

about the Rock, and in balls, theatres, and operas, often performed by distinguished Spaniards, who here starve and languish in exile. Picnics, where a party is formed to go into Spain in carriages and on horseback, and dine in a cork-wood or under the poetic shade of an orange orchard, furnish also a favorite diversion. There are also many pleasant excursions on foot and horseback within the circumscribed extent of the Rock. Such is that to Catalan Bay, a little fishing-settlement planted upon the shore, immediately under the overhanging projection of the mountain. I chanced to be caught there one day in the rain with a couple of my countrymen, and we had an opportunity of experiencing the insecurity of this singular nestling-place. Hardly had we taken refuge in the tavern and drawn our horses in after us—for there was no stable—when we heard a rumbling noise as if the mountain was sliding down upon us, and presently a crash of rafters. We all ran out, some with hats, some without; all the huts of Catalan Bay poured forth their inmates.—boys and girls, men and women; the fishermen left their nets, which they were hanging over their boats upon the beach, and crowded round in confusion. The fact was, a piece of the Rock had detached itself from above, bounded down the declivity, and dashed through the roof of a house; but no one, however,

was hurt; so we joined the fishermen in thanking God, and when the rain abated took horse and rode home.

But a far pleasanter promenade is to sally out of Charles the Fifth's gate, at the south, in the direction of the Alameda. Here you find the beautiful parade ground for the exercises of the soldiery, and may, perchance, be present at a drill. Nothing can exceed the exact precision with which the British troops perform the exercise. The Prussians and Austrians, though famous for their tactics, can by no means compare with them. The French pretend to nothing of the kind; depending on the military spirit and native ardor of their conscripts, on their inborn sense of honor and reckless impetuosity.

The din of war, the bustle, marching, and display connected with the garrison, are among the greatest resources of the stranger in Gibraltar. Twice a day there is the parade of relief, with music morning and evening, and frequently between them the trumpets sound "The Roast Beef of Old England," proclaiming dinner, or on Sunday invite to church by the sweet tune of "Hark! the merry Christchurch bells!" repeated at every corner. The bands are not so good as those of the Spanish or French guards, nor the selections of music at all comparable; but the concerts of bugles, playing the merry or mournful airs of Scotland, are truly

exquisite. No accordance of instruments can be more perfect; and when heard in the still night, no strains can be more harmonious, more heavenly.

On passing the parade-ground you enter the delightful gardens, which, in very defiance of nature, have risen within a few years upon the declivity of the Rock. Much of the soil which supports the trees and shrubbery has been brought from the main land. Though the area of the Alameda is small, yet it is in a manner multiplied by the winding of the walks up and down the slopes, and by the judicious distribution of alleys, steps, light latticed fences, trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Towards the commencement of the gradual slope, which begins at the foot of the mountain, are two airy pavilions of great taste and beauty. From the highest you command a charming view, rendered still more lovely by the contrasted gloom of the overhanging precipice. First you dwell upon the softened features of the slope on the left, with the white summer-house perched upon it, embosomed amid shady fig-trees, with here and there an orange or a stately palm growing beside the peach and lanced aloe—the productions of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America all harmonizing in this congenial clime. Below, the beds of grass or flowers are enclosed by hedges of geranium, covered in May, when I saw them, with the most beautiful blossoms; while the walks be-

tween are enlivened with moving multitudes of men, women, and soldiery, with here and there the head and shoulders of a Highlander emerging above the verdure, and gliding by with nodding plumes and waving tartans. Still lower is the line wall, with Gibraltar on the right and the pretty Rosia on the left; and then the sea-green surface of the bay, the ships coming, going, or at anchor. Where the land again alternates beyond are seen the white buildings of Algeziras, protected by verdant mountains, which stretch southward to form the Straits, seeming to meet the African shores, which rise black and gloomy in the distance.

And yet—will it be believed?—the Alameda is but little frequented except upon a feast-day. The English avoid it always: on weekdays because it is so solitary, and on Sundays because it is run down by the commonalty. Occasionally, at the evening hour, one may meet a Genoese, in her graceless red cloak, a Provençelle duly attended by her gallant, or a gracious Gaditana.

Beyond the Alameda stands the cluster of dwellings called Rosia, with its little mole. The Rock in the immediate neighbourhood, though it has again become precipitous, has a little covering of soil; produced by the successive growth and decay of vegetable matter. This has been planted with gardens and fruit-orchards, where the hardy fig-tree, fond of a

precarious foothold, spreads highest and most luxuriant. It is said that the Rock is capable of producing all the vegetables necessary for the consumption of the garrison. If this be the case, it is remarkable that every eligible spot is not brought under cultivation; for Gibraltar will only be retaken by surprise or by starvation. At present the supplies are brought from Spain, Barbary, and even from America. Fine fish and a few vegetables are the only food from the Rock and its vicinity. In a place like this, where all is preparation and watchfulness, it should be an object to live at all times as much as possible upon domestic resources.

South of Rosia, and towards Europa, the Rock no longer allows the intervention of a level, but throws itself into the most broken and fantastic shapes, leaving an occasional Thermopylæ for the passage of the road. Though the surrounding precipices are naked and steril, there are here a few intervening glens, which are filled with flowers and overrun with verdure. These favored spots have been improved as country seats by the pretty taste of the English, whose notions of snugness, comfort, and beauty in rural residences we by no means equal in America. The dwellings are sometimes fashioned, in accordance with the character of the scenery, and out of compliment to the past possessors of the place, into mimic Moorish castles,

with terraces, embrasures, and frowning towers. Elsewhere are snug little cottages, nestled closely in a corner, with a grape-vine arbor for a portal, and more than half overrun with honeysuckle and eglantine.

The excursion to Europa is by far the prettiest on the Rock; but yet there are others which possess greater interest. Such is the walk to the old castle of Taric, which stands midway up the mountain. Much of the structure has been removed designedly, or battered away by the balls of the besiegers, who have also left their marks upon the remaining portion. The spiral stairway, or rather path, like that of the Giralda, is crumbling to a ruin, and a fig-tree has fastened upon the battlements: enough, however, remains to form an imposing feature in the picture of the Rock, and to give lodgment to a guard of soldiers and to the public hangman, who lives here out of sight and out of mind. This worthy functionary is occasionally called upon to do justice on a Spaniard, who, forgetting that he is in a land of law, has appealed, according to the custom of his country, to the arbitration of the knife.

A winding zigzag conducts you from the Moorish Castle upwards to the Excavations. These consist of a passage cut into the solid rock, across the north front, for the distance of half a mile, and which

communicates by means of spiral stairways, through the immense halls, with other galleries above and below. It is scarce possible to conceive the astonishment with which the stranger must ever visit this singular place. He finds himself alone in the very heart of the Rock, with immense cannon ranged round this devil's den, each with its pile of heavy shot beside it, and protruding through portholes which overlook the Peninsula. The dim light that enters beside the muzzles of the cannon, the black darkness behind you, the solitude, the silence, broken only by the prolonged reverberation of every spoken word, all awaken the most singular sensations.

There is, indeed, something exceedingly formidable in the aspect of these batteries, whether seen from within or without. As you look down through the portholes upon the neutral ground, you feel as though all the pigmies below were in your power, to be destroyed at will; and when you are below and look upward, you experience, on the contrary, an inward sense of danger and dependence. These batteries are, however, more formidable in appearance than in reality. A shot from so great an elevation may, it is true, be projected within the works of the besiegers; but then it only strikes in one place, where it buries itself in the sand; whereas the Devil's Tongue, which forms the mole, and is

upon a level with the neutral ground, sweeps an extent equal to the range of its cannon, and licks up all before it.

The Excavations have all been hewn out since the fortress has been in the possession of the British. The labor is certainly one of the most hardy and astonishing of modern times. There is indeed much at Gibraltar to convey an exalted idea of British power. Here is a nation which occupies a mere point upon the map of the world raised by a concurrence of causes to the rank of a first-rate power, and occupying all the strong-holds of the ocean; by the multiplied industry of an inconsiderable population, buying the alliance of greater nations, making war and peace at pleasure, and sitting at the helm of European policy. Nor is her greatness only physical: her Newton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron stand alone and unrivalled in the world at the head of whatever is excellent. It is a proud thing to be able to claim a common origin with this singular people; and when we revert to our own country, where a kinder nature seconds all our efforts, and where a boundless territory leaves unlimited room for development; when we remember that we have adopted all the beauties of that social system under which Britain has prospered, without any of its deformities; and then, with her experience and our own as

data, attempt to picture the future fortunes of our country—the fancy is amazed and bewildered at the splendor of the vision.

On leaving the Galleries, it is usual to pass out by a different opening upon the higher part of the Rock, where you again find yourself in the open air, refreshed by the clear breeze and warmed by the rays of the sun, which enable you to enjoy a widely extended and delightful view. The path now leads to the Signal Tower, where a party is stationed to observe the vessels that are passing the Straits, descending the Mediterranean, or entering the harbour. They also watch for daybreak and the setting of the sun, which are announced from a small battery near the summit. The view from the Signal Tower is wide, varied, and commanding; and as there are fine telescopes there, when tired of gazing generally, you can bring near and analyze the objects which please you, and prolong the interest. The Rock and town are spread out directly below. The ships anchored in the bay show nothing but the decks, presenting themselves as they are represented in the plan of a battle. The coast towards Algezirias, though seen more obliquely, displays the rivers which it discharges into the bay with all their curves and meanderings; while towards the Straits in the south-west, the bright verdure of the Spanish hills, lit up by the sunbeams,

contrast most singularly with the forbidding aspect of the African shores, which blacken in the distance, overhung by their own shadows. The spectacle of the town by day is full of interest. The crowd of moving objects discernible upon the surface of the bay, in the roads of the environs, or between the roofs of the houses, all produce a singular effect, beheld from this unwonted position. Man is seen every where in motion, and seemingly to little purpose. The result of his labors is dwindled into insignificance, and you wonder at the pertinacious vivacity of the little animal, as you would at the busy air of the ant, toiling all day to remove a kernel. At such a time the ear brings objects much nearer than the sight: the clatter of hoofs, the rumbling of wheels, the firing of cannon, the mixed sound of music in different directions—of drums and fifes, clarionets, bugles, and bagpipes—produce a singular combination. I did not fail to witness this favorite view by night, though at the risk of breaking my neck in the descent. The outlines of things, of land, and water, and vessels are then alone discoverable—faintly illuminated at intervals by man's poor substitute for the glories of the sun. On the contrary, the confused hum in which, in the daytime, all individual sounds are dissipated and drowned, is now exchanged for the clatter of a single horseman returning over the rocky road of

the Alameda, the shrill notes of a fife, or the distant melody of a chorus of bugles. Nay, voices and even words are now clearly distinguishable.

There is, if possible, a still finer prospect from the old Tower of Saint George, which stands upon the highest pinnacle of the Rock. Having chosen a pleasant day for the excursion, I toiled to the top and seated myself in the shade of the Tower, which has been sorely shattered by lightning. The morning was bright, and, in addition to the objects discoverable from the Signal Tower, I could now catch an overland view of the Atlantic, and of the African coast, clearly revealed as it stretches away south-eastward from Ceuta. On the other hand rose the Andalusian shore in bold and beautiful perspective, with the Sierra Nevada, seen at the distance of more than a hundred miles; pushing his snowy head above the surrounding clouds into the region of the heavens. Between these opposite coasts of Africa and Europe, the Mediterranean reposed in its basin, slightly rippled by the western breeze, and stretching from beneath my feet interminably eastward, until it seemed to blend its bright blue with the kindred azure of the sky.

The Rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, if it had not St. Michael's Cave; and if it possessed no other claim to attention, this alone would render it remark-

able. This cave, like other similar ones to be seen at the Rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrification cover the vault with stalactites, some of which depend lower and lower until they reach the corresponding mass of petrification, which the dripping water has produced immediately below; these combining form a perfect column, while the space between two of them assumes the figure of an arch. The entrance to St. Michael's Cave is very small, and, being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages diverge to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above, is very irregular. The stalactites do not furnish any beautiful shades and veins, such as they exhibit when cut and polished, in consequence of the whole interior being blackened by smoke from the torches of visitors. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance is yet sufficient to illuminate and define with clearness the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene. Nature seems here in one of her eccentricities to

have imitated art, producing in the process of time a combination, which in the days of enchantment might have seemed the work and passed for the residence of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of this place has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the vulgar of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising to a great distance—on one occasion by a surgeon of the United States navy, who descended by ropes, like Don Quixote in the cave of Montesinos, a depth of five hundred feet—a wild story is current, that the cave communicates by a submarine passage with Africa. The sailors who have visited the Rock, and seen the monkeys which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure by means of the cave to their native land. The more cunning go so far as to think that the descendants of the Andalusian Moors will one day profit by this communication, and, taking the monkeys for guides, pass over to recover the land of their long-cherished predilection. There is, in truth, something very strange in the coming and going of these same monkeys. During nearly two months that I passed on the Rock, I saw them but twice in my daily rambles; once while an east wind was blowing, and again just before the

setting in of one; of which, indeed, their appearance is considered a certain prognostic. They are supposed to live at other times among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern declivity, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistence. When an east wind sets in, it drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from the Alameda below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most singular antics. If disturbed by an intrusive step, they scamper off amain, the young ones jumping upon the backs and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very innocent animals, and form a kind of poetical appendage of the Rock, strict orders have been issued for their special protection.

While I was at the Rock, however, two drunken soldiers one day undertook to violate these orders: one of them was summarily punished for his disobedience, without the intervention of a court-martial. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the Signal Tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chase. The monkeys, cut off from their upward retreat, ran downwards; the soldiers followed, and the monkeys ran faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular pre-

cipice which rises from the Alameda. One of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself; the foremost and most impetuous, urged on by a resistless impetus, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the walk of the Alameda. The next morning the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER XX.

GENERAL VIEW OF SPAIN.

Physical Character of the Peninsula.—Soil, Climate, and Productions.—Early History.—Rise and Overthrow of Gothic Power.—Saracen Domination.—Consequences of its Subversion.—Present Population.—Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce.—Arts and Sciences.—Government.—Finances.—Military Power.—State of Parties and social Divisions.—Clergy.—Royal Family.—Spanish Character.—Its provincial Peculiarities.—General Characteristics.—National Language.—Manners.—Conclusion.

THE Spanish Peninsula, including the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, is situated between the thirty-sixth and forty-fourth degrees of north latitude, and between the third degree of east and ninth of west longitude, reckoning from the meridian of Greenwich. It stands at the south-western extremity of Europe, and is surrounded on every side by the Atlantic ocean and Mediterranean sea, except towards the north-east, where it is bounded by France for an extent of three hundred miles. Here, however, nature has provided an excellent national barrier in the Pyrenean mountains. The ancients were used to compare the outline of Hispania to the distended hide of a bullock. A single glance at the map will show that they must have

had a good notion of its geography; for the resemblance is at once discoverable without the aid of fancy.

But a far more singular trait in the physical character of the Peninsula is the extent, number, and elevation of its mountains. Spain is indeed a complete system of mountains. The strong contrast between the state of things here and in the level monotonous region of France has stimulated the ingenuity of modern geographers to find some other cause for the fact than the mere caprice of nature. They have therefore discovered that the Spanish mountains are only the termination of that great range which, taking its rise in Tartary, traverses Asia and Europe, leaves a strong-hold in Switzerland and a few scattering posts in France by the way, to keep up its communications with Spain, where it forms a vast bulwark of mountains to withstand the immense volume of waters with which the ocean endeavours to overwhelm the whole of Europe. Without inquiring why such is the case, it is sufficiently evident that there are many chains of mountains, which take their rise in the Pyrennees and run southward and westward, intersecting the whole Peninsula. Such is the Asturian and Gallician range; the range of Guadarrama; that which Antillon has called the Iberian; the Sierra Morena; and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the

Mediterranean, and are the most elevated of all. "These," says Father Mariana, "press onward with so much boldness, that they seem to have pretended in various places to cross the sea, dry up the strait, and unite themselves with Africa."

A more singular feature in the physiognomy of Spain is its distinctly marked division into two separate regions; one of which has been called the central region, the other the region of the coast. The whole interior of Spain may be considered one vast mountain; for though it consists chiefly of level lands, traversed by lofty ridges, yet even the plains rise almost every where to an elevation of two thousand feet above the sea. If then, on entering Spain, and traversing the eastern coast along the Mediterranean, I was surprised to find the western horizon every where bounded by lofty mountains, how much greater was my astonishment when, on abandoning the sea at Valencia, and toiling up these inland mountains, I beheld, instead of the valley, a weary arid plain, extending on a level with their summits as far as the eye could reach! In fact, I continued travelling on this vast plain for hundreds of leagues, until I reached the Sierra Morena, and thence descended suddenly by the Dispeñaperros into the regions of Andalusia.

In consequence of the extreme dryness of its atmosphere, the rivers of the Peninsula are neither

so many nor so great as to comport with the number and elevation of the mountains. The principal are the Tagus, the Guadalquivir, the Ebro, the Duero, and the Guadiana. The Tagus, the prince of Spanish rivers and fruitful theme of so much poetry, takes its rise in the mountains of Guadarrama, waters the groves and gardens of Aranjuez, half encircles Toledo, and having received the increase of many tributary streams at length opens into a wide estuary, reflecting the images of Lisbon and of Cintra. The Guadalquivir rises between the Morena and the Nevada, and, being fed by tributaries from either mountain, flows gracefully towards the ocean, bathing the walls of Cordova and Seville, and scattering fertility over the fairest portions of Andalusia. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and takes its course between two of the branches of the Pyrenees, until it empties into the Mediterranean. This is the only one of the larger rivers that holds an eastern course. The Duero begins a mere rivulet north of the Guadarrama, swelling gradually in its course, passes through Portugal, and reaches the ocean at Oporto. The placid Guadiana springs mysteriously into being among the classic marshes of Ruidosa, flows between delightful meadows, the pasture of many flocks and herds, and reaches the ocean in the Gulf of Huelva. These are the principal rivers of Spain. They are about upon a par

with those of France for volume of water, but not so navigable, on account of the great elevation of the interior of Spain and their consequent descent. This great descent is doubtless the cause of their being very direct and free from windings; a circumstance that would render their banks extremely eligible for the construction of canals. Like the inferior streams, they are now, however, of little use except for irrigation. Spain has no lakes of any importance.

The soil of the Peninsula is very different in the central region and the region of the coast. The first consists for the most part of dry and mountainous plains traversed in every direction by mountains still more lofty. The region of the coast, though less elevated, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into a constant succession of mountains and valleys, which produce the most agreeable variety, and furnish a happy contrast with the monotony of the interior. It is every where fertile, or may be easily rendered so by means of irrigation.

The climate of Spain varies with the face of the country. The loftier mountains are a prey to perpetual winter; the elevated and unsheltered plains of the interior are swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up in summer by a powerful and never-clouded sun: but the region of the coast enjoys for the most part a climate of happy temperature; pro-

ected from cold winds by the mountains of the interior, and fanned during the hot season by refreshing breezes from the sea. The climate of Spain, except in the northern provinces, is remarkable for its dryness. Almost every day is fine, and in making engagements nobody ever thinks of putting in a proviso for good weather. A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky, are blessings that you may always count upon. Dryness of climate is, however, excessive in Spain, and often degenerates into drought. It is recorded in the old chronicles of the thirteenth century, that about the time of the famous battle of Navas de Tolosa, in which two hundred thousand Saracens were slain, nine whole months elapsed without any rain in the kingdom of Toledo. There is even a tradition, mentioned by Mariana, of a drought which lasted so long that the springs and rivers were entirely dried, the vegetation was burnt up and destroyed, and men and animals died miserably from thirst, heat, and hunger, until almost every living thing was exterminated. It is perhaps owing to this extreme dryness of climate that in the interior provinces the water is often of miserable quality. Though tertians are sometimes found in the provinces where irrigation is used, and malignant fevers occasionally devastate others but poorly drained and cultivated, yet the climate of Spain may upon

the whole be considered quite equal to any in Europe.

The productions of Spain are rich, various, and indeed universal. The mines of gold and silver which furnished the ancients with so much wealth are, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted, or have been abandoned since the discovery of America and the consequent depreciation of the precious metals; but iron of the first quality, lead, tin, copper, quicksilver, and indeed every valuable mineral, are found with ease in various parts of the Peninsula. Coal and salt are dug in Asturias, Arragon, and La Mancha; precious stones are found in different parts of the kingdom; and granite, jasper, alabaster, and beautiful marbles abound in almost every mountain. Wheat of the first quality is produced in most of the provinces; and though some do not supply their own consumption, the deficiency is made up by the surplus of others. Wine is raised abundantly all over Spain, and of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world. But the best and most generous wines are found in the high and arid region of the interior. So imperfect, however, are the communications in Spain, that they will not pay the price of transportation, and are consequently consumed and known chiefly in the section which produces them.

The other principal productions of Spain are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, and some sugar; hemp, flax, esparto or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sumach, and barilla. The loftier mountains are covered with forests which furnish charcoal, the chief fuel used in the country, and also abundance of ship timber.

The horses of Spain have been famous in all ages: the Romans were used to say that they were engendered of the wind*. They are supposed to have sprung originally from the African barb, which was in turn the offspring of the Arabian. The Arabs, when in possession of Spain, stocked it with their finest breeds; for in their warlike sports and chivalrous amusements, the beauty and graceful carriage of the horse was not less a matter of emulation than the bearing and dexterity of the cavalier. The horses now seen in Spain, especially in Andalusia, are evidently of the Arabian stock: for beauty, grace, and docility, they are very superior to those of the English breed. They are, however, but little used for harness or labor of any kind; mules and asses being found to eat less, labor more, and endure the heats better. In addition to horned cattle and swine, of which latter great consumption is made in Spain, salted and in the form of bacon,

* Martial speaks, in many places, of Spain as famous for steeds and arms.

there are immense numbers of sheep—so much so, that there are a million or two more sheep in the country than there are human beings. Nor are wild animals wanting in Spain, such as bears, wolves, and wild boars, together with abundance of hares and rabbits. Though the feathered tribe avoid the treeless plains of the two Castiles, they delight in the more genial region of the coast, and the nightingale sings nowhere more sweetly than upon the mountains and in the valleys of Andalusia.

Flowers and medicinal plants grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season they load the air with delightful aromas. But it is in the abundance, variety, and delicious flavor of its fruits that Spain excels. In addition to all the different varieties common to the temperate climes, the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and citron; the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya, find a kindly home in some portions of the Peninsula. There seems, indeed, to be no extravagance in the theory of a Frenchman, who has attempted to find in the different sections of Spain a similitude in point of climate and productions to the different quarters of the world which lie opposite. Thus he compares Biscay, Asturias, and Galicia to the neighbouring countries of Europe; Portugal to the corresponding parts of America; Andalusia to the opposite

coasts of Africa; and Valencia, in point of soil, climate, and the genius of its inhabitants, to the genial regions of the East. Nor are the riches of Spain confined to the resources of her fertile soil: the Atlantic and Mediterranean, washing an equal extent of coast, vie in supplying her inhabitants with fish, while at the same time they place them in ready communication with the most distant countries of the earth. Nature seems, indeed, to have exhausted her benignity upon this favored land; and had the gratitude of man equalled her generosity, Spain would now yield the precedence to no country upon earth*.

The original population of Spain is supposed to have been formed by Celts from France and Moors from Africa. The latter being, however, the more warlike, expelled or subjugated the former, and are even said to have passed into the countries north of the Pyrennees. The swarthy complexions, glowing eyes, and ardent temperament of the inhabitants of Languedoc and Provence, would seem, indeed, to favor the opinion of a Moorish origin. Be this as it may, nothing except fable is known of the history of Spain, until six or eight centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, when the atten-

* The matter contained in this chapter has been collected from Antillon, Laborde, Pliny, Mariana, Conde, &c., and from personal observation.

tion of the Phœnicians was directed to this waste country by their most adventurous voyages. Its extreme fertility, the amenity of its climate, but especially the precious metals, which abounded in its mountains, awakened their cupidity. The parts of the coast most favorable for commerce were at once colonized, and cities were built at Mallacca, Carteia, Gades, and Sidonia. They found in possession of the country a people barbarous yet brave, against whom open force availed little; but whom they were able to cajole into obedience by working upon their superstitions, and by the intervention of religion. They carried on an extensive trade with the barbarians, giving them an idea of new wants; and the desire of gratifying these stimulated industry and aided in developing the resources of the country. Thus civilization was introduced into Betica. Among other arts which the Spaniards learned from the Phœnicians was that of dyeing the Tyrian purple. The dye-stuff was gathered from a small fish which is still found upon the coasts of Andalusia. These colonies continued to increase and grow richer, until the destruction of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, when they transferred their allegiance to the Phœnicians of Carthage. The proximity of Spain to the new metropolis now gave a stimulus to every species of development. Not content with the dominion of

the coast, the armies of Carthage, under her Hannos and Hamilcars, penetrated far into the interior, until by fraud or force the greater part of the Peninsula was brought into subjection.

But the Tyrians and Carthaginians had not been alone in colonizing Spain. The Greeks and Trojans had founded several cities, among which the most famous was Saguntum. That place grew in wealth and riches until it became a great city, claiming dominion over the rich tract which is now known as the kingdom of Valencia. As Saguntum was, however, unable alone to withstand the power of Carthage, she courted the alliance of Rome. It was this alliance that brought on the attack of Hannibal, by whom Saguntum was besieged, taken, and destroyed, with all its inhabitants; and this outrage led in turn, as was expected, to that desperate struggle between the rival states, which, after bringing Rome to the very brink of destruction, at length ended in the demolition of Carthage and the downfall of her empire. The conquest of Spain had preceded the destruction of the metropolis, and was rendered easy by the hatred which the Spaniards bore the Carthaginians for their treachery and avarice, those hateful vices of a commercial people. On the contrary, they had much less aversion to the Romans, whose state of civilization was more analogous to

their own, and who possessed the winning qualities which belong to a nation of free-handed warriors, more prone to war than industry.

Notwithstanding the desperate efforts which the Numantines made to maintain their independence, as soon as they discovered that, in aiding the Romans to drive out the Carthaginians, they had only been raising up a new set of masters, Spain was quickly pacified and brought into perfect subjection. Biscay, Gallicia, and Asturias, protected by their mountain barriers, continued free for two centuries longer, until Augustus himself was forced to pass into Spain and attack them with the concentrated power of the whole empire. Spain was now entirely subdued, and in process of time civilization completed what arms had begun. The nation assumed the language, manners, and dress of the conquerors; and at length, becoming completely identified with them, they acceded to all the privileges of Italians, conferred by Vespasian upon every Spaniard, and even attained the rare honor of furnishing Rome with several emperors. Spain, under the emperors, must have been rich and flourishing. She was considered the granary of the empire, and the nursery of its armies. The state of the arts and sciences in the province was analogous to that of the capital. Nay, Rome was indebted to Spain for various fine manufactures and

many luxuries, a knowledge of which had been perpetuated in the province of Betica after the downfall of the Carthaginians. Bridges and aqueducts were constructed, and causeways opened to facilitate communication between the extremities of the province. The population of the country grew with the development of its resources, and is said to have amounted to forty millions; industry gave rise to wealth, and wealth to luxury. The Grecian style of architecture was introduced with the other tastes and customs of Rome; and temples and amphitheatres rose on every side, adorned by painting and statuary. The names of Pomponius Mela, of Columella, Silius Italicus, Quintilian, Martial, Seneca, and Lucan, embellish this portion of Spanish history.

In process of time, when the empire began to decay, a prey to its own greatness, this province, remote from the commotions which shook all Italy, still enjoyed perfect repose, under the subordinate sway of its governors. Not, however, but that it suffered something in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, when Sertorius availed himself of the troubled state of the Republic to erect Spain into an independent state. And still later, when Pompey and Cæsar contended for universal domination, the momentous struggle was more than once maintained in the battle-fields of the Peninsula. Yet,

for the most part, Spain continued, during all the vicissitudes of the metropolis, to enjoy peace. In the fifth century, however, when the Roman empire, after twelve hundred years of greatness, ceased to exist, Spain became likewise a victim to the savage hordes which swarmed from the north and east of Europe. These, having overrun Italy and France, crossed the Pyrenees and swept down upon this favored land. Centuries of peace and prosperity had deprived the Spaniards of their warlike character, and thus rendered them an easy prey to the savage valor of the barbarians. Every thing gave way before them. They rushed over this devoted country with the fury of a deluge, and their traces were marked by equal devastation. The Goths seemed to take pleasure in destruction rather than enjoyment; towers were demolished, and plantations laid waste, until famine followed to such a degree that they were forced to feed upon the flesh of their slaughtered victims. A plague was the natural consequence of these evils, and Spain had well nigh become a desert. But the barbarians warred not only against the Romans, but also with each other. The Suevi, who had settled in Galicia, were able to maintain possession of that inaccessible province; but the Vandals, who had passed the Sierra Morena, and converted the blooming Betica into the blighted Vandalusia, were either annihilated, forced to yield, or driven