gance of popular preaching, and various idle ceremonies, Floridablanca, and more especially Campomanes, laboured, with no less talent than success, to introduce a knowledge of political economy, in all its branches, amongst his countrymen: his invaluable work on popular industry, which the ministers of Charles III. circulated in Spain and the Colonies with as much zeal and avidity as the Bible is distributed in England at the present moment, produced an astonishing effect on the habits and manners of the people, rousing them from the lethargy of centuries, and opening an inexhaustible field for their talents and industry. The efforts of Campomanes to promote commerce, manufactures, the useful arts, and the charitable establishments which he founded under the auspices of Charles III., place this able and learned writer on a level with the most distinguished philanthropists of modern times.

Jovellanos, whose name is synonymous with all that is good and amiable, may be said to have equalled the best of his European contemporaries, and gone far beyond most of them, in all those excellencies which constitute an eloquent writer, refined scholar, and profound statesman. It would be almost impossible to point out a gap in literature and political discussion, that was not filled, and ably filled, by this extraordinary writer, to whom the flattering compliment of Dr. Johnson to Goldsmith might be applied, with still more justice.
It has been truly said, that whatever he did was well done; whether he unravelled the intricacies of political economy; traced the manners and customs of ancient times; prepared an essay on education or the fine arts; dwelt on some difficult point of historical research; composed a tragedy, or wrote an ode; all seemed alike familiar to his versatile pen; so that he never failed in any literary undertaking, however complicated and difficult. It is even said of him, that he succeeded in the above branches, as if each had been the exclusive study of his life. It will be an eternal stain on the reign of Charles IV., that this great and lamented character was consigned to imprisonment in a fortress, during more than six years of his valuable life, for his efforts in favour of virtue and truth; nor will it be easy for many persons, who might be named, to exonerate themselves for the part they acted towards him, in 1811; a treatment that no man ever merited less than Jovellanos, and which accelerated the loss of one, who might still have been, as he was before, the most brilliant ornament of his country. If the literati of Spain look forward with anxiety for a collection of this writer's works, the Spanish people anticipate the day when justice shall be done to his memory by their representatives, and some atonement made for the persecution he experienced while living. As Jovellanos was amongst the few men of our time, who have written for posterity, so will the
future legislators of Europe, as well as of Spain, not fail to profit from his immortal labours.*

* Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos was born at Gijon in Asturias, on the 5th of January, 1744; after receiving the first rudiments of his education there, and at Oviedo, he was sent to complete his studies at Alcala de Henares. Had the original intention of placing the young student in the clerical profession been followed up, there is no calculating the loss that general literature would have sustained. The nomination of Jovellanos to the place of criminal judge at Seville, in 1767, may, therefore, be regarded as a victory in favour of civilization. Devoted to letters from his youth, the leisure afforded by a great variety of harassing occupations at Seville was filled up by the composition of “Pelayo” and “El Delincuente Honorado”; the first a tragedy, and the second a comedy, performed at Oviedo, in 1782, and since esteemed as two of the most popular plays in Spain. Having been appointed to a place in the hall of Alcaldes, Jovellanos came to the capital in 1778: meeting with Cabarrus in the following year, an intimacy was formed, which continued through life. Campomanes had already recognised the powers of Jovellanos, so that he had waited only the present opportunity to take him by the hand. His famous “Informe,” or essay on the project of an Agrarian Law, was published in 1787, and followed by that on public amusements. It was owing to his support of Cabarrus, against the intrigues of Lerena, the Minister of Finances, that Jovellanos was ordered to quit Madrid, for the superintendency of certain public works at Salamanca and Asturias. Returning to the capital, to assist his friend, another royal order was delivered to him, commanding him to return instantly; nor was it till through the representations of Cabarrus that he could come back to Madrid. Nominated Ambassador to Russia, in 1797, he was in possession of that appointment only a few days, when an order arrived, directing him to repair to Madrid, to fill the office of Minister of Justice. Although not less diffident in his new situation, than was Addison when Secretary of State, this did not
The patronage and protection accorded to Count Francisco de Cabarrus, by Charles III., and his prime minister Floridablanca, proves that prevent the philosophic minister from setting about the work of reform: the zeal he manifested, but above all his extreme popularity, which excited the jealousy of Godoy himself, was soon fatal to his power. Retiring to his native place, the three following years of this great man's life were passed in deploiring the wretched state of Spain, and devising all the means he possessed, of ameliorating the condition of the people, particularly in the establishment of a school at Gijon. The circulation of a Spanish copy of the "Contrat Social," in which the anonymous translator happened to insert a note in praise of Jovellanos, served as a pretext for his exile to the castle of Bellver, in Majorca; dragged away from his home, on the 13th March, 1801, he was conducted to the above gloomy place, and confined with the greatest rigour, till the 22nd of the same month, in 1808; when, a letter came from Caballero, the Minister of State, informing him that he was at liberty to return to court. Searcely had Jovellanos reached Gijon, debilitated from a long illness, and almost broken hearted with unmerited sufferings, than Floridablanca, who was placed at the head of the Regency, called upon him to form part of the patriotic government.

Though nothing could be more remote from the wishes of Jovellanos, than to venture again on the precarious sea of politics, he had too much patriotism to resist the present appeal: during the eighteen months, in which he was a member of the central Junta, there was not a single act of the government determined on without consulting him; and he also drew up various important memoirs on the measures to be adopted for assembling the Cortes. It was on the removal of the Junta, from Aranjuez to Seville, that Lord Holland became acquainted with the Asturian philosopher: two men, whose pursuits had been so similar, were not long in forming an intimacy. It must have been a rich treat to the Noble Lord, to have had so good an opportunity of con-
their favours were not confined to native Spaniards. Though born at Bayonne, this enlightened statesman, and able financier, had no sooner presented

ferring with one of the greatest literary characters Spain had ever produced: scarcely less so for Jovellanos, to meet with a statesman of whose patriotism and proficiency in the belles lettres, particularly those of Spain, he could not have been ignorant. His Lordship is said to possess a bust of the Spanish sage, which was executed at Seville, before they separated: the request of this memorial was a delicate mode of complimenting Jovellanos, and is highly honourable to his Lordship.

Deeply affected by the unfounded calumnies circulated against the Junta, and still in a very indifferent state of health, Jovellanos determined to retire from a scene where his services were so badly requited: for this purpose, he addressed a letter to the Regency, at Cadiz, requesting they would accept his resignation, and allow him some means of subsistence; he was penniless! The leave required, being granted, and a provision made for him, Jovellanos sailed from Cadiz, on the 26th February, 1810, and, having narrowly escaped shipwreck at the entrance of Muros de Noya, in his native province, he landed there on the 6th of the following month. Jovellanos would have suffered much more than the fatigues of this voyage without a murmur; his only source of sorrow, was in the ingratitude of his country, for which he had so long toiled, only to be abandoned and calumniated in his old age. He had not been long at Muros, before an event occurred, which was not a little calculated to increase his irritation at such unmerited reports: the Junta of Galicia, joining in the outcry, so unjustly raised against the members of the central Junta, despatched an officer and party of soldiers, to seize the papers of Jovellanos and his companion, the Marquis of Campo-Sagrado; also to ascertain whether they were furnished with passports. This act of needless oppression seems to have affected the Philosopher the more; as, although its injustice was recognized,
his plan for the establishment of a national bank, than he was taken by the hand, and until sacrificed to the intrigues of faction, like his friend those who acted so cruelly never took any steps to redress the injury, or soothe the wounded feelings of Jovellanos. Owing to the imprisonment of several members of the Junta, and the false assertions which continued to be circulated relative to those who formed that body, Jovellanos undertook its defence: his work on this subject was printed at Coruña in 1811, and contains a complete justification of all their measures, as well as an exposition of his own treatment, during the preceding twenty-five years of his life.

Returning to Gijon in July, Jovellanos was received by the populace, and those of his old friends who remained, with all the enthusiasm and joy natural to persons who felt as if they had recovered a long-lost benefactor. Cries of "live the father of his country, live the benefactor of Gijon, and all the province!" resounded through the streets; but, time had made such havoc among his acquaintances, that many of them were resting in the tomb; the most distressing mutation was, the total disorganization of his establishment for education; which had been recently converted into a barrack, by a party of French troops. The first care of Jovellanos was, to make the best arrangements he could for its restoration, and some progress had been made in this, as well as in other schemes in favour of humanity, when news arrived that another body of French were advancing with rapidity. This unexpected intelligence threw all the inhabitants into the utmost consternation, and Jovellanos amongst the rest determined to embark immediately: he did so; but, as in the former voyage, a storm arose, and the vessel in which he had embarked, was driven into a small port of Asturias, called Vega, whence he was destined never to depart. Called upon to attend Don Pedro Valdes Llenos, a relation, and his companion in misfortune, Jovellanos paid him all the attentions of the tenderest
Jovellanos, he continued for many years to aid in the reformation of abuses, being, himself, the restorer of public credit, which had been totally friendship; till, being himself attacked by disease, he was no longer able to fill that office. Although concealed from the knowledge of Jovellanos, his friend had died on the 25th, and he himself survived only two days, when he resigned a life, of which the last twenty years had been passed in persecution and suffering. Many of those who joined in the malignant outcry against Jovellanos, while he lived, hastened to pay a last tribute to his memory when dead, by following his remains to the grave. The body of this philanthropist, patriot and philosopher, was deposited in the cemetery of Vega, on the 29th, and a barbarous epitaph engraved on a stone which covered him, till the circumstances of the war afforded an opportunity of his ashes being removed to the family vault at Gijon. Notwithstanding the difficulty of communication, the news of this great man's death flew like lightning through the Peninsula, and was everywhere deplored as a national calamity: politicians, literary men, students, and populace, all regarded his loss as irreparable to science, art and education; even the instruments of faction, who had assisted in persecuting him, are said to have acknowledged their crime, and repented. A decree of Cortes, then assembled in Cadiz, paid a just tribute to departed excellence: after expressing how much Spain was indebted to his efforts, they ordered that the essay on Agrarian Law should not only be consulted, as its chief guide, by the Committee of Agriculture, but even made an integral part of study in the Schools and Universities. It remains for the present Cortes of Spain to complete this tardy compensation to persecuted genius, by some testimony still more worthy of his exalted merits.

It need scarcely be said that Jovellanos died in extreme poverty: it was worthy of those who persecuted him through life, to aggravate his sufferings by the additional evil of penury.
destroyed, by previous mismanagement. The letters addressed by Cabarrus to Jovellanos, like

Such conduct on the part of the Court, and the misled enthusiasts of Cadiz, who endeavoured to blacken his character while living, requires no comment; curses, "not loud, but deep," will be heaped on their heads by posterity; and when it is recollected that the treatment of Jovellanos was systematically extended to all those who had any pretensions to honour, virtue and talents, where is the man who will not raise his eyes to heaven, and bless the day when such a state of things was destroyed?

Of all those who promised to celebrate the name, and record the services rendered to humanity, by the philosopher of Asturias, his friend, Don Augustin Bermudez, is the only person who has performed that task: his "Memoir," from which much of the foregoing data is taken, contains a number of interesting particulars, both of the life and writings of Jovellanos. The conclusion to be drawn from the statement of his biographer, is, that the powers of Jovellanos were so vast and varied, his labours for the public good so unceasing, it would be difficult to name a single branch of human knowledge that he did not understand and employ for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Human vanity and presumption have sought to assimilate man to the Divinity: if ever such a doctrine could be justified, it is, surely, where the gifts of God are so profusely bestowed as they were on Jovellanos, and where the possessor thought only of employing them for the good of the species.

The Spanish nation looks with anxiety for an edition of this great man's works: this is the inheritance of Europe, as well as of Spain; and will be a fountain at which all civilized nations, who aim at perfection in morals and legislation, will drink. As a writer, Jovellanos approaches nearer the brilliance of Edmund Burke, than any other I can name; but his style possessed excellencies which were unknown even to the Irish luminary. His Tragedy of "Pelayo" has been compared to the "Cato" of Addison, while the Comedy of "The Honourable Delinquent,"
the latter's essay on the project of an Agrarian Law, ought to be familiar to every nation in Europe.*

is equal, in comic power, to those of Goldsmith and Sheridan. His Odes and Lyric Poetry are not inferior to those of Collins, while the Epistles, of which his biographer has published four, unite the harmony and vigour of Pope and Johnson.

The conduct of Jovellanos, after his return from so long an exile, when his recent treatment must have been sufficient to estrange the most faithful adherent of the Bourbon Dynasty, proves him to have been one of the purest patriots and most disinterested men that ever adorned any age or country. Named Minister of the Interior by King Joseph, the appointment was accompanied with letters from all his most intimate friends, including Azanza, Mezzaredo, O'Farrell and Cabarrus, entreat ing him in the most earnest terms to join them in putting an end to the miseries of their common country; but these, and a strong letter from the French general Sebastiani, stating motives which would have had great weight with many, were altogether ineffectual. This rejection of fortune, rank, honours and power, on the part of a man who had been impoverished in means, and broken in spirit, by so many years of relentless persecution, places Jovellanos almost without a rival in modern history.

The claims of this great and good man to the sympathy of Englishmen, are, by no means, inconsiderable: the theory of our Constitution was perfectly familiar to him; he loved to trace its striking affinities with the old laws and institutions of Spain. It was magnanimous thus to regard a nation whose ministers had frequently adopted a cruel, if not a dishonest policy, towards his native country.

* Although Count Guaso was the immediate patron of Cabarrus, he might have continued much longer unnoticed were it not for Floridablanca, who soon discovered the talents of this
But the galaxy of genius and talent, which adorned the reign of Charles III., and most of whom lived to experience neglect and persecu-

able statesman. His persecution did not commence till 1789, when the Priesthood and Courtiers, who surrounded Charles IV., procured an order for his exile to Batres, a castle within a few leagues of this city: though his friend Floridablanca was still in the ministry, he could not oppose the torrent. When Godoy got into power, two years after, Cabarrus was one of the many reformers who experienced the support and protection of the new favourite. His celebrated letters to Jovellanos, on the existing abuses in the government of Spain, were written while in exile, and appeared in 1795, with a long dedication to the Prince of Peace, to whom he speaks as to a benefactor and friend. These letters breathe a spirit of philanthropy and enthusiasm highly creditable to the writer; they are also amongst the most eloquent specimens of political reasoning, that have ever appeared in this country: their importance may be conceived from the subjects treated: the first relates to the obstacles which nature opposes to agriculture, and on the means of removing them; the second is on the obstacles arising from opinion, and the mode of remedying them, by the diffusion of knowledge, and a general system of public education; the third treats on the legislative obstacles, in their relation to produce and imports; the fourth is devoted to the nobility and the law of primogeniture; the fifth is on public health, and imperfections of Sanitary regulations in Spain: the volume closes with a memorial addressed to Charles III., on the extinction of the national debt, and the mode of levying contributions. As might be expected, a publication, in which the most crying abuses were fully exposed, could not fail to call forth all the ire of the servile and religious factions. Although some years were passed in obscurity or exile, it does not appear that Godoy abandoned his friend. Being appointed Minister of
tion, during the reigns of his two successors, has disappeared, giving place to a new set of men; who, if they do not lay claim to the solidity and learning of their predecessors, are neither deficient in talents nor patriotism.

Although the limits of this correspondence, which has already become much more voluminous than I had anticipated, prevent me from entering into a detailed notice of the living literati of Spain, I should be exceedingly sorry to be denied the pleasure of frequently returning to a subject, which opens so wide a field of panegyric and instruction, since there is no department of science or literature that has not been successfully cultivated by the existing writers of the Peninsula. Notwithstanding all the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of knowledge during the last six years of proscription and misrule, there are numbers here, who, in natural endowments, and solid acquirements, do honour to the age. It is impossible to repeat the names

Finance under the French government in Spain, Cabarrus repaired to Seville in 1810, and was occupied in carrying his favourite plan of reform into effect, when he was seized with a sudden illness, of which he died in a few days. Though full of that vehemence, which forms the distinguishing characteristic of enthusiasm, Spain never possessed a more upright man or able minister, than the Gount de Cabarrus: Jovellanos, who did not approve of his following the fortunes of the new King, still paid a warm tribute to the virtues of Cabarrus, in his defence of the central Junta.
of such men as Lardizabal,* Toribio Nuñez, Cambronero, Herreros, Salas, Cabrera, Hermosilla, Reinoso, Vascons, Andujar, Clemente, Rodriguez, O’Farril, Fernandez, Moratin, Gorrostiza, and a host of others, in the various branches of legislation, jurisprudence, science, politics, history, poetry and the drama, without acknowledging that Spain still possesses writers who require to be more generally known to be esteemed and admired. A list of those who have laboured in what are called the exact sciences, such as astronomy, chemistry, botany, medicine, and the mathematics, during the last sixty years, would occupy a large space, and prove that the professors of Spain have not been either idle or inferior, in point of talent, to the best of their contemporaries. But what could be expected in a country, where the works of Gassendi, Descartes and Newton, were excluded from the Universities, as late as 1771, because they did not “symbolize,” with revealed religion!†

* Don Manuel de Lardizabal, one of the Provisional Junta of Government, published an essay on punishments, in 1782, in which he points out the monstrous absurdities of those inflicted by the criminal code of Spain: his chapter on the practice of applying the torture in criminal prosecutions is much admired. Lardizabal’s work is regarded as a classical work, worthy of being placed on the same shelf with Beccaria’s immortal volume.

† Some valuable data, on the progress of science in Spain, have appeared in a volume recently published at Paris, by a Mr.
It is natural to particularize those, to whom I am more especially indebted for a considerable portion of the information sought for, during my visit to this capital. Most willingly would I dwell on the merits of Marina and Llorente,*

Hautefort, whose book would have been more popular, were his remarks exclusively confined to science. Not content with disfiguring his work by a large stock of egotism, he favours his readers with an essay on the defects of the Spanish Constitution, in which all the patriots of 1812 are very plainly denounced as levellers and democrats, for not having adopted a chamber of Peers. M. Hautefort's account of the defence of Zaragoza will be read with pleasure by all those who admire the heroism displayed there in 1808.

* M. Llorente is amongst the most industrious, useful and correct writers, of whom his country can boast; like Jovellanos, his pen has never been taken up, except to support the interests of religion and humanity. Brought up to the clerical profession, he became a Canon at the Cathedral of Toledo, in the early part of Charles IV.'s reign, and was appointed Secretary at the Inquisition at Madrid, in 1789: availing himself of the advantages thus afforded, the three years he continued in office were divided between softening down the sanguinary code of the Holy Office, and collecting the materials for illustrating its past history; of these, his four interesting volumes, so often quoted in my former letters, compose only a part.

Convinced, with some of the wisest and best men in Spain, that reform, political and religious, could come only from without, and in obedience to the peremptory injunctions of his Sovereigns, Charles IV. and Ferdinand, M. Llorente submitted to the new king, and was immediately appointed Minister for Public Instruction; entrusted with various important commissions by the government of Joseph Buonaparte, he discharged
two ecclesiastics, who have linked their names with the civil, religious and political history of their country so closely, that both must go down the stream of time together. It would,

them with a zeal and ability, which obtained general approba-
tion: his efforts to prevent excesses on both sides were particu-
larly conspicuous during the war. Included in the proscription, which awaited all the followers of Joseph, M. Llorente's exile has been attended with the loss of personal property to a very large amount; a valuable library, and the whole of his emoluments. Neither poverty nor persecution have, however, for a moment, interrupted the labours of this excellent man.

His works are extremely voluminous, and all tending to some grand object of reform and improvement. An essay, published by him in 1812, exposed many of the abuses which have crept into church discipline; and, amongst others, the nomination of Bishops by the Popes, or by temporal Sovereigns, instead of being elected by the clergy and people, as they were originally. His academical discourse on the Holy Office appeared soon after. Since these publications, the "Critical History," and "Plan of a Religious Constitution," already mentioned, have added greatly to his literary reputation. The last named work has been denounced by the Bishop of Barcelona, and a severe cen-
sure passed on it; this gave rise to a second work, entitled an apology for the former; in which, every article attacked by the censor is ably refuted, and the doctrines previously laid down more strengthened than ever. Thus it is, that the persecutions of talent and virtue are rendered useful to mankind.

From the magnitude and number of M. Llorente's offences, there is little doubt, that, if the Inquisition were restored, and should he fall into the hands of its familiars, he would, himself, grace one of those spectacles so often and well described in his works.

The publication of a work, in which the author has pr-
perhaps, be impossible to name any two writers who have such claims on the gratitude of present and future generations: both have rendered incalculable services to Spain, in elucidating the

duced various interesting documents, and, amongst others, a remonstrance made by the minister of Saint Louis to Pope Innocent IV., in 1247, against the undue and tyrannical influence of the Sovereign Pontiff, no less than his Plan of a Religious Constitution, has made M. Llorente an object of jealousy and hatred to the French hierarchy, and was the cause of his being excluded from performing mass in any of the churches in Paris. This cruel and malignant act has deprived him of a trifling stipend; thus considerably reducing means, which were already, of the most circumscribed description. The result of all this series of injustice at home, and persecution abroad, is, that the author of the “Critical History,” after enjoying an ample fortune, during the time of his life when it was least wanted, is now reduced to the necessity of seeking his bread in a strange land.

In addition to his articles furnished to the *Rêveue Encyclopédique*, M. Llorente occasionally offers some wholesome advice to his countrymen, and much as he disapproves of many acts of the constitutional government, more especially those of which relate to the *Afrancesados*, he is not the less patriotic or anxious for its preservation; his opinions on the policy which the ministers ought to pursue, are to be found in several letters, published under the signature of Candido.

Upon the whole, this excellent divine may be said to exhibit the sublimest spectacle of our nature; that of a virtuous man struggling with adversity, and sustaining his principles in the midst of difficulties; of which, only a small part, would convert hundreds of his contemporaries into hypocrites and slaves.

The documents collected by M. Llorente, relative to the
most complicated and important points of its former history. The theory of the Cortes, and annals of the Holy Office, are imperishable monuments of erudition and deep research: a knowledge of their contents is absolutely necessary to every Spaniard, who is desirous of forming a clear and unbiassed judgment on the past condi-

more remarkable trials and persecutions of the Holy Office, also the correspondence of Charles V. with his ambassador at Rome, one of the most interesting extant, would be a valuable acquisition to the British Museum; though there is reason to believe that they have been offered to it, and rejected. His life of the venerable Bishop of Chiapa is in the press, and could not be better dedicated than to his collateral descendant, the faithful and persecuted follower of Napoleon.

M. Llorente's knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and theological controversy, has obtained for him the appellation of "the walking library," (biblioteca ambulante:) learning could not be better conferred, for he is ever ready to communicate it, and without that pedantic vanity displayed by so many of his contemporaries in Spain, and other countries. Owing to the peculiarity of his situation, which has prevented M. Llorente from returning home, as well as the want of good faith amongst some French and Spanish booksellers, who have printed editions of his works, without consulting the author, they have become more profitable to others than to himself.

In closing this inadequate notice of the services rendered to mankind by M. Llorente, I would appeal to the humane and benevolent, whether it is not a stain on the character of the times, that such men should be suffered to end their days in poverty; and I will ask, with what justice those who neglect them, can reproach the persecutors of Cervantes, Tasso and Camoens?
tion of his country: they will be permanent guides to Spain, nor should her legislators ever advance a step, without consulting these inestimable productions.*

If the vacuum left by Trigueros, Melendez, Francisco de Salas, the elder Moratin, and Yriarte, in didactic and satirical poetry, or that of Cienfuegos in the drama, has not been filled up so effectually as might be wished, yet are there living writers, who bid fair to rival the most favoured of their predecessors. It cannot be too often repeated in praise of Spanish poets, that their muse is scarcely ever disgraced, by offering incense to power: it has, on the contrary, been almost invariably devoted to the cause of liberty, and in animating their country to cultivate and cherish the only real conservative principle of human happiness, civilization. Following the example of Cienfuegos, the Alfieri of Spain, his successors, particularly Quintana, Martinez de la Rosa, Saviñon, Gorostiza,† and other drama-

* Marina has never obtained a higher dignity than his fellow labourer Llorente, that of a canon. Part of his labours, the theory of the Cortes, has been published in a French dress, since my return from the Peninsula. I frequently heard the venerable author advocate the cause of liberty in the national congress while at Madrid.

† Though a native of Vera Cruz, this spirited and popular writer has been educated in the Peninsula, and is so identified with its Literati, as if born amongst them. Most of his comedies
tic writers, in making their pens subservient to the interests of freedom, have done wonders towards spreading the sacred flame amongst their countrymen; a circumstance which will, of itself, give more chance of immortality to their efforts, than that which awaits numberless dramatic productions of other countries, in which it would be vain to look for either morality or patriotism. Impressed with the powerful and salutary influence, which scenic representation is capable of producing on a warm-hearted and generous people, these writers have taken full advantage of their position: it is a fortunate circumstance for Spain, that her poets are not influenced by those mercenary motives, which have induced contemporary bards to lend themselves to despotism: their conduct was doubly important, at a time when the progress of tyranny and superstition required all the exertions of the wise and good, to stem a torrent, that threatened the flame of liberty with total extinction. So long as the poets of Spain persevere in the admirable course they have

are great favourites with the Spanish public; and it should be said in his praise, that they are all favourable to freedom. "Indulgencia para Todos," his first production, brought out whilst terrorism was at its height, is amongst the most popular plays performed on the Spanish stage; and deservedly so, as it regards purity of style, and tendency to inspire patriotism. The pen of Gorostiza, like those of many other dramatic writers, has been sedulously employed in celebrating the restoration of liberty.
hitherto pursued, there will be no cause to apprehend this worst of calamities, and so long will they be entitled to the first place among European bards. Surely there is no virtue so exalted, no praise too great, for men, who could thus, in the midst of poverty and persecution, brave every danger; who never raised their voices, except to impress their fellow-citizens with a due sense of what became the dignity of human nature; and, finally, who never forgot that poetry is a gift from the Divinity, composed for the express purpose of exalting the species, and inspiring a love of independence.*

Conde, one of the most celebrated writers of his day, has illustrated the Arabic literature of Spain; although this amiable man, and refined scholar, is amongst the recent losses of his country, a posthumous work of his composition, which cannot fail to throw great light upon the interesting subject to which he chiefly devoted his talents, is in a course of publication.

The poetical literature of Spain is likely to be elucidated by one, who possesses the requisite talents for such a task in a most eminent degree. A residence of some years here, has afforded Mr.

* Although I cannot be persuaded to join in the opinion that Mr. Bentham is supposed to entertain of poetry, as a source of benefit to mankind, the servile conduct and vacillation of principle displayed by so many votaries of the nine, are certainly some excuse for the poetical scepticism of that great man.
Bowring an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the poetry of this country from its earliest periods; whenever my friend undertakes this task, he has the means of adding a precious acquisition to the stock of English literature.*

Numerous and respectable as the Spanish historians were, in the reigns of the Austrian dynasty, when Zurita, Mariana, Herrera, Mendoza, and many other chroniclers illustrated the historical events of Spain, it is not without reason, that the want of a regular history, from the accession of the Bourbon family down to the present day, is complained of by the Spaniards themselves. But, since history was, above all other branches

* Besides the essay I quoted in my last letter, some articles, which have appeared in the Retrospective Review, bear ample testimony to Mr. Bowring's capacity to do justice to the poets and poetical literature of Spain. Although I would not recommend my friend to abandon the more important walks of legislation and political economy, in which he has made a progress, that promises to be of the utmost service to his country, I should be sorry to imagine that the fruits of his researches in Spanish poetry were not sent forth in a more voluminous form: whenever he takes up the subject, I intreat him not to forget the poetical remains of Jovellanos.

The Russian Anthology, which places its editor on the first ranks of British versifiers, has appeared since the above remarks were written: when I add that this singularly beautiful collection was prepared during a commercial visit to St. Petersburg, it will be allowed that the praises bestowed on my amiable and much-valued friend are not exaggerated.
of literature, calculated to promote a spirit of reform, in exposing the truth, no wonder that the Inquisition should have taken such pains to prevent the circulation of any work that was not written in the servile spirit of the times. As no regular history has appeared subsequent to that of Ortis, whose annals of Phillip V.'s, reign contain a mere uninteresting detail of events, an important vacuum remains to be filled up in the literature of this country. Had they lived under a different system of government, such men as Isla, Jovellanos, and Cabarrus, would have performed that task to perfection: as it is, Spain has her Reinosos, Quintanas, and Llorentes, all of whom are too strongly impressed with the necessity of making history a prominent point in public education, to neglect such a fertile source of practical wisdom in morals and politics.*

Quintana is, perhaps, the only living writer of Spain, who has endeavoured to approximate the biography of her great men to the object which Plutarch had in view: his lives of illustrious Spaniards, published in 1807, is one of the most

* Amongst the French writers who have treated on Spain, the abridged history of Duchesne, tutor to the Infantes of Spain, in the reign of Philip V., has been translated by Isla, who added some valuable notes. Next to Dr. Robertson's admirable history, may be ranked the history of the Revolutions of Spain, by Pere d'Orleans, who had previously treated those of England.
valuable historical works in the language, and pre-eminently calculated to animate the youth of Spain, in the path of true glory. Although interrupted by the events of the following year, it is hoped that if the eloquent author should not continue this praiseworthy undertaking, it will be resumed by some other writer; for, as the interest we feel in the actions of ancient heroes, or those of foreign nations, is by no means so powerful a stimulus as the lessons drawn from those of native growth, it would be a pity to leave the mine presented in Spanish history unexplored.*

* The future historians of present times will find some of their most valuable materials in the memoirs of M. Llorente, published soon after the restoration of Ferdinand. In his preface to the third volume, the author does not hesitate to say, that the Abbé de Pradt's account of the first Spanish revolution was composed chiefly from his work; and, what is worse, without any acknowledgment of the plagiarism. This is not a solitary charge; M. Angeloni, the Neapolitan publicist and philosopher, celebrated for his writings in favour of Italian independence, complains of a similar honour having been done to him by the ex-Bishop; and perhaps there are others who may be added to the list. I have frequently been inclined to suspect, that his Grace of Malines is one of the many foreign writers who "drink deep" at the fountain of Jeremy Bentham, though they forget to point out the source. There is little doubt but Mr. Henri de Saint Simon was long since anticipated in his excellent notions, concerning the different classes which divide civil society; for they are to be found abundantly scattered in the treatises on legislation, wherein the profound and judicious Du-
It is needless now to enter into a minute examination of the Spanish language, or point out those qualities which give it a marked superiority over many other dialects; a task, which requires a much abler pen: yet, I may be permitted to say, that it would be difficult to name one more adapted to the purposes of dramatic poetry and prose. It is hardly necessary to add, that the productions of the Spanish stage have long been made tributary to the writers of every other country. Lope de Vega, Calderon and Moreto, are names which belong to Europe rather than to Spain; for, who has not profited by their labours? The plays of Cienfuegos, who should have lived to see his country free,* are no less distinguished for elevation of sentiment, than their pure poetry and nervous style. Nearly all the tragedies of this popular writer are founded on the early historical annals of Spain; and, con-

* This justly celebrated poet, was the nephew of Jovellanos, and died soon after the entry of the French armies into the Peninsula.
sequently, full of allusions to its former glories. Zorayda, La Condesa de Castilla, and Idomeneo, are fair specimens of the claims of Cienfuegos to the first rank amongst dramatic poets: they are full of passion and pathos, which would not be dis-owned by the Drydens, Otways, and Rowes of our own country. The same qualities may be traced in the Pelayo of Quintana, and la Viuda de Padilla of Martínez de la Rosa: the first composed, to celebrate the actions of Spain’s earliest Christian hero, is extremely creditable to the patriotism and talents of the author: as to the second, it would have been impossible for any writer to select a more happy subject, rendered doubly interesting, from being performed during the war of independence. The author was equally fortunate in the choice of a model, in Alfieri, justly styled the poet of liberty, as our own immortal bard is termed that of nature. When the vast and magnificent arcana contained in the plays of Shakespeare, still too much a secret to the European continent, is thrown open to the

* In addition to the plays of Cienfuegos, which continue to keep possession of the Spanish stage, "La Viuda de Padilla," and "Roma Libre," are also extremely popular. The latter was produced at Cadiz, in 1812, by a young patriot, named Antonio Saviñon: it is merely a free translation of "Bruto Primo," the masterpiece of Alfieri, in which that energetic poet sung the praises, and proved the blessings of liberty, in language worthy of the subject.
literati of Spain, a new impulse will be given to the minds of her thinkers and philosophers, and an inexhaustible mine afforded to her poets.*

It is only by a thorough reform in the system of study pursued at the universities and public schools, generally, as well as a long intercourse with the literature of other countries, that the writers of Spain will lay aside that disposition to prolixity and inflation, from which her most popular authors are not exempted. Many illustrious names might be quoted, to prove that there are abundant exceptions to this rule, and that the Spanish language is not less susceptible of eloquent conciseness and laconism, than any other: it may be regarded as without a rival, in all that relates to humour and satire. Galliardo, in his "Diccionario Critico Burlesco," has given some excellent specimens of Spanish satirical humour: M. de Mora is also celebrated in the same line; but it would be, perhaps, impossible to find a writer in Europe,

* The ignorance which prevails, with respect to our immortal bard, on the Continent, can scarcely be matter of surprise, when he is known to be but imperfectly understood by so many of his own countrymen; and, that even the commentators have left their task incomplete. The translation of Shakespeare's plays into French and German, above two hundred years after his death, is a remarkable fact in the history of literature: but, as he wrote "for all time," it would be extremely difficult to limit the period at which those stupendous proofs of genius will cease to excite the wonder and admiration of mankind.
equal to Miñano, whose essays are published under the assumed appellation of "El pobrecito Holgazan, Don Justo Balanza," &c., in which he has attacked the failings of his countrymen, exposed the vices of the late system, and suggested hints for improvement in the happiest vein of satire and seriousness ever adopted by any of his contemporaries. It is greatly to the praise of this charming writer, that his portraiture of manners and character is drawn in such a way as to produce the desired effect without wounding personal feelings, or injuring private character. If M. Miñano were to make the early literature of his country an object of research, there is no writer here so likely to reform prevailing defects. Were he to study the Spanish chroniclers, and prose writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as sedulously as the anonymous author of Waverley and Guy Mannering has those of England and Scotland, the latter would soon have a formidable rival; for, Miñano, not satisfied with a mere delineation of manners and customs, draws the attention of his reader at once to some important moral conclusion, instead of either wholly neglecting such a tendency, or concealing it in a labyrinth, which most readers neither will nor can take the trouble of penetrating.*

* A young French literary character of my acquaintance says, that the historical novels of the celebrated Scotch author appear as if they were transformations from the bard of Stratford-
In noticing the living writers of Spain, I ought not to omit the names of Florez Estrada, and Puigblanch: both these distinguished patriots resided in England, during the reign of terror here, and both published works, which enabled the British public to form an accurate opinion of the condition to which the people of this country were reduced, under the Servile faction. I have already had occasion to quote the former's eloquent representation to Ferdinand, in which he united the reasoning of an able publicist to the acuteness of an experienced politician. The "Inquisition Unmasked," by Puigblanch, though not so ample in its details as the "Critical History," is admirably calculated to expose the real character of the sacred tribunal. The conduct of the two patriots thus shortly noticed, as members of the Cortes, to which they were elected by the unsolicited suffrages of their fellow citizens, has realized the most sanguine expectations of their friends and constituents.

As the most glorious epoch of Spanish literature is, unquestionably, that in which her writers have been called upon to celebrate the restoration of liberty, it is to be hoped that those blossoms of bright promise, elicited by the new order of

upon-Avon. Should this remark be confirmed by others, it is singular that the discovery should have been reserved for a foreigner. The popularity of this prolific writer, in France, is quite a phenomenon in the history of modern literature.
things, will, ere long, ripen into maturity, and that science, literature and the arts will keep pace with those institutions which are so indispensable to their successful cultivation.

The first efforts of literary men, whether in poetry or prose, have been naturally directed to expressions of exultation, at seeing those fetters broken which had previously enchained both the moral and physical power of the nation. Judging from innumerable pamphlets and articles in newspapers, in which some have exposed many of those scandalous abuses which disgraced the late system, while others have extolled the blessings of freedom, or sung its praises, there is every reason to believe that the literati of Spain will shortly enter the lists of fame, and contend for celebrity with their most favoured competitors of other countries. Meanwhile, that they are profiting by the study of foreign authors is evident, from the numerous translations which have appeared, including most of the master-pieces of French literature, particularly that portion of it which relates to religious dogmas, philosophy and politics. Notwithstanding the jealousy arising from political causes, which have so long subsisted between the two countries, Spain is under great obligations to French literature and science.* If the new selections be judiciously

* Feijoo wrote an elaborate essay, to prove that the knowledge and study of the French language was more essential to his countrymen than those of Greece and Rome.
made, those obligations will be considerably increased. As the literary purveyors of Spain cannot be blind to the evil effects of inundating the public with books which are not favourable either to religion or morals, it is most desirable that none of those unworthy motives, which too often encumber the shelves of modern libraries, will arise in Spain. If there is still much to gain from the literary stores of France, there is also a great deal to be rejected, as not likely to serve either freedom or humanity south of the Pyrenees; and such is the avidity with which people seek novelty, that it will require all the vigilance of a paternal government to prevent the introduction of what may well be regarded as poisonous food for the moral and intellectual body; the same observation applies, in a greater or less degree, to the literature of England, Germany and Italy.

Should a knowledge of the European languages become identified with the future system of public education, as I trust it will, a vast field will be opened to the research of Spanish students; in the interim, her translators are busily occupied in making up for the too general ignorance on this essential branch of modern instruction. While the facility of communication between this court and France, not less than the universality of its language, have made French literature so familiar to Spain, that of England is comparatively little known, except to a few men of letters. It is, in fact, doubtful, whether the anathemas of the Holy
Office were not more pointedly directed against the most harmless works of English writers than those of the encyclopedists, so much did it dread the influence of Lutheranism. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Bacon and Locke were, in the opinions of the Grand Inquisitors, at least, two of the greatest monsters that ever appeared on earth. The prince of darkness was a convenient personage, and often put in requisition by those gentlemen; but what could they do with the founder of modern philosophy, and the inventor of the representative system, except burn their books and themselves in effigy? That both these ceremonies have been performed during the pious orgies, public and private, of the sacred tribunal, it is needless to say: thanks to the sanctified labours of Torquemada and his successors, the world of English literature, science and art, was unknown to Spain until the war of independence, during which there was no opportunity of benefiting by it. Having closed again, on the return of our faithful ally, in 1814, it is only in the present year that the gates of human knowledge may be said to have been taken off their hinges for the people of Spain. I hope it is not vanity to say that, in calling the attention of her literati to the vast stores of British learning and science, accumulated during ages of enterprise and comparative freedom, I am rendering them an important service; nor do I wish to derogate from the merit of any other nation, when I add that, the sooner
they avail themselves of those resources, so abundantly to be found in the works of our philosophers and poets, the more likely will they be to appreciate the value of those institutions which have been so eminently favourable to the development of the human mind in other places.

Although little more than the names of such men as More, Ascham, Buchanan, Spencer, Camden, Coke, Selden, Harvey, Napier, Cowley, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, Addison, and a hundred others, comprised in the galaxy of British genius and learning, are known here; and that our Humes, Gibbons, Robertsons, Johnsons and Goldsmiths, have been excluded as pests from society, it was impossible entirely to shut out the light; though there was scarcely an English work that did not serve to swell the prohibitory catalogue, our literature has formed an object of the utmost solicitude to many distinguished characters during the last thirty years. It is not to be wondered at, that the English dramatic writers should be little known in Spain: Milton has, however, found a translator of his immortal epic, in no less a personage than Escoquiz, the well known tutor of Ferdinand: Pope was also the favourite author and poetical model of Trigueros.* Campomanes, who corresponded with Dr. Robe-

* Jovellanos was passionately fond of Milton's poetry; and proved his knowledge of our language, by an excellent translation of the first book of Paradise Lost.
son and supplied many of the most valuable materials for his admirable history, is said to have been thoroughly versed in our literature. Jovellanos, the friend and correspondent of the noble biographer of Lope de Vega, appears to have been not only acquainted with, but particularly devoted to, the study of English authors.

Of all our writers, Mr. Bentham ought to be most satisfied with his reception and reputation in Spain: not less than five translations or commentaries on the treatises on legislation, published by Mr. Dumont, have been prepared here, while the most enlightened men of the Afrancesados and Liberales look up to him as their master in legislation. The learned Toribio Nuñez has rendered his country an immense and incalculable service, by calling its attention to the works of the English Solon: and when these party prejudices, or what is nearly as bad, national pride, (which is so apt to reject the wisdom that comes from without, for no other reason than because it is of foreign growth,) shall subside, there is little doubt but our celebrated countryman will be one of the most highly favoured legislative oracles of the Peninsula, as he is now the most generally admired.

When a selection from those writers, who shed such a brilliant light over our literary horizon in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is made, it will afford a rich treat to the lovers of science and literature in Spain, although they will look in
vain amongst the philosophers, historians, poets and dramatic authors of the present day for the solid wisdom and stern principles which distinguished the fathers of English law, learning and science, ere the progress of factitious refinement and the corruptions of government had spread their poison through all the veins of the social body, there is still a rich fund of knowledge and amusement to be derived from the study of our modern literature; yet, like that of France, the selections from it ought to be made with caution and good taste. The people of Spain have acquired a sufficient share of vices and weaknesses from the religious and political institutions of their own country, and I am justified in saying that neither would be diminished by an indiscriminate admission of contemporary English literature.

The Spaniards are far behind their neighbours in those works of fiction which have attained such an unaccountable ascendancy in the rest of Europe; they have been so satiated with the lives of pretended saints, and the histories of fictitious miracles, that our modern romances and novels, notwithstanding all their extravagance and absurdity, will scarcely be found seasoned enough for the palates of Spanish readers, and satisfy that appetite for the marvellous which prevails here. Some persons, however, esteem it as a blessing that a country, the literature of which is about to commence a new era, is not encumbered with the numberless
works which, in giving false notions of human life, and frequently painting vice in the most fascinating colours, tend only to lead youth and age astray, when such books do not inculcate absolute vice. A discriminating choice from the Smolletts, Fieldings and Richardsons of the last century, could not fail to be useful here, not to mention a few novelists of a more recent date. Should the ravings of certain French and German enthusiasts, who have become so popular in England, also cross the Pyrenees, the result will be, no doubt, precisely the same—that of perverting the taste and judgment, without improving the morals. A few novels like the "Fool of Quality," "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Man of Feeling," would do infinitely more towards effecting a reform of manners, and exciting the generous sympathies, as also affording a source of rational amusement to the Spanish public, than the endless series of unintelligible tales and romances of the last forty years, whether of English, French or German growth, often got up to gratify an unnatural craving for variety; to enable a disappointed heroine to vent her spleen on a faithless, or, perhaps, worthless lover; to injure public morals by the recital of her crimes of follies; or, as in other instances, to describe the adventures of some successful cheat or impostor, not unfrequently in a combination to impose on public credulity. If the fathers and mothers of Spain suffer such works as those I have shortly noticed to supersede those of the Addisons,
Johnsons, Blairs, Goldsmiths, Thomsons, Aken-sides, Cowpers, Edgeworths, Inchbal ds and Hamiltons, they will do an incalculable injury to morals and religion, which no future efforts, either of their own, or of the legislature, can counteract.

Montesquieu and Filangieri,* like Bentham, are still known only to the literate and political inquirers of Spain: when a more general knowledge of their labours may be disseminated, the business of legislation will go on much more smoothly than it can under present circumstances.

Owing to the expense and difficulty of printing, several French booksellers have undertaken to feed the appetite for literary novelty here since the restoration of liberty. Although the lucre of gain has induced them to send many objectionable works across the Pyrenees, many excellent productions may be stated: amongst the latter, are

* Llorente relates that the science of legislation was confided to an ignorant capuchin friar, one of the public preachers here; and who, though he had seen only the first volume, denounced the whole work as detestable, full of heresies, breathing an anti-christian spirit, inimical to the Evangelists, and teaching the modern philosophy! It was in vain that the author of the "Critical History" undertook to prove the falsehood of the above assertions, offering to defend the philosopher of Naples: the verdict was given, and could not be revoked. To prevent the circulation of proscribed books, a clause in the edict of denunciation enjoined the faithful to declare whether they knew or heard of any person who possessed books belonging to the sect of Martin Luther, or other heretics; the Bible in the vulgar tongue, the Alcoran, &c.
selections from Fenelon, Massillon, Bossuet, Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and others of their day; including Moliere and the tragic poets of France: a translation of Benjamin Constant's course of political study has been published by Don Antonio Lopez, a lawyer and member of Cortes, who has added a commentary and notes to the French publicist's celebrated work; indeed, it cannot be too attentively read by the friends of liberty in Spain, as well as in the rest of Europe. The "Ruins of Empires," and Dupin's learned "Essay on the Origin of Religious Worship," had found their way into this country, even during the existence of the Holy Office. If reason had not come to the aid of Spain from so many other quarters, these two writers would have been sufficient to dispel the mists of ignorance and superstition which have so long enveloped the Peninsula. Condorcet's admirable and profound sketch of the progress of human knowledge, in which the writer has raised himself to a level with the most envied philosophers of modern times, is amongst the new works announced, and I trust it will, ere long, be adopted in all the schools and colleges in Spain. Les trois Regnes d' Angleterre, by M. Souligne, written to prove that the factions which divided England in the seventeenth century are not yet extinguished in his own country, will also afford some valuable lessons and useful hints to the politicians of this country, as the spirit and manners of nations will inform
them how truth and reason have been set at defiance by former historians. If they wish to see how despotism rose, prospered and fell, in France, let them read the valuable abridgements of Thouret, and that of my young friend Felix Bodin. Their own history is too deeply engraven on their memories, and too closely connected with recent events, to require a recapitulation of other works, in which the struggles of justice against power are set forth. Let the booksellers and publishers of Spain make a rule, not to encourage any work that may be injurious to morals, or disrespectful to the Divinity, and they will not only confer lasting blessings on their country, but show an example that cannot be totally lost on others.

Although the arrival of Charles III. was marked by the publication of several weekly and monthly publications, as well as of some newspapers, highly esteemed in their day, nearly all of those ended their career with the reign of that patron of letters, and never were revived: so that periodical literature may be said to be still more in its infancy here than any other branch. Impressed with the importance of guiding public taste and opinion, various individuals have shown a becoming zeal on the subject of periodical publications since the establishment of liberty. \textit{El Censor}, which appears weekly, and \textit{La Miscellanea}, a daily paper, receive literary contributions from the most enlightened amongst the Afrancesados; particularly the learned Cambronero, a passionate
advocate for Mr. Bentham's philosophy.* Don Jose Joaquin de Mora, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, and many personal civilities, has, from his own extensive resources, and scarcely with any patronage, (which is, as yet, sadly deficient in Spain,) sustained the weight of a daily paper, *El Constitucional,* conducted with singular ability; also *La Minerva Nacional,* modelled on the plan of that lately suppressed by the French censorship. M. de Mora is one of the best political writers in Spain, a very good poet, and also conversant with English literature.

Many Journals have appeared and disappeared during the last six months, and it will doubtless be some time before the cares and labours of editors are either understood, or sufficiently rewarded in Spain. It is devoutly to be hoped that, rather than become the tools of corruption, or minister to the cupidity of faction, the Spanish editors will be satisfied with moderate profits, and the still more important advantage of a self-approving conscience. Amidst so many newspapers which have either maintained their ground, or been discontinued, for want of adequate support, since the restoration of liberty, it is a most honourable trait in the character of public writers, that only

* M. Cambronero, than whom it would be difficult to name a purer patriot, or a more amiable private character, was minister of Justice to King Joseph, and remained in France till the recent changes in Spain. He is a staunch reformer, and an excellent writer, whether it be on legislation or politics.
one journal has espoused the cause of the Ministers for the sake of their patronage. Without paying so bad a compliment to these writers, as to suppose that government could not afford to buy over any more, (for money can always be found for the purposes of corruption,) I cannot help saying that no act of the first constitutional ministers seems to be more deserving of unqualified reprehension than their tampering with the press. Those to whom I would willingly address this observation, ought to have been too patriotic to retain power, which required the aid of mercenary pens for its support: they ought, above all, to have been the first to recognize the important truth, that the press is useful only when conducted on principles of disinterestedness and impartiality. Why, had not the Patriots of 1812 rather begun their administration, by declaring that public opinion ought to be the invariable guide of public writers, and that the man who sells his pen to support all the measures of a ministry, whether right or wrong, betrays the interests of truth and of his country?

I need scarcely say that the fine arts, those handmaids to literature and science, have not yet been able, any more than the latter, to stem the torrent of obstacles, uniformly opposed to their progress in Spain. Unlike music, which is

* Pictures and engravings representing any subject that did not please the Inquisitors, or that had a tendency to promote reason and reflection, were rigidly prohibited by the Holy Office.
indigenous to the soil, painting and sculpture are arts which, above all others, require the fostering hand of patronage. Charles III. was fully impressed with the salutary influence, which both are capable of exercising, in refining the manners, and improving the taste of a people, if properly directed: his choice of Raphael Mengs, who justly merited the flattering title of \textit{El pintor filosofó}, conferred on him while living, is a proof that the paternal monarch was desirous of reviving the Spanish school, which had shared the fate of its literature, in the seventeenth century. The exquisite frescos of Mengs, and his judicious choice of subjects from the heathen mythology, to the exclusion of Saints, Martyrs, Angels and Devils, shows his anxiety to introduce a gradual change in the old system, by which the arts had been employed only to perpetuate error and increase superstition. His essays on art, and eulogiums on the most celebrated masters of Italy, were extremely well calculated to produce the desired improvement; but having the prejudices of religion, and power of the Holy Office, to contend with, the excellent advice of Mengs was neglected, so that, as in matters of legislation, a revival of the fine arts will depend, in a great measure, on the Cortes: for, when neither patronage nor protection is afforded by the rich and great, to whom can artists look with more propriety than to those who are most interested in making their talents subservient to the cause of freedom and virtue?

It would be endless to recapitulate all the