destructive than the prolongation of the siege upon the plan on which it had been begun.

Another proposed to fill the bombs with a substance so strongly mephitic, that, on bursting in the fortress, they would either put to flight or poison the besieged with their exhalations.

The plan of d'Arçon was at length presented, and engaged the more serious attention of the Spanish government.

This plan, first projected at a distance from Gibraltar by that engineer, who, notwithstanding the issue of that famous siege, still enjoyed the reputation of a man of great talents, was afterwards matured and modified by him within sight of the fortress. But how many crosses was he doomed to experience! French impatience, national jealousy, the intrigues of rivalship, the suspicious alarms of authority, the pretensions of self-love, the thoughtless impetuosity of some of his colleagues, the perfidious plots of others, the presumptuous improvidence of almost all, conspired to frustrate a plan, which though so unsuccessful, those persons cannot forbear admiring who have had an opportunity to study all its details.

Scarcely any thing is known respecting it, except what relates to the ten floating batteries, which, on the 13th of September, 1782, foolishly exposed themselves to the fire of Gibraltar, and were reduced to ashes by the red-hot

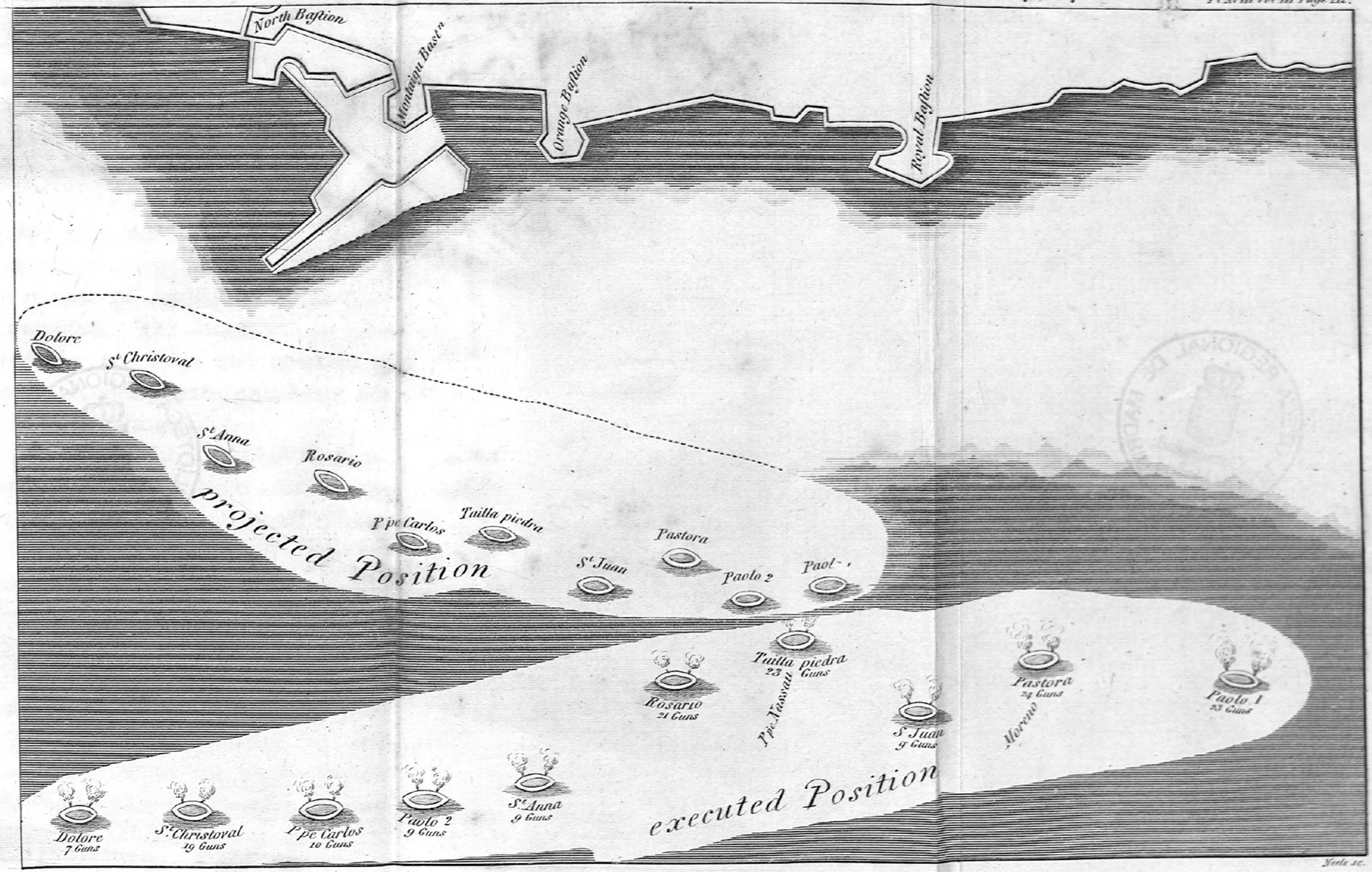
shot from the English batteries. This method of summing up the results of enterprizes, is very convenient for indolence or malignity, but would furnish history with very erroneous elements. Enlightened by cotemporary memoirs, her pages will inform posterity, that if this great undertaking failed, it was from a concurrence of circumstances which the genius of d'Arçon could not possibly control. One of the principal was the hurry with which the plan was put in execution before all the necessary preparations had been made for ensuring its success. It is well known that the ten batteries had been so constructed as to present to the fire of the fortress one side covered with blinds three feet thick, and kept continually wet by a very ingenious contrivance. The red-hot balls were thus expected to be extinguished on the spot where they penetrated; but this first measure proved incomplete. The aukwardness of the caulkers prevented the working of the pumps which were designed to keep up the humidity. It succeeded only on board one of them, the Talla-piedra, and that very imperfectly. But this was not all; though the place where they were to take their stations had been but very slightly sounded, they had received instructions what course they were to pursue, in order to avoid striking, and to place themselves at a proper distance. This precaution likewise proved un-

availing. Don Ventura Moreno, a brave seaman, but incapable of combining and executing a plan, stung to the quick by a letter sent him in the evening of the 12th of September, by General Crillon, which contained this expression: "If you do not make an attack, you are a man without honour:"—hastened the departure of the batteries, and placed them in an order contrary to the plan which had been adopted. The difference between these two positions contributed more than any thing else to the result of the day. In Plate XVIII. is shewn the part of the fortress against which the batteries were intended to act, the position which they ought to have taken and that which they actually occupied.

In consequence of this mistake, no more than two could station themselves at the concerted distance of two hundred fathoms. These were the Pastora, commanded by Moreno himself; and the Talla-piedra, on board of which were the prince of Nassau and d'Arçon; but they were exposed to the fire of the most formidable battery, that of the Royal Bastion; instead of all ten being drawn up around the old mole, and receiving only sidewise the fire of that battery.

The only two batteries which occupied this dangerous post made great havoc and sustained dreadful loss. The Talla-piedra received a fatal shot. In spite of all precautions, a red-

PLAN of the Attack of the Floating-Batteries before GIBRALTAR 13th Sept.r 1782.



Pub.d 13.th Sep.r 1808 by I. Stockdale Piccadilly.

hot ball penetrated to the dry part of the vessel. Its effect was very slow. The Talla-piedra had opened her fire about ten in the morning; the ball struck her between three and five. The mischief did not appear irremediable till midnight. The San Juan, one of her next neighbours, shared the same fate. It appears certain, that the eight others remained untouched.

But what was still more distressing, every thing was wanting at once:—cables to tow off the batteries in case of accident, and boats to receive the wounded. The attack was to have been supported by ten ships and upwards of sixty gun-boats. Neither boats, gun-boats, nor ships made their appearance.

Lastly, according to the projected position, the gun-boats were to have been seconded by the one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon at the lines of St. Roch. This co-operation was rendered impracticable. Near four hundred pieces of artillery were to have opened at once upon North Bastion, Montagu Bastion, and Orange Bastion. With a superiority of near three hundred pieces, d'Arçon flattered himself that he should be able to silence the artillery of the fortress. What was his consternation when he found that the besiegers had no more than sixty or seventy pieces to oppose

to more than two hundred and eighty belonging to the besieged.

The combined squadron remained quiet spectators of this tremendous scene. Guichen who commanded the French ships sent to offer assistance to Moreno, who replied that he had no occasion for any.

Matters continued to grow worse and no remedy could be devised. Eight of the ten batteries were at too great a distance to do or to sustain much injury; the two others bore in their bosom the elements of destruction. Moreno, despairing of being able to save any of them, and resolving that they should not fall into the hands of the English, directed that those which were already in flames should be suffered to burn, and that all the others should be set on fire. I have seen the original order to this effect. Such was the result of that day, on which were annihilated ten vessels, the master-pieces of human ingenuity, the building of which had cost three millions of livres, and whose artillery, anchors, cables, rigging, &c. amounted to near two millions and a half more.*

* The worthy d'Arçon, in the first moment of his consternation, acknowleged that he alone was to blame for the fatal issue of that day. I had for a considerable time in my possession the original of the short, but emphatic letter, which he wrote to Montmorin, the ambassador, from the very shore of

Scarcely had Gibraltar foiled beneath its walls this formidable attempt, when in sight of our armies and our squadrons, the place was revictualled by admiral Howe, who afterwards with his thirty-six ships boldly entered the Mediterranean. He was seen from Buena Vista passing from one sea to the other: every spectator supposed that he was running into the jaws of destruction. The fifty-two ships which were in the bay, weighed anchor and pursued him. But Howe baffled our manœuvres, as fortune had done our plans, and returned through the straits in the same security as he had entered them.

All these disappointments produced dissatisfaction, but not discouragement. The two French princes alone, and their brilliant retinue, who had come to the pillars of Hercules, in full confidence of being present at the taking of Gibraltar, thinking its reduction impossible,

Algeziras, amid the dying sound of the artillery, and by the light of the burning batteries. It was as follows:

"I have burned the temple of Ephesus; every thing is lost, and through my fault. What comforts me under my misfortune is, that the glory of the two kings remains untarnished."

On recovering however from the shock, d'Arçon wrote a learned memoir, in which he took great pains to modify the confession which had escaped him, and to prove that he had more than one partner, or rather that circumstances the most untoward and imperious constituted his only fault.

manifested an impatience to return, which displeased the court of Madrid, though it gave its consent. It was at the Escurial when they revisited that place. The reception which they experienced at this second interview was not quite so cordial as at the first. The enthusiasm which they had at first excited, had cooled; and indeed they could expect no other.

I had now before me the theatre of these events. With what interest I surveyed every object about this celebrated rock! It is steepest next to the Mediterranean, and gradually declines towards the bay of Algeziras. It is on this kind of talus that the art of fortification has multiplied the means of defence whose tremendous variety you would not have suspected.

Nature, as if to render Gibraltar inaccessible on all sides, has placed between the foot of this fortress, on the west, and the bay of Algeziras, a deep swamp, which extends to the land gate, and leaves between them only space sufficient for a very narrow causeway, commanded by near one hundred pieces of cannon. Between this swamp and the bay, a small dyke runs along by the sea-side to confine the water; and within the enclosure of the fortress the marsh is bordered by a palisade, which begins at the foot of the mountain and terminates at the sea. This palisade was the first victim sacrificed at the siege of Gibraltar; a new one was erected

immediately after the peace. From this point you may distinctly see the old mole, a kind of narrow jetty, lined on either side with batteries. It entirely masks the new mole, which is half a league behind it.

Across this palisade, we had an interview with three English officers, who in vain pressed us to infringe the prohibition of the court of Madrid. We could not, however, refuse their invitation to drink a few glasses of porter to the health of King George III. and General Elliot; after which we returned towards the lines. In retiring from the celebrated rock, I could not refrain from looking back at it twenty times. That, thought I, is the rock on which, for five years, the eyes of the universe were fixed. It is scarcely of the least use to the English, but they imagine their honour concerned in the preservation of this little spot, in spite of nature, which seems to have allotted it to the sovereign of the peninsula of which it forms a part: they accordingly spare no efforts to fortify, to retain, and to defend it. Spain, on the other hand, has no motive but vanity to attempt to recover it: and to this phantom, under a monarch sparing of the blood and treasure of his subjects, did she, during the space of four years, sacrifice immense sums, the most hopeful plans of more distant expeditions, and even the national glory!

CHAP. X.

Malaga—Return to Madrid through Ximena, Gausin, Ronda, Ossuna, &c.—Departure from Madrid, and its causes.—Three Roads from Madrid to Valencia.

It would now be the time to bring back my readers to Madrid, through the kingdom of Grenada; but I must confine my observations to the city of Malaga.

As you go from Cadiz to Malaga, you traverse a beautiful country, where lofty mountains and charming plains alternately succeed each other as far as Antequera, a town agreeably situated on the summit of a very high hill. From this place to Malaga there is an excellent road, which was begun in 1783, and winds, for the space of seven leagues, along hills covered with vineyards.

Malaga itself is in a delicious situation, in a climate where rain is unknown, except at the end of autumn. Towards the north and east it is sheltered by very lofty mountains, whose

summits are sometimes covered with snow. Towards the west extends a fertile plain watered by two small rivers. The sides of the mountains, at the foot of which Malaga stands, are in high cultivation, being covered with almond, olive, orange, lemon, and fig-trees, and with vineyards, the generous produce of which circulates at the tables of the rich from one end of the world to the other. There are upwards of six thousand vineyards in the district of Malaga. One year with another they yield more than seventy thousand arrobas of wine, half of which quantity is exported.

There are from twenty-eight to thirty different kinds of grapes, the best of which are known by the names of Tierno, Moscatel, and Pedro Ximenez. This last appellation, the origin of which cannot be precisely learned even on the spot, is given to one of the most celebrated sorts of Malaga wine, but which is not the exclusive produce of any particular district.

Another way of classing the grapes of Malaga, is according to the different periods at which they ripen. The early ones are gathered in the month of June. They make the best raisins *(passas)*, and yield a wine which is almost as thick as honey. The grapes of the season, which are gathered at the beginning of

September, furnish wines of superior quality and strength. Lastly, from the late grapes the genuine Malaga wines are made. Among these are certain kinds which are held in higher estimation by the connoisseurs in liquors, and which, being less common, are dearer than the ordinary wines. Such is, for instance, the wine called *Lagrima de Malaga*, which is the unpressed produce of the fruit of the best districts; such, too, is the wine of *Guindas*, or common Malaga, into which have been put young buds of the hard cherry-tree, whose fruit the Spaniards denominate *Guinda*.

Next to the vine the olive-tree contributes most largely to the opulence of Malaga. In the vicinity of that city there are five hundred olive-presses; but the oil, like that of the other provinces, and for the same reasons, is not of good quality: it is however tolerable at Velez Malaga, and still better in the neighbourhood of the village of Churian.

Very few people, even in Spain, know that sugar-canes are cultivated in the environs of Velez Malaga, and principally at Torrox, two leagues distant from that place. Through the want of wood, it is true, the sugar-houses, relics of the industry of the Moors, have been suffered successively to fall into ruins; and most of these canes serve only as playthings for

children who suck them. Among the plantations which still exist, those most worthy of notice belong to M. Thomas Quilty de Valois, who keeps at work two sugar-mills *(ingenios)*, the produce of which is very little inferior to the best sugars of the Antilles. He has also lately erected a distillery, which has furnished specimens of rum that may be compared with the best Jamaica. In his works, he uses pit-coal, which is imported from England, or comes from the Spanish coasts of the Mediterranean, where, for some time, coal-mines have been wrought for the purpose of supplying the wants of the department of Carthagena. There are even some at no great distance from Torrox; but such is the apathy of the Spaniards, on many points, notwithstanding the spirit of improvement excited with regard to many others, that they have not yet attempted to avail themselves of these treasures.

The mountains which surround Malaga present the mineralogist with inexhaustible stores. They contain jasper, alabaster, antimony, mercury, sulphur, lead, amianthus, loadstone, &c.

Malaga has scarcely any remarkable edifice except its magnificent cathedral, which remains unfinished for want of hands and funds; and a modern theatre, which is not destitute of elegance.

In the time of the Moors, this city and its environs were much more populous than at present. The city alone has contained upwards of eighty thousand souls. In 1747 it had between thirty-one and thirty-two thousand, and near fifty thousand in 1789. In the western part of its territory there were formerly above fifty villages; at present there are not more than sixteen. These facts alone would be sufficient to demonstrate the injury which Spain has sustained from the expulsion of the Moors.

This beautiful city has not only suffered from political ravages, but is liable, in rainy seasons, to destructive inundations from the torrent of the Guadalmedina, which runs through it. It has now and then been visited by earthquakes, and thirteen or fourteen times by the plague. The second contagion, which, in 1804, ravaged Andalusia and the coasts of the Mediterranean, made greater havoc here than in any other town of Spain. Malaga has three suburbs; the streets are narrow, muddy, and ill-paved. It is a large, rather than a handsome town, but its territory and port contribute to render it a place of considerable importance. Its harbour is very large and commodious; it is capable of containing four hundred merchantmen and ten ships of the line. Vessels may enter or leave

it with any wind whatever. The entrance is formed by two moles, at the distance of about three thousand fathoms from each other; but the sea gradually recedes from this coast, and as the current of the Guadalmedina carries along with it a great quantity of sand, it is not improbable that sooner or later the harbour of Malaga will be entirely choked up.

This city, however, is at present engaged in a very extensive commerce. The two nations who derive the greatest advantage from it are, in the first place, the French, and in the second, the English. In 1791 Malaga contained 321 natives of France, 342 Genoese, and 62 English. It is, nevertheless, visited by a greater number of the vessels of the latter nation than of any other. In 1789 they amounted to near one hundred, while those of the French did not exceed eight or ten. The Spaniards begin to frequent this port more than they used to do. In 1785, only two ships of that nation entered the harbour. In 1791 it was visited by thirty-nine, and in 1792 by thirty-three

The city of Malaga itself takes a direct part in maritime commerce.* It has about twenty

* These observations on the mercantile activity of Malaga may be considered as a supplement to, and, in some respects, as a modification of what we have said on the subject in Chap. VI. of Vol. II.

brigs and snows belonging to owners who employ them in frequent voyages to the Spanish Indies, to which they carry wines, spirituous liquors, raisins, figs, oil, linens, and mercery, and bring back in return, piastres, hides, and colonial produce. These vessels are also freighted sometimes with wine for Ostend, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and even for Riga and Petersburg. There is besides at Malaga a society of mariners called *Compañia de Navieros*, which possesses two or three vessels of three hundred and fifty tons burden, which are solely engaged in the commerce with India, exclusive of a great number of small lateen-rigged vessels, employed in the coasting trade of Spain and Portugal, from Barcelona to Lisbon, and sometimes hired to convey supplies to the presidencies of Spain.* But these different vesels are very rarely engaged in carrying the fruits of the country to Marseilles and Genoa. The ship-owners of Malaga relinquish this trade to the vessels of Catalonia, the Ragusan polacres, and the French tartans. This city is nevertheless a place of great business.

* This appellation is given to the places still possessed by Spain on the coasts of Africa, and which, since the evacuation of Oran and Mazalquivir, are reduced to the following: Melille, Ceuta, Alhucemas, and the Peñon.

It contained in 1804 sixty first-rate houses in every branch of commerce. It has manufactures of silks, velvet, shag, stockings, thread, hats, soap, paper, &c. Neither are the neighbouring towns without industry. There are manufactures of woollen cloth, baize, serge, at Coin, Junquerra, and in particular at Grazalemo, the cloths of which are in great demand. Serges are likewise manufactured at Ronda, baize and morocco leather at Antequera, and crucibles at Marbella.

Another less innocent branch of industry is likewise cultivated along this whole coast of the kingdom of Granada; I mean smuggling, which of late years has been carried on there with increased activity. The consequences are severe laws, which the government in vain endeavours to enforce, and frequent murders that are committed with impunity.

A road which runs along the sea-coast leads from Malaga to Velez Malaga, a handsome little town, a quarter of a league from the Mediterranean, and the native place of the celebrated minister Galvez. To give life to this district he established at Machara Viaya, a village near Velez, a manufactory of playing cards, which supplies all the Spanish colonies with that article.

But let us return to St. Roch, in order to resume our route to Madrid. By making a small

circuit the traveller may pass through Ximena, a small town situated on the side of a steep rock. About twenty years since, the minister Galvez established here a foundry of iron cannon and balls, exclusively intended for Spanish America.

Proceeding three leagues further, you come to Gausin, a handsome town in the midst of steep mountains, from which the rock of Gibraltar may be distinctly seen. It overlooks a deep valley, fertilized by the streams which water it in every part. The extensive domain of a convent of Franciscans contributes greatly to adorn the landscape. The possessions of the monks are universally in good situations, and in high cultivation, so that they tend to enliven the adjacent country. It is only their accumulation in cities that is attended with serious inconveniences at least for industry.

To the distance of two or three leagues beyond Gausin, the road runs along the sides of the hills, through vineyards which cover them from their very summits to the bottom of the valleys. The country afterwards becomes still more uneven; as far as Ronda, it consists entirely of lofty mountains, in the defiles of which winds an extremely rugged road.

From time to time you come to miserable villages, which hang as it were on the sides of naked rocks. Their position and their names Guatazin, Benali, and Atajates plainly indicate that they

were built by the Moors, who sought, in the bosom of these almost inaccessible mountains, retreats where they might be secure from the attacks of the christians. At present they are the haunts of robbers and smugglers.

After passing Atajate, the road ascends till it gains the summit of lofty mountains, whence the traveller sees, for the last time, the rock of Gibraltar.

Soon afterwards he discovers Ronda, a town surrounded almost entirely with a double inclosure of rocks. The situation is highly picturesque: but this kind of natural fortification, when it ceases to be useful, proves very inconvenient. At the bottom of this deep and narrow valley runs a small river, over which has, within these few years, been erected a stone bridge, which, from its elevation, excites in the mind of the passenger emotions of terror.

The environs of Ronda, to the north-east, abound in fruits of every kind, a circumstance rarely met with in Spain; for whether it is owing to the nature of the soil or the want of skill in the gardeners, the country of figs, olives, and oranges, seldom produces the other exquisite fruits which constitute the most ornamental and delicious part of our autumnal desserts. We shall indeed be disposed to ascribe this to mismanagement, when we consider that the king's table is supplied with excellent fruits of this kind

from the gardens of Aranjuez and St. Ildefonso, which are under the superintendance of skilful gardeners.

Paxarete, celebrated for its wine, is four leagues from Ronda, and belongs to M. Giron, one of the principal inhabitants of the latter town, a distinguished officer, known during the late war by the appellation of Marquis de las Amarillas.

Grazalema, is embosomed among rocks, like Ronda, from which it is only three leagues distant. The inhabitants having abundance of water, and few other resources, have established one of the principal manufactures of Spanish cloths for the consumption of the lower classes.

After passing Ronda, you proceed to Cañete, a town of a bad appearance, and traverse a rugged and dreary country, notwithstanding its extensive corn-fields, and plantations of olives. At the end of five long leagues, you arrive at Ossuna, the capital of the duchy of that name. The town is large, but though it is the residence of many of the nobility, nothing in it announces affluence. You may notice, if you please, an *alameda*, or public walk, adorned with a fountain, and amuse yourself with the pompous inscription which so highly extols so mean a monument.

The distance from Ossuna to Ecija is only six leagues, the road leading through one of the

most level and highly cultivated parts of Andalusia.

I have already conducted the reader from Ecija to Madrid, a distance of seventy-five leagues. I have now nothing more to do but to lead him back to the frontiers of France, by the route which I followed at the beginning of 1793, in consequence of an event which marked the first months of that year.

The court of Spain had beheld at a distance the storm that was gathering over the head of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and it was chiefly with the hope of averting it that, believing and pretending to give credit to the assurances of that prince, it received me in the month of May 1792, as his minister plenipotentiary. On this occasion, the Spanish monarch, and those by whom he was surrounded, were not perfectly consistent in their conduct in regard to me. They seemed freely and spontaneously to acknowledge my character; and yet, from the reception they gave me for four months, it was easy to perceive how extremely repugnant this negotiation was to their feelings. Such was the equivocal state of things when the news of the events of the 10th of August reached me at St. Ildefonso, the day before the aniversary of St. Louis, the festival of the queen. I nevertheless appeared at court; it was an effort of courage, and it was the last. From that day I thought it so much more in-

cumbent on me to keep away from it; because, since the deposition of the king, I had ceased to be acknowledged as his representative. This circumstance did not prevent me from seeing M. d'Aranda, and his successor the Duke de la Alcudia, as often as the interests of my country required.

Notwithstanding the pacific dispositions of which I was directed to assure the new government of France, the Spanish court was making preparations which seemed indicative of hostile intentions. My duty enjoined me not to suffer them to pass unnoticed. I requested an explanation respecting them. More than once the Spanish minister appeared indignant that a foreign government should intermeddle in the internal administration of his country. Being, however, at that time desirous of peace, and hoping, above all things, to save Louis XVI. he was on the point of binding himself to neutrality by a formal agreement. This agreement was actually drawn up in my presence, and forwarded to Paris, whence it was sent back with some slight alterations. These, however, Spain thought of sufficient importance to require fresh explanations.

In the mean time, the trial of the king commenced. Charles IV. urgently interceded in behalf of his kinsman; but in vain. The death of Louis was resolved upon. He was brought to the block, and my negotiation was broken off.

I demanded a passport, and left Madrid the 23d of February, 1793. As I had never visited Catalonia, which, on the eve of the war with which we were threatened, was likely to be the principal theatre of military preparations, I resolved to proceed through Valencia and Barcelona, and to return to France by way of Perpignan.

My first day's journey brought me to Aranjuez, where the court then resided. I saw once more a few friends whom I still retained among the Spaniards, and who, lamenting with me the disastrous rupture for which my 1 parture was the signal, predicted, as well as myself, that it would not be of long duration. I pursued my route and passed the night at Ocaña.

I entered La Mancha, the western part of which I had to cross on my way to the kingdom of Valencia. I had performed the same journey merely for pleasure in 1782, in the finest season of the year, and at a period when my mind, the whole political horizon, and every thing about me, was more serene.

There are three roads from Aranjuez to Valencia: one of them, the post road, passes through Tarancon, Requena, &c. It was this that I travelled in 1783. The other, which I took on my return, conducts through San Felipe, Almanza, and Albacete. The third is the beautiful new road, which leads in the most convenient manner from Madrid to Valencia.

We shall take a rapid survey of these two roads. If you chuse the post-road, you proceed for half a league, along the *Calle de la Reyna*; then, turning to the left, you bid adieu for a long time to verdure and shade.

In the space of seven leagues, you several times come within sight of the Tagus, but it is not the Tagus of Aranjuez, nor even of Toledo. You afterwards arrive at Fuente-Dueñas, a large village, which exhibits nothing but a picture of idleness and misery.

Three leagues beyond that place is Tarancon, a town of considerable size; a little beyond which you perceive the castle of Ucles, which, after having been, as its form indicates, a fortress built without doubt to prevent the incursions of the Moors, is now transformed into the peaceful asylum of a religious community.

I pass rapidly over the stages of Saylices, Villar del Saz, Olivarez, the situation of which, in the center of a nearly circular chain of hills, is extremely picturesque; and of Bonache, three leagues further on. The distance from Bonache to Campillo is five leagues; the road is encumbered with stones, and leads through a country which every where presents a picture of sterility and depopulation. For the greatest part of the five leagues between Campillo and Villargordo, you are conducted along the summits of the mountains, by paths where two persons could not

walk abreast, without running the risk of being precipitated into the deep valleys beneath. After stumbling in this manner for some hours over a rugged road in the midst of deserts, you descend by a zig-zag path, and discern the Rio Cabriel winding through a narrow valley, which it clothes with verdure, and which it leaves, after passing under a handsome bridge with a single arch, called *el puente de Pajaza*. Near this bridge is a spacious natural cavern, the retreat of the robbers and smugglers with which this unhappy country is infested.

The traveller, after he has ascended another very steep hill, at length arrives at the post-town of Villargordo.

The mountains over which we have just conducted the reader are denominated *Las Contreras*, a name which excites no very pleasant sensations in the traveller. The next four leagues bring him to Requena, across a plain, which affords the first specimen of the kingdom of Valencia. The neighbouring streams, from which cuts have been made to irrigate this plain, conspire with the goodness of the soil and the mildness of the climate, to adapt it to the cultivation of corn, wine, flax, and in particular of the mulberry-tree, as well as to pasturage.

Beyond Requena, you come to another chain of mountains called *Las Cabrillas*. This road is likewise in many places extremely rugged,

but fortunately it is of no great length; for at the end of three leagues you arrive at *la Venta del Relator*, a building perfectly lonely and detached.

As soon as you have passed Requena, you enter the kingdom of Valencia; and you perceive the transition in the industry and activity of the inhabitants, who fail not to avail themselves of the scanty patches of vegetable earth with which the brows of their rocks are covered.

The environs of Chiva in particular, justify the enchanting descriptions which have been given of this beautiful country. It affords inexpressible delight, after traversing the barren plains of Castile, where trees are so rare, where the herbage is without verdure, and the fields are uninclosed, to find yourself among quick hedges, formed by aloes, and serving as inclosures to orchards, pastures, and plantations of olive and mulberry trees.

This charming country extends to about half a league beyond Chiva. The soil then becomes less fertile. But the enchanted eye soon discerns Valencia and the Mediterranean. On arriving at the village of Quarte, which is a league distant from Valencia, you come to an uninterrupted succession of orchards, gardens, and little country houses, the simplicity of which forms a pleasing contrast with the luxuriance of nature. Half a league further you come to a second vil-

lage, the extremity of which joins the suburbs of Valencia.

The way by which I returned in 1785 is seven leagues longer than the above road. It is not frequented by the post, but you may perform the journey either in a *coche de colleras,* or at a much cheaper rate, in a kind of small chaises called *calezines,* which are very common both in the environs of Valencia and in the city itself.

Pursuing this second route, you are first conducted for six leagues, by an excellent road, through a very fertile country. The plantations of mulberry and olive trees, intermingled with fields of rice, extend to the environs of San Felipe. This town, formerly denominated Xativa, stands on the declivity of a mountain, at the foot of two castles; a position which accounts for its long resistance to the arms of Philip V. and for which it was punished with the loss of its name and privileges. It contains a very handsome church, and several fountains which would not disgrace the largest cities.

On leaving San Felipe, you proceed for three leagues between uncultivated and depopulated hills, to *la Venta del Puerto.* You are then on the confines of the kingdom of Murcia, so much extolled for its fertility and high cultivation. It is true that its claim to these panegyrics, has been acquired only by the plain in which its capital is situated on the bank of the Segura, and which