

the vineyards of this province, or the kitchens of that. To observe the variation of manners, the force of customs, the utility of laws, or the effects of climate, renders a much more essential service to your country, than to set a new fashion, teach a new air, or give a new dish.

THE writer, apprehending that his stay in SPAIN would have been of much longer duration, had formed his original plan of a much larger extent, than that which is now laid before the public: but as the war, which unfortunately broke out between the two courts, prevented his prosecuting that more extensive design, the reader will, he hopes, charitably place this defect to the account of that unforeseen event, and not to any want of intention or industry in the writer.

HE is very sensible of the many imperfections and defects of this performance, and is convinced, that it stands in need of all the apologies he is capable of making for it. The reader owes the perusal of it not to the writer's own sentiment or opinion, but to the determination of abler judges, who conceived, that with all its errors it might be of use to the public, as relating to a country, the accounts of which now extant among us are more apt to mislead, than to inform.

THE following papers would have been much less superficial and jejune, if the country, in which they were collected, had been half so *communicative* as that in which they are published. In SPAIN, the want of that general education and knowledge, which is so universally diffused throughout this island, renders the progress of all enquiry very slow and difficult: the reserved temper and genius of the Spaniards makes it still more embarrassed; but the caution they use, and the suspicions they entertain with regard to hereticks, especially priests, are generally sufficient to damp the most industrious and inquisitive researcher. Add to this that invincible obstacle to all free enquiry in catholic countries, *the inquisition*, and then it is apprehended that the reader will not wonder, that he finds so little entertainment and information in the following letters.

BUT

BUT this is not all; besides the difficulties a foreigner meets with in the dominions of his catholic majesty, *that* of the language is not the least. FRENCH and ITALIAN are now become so very fashionable and common among us, that most of our young travellers set out with the *Bocca Romana*, and the accent of BLOIS. But how few are there of us, that go out Spaniards? that have language enough to ask, Which is the way? or, How many miles are there to the next town? This inconvenience will be sensibly felt by every enquiring mind. For want of Spanish, the compiler of these papers used to endeavour to avail himself at first of that almost universal tongue of mankind, the *Latin*: but in that, besides the difference of pronounciation, he found a much worse circumstance belonging to it: few of the monks or clergy understood any thing of it; and still fewer were able to speak it. Their common answer was, *No entiendo Uste; No es Latino por aca, pero es Latino por alla*: that is, "I do not understand you, Sir: it is not the Latin of this here country, but of that there country."

HAVING fairly apprised the reader of those imperfections which he will find in this miscellany, the writer hopes to be indulged in submitting to him what may be modestly said in favour of the performance.

THE accounts which we have of SPAIN, may be reduced to three sorts; the *Romance*, the *Obsolete*, and the *Modern*. With regard to the first, the author rejoices to see that absurd kind of writing so generally disregarded, that even the very names of the celebrated romances of the last age are almost as much forgotten as those of their authors: Though it is to be feared, that the wretched tribe of novel-writers, which have succeeded, have done greater mischief. The too sublime CLELIA and PHARAMOND were compositions, perhaps, of less pernicious tendency, than some of our later printed poisons: the former might fill the mind with improbable fictions, but the latter may inflame the heart with probable vice: the apprentice, or young miss, may be less incited by objects of impossible imitation, such as the wandering knight in black armour, or the rambling lady upon a milk-white palfrey,

than by the familiar history of the seducer and the seduced, which fill up most of our modern novels; these are subjects of more probable, and, therefore, more dangerous, imitation.

BUT to return from this short digression: the *romance*-accounts of SPAIN have had this bad effect upon us, that they have in a manner infused themselves into our ideas of that country. The manners of the most inflexible people, and such the Spaniards are, undergo some alteration in every age; the mad exploits of chivalry, and the extravagant gallantries of the old Spaniards, are now no more: the guittar and gauntlet are both thrown aside. The more refined manners of FRANCE passed over the *Pyrenees* with the house of BOURBON. Even the *Spanish language* is now making its last struggles against the more insinuating one of FRANCE; and, if the court did not still retain that laudable custom of answering foreign ambassadors in their own tongue, it would probably have fallen into great neglect before now. *French politesse* has given a new air to, and softened the ferocious features of that country: the mustacho has dropped from the lip, and the cloke from the shoulders of their noblesse. Even the *Inquisitors* have since learned not only the politeness, but humanity of that people, and have left off roasting heretics *alive*: a custom, which, within this century, has been practised at GRANADA.

THE next accounts which we have of SPAIN, may be called *Obsolete*; and such should be esteemed all those which have not been published within this century. They are accounts, indeed, which were once true, but are now no more a just description of the Spaniards, than an account of ENGLAND in the time of EDWARD III. would be called now: such are *The lady's travels into Spain*, a book pirated from a French writer; and many others. *The Delices d'Espagne*, though a good book, is now quite antiquated; even the descriptions of places in it are become unlike, because the face of a country will change with time, as well as the manners of a people.

THE third class of accounts mentioned above, are the *Modern*; of this sort we have very little that is either tolerably correct or

P R E F A C E.

authentic. Mr. WILLOUGHBY's *Travels*, though republished in HARRIS's Collection, are of no moment; it is said the botanical, or natural history part of it is good; which, I suppose, made them appear together with Mr. RAY's. Mr. AP RICE has indeed lately published *A tour through Spain and Portugal*, London 1760, in 8vo; his view appears merely to have been that of exposing the absurd miracles of the Romish church, which indeed he has done effectually: but, in other respects, that book does not seem to have been written by one who actually visited the places themselves.

THE last thing, which I have to offer in favour of these letters, is, that the reader may be assured, that the utmost care was taken, that the accounts should be had from the best hand possible. The account of the *Spanish Money* was examined and approved by DARCY and JOIS, the great bankers at MADRID, and by the gentlemen of the embassy. The state of the *Army, Navy, Finances, and Civil List of the Court*, were transcribed from an original French MS. of the greatest authority, which may be seen in the author's possession, and which is a curiosity of no small value. The title of that French MS. which is a thin folio, runs thus, *Bilan General des Finances de S. M. C. Don Carlos III. Roi d'Espagne, en 1760.*

THE writer has inserted nothing, which he apprehends to be either ambiguous or false. And though he makes no doubt, but there are mistakes, yet he is certain, that he hath done all that he could to avoid them. He has made use of all the helps, living or dead, which fell in his way. And as he believes he has availed himself of most of what is printed upon this subject; so he is not conscious of having omitted any hints, given him by his friends and acquaintance, either in SPAIN or ENGLAND.

BUT though he has consulted what others have written upon this subject, it has been more with a view of avoiding their observations, than of making himself rich by their spoils: For in this matter he followed, as near as he could, that excellent instruction, which Dr. MIDDLETON hath given to succeeding writers, in his

admirable preface to the Life of CICERO. ' In writing history, ' as in travels, instead of transcribing the relations of those who ' have trodden the same ground before us, we should exhibit a ' series of observations peculiar to ourselves; such as the facts and ' places suggested to our own minds, from an attentive survey of ' them, without regard to what any one else may have delivered ' about them: And though in a production of this kind, where ' the same materials are common to all, many things must neces- ' sarily be said, which had been observed already by others; yet, ' if the author has any genius, there will be always enough of what ' is new, to distinguish it as an original work, and to give him a ' right to call it his own: which, he flatters himself, will be al- ' lowed to him in the following letters.

As to the form of *Letters*, in which this collection appears, it was owing to this circumstance; great part of it was sent to the author's friends in ENGLAND, in that dress, from MADRID: and when he came to review the whole, he saw no reason why he should alter it; it is the easiest and most comprehensive vehicle of matter; it allows of more liberty than a stiff and formal narrative; it affords more relief to the reader, there being perpetual breaks, where he may pause at pleasure.

BUT there is one circumstance in this publication, which affords the author no small satisfaction; and that is the giving his reader a fresh proof of the happiness, which he enjoys in being *born a Briton*; of living in a country, where he possesses freedom of sentiment and of action, liberty of conscience, and security of property, under the most temperate climate, and the most duly poised government in the whole world. A liberty that cannot become licentious, because bounded and circumscribed, not by the arbitrary will of ONE, but by the wisdom of ALL, by the due limits of reason, justice, equity, and law: Where the prince can do no wrong, and where the people must do right: Where the lawless noble is no more privileged from the hand of justice, than the meanest peasant: Where the greatest minister stands accountable to the public, and, if he betrays the interests of his country, cannot bid defiance to the just resentments of the law.

LET

LET an Englishman go where he will, to SPAIN or PORTUGAL, to FRANCE or ITALY; let him travel over the whole globe, he will find no constitution comparable to that of GREAT BRITAIN. Here is no political engine, no bastile, no inquisition, to stifle in a moment every symptom of a free spirit rising either in church or state; no familiar, no alguazil to carry off each dangerous genius in arts or science, to those dark and bloody cells, from whence there are

— *vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

THE *Monsieur* is polite, ingenious, subtle, and proud: but he is a slave, and is starving; his time, his purse, and his arm are not his own, but his monarch's. The *Italian* has neither freedom, morals, nor religion. The *Don* is brave, religious, and very jealous of his honour, when once engaged: yet oppression and poverty are his portion under the sway of an arbitrary monarch. And though he may boast, that the sun never rises or sets but within the vast limits of the Spanish monarchy, yet he will never see liberty, science, arts, manufactures, and commerce flourish in them with any vigour. The *Portuguese* is equally a slave, ignorant, and superstitious. The *German* is continually at war, or repairing the havock made by it. The *Hollander*, sunk in sloth, and the love of money, is only active in commerce out of avarice. All these, weighed in the balance against BRITAIN, in point of happiness and advantages, will be found light: Let it, therefore, be considered as no illiberal end of this publication, to inspire the reader with love of the British constitution.

THE papers, which compose the following *Historical Introduction*, consist of three parts. The *first* contains *An extract from the works of the Marquis de Mondecar*, a noble, learned, and judicious Spaniard, shewing the rise and origin of the several kingdoms into which SPAIN was divided, and whose provincial divisions subsist to this day. The *second* is *A short view of the history of Spain from the death of Charles II. to the present time*: This period was chosen, as being that of the accession of the BOURBON-family, which forms a new æra, and is, in the history of SPAIN, what the revolution is in the history of ENGLAND; our modern politics hardly

hardly looking farther back than the present settlement in SPAIN, and the partition of the Italian dominions, which ensued upon it. The *third* part of this historical introduction is, *A list of English ambassadors, &c. at the court of Spain, with the treaties, &c.* which it was thought would be no unuseful appendix to the former.

To conclude: Should there be, among the more humane readers, one who, in any remark, circumstance, or reflexion, may imagine that I have heightened or exaggerated this account of the Spanish nation, or have been any where too severe in my animadversions; have *caricatured* the features, or *magnified* the manners of that people: he will, upon better information, discover, that THIS is by far the most favourable and candid account of SPAIN, which is not written by a Spaniard. Those who will take the pains to read what the Marshal BASSOMPIERE, the Countess D'AUNOIS, Father LABAT, the Abbé VAYRAC, Madame de VILLARS, M. DESORMEAUX, DON JUAN ALVAREZ DE COLMENAR, himself a Spaniard, and others have written upon this subject, will see the difference between a fair, true, and impartial account, and one dictated by a heart overflowing with gall, and penned with the ink of invective. And yet, what is more remarkable, their descriptions were written by authors of the same *religious persuasion* with the Spaniards, by true and zealous *catholics*. If mine has any merit to claim over their's, it is by shewing, that a *protestant* has written a more favourable account of a *catholic* country, than *catholics* themselves have published. Truth and fact have been throughout the sole objects of my attention. I had neither ill-nature to gratify, or spleen to indulge: I abhor all national reflections, and despise from my heart the little prejudices of country, or custom. Upon many accounts I love and revere the Spaniards: I admire their virtues, and applaud their valour. All nations and regions have their respective merits. But, notwithstanding, I have steadily kept that just rule in view,

*Ne quid FALSI dicere ausus, ne quid VERI non ausus.*

JOURNEY FROM LONDON

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L E T T E R I.

JOURNEY from LONDON to MADRID.

I LEFT LONDON, in company with two other gentlemen, on Saturday the 10th of *May*, 1760, set sail from FALMOUTH on the 20th, and arrived at CORUNNA on the 26th of the same month.

THE harbour of CORUNNA presents you with a fine prospect as you sail into it; on your right are *The Tower of HERCULES*, the fort, and the town; before you the shipping; all terminated by an agreeable view of the country: On your left you see CAPE PRIOR, the entrance of FERROLL, and a ridge of barren mountains, with a large river running between them. CORUNNA is well built and populous, but, like most other Spanish towns, has an offensive smell. Their method of keeping the tiles fast, on the roofs of houses, is by laying loose stones upon them. The Spaniards, to my great mortification, have quitted that old dress, which looks so well on our English stage: The men wear a great flapped hat, a cloke reaching down to their feet, and a sword, generally carried under the arm: The women wear a short jacket of one colour, a petticoat of another, and either a white or black woolen veil. We stayed at CORUNNA a whole week, because we could not procure a vehicle to convey us to MADRID, nearer than from MADRID itself: Nor could we travel on the freight road to ASTORGA by any other convenient method, than riding on mules or horses, for we rejected the *litter*, as disagreeable and fatiguing, and no other carriage could pass the mountains that way: We wrote therefore to MADRID for a coach to meet us at ASTORGA, which is about 150 miles from CORUNNA.