

guards faced to the right, that they might defend us from the cavalry of the bey of Mafcarà. This body of horse was soon dispersed by their fire, and that of the chebec of Ant° Barcelò. 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 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  
of

of the barbarians our unhappy fellow-foldiers, 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 reembark, as the enemy was raising another battery in front, which we must pass under if we persisted in the undertaking. 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 re-embarked, 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 well as many 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 corpes 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

TRAVELS THROUGH SPAIN. 43

12th.

At six, a. m. signal for weighing anchor. Soon after most of the fleet failed 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 reembarked, and

20th.

Landed at Barcelona.

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L E T T E R VI.

Barcelona, November 11, 1775.

**W**E 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

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civilities.



civilities. The intendant has shewn us every possible mark of politeness, and rendered easy to us the 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 such 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,

nences, 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 surpris'd, 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 an hollow 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 pass'd 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*, a species of *mimosa* or sponge-tree, bearing a round yellow flower with a faint musky smell, to which they attribute many odd qualities. If you  
chew



chew the feed, 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 to-morrow up the mountain to the castle.

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## L E T T E R VII.

Barcelona, November 12, 1775.

I Am this moment returned from the fortrefs 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

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 found. 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, an insurmountable



## 48 TRAVELS THROUGH SPAIN.

furmountable 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 to the 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

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, tho' 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 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.

## L E T T E R 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.

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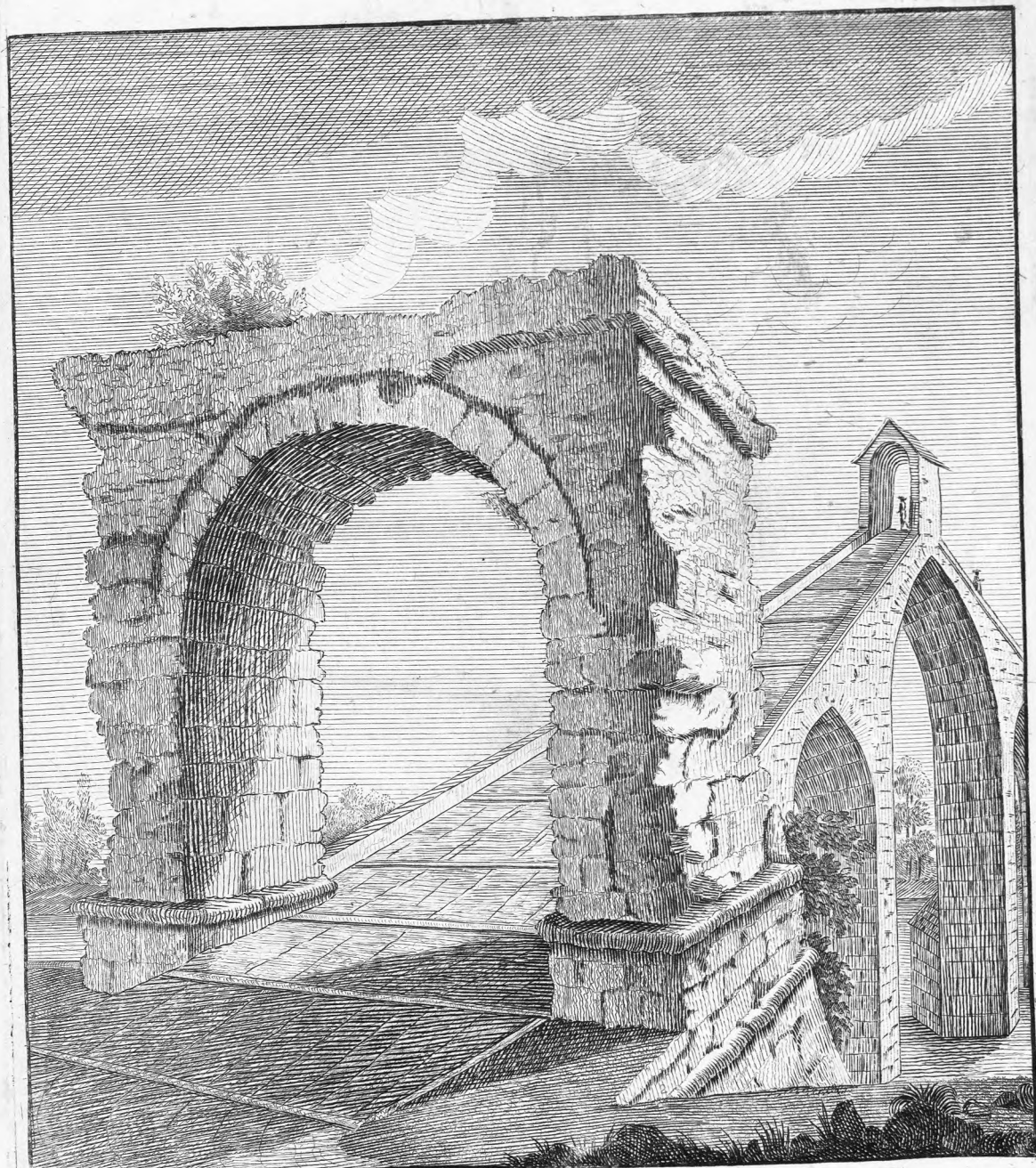


For about five or six miles the road is finished with a magnificence equal to the best in France, but after that, it relapses into its original state; however, though rough for carriages, it is very soft and pleasant for riding. The country up the Llobregat is well cultivated, but subject to frequent 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 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

<sup>3</sup> Monte ferrado 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.



*H. S. del. et sc. 1775.*

*HANNIBAL'S ARCH.*