

in dress, in manners, and often in language—in every thing, in short, but in those prejudices and that unity of faith which has been brought about by the Inquisition—each province of the Peninsula is distinct from every other.

Though the Spaniards are generally esteemed below the middle size, yet in Catalonia, Arragon, Biscay, and some parts of Andalusia, the inhabitants more frequently rise above the standard stature. They are generally famed for vigor and activity, and are almost always kept lean by their temperance, whilst their bodies are dried and hardened by the ardor of the sun. For the same reason, their complexions are generally tawny, or of an olive cast. Their hair is usually dark and crisp; eyes very black, heavy and languid on ordinary occasions, but in moments of excitement piercing and full of fire. Their teeth, when not destroyed by the use of paper cigars, are white and regular. Though their features, like their characters, are often of an exaggerated cast, yet on the whole, if we except some sections where the treacherous disposition of the inhabitants imparts a scowling and vindictive look to the physiognomy, the general expression of their countenances is grave and dignified habitually and on serious occasions; in moments of festivity lively, animated, and pleasing.

The distinguishing characteristics of the different provinces of Spain, according to the general accepta-

tion, confirmed by my own experience, as far as it went, are as follow:—The Asturians and Gallicians are civil, industrious, and of unshaken honesty. Ground down at home by the exclusive pretensions of the nobility and clergy, they are forced to seek employment abroad; at Madrid, Lisbon, Seville, and Cadiz, where they fill the stations of servants, porters, shoe-blacks, and water-carriers. When, however, they have collected a few hundred dollars, by dint of perseverance and industry, they return, like the Auvergnats and Savoyards, to close their days in their native mountains, where their little competency enables them to marry and rear up a new race of servants and watermen. The Portuguese are reputed as bigoted, as idle, and more boastful than the Castilians. I have often seen their pomposity ridiculed upon the Spanish stage. Though the Andalusian of some sections, and especially of the sea-port towns, has the reputation of being treacherous, vindictive, and blood-thirsty, yet this is not generally true of the people of the four kingdoms. The Andalusian is boastful, and yet brave, very extravagant in his conversation, and for ever dealing in superlatives. He hates the ungrateful toil of cultivation, which goes rather to enrich the proprietor than himself, but loves to be on horseback, and never wearies with journeying. Hence his dress is ever that of a horseman, and none makes

a finer figure in the saddle. The Murcians are listless, lazy, and prone to suspicion. They make no advances in the arts that embellish life, and will not even pursue agriculture, except to the extent necessary for mere existence. The lower classes are very treacherous, ever ready to drive the knife into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. The Valencian is intelligent, industrious, active, affable, and fond of pleasure. He is also light, frivolous, vindictive, and insincere. He has a very bad name throughout Spain; and I, at least, from the reception I received on entering the kingdom, have no right to think it unmerited. We know that the bravos and assassins kept in the pay of the great in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or hired for the occasion of momentary revenge by the guilty or the aggrieved, were almost all from the kingdom of Valencia. Peyron says that the tumblers and mountebanks of Spain are from the same kingdom. The Catalan is famous for his persevering and indefatigable industry. He is active and laborious, and has a love of liberty not common to the other provinces, and which has often led him to revolt. I found him wanting in the courtesy general to the Spaniard, and with an abrupt and vulgar bluntness bordering on brutality. The Arragonese, Navarrese, and Biscayans are famous for their industry, love of liberty, and spirit of independence. The Arra-

gonese are also charged with vain-glory, pride, and arrogance. The Biscayans are said to possess the same foibles, and to be filled with foolish notions of that nobility of blood which every third man is heir to. With the sunny locks and red complexions of the Goths, they have also inherited their irritable and impetuous disposition, their frankness, their social feelings, and hearty animation. The Castilians are generally esteemed for their uprightness, strength of mind, and solidity of character. Like their neighbours of Arragon, they are haughty, and like the Portuguese, idle. They are also the most profoundly grave, the most obstinately taciturn, the most blindly attached to their ancient customs, of all the people of the Peninsula. But though they speak little, and deal little in professions of friendship, yet are they often friendly, unaffectedly kind, and are notoriously honest, and of unshaken fidelity.

Such are some of the traits of the Spaniard, as he exhibits himself in the different provinces. Though no people can be so difficult to characterize collectively, yet are there also some qualities common to the whole nation. Among them, a blind and excessive bigotry may be considered universal; and gravity, though not found every where, is yet pretty general. But under this covering, even in Castile, where gravity is at the gravest, there is often found a force of feeling, a fund of animation and hidden

fire. If the Castilian awake to anger, the cloak of apathy falls; he is headlong, furious, frantic; it is the awakening of the lion;—if only to be pleased, the latent gaiety of his disposition shows itself in keen sallies, biting repartees, or pithy proverbs, borrowed, like Sancho's, from the national abundance, or made, like a few of his, for the occasion. Sometimes he gives way to mirth, wild, half crazy, and obstreperous. A disposition to speak and write in a bombastic style is not a rare foible in Spain, and is doubtless promoted by the noble and sonorous character of the language*. Neither is a disposition to have a high idea of himself and of his nation at all uncommon with the Spaniard. No bad quality this, however, if pride be a protection from meanness, and self-respect the beginning of respectability. That the Spaniard is passionate there can be no doubt; the fire of his eye, the impetuosity of his words and actions when excited, all testify to the

* This proneness to hyperbole and grandiloquism the Spaniard may doubtless owe to the eastern people, who so long held possession of the Peninsula. Much of that strange peculiarity, there so discoverable, was derived from the Moorish origin of its population; much also from the dominion of the Saracens. Those of the French who had made in succession the campaigns of Egypt and Spain found many things in common in the two countries. The castanet, the guitar, the singing of seguidillas, and dancing of fandangos, are among the number.

truth of the accusation. But it is the ardor of the climate, and the heating nature of the aliments, which in this dry region derive their chief nourishment from the sun, that help to make him so. The stranger, if disposed to quarrel with this generous ebullition, without which there can be neither greatness nor glory, may, perhaps, find some apology for the Spaniard in the quickened fervor of his own feelings. And this is the cause why the Spaniard is sometimes vindictive and cruel. He loves fervently, and hates with fury; his devotion is only equalled by his revenge. The history of our own time might go to prove that he is savage in war, and merciless in the moment of victory. But, in order to appreciate the conduct of the Spaniards in their war of independence, we should think of their situation, the poverty of their resources, the absence of all organization at a time when they were beset by the organized energies of Europe. We should consider these things, before we blame them for skulking behind trees and rocks to destroy their enemies singly, or for throwing them headlong into wells, when they were drinking unsuspectingly at the curbstone. But above all, we should think of their wrongs; we should remember that they were struggling for liberty. The French themselves, who took an unwilling part in this unholy war, are first to praise the character of their enemies; and

if there are many cases of cold-blooded cruelty on record, there are also not a few of the most generous devotion to save individual Frenchmen from popular fury*. If we accuse the Spaniards of a love of crime, a propensity to plunder rather than to labor, and adduce the hordes of banditti which have infested Spain for centuries; though no one can dispute the fact, yet some and much mitigation may be found in the lawless state of a country, where innocence and patriotism are often more obnoxious to *justicia*—I will not call it justice—than crime, when coupled with complaisance.

Indolence is one of the greatest reproaches of the Spanish character. But this is no more true of the Catalan, the Biscayan, the Gallego, than it is of the Briton or the Dutchman. It may be said to prevail only in the central provinces, where enterprise has no outlet, and where industry is without a motive. There agriculture is the only resource; and what inducement is there for the unhappy boor to toil that others may eat, or to labor that his betters may enjoy? Hence, and hence only, that supine indolence which is so striking a characteristic of the Castilian. To say, as is often said, that it is the pride of the Spaniard that keeps him from menial toil, is a mere absurdity. When was ever

* See the interesting Memoirs of Rocca.

pride proof against poverty? If there be a necessity of enduring fatigue, journeying without rest, without food, and yet without a murmur, from morning till night—there is none to equal the Spaniard. This remarkable capacity of the Spaniards to endure fatigue proceeds, doubtless, from the spare and sun-dried, yet vigorous and athletic, character of their bodies, and from the temper which the physical constitution imparts to the mind. To this and to their dauntless bravery is it owing that they make, when disciplined, such noble soldiers; nor is it a little remarkable that they have possessed the same characteristics since the remotest times.

Mariana gives the following description of the original Spaniards. “Gross and destitute of breeding and politeness were our savage forefathers; their disposition warlike and unquiet, rather of wild beasts than men. They were given to false religions and the worship of their gods. Such was their obstinacy in keeping secrets, that even the most horrible torments had no power to shake them. In war their sustenance was coarse and simple; their common drink water, and seldom wine. The lightness and activity of their bodies were wonderful, and they were by nature capable of enduring hunger and fatigue.” Plutarch, in his life of Ser-torius—that great hero, who gained such ascendancy

over the Spaniards by his personal superiority, and by working upon their superstitions, that, from a houseless exile in the cause of Marius, he became master of nearly all Spain, and well nigh founded an independent empire,—tells us, that “Metellus did not know which way to turn himself, having to do with a man of undaunted boldness, who was continually harassing him, and yet could not be brought to a pitched battle; for by the swiftness and dexterity of his Spanish soldiery Sertorius was able to change his station, and cast his army into every kind of form. Thus, though Metellus had great experience in conducting heavy-armed legions, when drawn up in due order into a standing phalanx, to encounter the enemy hand in hand, and overpower him by force; yet he was not able to climb up steep hills, and to be continually upon the pursuit of a swift enemy; nor could he, like them, endure hunger, nor live exposed to the weather, without fire or covering.”

That the Spaniards, as a people, are ignorant, supremely ignorant, it is impossible to dissemble; but this comes from the control of education, being altogether in the hands of the clergy, who exert themselves to maintain that ignorance to which they are indebted for their power. From all that I saw of the Spaniards, I formed the most favorable notion of their genius and capacity; their untutored mother-

wit and native sagacity are as notorious as Sancho Panza. And to say nothing of the great names in every department of excellence which embellish her history, is it not enough for Spain to have produced a Cervantes?

Temperance is, and ever has been, a distinguishing characteristic of the Spaniard. Sparing and unmindful in his diet, his aversion to drunkenness amounts to detestation. Mention is said to be found in Strabo of a Spaniard, who threw himself into the fire, because some one had called him a drunkard; a whimsical extravagance, the recounting of which, whether true or false, speaks volumes in favor of Spanish sobriety. If it be a noble quality, too, to maintain silence at every extremity, when it might injure others, or be unworthy to speak, what credit is there not due to the Spaniard for that depth of secrecy of which he has given so many brilliant examples*? To prove the extreme of Spanish probity, the firmness of Spanish faith, it may be sufficient to adduce a single instance, incidentally mentioned by Voltaire. When war broke out between France and Spain, in 1684, the Spanish king endeavoured to seize the French property in

* The late French papers give an interesting account of the execution and obstinate silence of Jeps de l'Estang, a fierce robber, set on to rebellion by the clergy and Carlists.

his kingdom; for which purpose he invited the factors to share the spoil with him; but *not one* Spaniard would betray his French correspondent! That loyalty to their kings and attachment to the existing state of things, which in our day have been carried too far by the Spaniards, are on the whole advantageous qualities, and would prove powerful engines in the hands of a well-disposed prince. When they are prepared for good and wholesome institutions, their constant character will secure them perpetuity. That the Spaniard should be devout and pious, that he should give himself, heart and soul, to that faith which he believes the only true one,—is it not subject of commendation? If, then, we compare the virtues and the vices of the Spanish character, is there not much room for favorable opinion, and even for admiration?

Among the general characteristics of the Spanish people, their language may not be improperly numbered. For, though the Limousin or Provençal, the old language of the troubadour, is the popular tongue of Catalonia and Valencia, whilst in Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa they have the Basque, a harsh and peculiar dialect, which has existed since the earliest times, even before the coming of the Romans; yet the Castilian is now so widely diffused over the Peninsula, that it has received the

general appellation of the Spanish language. And here it may not be amiss to say something of its origin.

How far the language of the original Spaniards may have been modified during the Phœnician domination is now unknown. It is certain, however, that the complete conquest and final identification which took place under the Romans had the effect to supplant a rude language, inadequate to express the objects and ideas which belong to a condition of refinement. This change might, perhaps, have been facilitated by the previous existence of several dialects, resulting from the various origin of its population. Be it as it may, the Latin language was universally adopted in the Peninsula, with the customs and manners of the metropolis, Biscay alone still retaining its barbarous and characteristic dialect.

When the northern barbarians overran the whole of Europe, and pushed their way beyond the barrier of the Pyrenees, the Peninsula became the residence of two distinct nations, speaking distinct languages. But the barbarians being far inferior in numbers to the conquered people, and of inferior civilization, naturally adopted a language, which, whilst it was that of the majority, furnished them with names for things with which they now first became acquainted, and which was far better

adapted to express the sentiments arising in a more civilized condition. This, however, was not effected without modification. The construction of the Latin underwent a few changes; the verbs still maintained their conjugations with little variation; but the declension of nouns was now effected more simply by annexing prepositions, instead of altering their terminations. A large addition of duplicates was made to the catalogue of the nouns, and a more natural and easy arrangement was introduced in the structure of sentences. Thus modified, the language now received the name of Romance, to distinguish it from the pure Latin, which continued in general use among the learned until the reign of Don Alonso the Sage, who first caused the laws to be written in the vulgar tongue. That the Latin should have suffered less modification in Spain than in Italy will not seem strange, if it be considered that the greater contiguity of Italy to the land of the barbarians would naturally invite more numerous settlements than the remoter regions of the Peninsula.

The invasion of the Saracens had well nigh extinguished the noblest language of Christendom. They came in far greater numbers than the Goths, and wherever they established their domination, the Arab became the prevailing tongue. Happily, the exiled Romance still preserved itself in the

mountains of Asturias, together with the christian faith, the bones of her saints, and that spirit of patriotism which was to win back the whole of the Peninsula. The cities, mountains, and rivers of Spain, received almost everywhere Arabian names; they are still preserved, and the Romance likewise borrowed a number of new nouns, which may still be readily discovered by their guttural pronunciation. To these several sources, then, is Spain indebted for the many synonymous words, and such as have narrow shades of distinction, which give such richness and variety to her language.

The Castilian language, deriving its foundation from the Latin, began by being a highly cultivated tongue. It has been gradually simplified and improved by popular usage, and by the great men, who have written in it, from the old romancers down to Cervantes and Calderon; and in later times by the labors of the learned society to whose care the national language is especially intrusted. This society has produced a dictionary and grammar, of which it may be said, as the greatest possible praise, that they are worthy of their subject. There every thing is defined by invariable rules, which are in all things conformable to reason. The pronunciation of the Spanish is rendered very easy, in consequence of every word being spoken precisely as it is spelt. Some letters

do, indeed, take a different sound in particular situations; but the exceptions are uniform and invariable. The proper and approved pronunciation is that of the Castiles. In Andalusia, it is soft and sweet; but slightly different from the standard in some particulars, especially in the sound of *c* preceding an *e* or *i*; in Andalusia it is pronounced as *s*; in Castile as *th*, and any other sound is esteemed abominable. Thus *Cena* would be *Sena* in Andalusia, and *Thena* in Castile. As, however, Andalusia has been foremost in colonizing the New World, it has given its peculiar pronunciation to those extensive regions, and must eventually carry the day by force of numbers; thus rendering acceptable and polite that which is now rejected as barbarous and provincial.

In its present state, the Spanish language is perhaps the most excellent of all. Like the Italian, full of vowels, it lends itself with ease to the uses of poetry, and furnishes the most graceful garb to a happy idea. In what other language, indeed, could plays, which have been admired during centuries, have been written in verse and enacted in a single day? Yet was this more than once done by Lope de Vega. Though in the hands of the unskilful, the Spanish, from its very richness, is apt to degenerate into bombast, yet, what can be more noble than Spanish prose, such as we read in the periods of Jovillanos?

As a spoken tongue the Spanish is unequalled; for whilst its graceful inflexions and sonorous cadences please the ear even of one who does not understand them, the mind is delighted and self-love flattered and gratified by a thousand happy proverbs and complimentary expressions, which have grown into use among a witty and courteous people. In the pulpit the Spanish is dignified and solemn, requiring but a little skill and feeling to kindle it into eloquence; at the head of an army it is prolonged, powerful, and commanding; in ordinary discourse it is expressive, sprightly, and amusing; from an enraged voice, its gutturals are deeply expressive of hatred and detestation; as the language of a lover, as the vehicle of passion, the Spanish has an earnest eloquence, an irresistible force of feeling; in the mouth of woman it is sweet, captivating, and fraught with persuasion.

In his manners the Spaniard is dignified, and yet full of courtesy. He is not fond of exercising hospitality because he is poor, and because the Inquisition and its present substitute the police have rendered him suspicious. For the same reason he is backward in intruding his presence and imparting his opinions, whence he has been called unsocial. Contempt for petty inconvenience, and superiority to trivial and unbecoming impatience, are common qualities in Spain. The humblest peasant, the

meanest muleteer, has, in fact, a certain air of independence, a sense of inferiority to no man, which breaks down the barrier of factitious distinction, and makes one feel himself in the presence of an equal. Notwithstanding the immense distinction of classes in Spain, I have nowhere seen more equality in the ordinary intercourse of life. The great seem to forget their greatness, and the poor their poverty. Of the two, the peasant has the nobler and more princely bearing.

But if the Spaniard is courteous in general, he is especially so in his intercourse with the other sex. It is then that he waves both dignity and independence, and owns himself inferior. There is indeed a humility, a devotedness, in Spanish gallantry, of which we have no idea: *A los pies de usted Señora!* accompanied by a bow and bearing of corresponding humility, is but the prelude to a long series of the most devoted courtesies. Woman here, even in the lowest stations, is never subjected to the menial drudgery of France and Switzerland; but seems born only to embellish life. Ignorant of all that pertains to learning and book lore, she is yet a deep-read adept in the art of pleasing. Ever ready and most happy in conversation, she dances and does every thing with a native grace unattainable by mere cultivation; touches her guitar as if by a gift, and sings with the eloquence that passion only can

inspire. The Spanish woman is indeed a most fascinating creature*. Her complexion is usually a mellow olive, often russet; rarely rosy, and never artificially so. Her skin smooth and rich—face round, full, and well proportioned, with eyes large, black, brilliant, and speaking; a small mouth, and teeth white and regular. As for her shape, without descending to particulars, which might lead to extravagance, it is sufficient to say that it is beautifully—nay, exquisitely formed, and of such perfect flexibility, that when she moves every gesture becomes a grace, and every step a study. Her habitual expression is one of sadness and melancholy; but when she meets an acquaintance and makes an effort to please, opening her full-orbed and enkindling eyes, and parting her rich lips to make room for the contrasting pearl of her teeth, or to give passage to some honied word, the heart must be more than adamant that can withstand her blandishments. Nor is the Spanish woman only beautiful; she is not changeful in her loves, though

* The Spanish women are more easy to characterize than the men; for they are much more uniform in dress, manners, and appearance; perhaps, because the different nations who have conquered the Peninsula may have brought no women with them; for, though well enough at home, they are but poor companions upon a march. The reader need not, however, suppose this the portrait of every woman in Spain. The ugly are to be found there as well as in other countries.

fond and passionate and peremptory. She is capable of the greatest self-devotion, and history has recorded acts of heroism in her honor which are without example. If, indeed, Joan of Arc be taken from the ranks of humanity, and accounted either more or less than a woman, where may we find equals for Isabel Davalos, Doña Maria de Pacheco, and the Maid of Zaragoza?

There is, however—let us show the whole truth—one female virtue, which, though it may belong to many in Spain, is yet not universal—and this is chastity. It is no longer there, as in the days of Roderick de Bivar and his good Ximena. Alas! the Spanish dame of our day is often no better than she should be—no better than Doña Julia. I know not whence this decline of morals, if not from the poverty of the country; which, whilst it checks marriages and the creation of families, cannot check the passions enkindled by an ardent clime. It is to be feared that, though positive prostitution be less common in Spain than in other countries, there is little regard for the vows of matrimony, even in the villages, where, if at all, one looks for virtue. Though conflicting loves and connubial jealousies often lead to deadly strife among the common people, very frequently to the destruction of the female, yet in the cities husbands have become more gentle, and the duels, so com-

mon a century or two since, are now entirely unknown. The mantilla, too, borrowed from the Saracens as an appendage of oriental jealousy, instead of concealing the face, now lends a new charm to loveliness. The aunt and the mother still totter at the heels of virginity with watchful eyes; but the wife has no longer occasion to hoodwink her duenna, ere she receive the caresses of her cortejo.

In conversation, too, the freedom of the Spanish women is carried to such an extent, that matters are often discussed among them without any sense of indelicacy, that here would not be even adverted to, and equivoques uttered, that are sometimes any thing but equivocal. Yet, though these liberties of speech are so freely indulged in, there are others esteemed more venial among us, that are not there tolerated even upon the stage. Thus, with their ardent temperaments, ready to take fire at the slightest contact, a kiss is ever considered the sure foretaste of the greatest favors. But if females in Spain are not all that they ought to be, let us not blame them too severely. Woman is born there, as every where, with that strong desire to please, which constitutes the chief attraction and loveliness of the sex, and which is in fact but another name for amiability. It is to please the Mahometan taste of the Spaniard that she leads a sedentary life and grows fleshy, and it is also for his gratification that

she consents to be frail. And hence, wherever woman is vile, there is too much reason to fear that man, too, is worthless.

But let me not assume the vileness of Spanish women, nor infer the worthlessness of the men. Let me rather from the many beautiful qualities of the one deduce the excellence of the other. With all the foibles of these fair Spaniards, they are indeed not merely interesting, but in many things good and praiseworthy. Their easy, artless, unstudied manners; their graceful utterance of their native tongue; their lively conversation, full of tact and pointed with *espièglerie*; their sweet persuasion; their attention to the courtesies of life, to whatever soothes pain or imparts pleasure; but especially their unaffected amiability, their tenderness and truth, render them at once attractive and admirable. Their faults are few, and grow out of the evils which afflict their country. A better state of things will not fail to mend them. Their good qualities are many, and are altogether their own.

It has been our endeavour here to convey a succinct view of Spain and of her inhabitants. From what has been stated, it appears that the adhesion of the people to a state of things, which has reduced their country from a proud and becoming pre-eminence to its present unworthy condition, can only be accounted for by their poverty and ig-

norance, and by the strong influence of the clergy, who move them with the double lever of wealth and religion. The best chance that Spain could have had for quiet regeneration would have been, perhaps, under the enlightened despotism of such a king as Joseph; a prince, whose sagacity would have led to the redress of grievances, whilst his goodness of heart would have tempered the evils resulting from sudden innovation. But Joseph was a usurper and a stranger, and the national dignity would have been shocked by growing better under his auspices. Joseph has been supplanted by Ferdinand. The constitution, too, has had its day, and some other means must be looked to now, to effect the business of regeneration. Happily they are not wanting. There is in Spain a party of men, who have been awakened to a sense of their rights during the struggles of the present century, and who have known what it is to taste the pleasures of unrestrained liberty in speech and action. The representations of these men—nay, the very persecutions which they suffer, must add new numbers to the list of liberals, until they shall cease to be a minority. And thus that ecclesiastical influence, which has crushed Spain during so many centuries, must gradually go down. It is already declining. The monks are much decreased by the destruction of their convents, and the partial alienation of their

estates; the idle will soon cease to prefer a life, which from being peaceful has become precarious. The clergy have lost much popularity since the last revolution; for the people do not find that their condition has been much improved by the downfall of the constitution. The *dime*, which is a debt of conscience, and may therefore serve as a measure of the popular love, is now dwindled into a twentieth. The progressive improvement of the whole world, and that spirit of liberty which is shaking old Europe to the centre, must also be felt in Spain. The influence of free, happy, and enlightened France, now at last completely mistress of her destinies, will not be arrested by excisemen, nor by soldiery. The Pyrenees will offer but a feeble barrier to arrest the passage of thought and sentiment. The Spaniards will soon begin to compare conditions, and ask themselves, why are Frenchmen happy and we miserable? Are they more generous, more valiant, more loyal, more persevering, more patriotic? They are not. Then why should they be respected and powerful, whilst we are become the scoff of the whole world? It is because they have no clergy, owning the best of the soil, and passing their lives in untasked enjoyment; because they have no nobles and lordly proprietors dividing the country among themselves, and living by the labor of the industrious; because each cul-

tivator tills his little field, nor fears to improve it, since he knows that it will descend thus improved to his children; because all men are born to the strictest equality; because justice is there administered with more certainty and expedition than in any other country; and because they have a government, not for plunder but protection. And now, the next question is, how did France arrive at these results, and what course must that nation follow that would imitate her example? It was the revolution! Methinks I see Spain, as this magic word reverberates through the land, shaking off her long lethargy, and preparing for the struggle.

She now discovers that the clergy, in so long controlling and directing her in this world under the plea of securing her happiness in the next, did but cajole her with the view to promote their own temporal interests. The blind devotion of so many centuries is at once converted into the most dreadful detestation; and Spain seeks to expiate her past bigotry by present infidelity, and by ungovernable rage against religion, its rites, its altars, and its ministers. And if France, the land of good humor, gentleness, and unaffected amiability, was converted by a sense of long sustained injury into a nation of monsters, what will become of Spain, where the passions burn with tenfold ardor, and where man has long groaned under tenfold oppression?

It would seem that there is much chance of a revolution in Spain at some future day, and that when it arrives it is likely to be terrible. But when it shall have passed, with a fearful yet regenerating hand, over this ill-fated country, removing the abusive institutions and unjust privileges which have borne so long and so hardly upon her, and she shall have passed, as France has done, through the various ordeals of spurious liberty and military despotism, intelligence may have a chance to creep in, and the people may at length turn their attention to the enjoyment of life and the development of their resources. Nature has been most kind to Spain. Her bowels teem with every valuable production, her surface is every where spread with fertility; a kindly sun shines always forth in furtherance of the universal benignity. Her almost insular situation at the extremity of Europe releases her from the dangers of aggression; and whilst the ocean opens on one hand a convenient high road to the most distant nations of the earth, the Mediterranean, on the other, facilitates her communications with the rich countries that enclose it. Her coasts, too, indented with finer ports than are elsewhere seen, and her waters, not deformed by those fearful storms, which cover more northern seas with wrecks and ruin—all, in connexion with her internal wealth, furnish the happiest adaptation to

commercial pursuits. Thus, whilst her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to the greatness and prosperity of Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely, where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

In taking leave of Spain, let us indulge a hope, that, though her futurity looks ominous, and full of evil forebodings, the present century may yet see her safely through the storm, and leave her, as she deserves to be, rich, respected, and happy.



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