube R.
Inn R.
Innspruck
Sudenberg
Clagenfurt
AUSTRIA
TIROL
Drave R.
SCLAVONIA
Save R.
CROATIA
TURKEY IN EUROPE
Trieste
Venice
Milan
Mantua
Parma
Bologna
Ancona
Rimini
Ravenna
Urbino
Ancona
Ascoli
Chieti
Rome
Terni
Gaeta
Capua
Naples
Benevento
Tarento
Brindisi
Lecce
Otranto
Bari
Manfredonia
Cosenza
Reggio
Messina
Palermo
SICILY
Girgenti
Syracuse
Trapani
Cape Circeli
Leghorn
Genoa
Turin
Nice
Antibes
Toulon
Marseilles
Perpignan
Narbonne
Carcassonne
Montpellier
Barcelona
Tarragona
Tortosa
Saragossa
Pampeluna
Burgos
Madrid
Escurial
Toledo
Talavera
Salamanca
Oporto
Coimbra
Lisbon
Tagus R.
Guadiana R.
Cordova
Guadalquivir R.
Seville
Malaga
Granada
Jaen
Cartagena
Alicante
Valencia
Xucar R.
Ebro R.
Minorca I.
Mahon
Majorca I.
Ivica I.
Corsica
Bastia
Elba I.
Sardinia
Cagliari
Malta I.
Gozo I.
Tunis
Algiers
Oran
Tangier
Ceuta
Tetuan
Gibraltar
Cadiz
Sale
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
ADRIATIC
GULF
AFRICA

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN.

LETTER I.

Perpignan, October 23, 1775.

WE are in hopes of ſetting out for Spain to-morrow, but many are the difficulties we ſhall have to encounter before we make our point good. Mules and horſes are ſcarce and dear, and the roads are ſaid to be much damaged by the late floods.

After a thouſand delays, we left Toulouſe at one o'clock on Sunday, and, travelling all night, reached Narbonne about noon next

day. Having rambled over that ſmall city, and peruſed the ancient inſcriptions in the archiepiſcopal palace, we thought it adviſeable to move on; and accordingly came to ſleep at Sigean, in order to have more leiſure at Perpignan for arranging matters, and looking out for mules and other requiſites for our Spaniſh journey.

There is not a more barren country on the face of the earth, than that between Narbonne and Riveſaltes, famous for its muſcadine wine; yet I ſuſpect you would prefer thoſe bleak grey hills to more fertile ſpots; for among the ſtones, and through the crannies of the rocks, ſhoot up innumerable tribes of aromatic plants, on which, as a botaniſt, your eye would feaſt with rapture. The ſuperior excellence of the Narbonne honey is, no doubt, owing to this profuſion of ſtrong-ſcented flowers, on which the bees feed.

The bay of Leucate, and the plains that

ſtretch

ſtretch out from the ſea to the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, form a noble ſweep, that bears ſome reſemblance to the gulph of Naples.

Perpignan is a villainous ugly town, on the ſkirts of an extenſive flat, that has juſt olive woods enough to make a tolerable appearance from the ramparts. The grounds are incloſed with the tall yellow-flowering aloe.

LETTER II.

San Salony, October 27, 1775.

AS I am informed the poſt paſſes by to-morrow from Barcelona, I write from this place, leſt we ſhould be delayed by any accident, and ſo miſs the opportunity.

The weather hitherto has been very favourable; a clear ſky and warm ſun ſince

the 24th, the day we left Perpignan. There was ſuch a ſcarcity of mules, that we were forced to comply with the exorbitant demands of a French *voiturier* and two Italian rope-dancers, who inſiſted upon twenty Louis-d'ors for ten horſes as far as Barcelona: one of the tumblers rides poſtillion to our carriage; and for want of a ſaddle-horſe, my man S. G. goes with the other in a crazy two-wheeled chaiſe; but any thing to get away from Perpignan, a moſt diſagreeable town, and, to a curious traveller, deſtitute of every kind of recommendation.

The heavy rains that fell about a month ago, had ſwelled the torrents to ſuch a degree, that in many places they had ſpoiled the road; this rendered our evening journey very uncomfortable, and made it late before we could reach a poor inn at Boulou, near the mountains that ſeparate Rouſſillon from Catalonia. By the help of our own beds, cook, and proviſions, we reſted very

well

well in our hovel, and next morning ſallied forth as burleſque a caravan as ever left inn ſince the days of * *Le Deſtin & La Rancune.* Several ingenious perſons travelling to the fair of Girona had joined company with us; we compoſed the center; our vanguard was formed by a drummer and a tabor and pipe; the rear was brought up by a camel, loaded with five monkies, eſcorted by two men who carried his portrait. Theſe, and three pedlars, whom we ſoon after overtook, were all come from the Milaneſe. A few paces from the inn we croſſed the Tech, a broad torrent, very dangerous after rain: it had lately cauſed conſiderable damage in the country. A few miles farther, we came to the chain of mountains that divides France and Spain, which are of no very conſiderable elevation.

The road over the paſs is a noble work,

* Scarron's Comic Romance.

and reflects great honour on the engineer who planned it. It is now very wide; the rocks are blasted, and spread out, and bridges are laid over the hollows, which formerly were most dangerous precipices. It then required the strength of thirty men to support, and almost as many oxen to drag up a carriage, which four horses now draw with ease.

Exactly on the limits of France, in the highest part of the pass, stands the fort of Bellegarde, on a round hill, commanding a boundless view over both kingdoms: an officer of invalids has a lodge below, where he examines and signs the passports.

At La Junquiera, the first Spanish town, an officer of the customs made a shew of examining our baggage; but a piece of money soon put an end to his search. Near this place a bloody battle was fought in 920, between the Christians and Moors, in which the former were defeated with great

slaughter.

ſlaughter. This was once a conſiderable city, a colony of the Maſſilians, or people of Marſeilles, and afterwards an epiſcopal ſee: but now it is a paltry village, ſubſiſting on what little is ſpent in it by paſſengers, and on the produce of the cork-woods, which ſeem to turn to good account. The ſurrounding mountains are covered with thoſe trees; moſt of them are of great ſize and age: their trunks, lately ſtripped of the bark, are of a duſky red colour: the operation of peeling them cannot be repeated above once in ſeven or eight years; but in the ſouthern parts of Spain, they do it every fifth year.

From hence to Figuera, an ugly ſtraggling town, the country improves every ſtep; the hills are cloathed with evergreen woods; the plains, in the fineſt cultivation, are divided by hedges of aloe, chriſtthorn, or wild pomegranate. The inhabitants are well-clad, good-looking fellows; the wo-

men much comelier than their neighbours on the French ſide of the Pyrenees. Ferdinand the Sixth began a moſt ſpacious fortreſs above Figuera, capable of containing 12,000 men: it is far from being finiſhed, and indeed it is difficult to gueſs what ſervice it can be of when completed.

Our journey to Girona was very pleaſant, through a well-laid-out country, diverſified with fertile plains, and gentle eminences crowned with evergreen oaks and pines. The view ſtretches down over the olive plantations, in the low grounds, as far as the ſea; ſlender towers on the points of the rocks, and white ſteeples riſing out of the woods, add great life to this charming ſcene.

In every village, we found the people buſily employed in making ropes, baſkets, and ſhoes, of a ſmall ruſh or reed called *eſparto*.

Girona, where we lay laſt night, is a large clean city, with ſome good ſtreets; but

poorly

poorly inhabited, and for the moſt part gloomy. The churches are darker than caverns; the gothic cathedral is grand, but ſo very dark at the upper end, that but for the glimmering of two ſmoky lamps, we ſhould not have diſcovered that the canopy and altar are of maſſy ſilver.

The road was all this morning very hilly, but the dryneſs of the weather prevented it from being at its uſual pitch of badneſs. Every thing, as Pangloſs ſays, is for the beſt: had we left Bagneres when we intended, we ſhould have had theſe deep roads to paſs immediately after exceſſive rains; and ſhould probably have been delayed many days by the ſwelling of the torrents. Great part of this day's journey has been through the moſt ſavage wilds in nature: nothing but mountains upon mountains, covered with pines; a rambling ſandy river fills up the hollows, winding through all the turns of

the

the hanging woods and narrow dells; a ſlight track on the ſand is the only thing that conveys any idea of the footſteps of man. The caſtle of Hoſtalric, a modern fortreſs, commands the outlet of this deſert, and overlooks the turrets and walls of an old ruinous village, wildly ſituated on the brink of a precipice.

This morning, on leaving Girona, we met with a laughable accident. S. G. who travels in the vehicle of the mountebank, was rouſed from his nap by the bottom of the chaiſe ſuddenly giving way, and dropping them both into the river Ter. They were obliged to walk in the chaiſe (literally *ſe promener en voiture)* quite through the water, before their horſes could be prevailed upon to ſtop.

The peaſants have brought us partridges for ſupper, though it be Friday, and ſeem very well accuſtomed to ſee meat

eaten

eaten on faſting days; however, the maid of the inn thinks to atone for this irregularity, by placing before us on the table a well-dreſt image of the Virgin, to whom ſhe expects we ſhould behave with proper liberality.

The mode of drinking in this country is ſingular: they hold a broad-bottomed glaſs bottle at arm's length, and let the liquor ſpout out of a long neck upon their tongue: from what I ſee, their expertneſs at this exerciſe ariſes from frequent practice; for the Catalans drink often, and in large quantities, but as yet I have not ſeen any of them intoxicated.

LETTER III.

Barcelona, October 31, 1775.

OUR journey of the 28th was by much the moſt ſevere as to roads; the croſs ones in Suſſex are not worſe.

The

The paſs called *El Purgatorio* had very near proved a *Hell* to us; for we thought at one time that the carriages muſt have remained jammed in between the rocks. The proſpects on each ſide of the way are for the greateſt part delightful; nothing can be more agreeable to the eye than the gothic ſteeples towering above the dark pine-groves, the bold ruins of La Rocca, and the rich fields on the banks of the Beſos; but the paſſes are ſo bad, the roads ſo cut up, deep, and dangerous, that it was not poſſible to enjoy the beauties that ſurrounded us.

We got into this city juſt before the ſhutting of the gates. Upon the whole, this four days journey, though attended with ſome diſagreeable circumſtances, was far from unpleaſant; the weather was charming, and our health and ſpirits excellent, with which it is eaſy to bear up againſt the little rubs and vexations of an

expedition

expedition like ours. The obſtinacy of our coachmen, by taking the inland road, deprived us of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the towns and orange-gardens along the coaſt.

We have paid the neceſſary viſits to thoſe in command. The governor of the place is a Velaſco, brother to that Don Lewis who was killed at the ſurpriſe of the Moro caſtle. It is ſtrange enough that the king ſhould beſtow the title of *Conde del Aſalto* on the brother; it might with more propriety be conferred on the Engliſh general, who commanded the attack.

Our firſt entertainment here was the Spaniſh comedy. Alas! moſt of its glorious abſurdities are vaniſhed, and Dulneſs has eſtabliſhed her throne on this ſtage. I was quite tired, and longed to have ſeen Harlequin carrying relics in proceſſion, ſaints and devils engaged in doubtful conflict, and Lucifer acting the part of a

priſ-

prior of a convent, as they did formerly in the Loas and Autos ſacramentales *. I am afraid we are come here a century too ſoon, or a century too late, and that the old original caſt is worn off the character of the Spaniards, without their having thoroughly acquired the poliſh of France or England: this will render them a much leſs intereſting race of people: in this province they are ſaid to advance apace Barcelona ſeems to be a buſy, thriving town, and the Catalonians an induſtrious ſet of men.

* Autos and myſterios are prohibited on the theatres of Madrid, but are frequently repreſented upon all others in the kingdom, and even in the puppet ſhews at the royal country reſidences. A friend of mine ſaw one acted laſt year at San Lucar, called the Converſion of Saint Barbara; a friar, by way of proving to her the myſtery of the Trinity, gathered up three folds in the ſkirt of his habit, and then let them fall. The three plaits in one cloth were the image of three perſons in one God.

The playhouſe is handſome, and well-lighted up. The firſt piece we ſaw acted was a tragedy, in which there were no parts for women in the dramatis perſonæ; ſo, in order to make it ridiculous, the actreſſes put on breeches and performed the play, without allowing any males to appear among them. The declamation was bombaſtical and whining. The prompters (for they have them in many parts of the ſtage) read aloud, verſe by verſe, what the player repeated after them, with the addition of a final twang, or an occaſional ſwing of the arm. Between the firſt and the ſecond acts we had a ſeguidilla ſung, as wild and uncouth as any thing can be, but now and then ſome very moving paſſages ſtruck the ear. After the ſecond, we had, for interlude, an attack made upon the actreſſes by the actors from a corner of the front boxes. The wit was bandied about very briſkly, and made the audience roar

again,

again, but it appeared to me a ſtring of very poor quibbles.

Before I proceed to give you any information concerning the preſent ſtate of the country, I ſhall ſketch the outlines of its particular hiſtory.

The account of the original inhabitants of Catalonia, and of the foundation of Barcelona, are, with the reſt of the early hiſtory of Spain, involved in ſuch a cloud of fables, that nothing ſatisfactory relative to thoſe dark ages can be diſcovered. The Maſſilians appear to have carried on a great trade, and to have been much connected with theſe provinces. Hamilcar Barcas is ſaid to have founded Barcino, now Barcelona; but the Carthaginians did not long keep poſſeſſion of it, for we find their boundary fixed at the Ebro, ſo early as the end of the firſt Punic war. After the fall of the Carthaginian commonwealth, the Romans turned their whole attention

towards

towards Tarraco, and neglected Barcino, though they made it a colony by the name of Faventia.

In the fifth century, the barbarians of the north of Europe, having pushed their conquests as far as this peninsula, divided it among the different nations that composed their victorious armies. Catalonia fell to the lot of the Goths under Ataulph, in 414. It remained under their dominion to the year 714, when it was forced to submit to the yoke of the Saracens; who, under the command of Abdallah Cis, made themselves masters of all the coast, as far as the Pyrenees. Tarragona being now no better than a heap of ruins, Barcelona became imperceptibly the capital of the province. Lewis the Debonair, son of Charlemagne, took it from the Moors in 800. From that period, the emperors, kings of France, governed Catalonia by appointing counts or vicegerents, removable at plea-

 sure,

ſure, till the government was rendered hereditary in the family of Wifred the Hairy: whether this happened by a conceſſion of Charles the Bald, or by uſurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It continued in his poſterity for many generations. This prince having been grievouſly wounded in a battle againſt the Normans, received a viſit from the emperor, who dipping his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, drew four lines down the gilt ſhield of Wifred, ſaying, "Earl, be theſe thy armorial enſign." Four pallets Gules, on a field Or, remained from that time the coat of arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Aragon, when Raymund the Fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heireſs of Ramiro the Second, king of Aragon. Their ſon Alfonſo ſucceeded to that crown in 1162. The heirs male of Aragon failing in Martin, the Cortes or ſtates elected Ferdinand of Caſtille, whoſe grand-

ſon

ſon Ferdinand the Catholic, by his marriage with Iſabella heireſs of Caſtille, and by the conqueſt of Granada, united all the Spaniſh kingdoms into one compact formidable monarchy, which devolved upon the houſe of Auſtria, in the perſon of his grandſon Charles.

The violent ſpirit of the Catalonians, and their enthuſiaſtic paſſion for liberty, have often rendered their country the ſeat of civil war and bloodſhed: inſurrections have been more frequent here than in any other part of Europe. The moſt remarkable were, firſt, that in the time of Ferdinand the Fifth, when the peaſants roſe in arms to deliver themſelves from the oppreſſion of the nobles. Secondly, that under Philip the Fourth, about the time that the Portugueſe ſhook off the Spaniſh yoke; the iſſue of the war was not equally favourable to the Catalonians, who failed in their attempt of becoming independent, and after having been

twelve years under the protection of France, were reduced to obedience by Don John of Auſtria. Thirdly, that during the war of the ſucceſſion, the moſt famous rebellion, as the French and Spaniſh writers ſtigmatize it; or, in the language of a republican, the moſt obſtinate ſtruggle they ever made to break their chains and become a free nation. They attached themſelves to the party of the archduke Charles, whoſe coin is ſtill current in the province. In 1706, Barcelona ſuſtained a ſiege, which Philip the Fifth was obliged to raiſe on the appearance of an Engliſh fleet. Though ſhamefully deſerted by England at the peace of Utrecht, and afterwards by the emperor, the Catalonians perſiſted in their revolt, and, having no longer the protection of any foreign prince to expect, reſolved to form themſelves into a commonwealth.

Lewis the Fourteenth ſent the Duke of Berwick, in 1714, with a formidable army,

to

to reduce Barcelona. The trenches were opened in July, and the works carried on with the greateſt vigour for ſixty-one days; a French fleet blocked up the port, and prevented any ſuccours or proviſions from getting in. Yet, notwithſtanding the famine that raged within, the terrible fire kept up by the enemy's batteries, and the deſpondency of the regular troops, who were inclined to a capitulation, the burgeſſes, animated by deſpair, rejected all offers of accommodation, and ſeemed determined to bury themſelves under the ruins of their city. The very friars, inſpired by the ſame enthuſiaſm, ran up and down the ſtreets exhorting their fellow-citizens to die like brave men, rather than live the deſpicable ſlaves of a deſpot. The women, the children breathed the ſame ſpirit, and ſhared the labours of the defence with their huſbands and fathers.

After ſuſtaining four bloody aſſaults, and

diſputing the breach inch by inch, being at laſt driven from the ramparts, and from a breaſtwork they had thrown up behind the walls, they were obliged to fly for refuge to the new part of the town, where they made a kind of capitulation. Their perſons remained untouched, but every privilege was aboliſhed, and heavy taxes were laid upon them to recompenſe the ſoldiery. Since this epocha, Catalonia has borne the yoke with ſullen patience, except when, a few years ago, the mode of raiſing recruits by *quintas* or ballot was ordered to be adopted in this as well as the other provinces of Spain. The Catalonians, to whom ſuch a regulation was new, and conſequently odious, were upon the point of taking up arms; but, a few rioters being killed by the cannon of the citadel, the commotion was quelled in the capital, and, the king having given up the project for the preſent, the reſt of the principality was pacified. However,

ever, no arms are allowed to be carried by the common people, and very ſtrict diſcipline is kept up in Barcelona.

LETTER IV.

Barcelona, November 3, 1775.

THIS city is a ſweet ſpot; the air equals in purity, and much excels in mildneſs, the boaſted climate of Montpellier. Except in the dog-days, you may here have green peaſe all the year round. The ſituation is beautiful, the appearance both from land and ſea remarkably picturesque. A great extent of fruitful plains, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills, backs it on the weſt ſide; the mountain of Montjuich defends it on the ſouth from the unwholeſome winds that blow over the marſhes at the mouth of the Llobregat; to the northward, the coaſt projecting into the ſea

forms a noble bay; it has the Mediterranean to close the prospect to the east. The environs are in a state of high cultivation, studded with villages, country houses, and gardens.

The form of Barcelona is almost circular, the Roman town being on the highest ground in the center of the new one; the ancient walls are still visible in several places, but the sea has retired many hundreds of yards from the port gates; one of the principal gothic churches, and a whole quarter of the city, stand upon the sands that were once the bottom of the harbour. The immense loads of sand hurried down into the sea by the rivers, and thrown back by wind and current into this haven, will, in all probability, choak it quite up, unless greater diligence be used in preventing the gathering of the shoals. A southerly wind brings in the sand, and already a deep-loaden vessel finds it dangerous to pass over the bar.

Some

Some years ago a company of Dutch and Engliſh adventurers offered to bring the river into the port by means of a canal, if government would allow them a free importation for ten years. This project might have cleared away the ſand-banks, but might alſo have given a fatal check to the infant manufactures of the country, for which reaſon the propoſal was rejected. The port is handſome; the mole is all of hewn ſtone, a maſter-piece of ſolidity and convenience. Above is a platform for carriages; below, vaſt magazines, with a broad key reaching from the city gates to the lighthouſe. This was done by the orders of the late Marquis de La Mina, captain-general of the principality, where his memory is held in greater veneration than at the court of Madrid. He governed Catalonia many years, more like an independent ſovereign, than like a ſubject inveſted with a delegated authority. Great are the obligations

Barcelona

Barcelona has to him; he cleanſed and beautified its ſtreets, built uſeful edifices, and forwarded its trade and manufactures, without much extraordinary expence to the province; for he had more reſources, and made money go farther than moſt other governors can do, or indeed wiſh to do. On the neck of land that runs into the ſea, and forms the port, he pulled down ſome fiſhermen's huts, and in 1752 began to build Barceloneta, a regular town, conſiſting of about two thouſand brick houſes, quarters for a regiment, and a church, in which his aſhes are depoſited under a taſteleſs monument, with the following barbarous epitaph

D. O. M.

Hic Guſmannorum jacet Epitome
Exc. Dom. Marchio de la Mina,
Dux, Princeps, ſummus Imperator, Præſes,
In Acie Fulmen, in Aulâ Flamen,
Obiit heu! Homo, at non abiit Heros

Cui

Cui Inſcriptio, Virtus omnis
Die 30 *Jan. Anno* 1768.
R. I. P.

As the land was given gratis, the houſes were ſoon run up on a regular plan; a ground-floor and one ſtory above, with three windows in front and a pediment over them; the whole conſiſting of about twenty ſtreets, and containing nigh ten thouſand inhabitants.

The lighthouſe at the end of the pier is a ſlender tower, near which ſhips lie when they perform quarantine. The old one ſtood much nearer the land, but was ſwept away in a dreadful hurricane.

Another of La Mina's improvements, is the rampart or great walk upon the walls, extending the whole length of the harbour. It is all built upon arches, with magazines below, and a broad coach-road and foot-path above, raiſed to the level of the firſt floor

of

of the houſes in the adjoining ſtreet. In theſe clear, warm evenings, it is very pleaſant to walk along this pavement, to the arſenal at the ſouth-eaſt angle of the city; where they are buſy raiſing new fortifications, to prevent a ſurpriſe, in caſe of an inſurrection. The late expedition againſt Algiers has drained theſe magazines ſo completely, that ſcarce a cannon, or even a nail, is to be ſeen. The work-ſhops are built upon a grand ſcale, but little buſineſs is going forward at preſent.

At this corner the rampart joins the Rambla, a long irregular ſtreet, which they have begun to level and widen, with the intention of planting an avenue down the middle. Here the ladies parade in their coaches, and ſometimes go quite round the city upon the walls, which are of brick, lately repaired and enlarged. The drive is charming, having a ſweet country on one ſide, and on the other, cluſters of ſmall

gardens

gardens and orange-yards. You deſcend at the north gate into a very ſpacious ſquare before the citadel, juſt where the grand breach was made, when the duke of Berwick beſieged the town.

The citadel has ſix ſtrong baſtions, calculated to overawe the inhabitants, at leaſt as much as to defend them from a foreign enemy. The lowneſs of its ſituation renders it damp, unwholeſome, and ſwarming with moſquitos. The major of this fortreſs owes his promotion to a ſingular circumſtance. When the preſent king arrived at Madrid in 1759, a magnificent bull-feaſt was given in honour of that event: as it is neceſſary upon ſuch occaſions, that thoſe who fight on horſeback ſhould be gentlemen born, the managers of the exhibition were greatly at a loſs; till this man, who was a poor, ſtarving officer, preſented himſelf, though utterly ignorant both of bull-fighting and horſemanſhip. By dint of

reſolu-

resolution, and the particular favour of fortune, he kept his seat, and performed his part so much to the public satisfaction, that he was rewarded with a pension and a majority.

The streets of Barcelona are narrow, but well paved; a covered drain in the middle of each street carries off the filth and rain water. At night they are tolerably well lighted-up, but long before day-break every lamp is out. The houses are lofty and plain. To each kind of trade a particular district is allotted.

The principal edifices are, the cathedral, Santa Maria, the general's palace, and the exchange. The architecture of the cathedral is a light gothic, which, in the ornaments of the cloysters, is inimitably airy. The stalls of the choir are neatly carved, and hung with escutcheons of princes and noblemen, among which I remarked the arms of our Henry the Eighth. The dou-

ble

ble arches under the belfry are deſervedly admired, for bearing on their centers the whole weight of two enormous towers. In the cloyſters various kinds of foreign birds are kept, upon funds bequeathed for that purpoſe, by a wealthy canon. I could not learn what motives induced him to make ſo whimſical a deviſe.

Santa Maria is alſo a gothic pile.

The palace is ſquare and low, without out-courts or gardens, and contains nothing worthy of remark but a noble ball-room.

Oppoſite to its ſouth front, is now erecting out of the ruins of an old habitation of the earls of Barcelona, a new exchange upon an extenſive plan, but in a heavy taſte. The architect aſſured us the ſhell would not coſt above 300,000 Catalan livres; but he muſt either have impoſed upon us, or do very extraordinary juſtice to the truſt repoſed in him, if he builds ſuch a maſs of ſtone for that ſum. The work is carried on

by means of a tax upon imports. In the old part of the building yet left ſtanding, the board of commerce has inſtituted an academy for drawing, in which five hundred boys are taught that art, and furniſhed with all proper implements, gratis. A maſter from Paris is the director of their ſtudies; and every month prizes of fifteen and twenty dollars are diſtributed to the moſt deſerving.

The Roman antiquities in this city are: 1. A moſaic pavement, in which are repreſented two large green figures of tritons, holding a ſhell in each hand; between them a ſea-horſe, and on the ſides a ſerpent and a dolphin. The common opinion is, that this church was a temple of Eſculapius; but the ornaments ſeem to prove very clearly that it belonged to ſome fane dedicated to Neptune. 2. Many vaults and cellars of Roman conſtruction. 3. The archdeaconry, once the palace of the prætor or Roman governor.

From

From the ſolidity of the walls, and the regularity of the work, I am inclined to believe the tradition; but there is neither grandeur nor elegance to recommend it to notice. Some medallions and inſcriptions fixed in the wall, apparently at the time of its erection, rather invalidate the idea of ſuch remote antiquity. 4. In the yard, a beautiful ciſtern, or rather ſarcophagus, which now ſerves as a watering-trough for mules. They call it the coffin of Pompey's father, and it may as well be his as that of any one elſe, for we have no proof to the contrary. A large baſs-relief runs round it, of hunters, dogs, and wild beaſts. The chief perſon is on horſeback, bareheaded, in a military dreſs. The figures and animals are executed in a maſterly ſtyle, and the whole is a fine monument of antiquity. 5. In the houſe belonging to the family of Pinos, which was almoſt levelled to the ground by the bombs during the ſiege, are many excellent buſts

and medallions. An *Augustus Pater*, with a *corona radialis*, a small elegant Bacchus, and a woman holding a rabbit, supposed to represent Spain, the Provincia cunicularis, are the most remarkable. The owners of this house have always remained so true to their principles in politics, that they have constantly resided in a poor dwelling hard by, and left their palace in ruins, as a *memento* to their fellow-citizens, and a monument of their own spirit and misfortunes.

LETTER V.

Barcelona, November 10, 1775.

YESTERDAY, being the festival of Saint Charles Borromeo, the king's patron, was kept as a day of *Gala*. All the officers waited upon the governor in grand uniform; the theatre was illuminated, and crowded with well-dreſt company, which made

made a very handſome ſhew; the price of admittance was raiſed from half a piſtreen to a whole one. The pit is divided into ſeats, let by the year, each perſon keeping his own key; the boxes are taken for the ſeaſon, and the upper gallery is filled with women in white veils, and no men allowed to ſit among them; ſo that a ſtranger is at a loſs for a place.

The play was the *Cid Campeador*, an hiſtorical tragedy, written with a great deal of fire, and force of character. The actors, in the old Spaniſh habit and Mooriſh garment, ſeemed to enter more than uſual into the ſenſe of the author. In all tragedies they drop a curteſy, inſtead of bowing, to kings and heroes. A pretty ballad was ſung by a woman, in the ſmart dreſs of a *Maja* or coquette: ſhe wore her hair in a ſcarlet net, with taſſels; a ſtriped gauze handkerchief croſſed over her breaſt; a rich jacket, flowered apron, and brocade petticoat. I ob-

ſerved the pit was crowded with clergymen*.

I paſſed the morning in the cabinet of natural hiſtory belonging to Mr. Salvador. The botanical ſpecimens are the moſt perfect part of the collection, though he poſſeſſes many rare things in every other branch of that ſtudy.

This afternoon has been employed in copying out liſts of the Spaniſh forces, with their regulations; a ſuccinct account of which may perhaps be intereſting to you at this period, when our politicians in England ſeem ſo much afraid of them, and whilſt their late unſucceſsful attempt againſt Algiers ſtill renders them the general topic of converſation.

* Since the fire which in 1778 conſumed the theatre at Saragoſa, the king has forbidden any playhouſes to be opened, except in the cities of Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, and Cadiz.

If we are to credit the printed lists, the Spanish army consists of above an hundred and thirty thousand men; but the real number falls far short of this amount, and it is a matter of doubt, whether the regular troops exceed the number of fifty thousand.

The king's houshold is composed of three troops of gentlemen horse-guards, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish; one company of halberdiers; six battalions of Spanish, and six of Walloon foot-guards; and one brigade of carabiniers.

There are six regiments of Spanish infantry of two battalions; and twenty-seven of one battalion; two Italian, three Irish, four Walloon, and four Swiss regiments of one battalion; one regiment of artillery of four battalions; six thousand seven hundred and twelve marines; and one company of engineers.

Each battalion of foot is composed of one company of grenadiers of sixty-six

men, and of eight companies of fuſileers of eighty men each, including three commiſſioned officers.

White or blue is the colour of their regimentals, except one Spaniſh and three Iriſh, who are dreſſed in red.

The cavalry conſiſts of fourteen regiments, of which ſix are in blue, four in red, three in white, and one in green.

The dragoons form eight regiments, of which one is in blue, one in red, and ſix in yellow.

A regiment of cavalry and dragoons contains four ſquadrons, each compoſed of three companies; in each company are three commiſſioned officers, and forty-five ſoldiers.

Beſides the regulars, they once a year aſſemble forty-three regiments of militia, and twenty companies of city-guards. The corps of invalids contains forty-ſix companies on duty, and twenty-ſix diſabled. The

African

African and American garrifons have alfo their refpective militia.

Their uniforms are ugly and ill made; the foldiers abominably nafty in their cloaths, and their black greafy hair feldom dreft. Till very lately, they were commonly in rags, and often mounted guard with half a coat, and almoft bare breeched; but now they are rather better clad, and kept in a fomewhat more decent trim.

The pay of a foldier is five quartos and an half, and twenty-one ounces of bread a day. After fifteen years fervice, he has an increafe of five reals of Vellon a month; after twenty, nine reals; and after twenty-five, he may retire, and receive a pezzetta per diem, and be cloathed as if he was ftill on actual fervice. If he remains thirty years in the army, he is allowed the rank and pay of a fubaltern officer. Every forty months he receives new regimentals, two

ſhirts, two ſtocks, one pair of ſhoes, two pair of ſtockings, a cap, and a hat.

The rank of any officer may be known at firſt ſight by a particular badge of diſtinction. A captain-general's dreſs uniform is blue, embroidered with gold down the ſeams, and three rows of embroidery on the ſleeves: a lieutenant-general has nothing on the ſeams, and but two rows on the cuffs; a mariſcal de campo, but one: a brigadier has red cuffs, with one row of ſilver embroidery on his coat: a colonel has three narrow bindings on his ſleeve, of the colour of his regimental button; a lieutenant-colonel, two; and a major, one: the mark of a captain is two epauletts; of a lieutenant, one on his right ſhoulder; and of an enſign, one on the left.

The pay of a lieutenant is two pezzettas and a half per diem; that of an enſign, two. As every thing has trebled in price

ſince

ſince their pay was eſtabliſhed, it is become inſufficient for the maintenance of the officers. In the guards, all ſubalterns muſt live upon their own fortune, till they get a company, which they may perhaps wait thirty years for.

About ſeven thouſand men form the garriſon of Barcelona, of which four thouſand two hundred are guards; the reſt Swiſs and dragoons. Each corps has its quarter appointed, which it provides with centries, and therefore they never interfere with each other.

Moſt of theſe troops are lately returned from the Algerine expedition, where they ſuffered great hardſhips; this has made them outrageous againſt Count O Reilly, their commander. Converſation, at preſent, turns entirely upon that ſubject, and it would hardly be ſafe to undertake his juſtification. In all this there may be a great deal of jealouſy againſt a foreigner that has made ſo

rapid

rapid a fortune, and enjoys so large a share of the confidence of their common master. A singular instance of the national hatred was exhibited a few months ago at Valencia. Some hundreds of boys got together, and, having divided their numbers into an army of Christians, and one of Moors, pitched upon the lame, deformed son of a French barber, to personate O Reilly, the chief of the Spanish party. The infidels obtained a complete victory; and a court-martial was held upon the Christian commander. He was found guilty of cowardice and mismanagement, and condemned to be whipped. The sentence was executed with such rigour, that the unhappy actor expired under the lash.

The accounts given by the gazettes are very unsatisfactory, I therefore flatter myself I shall make you an agreeable present, by transmitting the following journal; the notes were taken down on the spot by an officer,

officer, who was all day in the action, or very near it. This may ſuffice to evince the authenticity of the narration. I have omitted all his ſarcaſms upon the general, for I cannot help attributing many of them to paſſion and reſentment; and an impartial byſtander muſt not adopt ſentiments palpably dictated by envy or diſappointment.

JOURNAL OF THE SPANISH EXPEDITION AGAINST ALGIERS, IN 1775.

THE Conde Alexander O Reilly is an Iriſhman, who began by a ſub-lieutenancy in the regiment of Hibernia: he was major of that corps, when he obtained leave to ſerve a campaign in the French army in Germany. At his return, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and afterwards the poſt of adjutant or aide-major-general of exerciſe was created for him, in

conſideration of his having introduced the German exerciſe into our army. In the Portugueſe war, the command of a body of light troops was given to O Reilly, who was made a brigadier before the end of the campaign, and ſoon after ſent out as mariſcal de campo, to ſuperintend the rebuilding of the fortifications of the Havannah, which had been lately reſtored to Spain, by the treaty of Fontainebleau.

His commiſſion being ended, he returned from Cuba; and, being named inſpector-general of the Spaniſh infantry, formed a camp, where the king aſſiſted at the manœuvres in perſon. The monarch was ſo well pleaſed with the performance, that he raiſed the inſpector to the rank of lieutenant-general, and diſpatched him to ſettle the diſputes in New Orleans, where the French planters refuſed to ſubmit to the Spaniſh government. He is the projector of the preſent ſcheme,

and

and came to Carthagena to put it in execution; being appointed commander in chief of all the troops aſſembled in this port. If he is ſucceſsful, no doubt he will be immediately named captain-general. An order is iſſued out, prohibiting all diſcourſe on the ſubject of this expedition, the deſtination of which remains a profound ſecret. Count O Reilly has under his command nineteen thouſand eight hundred and twenty foot, and thirteen hundred and ſixty-eight horſe. Caſtejon brings him forty-ſeven king's ſhips, of different rates, and three hundred and forty-ſix tranſports.

June 15.

The proceſſion of *Corpus Chriſti* paſſed along the mole of Carthagena, and the fleet received the benediction. The ſhips, dreſt out with flags and ſtreamers of various colours, ſaluted the Hoſt with a triple diſcharge of all their artillery. Our generals, O Reilly

and

and Richardos,* came on board at five in the afternoon. We remained till the

23d,

expecting every day to ſail, except that very one we actually did ſail. We had ſeen the wind ſo often favourable, without our making the leaſt motion, that I began to have my doubts about our departure; which however took place in the night between the 22d and 23d. We kept beating about before Carthagena in the utmoſt diſorder, till the

27th,

when we bore away from that harbour; and, after two days of the ſtrangeſt manœuvres ever known, by which the fleet was ſeparated into an hundred diviſions, all ſteering different ways, we began to ſuſpect we were bound for Algiers.

30th.

At ten this morning, found ourſelves off

* Sir Philip Richards, an Engliſh Baronet, created Feb. 22. 1684.

Cape Cercely, fifteen leagues weſt of Algiers. All our ſcattered fleet got together in the night, and made for the land, between Cape Tenez and Cape Cercely, where we lay-to the remainder of the night. We ſaw fires on all the hills, and along the ſhore; ſignals, no doubt, to alarm the country.

July 1ſt,

at three in the morning, the admiral fired a gun, for us to keep on our courſe, and at nine we were about ſix leagues from Bocmeo. At eleven, we doubled Cape Peſcado, and a little before twelve, the bay of Algiers opened upon us, where we ſaw our men of war and miſſing ſhips lying at anchor. At one we could diſtinguiſh the town with a ſpying-glaſs. Soon after, the Algerines fired ſome ſhot from the town and caſtles, and hoiſted ſeveral red flags. Came to an anchor in twenty-five fathom water. The reſt of the fleet came up ſoon, and formed a moſt beautiful and formidable ſhew; but I muſt

confeſs,

confeſs, that the fortifications of Algiers, and the dangerous appearance of the coaſt, were to the full as tremendous. We were in the belief, that we had ſeen a conſiderable camp on the eaſt of the river Inrac, and about nine at night we were confirmed in our opinion, by the lighting up of many fires; which in leſs than a quarter of an hour ran along, and ſet the whole ridge of hills in a blaze. The dead calm which then reigned, and the ſweet harmony of two clarinets, that were playing aboard a neighbouring ſhip, made me paſs a moſt delicious hour, and forget that all thoſe charms were ſoon to be changed into horrors. Till midnight we heard a continual firing of muſkets, which we were told was the Mooriſh method of paſſing the parole. I now learned that the men of war had come up the preceding evening; that our generals, diſguiſed in ſailors jackets, had reconnoitred the coaſt, and on their return had held a council of war.

2d. At

2d

At ſeven, the general ſent for the captains of the tranſports, to withdraw a ſealed paper they had received at Carthagena, which they were not to open, unleſs driven off by ſtreſs of weather. At five in the evening he gave out the order for landing next morning; but the ſea running rather high about eight, the expedition was put off. Our commanding officers had orders, not to ſend for cartridges till next day. They are to be delivered out at the rate of ſixty for each ſoldier; which, with twenty-two he received at Barcelona, a pick-ax, a knapſack for proviſions, and a tin box for vinegar and water, beſides his arms, will prove an intolerable burthen at this hot ſeaſon of the year.

3d.

All this day it blew a freſh gale from the E. N. E. which ruffled the ſea ſo much, as to prevent our landing the following night, as the general had propoſed. We diſcovered ſome new camps of Moors, one in particular

to the eaſtward of Algiers, which could neither annoy us, nor ſuccour thoſe we intended to attack; but we inferred from it, they were in no want of troops, ſince they had poſts on every ſide.

4th.

At noon we had notice given us, that our four companies were to paſs on board another veſſel, but which it was to be we were not informed till three; when we were told that five galliots were to take in fifty men each, and the ſurplus to be paſſed on board other ſhips; the captains of which were ordered to ſend their boats for them immediately. The cartridges not being delivered occaſioned a delay of two hours, ſpent in great confuſion. This affair being at length ſettled, we went on board the galliots, where we ſoon had a lively ſenſe of the miſery that awaited us. The orders of the day were, that the officers and ſoldiers ſhould carry four days proviſions; and that at eight at

night

night they ſhould put off, in order to be able to land next morning on the beach of the gulf of the *Badwoman*, which is five leagues weſt of Algiers. Our generals had ſo often boaſted of the plenty that was to follow us aſhore, that we longed with the utmoſt impatience for the order for landing, as we looked upon it as the only thing that could put an end to our ſufferings, which hourly increaſed on board the galliots, whither we had carried nothing but a little bad biſcuit, ſome cheeſe, and wine. Moſt wretched food! beſides the horrid inconvenience of not having room to lie down, or even to get up from the bench we firſt ſat down upon. A dead calm all night. The breeze failed, and our landing was once more deferred, by which means both officers and men paſſed a cruel night.

5th.

Received orders to comply with thoſe given out on the 2d, for the mode of diſem-

 barking,

barking, now no longer to be attempted at the gulf of the *Badwoman*; where we ſhould indeed have been in the greateſt danger of periſhing. The very name denotes the dangers we ſhould have had to encounter. All day a ſmart gale from the eaſt, and another demur; and a ſecond moſt fatiguing night for the ſoldiers.

6th.

The plan being now changed, we were ordered, at eight, to paſs into the galliot that was to be placed on the left wing, with an hundred men of the Walloon guards on board. By ſome ſtrange arrangement or other, our hundred was made up of two half companies, inſtead of one whole one. At ten, ſaw ſome men of war working out of the line of battle, to get near the ſhore. The ſlowneſs of their motion was, no doubt, regulated by the deſire they had of attacking three forts on the coaſt, which it was deemed neceſſary to ſilence, before we could approach

proach the land; but for what reaſon had this been deferred for ſo many days?

We had received orders to land ſo long ago as the 2d, which would have been put in execution but for the weather, that proved unfavourable, although no ſuch precautions had been taken, nor even any floats prepared for the artillery. Indeed ſince that time they had been at work patching up ſome rafts.

At noon, the leſſer of the two Tuſcan frigates bore down within half a cannon-ſhot of a fort that fired upon her. After having examined it, ſhe tacked about, and came along-ſide of her commodore. At half paſt three, the *Saint Joſeph* ſteered towards the land, and drove within reach of three batteries that began to cannonade her; ſhe returned the fire, but theirs growing very briſk, the *Oriente* was ſent to take off the ſhot of a fort that annoyed her very much on her ſtarboard quarter. This engagement

lasted till eight, without much harm done on either side. The *Saint Joseph* had four men killed, and some wounded, among whom was the captain slightly bruised by a splinter: some of the cannon of the fort were dismounted. The galliots towed away the two ships which were becalmed. During this action, the Tuscan frigate sailed in again close under the shore to cannonade some straggling parties of Moors, and a fort at some distance on the left. A Spanish man of war and a frigate had already attacked this fort, but had prudently placed themselves out of the reach of all mischief; their caution was exemplary, and his Catholic Majesty may safely entrust such doughty captains with the command of his ships, being well assured they will bring them back to his ports whole and untouched. At seven, we descried three Algerine barks and about twelve shallops, with heavy cannon, bearing down upon the Saint Joseph.

The

The half-galley of D. Ant. Barcelò got under ſail in an inſtant to give them chace, and was followed by five of our galliots. The chace laſted till half after eight, when the enemy retired under the cannon of Algiers. The galliot I was in was one of thoſe ſent out to tow a bombketch up to the admiral's ſhip; but the breeze was ſo ſtrong, that we could not row againſt it, and were obliged to give up the point, and come along-ſide of the admiral to wait for our orders.

7th.

At four, ſaw ſeveral ſhallops full of troops going and coming under the ſtern of the admiral. The major of the Walloon guards, whom I ſaw upon deck, called out to me, that the affair was put off to the next day, and that he would take care to have boats for our hundred men. The poor ſoldiers were now quite caſt down with the wretchedneſs of their ſituation; and it muſt be acknowledged, that to leave them four

days and as many nights on a bench, exposed to the violent heats and unwholesome damps of the coast of Africa, and to give them nothing to eat but bad bread and cheese, was but a sorry preparation for an enterprize that required strength of body and vigour of mind. Their officers were not much better off: the master of our bark did every thing in his power to alleviate our distresses; but this kind of vessel is so exceedingly inconvenient, that we were obliged to lie on the floor; and his cookery so nauseous, that, even in our miserable condition, we never could get any thing down but a little soup.

At nine I went on board the ship where General O Reilly was, and learned that the attack had been deferred, because many detachments had not been punctual to their hour. On this account, he ordered all the barks with the grenadiers and battalions destined for the first embarkation, to be

along-side

along-ſide of the admiral preciſely at eight in the evening, in order to ſet off at day-break, when the ſignal was to be given. The bombketches were put in readineſs, and the galliots had orders to range themſelves behind them exactly at ten. Our commanders ſeemed to intend bombarding Algiers, but the deſign was not put in execution, nor have I learnt the reaſon. Till ten, the boats kept rowing up to the rendezvous, whilſt the reſt of the fleet drew near the batteries they were to cannonade to cover our landing. Our inaction this whole day had given the Moors time to repair the damage done the foregoing one, and to put their forts in proper order. The boats our major promiſed us did not yet appear, ſo our maſter told us we ſhould have his, which, however, could only land part of us at a time.

8th.

At half paſt three, the men of war began

the

the attack, with ſufficient prudence not to be under any apprehenſions of the enemy's balls reaching them. The two Tuſcan frigates, and the chebec commanded by Barcelò, by drawing too near the land, deſtroyed the beautiful uniformity of the line formed afar by our men of war and frigates; whoſe fire was perfectly well kept up, but unfortunately of no manner of ſervice, on account of their vaſt diſtance from the enemy. At half after four, the admiral hung out the ſignal for going aſhore. Seven galliots advanced to clear the beach; they were followed by ſeven diviſions of boats, each diviſion carrying a brigade of ſoldiers, which was to form itſelf into a line of battle ſix deep, as ſoon as landed; but the boats were thrown into confuſion, as they had not been properly ſeparated and diſpoſed before they left the place of rendezvous. This diſorder, which might have occaſioned our total overthrow, would have been prevented, had

we been provided with boats proper for ſuch an operation. Luckily for us, we met with no obſtacles, the leaſt of which would have been fatal to us; and we landed about eight thouſand men on the ſhore eaſt of Algiers: the boats left us immediately, and went back to fetch the ſecond diviſion, which did not arrive till an hour after, and then only part of the troops could get on ſhore.

The grenadiers of the army drew up in front, and advanced; but they had not marched an hundred yards, before many of their men, and almoſt all their officers were killed or wounded. Thoſe next them moved forward to ſupport them, without having time to form their ranks, a neceſſary conſequence of the manner in which they had been put into the boats and diſembarked. Some companies never could get together, having landed in different places, and by parcels. The light infantry was by this time cut to pieces. The unevenneſs of the ground

we occupied, rendered every ſand-heap a ſmall breaſtwork, from behind which the Africans fired upon us by platoons, as they kept retiring towards the foot of the hills, about ſix hundred paces from the ſea, where they hid themſelves among the woods and gardens.

The general now ordered the left wing to advance. It was juſt ſix o'clock, and his ſcheme was to march the left wing to the brow of the hill, (the right reſting on the ſea ſhore) and then to form a column, and advance about a league farther, to the attack of the caſtle of Charles the fifth, which commands the whole town. The ſtorming of this fort would have enſured the conqueſt of Algiers. Whilſt our left wing marched on with an intrepidity ſcarce to be expected in ſo dangerous a poſition, ſome battalions of the center being rather before the reſt, drew up in battle array, and with the Spaniſh guards faced to the right, that they might

defend

defend us from the cavalry of the bey of Maſcara. This body of horſe was ſoon diſperſed by their fire, and that of the chebec of Ant. Barceló. But the bey of Conſtantina, who commanded a large detachment of cavalry on our left, ſeized this opportunity to drive a herd of camels againſt the head of the Walloon guards. By this unexpected aſſault, he was in hopes of drawing off their attention, whilſt he diſpatched a body of fifteen thouſand horſe to cut off their communication with the ſea, from which we were now pretty far diſtant. Our corps de reſerve wheeling off to the left, drew up to fill the ſpace between the ſea and the column of Walloons, who were forming their lines to repel the enemies that attacked them from behind the camels; but the greateſt ſteadineſs would have availed us little, nor could we have avoided being broken and ſlaughtered to a man, as our formation was too weak to reſiſt the impetuoſity

of

of ſuch a body of horſe, had not Mr. Acton, the Tuſcan commander, cut his cables, and let his ſhips drive in to ſhore juſt as the enemy was coming on us full gallop. The inceſſant fire of his great guns, loaded with grape-ſhot, not only ſtopt them in their career, but obliged them to retire with great loſs.

Being delivered from this danger, we made our retreat towards the ſea-ſide, in ſuch diſorder as muſt enſue from a want of proper commanders, abandoning to the fury of the barbarians our unhappy fellow-ſoldiers, that were unable to keep up with us.

Our general had been buſy for the laſt two hours, throwing up an entrenchment with faſcines, earth-bags, and chevaux de frize. We continued the work, and, to cover our front and flanks, placed a few eight and twelve pounders, that had been of great ſervice to us all the morning, in our different operations. We remained thus the beſt part

of the day, pretty ſecure from all attacks of the Mooriſh cavalry, but by no means ſheltered from the balls of their carabines, which, carrying at leaſt one third farther than our firelocks, killed upwards of four hundred of our men, in this kind of camp. Here I ſaw our general on horſeback going about to encourage the ſoldiers; who, ſtretched out on the burning ſands, ſeemed heedleſs of the dangers around, and only anxious to procure a little reſt to their weary limbs.

By one o'clock, the Moors had finiſhed a battery on the right of our camp; and we were ſo pinched for room, and huddled together, that every ſhot took place. General O Reilly, having called for a return of the killed and wounded, aſſembled a council of war, in which it was decided, that at four we ſhould reimbark, as the enemy was raiſing another battery in front, which we muſt paſs under if we perſiſted in the undertaking.

The

The Algerines, for want of experience in these matters, suffered us to accomplish our ends undisturbed; and about three in the morning the last division of the army reimbarked, leaving behind them fourteen field pieces, two howitzers, some chests of ammunition, and the materials of our encampment, which the enemy broke into the moment the grenadiers of the rear guard pushed off from the shore. We left on the field of battle one thousand three hundred men, and brought off three thousand desperately wounded.

There being unfortunately hospitals only for four hundred men, the boats that had landed the Walloons were taken up for the reception of the wounded; this occasioned the greatest disorder imaginable in our battalions, who came off as well as they could, in the first boats or tartans they could meet with. They remained in this confusion above four-and-twenty hours, employed,

as

as well as any other regiments, in getting together their disjointed companies.

The Moors, as ſoon as they had burſt into our camp, cut off the heads of all our ſlain, and carried them off in bags, to demand the premium offered by the dey, for every chriſtian head; they afterwards heaped up the corſes upon the faſcines of the entrenchment, and ſet fire to the pile, which we ſaw burning for two days and two nights.

10th, and 11th.

All hurry; no water to be had, though there were ſhip-loads of it in the fleet.

12th.

At ſix, a. m. ſignal for weighing anchor. Soon after moſt of the fleet ſailed out of the bay.

15th.

At ſeven, a. m. came to an anchor in Alicant road.

31ſt.

The Walloon guards were ordered aſhore,

and quartered at Sanjuan.

August 10th.

We reimbarked, and

20th.

Landed at Barcelona.

LETTER VI.

Barcelona, November 11, 1775.

WE shall postpone our departure from this city a few days longer, to give the roads time to dry. There has been of late a very uncommon run of bad weather; it has thundered and lightened, with many showers, for several days together.

Our time has not hung heavy upon our hands, for all our acquaintance vie with each other in loading us with civilities. The intendant has shewn us every possible mark of politeness, and rendered easy to us the

access

acceſs to the arſenal, magazines, &c. which in this military town they are very chary of ſhewing to ſtrangers.

Yeſterday we took advantage of a gleam of ſunſhine, to accompany the conſul to his villa in the *playa*. The moiſt warmth of the day brought out ſuch ſwarms of inſects as almoſt devoured us; I am afraid the great quantity of vermin muſt make the ſummers in this delightful country very uncomfortable. However, it muſt be allowed to be a very fine climate, for, in ſpite of all the foulneſs of the ſky, the air has always been mild and balmy. This plain abounds with gardens and orchards of oranges and other rich fruits. Few ſpots of the globe can ſurpaſs it in fertility, but they tell us wonders of the environs of Valencia and Granada.

In the afternoon the weather was heavenly, a prelude, I hope, to a total change for the better; we employed it in riding up to

Saria, a convent of capuchin friars on the hills. The city and port of Barcelona appear finely from hence, collected into a moſt perfect landſcape. The garden, on the ſlope of the hill, is truly romantic; the walks are ſhaded and ſheltered by ſweet-ſcented evergreens; ſtreams of clear water run down on every ſide in all the wildneſs of nature, or ſpout through the eyes of a little Magdalen, or the *ſtigmata* of a Saint Francis. As the Romans had many villas on theſe eminences, we may preſume that theſe limpid rills were then wont to guſh out of the breaſts of the Graces, or trickle from the quiver of the God of Love. Don't be ſurpriſed, that in November I ſpeak feelingly of theſe walks being ſhady; I can aſſure you we found the rays of the ſun very powerful, and reliſhed much the ſhade of the bowers, and the coolneſs ariſing from the running water.

Our return to town was by a hollow

way

way, under banks of Indian figs* and aloes, when the butterflies were as brisk as in the middle of spring. The women in the little hamlets were busy with their bobbins making black lace, some of which, of the coarser kind, is spun out of the leaf of the aloe†; it is curious, but of little use, for it grows mucilaginous with washing.

We passed by the convent of Jesus, belonging to the cordeliers, or grey friars. The duke of Berwick razed it to the ground in 1714, to punish those fathers for their zeal in the revolt of Catalonia. Their present habitation is small. They have a fine spring of water, and an extensive garden surrounded with a wall of lemon-trees; adjoining is the Camposanto, where those that died in the last plague were buried. It now serves as a flower-garden, and contains some curious plants; among the rest the *aroma*,

* *Cactus Opuntia.* † Called by the Spaniards *Pita.*

a ſpecies of *mimoſa* or ſpunge-tree, bearing a round yellow flower with a faint muſky ſmell, to which they attribute many odd qualities. If you chew the ſeed, and breathe it out into a room, it will immediately fill it with an overcoming ſtench, and turn all white paint black.

Our evening ended with a ball, where we had for the firſt time the pleaſure of ſeeing the Fandango danced. It is odd and entertaining enough, when they execute with preciſion and agility all the various footings, wheelings of the arms, and crackings of the fingers; but it exceeds in wantonneſs all the dances I ever beheld. Such motions, ſuch writhings of the body and poſitions of the limbs, as no modeſt eye can look upon without a bluſh! A good Fandango lady will ſtand five minutes in one ſpot, wriggling like a worm that has juſt been cut in two.

If the day proves clear, we ſhall go tomorrow up the mountain to the caſtle.

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LETTER VII.

Barcelona, November 12, 1775.

I AM this moment returned from the fortreſs of Montjuich, where the fineneſs of the day and the beauty of the proſpect afforded me much real ſatisfaction; but it fell greatly ſhort of what I felt on finding a letter from you on my table. I have not met with the book you mention, nor indeed ever heard of Mr. T * * * till now. By your account, he has not been in this part of Spain, therefore my letters as yet convey ſomething new to you; perhaps, even in thoſe provinces where he has travelled, the difference of our diſpoſitions, ſtudies, and purſuits, may ſtrike out a ſufficient fund of variety for my future correſpondence, to make it entertaining to you, though you have read his tour. I am ſure

I ſhall be no plagiariſt; for it is highly improbable the book ſhould fall in my way for ſome time to come.

Montjuich, a name corrupted either from *Mons Jovis* or *Mons Judaicus*, is a mountain that ſtands ſingle, on the ſouth-weſt point of Barcelona. This eminence is happily placed for the city, as it intercepts and diſſipates the putrid exhalations pumped up by the ſun from the ponds near the Llobregat, which are ſometimes ſo ſtrong as to affect with great violence the centinels on duty. The extent of its baſis is very great. Large crops of wheat are reaped on the north and eaſt ſides, and all bought up at an high price for ſeed-corn, the quality being particularly ſound. A good deal of ſtrong wine is made on the ſouth-eaſt angle; but it is ſaid to be medicated with lime, and mahogany chips, to give it ſpirit and colour. The face of the mountain towards the ſea is already by nature, or ſoon will be made by

art,

art, an inſurmountable precipice. The road up to the top is very ſteep; about half way, is the ancient burial-place of the Jews, where many large ſtones, with Hebrew inſcriptions, are ſtill lying ſcattered about the field.

Every part of the old caſtle is deſtroyed, and large works in the modern manner built upon its foundations, on the crown of the hill. From hence you command a view over the coaſt, plain, and harbour; not a houſe in Barcelona but lies expoſed to your ſight. They are ſloping off the glacis at an incredible expence, ſo that no approaches can be made under ſhelter, as every part is open, and liable to be raked by the cannon of the batteries. All the walls are of ſtone, and multiplied to an extravagant number. Spain cannot afford men to garriſon ſuch overgrown fortreſſes.

The main body of the place is bomb proof, very neatly finiſhed; two ſtone ſtaircaſes, with iron railing fit for a palace, lead down

down to the caſemates, or vaulted quarters, for the ſoldiers, which are near four hundred yards long. One of the principal baſtions is ſcooped out into a ciſtern capable of containing ſeventy thouſand cubic feet of water, of which only a ſmall quantity is let off at a time into a draw-well, to prevent any traitor from poiſoning the ſtock of water. Above the quarters is a grand terrace round a court, with turrets at each angle. On the center of the ſouth line ſtands the tower of ſignals; if one ſhip appears, a baſket is hung out; if two or more, it is raiſed higher, and if a Spaniſh man of war they hoiſt a flag.

This caſtle has already coſt immenſe ſums in the ſpace of fifteen years, and in all probability will not be finiſhed in as many more, though above three hundred workmen are employed at the works. Each new engineer alters the plan and counteracts the ſcheme of his predeceſſor, which occaſions ſuch a

delay

delay and waſte of treaſure as is ſcarce to be credited.

Beſides the inconvenience of requiring ſo large a garriſon, the ſituation appears to me too elevated to annoy an enemy encamped in the plain.

LETTER VIII.

Barcelona, November 17, 1775.

I Expected to have been by this time in the kingdom of Valencia; but the badneſs of the mountain-road having determined us to take the new one, along the coaſt, we laſt Wedneſday hired mules for Montſerrat, which is not in the line of that lower route. This has retarded our departure for ſome days.

For about five or ſix miles the road is finiſhed with a magnificence equal to the beſt in France, but after that, it relapſes into

its original ſtate; however, though rough for carriages, it is very ſoft and pleaſant for riding. The country up the Llobregat is well cultivated, but ſubject to frequent inundations, that make cruel havock. As you approach the mountain, the number of vineyards diminiſhes, that of olive-grounds increaſes.

At Martorel, a large town, where much black lace is manufactured, is a very high bridge with Gothic arches, built in 1768, as we are informed by the inſcription, out of the ruins of a decayed one, that had exiſted 1985 years from its erection, by Hannibal, in the 535th year of Rome. At the north end is a triumphal arch or gateway, ſaid to have been raiſed by that general in honour of his father Hamilcar. It is almoſt entire, well proportioned and ſimple, without any kind of ornament, except a rim or two of hewn ſtone. The large ſtone caſing is almoſt all fallen off.

After

After dinner we continued our journey through Eſpalungera, a long village full of cloth and lace manufacturers; and about three arrived at the foot of the mountain of Montſerrat*, one of the moſt ſingular in the world, for ſituation, ſhape and compoſition. It ſtands ſingle, towering over an hilly country, like a pile of grotto work or Gothic ſpires. Its height is about three thouſand three hundred feet, above the level of the ſea.

We aſcended by the ſteepeſt road, as that for carriages winds quite round, and requires half a day's travelling. After two hours tedious ride from eaſt to weſt, up a narrow path cut out of the ſide of gullies and precipices, we reached the higheſt part of the road, and turned round the eaſtermoſt

* Monte ſerrado means a mountain ſawed; and the arms of the abbey are, the Virgin Mary ſitting at the foot of a rock half cut through by a ſaw.

point

point of the mountain, near the deſerted hermitage of Saint Michael. Here we came in ſight of the convent, placed in a nook of the mountain; it ſeems as if vaſt torrents of water, or ſome violent convulſion of nature, had ſplit the eaſtern face of Montſerrat, and formed in the cleft a ſufficient platform to build the monaſtery upon. The Llobregat roars at the bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock, of prodigious height, riſe from the water edge near halfway up the mountain. Upon theſe maſſes of white ſtone reſts the ſmall piece of level ground which the monks inhabit. Cloſe behind the abbey, and in ſome parts impending over it, huge cliffs ſhoot up in a ſemicircle to a ſtupendous elevation; their ſummits are ſplit into ſharp cones, pillars, pipes, and other odd ſhapes, blanched and bare; but the interſtices are filled up with foreſts of evergreen and deciduous trees and plants. Fifteen hermitages are placed among the woods;

woods; nay, ſome of them on the very pinnacles of the rocks, and in cavities hewn out of the loftieſt of theſe pyramids. The proſpect is not only aſtoniſhing, but abſolutely unnatural. Theſe rocks are compoſed of limeſtones of different colours, glued together by a ſand, and a yellow calcareous earth. In ſome parts they conſiſt of freeſtone and white quartz, mixed with ſome touchſtone. There may perhaps be reaſon to ſuſpect fire to have been a principal agent in the formation of this inſulated mountain.

Having brought a letter for the abbot, whom we found a polite, ſenſible eccleſiaſtic, a native of Eſtremadura, we were lodged and entertained in the convent. I cannot ſay much in favour of the cookery; it coſt us ſome wry faces to get down the ſaffron ſoup and ſpiced ragouts. After dinner a plate of caraways, and a ſalver of wine, was handed about, which brought to my mind

the

the treat Juſtice Shallow offers Sir John Falſtaff in his orchard.

This is one of the forty-five religious houſes of the Spaniſh congregation of the order of Saint Benedict; their general chapter is held every fourth year at Valladolid, where the deputies chooſe abbots and other dignitaries for the enſuing Quadrennium. In this monaſtery, they elect for abbot a Catalonian and a Caſtillian alternately. Their poſſeſſions are great, conſiſting of nine villages lying to the ſouth of the mountain; but the king has lately curtailed their income about ſix thouſand livres a year, by appropriating to his own uſe the beſt houſe in each village, ſome of which, with their tythes, are worth 200 dollars per annum. Their original foundation, in 866, gave them nothing but the mountain; and to donations and œconomy they owe the great increaſe of their landed property. They are bound to feed and harbour, for three days, all pilgrims that come up to pay their

homage

homage to the Virgin; the allowance is a luncheon of bread in the morning, as much more, with broth, at noon, and bread again at night. About three years ago, the king propoſed to them to aboliſh this obligation of hoſpitality, on condition that the convent ſhould ſubſcribe a fixed ſum towards the eſtabliſhment of a poorhouſe in Barcelona. The principals of the abbey were inclined to accept of the propoſal, but the mob of monks oppoſed it vehemently; and, ſuch a ſcheme being very contrary to the intereſts of the miraculous image, ſhe reſented it highly, and, according to her old cuſtom, vaniſhed in anger from the altar. Soon after, ſhe was diſcovered in the cave where ſhe was originally found, nor would ſhe ſtir, till the intended innovation was overruled. It was thought expedient to wink at this juggling, not to alarm the common people, who are not ſufficiently enlightened to ſee through ſuch groſs impoſitions.

The number of profeſſed monks is 76, of lay-brothers 28, and of ſinging-boys 25, beſides phyſician, ſurgeon, and ſervants.

Having breakfaſted very early, a German monk waited upon us to ſhew us the church. It is gloomy, and the gilding much ſullied with the ſmoke of eighty-five lamps of ſilver, of various forms and ſizes, that hang round the cornice of the ſanctuary. Funds have been bequeathed by different devotees for furniſhing them with oil.

The choir above ſtairs is decorated with the life of Chriſt in good wooden carving. A gallery runs on each ſide of the chancel, for the convenience of the monks. A large iron grate divides the church from the chapel of the Virgin, where the image ſtands, in a nich over the altar, before which burn four tapers in large ſilver candleſticks, the preſent of the duke of Medina Celi. In the ſacriſty, and paſſages leading to it, are preſſes and cupboards full of relicks and ornaments, of

gold,

gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones; they pointed out to us, as the moſt remarkable, two crowns for the Virgin and her Son, of ineſtimable value, ſome large diamond rings, an excellent cameo of Meduſa's head, the Roman emperors in alabaſter, the ſword of Saint Ignatius, and the cheſt that contains the aſhes of a famous brother, John Guarin, of whom they relate the ſame ſtory as that given in the ſpectator of a Turkiſh ſanton and the ſultan's daughter. They differ however in the following circumſtance—The Catalonian anchoret repents of his crime, and lives ſeven years on all fours like a wild beaſt. The earl of Barcelona, whoſe daughter John had raviſhed and murdered, catches the ſavage in his hunting toils, and brings him as a ſhew to the city; when behold! the earl's ſon, only a month old, ſpeaks aloud, and bids John ariſe, for his ſins are forgiven. The eaſy prince pardons him alſo, and all of them go in queſt of the body of the

Princeſs. To their great aſtoniſhment, they meet her reſtored to life by the Virgin Mary, and as beautiful and young as ever. It is not ſaid that ſhe recovered her virginity; that is a miracle never once attempted by any ſaint in the calendar; however, ſhe liked the mountain ſo well, that ſhe there founded a monaſtery, in which ſhe ended her days as a nun.

Immenſe is the quantity of votive offerings to this miraculous ſtatue; and, as nothing can be rejected or otherwiſe diſpoſed of, the ſhelves are crowded with moſt whimſical *Ex votos*, viz. ſilver legs, fingers, breaſts, ear-rings, watches, two-wheeled chaiſes, boats, carts, and ſuch-like trumpery.

From the ſacriſty we went up to the *Camarines*, ſmall rooms behind the high altar, hung with paintings, ſeveral of which are very good. A ſtrong ſilver-plated door being thrown open, we were bid to lean forward, and kiſs the hand of *Nueſtra Senora*.

It

It is half worn away by the eager kiſſes of its votaries, but we could not aſcertain whether it be marble or ſilver, as it is painted black. The face of the mother is regularly handſome but the colour of a negro-woman.

Having ſeen every place about the convent, where they are now building a new wing, and blaſting a great deal of the rock to enlarge the gardens, we ſet out for the hermitages, and took the ſhort way, up a crevice between two huge maſſes of rock, where in rainy weather the waters daſh down in furious torrents. We counted ſix hundred holes or ſteps, ſo ſteep and perpendicular, that from below we did not diſcern the leaſt track. A hand-rail, and a few ſeats to take breath upon, enabled us to perform this ſcalade. Soon after, we arrived, through a wilderneſs of evergreens, at the narrow platform where the firſt hermit dwells. His cells, kitchen, chapel, and gardens, are ad-

mirably neat and romantic, built upon various patches of level on the tops of precipices. The view from it is wild, and in ſuch a fine clear morning moſt delightful. The hermit ſeemed a chearful, ſimple old man, in whoſe mind forty years retirement had obliterated all worldly ideas. The hermits are all clad in brown habits, and wear long beards; their way of life is uncomfortable, and their reſpective limits very much confined. They riſe at two every morning, ring out their bell, and pray till it is time to go to maſs at the hermitage, called the *Pariſh*; it is always ſaid at break of day: ſome of them have above two hours walk down to it. The convent allows them bread, wine, ſalt, oil, one pair of ſhoes, and one pair of ſtockings a year, with twenty-five reals a month for other neceſſaries. A couple of men are kept to aſſiſt them in their labour, each in their turn. A mule carries up their proviſions twice a week, and is occaſionally driven to Barcelona

for

for ſalt-fiſh, and other things, which they buy by clubbing together. They get ſome helps from the convent, in return for flowers, greens, &c. which they ſend down as preſents. They never eat meat, or converſe with each other: their noviceſhip is very ſevere, for they muſt undergo ſix months ſervice in the infirmary of the abbey, one year among the novices, and ſix years further trial, before they are ſuffered to go up to an hermitage; which they cannot obtain but by the unanimous conſent of the whole chapter. They make every vow of the monks, and, over and above, one of never quitting the mountain; but none of them are allowed to enter into orders. Their firſt habitation is always the moſt remote from the convent, and they deſcend according as vacancies happen in the lower cells.

Having left a ſmall preſent in the chapel-window, we continued our walk: wherever the winding paths are level nothing can be

more agreeable than to ſaunter through the cloſe woods and ſweet wilderneſſes that fill up the ſpaces between the rocks. It is impoſſible to give you an adequate idea of the ſublime views and uncouth appearance of the different parts of the mountain; a painter or a botaniſt might wander here many days with pleaſure and profit. There are few evergreens in Europe that may not be found here, beſides a great variety of deciduous plants. The apothecary of the houſe has a liſt of four hundred and thirty-ſeven ſpecies of plants, and forty of trees. The greateſt hardſhip here is a ſcarcity of good water. Except one ſpring at the pariſh, and another at the convent, they have no other than ciſtern-water, and that bad enough; this in ſummer is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the lye to the florid deſcriptions I have read of the purling ſtreams and beautiful caſcades tumbling down on every ſide from the broken rocks.

The

The want of water is ſo great, that neither wolf, bear, nor other wild beaſt, is ever ſeen on the mountain.

The ſecond hermitage we came to, ſtands on a point of the rock, over a precipice that deſcends almoſt to the very bed of the river; my head was near turning with looking down. The proſpect is inimitably grand, extending over the northern and eaſtern parts of the province, which are very hilly and bare, bounded by the mountains of Rouſſillon. The true Pyreneans appear only through ſome breaks in that chain. Manreſa, where Inigo de Loyola made his firſt ſpiritual retreat, is the principal town in the view. In a clear day they aſſured us they could ſee Majorca, which is one hundred and eighty-one miles diſtant. Upon the round rock, that hangs over the hermit's cell was formerly a caſtle, with its ciſterns and drawbridge, where ſome banditti harboured. From this ſtrong hold they made excurſions

curſions to pillage the neigbouring vallies. By rolling down ſtones, they kept the monks in perpetual alarm, and obliged them to ſend up whatever proviſions were wanted in the garriſon. At laſt, a few miquelets climbed up the rock from tree to tree, like ſo many ſquirels, ſurprized the fort, and deſtroyed this neſt of robbers. In commemoration of this event the hermitage is dedicated to Saint Dimas, a ſaint, I preſume, you never heard of in your life. You muſt know he is the good thief in the goſpel.

At la Trinidad, the next cell we walked to, the monks by turns go up to paſs a few days in ſummer by way of recreation. The hermit has many rooms, and is allowed a boy to wait upon him. He gave us a glaſs of good Sitges wine, and a pinch of admirable ſnuff, made from tobacco raiſed in his own garden. The officers of the cuſtoms have extended their tyranny even

to

to theſe ſolitudes, and ſent orders that no more tobacco be ſuffered to grow.

Having ſcrambled up to one or two more hermitages, we found our curioſity ſatisfied, as, except in point of extenſiveneſs of proſpect, they varied very little from thoſe we had already ſeen; and therefore we turned down another path, which led us to the dwelling of the vicar, a monk who during four years takes upon him the direction of the hermits.

Lower down we arrived at Santa Cecilia, the pariſh church, where every morning the ſilent inhabitants of this *Thebais* meet to hear maſs, and perform divine ſervice, and twice a week to confeſs and communicate.

About eleven, we got down to the abbey for dinner; and, having received the cuſtomary donation of bleſſed croſſes and holy medals, mounted our mules and came to lie at Martorel. We reached Barcelona early

this

this morning, and have been ever ſince making ready for our departure.

LETTER IX.

Barcelona, November 18, 1775.

ALL our affairs are ſettled for beginning our journey to Valencia tomorrow afternoon. We have agreed with a maſter muleteer, to furniſh us with mules at the rate of fifteen reales de vellon a day for each mule, clear of all other expences whatever. If we part with him at Valencia, he is to be paid for his return, eight days; if at Alicant, ten; at Cadiz, thirty; at Madrid, fifteen; and at Liſbon, thirty. We have alſo hired a miquelet, compleatly accoutred, to attend us. You ſee we are fitted out in good earneſt for a long journey, which I hope will afford us ſome pleaſant hours, to compenſate for the trouble and

fatigue

fatigue that we foreſee muſt frequently fall to our ſhare. I believe you are not ſorry to find I am on the point of leaving Catalonia, which muſt by this time be a ſubject my frequent letters have rendered rather tireſome to you; however, I entreat your indulgence one letter more, while I endeavour to bring together the remarks I have made on the character of this people, and all the material information my friends have furniſhed me with.

Catalonia is almoſt throughout extremely mountainous. The nature of the country appears to have great influence on that of the inhabitants, who are a hardy, active, induſtrious race, of a middle ſize, brown complexion, and ſtrong features; their limbs well knit together, and by education and practice inured to the greateſt fatigues; there are few lame or diſtorted perſons, or beggars, to be met with among them. Their *Mocos* or mule-boys are ſtout walkers; ſome

of

of them have been known to go from Barcelona to Madrid, and back again, in nine days, which by the high road is ſix hundred miles.

The loſs of all their immunities, the ignominious prohibition of every weapon, even a knife, and an enormous load of taxes have not been able to ſtifle their independent ſpirit, which breaks out upon the leaſt ſtretch of arbitrary power; but within theſe few years, many of their ancient privileges have been gradually reſtored; and this is at preſent one of the moſt flouriſhing provinces of Spain. Their taxation is ſtill very high. All trade is aſſeſſed according to the buſineſs you are ſuppoſed to tranſact in the courſe of the year, without regard to your loſs or gain. One mode of collecting the revenue is ſomewhat ſingular;—the intendant (who manages all the finances, and beſides numberleſs emoluments and ſecret profits, receives one third of all ſeizures of contraband

goods) has a certain number of clerks or apprentices, with a ſtipend for each allowed by the king. Theſe young men are ſent out into the villages to gather the taxes; an operation which they ſpin out to the utmoſt, as their profits, and thoſe of their maſter, are encreaſed by every delay, the communities being obliged to find them food, lodging, and two peſos a day. When the peaſantry of a place proves refractory or dilatory in its payment, an order is given by the treaſurer to an officer, who goes with his ſoldiers to the ſpot, to receive his own and his regiment's pay, and live at diſcretion upon the poor wretches until full ſatisfaction be made.

Amongſt other reſtrictions, the uſe of flouched hats, white ſhoes, and large brown cloaks, is forbidden. 'Till of late, they durſt not carry any kind of knife; but in each public houſe there was one chained to the table, for the uſe of all comers. The

good

good order maintained by the police, and the vigilance of the thieftakers, ſupply the place of defenſive weapons, robberies and murders being ſeldom heard of; you may walk the ſtreets of Barcelona at all hours unarmed, without the leaſt apprehenſion, provided you have a light; without it you are liable to be carried to priſon by the patrol.

The miñones, or thieftakers, are men of truſt and conſideration, and of approved courage; their dreſs is that of the miquelets or mountaineers, who ſo cruelly harraſſed the French armies in the wars at the beginning of our century. They wear their hair in a net; a broad ſilver-laced hat, ſqueezed flat like thoſe of the Engliſh ſailors, hung on one ſide of their head; an handkerchief looſely tied round the neck; a ſhort ſtriped waiſtcoat, and over it a red jacket, with large ſilver buttons like bells dangling from it; a blue ſkirt, bound with

yellow

yellow tape, rolled ſeveral times round their waiſt, in which they carry their knife, handkerchief, &c. Over this jacket they wear two croſs belts, one for an ammunition-pouch, the other for their broad ſword and piſtols; on the left ſhoulder hangs a blue great coat embroidered with white thread; their breeches are blue and white ſtriped; their ſtockings, rolled below their knee, and gartered with an enormous buckle, and bunch of black ribbons, reach only down to the ankle, where they tie ſeveral rounds of blue fillet very tight, to keep on their packthread ſandals, that ſeem ſcarce to cover their toes.

The common dreſs of a Catalonian ſailor or muleteer is brown, and the diſtinctive mark by which they are known in Spain, is a red woollen cap, falling forwards, like that of the ancient Phrygians. The middling ſort of people and artificers wear hats and

dark cloaths, with an half-wide coat carelesly tossed over the shoulders.

The dress of the women is a black silk petticoat over a little hoop, shoes without heels, bare shoulders, and a black veil stiffened out with wire, so as to arch out on each side of the head, something resembling the hooded serpent.

The Catalonians are excellent for light infantry, on the forlorn hope, or for a *coup de main*; but though brave and indefatigable, they are averse to the strictness of regular discipline, unless it be in their own national regiments. They cannot brook the thoughts of being menial servants in their own country, but will rather trudge it all over with a pedlar's pack on their shoulders, or run about upon errands, than be the head domestic in a Catalonian family. Far from home they make excellent servants, and most of the principal houses of Madrid have Catalonians at the head of their affairs.

They

They are the general muleteers and caleſſieros of Spain; you meet with them in every part of the kingdom: their honeſty, ſteadineſs, and ſobriety, entitle them to the confidence of travellers, and their thirſt after lucre makes them bear with any hardſhips. With good words, you will always find them docile, but they cannot bear hard uſage or opprobrious language.

Thoſe that remain at home for the labours of the field, are exceedingly induſtrious. Their corn-harveſt is in May or early in June; but, as thoſe crops are liable to frequent burſtings and mildews, they have turned their attention more to the vine, which they plant even upon the ſummits of their moſt rugged mountains. In many places, they carry up earth to fix the young ſet in; and in others, have been known to let one another down from the brow of the rock by ropes, rather than ſuffer a good patch of ſoil to remain uſeleſs.

Their vintages are commonly very plentiful. This autumn, there was ſuch a ſuperabundance of grapes in the valley of Talarn, in the neighbourhood of Pallas, that whole vineyards were left untouched for want of veſſels to make or hold the wine in; notice was paſted upon the church-doors, that any one was at liberty to take away what quantity he pleaſed, on paying a ſmall acknowledgement to the proprietors. The beſt red wine of Catalonia is made at Mataro, north of Barcelona, and the beſt white at Sitges, between that city and Tarragona.

The ſcarcity of corn is ſometimes very great, the principality not producing above five months proviſion. Without the importation from America, Sicily, and the north of Europe, it would run the riſk of being famiſhed. From four hundred thouſand to ſix hundred thouſand quarters of wheat are annually imported. Canada alone ſent this year about eighty thouſand quarters.

There

There are public ovens, where the bakers are bound by contract to bake every day into bread one thouſand buſhels of flour, or more, at a ſtated price, and, in caſe the other bakers ſhould refuſe to work, they are under the obligation of furniſhing the city with bread.

The number of the inhabitants of Barcelona is made to amount to one hundred and fifty thouſand ſouls, and thoſe of Barceloneta to ten thouſand; but, although trade and population have increaſed ſurprizingly in the courſe of a few years, I doubt there is ſome exaggeration in this reckoning.

The great export-commerce conſiſts in wine, brandies, ſalt, and oil, which are moſtly taken in by foreign ſhips at the little ports and roads along the coaſt, and not brought to be ſhipped off at the capital.

There are mines of lead, iron, and coal, in the mountains, but they are ill wrought, and turn to poor account. The manufac-

tures are of more importance. Barcelona ſupplies Spain with moſt of the cloathing and arms for the troops. This branch of buſineſs is carried on with much intelligence; they can equip a battalion of ſix hundred men completely in a week.

A great trade is driven in ſilk handkerchiefs, ſtockings, &c. in woollens of various qualities; in ſilk and thread lace; in fire-arms. The gun-barrels of Barcelona are much eſteemed, and coſt from four to twenty guineas, but about five is the real value; all above is paid for fancy and ornament: they are made out of the old ſhoes of mules.* Several manufactures of printed linens are eſtabliſhed here, but have not yet arrived at any great elegance of deſign or livelineſs of colour.

* The beſt Spaniſh barrels are made at Madrid; the ſecond in goodneſs come from Biſcay; thoſe of Barcelona rank only in the third place.

The

The imports are, besides corn, about eighty thousand hundred-weight of Newfoundland cod, which pays three pesettas per hundred-weight duty, and sells upon an average at a guinea; beans from Holland, for the poor people, and an inferior sort from Africa, for the mules; salted conger eel from Cornwall and Britany, sold at forty or fifty shillings per quintal; this is an unwholesome, luscious food, which they cook up with garlick and spices: English bale goods, and many foreign articles of necessity or luxury. House-rent and living are dear; provisions but indifferent; the fish is flabby and insipid; the meat poor; but the vegetables are excellent, especially brocoli and cauliflower. I believe their meat and fish are much better in summer than at this season of the year.

The devotion of the Catalonians seems to be pretty much upon a par with that of their neighbours in the southern provinces

of France, and, I am told, much leſs ardent than we ſhall find it as we advance into Spain; but they ſtill abound with ſtrange practices of religion and local worſhip. One very odd idea of theirs is, that on the firſt of November, the eve of All Souls, they run about from houſe to houſe to eat cheſnuts, believing that for every cheſnut they ſwallow, with proper faith and unction, they ſhall deliver a ſoul out of purgatory.

The influx of foreigners, increaſe of commerce, and protection granted to the liberal arts, begin to open the underſtanding of this people, who have made great ſtrides of late towards ſenſe and philoſophy.

There are now but one or two churches at moſt, in each city, that are allowed the privilege of protecting offenders, and murderers are excluded from the benefit of the ſanctuary. The proceedings of the Inquiſition are grown very mild. If any perſon leads a ſcandalous life, or allows his

tongue

tongue unwarrantable liberties, he is ſummoned by the Holy Office, and privately admoniſhed; in caſe of non-amendment he is committed to priſon. Once a year you muſt anſwer to that tribunal for the orthodoxy of your family, and of every ſervant you have, or they muſt quit the country; but the foreign proteſtant houſes are paſſed over unnoticed. Avoid talking on the ſubject of religion, and with a little diſcretion you may live here in what manner you pleaſe.

Every Jew that lands in Spain muſt declare himſelf to be ſuch at the Inquiſition; which immediately appoints a familiar to attend him all the time he ſtays aſhore, to whom he pays a piſtole a day. Were he to neglect giving this information, he would be liable to be ſeized. Yet I have been aſſured by perſons of undoubted credit, that a Jew may travel incognito from Perpignan to Liſbon, and ſleep every night at the houſe

of

of a Jew, being recommended from one to another; and that you may take it for granted, that wherever you ſee a houſe remarkably decked out with images, relics, and lamps, and the owner noted for being the moſt enthuſiaſtic devotee of the pariſh, there it is ten to one but the family are Iſraelites at heart.

If a ſtranger is deſirous of becoming acquainted with Spain, the manners and diſpoſition of its inhabitants, he muſt proceed further; for I am told this province bears ſo little reſemblance to the reſt of the kingdom, that he will derive no real knowledge on that ſcore from travelling in Catalonia. Here it is not uncommon to hear them talk of a journey into Spain, as they would of one into France; and their language is not underſtood by the Spaniards, being a dialect of the ancient Limoſine tongue, a kind of Gaſcon.

I cannot cloſe this ſketch of the character

of the modern Catalans more properly, than with the epitaph of their countrymen who ſerved under Sertorius, and after the murder of that great man, diſdaining to obey another leader, ſacrificed themſelves to his manes. It is taken from the annals of Catalonia.

* *Hic multæ quæ ſe manibus*
Q. Sertorii Turmæ et Terræ
Mortalium omnium Parenti
devovere dum eo ſublato
ſupereſſe tæderet et fortiter
pugnando invicem cecidere
Morte ad præſens optata jacent.
Valete Poſteri.

* Here lie the bones of many companies of ſoldiers, who devoted themſelves to the manes of Q. Sertorius, and to the common mother Earth, as loathing all thoughts of ſurviving him. Fighting bravely with each other, they fell, and met with the death which they then wiſhed for. Farewell Poſterity.

LET-

LETTER X.

Reus, November 24, 1775.

WE left Barcelona on Sunday the 19th inſtant. Our firſt day's journey was very ſhort; the road good, but made upon too expenſive a plan to be continued far. The bridge over the Llobregat is grand, but unluckily ſo placed as never to be ſeen by travellers in an oblique direction.

We ſtopped at Cipreret, a neat houſe in a wild mountainous country, with a few pines ſcattered about, ſeldom enough to form a grove, much leſs a wood. We here for the firſt time ſaw a true Spaniſh kitchen, viz. an hearth raiſed above the level of the floor under a wide funnel, where a circle of muleteers were huddled together over a few cinders.

Next morning we paſſed a broad glen or hollow,

hollow, over which they intended to convey the high road in a ſtrait line, by means of a bridge of three rows of arches one above the other. Had they turned a little to the left by a gradual ſlope, the deſcent had been trifling, and a ſingle arch ſufficient for the paſſage of the water. This great work has failed, and ſeems abandoned. I ſhould ſuſpect they built here for the diverſion of future antiquaries, not for the uſe of the preſent generation, which feels all the weight of the expence, without reaping any benefit from ſuch ill-calculated undertakings. In the preſent ſtate of things the paſs is very dangerous, and further on the road grows worſe, in a large foreſt of pines, where the rocks and gullies render it next to impoſſible for a carriage to get through without damage. On account of the great number of bridges neceſſary among theſe broken hills, and of the obſtinacy with which the engineers (whoſe profits

increaſe by delays and difficulties) perſiſt in carrying the road ſtrait through rocks and torrents, the work advances ſo ſlowly, that before a ſecond mile be finiſhed, the firſt is ruined for want of repairs.

The country at the foot of the mountains is fertile and populous. About Villa Franca de Panades the ſoil is remarkably light. The huſbandmen ſhovel up the ſtubble, weeds, and tops of furrows, into ſmall heaps, which they burn, then ſpread them out upon the ground, and work them in with a plough, which is little more than a great knife faſtened to a ſingle ſtick, that juſt ſcratches the ſurface. In this country all the corn is trod out of the ſheaf by means of horſes and mules driven backwards and forwards over it on a ſtone or ſtucco area.*

In

* In many parts of Spain the grain is ſeparated from the ſtraw by means of horſes that draw a plank ſtuck full

In the evening we paſſed by torch-light under a Roman arch, which I returned next morning to examine, our inn not being more than a mile beyond it. This arch is almoſt entire, elegant in its proportions, and ſimple in its ornaments; the gateway lofty; the entablature is ſupported on each ſide by four fluted Corinthian pilaſters, All I could read of the inſcription was EX TEST; which Flores, in his Eſpana ſagrada, makes out to be part of

EX TESTAMENTO L. LICINII. L. F. SERGII. SURAE CONSECRATUM.

This Licinius was thrice conſul under Trajan, and was famous for his extraordinary wealth. No reaſonable conjecture has been made why he ordered by his will this monument

full of nails and flints, upon which the driver ſtands. In Biſcay the flail is in uſe.

to

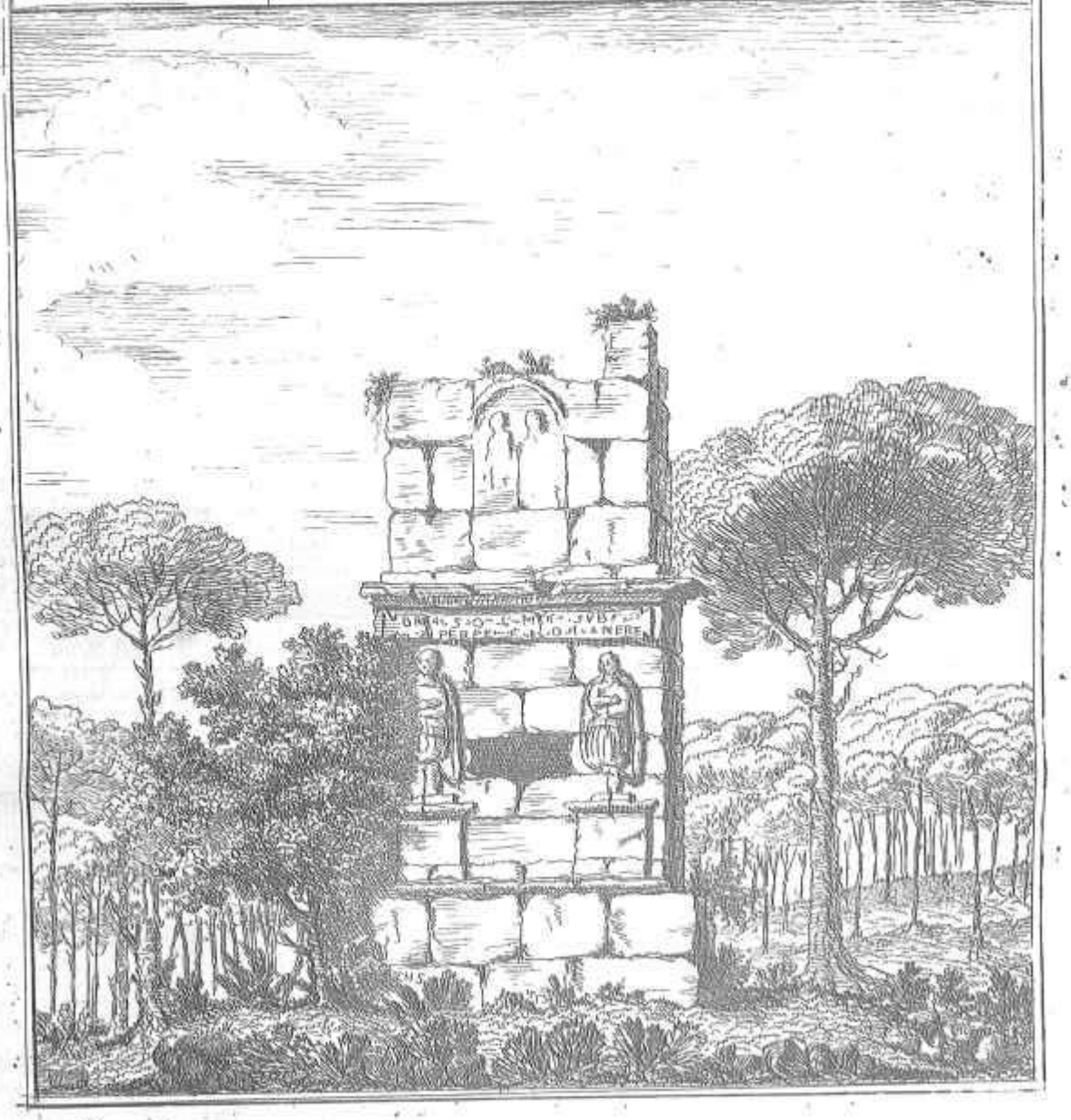
to be erected, or what was the uſe of it when built. Some think it was the entrance of the Campus Tarraconenſis, and that a wall ran from the ſea, which is about half a mile diſtant to the ſouth-eaſt, through the olive-grounds quite up to the hills. There appear ſome remnants of a wall in that direction, but I won't pretend to ſay they are of ſo ancient a date.

The next day was the moſt delightful of our whole journey. The ſun ſhone out in all his ſplendor; the ſea was ſmooth and calm; the proſpect was inceſſantly varying as we moved on, ſometimes along the rich level on the ſhore, where the buſhy heads and gloſſy leaves of the locuſt trees, contraſted with the pale green of the olive-woods, made it appear quite a ſummer ſcene; ſometimes over gentle eminences, from which we commanded views of numberleſs bays and promontories, crowned with towers and antique fortifications. The little river Gaya diſtri-

butes

Plate VI.

TOMB of the SCIPIOS near Tarragona 1775



butes its waters in ſtone channels to all parts of the valley, and gives vigour to its productions, which otherwiſe would be parched up by the drought. Here the tender olive-ſets are nurſed up in long baſkets, till they get out of the reach of goats and other enemies. As we deſcended the hill of Bara to the beach, Tarragona preſented itſelf to our view, like a ruined fortreſs, on a round point projecting into the ſea; and a little further on we turned off the road to the right, into a wood of pines and ſhrubs, to viſit a monument that tradition has named the tomb of the Scipios. They were the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus, both killed in Spain.

This building is ſmall, being about nineteen feet ſquare and twenty-eight high. In the front, facing the ſea, are two ſtatues of warriors in a mournful poſture, roughly cut out of the ſtones of the ſepulchre, and much worn away by the ſea air. The

 inſcription

inſcription is ſo much defaced, that it is hard to make any thing of it: what remains is as follows:

ORN...TE...EAQVE....L..O...VNVS...VER..BVS-
TVS...I..S..NEGL.VI...VA..FL...BVS..SIBI..
PERPETVO REMANERE.

I think it has been erected by ſome prieſt, for himſelf and family, as the fragments of the laſt line may be interpreted in that manner. Some take the firſt word of the firſt line to have been Cornelius, a name belonging to the Scipios. The top of the monument, which probably ended in a pyramidal form, is fallen off *.

From the heavy ſands of the ſea-ſhore, where a great many fiſhermen were hauling in their nets, we aſcended the naked rock of Tarragona. It produces nothing but

* The tomb of Theron, at Girgenti in Sicily, reſembles this in form.

the dwarf palm or palmeto. This plant grows among the ſtones to the height of one or two feet: the leaves are ſtiff and ſharp, ſpread out like fingers, or the ſticks of a fan, and very much reſembling the leaves of the date palm. This alſo produces fruit, and the inſipid pith of its root is a favourite eating of the peaſants. The leaves make good brooms and ropes, and are a great fattener of cattle.

The ancient Tarraco is now contracted to a very trifling city, that covers only a ſmall portion of the Roman incloſure, and is an ill-built, dirty, depopulated place. Many antiquities have been found, and are ſtill to be ſeen in the town, and almoſt all round the walls. A few veſtiges remain of the palace of Auguſtus, and of the great circus: an arch or two of the ampitheatre, and ſome ſteps cut in the ſolid rock, ſtill exiſt, impending over the ſea. About

three miles from the city, is the Puente de Ferriera, an ancient aqueduct, which we did not go to ſee, not having heard of it till we had paſſed too far on to turn back. Father Flores has given a plate of it. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Thecla, is ugly, but the new chapel of that tutelar ſaint is beautiful. The inſide is caſed with yellow and brown marbles, dug up in the very center of the town, and ornamented with white foliages and baſs-reliefs. The architecture is accounted heavy, but I confeſs I did not think that fault very glaring. The whole together has a very pleaſing effect.

In Queen Anne's war, the Engliſh were in poſſeſſion of this poſt, and intended to keep and fortify it, by bringing the river Francolis quite round it. For this purpoſe they threw up vaſt outworks and redoubts, of which the ruins are yet very viſible. Having ſecured Minorca and Gibraltar, they

renounced

renounced the project of fixing a garrison in Tarragona.

From this city we descended into the Campo Tarragones, a plain of about nine miles diameter, one of the most fruitful spots in Europe: there is not an uncultivated part in the whole extent. The abundance and excellence of its productions have induced all the foreign houses settled in Barcelona to establish agents and factors at Reus, the principal town, pretty near the center of the plain.

Here we have again been loaded with civilities by our friends, and detained some days in feasts and amusements. Indeed the crazy vehicle our servants travel in, contributed much toward the facility with which we yielded to their entreaties; for about an hundred yards before we reached this place, both its shafts snapped in two, so that very little, except the hind wheels and some braces, now remains of the original car-

riage that left Paſcal's coach-houſe, in the Rue Guenegaud, at Paris.

It has blown for three days a moſt bitter north wind; the froſt is pinching and the ice thick, but no kind of vegetation ſeems affected by it, and the ſun ſhines out burning hot every day.

Reus increaſes daily in ſize and population; the number of its inhabitants has within theſe fifteen years riſen above two thirds, and now amounts to twenty thouſand ſouls. The ſuburbs are already twice as large as the old town. They have begun to build a very pretty theatre, and have engaged a company of comedians.

Wines and brandies are the ſtaple commodities of Reus: of the former, the beſt for drinking are produced on the hills belonging to the Carthuſians; thoſe of the plain are fitteſt for burning. The annual exports are about twenty thouſand pipes of brandy, all very pale, but afterwards, by mixtures

mixtures in Guernſey and Holland, brought to the proper colour for our market. There are four degrees of proof or ſtrength —common, oil, Holland, and ſpirit. Brandy of common proof froths in the glaſs in pouring out, and remains ſo. Oil proof is when oil ſinks in the brandy. Five pipes of wine make one of ſtrong brandy, and four make one of weak. The king's duty is ten peſettas a pipe on the high proofs, and twelve on the low: the town dues come to three ſols, and both duties are paid by the exporter. This branch of trade employs about one thouſand ſtills in the Campo, of which number the town contains an hundred and fifty. It is all carried in carts, at half a crown a pipe, down to *Salo*, an open but ſafe road five miles off. Here it is left on the beach till it pleaſes the Catalonian ſailors to float it off to the ſhips: as they are paid by the year, they only work when they chooſe, and in fair pleaſant wea-

ther. Nuts are likewiſe an article of exportation, upwards of ſixty thouſand buſhels from the woods at the foot of the weſt mountains having been ſhipped off laſt year. Every thing here wears the face of buſineſs, but it is greatly at the expence of the inland villages, many of which are left almoſt deſtitute of inhabitants.

LETTER XI.

Nules, November 29, 1775.

YOU will not find upon the common maps the name of the place I date this from, though it is a conſiderable town, incloſed with walls and towers *alla moriſca*, with two handſome ſuburbs. This is all I can tell you of it, as we are juſt arrived by moon-light. I am now melting with heat, and ſitting cloſe to the window for air, but I fear the twanging of a wretched

guitar

guitar will ſoon drive me away. How wonderfully fortunate we have been in the weather! not a drop of rain on the road from Perpignan hither, and we are to reach Valencia tomorrow.

Laſt Saturday we took an affectionate leave of our friends, and left Reus loaded with proviſions of all ſorts. The road through the plain hollow and bad, the view confined on every ſide by groves of locuſt and olive trees, till we entered the deſart near the ſea-ſhore, at a ruined tower called the *Caſa yerma*. In the afternoon we came through a rocky paſs under the fort of Balaguer, lately built to command the defile and the coaſt. The evening journey lay among bleak uncomfortable hills, covered with low ſhrubs, where nothing but the proſpect of the ſea, and watch-towers placed as beacons along the ſhore, afforded the leaſt variety; the road moſt abominably rough and trying for carriages. The approach of night, and

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the danger of venturing in ſuch broken ways in the dark, obliged us to ſtop at the Venta del Platero, a hovel that *beggars all deſcription*; ſo ſuperlatively wretched, that I thought an exact drawing of its outward appearance would be a real curioſity. We were lodged in part of a ground-floor, the remainder of which was occupied by the mules and pigs; the ſervants ſlept in the carriages. A pool of water behind the houſe, and above the level of our floor, made our apartment ſo damp, that the next morning our cloaths might have been wrung. Thanks to the wholeſomeneſs of the climate, we felt no bad effects from it. Several companies of fiſhermen, that hawk their fiſh about theſe ſcattered cottages, kept all night a perpetual knocking at the gate of our court, and brought to my mind very lively ideas of the enchanted caſtles of Don Quixote.

As ſoon as it was light we left our inn, and

and found the waſte grow more and more barren. The ſteepneſs and roughneſs of the deſcents made the road exceſſively jolting and dangerous; the chaiſes cracked and groaned, and we either rode on horſeback, or walked, all the way. Torrents that ruſh from the adjoining ridge of mountains, after every heavy ſhower, have ſwept away all bridges and cauſeways, and waſhed the road to the very rock. We paſſed through Parillo, a ſmall village, which is the uſual baiting-place, and ſeems, by the ruins near it, to have been formerly a place of greater conſequence than it is at preſent.

In a few hours we emerged from this deſart, which is at leaſt ten leagues long. In ſome places it produces locuſt and olive trees, which, when the underwood is cleared away, and the earth moved about the roots, become productive of good fruit. A little turn of the road to the weſt brought us in ſight of the mouth of the Ebro, which

appears

appears to waſte itſelf before it reaches the ſea, by running through various channels, in a tract of flat lands containing near one hundred thouſand acres. This land is very capable of improvement, and the miniſtry have actually before them a plan for draining theſe grounds, and properly diſtributing the waſte water for the purpoſes of cultivation. There are two good harbours at the mouth of the river, which is navigable for veſſels of fifty tons, up as far as Tortoſa, and for ſmall craft much higher, into the kingdom of Arragon. The waters of the Ebro, though muddy, are conſtantly drunk by the inhabitants; the ſlime they leave after great floods is eſteemed as beneficial to the lands they overflow as thoſe of the Nile are to Egypt. The rich narrow vale along the banks is laid out in corn-fields and mulberry plantations. An amphitheatre of bleak gloomy mountains ſhuts up the valley to the weſt, where the river makes its way

through

through a narrow breach in the vaſt chain of rocks. Juſt before we entered Tortoſa, we met the Biſhop of that ſee, clad in the plain ſimple manner of the inferior clergy of the province. His lank black hair was cut cloſe to his ears, and covered by a great hat, ſqueezed up on each ſide into the form of a boat. The order of biſhops in this kingdom leads a very exemplary life, much retired from the world, expending their great revenues in feeding the poor, building and endowing churches, convents, and hoſpitals, and allowing very ſcantily for their own expences. Their charity, however laudable as to the intention, is certainly moſt prejudicial to the public welfare, as it encourages beggary and idleneſs; for who will work in a country where he is ſure of a good dinner every day at the gates of a monaſtery or palace, beſides the chance of occaſional alms; and where the ſoftneſs of the climate renders cloaths and lodging

objects

objects of luxury rather than of prime neceſſity? Perhaps it would be better for Spain, were its prelates as extravagant as thoſe of France, as their wealth would then be divided among the induſtrious and honeſt, and not laviſhed to ſupport the exiſtence of the idle, and often of the profligate. In ſpite of ſo good an example, the inferior clergy, and above all the monks, (one or two orders excepted) are notorious for the looſeneſs of their morals. The biſhopric of Tortoſa is worth about thirty thouſand dollars a year.

A little further on we came to a liquorice-work, carried on by an Engliſhman. The liquorice plant grows in great plenty on all the low grounds near the river. He employs above an hundred hands in gathering it, and about fifteen at conſtant work in the mills. He pays a certain ſum to the proprietors of thoſe lands; yet ſuch is their envy, that this ſeaſon they would not ſuffer

him

him to pluck a ſingle ſtick, though the loſs falls upon themſelves, and the very extraction of the root brings the ground almoſt to a ſtate of cultivation. This conſpiracy obliged him to ſend up into Arragon for liquorice, at a great additional expence. Much of it alſo is found about Villanova, and other places along the coaſt. Four hundred tons of root make fifty of cake, which in England ſells at about three pounds fifteen ſhillings per hundred weight: this year he expects to export about that quantity.

Tortoſa is an ugly town on the declivity of a hill, north of the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of boats. Its commerce in ſilk and corn is but at a low ebb. We purchaſed of ſome nuns the moſt delicate ſilk gloves I ever beheld, made of what they call the flower of ſilk.

We next traverſed the rich vale of Garena, where the olive-trees grow to a

great

great ſize, their luxuriant branches not being ſo cloſely pollarded as in France. Here the peaſants wear the Valencian dreſs, which differs totally from that of Catalonia; a monſtrous ſlouched hat, cropt hair without a net, a ſhort brown jacket, white waiſtcoat and trowſers, ſtockings gartered below the knee, and packthread ſandals.

At the paſſage of the Cenia, a pretty brook in winter, but dry in ſummer, we entered the kingdom of Valencia. After croſſing a large tract of heath, we came to the ſea-ſhore, which is beautifully planted to the water-edge with olive, mulberry, fig, and locuſt trees. We found a rich red ſoil, and vineyards neatly trimmed in rows, without ſtakes, in the diſtrict of Benicarlo, a ſmall place entirely ſupported by the trade. Eight thouſand pipes of a very ſtrong, ſweet, red wine, bought in the country at the rate of five guineas per pipe, are annually ſhipped in this road for Holland,

Germany,

Germany, and Bourdeaux, where they are mixed with the ſecond-rate claret, to give it colour and body. The wine for Bourdeaux is conveyed along the coaſt to Cette, on board Spaniſh barks, which are exempt from all duties on exportation. By reaſon of their apprehenſions of Mooriſh corſairs, and the chance of bad weather, they come to an anchor every night, and commonly make it a voyage of a month at leaſt. At Cette theſe wines are put upon the great canal of Languedoc, and ſmuggled into Bourdeaux as high-country wines; for foreign ones are not allowed to be entered at that port. A ſociety of mariners float all the caſks from Benicarlo to the ſhips, and, from the time of their taking charge of them, become anſwerable for all loſſes by weather or miſmanagement. A good deal of wine goes likewiſe from Vinaros, a neighbouring town to the north; but the quality of that wine is much inferior to

 thoſe

thoſe of Benicarlo and Peniſeola, a town and fort ſituated ſouth of Benicarlo, on a rock in the ſea, where the famous antipope, Peter de Luna, took refuge.

In this plain they ſuffer much for want of water; the vintage is frequently diminiſhed by the exceſſive heats, which dry up all the ſprings. It was once in agitation to bring a canal from the Ebro to water this country, but the project ended in ſmoke, like ſeveral others propoſed for the melioration of many parts of Spain. Wherever they can procure water from wells, by means of a wheel turned by a mule, they have fine vegetables all the year. They cut lucerne every week in ſpring, and every fortnight in winter, and mix it with the ſweet bean of the locuſt, for the provender of their mules. Proviſions are very ſcarce here, no kind of meat being killed, except kid. In ſpring, goats milk is plentiful; but the peaſants in the adjacent moun-

mountains live moſt part of the year upon the roaſted acorns of the ever-green oak, a food which we found ſurpriſingly ſavoury and palatable, but not very nouriſhing. The gentlemen, proprietors of vineyards, reſide up in the mountain villages, in a poor ſtyle, always diſtreſſed for money, notwithſtanding the ſure and ready ſale of their wines. The ſea hereabouts is full of ſharks.

From Benicarlo we had much ſtony road, alternately ſkirting the ſhore, or climbing up wild rocky hills. Few vales ſurpaſs in beauty that of Margal, a noble plain, full of trees, villages, and towns. The ſea forms a pictureſque bay before it, and the mountains run behind in a vaſt ſemicircle. The locuſt and olive trees are old and branchy, the ſoil deep, and the grounds fertile, as being well drenched with water. We dined at Caſtillon de la Llana, the largeſt and beſt built town in our route. The women are very ugly, and render

themſelves ſtill more uncomely, by frizzling their hair all round the forehead, and twiſting it on the crown of the head round a naſty braſs bodkin. Villa Real is another large town, near the Mijares, a river of a green colour, in a large plain.

The moment we entered this petty kingdom of Valencia, we began to feel a ſenſible change in the climate: the days are troubleſomely hot, the nights ſoft and mild, like our fine ſummer evenings. Early and late in the day I walk an hour or two, to enjoy the ſweetneſs of the morning and evening breeze, and contemplate at leiſure the enchanting proſpects along the calm Mediterranean. The numberleſs creeks and bays, the bold promontories, with each its ſlender tower, of various ſhapes and dimenſions, the green woody vales, with rocks impending over them, are ſcenes that can ſeldom be met with, and never outdone in any country, and ſuch as no de-

ſcription

ſcription of mine can do juſtice to. But, as all human pleaſure is allayed with ſome mixture of pain and diſtreſs, theſe charming coaſts are not without their calamities; till lately, they were cruelly infeſted by the Barbary rovers, who frequently cut barks out of their roads, and carried off whole families from the ſmall villages. At preſent Barcelò keeps ſo ſharp a look-out, that their appearance is leſs frequent in theſe ſeas. The ſcarcity of water is another misfortune, and ſeverely felt almoſt every ſummer. Of the innumerable beds of rivers and torrents that we have croſſed between Barcelona and Nules, ſix only have any water in them, viz. the Llobregat, Gaya, Francolis, Ebro, Cenia, and Mijares: two of theſe are dry during the hot weather. Hereabouts the little canals from the hills ſupply the lands with a greater plenty of water.

All theſe nights paſt we have heard the people ſinging doleful ditties under our

windows, to the ſound of a guitar, which they ſtrike with their nails, without any notion of air, but merely as a kind of an accompaniment, ſometimes high, ſometimes low, but very coarſe and monotonous. I can compare their muſic to nothing ſo well as to the beating of a frying-pan, to call down a ſwarm of bees.

LETTER XII.

Valencia, November 30, 1775.

THIS morning, like many of the foregoing ones, was delicious: the ſun roſe glorioufly out of the ſea, and the air all around was perfumed with the effluvia of the aloe, as its rays ſucked up the dew from the leaves.

From an eminence we had a noble view of the valley of Almenara, a kind of land bay,

bay, ſurrounded by lofty mountains, and adorned with ſix pretty towns, riſing out of the boſom of a foreſt of dark and light greens, varied in a multitude of tints. The long range of turrets upon the hill of Murviedro (once the too faithful Saguntum) juts out towards the ſea, from the chain of mountains that runs parallel with the coaſt, and divides the vale of Almenara from that of Valencia.

We halted at Murviedro, to view the ruins of ſo celebrated a city, and to take drawings of its moſt remarkable remains. The preſent town is very conſiderable, and ſeems to ſtand upon the ſame ground as the ancient Roman city, but in all probability the Saguntum which was deſtroyed by Hannibal was built upon the ſummit of the hill. That the Romans alſo had a fortreſs on the top, is clear, from the large ſtones and regular maſonry, upon

which the Saracens afterwards erected their caſtle.

Half way up the rock are the ruins of the theatre, in ſufficient preſervation to give a tolerable idea of its ſize and diſtribution. It is an exact ſemicircle, about eighty-two yards diameter from outſide to outſide; the length of the orcheſtra, or inner diameter, twenty-four: the ſeats for the audience, the ſtaircaſes, and paſſages of communication, the vomitoria, and arched porticoes, are ſtill eaſy to trace. The back part reſts againſt the hill, and ſome of the galleries are cut out of the rock. Two walls going off at an angle ſerve to turn off the rain-water that waſhes down from the cliff behind. As the ſpectators faced the north and eaſt, and were ſheltered from the weſt and ſouth, nothing could be more agreeable in this climate than ſuch a place of entertainment; open to every pleaſant and ſalubrious breeze, and defended from all winds

that

that might bring with them heat or noxious vapours. It is computed that nine thouſand perſons might aſſiſt without inconvenience at the exhibitions in this theatre. I paſſed ſome time in taking an oblique drawing of the preſent appearance of the ruins; but, in ſpite of all my attention, I found it a very difficult taſk, the heaps of rubbiſh, broken porticoes, and vaults, and remnants of walls, creating ſuch a perplexity, that my eye could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the proper form and ſituation of each object. The ſilence that reigns in this auguſt ruin, which anciently reſounded with the applauſes of proconſuls, and Roman citizens, is now broken only by the *ſeguidillas* of a few rope-makers, who have patched up a ſtraw ſhed againſt the ſtage, and ſpin out their work acroſs the *proſcenium*, regardleſs of the ſurrounding ſcenery*.

From

* In the Latin Letters of Em. Marti, dean of Alicant,

From the theatre we climbed up to the ſummit of the mountain, which is about half a mile in length, and not a tenth part as wide; quite a narrow ridge, covered with

cant, written about the year 1720, is a long and learned diſſertation on this theatre. He gives the following meaſures:—Perimeter of the ſemicircle, 564 palmos; diameter, 330; diameter of the orcheſtra, 94; height from the orcheſtra to the top of the higheſt wall remaining, 144½; breadth of the upper portico, 15½; height, 12¾; diſtance of the pulpitum from the orcheſtra, 12; height of the pulpitum, 6¼; diſtance from the orcheſtra to the ſcena, 28; breadth of the proſcenium, 12; breadth of the pulpitum, 16½. The palmo he uſes contains about nine Engliſh inches. He adds, that great part of this theatre is ſtill entire; and that we ſhould ſee it in a much more perfect ſtate, if the barbarous hands of the Morviedreſe had ſpared it as much as time has done; for they have purpoſely deſtroyed this ancient monument, by wrenching off all the caſing ſtones for the purpoſes of building convents. There is no doubt

with ruins and Mooriſh bulwarks. A few unintereſting inſcriptions, two mutilated ſtatues, the veſtiges of the floor of a temple, and ſome Roman arches thrown over a large ciſtern, are all the antiquities we found. One of the inſcriptions is placed topſy-turvy over a gate. The fortifications divide the hill into ſeveral courts, with double and triple walls, erected upon huge maſſes of rock, laid in regular courſes, by the Romans. The characteriſtics of the Mooriſh military architecture are—A wall built by means of ſquare forms of wood, into which a mortar, compoſed of pebbles mixed with a ſtrong cement, is run, and left a certain time to harden; then the boards are taken away,

doubt but they intended to demoliſh the whole, if the obſtinate hardneſs of the cement had not wearied them out. Marti extorted from the magiſtrates a public decree, inflictive of ſevere penalties on all ſuch as ſhould injure it in any manner whatſoever.

but

but the marks remain, and give the wall an appearance of regular maſonry; battlements perpendicularly placed on the wall, not projecting over, nor with borders round, as in the Norman and Gothic caſtles, where the hollows behind the battlements ſerved to throw ſtones and combuſtibles through, as the enemy approached to ſcale them. A gateway turned in an arch, neither pointed like what we call Gothic, nor ſemicircular like the Grecian; but one, the parts of which reſting upon the impoſts, come much farther in towards each other, and form the figure of a horſeſhoe. Sometimes, but very ſeldom, the Moors employed ſtones of a large ſize, and more regular cut; and ſome few of their arches may be found that are ſharp like the Gothic; but I ſuſpect them to be of the latter times of the Mooriſh empire in Spain.

What was wanting in intereſting antiquities in the caſtle, was amply made up

to

to us in prospect, which was so surprisingly fine, that I dare hardly attempt to specify its beauties, lest you should think me too easily enraptured, or too unequal to the task of imparting to others the sensations it raised in me. This last accusation I plead guilty to, for no pen can convey an adequate idea of this view, and few painters ever possessed that richness of touch, and clearness of manner, such a subject would require. The vale of Almenara, on the north, is so delightful, that from any other station it would have engrossed all our attention; but we soon neglected its beauties, and, gliding rapidly over the immense volume of sea stretched out before us to the eastward, where the sun beams played in full force, we fixed our eyes on the almost boundless plain of Valencia, that lay to the south. It is four leagues in breadth from the sea to the hills, in the widest part, and in length five times that extent, losing itself

in

in a ridge of diſtant mountains. The yellow green of the mulberry plantations, and the paler hue of the olive-trees, regularly planted in fields of bright green corn; that regularity now and then broken by large plots of dark-coloured locuſt-trees; villages and convents, thick ſcattered over this great expanſe, with numberleſs gay ſlender ſteeples; the city of Valencia, about twelve miles off, with all its ſpires: theſe objects, united, form the moſt inimitable landſcape it is poſſible to conceive. The day was ſo clear, the air ſo pure, as to add infinitely to the charms of the proſpect. Hannibal is a great favourite of mine, but I cannot forgive him for having dealt ſo hardly by ſo ſweet a place: had he come upon this hill in ſuch a day as this, the ſoftneſs of the air, and beauty of the view, would have melted the obduracy of his heart, and opened it to pity and forgiveneſs.

From

From hence to Valencia is one perfect garden, ſo thick of trees, that there is no ſeeing at any diſtance on either ſide. Villages and monaſteries every hundred yards, and ſuch crowds of people on the road, as I ſcarce ever ſaw but in the neighbourhood of London. All the grounds are divided into ſmall compartments by water-channels, the work of the Moors, who underſtood the art of watering land in the utmoſt perfection. The ruinous ſtate theſe drains are now in, proves the indolence and inferiority of the preſent proprietors; what little ſkill they ſtill ſhew in agriculture is nothing but the traditional remains of the inſtructions left by their maſters in huſbandry, the Arabians. Our pleaſurable ideas were a little ruffled by the ſight of ſome hundreds of women in the villages, ſitting in the ſun louſing each other, or their huſbands and children. When a young woman condeſcends to ſeek for lice

in a man's head, it is ſuppoſed that the laſt favours have been granted by the fair one, or at leaſt that he may have them for aſking.

Valencia is ſituated in ſo dead and woody a flat, that we were in the ſuburbs before we thought ourſelves near it, and, having made half the round of the walls, came to an inn on the Alicant road, as it was late, and we did not chooſe to be detained at the gates by the cuſtom-houſe officers.

LETTER XIII.

Valencia, December 3, 1775.

OUR firſt morning here paſſed very ſtrangely, in a viſit to the old intendant of the province, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation from his *confrere*

frere of Catalonia. The old uſurer, whoſe figure reſembles that of the bandy-legged apothecary in Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode*, received us very ungraciouſly, took our letter and flung it on the table, without ſaying a word to us, or even offering us a ſeat. Having waited ſome time, we began to look at each other and laugh. Upon this the intendant looked up, and aſked me if we were not Catalonians? No, replied I, we are Engliſh gentlemen upon our travels. This anſwer produced a wonderful effect. Oh, oh, you come from a better country: Can I be of any ſervice to you? Bring theſe gentlemen chairs. Do you chooſe to take any refreſhment? ſaid he, pulling off his hat with great reverence, and making us a moſt profound bow. We aſked him for the only thing we ſtood in need of, a protection againſt the people of the cuſtom-houſes, who, though they do not meddle with your baggage, peſter you at every

gate for ſomething to drink, or buy tobacco with. The intendant's character is very little reſpected, nor indeed does it deſerve the love or eſteem of the Valencians, if the traits they relate be true. Many are the ſtories they tell of his avarice and hardneſs of heart; but one will ſuffice to ſet him in his proper light. Not long ago he was confined to his bed by a ſevere fit of illneſs, and poſitive orders were given, that he ſhould not be diſturbed by applications, petitions, or any thing appertaining to his employment. It ſo happened that a tradeſman, who had been taken up for ſmuggling, and kept in priſon for ſome weeks, was diſcovered to be perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. One of the magiſtrates thought, that for ſo juſt a cauſe as that of reſtoring an honeſt man to his liberty, and to his diſtreſſed and indigent family, whoſe very exiſtence depended upon his induſtry, he might venture to break through the in-

junction

junction of the intendant, and accordingly procured admittance, and presented the proper paper requisite to be signed, before the jailor could deliver up his prisoner. As soon as the old rogue understood the purport of the visit, he flew into a most violent rage, and obstinately refused to sign. Another officer, seeing the door open, took that opportunity of handing up an order for the commitment of a fellow that had been detected in illicit practices. The intendant no sooner read it, than he called for a pen, and set his hand to it with great pleasure, at the same time persisting in his refusal to comply with the first request.

We shall leave Valencia to-morrow, being heartily tired of our quarters. The climate is mild and pleasant, but there is something faintish and enervating in the air. Every thing we eat is insipid, and void of substance; the greens, wine, and meat, seem the artificial forced productions of continual

waterings and hot-beds. It puts me in mind of the *Isle frivole* of the Abbé Coyer, where things were so feeble and unsubstantial, that they were little better than the shadows of what they are in other countries. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and, when he has tired his jaws, find he has been only chewing the *idea* of a dinner. The meat, as soon as cut into, yields abundance of gravy, and may be said to bleed a second time to death, for nothing remains but a mere withered *caput mortuum*, as our servants know by woful experience. Vegetables, with the finest outward shew imaginable, taste of nothing but water. This washy quality seems also to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians: they are largely built, and personable men, but flabby and inanimate. We have seen no women out at work in the fields; but this may proceed from their constant employment within doors, as much

as

as from any remnants of the Mooriſh jealouſy, though the Valencians ſtill retain much of the features and manners of their old Saracen maſters. To this day the farmers won't allow their wives to ſit at table, but make them ſtand at their elbow and wait upon them. The Caſtillians and Catalonians hold the Valencians in ſovereign contempt, and ſtigmatize them with many opprobrious appellations, dictated, as we muſt in charity ſuppoſe, by the rancour of national antipathy. The inhabitants of this province are ſaid to have more of the filth, and ſullen, unpoliſhed manners of the old Spaniards, and to have adopted leſs of foreign improvements in civilization, than moſt other parts of Spain. They ſtrut about all day in *redicillas*, or nets, monſtrous hats, and dark brown cloaks, which give the crowd in the ſtreets, the appearance of a funeral proceſſion. Scarce any ſociety is kept up amongſt them, though the ſalubrity

of the climate, and reaſons of œconomy, induce ſeveral very conſiderable families to make this city the place of their abode. In ſome ſtrange way or other they ſpend very large incomes, without doing themſelves the leaſt credit. Their chief expence lies in ſervants, mules, and equipages; low, obſcure amours often conſume the beſt part of their fortunes; and they live in ſo pitiful a manner, that moſt part of them ſend out to the wine-vault for a pint of wine to their meals.

This city is large, and almoſt circular; its lofty walls have towers remaining in one quarter; the reſt have been demoliſhed: a fine broad road goes quite round: the two ſuburbs are conſiderable. Several large, clumſy bridges croſs the bed where the river ſhould run; but either from drought, or from the many bleedings it undergoes above, for the purpoſe of watering the fields, there is ſcarce water enough in the

Guadaviar.

Guadaviar to waſh a handkerchief; but in rainy ſeaſons the floods are very tremendous. The captain-general reſides in the ſuburbs, in an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the *Alameda*, a long double avenue of poplars, cypreſſes, and palms, where, on great feſtivals, the nobility take the air in their coaches. About a mile below is the *Grao*, or port of Valencia, which, properly ſpeaking, is only an open road, the mole having been long ago ſwept away by ſome violent ſtorm. The duſty highway from the city hither is the faſhionable drive; and, for the accommodation of ſuch as have no carriages of their own, ſeveral ſingle-horſe chairs wait at all hours at the gates. This vehicle is very uneaſy, and open to all weathers; but the horſes are excellent, and run along like lightning. The driver ſits ſideways at your feet, and all the way keeps chattering to the horſe, and patting him on the buttock. Having

occaſion one day for a coach to carry us about, the ſtable-boy of our inn offered his ſervices, and in a quarter of an hour brought to the door a coach and four fine mules, with two poſtillions and a lacquey, all in flaming liveries: we found out they belonged to a counteſs, who, like the reſt of the nobility, allows her coachman to let out her equipage when ſhe has no occaſion for it: it coſt us about nine ſhillings, which no doubt was the perquiſite of the ſervants.

The ſtreets of Valencia are crooked and narrow; not being paved, they are full of duſt in dry weather, and in wet knee-deep in mud. The reaſon alleged for this ſcandalous neglect is, that by theſe means a greater quantity of manure is produced, which, in a plain ſo full of gardens, is of ineſtimable value. Various and over-powering are the ſtinks that riſe up in every corner; in which reſpect, as well as in many others, this country reſembles Lombardy.

The

The houſes are filthy, ill-built, and ruinous; moſt of the churches tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments both without and within: the moſt agreeable architecture I met with, is in the church of the *Eſcuelas pias*, and of *nueſtra Señora de los Deſamparados*, both rotundas. In the multitude of ſacred edifices, ſome may be found that excel in particular parts; as, one may pleaſe the eye by the juſt proportions of its dimenſions, another ſtrike by the richneſs of its marbles and paintings; but in all, the judicious obſerver will be diſguſted with loads of garlands, pyramids, broken pediments, and monſtrous cornices; a taſte too gothic and trifling for any thing but the front of a mountebank's booth, or a puppet ſhew in a fair. Some churches have domes, but the greater part tall ſlender turrets, painted and bedecked with all ſorts of pilaſters and whimſical devices: every thing is gilt and bedaubed with incredible profuſion; the Spaniards underſtand the gilder's

buſineſs

buſineſs perfectly, and the purity of their gold, with the dryneſs of the climate, preſerves their work for years in its primitive luſtre. The convent of the Franciſcan friars has ſomething very grand and pleaſing in its double court, which is divided by a light wing, upon an open portico, with fountains playing in each diviſion.

The cathedral is a large gothic pile; its archbiſhopric one of the beſt in Spain, ſaid to bring in about forty thouſand pounds ſterling a year, paid in caſh into the hands of two receivers. The revenues of Toledo are much greater, but alſo more troubleſome to collect, and more precarious, as being paid in kind, and requiring a great number of bailiffs and ſervants. The preſent archbiſhop of Valencia, as well as the laſt one, is the ſon of a peaſant; the ruling paſſion of both has been convent building: the late prelate built and endowed a magnificent habitation for the Franciſcans, the

champions

champions of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; the prefent archbifhop, whofe fcholaftic tenets are diametrically oppofed to thofe of his predeceffor, has done as much for the fathers of the *Efcuelas pias.*

Priefts, nuns, and friars, of every drefs and denomination, fwarm in this city, where fome convents have more than an hundred monks, all richly provided for.

Among the profane buildings, many of which are prettily fet off with painted architecture, after the Italian manner, the palaces of *Dofaguas* and *Jura real* deferve the moft notice; the former for its ftatues and frefco paintings, the latter for the elegant fimplicity of its front.

The *Lonja*, or exchange, is a very noble gothic hall, built about the latter end of the fifteenth century, with all the beauty and richnefs that ftyle is fufceptible of.

The cuftom-houfe, where the intendant

and

and other officers of the revenue are lodged, is a new large edifice in a great ſquare, a very clumſy maſs of brick and ſtone.

This kingdom and city were conquered by the Moors under Abdallah Ciz, and loſt by them in 1094, when the famous Cid Ruy dias de Vivar, taking advantage of the confuſion and civil war that raged in Valencia after the murder of Sultan Hiaya, made himſelf maſter of the city by ſtorm, at the head of a choſen band of valiant knights. This was the laſt exploit of that hero, ſo long the terror of the muſſulmen. A few years after his death, the king of Caſtille, finding it too far diſtant from his other dominions to be conveniently ſuccoured in caſe of a ſudden attack, thought proper to withdraw his troops, and ſuffer the Moors to repoſſeſs themſelves of it. It was again taken from them by James the Firſt, king of Arragon, in the year 1238, and for ever united to that crown, the fate

of which it has ever ſince followed through all its various revolutions. In the beginning of the reign of Charles the Fifth, this province was diſtracted by civil commotions and ſtruggles between the nobility and commons.

Since the laſt conqueſt, Valencia has been much enlarged; for the gate through which the Cid made his triumphal entry, is now very near the center of the town.

The number of inhabitants is computed at one hundred thouſand; but, to ſpeak more exactly, according to the laſt authentic enumeration, made in 1768, which allows four perſons to each *vecino*, at twenty thouſand vecinos, or fathers of families; which makes the number to be eighty thouſand inhabitants. The population of the whole kingdom of Valencia amounts to one hundred and ſeventy-nine thouſand two hundred and twenty-one vecinos, or ſeven hundred and ſixteen thouſand eight hundred

and

and eighty-four ſouls, reſident in five hundred and ſeventy towns and villages. The manufactures of ſilk are the cauſe of a population that may be reckoned conſiderable, if compared to that of other provinces of Spain. The produce of this article came this year to one million of pounds, but one year with another the average quantity is about nine hundred thouſand pounds, worth a doubloon a pound in the country. The crop of ſilk this laſt ſeaſon was very abundant. Government has prohibited the exportation of Valencian raw ſilk, in order to lay in a ſtock to keep the artificers conſtantly employed in bad years; for it has happened in ſome, that half the workmen have been laid idle for want of materials. As they are not ſo ſtrict about Murcian ſilk, which is of an inferior quality, I am told that ſome from Valencia is ſent out of Spain under that denomination. The great nurſeries of mulberry-plants, in this

plain,

plain, are produced from ſeed, obtained by rubbing a rope of *eſparto* over heaps of ripe mulberries, and then burying the rope two inches under ground. As the young plants come up, they are drawn and tranſplanted. The trees, which are all of the white kind, are afterwards ſet out in rows in the fields, and pruned every ſecond year. In Murcia, only every third year, and in Granada never. The Granadine ſilk is eſteemed the beſt of all; and the trees are all of the black ſort of mulberry.

The fruit exported from Valencia to the north of Europe may be eſtimated, *communibus annis*, at two millions of peſos, about three hundred and thirty-four thouſand pounds.

The annual crop of hemp may be worth three hundred thouſand peſos, at three peſos per *arroba*.

One hundred and forty thouſand loads

of

of rice, at ten pesos a load, make one million four hundred thousand pesos.

The vintage of 1767 produced four million three hundred and nine thousand measures of wine, which, at three reals a measure, come to about eight hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-three pesos.

There is also much cotton made in this province, from the cotton-plant, which rises to the height of three feet at most, and very much resembles the raspberry bush. They make in good years four hundred and fifty thousand arrobas, worth one million three hundred and fifty thousand pesos, and in middling years two hundred and eighty-five thousand six hundred arrobas.

Notwithstanding all this abundance, nothing can be more wretched than the Valencian peasantry, who can with difficulty procure food to keep their families from starving.

We

We were laſt night at the play, which gave us no very reſpectable opinion of the taſte and politeneſs of a Valencian audience. The houſe was low, dark, and dirty; the actors execrable; and the pit full of men in cloaks and night-caps, driving ſuch puffs of tobacco out of their *cigarros*, as filled the whole room with ſmoke, and at laſt forced us to make a precipitate retreat. We there met with our old acquaintance the duke of C. P. who a few months ago came poſt from France, to embark for the expedition againſt Algiers. When he arrived at Valencia, he found the fleet was ſailed, and an order ſent for him to remain in exile here. The derangement of his finances, and ſome amorous connections, have procured him this order from court. His fate is truly ludicrous, but he did not drop the leaſt hint to us of this unkind return for his patriotic ſpirit, and eagerneſs to ſerve the king.

LETTER XIV.

Alicant, December 8, 1775.

WE ſet out early on Monday morning, without regretting in the leaſt the rich gardens or brilliant ſky of Valencia, which would be an admirable laſt retreat for our conſumptive countrymen, were the approach by ſea or land leſs difficult.

We travelled that day in a plain, as fertile as nature and frequent waterings can render it. At ſome miles diſtance from the city the ſoil is a red, ſandy loam near the Albufera, a lake about four leagues long, which is very ſhallow, and communicates with the ſea only as often as the ſluices are opened to let in a ſupply of water in dry ſeaſons, or to give vent to the overcharge of water brought down in winter by the

land

land floods. On the edge of it are ſalt-pans. It ſupplies the city with fiſh and water-fowl. Once or twice in a ſeaſon all the ſhooters in the country aſſemble upon it in boats, and make prodigious havock among the flocks of birds, that almoſt cover the ſurface of the pond. Sometimes they meet with flamingos here.

Before we arrived at Alzira, a large town in an iſland of the Xucar, a deep, muddy river, we croſſed a large tract of land aſtoniſhingly fruitful. The peas and beans in the fields were very high, and in full blow. The huſbandmen uſe in their tillage a ſhovel plough, with which they turn the ſoil from the roots of the olive-trees, that they may benefit by the moiſture of the ſeaſon. We were ſtopped ſeveral times by long droves of mules, carrying corn to Valencia; their conductors, moſt ſavage looking fellows, all clad in leather; their broad belts were

faſtened round their waiſt with ſeven buckles.

In the afternoon, at the entrance of a more mountainous country, we came to the rice-grounds, now in ſtubble. The proceſs of that tillage is as follows:—In winter they plough out a piece of land, and ſow it with beans that come into bloſſom about March, when they plough them in for manure; water is then let in upon the ground about four inches deep. It next undergoes a third ploughing, after which the rice is ſown. In fifteen days it comes up about five inches out of the earth, and is pulled up, tied in bundles near a foot diameter, and carried to another well-prepared field, covered with water to the depth of four inches. Here each planter ſets the plants of his bundle in the mud, in rows at about a foot diſtance one from another Every ſtem ought to produce from ten to twenty-four fold, and grow ſo cloſe, that the ears may touch. When

ripe,

ripe, it is gathered in ſheaves, and put into a water-mill, where the lower grinding-ſtone is covered with cork; by which means the chaff is ſeparated from the grain without bruiſing, The rice of Valencia is yellower than that of the Levant, but much wholeſomer, and will keep longer without growing muſty.

We entered the highlands, and came to lie at Xativa, which was a ſtrong fortreſs, till deſtroyed by Philip the Fifth, who ordered it to be rebuilt by the name of San Felipe. The monſter Rodrigo Borgia, pope by the name of Alexander the Sixth, was a native of this town. The farmers hereabouts have a very ſturdy, good-looking breed of horſes.

Our route from San Felipe lay up long winding vales, between ridges of high bleak mountains. On the right hand ſtands the caſtle of Monteſa, head of the military order of Monteſa, inſtituted in 1317, by

James the Second, king of Arragon, after he had driven the Moors as far back as the territories of Granada. All the poſſeſſions of the knight-templars in the province were beſtowed upon the new order, into which none but natives of Valencia were to be admitted. They wear a plain red croſs. The commanderies belonging to the foundation are thirteen in number; and their yearly income, according to the king's books, where they are very low rated, amounts to four hundred and four thouſand one hundred and twelve reals de vellon. In 1748, an earthquake overthrew the caſtle, and all the adjacent buildings; burying under the ruins the greateſt part of the chaplains, ſervitors, &c. belonging to the congregation. The remainder were removed to Valencia, where a new church is building for their uſe.

We did nothing the whole day but aſcend through olive plantations, pine foreſts,

and

and bare chalky hills, up the courſe of a little brook, till we came to its ſource, which breaks out in the middle of a town on the confines of Caſtille. Hitherto, the olives I have ſeen are all of the ſmaller ſort.

Next morning the froſt was very ſmart on the high bare hills, where there is much corn-land, but no trees; the farm-houſes are ſcattered about pretty much as they are in the uninclofed parts of England.

Juſt as we were going into Villena, a little, round, ſquat figure, in a brown montero cap, jacket, and breeches, with a yellow waiſtcoat, caught my eye. It is not poſſible to paint a better Sancho Pança; and we were actually in a corner of the country of that 'ſquire, which makes me conclude Cervantes drew the picture from real life, in ſome of his journies through La Mancha. All the inhabitants of the town wear the ſame dreſs, which is neat enough. The caſtle of Villena is large, well ſituated, and

has been ſtrong. I never ſaw a country ſo full of ruined towers, as theſe ſkirts of Valencia and Caſtille; not a village without its rocca perched upon ſome almoſt inacceſſible cliff; none more ſingular than that of *Sax*. The hills here are broken, the landſcape bleak; but about Elda the plan is improved to the beſt advantage. We paſſed by a ſtring of ponds and caves, where the inhabitants of that town keep their proviſion of ice, for the ſummer's conſumption. As there was a thin coat of ice on the ſurface of the water, they were very buſy carrying it off with the greateſt expedition, leſt a ſudden thaw ſhould deprive them of it.

Before we came into the plain of Montfort, we had a vile piece of road, through a broken range of marly hills. We now found the ſtyle of ſalutation quite altered. Hitherto the peaſants were wont to accoſt us as they paſſed, with a *Dios guarde V. M.*

" God

"God keep your worſhip;" but here they begin, twenty yards before they come up to you, and bawl out as loud as they can, *Ave Maria puriſſima*; to which you are expected to anſwer, either *Sin pecado concebida*, or *Deo gratias*.

Late in the evening, we paſſed a large encampment of carriers of ſalt-fiſh. Their carts formed an outer circle, and their oxen a ſmaller one, round a roaring fire, where ſome of the men were cooking, others working at their tackle, but the greater part ſtretched out faſt aſleep. The moon ſhone very bright, and all was ſoft and ſtill; I quite envied the pleaſant ſenſations of thoſe fellows.

Our road this morning was bad, the country abominable, a white clay in powder, and not a ſtick of wood. In rainy years the crops of corn are extremely plentiful. Though it was a bitter cold day, the clouds of duſt almoſt ſtifled us.

We

We got in here very early, and took up our lodgings at an inn, which hangs over the ſea; the waves beat gently againſt the walls under our windows, and the whole road and harbour lie beautifully ſtretched out before us. Unfortunately, the warmth and ſtillneſs of the ſituation tempt the boatmen to make uſe of this part of the beach as a neceſſary, and we cannot venture to lean out, and feaſt our eyes with the fine proſpect of the ſea, without ſuffering exceedingly in another ſenſe. The landlord endeavours to comfort us, by aſſuring us that to-morrow's ſun will dry all up.

I begin to have my apprehenſions, that my letters, inſtead of acquiring life and ſpirit from our progreſs in this kingdom, have, on the contrary, betrayed of late a great propenſity towards ſtupidity. Heaven forbid, the enfeebling air of Valencia ſhould have ſettled upon my pen! I muſt

ſhake

ſhake it off, and ſtrive to afford you better entertainment.

LETTER XV.

Alicant, December 11, 1775.

WE have been received with the uſual politeneſs by the Britiſh ſubjects reſiding here, whoſe hoſpitality knows no bounds, when any of their wandering countrymen appear to lay claim to it. The factory, which conſiſts of five houſes, lives in a ſtyle of elegance we did not expect to meet with any where out of a capital: every circumſtance attending our reception here, is beyond meaſure agreeable. After ſo warm an acknowledgment of our obligations to the inhabitants, you will naturally ſuppoſe I ſhall launch out in praiſe of the town, and varniſh over every defect; but there

there you will find yourſelf miſtaken. I confeſs it has neither buildings nor ſtreets to recommend it to notice; though the houſes in general are ſolidly built with flat roofs, covered with cement; their walls are plaſtered, and every thing as white as the ſoil of the adjacent country; which fatigues the eye moſt cruelly in ſun-ſhiny weather, that is, almoſt every day in the year. Then the duſt flies about in whirlwinds; if it rains, there is no poſſibility of making one's way through the ſtreets without boots, the *Callemayor* being the only paved ſtreet in the whole town. In the hot months, this place is a very furnace, its form being the beſt calculated in the world for intercepting the rays of the ſun, and collecting them as in one focus; the mountain behind ſhuts out the winds, that, blowing from the cool quarters, might refreſh the atmoſphere; but I believe the ſea-breeze muſt occaſionally contribute to the cooling of the air. In

ſuch

ſuch mild winter weather as we have felt here, it is impoſſible not to be delighted with the climate, and the beauties of ſituation that the port of Alicant affords. It ſtands on the middle of a narrow neck of land, that runs out into the ſea a conſiderable way, and almoſt comes round in a ſemi-circular form; in the centre of which ſhips ride with as much ſafety as in a harbour; a rocky mountain riſes directly behind the town; on its ſummit is the caſtle, now fortified after the modern method, and extended far beyond the limits of the old fortreſs, great part of which was blown up, with a fragment of the rock, in the war with the allies, in the reign of our queen Anne. The Engliſh garriſon refuſed to capitulate, though the French gave them notice of the mine being ready to be ſprung. A well that communicated with the mine gave it ſome vent, and prevented the reſt of the mountain from being ſhivered to

pieces

pieces by the explofion; however, moft of the officers were blown up, and the remainder of the troops fo ftunned by the fhock, as to be many hours deprived of all power of motion.

Behind the caftle-hill, is a plain fome leagues in circumference, called *Las huertas*, the gardens of Alicant lying along the feafhore, furrounded on three fides by very lofty mountains. It is a very beautiful vale, thickly ftudded with villages, villas, farms, and plantations of all kinds of fruit-trees; but in the hot part of the year the air is very unwholefome, and few or none efcape agues or fevers. Here the fine Alicant and Tent wines are made. Only two, of the great number of proprietors of vineyards, make a practice of keeping their wine to a proper age. As the value is enhanced many-fold by keeping, the high price they get for their wines amply repays them for the time they are out of their money.

ney. Of the common ſorts, about five thouſand tun may be the amount, moſt of which is deſtined for the Bourdeaux merchants.

Water is the great agent, the primum mobile of all productions in this country; every thing languiſhes, and ſoon is parched up, without an ample ſupply of it; abundance of rain ſecures both a plentiful harveſt and a copious vintage. Wherever a ſpring breaks out, the king's people ſeize upon it, and allot to each landholder a proper hour for letting the water upon his grounds. It is of ſo much conſequence, that the value of a guinea has been paid for an hour extraordinary.

The Engliſh factory imports all ſorts of bale goods, corn, and Newfoundland cod. The articles of exportation are wine and barilla. This laſt grows in great quantities along the coaſt, eſpecially near Carthagena: as I ſhall, in all probability, get bet-

ter intelligence there about it, in its vegetable ſtate, I ſhall defer entering into any detail at preſent on that head. The merchants here, as they employ agents to tranſact the buſineſs for them, are very little informed of the qualities or peculiarities of the ſeveral ſorts of barilla they ſhip off. It is brought hither in boats, duty free; afterwards it is packed with ruſh-mats, in lumps of about ſix hundred weight, which ought to be worth about three or four dollars per hundred; but, as this year has been favourable to the crops, it does not fetch above two and a half.

We have been all the morning in great uneaſineſs about Sir T. G.'s valet-de-chambre, who, till within this hour, was not to be found in any of the places he uſually frequents. His appearance has quieted our apprehenſions; and it ſeems he has been, from ſun-riſe till dinner-time, locked up in the ſacriſty of the great church, curl-

ing

ing and frizzling the flaxen periwig of the ſtatue of the Virgin, which is to-morrow to be carried in ſolemn proceſſion through the city.

There is a ſorry kind of an Italian opera here; bad as it is, there is a ſomething in Italian muſic, however ill executed, incomparably ſoft and grateful to ears like ours, ſo long fatigued with French ſqualling, and the drone of Spaniſh *ſeguidillas*. We were upon the point of being deprived of this amuſement, by the wiſdom of the clergy, who attributed the want of rain to the influence of that ungodly entertainment; luckily for the poor ſtrollers, and for us, there fell a ſmart ſhower juſt as the orders were ready to be iſſued out againſt any further performance, and as it continued to rain all next day, the church thought no more of the opera.

From Alicant is ſeen, at nine miles diſtance ſouth, the iſland of S. Polo, where the

Conde de Aranda ſettled a colony of Genoeſe and others, who formerly inhabited an iſland on the African coaſt. The regency of Tunis deſtroyed their ſettlement, and carried them all into ſlavery; from which they were redeemed by Spain, and, with the allowance of a piſtreen a day, ſent to form a new town on this barren iſland. As it yields no productions of any kind, they are obliged to be ſupplied from the main land with every neceſſary of life; ſo that ſhould the adminiſtrators neglect to lay in a ſufficient ſtock for their ſuſtenance, in caſe of tempeſtuous weather they muſt inevitably periſh with hunger and thirſt. Even as matters now ſtand, from their ſcanty allowance and perpetual confinement, I believe they think themſelves no great gainers by being reſcued from their ſlavery.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Carthagena, December 15, 1775.

TO continue the journal of our peregrinations:—We left Alicant on the 12th, and brought away with us ſome bottles of choice Tent for you. We hope, on our return, to preſent you with a complete collection of the beſt wines in Spain; travelling with ſuch a waggon-load of things, a few bottles more or leſs are not felt: we are obliged to carry, not only our beds, but bread, wine, meat, oil, and ſalt, from one great town to another; for we ſeldom meet with any thing in the inns but the bare walls, and perhaps a few eggs, which are ſold at an unconſcionable price. If we chance to find a few unbroken chairs, we eſteem ourſelves uncommonly fortunate;

yet it is aſtoniſhing how dear travelling is in this country. As much is aſked for giving you houſe-room, and for the *ruydo de la caſa*, or the noiſe you make, as would purchaſe a good ſupper and lodgings in the beſt inns, in moſt other parts of Europe. As our health is excellent, and conſequently our ſpirits good, we are eaſily reconciled to theſe kinds of hardſhips. Indeed we no longer look upon them in that light; the mildneſs of the climate obviates all inconveniences that might accrue from a total want of glaſs, or even paper, in the windows; or of a door or ſhutter that can be faſtened cloſe enough to keep wind or rain out.

As ſoon as we arrive at one of theſe barns, called Ventas, our firſt care is to ſet up our beds. The kitchen is generally at one end; the mules ſtand in the back part, and our apartment is a partition run up againſt the wall to the ſtreet, with a hole

or

or two for light, defended by three or four very uſeleſs iron bars, for a pigmy could not ſqueeze through the window.

Next, our cook takes his ſtand at the hearth, to warm our broth, which we carry, ready made, in a kettle behind our chaiſe; and if he can procure fuel and elbow-room, toſſes up a haſh, or ſome ſuch campaign diſh. Sometimes we are lucky enough to have an opportunity of ſetting our ſpit, or broiling a chop upon our gridiron; but theſe are luxuries we are not to expect above once or twice in the courſe of a week.

While our repaſt is preparing, we read, draw, or write, by the light of a long braſs lamp. Our ſupper diſpatched, and a bottle of wine placed between us, we enjoy an hour's merry chat, to give the ſervants time to ſup, and then we retire to bed, where we lie very ſnug till the dawn of day calls us up, to our uſual taſk of

four or five leagues before dinner, and about three in the afternoon. The continual tinkling of the bells of the mules was very irkſome to us at firſt, but we are now ſo well accuſtomed to theſe chimes, that I believe we ſhall not be able to go to ſleep without them, when we return to France.

We ſtopped at Elche, a large town belonging to the duke of Arcos, built on the ſkirts of a wood, or rather foreſt, of palm-trees, where the dates hanging on all ſides in cluſters of an orange colour, and the men ſwinging on baſs ropes to gather them, formed a very curious and agreeable ſcene. The palms are old and lofty; their number is ſaid to exceed two hundred thouſand. Many of the trees have their branches bound up to a point, and covered with mats to prevent the ſun and wind from getting to them. In proceſs of time the branches become quite white, and are then cut off, and ſent by ſhip-loads from Alicant

to Genoa, and other parts of Italy, for the grand proceſſions of Palm-Sunday; an uncommon ſpecies of traffic, which is alſo carried on with Madrid, where every houſe has its bleſt palm-branch.

The country round this town is very cheerful, and ſo are the environs of Orihuela. They are indebted for their fertility to the abundance and proper diſtribution of water. In dry years, every field that has not ſome ſpring or aqueduct, to furniſh it with repeated rigations, is ſure to fail in its crop. There is a Spaniſh proverb in favour of the laſt-mentioned city; *Si llove, aytrigo en Orihuela, y ſi no llove aytrigo in Orihuela*: "If it rains, there is plenty of wheat in Orihuela, and if it does not rain, there is ſtill plenty of wheat in Orihuela." Indeed we found its bread excellent, and it has the reputation of producing the beſt corn in Spain*. It is a biſhop's ſee, pretty large,

* It is alſo noted for boxes made out of olive-tree roots.

and well enough built, at the foot of a ridge of bare rocks, near the head of a very fruitful *vega* or vale. Near it are avenues of Peru-pepper-tree, or *Schinus molle*, loaded with bunches of a handſome roſe-coloured fruit; the people of the country call it *Tiravientos*, probably from ſome wind-expelling quality. From hence we proceeded along the ſkirts of the rocks, up into the celebrated vale of Murcia, far ſuperior, in the variety and richneſs of its culture, to any plain we had hitherto travelled through. Although we were then in the heart of winter, its general appearance was a bright green, the colour of the young corn, flax, lucerne, pulſe, and orange-groves. As this vale is not too extenſive, but moſt agreeably bounded on both ſides by mountains, the inſipid ſameneſs that cloys the eye in moſt flat countries, however well cultivated, is not perceptible here.

The city of Murcia is neither large nor hand-

handſome. The *Segura*, a muddy river, which divides it into two unequal parts, though it contributes nothing to the embelliſhment of the town, claims the merit of creating, by means of its waters, the ſurpriſing fertility of the plain. Hundreds of ſmall drains convey them to the incloſures; and, in ſpite of the effects of the ſcorching rays of the ſun, preſerve the vegetable ſyſtem freſh and ſucculent.

The walks about the place are trifling; the ſtreets ſo full of black ſtagnated water, as to be almoſt unpaſſable. The only thing we found worth ſeeing was the cathedral, a large maſſive pile.

Round one part of it is a chain, cut in ſtone, with a great deal of truth and eaſe. The ſteeple, though unfiniſhed, is lofty, and intended, I preſume, to exhibit ſpecimens of every one of the five orders of architecture. You may ride up to the top by a paſſage that goes gradually winding round

the

the tower. From it we had a full view of the town and country; but at this ſeaſon of the year, the landſcape was not decked out in all its beauty, and the bare brown mountains appear too near to pleaſe. The names and banners of the Jews, that have been burnt in this town by the inquiſition, are ſtuck up in the church like ſo many trophies won in the day of victory from ſome mighty foe.

From Murcia we ſtruck directly acroſs the vale, into the chain of mountains on the ſouth ſide of the town, and the rugged bed of a torrent was all the road we found. You cannot conceive a more ſhocking one. The naked clayey cliffs that hemmed us in on each ſide were very unpleaſant.

As ſoon as we emerged from this ditch, and ſurmounted a very greaſy, marly height, we found before us a plain, almoſt without bounds, and abſolutely without a tree. A ridge of mountains ſeparates it from the

ſea-

ſea-ſhore. Our muleteers pointed out to us the break in it, where the iſland of Eſcombrera cloſes in the harbour of Carthagena. A cluſter of iſlands to the left appear as if they had been ſtruck off the mountain by ſome furious earthquake, and tumbled headlong into the ſea. Moſt of the plain is ſown with barilla.

We dined at the door of a moſt pitiful *venta*, where we found only one man, ſent out by the magiſtrates of Carthagena to wait upon travellers, as the inn-keeper and all his family had been lately carried to priſon, on account of a woman, who had been murdered and thrown into a pond behind his houſe, in which tranſaction they were ſuſpected of being, at leaſt, acceſſaries.

We arrived early at Carthagena; for the ſtory of the murder had operated powerfully on the minds of our muleteers, who drove very faſt over the plain, to get in before night. We are lodged at the

Golden

Golden Eagle, kept by a Frenchman, the beſt cook, in the beſt inn we have met with in Spain.

LETTER XVII.

Carthagena, December 17, 1775.

I AM in a very bad diſpoſition for writing, for we are juſt returned from the arſenal, where every feeling of our humanity has been put to the torture. Heaven forbid I ſhould communicate to you any part of the diſagreeable ſenſations the ſight of ſo many of my fellow creatures in miſery has excited in my ſoul! But I ſhall dwell upon the ſubject no longer than will be neceſſary to inform you of the plain matter of fact. A letter from Barcelona procured us an order from the governor for ſeeing the docks and magazines of this port,

one

one of the moſt conſiderable of the Spaniſh dominions.

This arſenal is a ſpacious ſquare, ſouth-weſt of the town, under the mountains; forty pieces of cannon defend its approach from the ſea; but on the land-ſide it is without defence. We only ſaw one ſeventy-gun ſhip on the ſtocks, and a rotten hulk heaved down to be repaired, which ſcarce ſeemed worth the time and expence beſtowed upon it. Mr. Turner, an Engliſhman, is the head builder. The timber for ſhip-building lies in ponds, behind a long range of magazines for ſtores, oppoſite which the men of war are moored in a wet dock, each before the door of its own magazine. We were told that every one of theſe ſtore-houſes contained all things requiſite for the complete equipment of a ſhip of war; but, from the ſlight ſurvey I took in walking through, I dare venture to affirm,

affirm, that there is not at preſent, in the whole yard, a ſufficient quantity of every article to fit out a frigate. The new ropery, and the forges where they put freſh touch-holes into old cannon, are eſtabliſhed upon an extenſive plan, but there is little activity in either.

The government of this yard is now in the hands of the officers of the navy, having been lately taken out of thoſe of the civil intendants. Upon the whole, the making of theſe docks, and their actual management, have been, and ſtill are, conducted after the moſt prodigal manner; and either from the vaſt demands of the late expedition, or from neglect in the adminiſtrators, there is now ſo inconſiderable an aſſortment of arms and ſtores, that, were it not for its celebrity, it would ſcarce deſerve a minute's attention from a curious traveller. Yet the Spaniards are very jealous, and appear uneaſy when ſtrangers

viſit

viſit it; perhaps from a conſciouſneſs of there being nothing in it. There was no perſuading them that we travelled merely for pleaſure, with no ſiniſter views.

The ſhips are heaved down in a dry dock, which, by reaſon of the back water, and the ſprings that ooze through the marſhy ſoil, would never be clear of water, were it not for ſeveral fire-engines continually going, and for the great pump, which is plied without intermiſſion by Spaniſh criminals and Barbary ſlaves. Of the former they have eight hundred; of the latter ſix hundred: moſt of theſe wretches are kept at it ſixteen hours out of the twenty-four, by four hours at a time; ſome work only twelve, and moſt of the Moors only eight hours. It is the hardeſt labour in the world: ten men are ſet to each pump, to the amount of above an hundred, in the room above ground, and as many in a kind of dungeon below. In ſummer-time

ſcarce

ſcarce a day paſſes without ſome of them dropping down dead at their work; and even at this cool ſeaſon of the year, we have met every day ſome of them carrying to the hoſpital. The deſpair that ſeizes them is ſo outrageous, that if they can get within reach of a weapon, there are many inſtances of their having plunged it into their own breaſt, or that of ſome perſon near them, which anſwers the ſame purpoſe, a ſpeedy deliverance from all their woes by death. As we were looking at them, a dirty little keeper ſtruck a fine tall Moor over the head, for leaving his pump to beg of us. The Muſſulman darted a look of indignation at his tyrant, and reſumed his taſk, without ſaying a word, or ſhrinking from the blow.

On our leaving this houſe of ſorrow, we met ſeveral ſtrings of galley-ſlaves, going to relieve thoſe at work, or to fetch their

proviſions. The Moors had an M on the ſackcloth that covers them, and the whole gang were lively pictures of malady and deſpair. The king allows them a piſtreen a day, but I am afraid they are defrauded of their allowance; for we ſaw them making their dinner upon black bread, and horſe-beans boiled in ſalt-water. We are returned quite melancholy from this ſcene of woe. The only reflection that diminiſhes our compaſſion, is the atrocioufneſs of the crimes that have brought the Chriſtians to the chain; none are here that have not deſerved death in fifty ſhapes. One boy, of fifteen years old, is here for the murder of his father and mother; and either murder, ſacrilege, or ſome ſuch enormous and horrible offences, have been perpetrated by almoſt all thoſe condemned for life to this puniſhment. The ſeverity exerciſed over the Mooriſh captives, is not ſo eaſily reconciled to the principles of human-

ity, and the meek doctrine of Chriſtianity. Retaliation does not ſeem a ſufficient plea.

Since I wrote the foregoing part of my letter, we have been upon a more agreeable party, which has helped to diſſipate the gloomy impreſſions of the morning. The governor gave us leave to take a boat and row round the harbour. Some gentlemen of our acquaintance were ſo obliging as to accompany us, and explain the ſituation and intent of each particular place and fortification.

The port of Carthagena is the completeſt I ever ſaw, formed by the hand of Nature in the figure of a heart. The iſland of Eſcombrera blocks up the entrance, and ſhelters it from the violence of wind and waves. High, bare mountains riſe very ſteep, from the water-edge, on the eaſt and weſt. On the north, a narrow, low ridge of hills, on which the city ſtands, ſhuts out the view of the inland country. We

firſt

firſt rowed by the arſenal, and under the mountains on the right hand, the deepeſt and ſafeſt poſition in the whole bay, where a large fleet may lie in the utmoſt ſecurity, out of the ſight of all ſhips that may be at ſea, or even in the narrow part of the entrance of the harbour. There are at preſent two frigates and four chebecs in port. As we came along-ſide of the St. Joſeph, the commodore, ſhe fired a gun, which our ſteerſman informed us was the ſignal for weighing anchor and getting under ſail, orders being come from court for them to leave Carthagena this day. As we were deſirous of learning a little of the method and ſkill of the Spaniſh ſeamen, we deſired our maſter (who, from having been long employed in the ſervice of the Engliſh merchants, has contracted the habit of looking upon himſelf as an Engliſhman) to lie upon his oars and remain along-ſide, that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing

the men of war move out. The old ſailor laughed heartily at our requeſt, and, after reminding us that we were not at Portſmouth, nor theſe ſhips Engliſh men of war, bade his men row away, as he was very certain none of the veſſels would be ready to depart for three days at leaſt, and that the gun was fired merely in compliance with the letter of the orders.

On our approach to the mouth of the harbour, we got out of the calm, ſtill water we had hitherto glided upon, and began to be toſſed about with great violence. The day grew cold, and the ſky looking lowering towards the ſea, we ſtruck directly acroſs the paſſage, in order to return to the town by the eaſt ſide of the bay. This entrance is much wider than I had any idea of; the forts on the rocks, on each promontory, ſeem to be too far diſtant from the middle to do any damage to an enemy that might think it neceſſary to puſh through; but

but without a ſkilful pilot, I doubt a ſtranger would pay dear for his temerity; for directly in the center of the haven, in a line between the mouth and the mole-gate, lies a ledge of rocks, only five feet under water, without any breakers, or rippling near it.

The eaſt ſide of this port is much ſhallower than the weſt ſide, and the anchorage is looſe and ſandy. Veſſels have been frequently forced from their anchors, and daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks, by the ſtorms from the ſouth-weſt. However, with good cables, I was aſſured there is no great danger to be apprehended. In any other part of the harbour, the waters are perfectly dormant, never ruffled by wind or tides. There is ſo little agitation in them, that, during the ſtay of the many hundreds of veſſels deſtined for the Algerine expedition, they became abſolutely putrid and infectious, from the filth thrown out of the ſhips. Juſt as we landed on the pitiful

platform called the mole, we had an opportunity of knowing the exact ſpot where the rocks lie. An Engliſh merchantman coming in at a great rate before the wind, but unfortunately without a pilot, ſtruck upon the ledge, and was not got off without ſome damage.

We are now going to the play, where we are not to expect any ſcenes, as it is a working-day; and the actors come out from behind a bit of red curtain hung acroſs the ſtage, and never move far from it, as a file of prompters are drawn up behind, whoſe ſhadows and motions are not unlike that kind of entertainment called *Italian ſhades*. Though there are three regiments here in garriſon, beſides engineers and naval officers, you can ſcarce imagine any thing ſo dull as this town. Except the wretched comedy, and the coffee-houſe, there is not the leaſt life or amuſement going forward. This city is large, but has

very

very few good ſtreets, and ſtill fewer grand or remarkable buildings. The hoſpital is a large ſquare houſe, round two courts, three ſtories high towards the ſea, and only one towards the land: the architecture, and method of laying out the plan, are good; but the ſtone is of ſo ſoft and friable a contexture, that the ſea air has corroded it, and made it crumble away more than half: there is no probability of any care being taken to repair the injury.

Farther eaſt, at the foot of the ſummer-evening walk, is a ſmall church, erected in honour of St. James, the patron of Spain, who is pioufly believed to have landed here, when he came from Paleſtine to convert this country to Chriſtianity.

LETTER XVIII.

Carthagena, December 18, 1775.

I HAVE been buſy all the morning walking about the fields near the town, in ſearch of ſpecimens of the various plants, that produce the falſe and true barilla; but the ſeaſon of the year is unfavourable to my reſearches, and I have only been able to meet with two ſorts. Mr. James Macdonnel, a young gentleman lately ſettled in buſineſs here, has been ſo obliging as to furniſh me with ſome notes on that head, which contain the reſult of many obſervations made on theſe plants in their vegetable ſtate, and on the different modes of cultivating and preparing them for ſale. The following pages convey the ſubſtance of his memorandums.

There are four plants, which in the early part of their growth bear ſo ſtrong a re-

ſemblance

ſemblance to each other, as would deceive any but the farmers, and very nice obſervers. Theſe four are, *barilla*, *gazul* (or, as ſome call it, *algazul*) *ſoza*, and *ſalicornia* or *ſalicor*. They are all burnt to aſhes, but are applied to different uſes, as being poſſeſſed of different qualities. Some of the roguiſh farmers mix more or leſs of the three laſt with the firſt; and it requires a complete knowledge of the colour, taſte, and ſmell of the aſhes, to be able to detect their knavery.

The firſt, Barilla, is ſown afreſh every year. The greateſt height it grows to above ground is four inches: each root puſhes out a vaſt number of little ſtalks, which again are ſubdivided into ſmaller ſprigs, reſembling ſamphire, and all together form a large, ſpreading, tufted buſh. The colour is bright green; as the plant advances towards maturity, this colour dies away, till it comes to a dull green tinged with brown.

The

The ſecond, Gazul, bears the greateſt affinity to barilla, both in quality and appearance; the principal difference conſiſts in its growing on a ſtill drier, ſalter earth, conſequently it is impregnated with a ſtronger ſalt. It does not riſe above two inches out of the ground, ſpreading out into little tufts. Its ſprigs are much flatter, and more pulpy, than thoſe of barilla, and are ſtill more like ſamphire. It is ſown but once in three, four, or five years, according to the ſoil.

The third, Soza, when of the ſame ſize, has the ſame appearance as gazul, but in time grows much larger, as its natural ſoil is a ſtrong ſalt-marſh; where it is to be found in large tufts of ſprigs, treble the ſize of barilla, and of a bright green colour, which it retains to the laſt.

The fourth, Salicor, has a ſtalk of a green colour, inclining to red, which laſt becomes by degrees the colour of the whole plant.

From

From the beginning it grows upright, and much reſembles a buſh of young roſemary. Its natural ſoil is that on the declivities of hills, near ſalt-marſhes, or on the edges of the ſmall drains or channels cut by the huſbandmen for the purpoſe of watering the fields: before it has acquired its full growth, it is very like the barilla of thoſe ſeaſons in which the ground has been dunged before ſowing. In thoſe years of manuring, barilla, contrary to its nature, comes up with a tinge of red; and when burnt, falls far ſhort of its wonted goodneſs, being bitter, more impregnated with ſalts than it ſhould be, emitting a diſagreeable ſcent if held near the noſe, and raiſing a bliſter if applied for a few minutes to the tongue. The other three ſpecies always have that effect. Barilla contains leſs ſalts than the others; when burnt, it runs into a maſs reſembling a ſpungy ſtone, with a faint caſt of blue.

Algazul, after burning, comes as near

barilla

barilla in its outward appearance, as it does while growing in its vegetable form; but if broken, the inſide is of a much deeper and more gloſſy blue. Soza and ſalicor are darker, and almoſt black within, of a heavier conſiſtence, with very little or no ſign of ſpunginefs.

All theſe aſhes contain a ſtrong alkali; but barilla the beſt and pureſt, though not in the greateſt quantity. Upon this principle, it is the fitteſt for making glaſs, and bleaching linen; the others are uſed in making ſoap: each of them would whiten linen, but all, except barilla, would burn it. A good crop of barilla impoveriſhes the land to ſuch a degree, that it cannot bear good barilla a ſecond ſeaſon, being quite exhauſted. To avoid this inconvenience, the richer farmers lay manure upon the ground, and let it lie fallow for a ſeaſon; at the end of which, it is ſown afreſh without danger, as the weeds that have

ſprung