The Academy of History, to the sessions of which the unmerited honor of a corresponding membership gave me admission, was occupied, as diligently as its moderate means would allow, in the publication of historical manuscripts, — treasures of which yet lie, undeveloped, on its shelves. Some of the unpublished books of Oviedo's History of the Indies were in a state of preparation for the press, nothing being wanting but a portion of the manuscript, belonging to the Queen's private library, — to which access, strange to say, is difficult, even for Academicians. The Padre Baranda, a learned member of the Academy, was intrusted with a continuation of the *España Sagrada* of Flores, and the publicationof several volumes of Villanueva's "Literary Voyage to the Churches of Spain," which are yet in manuscript. To the printing of these latter works a liberal contribution was made by the Commissary of the Bull of the Crusade, — their ecclesiastical merit and interest commending them a good deal more to such patronage, than to any general acceptation in the literary world. The Academy can hardly be said to be in a flourishing condition, so far as concerns its capacity for the dissemination of knowledge. The library is a good, and in some measure a rare one, but the want of room renders its arrangement and classification extremely imperfect, so that — the catalogue being in manuscript and not clear to the uninitiated — it is necessary to depend, almost entirely, upon the personal familiarity of the worthy librarian with the sheep of his pasture. Under such circumstances, and in the absence of any but the most limited pecuniary resources, the institution is necessarily narrowed in the sphere of

its usefulness, and principally serves to keep alive, in a small body of learned and indefatigable scholars, a quiet devotion to the literary antiquities of their country. Before I left Madrid, it was in contemplation to remove the collections of the Academy to a more favorable and commodious locality, and it may be that some impulse will thus be given to its labors, which will enable it to continue worthy of the days of Clemencin and Navarrete. So far as industry and learning may contribute to this result, there is enough of both, among the members, to insure it.

The National Library, with its collection of 130,000 volumes, is an excellent institution, so far as it goes, — a perfect model in its arrangement, and in the liberality with which provision is made for the convenient and satisfactory access of the public. The apartments are many and comfortable, and the attendants as numerous and courteous as could be desired. Those who are interested in coins and medals will find an extensive and admirable collection there, — probably unsurpassed by any of Europe in the Arabic department, which owes the beauty of its arrangement — so often praised — to the skill and learning of Don Pascual de Gayangos. The Library is obnoxious to the same complaint which has been made in regard to the more limited collection of the Academy of History, — the want of proper and complete indexes. Those which exist are very perfect, down to their date ; but they have not been systematically added to for several years. Being in manuscript also, — of which there is but one copy, — they furnish the most limited facilities, even where they are complete ; and it is necessary to resort to

the officers in charge of them with a frequency which is a great obstacle to uninterrupted and elaborate investigation. The collection of books also needs modernizing very much. It is unequivocally behind the times, and meagre in its stock of contemporary literature. But every thing cannot be done at once. Material necessities must be met, before intellectual cravings can be satisfied. Arms must have yielded long, before the toga can be worn as a familiar garment.

The lover of romantic antiquity will probably find nothing in Europe to delight him more, in that regard, than the superb *Armería* (Armory) near the Palace. It is not only rich in armor and weapons, the most complete, ingenious, and magnificent, in themselves, but suggestive, at every step, of all that is chivalrous and glorious in Spanish history. Suit after suit, bruised in the bloodiest frays, — swords which have names in song and chronicle, — shields and lances which have driven back, or onward, the tide of famous battle, — are all there, as they were worn, or borne, or wielded, by king and champion, Moor and Christian. Blades of the Paladins, — the mail of the Cid, — the halberd of Peter the Cruel, — the armor of Isabella, and Boabdil, and Gonzalo of Cordova, — the casque of the captive Francis, — the harness of the great Emperor, his victor, — of Columbus and "stout Cortes," — of Guzman the Good, — of Ferdinand the saint and Ferdinand the Catholic — and sinner! It is a place to read ballads and dream dreams, and ask no questions.

As an historical memorial, I was struck with an *adarga*, or Moorish shield of dressed leather, which belonged to Charles the Fifth. It is divided into four compart-

ments, the upper one of which, upon the left, contains a representation of the surrender of the Alhambra. Ferdinand rides on the outside, on a white charger; the Queen, on a white palfrey, is between him and a gray-haired man, supposed to be the Cardinal Mendoza. They are entering at one gate, followed by their soldiery, while from another gate of the same tower sallies Boabdil, with but one attendant. The similarity of this picture to the bass-relief on the altar of the Catholic Sovereigns, in the Cathedral of Granada, entitles it to some consideration as illustrating a point on which the chronicles differ. I referred to the question in the "Glimpses of Spain," and it is hardly of sufficient importance to deserve more than the present allusion.

It would be scarcely pardonable to take my leave of Madrid, without some reference to the bull-fights of the famous season of 1850. Not that there is any thing new to be said or sung upon the subject, in the general, — nor that I propose to say or sing what has been heard so often before; but that the veteran Montes, "the first sword of Spain," returned, during my visit, to the scene of his triumphs which he had for six years deserted, and his advent was an epoch in the annals of tauromachy. When it began to be rumored that he was coming, the newspapers were wild, and the people in ecstasy. He brought with him his nephew, the famous *Chiclanero;* and the Duke of Veraguas, a grandee of Spain and the lineal descendant of Columbus, was one of the attorneys who contracted on their part with the directors of the Plaza. A procession of the fancy, noble and gentle, went out to meet him as he drew near Madrid, and, after feasting and congratu-

lation, he entered the city in triumph. His first performance was on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, — a special honor to the day. The Plaza was crowded to overflowing, the *troupe* was choice and beautifully equipped, and the array of loveliness, fashion, and enthusiasm not to be surpassed. The great *matador* was received as a victor from a hard-fought field. He bore his laurels modestly, and addressed himself at once, like a man, to his work.

Though past the prime of life and of activity, Montes was conspicuous for his athletic form and perfect composure. He had

"The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein," —

dexterity, which nothing but long practice, courage, and command of nerve can give, in the presence of such terrible and instant danger. When the bull came in, he would sit for a few moments on the barrier and watch his motions. Apparently satisfied as to the character of the animal by this brief observation, he would descend into the arena, and place himself where he pleased. He would call the bull, — attract and mock him with his cloak, backwards and forwards and again, — and yet not desert a circle of ten feet in diameter. Where the *banderilleros* would fly and leap the barrier, he would avoid the charge by the slightest inclination of his body, without a step to the right or left. Once I saw him call the bull, and as the furious animal rushed towards him, Montes confronted him with folded arms and steady gaze. The bull turned instantly aside, and attacked some other of the company. It seemed, indeed, as if his mastery

over the wild brutes was absolute, — as if, to use the language of one of the journals, "they knew him and respected him." To me, I confess, it was incomprehensible, — to the reader it will, I fear, be incredible.

The killing of the bull by Montes was a very miracle, — no butchery, no side-blow, no loss of swords, no hurry, no help. In one and the same instant the sword flashed behind the crimson cloak, and the *matador* was wiping the blood from his blade, with the victim at his feet. I saw the whole Plaza rise, to a man, in admiration of one such blow. The newspapers were absolutely glorious in their accounts of the *maestro*'s performances; but the details of their descriptions, though no doubt interesting to the fancy, were as unintelligible to me, as the history of a milling-match in Bell's Life in London. I endeavored to educate myself up to the proper level, by reading the treatise of Montes himself on *Tauromaquia*, — a work of considerable reputation; but I found it as scientific as a book of surgery, and as deep as one of Mr. Emerson's Essays. Having had occasion, at the time, to turn to Ford's Hand-Book, — which is full of knowledge and admirable description in regard to the sports of the arena, — I fell by chance on that singular passage, in which he gives vent to his nationality, by speaking of the "quick work" which "a real British bull, with his broad neck and short horns, would make with the men and horses of Spain"! I could not but feel curious to know what the patriotism of the writer might induce him to think of a boar-hunt, with prize pigs.

Since my return from Spain, Montes has fallen before a mightier *matador* than himself, — having died of a

fever, or a doctor, at home, in his bed. The account which I have of his decease sets down his age at forty-six. In the ring, he appeared at least ten years older. "Six bull-fighters," says his chronicler, "bore his coffin in silent sadness. . . . . He was of noble family, but was compelled, by the reduced circumstances of his father, to gain his subsistence with his own hands. The destiny of a day-laborer, however, did not furnish a field broad enough for the movements of his soul. In his straits, he sought a door to the temple of fame, — and he found it. He elevated his art to a height unknown before, and the whole world beheld with awe the triumphs of his skill and valor!"

What is glory, after all? And what lacks Montes, but his Homer, to live as long as Ajax? Is not the hero thrice blessed who slays only cattle?

XXIX.

VALLADOLID. — SIMANCAS AND ITS ARCHIVES. — BLASCO DE GARAY AND THE APPLICATION OF STEAM TO NAVIGATION. — HIS INVENTION A FABLE. — BURGOS. — VERGARA. — VISIT TO AZPEITIA. — VALLEY OF LOYOLA. — JESUIT COLLEGE AND CHURCH. — THE BASQUES. — THEIR CHARACTER, AGRICULTURE, AND INSTITUTIONS. — TOLOSA. — RIDE TO BAYONNE. — THE GASCON.

WHEN I left Madrid, the duty which called me homeward permitted but little deviation from the beaten track by which I had entered Spain. I took advantage, however, of a few days' leisure and the agreeable companionship of a fellow-countryman and friend, to visit the noble old city of Valladolid, and the works of art which are still so splendid in Burgos. A full account of our journey would be out of place here, and the objects of interest which we passed in review would be unfairly dealt with, if treated otherwise than in detail.

From Valladolid, an excursion to the Archives of Simancas was a matter of course. A drive of two leagues or thereabouts, along the banks of the Pisuerga, — which waters a beautiful and highly cultivated val-

ley, — carried us to the base of a bold hill, whose summit is crowned by the village of Simancas. High over all rises the stern old castle, with its round towers, which once belonged to the valorous Henriquez, — the Admirals of Castile, — and in which are now deposited so many of the most important records of the Spanish realm. Making our way on foot up the precipitous and narrow streets of the town, we at last reached a stone bridge, which occupied the place of the old drawbridge and led us, across the moat, to the massive gateway of the castle. The occupation of the moat was as peaceful as that of the grim walls it girdled, for a harvest of luxuriant grain was growing along its deep and fertile round.

The kind letters of our friends at Madrid commended us so efficiently to the good offices of the courteous and learned *archivero*, Sr. Gonzalez Garcia, that we were soon introduced to the most interesting of his curiosities. The French destroyed many documents of value and removed others, — partly from wantonness and partly to obliterate the historical traces of some transactions and mischances of their own; but the *Archivo* is still a treasure-house of European history, and access is now obtained to it with so much greater facility than of old, that it is likely yet to revolutionize many received historical theories and dogmas. The History of Philip the Second, now in the hands of our eminent fellow-citizen, Mr. Prescott, will probably afford early evidence in this behalf.

The papers, throughout the whole *Archivo*, are capitally arranged and kept, — the most precious, in queer old *arcas* or chests, which are deposited in safes or

small vaulted chambers, for which the solid walls afford excellent convenience. The state apartment contains perhaps the most valuable documents, in the shape of diplomatic correspondence. Some idea of the copiousness of the records here may be formed from the fact, that the letters of Gondomar, the Ambassador of Spain at the Court of James the Second of England, fill eighteen folio volumes. Among the more curious papers may be seen the wills of Isabella the Catholic and her grandson, Charles the Fifth; the autograph letter of John of Austria, written in the flush of the victory of Lepanto, with a plan of the battle, drawn by himself; and the memoranda made by Philip the Second for the despatch to be written in reply. Philip was a pragmatical man of business, and made memoranda and notes of every thing, so that almost all the details of his reign may be traced here after his own hand. In some of the lower courts of the castle there were immense bales of papers lying, which had belonged to the archives of the Inquisition at Madrid. They had not been long remitted, and there was no room for them. An *auto de fé* would be a characteristic and appropriate disposition of them.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

In the copying-room of the *Archivo*, we had the good fortune to find Don José Aparici, an exceedingly interesting person, to whom, also, we were recommended. He was a colonel of engineers, a man of science, and an antiquarian and scholar of no mean repute, to whom had been assigned the duty of preparing materials, from the records, for a history of the Engineer De-

partment of Spain. To this task he had voluntarily added that of searching the archives for the annals of the artillery corps. He showed us some twenty or thirty volumes of copies, the fruits of six years' investigations, and yet covering only the history of the sixteenth and a part of the seventeenth century. He had searched, as far as he had gone, all of the papers in the archives of the War Department, and contemplated going through all those of later date. The number of years which his labors were still likely to occupy was of course uncertain, — not less than six, however, at the least. Taking us to his house, he showed us a beautiful collection of fac-similes he had made of the signatures of all the distinguished persons — kings, queens, soldiers, statesmen, artists, and scholars — of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Among them we noticed the name of Blasco de Garay, the engineer, to whom has been attributed, by many, the first application of steam, with success, to the purposes of navigation. The reader who is familiar with either the history of Spain or that of the steam-engine, will remember that the experiment is said to have been triumphantly made by Garay, in the presence of Charles the Fifth, in the harbor of Barcelona, and that the prosecution of the discovery was arrested by a court intrigue. The details were given to the world by Don Martin Navarrete, in his *Coleccion de Viages*, &c., and were perhaps first republished in the United States in Mr. Slidell's "Year in Spain." To our surprise, Colonel Aparici informed us, that the whole story was a mere fiction. The facts which he related in regard to it bear so closely on a question of great interest, par-

ticularly in this country, as to induce me to depart from my original plan, by giving this account of my visit to Simancas.

There is no doubt that Garay — who calls himself, in his memorials, "*un pobre hidalgo de Toledo*" (a poor gentleman of Toledo) — was a man of a great deal of mechanical talent and proficiency in the physical sciences. The records of Simancas show many projects of his, which indicate an active and inventive mind. Among them is an ingenious plan for converting salt water into fresh, at sea. The invention which has given rise to his connection with the history of steam navigation was nothing more nor less than the substitution of wheels for oars in the royal galleys. He made four failures in the harbor of Malaga. His fifth experiment, which was in the port of Barcelona, was in a measure successful. With two wheels, and relays of six men for each, he was able to move a large galley, at the rate of something more than a league in the hour. The crew of such a vessel, when moved by oars, was required to number at least a hundred and fifty men. The Emperor, who was to have been present at the experiment, was called off suddenly to the Low Countries, and Garay lost the benefit of his personal inspection. When the result, however, was communicated to Charles, he made the same objection which has been urged, in our time, to the use of war-steamers. He said that a cannon-ball might destroy the machinery, and render the galley unmanageable at a single blow. It was this opinion of the Emperor, and no intrigue of the Treasurer Ravago, as stated by Navarrete, which put an

end to Garay's improvement. He died poor, and there is extant, in the *Archivo*, a memorial of his son after his death, asking the allowance of a hundred ducats, for the construction of another machine according to the father's plan. It was not granted.

These facts, which conclusively settle the question of Garay's invention, were given to me by Colonel Aparici, in detail, and with an offer to refer to the copies of the proper documents. They are, of course, not made public here without his permission. He told us that he had looked over every paper in the *Archivo*, having any connection with the projects of Garay, and that there is not, in any memorial, report, or *oficio* relating to the subject, a single allusion to steam, or to a *caldera* (boiler) or any thing which, directly or indirectly, suggests the idea of steam as a motive-power. He added, that the facts which he thus communicated to us were known to a great many persons in Spain, and particularly to the members of the Academy of History; but that there was a natural indisposition, on every one's part, to take the lead in giving them to the world. The invention was too glorious a one for the national pride to surrender without a struggle. The documents, however, he said, must one day appear. He himself had prepared some biographical memoranda for the press, which he showed us, in which the true state of the case was lightly alluded to, by way of preparing the public mind. To use his own emphatic and manly language, "he could not think that fame, which was a lie, was worth preserving."

It is but justice to the learned and indefatigable Navarrete to say, that there is not the slightest imputation

upon his candor or research involved in the fact of his having published a statement, which now turns out to be so far unfounded. The documents on which he relied were furnished to him from a responsible source, and he gave the results to the press in the best faith. Small portions of the latter part of Garay's correspondence were all that he received, and the allusions to steam were surreptitiously introduced, to impose on him. It is not known whether he was ever informed of the imposition; certainly he was not, if at all, until after his advanced age had placed literary labor of any sort beyond his powers. The memory of so able, pure, and accurate an historian deserves this statement. In the multiplicity and scope of his painful and protracted labors, he could not possibly see all things with his own eyes.

After two or three days spent among the wonders of the past and the discomforts of the present, in both of which Burgos is so abounding, my companion was called back to official duties in the capital, and I resumed my journey towards the frontier, pausing only for a slight deflection into Guipuzcoa (one of the Basque provinces), to visit the family of a valued friend whom I had left, an exile, in America. We diverged from the main road at Vergara, — the scene of Espartero's famous "Convention" with Maroto, — a sweet little town in a shady and romantic defile, by far too beautiful to be the witness of unnatural and cruel strife. For a league and a half our journey lay along the margin of the Deva, which is indeed a "wizard stream." The lofty hills between which it flows were cultivated almost to their summits, in every variety and shade of green, to which the iron-tinted soil, where freshly turned,

gave charming contrast and relief. Here and there, whole hill-sides, covered with the yellow turnip-blossom, looked, in the sun, like fields of cloth of gold. White *caserias* (farm-houses) peeped out at every turn, from groups of trees; peasants were at work all round us; horned cattle, sheep, and goats, in large numbers, were cropping the luxuriant grass. Every inch of ground was converted to some useful purpose; every handful of soil was made to yield its double-handfuls of product. Defile came after defile, and gorge after gorge, all beautiful alike. Mountain streams rushed down, in foam, beside the road, and now and then leaped wildly across it. The Deva was full and turbid, from recent rains. The gray stone of the bridges over it was often covered with mosses and pendent vines. The walls, along its banks and on the upper side of the road, were green with ivies and lichens, and fringed with fern. Wild-flowers, blue and yellow, spangled the dark carpet on the lower grounds. Every thing told of moisture and sunshine.

After a while, as we advanced in our ascent, the scene developed itself into wider valleys, and the hills began to wear a savage look about their summits, well suited to suggest the presence of those "spirits and walking devils," with which old Burton, upon learned authority, has peopled the ruggedness of the Cantabrian Mountains. We saw none of these, however; but as we were toiling upwards, near a hill-top, our path was suddenly and swiftly crossed by a party of *Pasiego* smugglers, after whom the custom-house guards were in full cry. They were stout, athletic fellows, — so well able to meet danger, that it was no wonder they

despised it. Each of them carried a mountaineer's long pole, and they rushed over the rocks, and up through the forest, with an agility that was astonishing. My postilion wisely turned his back, so as not to see the direction which they took, and when the troops came up, he, of course, could give them no information. I dismounted and walked a half-mile with the officer in command, who was a pleasant fellow and asked me no questions. He told me that a party of his men were behind, with the main body of the *contrabandistas*, whom they had captured. I saw the poor *Pasiegos* pass along, afterwards, two by two, quite unconcerned. At the next *venta*, the soldiers bound their hands together, apparently with great reluctance; but the captives smoked their cigars very contentedly during the process. They were superb peasants, of the manliest mould, which was well set off by the tight, neat costume of their province. It was sad to reflect that a system of pernicious and unreasonable laws should tempt such stalwart fellows from honest labor, to waste their manhood in the squalid toil of the chain-gangs.

Ascent and descent, equally tedious but for the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the road, carried us, at last, into the valley of Loyola, where, on the margin of a copious and rapid stream, bearing the musical name Urola, lay the delightful village of Azpeitia, the place of my destination. The town is famous as the birthplace of the great founder of the Society of Jesus, who, in the various colors of saint and sage, bigot and madman, — according to the predilection, or judgment, or prejudice of the painter, — has filled so many pages of the world's most serious his-

tory. The house in which he was born, with the arms of his family — two wolves, at a pot suspended by a chain — rudely sculptured over the entrance, is still in perfect preservation, at a short distance from the town. It is now incorporated into the buildings of the immense Jesuit College, whose founders once owned the wide and pleasant *huerta*, still green and plentiful about it. The church of the college is a superb *rotonde*, with a dome and lantern in fine taste, — the most remarkable building of its style in Spain. It is constructed of hard black jasper, which takes an exquisite polish. The front and the grand Corinthian portico look as if they were made of the costliest Egyptian marble. The good priest, who was our guide, showed me a magnificent block, in which the town, the smiling valley, and the hills about it, were reflected, as in a perfect mirror. The high altar and many parts of the interior of the edifice are remarkable for the variety and great beauty of the marbles, — all of which are Spanish; some of them from the Granadian mountains, but the most from those of Biscay. Some of the mosaics and inlaid work can with difficulty be surpassed. The church was deserted, being under the charge, for preservation only, of a solitary clergyman, once the prior of a convent in Azpeitia. The college was the property of the province, and then only used as the depository of the archives of Guipuzcoa. The whole establishment has since been restored to the Jesuit fathers.

But it was not to enjoy the beauties of architecture, art, or scenery, that the reader was invited to join me in this little pilgrimage. It was that he might observe the totally different characteristics of the Basque prov-

inces, as compared with the rest of the kingdom, and attach the proper consideration to those accounts which deal with Spain as homogeneous in its physical, moral, industrial, and agricultural developments, — a nation to be sketched in a paragraph, with a flourish of the pen. The Basque territory is as unlike Castile, La Mancha, or Andalucia, as nature and man can make it. Instead of *dehesas* and *despoblados*, — wastes and depopulated places, — wide fields, without fences or hedges, — scattered and poor villages, — woodless plains or hill-sides, — it has small farms, well wooded and inclosed, with bright cottages, and cheerful little fields not a foot of which, as I have said, but pays its contribution to the farmer. Where the plough cannot pass, the hoe or the hand does its work. Between the rocks, and along the precipices, every slip of soil is tilled. The very difficulties of the location seem to stimulate the energy of the laborer. Plantations of beech and chestnut reward his toil with timber and fruit. Crops of Indian corn spring up around him, with a luxuriance which might shame more fertile regions. On the whole, I do not remember to have seen a country more resembling those delightful tracts, among the Apennines, which M. de Sismondi describes with such elegance and just enthusiasm, in his Essays on Political Economy.

Indeed, as far as I was able to ascertain during my brief visit, the lands are held, in some sort, upon the principle of the *métairie* which Sismondi commends so much in Tuscany. The leases, for the most part, are very long, descending often from father to son among the tenantry, as the freehold passes in the family of the landlord. A small pecuniary rent is paid, nomi-

nally for the house, and for the land a reasonable portion of the crops is given. Attached to each *caseria* there is generally a tract of woodland, often at a considerable distance, upon the mountain ; but sometimes only a right is reserved to cut wood for farming purposes and fuel. The relations of landlord and tenant are so well understood, and in general so satisfactory, that difficulties but seldom occur; the tenant, on the one hand, being beyond the risk of exorbitant exactions, and the landlord, on the other, quite as secure in the receipt of his moderate but sufficient income. What gives to the system its chief merit is the feature which renders it so attractive to M. de Sismondi, — the guaranty of the future which it affords the laborer. He has something before him. He does not toil for present support only, preparing the land for a stranger who may at any moment be put in his place. Every foot that he redeems from barrenness is so much added to his own stock and the heritage of his children. He labors, therefore, as if the land were his own, and the spirit with which he applies his hand to the work is as fruitful of independence and content to him, as of profit to the owner of the soil. He gathers his humble comforts about him with a sense of security and permanence. His condition is not that of a mere agricultural proletary. It is blended with the enjoyments and surrounded by the blessings of rural competency and a rural home.

As a consequence of this peculiar system, and of their provincial traits of frugality and industry, the Basques, though an extremely crowded population, are for the most part well fed, well clad, and physically comfort-

able. There is very little mendicancy or extreme poverty among them. By nature, they are manly, frank, and hardy, like mountaineers in general; and the freedom of their political charters has developed these qualities into a provincial character of the sturdiest independence. They are bold, active, and enterprising; remarkable throughout the kingdom for their trustworthiness and stern integrity. On the other hand, their good qualities often run into extremes, and they are sometimes obstinate, abrupt, close-fisted, and perverse. "*Larga y angosta, como alma de Vizcaino*," ("Long and narrow, like the soul of a Biscayan,") is the proverb in which their compatriots have caricatured their peculiarities. As *pretendientes*, they are famous. Looking over the Madrid blue-book, it will be seen, by their unequivocable surnames, that they absorb a conspicuous portion of the public patronage; but all who are familiar with the conduct of Spanish affairs will do them the justice to admire the fidelity and ability with which they respond to the public confidence. Upon one point they have a provincial weakness; it is for the antiquity of their race and language. The latter, they gravely contend, was the one spoken in Paradise. If it was, Schlegel has omitted the strongest argument in favor of the improvement of the human species.

When I left Azpeitia, and the cordial hospitality which had welcomed me, and which gave me such regret at parting, I turned my face across the mountains towards the flourishing town of Tolosa, which was reached in a pleasant afternoon's journey. The next morning I mounted the diligence for the North. It was Sunday, — a soft and genial day,

" So calm, so pure, so bright,"

that George Herbert might well have called it " the bridal of the earth and sky," — or even their courtship, which is a brighter thing. The roads and the village streets were lined with cheerful peasants, in holiday costume, and children played happily by the way-sides, in troops that would have saddened a Malthusian. At last, the blue Atlantic hove in sight, suggesting thoughts of the far land beyond it; then came the frontier, — the custom-houses, — France, — evening, — and Bayonne.

" *C'est bong, ça!* " said a fat Gascon *marchand de chevaux*, who rode with us, next day, towards Bordeaux. We were passing through one of those stiff and formal avenues, which make the landscapes so often, in the South of France, resemble the first plates in Euclid's Elements. " *C'est bong, ça! c'est trés pingtoresque!* " repeated the Gascon, leaning heavily upon me and puffing his pipe in my face. Neither the sentiment itself, nor the mode of its delivery, was calculated to enforce conviction, in one who despised both tobacco and straight lines; but it awakened me to the first full consciousness that I was out of Spain, and I date my exodus accordingly.

XXX.

CONCLUSION. — POLITICAL PROSPECTS OF SPAIN. — EFFECTS OF PEACE. — ESPARTERO. — THE MODERADOS. — THE QUEEN MOTHER. — THE NOBILITY. — MONARCHY. — REPUBLICANISM. — INDEPENDENCE OF NATIONAL CHARACTER AND MANNERS. — LOYALTY. — TENDENCY TO FEDERALISM. — REASONS THEREFOR, AND PROBABILITY OF A CONFEDERATION. — ITS BENEFITS. — THE BASQUE FUEROS. — EFFECT OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS AND DEVELOPMENT OF INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES. — EMPLEOMANIA. — REASONS FOR AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH SPAIN. — JUSTICE DUE HER.

HAVING, to the best of my ability and information, placed it fairly within the power of the reader to draw conclusions for himself, in regard to the political future of Spain, I have little to add, but deductions of my own. There are impressions, sometimes fixed upon the mind, when in the centre and bustle of affairs, which have the force of convictions, though one can scarce tell why. That such may have blended themselves, in the present case, with opinions which I can more readily trace and perhaps defend more satisfactorily to others, is altogether probable. The conclusions at which I

have arrived would not seem to me less likely to be accurate, on that account; but it would be presumptuous to expect that the reader should be willing to take them equally upon trust.

The most obvious fact which the preceding chapters disclose, and a fact not to be gainsaid, is the revival of the prosperity of Spain within the last few years. The improvement may be less thorough, and less worthy of the epoch, than it should be. Its course may have been misdirected and interrupted. It may yet be diverted, nay, occasionally arrested altogether. Nevertheless it exists. It has been the result of causes, still operative, which were deliberately set in motion to produce it; of principles, which it was dangerous to broach, and which it has cost time and labor, agitation and blood, to establish. It has continued to go on, until its march, rapid or retarded, has grown into a custom, — a thing of course. It has wrought changes, which it is now too late to undo, and has established reforms, from which a relapse is now impossible, because the abuses reformed have been cut up at the roots. It has vitality, therefore, and strength, and foothold, and it must advance.

Nor are the causes of this revolution less obvious than its existence. Liberal institutions and peace have been the immediate and main agents of good. Without peace, liberal institutions would have availed but little; indeed, until the civil war was ended, their practical results were trifling, in comparison. With peace, a far less rational system than the worst phase of that which has prevailed would have yielded, by degrees, to popular development; indeed, the sternest despotism could hardly, at this epoch, have restrained it