

Muy ordinario, very bad style.
No vale nada, it is worth nothing.
Me quiere mucho, he is very fond of me.
Le mande á un recado, I sent him on a message.
Es hombre tan formal como nosotros, he is as well-bred as we are.
Con quien se puede tratar, you can live, do business with him.
Con toda franqueza Española, with all Spanish frankness.
No tiene educacion, he is very ill-bred.
No conoce el mundo, has no knowledge of the world.
Tiene cara de hereje, he is very ugly.
Tiene pecho como tabla de animas, she is very scraggy.
Ha quedado para vestir imagenes, she is an old maid.
Es una erudita á la violeta, una marisabidilla, she is a blue.
Los Españoles son muy valientes, the Spaniards are very valiant.
Algunos con las dientes, some with their teeth.
Mueren como chinches, they die in numbers.
Una esquila, una esquelita, a note, a billet.
A medio pelo, half-seas-over.
Vamos á las tiendas, let us go shopping.
Vamos, vamonos á la calle, let us go out (literally, into the street).
Que lastima! what a pity!
Me da lastima, I am very sorry.
Me da tanto coraje, it puts me in such a rage.
No me quemes la sangre, don't vex me (burn my blood).
Me hace volver loco, he drives me mad.
Vengo sofocado, I am suffocated with rage.
Quedarse fresco, Llevar chasco, to be done,
Ah que me burlas, ah, you are joking at me.
Lo dice en broma, he says it in jest.
Corazon de cuartel, a heart as roomy as a barrack.
No como pan de valde, I don't eat my bread gratis.
No compro nada de gangas, I buy nothing a bargain.

Le pone el pie en el pescuezo, she hen-pecks him.
Tengo mi angel de guarda, I have my guardian angel.
Tengobula para todo, I have a bull for everything (I am a privileged person).
Tiene el diablo en el cuerpo, he has the devil in him.
Que mas le da á Vmd.? what is that to you?
No le hace, it does not signify.
No por los lindos ojos de Vmd., not for the sake of your good looks (eyes).
Rezelo que lo tomen á mal, I am afraid they may take it amiss.
Una cosa de tres semanas, about three weeks.
Mande Vmd. con toda franqueza, command me quite freely.
Echaremos un paseito, let us take a walk.
Tenga Vmd. cuidado, take care.
No tenga Vmd. miedo, cuidado, don't be afraid, don't mind.
Aqui estoy yo, I am here.
No lo reparé, I paid no attention to it.
He leído una porcion de ellas, I have read some of them.
Pondré tierra por medio, I shall be off, (put earth between).
Hace mucho papel, he makes a great show.
Salió á las tablas, went on the stage (boards).
Echemos un cigarrillo, let us make a cigar.
No fumo, no gasto cigarros, I do not smoke, I never use cigars.
Fuego, candela, light (to light cigars).
Que tonto eres! how silly you are!
Me volvió la hoja, he changed the subject, turned over a new leaf.
Dice sandezes, he talks nonsense.
Sabe mucho, he is a clever fellow.
Sabe un punto mas que el diablo, he knows a trick more than the devil.
Cachaza, hay tiempo, patience, there's plenty of time.
No corre priesa, there is no hurry.
Conque se marcha Vmd. de veras? so you are really going?
Es preciso, no hay remedio, it must be, there's no help.
Hola! Señor Don José, que tal?
 Hollo! Mr. Joseph, what news?

Se dice en el pueblo, they say in the town.
Mentiras, no lo creo, fibs, I don't believe it.
Que chismografía! what tittle-tattle!
Mala lengua tiene Conchita, little Concha has a wicked tongue.
No te metas en eso, have nothing to do with it.
Que caídas tiene! how droll he is!
Que ocurrencias! how witty!
Eso va largo, that's a long affair.
Por lo que á mi toca, as far as depends on me.
Que cara tan risueña! what a cheerful countenance!
Tiene Vmd. buena cara, you are looking very well.
Que compuesta estás! how well dressed you are, how well got up!
Venida en batea, you seem to come in a waiter (out of a bandbox).
Hija de mi alma, de mis ojos, de mi corazón, daughter of my soul, of my eyes, of my heart.
Como V. guste, as you like it.
Toma, para echar un traguito, here's something to drink.
Mucha bulla para nada, much ado about nothing.
Estoy en el uso de la palabra, I have not lost my speech.
Calle Vmd. hombre, calle la boca! hold your tongue, sir!
Calle Vmd. muger! hold your tongue, madam!
Que le parece á Vmd.? what do you think of it?
De me Vmd. el pico de la cuenta, give me the change of my bill.
Estoy muy de prisa, I am in a great hurry.
Esto no acaecerá otra vez, it shall not happen another time.
Que enfado, que pesadez—que molestia, que majadería! what a bore, what a nuisance!
Diga Vmd., mire Vmd., tell me, look here.
Tenga Vmd. la bondad de decirme, be so good as to tell me.
Hágame Vmd. el favor, do me the favour.
Guste á Vmd. decirme, pray please to tell me.

Acaeció en el tiempo del rey Wamba, it happened in the time of Wamba.
No me pasa el pellejo, it does not wet through my skin.
Tomar el aire, el fresco, to take an airing.
Jesus! que calor hace! how hot it is!
Vengo molido, hecho pedazos, I am knocked all to pieces.
Manos blancas no ofenden, white hands (the fair sex) never hurt.
Conque me marchó, so I must go now.
Vaya Vmd. con Dios, well, God bless you.
Quede Vmd. con Dios, may you remain with God.
A los pies de mi señora, my respects to your wife.
Agour, good bye; pronounced *about*.
Muchas memorias, remember me to all.
Expresiones, say everything civil from me.—*Adios, adieu*.
Hasta la vista, Hasta despues, au revoir.
Cosas de España—"Things of Spain;" *i. e.* peculiarities tending to illustrate national character. The expression is common among all classes, and is that by which the natives designate anything which they either cannot or will not explain to strangers.
Bisños—Wanters; Beggars; the "under which King, *Bezonian?*" of Pistol is an old Spanish term, and much used by Toreno to express the soldiers of a regular Spanish army—*Cosas de España paupertas, egestas*—"always," as the Duke says, "hors-de combat, always in want of everything at the most critical moment;" so in Italy, the needy troops of even Charles V. were always asking for everything—*Bisogna carni, Bisogna denari*.
Nosotros—We, *i. e.* the Spaniards; the collective expression of individual egotism; each I or item of the aggregate considering himself as No. 1 among mortals, as Spain is No. 1, the first and foremost of nations.

XVII.—RELATIVE SCALE OF SPANISH AND ENGLISH WEIGHTS,
DISTANCES, AND MEASURES.

Now that civilization is all the rage in Spain a scheme is in contemplation to introduce one uniform rule in these matters, which is to be based on the decimal and French system; meanwhile,

Spanish.		<i>Weights.</i>		English Equivalent.	
12	Granos	1	Tomin.		
3	Tomines	1	Adarme.		
2	Adarmes	1	Dracma	=	Drachm.
8	Dracmas	1	Onza	=	Ounce.
8	Onzas	1	Marco	=	Marc.
2	Marcos	1	Libra	=	Pound.
25	Libras	1	Arroba	=	Quarter of Cwt.
4	Arrobas	1	Quintal	=	Hundred Weight.

Distances.

12	Lineas	1	Pulgada	=	Inch.
12	Pulgadas	1	Pie	=	Foot.
1½	Pie	1	Codo	=	Cubit.
2	Codos }	1	Vara	=	Yard.
3	Pies }				

The English foot is 13 Spanish inches. The English yard is 1 Spanish and ¾ inches. The English mile is 1925 Spanish yards, 2 feet. The new Spanish legua is equal to about ¾ English miles.

Corn and Dry Measures.

4	Ochavillos	1	Ochavo		
4	Ochavos	1	Cuartillo	=	Pint.
4	Cuartillos	1	Celemin	=	Peck.
12	Celemines	1	Fanega	=	About one Cwt.
12	Fanegas	1	Caiz.		

Our quarter is about 5 Fanegas, 1½ Celemin. 1 bushel is about 7½ Celemines.

An *Aranzada*, or Spanish acre, is as much land as a pair of oxen can plough in a day; a *Fanega* is that quantity which requires a *Fanega* of grain to sow it.

Liquid Measures, Wine, &c.

4	Copas	1	Cuartillo.		
4	Cuartillos	1	Azumbre	=	Pint.
2	Azumbres	1	Cuartilla	=	Quart.
4	Cuartillas	1	Arroba.		
29	Arrobas	1	Bota o Pipa	=	About 110 to 115 gallons.

About 7 Cuartillos make our Gallon.

XVIII.—AUTHORITIES QUOTED.

This Handbook, destined chiefly for the antiquarian and dilettante on his travels, does not profess to enter into prisons, poor-law, power-loom, political economy, or statistics, grave matters detailed in Madoz and Minutoli, while our lighter volumes are intended to go in *Alforjas* and be *handled* on the saddle. In quoting authorities for statements, *Spanish* authors will be chiefly selected, as being the most readily accessible in a country where foreign books are very rare; when other authors are

quoted, those will be taken who, by common consent, in Spain and out, are held by their respective countrymen to be most deserving of credit: a frequent reference will be made to authorities of all kinds, ancient as well as modern. Thus the home reader or writer who is anxious to pursue any particular subject will find his researches facilitated, and all will have a better guarantee that facts are stated correctly than if they were merely depending on the unsupported assertion of an individual.

1. HISTORICAL AND ARTISTICAL AUTHORITIES.

Mariana (Juan de), *Historia General de España*, in books and chapters: this history, written originally in Latin, was also published in Spanish with corrections and additions by its learned author in 1628, who is termed their "Livy" by his countrymen. The work, continued and illustrated down to Charles III., by *Eduardo Chao*, 4 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1849, offers a fair collection of *facts*, for it was not likely that the author, a priest and Jesuit, would have taken liberal or philosophical views of many of the most important bearings of his country's annals, even had any truly searching spirit of investigation been ever permitted by the censorship of the Government and Inquisition.

Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1841-43, by *Don Pascual Gayangos*, the first Hispano-Arabic scholar of his day, who unites to indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment; written in English, this work must henceforward take its place as *the* text-book on the subject.

Historia de los Arabes en España, by *Juan Antonio Conde*, 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1820-21, is compiled entirely from Arabic authorities, and is very dry reading; the premature death of the author prevented his giving it the last finishing touches, hence sundry inaccuracies, and a general want of arrangement. It was translated into French by a M. Marles, 3 vols., Paris, 1825; or rather murdered, as the original text is misrepresented and rendered uncertain by the introduction of new and inaccurate matter.

Diccionario de las Bellas Artes, 6 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1800, by *Juan Agustín Cean Bermúdez*, forms a complete dictionary of all the leading artists of Spain, with their biographies, lists of their principal works, and where they are or *were* to be seen; for this book in the hands of the Souls and Co. proved a catalogue which indicated what and where was the most valuable artistical plunder. The substance has been most ably and agreeably eviscerated by W. Stirling in his *Annals of Spain*, while the mass of additional information is what might be expected from the research of this accurate and indefatigable author. Consult also *Handbook of the Spanish School of Painting*, by Sir E. Head, 1848; and the condensed epitome of architecture, sculpture, and painting, "*Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien*," Leipzig, 1853, by J. D. Passavant, the director of the Frankfort Museum, who purposes to write an artistical tour through the Peninsula.

Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura, by J. A. Cean Bermúdez, 4 vols. 4to., Mad., 1829, is an excellent dictionary of architecture. This author edited and improved the text of Don Eugenio Llaguno y Amirola;

unfortunately both wrote under the influence of their purist pedantic Græco-Romano academical age, which had little feeling for any of the earlier styles. To investigate the remains of classical antiquity, and to urge on and eulogise classical copyists was their chief end, to the comparative neglect of other branches of the subject. The *Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España*, 1 vol. fol., Mad. 1832, by the same author, gives a correct summary of all the chief remains of antiquity which still exist in Spain, with copious indexes.

An epitome of *Spanish Architecture* will be found in a paper of ours in the Quarterly, No. cliv. (1846). Consult also the useful *Ensayo Historico*, by José Caveda, 8vo., Mad. 1849, in which every style is traced from the Roman to the present period, with the still-existing examples cited.

Historia Critica of Juan Francisco Masden, 20 vols. 4to., Mad. 1784, 1805. This work of research, although tedious, contains a vast collection of documentary information and antique inscriptions; these title-deeds of the dead, saved from the wreck of time, are now doubly valuable, as many of the originals have perished. Here, while no dry bone of antiquity is left unpicked, too much of the mediæval and modern has been passed over. Begun, like many things of Spain, on too grand and extensive a scale, this work never was completed.

For the ancient *geography* of Spain, consult *Géographie von Hispanien*, Konrad Mannert, 8vo., 3rd edit., Leipsig, 1829; and, better still, *Hispanien*, Fr. Aug. Ukert, Weimar, 1821, second part, p. 229. For early *History* down to the Goths, consult *Histoire Générale de l'Espagne*, B. Depping, 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1814; and excellent, but not yet completed, *Histoire de l'Espagne* of M. Romey. However, as to her history, few countries are more indebted to another than Spain is to English and American writers; suffice it to mention the names of Robertson, Dunlop, Coxe, Irving, Prescott, Lord Mahon, Stirling, and others.

The *Viaje de España*, by Antonio Ponz, 18 vols., Mad. 1786-94, presents a valuable itinerary of Spain as it was, before the most precious monuments were destroyed, and its treasures plundered by Vandals foreign and domestic. This Leland of Spain published his itineraries to rebut some caustic criticisms of the *Vago Italiano*, the Padre Caimo; for it is, and has long been one of the weaknesses of Spain since her decline, to consider herself the object of the envy and admiration of the universal mankind, and to fancy that all are conspired to misunderstand and depreciate her superior excellencies; then, as now, those foreigners who tell the *truth*, are set down as liars, libellers, and antagonists, just as if a mariner should quarrel with his best friend, an honest barometer. Ponz, a kind-hearted careful observer, could not escape the one-sided prejudices of his age, which looked only to the antique, or to the imitations of classical style. He was cruelly addicted to the Castilian disease of twaddle, and the pith of his 18 tomes might be condensed into half-a-dozen.

Diccionario Geografico, by Sebastian de Miñano, 10 vols. 4to., Mad. 1826-9. This geographical and topographical description of the Peninsula was somewhat "done to order" for the home market, and over coloured to flatter the government of the day; it is now completely superseded by the *Diccionario Geografico Estadistico Historico* of Pascual Madoz, xvi. vol. 4to., Mad. 1848-50. This important work is indeed a creditable monument of individual perseverance, unaided,

may thwarted by some of the "powers that be." They disliked "taking stock" when they had no effects, and obstructed revelations of the prison-house, and of that nakedness of the land brought about by *misgovernment*—the true source of evil to which Madoz alludes, as much as he dare do. The people, on their parts, disliked to be numbered, as boding no good, and significative of fresh taxes, increased conscription, &c.

The articles in this work differ, having been furnished by "1000" local contributors. The amount of information in statistics, in judicial, criminal, commercial, and fiscal details, is considerable, and must prove of great use to *original* tour writers. The geologist also will find much new and interesting matter. P. Madoz, a gallant partizan, and a Catalan liberal, was banished by Ferdinand VII. to France, of whose young school he became a disciple; hence he sneers at England—*fria calculadora*—and attributes Spain's independence to Spanish arms alone! Never weary of monsterring her molehills into mountains, of trumpeting forth the bush-fightings of partizan warfare, as *prodigios de valor*, he escapes from the chronic atrophy of *present* paralysis, to recollections of a glorious *past* and hopes of a brilliant *future*.—*Cosas de España*; and we may mention one other "thing:" when the real value of this work was recognised, the government felt bound to offer some sort of patronage, and as "funds were wanting," hit upon this scheme. All *cesantes*, widows, &c., who had pensions with long *atrasos*, arrears, were allowed to take copies of this work, without payment, to the amount due to them from Government, which many did, selling them forthwith; thus a work worth 80 dollars fell, from the glut in the market, to about 15 or 20.

The best and rarest of the local histories will be named in their respective localities. This branch of Spanish literature forms indeed a goodly row on the book collector's shelf—*præclara Supellex*.

2. RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES.

La España Sagrada, commenced in 1747, now consists of 47 vols. 4to.; this a grand work, framed on the scope of the *Italia Sacra* of Ughelli, 1644, and the *Gallia Christiana* of the brothers Sainte Marthe, 1715, was compiled by the learned Padre Henrique Florez, who may be called the Dugdale, Muratori, or Montfaucon of Spain. The *Academia de la Historia* of Madrid is charged with its continuance, but so many of the archives of cathedrals and convents were made cartridges of by the Soult and Suchets, and destroyed during the recent civil wars and sequestrations, that the treatment of the latter dioceses must of necessity be somewhat inferior to the former, from the lack of those earliest and most interesting documents, which, fortunately printed by Florez, were thus rescued from destruction; Florez is also the author of *Medallas de España*, 3 vols. folio, Mad. 1757, 73. The 3rd volume, rather rare, and smaller than the two preceding, treats of the coins and medals of Spain earlier than the Romans, and down to the Goths: plates are given of the examples, and a short account of the mints in which they were struck. These, the portrait and picture books of antiquity, and of all its remains those which have best escaped, now possess a value far different from their original monetary standard, and one the ancients never contemplated, and illustrate at once the religion, war, and history of the past.

Flos Sanctorum, or *Vida de los Santos*, by the Jesuit Pedro Ribadeneyra and others. The Madrid fol. edit. of 1790, 3 vols., is that here quoted. It gives the present church authorised version of legends and monkish miracles—shorn indeed from the *Legenda Aurea* of Voragine, and suited to more enlightened and sceptical times. Fr^o Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, also details the correct colours and attributes with which these legends were to be expressed by the imitative arts; consult also *Pictor Christianus Eruditus*, Juan Justerian de Ayala, fol., Mad. 1730; or the Spanish translation by Luis de Duran, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1782. Without some of these books none can hope to understand the fine arts of the Peninsula, whether in cathedral or gallery; indeed, Palomino (ii. 131) considered a work of this kind to be absolutely *indispensable* to every Spanish artist, as being to modern papal hagiography, what a Lemprière is to ancient pagan mythology. Nor in many cases will much more be found to be changed than the mere names.

3. MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These necessarily are of 3 classes, and belong to the invader, the *French*; the invaded, the *Spanish*; and the deliverer, the *English*. They correct and explain each other.

Œuvres de N. Buonaparte, 5 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1822. *Le Style est l'Homme*, and great as this great general was in victories—Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz—and greater in the number of his reverses—Egypt, Russia, Leipsig, and Waterloo, he was greatest by far as a phrasemaker, a writer of leading articles, and was indubitably the first “Thunderer” of France. These tomes contain his *Moniteur* proclamations, bulletins, and information, “garbled,” as the Duke says, “in the usual Jacobin style,” and filled with “the usual philippics” against *la perfide Albion et son or*. True exponents of this true Italian and of his machiavellian system, his compositions breathe fire and spirit, *splendide mendax*; and if occasionally Ossianic, and the very reverse of the dispatches of our plain veracious Duke, were admirably suited for his readers and purposes. Although the truth is seldom in them, they fascinate by their “invention” and daring, and burn like sparks struck from granite by the sword. His nonsense suited the nonsense of a time and followers, who neither understood nor appreciated a quiet undemonstrative performance of duty; to whom, from having no feeling for moral greatness, *La gloire* came more acceptable when arrayed in the melodramatic tinsel of a *Franconi Murat*. These things are matters of taste and race. To deny Buonaparte’s military merits would be absurd, and in none more so than an Englishman, at whose expense no single leaf of his large chaplet was earned; and those who unjustly seek to curtail its fair proportions, rob our soldiers and sailors of half their glory; but as a man and a civilian he was mean, and the incarnation of selfish egotism.

Histoire de la Guerre dans la Péninsule, General Foy, 4 vols., Paris, 1827. This author, one of the humble instruments of the *despot* Empire and rule of brute force, became a patriot under the gentle *constitutional* Restoration. Like all inferior imitators, he out-herods and out-buckrams Buonaparte. Even his friend Chateaubriand, no foe in the abstract to

charlatanism, describes him as "homme d'imagination et sujet à se tromper" (*Congrès de Vér.* 43). Eloquent and clever as M. Foy was, he could not always *invent* facts, or *guess* numbers accurately; nor was he equal to that most difficult of all tasks, the sustaining consistently throughout a "fiction of military romance." The truth creeps out in accidental contradictions. Foy, says Sir G. Murray ('Quart. Review,' cxi. 167), who knew him well in peace and war, has as "a writer shown notoriously the grossest ignorance in respect to many particulars connected with England, about which a very slight inquiry would have set him right." M. Foy, who was present at every *sauve qui peut*, from Roleia to Waterloo, has the face to deny to the Duke the commonest military talent, attributes his successes to accident, and ascribes the valour of British soldiers principally to "beef and rum;" see i. 230, 259, 290, 325, et passim. Risum teneatis?

Journaux des Sièges dans la Péninsule, J. Belmas, 4 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1836, projected by Buonaparte in 1812, and finished by Soult, professes to be based on authentic *documents* (for what they are see p. 79) in the French war-office—it details how the English forces were *always* double in number to the French, the reverse being nearer the truth.

Much the same may be said of the *Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, 26 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1818-21; this compilation of a set of inferior officers and small gens-de-lettres, after the second capture of Paris, exhibits throughout an untrue, unfair, and virulent tone against the countrymen of Nelson and Wellington, about whom they write so much in hate and ignorance, and so little in fact or honour; and yet this is the vomit to which some of our neighbours return when writing on this subject. (See M. Gagenon on the Duke of Wellington, 1852.) The characteristics of other modern historical romance writers of the Lamartine and Thiers class are thus truly hit off by our Napier, when dealing with the latter little gentleman's, "pages sparkling with *paste* brilliants, but wanting the real jewel truth."

The *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne*, by Alez. de Laborde, 6 vols., Paris, 1827, like Murphy's 'Alhambra,' was a bookseller's speculation, and in both cases it is difficult to believe that the authors ever were at all in Spain, so gross, palpable, and numerous are the inaccuracies: some idea of the multitudinous and almost incredible mistakes and misstatements of Laborde may be formed by reading the just critique of the 'Edin. Rev.' xv. 5. The third edition, 1827, was tickled up by one Bory de St. Vincent, an aide-de-camp to Soult, a rabid Buonapartist, and author of a poor *Guide des Voyageurs en Espagne*, Paris, 1823. Of his *qualifications* he gives an account in the *Dédicace*—"having galloped in less than a year more than 1400 leagues." "Vous jugerez par ce *rapide* narré, des facilités que j'ai eu pour *bien voir* l'Espagne, et concevez que j'ai cru pouvoir en écrire avec connaissance de *cause*." This Bory afterwards became, like Foy, a *patriot*, and in 1815 edited, under a false name, a jacobin paper at Ghent.

Biographie Universelle, 74 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1811-43, is a respectable compilation, although not free from bias whenever tender national subjects are concerned.

The materials for writing political and military history, under Buonaparte, were systematically tampered with, and the sources of

correct information were corrupted as a matter of course; his throne was hung around with a curtain of falsehood, lined with terror; or, in the words of his own agent, l'Abbé de Pradt, with *ruse doublée de terreur*. Under him, says even Foy, i. 17, "La presse était esclave; la police repoussait la vérité avec autant de soins, que s'il fût agi d'écarter l'invasion de l'ennemi." "At all times," says the Duke ('Disp.,' July 8, 1815) "of the French revolution, the actors in it have not scrupled to resort to falsehood, either to give a colour or palliate their adoption or abandonment of any line of policy; and they think, provided the falsehood answers the purpose of the moment, it is fully justified."

Under the system, formed in the school of such revolutions, the truth could seldom be known, when a disaster was represented as a victory, and the meaning-pregnant word *honour* was narrowed into mere *honneur*, or exhibition of personal bravery in the field; it followed, in the utter want of moral principle, that neither to lie or steal were held to disgrace a general, provided he was not beaten in battle. Buonaparte renewed, in war and politics, the old "Dolus an virtus quis in hoste, requirit;" and to him again is applicable the character given by Livy to Hannibal (xxi. 4): "Has tantas viri virtutes, ingentia vitia equabant; inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jus jurandum, nulla religio."

Nor can it be wondered at, when sans-culottes were thus placed at the head of chivalrous civilized France, that a low morality should have been too much the order of the day; *tel maître, tels valets*. When Lefebvre broke his *parole*, his master—instead of sending him back, as the Duke would have done, "had any English officer been capable of such dishonour" ('Disp.' Oct. 20, 1809)—approved of the foul deed, and promoted him! Under such circumstances, the Duke "could place no confidence in their parole" (June 30, 1811). Now the farceur Foy, who ascribes the bravery of our dull slow soldiers to "beef and rum," thinks that "honour is a motive too delicate for their dense organization, and that our officers lack the exclusive idolatry of it of the French" (i. 235, 241), and this while Buonaparte was doing his best to bring back those dark ages, when telling a lie was but a familiar jest, and a breach of parole and perjury only a *façon de parler*. "Francis familiare erat *ridendo fidem frangere*" (F. Vopiscus Proculus). "Si pejeret Francus quid novi faceret, qui perjurium ipsum *sermonis genus* putat esse, non criminis" (Salvien de G. D. iv). The Duke knew exactly what he might *venture* to believe, for he distrusted even their honour among each other: "Although we rarely find the truth in the *public* reports of the French government or of their officers, I believe we may *venture to depend* upon the truth of what is written in cipher" ('Disp.' January 29, 1813). But according to M. Foy, Wellington was "un General vulgaire!" (i. 325); "d'un porté ordinaire!" (i. 259), when compared with the Marshals of the Empire, "Demigods of the 'Iliad'" (i. 325); whom—par parenthèse—he defeated one after the other, as easily as he did their master. And now in 1852! according to M. Thiers, Nelson, when not at sea, is still *un homme borné!* and Wellington *d'un peu d'entendu!* These historical romancers become, however, authorities when admitting anything against themselves. Such confession is so diametrically opposed

to their whole system, that the reluctant testimony of an unwilling witness becomes admissible: how great indeed a defeat must that be which they term a "*non succès*," or do not claim as a victory, such as Talavera, Barrosa, Albuera, Fuentes de Onoro, Toulouse, &c.—*si videas hoc, gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare!* It is indeed strange that any individuals of a nation so chivalrously martial, of such undisputed bravery, should not understand how well it could afford to admit a reverse in a fair well-fought fight, and that any one of a people of such singular cleverness should not perceive that honesty, in the end, is the best and the most manly policy; and passing strange, that their power and keen sensitiveness of ridicule should not observe the smile and pity with which the rest of the world, who know the truth, peruse such braggadocio balderdash and sheer military romancing, as Walter Scott happily terms what the Foys, Bory St. Vincents and Co., put forth as *History!* Meantime no English traveller who values his time, temper, or breath, will argue these points. It is useless to attempt to convince men against their will, and cruel to undeceive their cherished delusion, *animi gratissimus error; qui decipi vult decipitur.*

SPANISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

They have two objects: one to detail the systematic razzias and the wrongs which they sustained from their invaders; the second, to blink as much as possible the assistance afforded by England, and to magnify their own exertions. They all demonstrate, to their own and Spain's entire satisfaction, that the Peninsula and Europe also, was delivered from the iron yoke of Buonaparte by *Nosotros*, and by *them alone*. Their compilations are wearisome to read, floundering through paltry partisan *guerrillas*, "little wars," by which the issue of the great campaign was scarcely ever influenced; they, in a word, join issue with the Duke, who when a conqueror in France, Spain's salvation being accomplished, wrote thus:—"It is *ridiculous* to suppose that the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted *for a moment* if the British force had been withdrawn" ('Disp.' Dec. 21, 1813). The traveller, when standing on the battle-plains of Talavera, Barrosa, and Salamanca, will hear the post of superiority assigned to *Nosotros*, by whose misconduct on each of these very occasions *our* full triumph was marred.

Histoire de la Révolution d'Espagne, 3 vols. Leipsig, 1829-31, by Schepeler, a Westphalian, holding a commission in the Spanish service, and imbued with all the worst national prejudices. Hispanis Hispanior, he vents his dislike to the French by appalling details of sacks, &c., and his hatred to the English by sneering at her generals and soldiers.

La Historia Política y Militar, 3 vols. Madrid, 1833, was compiled "to order" of the grateful Ferdinand VII. by one José Muñoz Maldonado, from *official* Spanish papers, in order to fool Spanish pride, "*orgullo nacional*," to the top of its bent, and to write down Col. Napier's truthful and therefore most unpopular revelations. Hear the Duke's opinions on these Peninsular sources of *historical* information:—"In respect to papers and returns, I shall not even take the trouble of reading them, because I know that they are "*fabricated for a particular purpose*, and cannot contain an answer to the *strong fact* from

me." "Nothing shall induce me even to read, much less to give an answer to *documentos* very ingeniously framed, but which do not contain one word bearing on the point." ('Disp.' June 4, 1811.) "I have no leisure to read long papers, which are called *documents*, but which contain *not one syllable of truth*." These, like the *pièces officielles et justificatives* of the Buonapartists, on which certain authors base their astounding romances, are, Anglicè, *lies*, and from them Maldonado ascribes the glorious result to the petty war of the *guerrilleros*, and *not* to Salamanca and Vittoria nominatim (iii. 442), for the part of Hamlet is pretty much omitted; it was the *Spanish* armies that the Duke led to victory (iii. 594), the English are not even named: the Spanish military conduct throughout humbled Buonaparte, and "obfuscated in sublimity anything in Greek or Roman history" (iii. 601). What hellebore can cure a disease like this?

The *Historia del Levantamiento, &c. de España*, 5 vols. 4to. Madrid, 1133-27, by the Conde de Toreno, the celebrated *loan* financier and minister, is written in pure Castilian, although tainted with an affectation of quaint phraseology: he has also *borrowed* largely from Southey, without acknowledgment.

All these works, written either by official personages or under the eye of the Government, are calculated also to suppress the true, and suggest the false; they advocate the *few* at the expense of the *many*; they defend the shallow *heads* and corrupt *hearts* by which the honest members of the Spanish nation were sacrificed, by which whole armies were left wanting in everything at the most critical moment, and brave *individuals* exposed to certain collective defeat. As Orpheus and San Antonio charmed brutes, by dulcet strains and sermons, so Spanish *juntas* and authors manage to seduce their countrymen by flattering tales, and by cramming them with *La Magnanima Mensogna*, or *Romance*, so congenial to their ardent imaginations and self-conceit: the universal nation believes greedily what it vehemently desires; they are told, and doubt not, that their *Guerilla* or petty war was the battle of giants; that their puddle was the ocean, their minnows the tritons, and a very small supply of the oil of facts suffices for the lamp of their so-called history. The inveterate Eastern idiosyncrasy seeks to be deceived with false prophecies, and "the people love to have it so." Hence, as in the days of Jeremiah (v. 31), "The priests have rule by these means; and Spanish histories of the war are only to be paralleled by Spanish histories of monkish miracles and legends.

Far be it from us to imitate their example; for, however thwarted by their miserable leaders in camp and cabinet, honour eternal is due to the PEOPLE OF SPAIN, worthy of better rulers and a better fortune! And now that the jobs and intrigues of their Juntas, the misconduct and incapacity of their wretched Generals, are sinking into the deserved obscurity of oblivion, the *national resistance* as a whole rises nobly out of the ridiculous details, a grand and impressive feature, which will ever adorn the annals of haughty Spain. That resistance was indeed wild, disorganized, undisciplined, and Algerine, but it held out to Europe an example which was not shown by the civilized Italian or intellectual German. A wide distinction must ever be drawn between individuals and their country at large. Thus in speaking of chivalrous, intellectual,

and mighty France, never is the time-honoured glory of the white *panache* of her Henri IV. intended to be stained by the foul deeds committed in camp or cabinet, in cloister or city, by criminals whom a Robespierre Revolution raised to a momentary command; and we gladly hail in our present ally, a foe whom we ever have found worthy of our steel in war, and now in peace a no less noble competitor in all that humanises and ennobles mankind. *Esto perpetua!*

ENGLISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These are of all classes and quality. Among the minor and most entertaining are the works of Gleig, Sherer, and Kincaid. Hamilton's *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, revised by F. Hardman, 1849, is on the whole one of the fairest compilations from the best authorities. We shall chiefly quote three others.

Southey's *History of the Peninsular War* is a true exponent of its author, a scholar, poet, and blind lover of the Spaniards, their ballads and chronicles. It breathes a high, generous, monarchical tone; a detestation of the tyrannical and revolutionary, and a loathing for cruelty, bad faith, and Vandalism. It is somewhat descriptive, excursive, and romantic, and the work of a civilian and professional man of letters; indeed, military men assert that the author had not the slightest perception of their craft, or ever grappled with the object of any campaign, or understood a single battle. The Duke thought the "book a romance, and so I told him"—*ipse dixit*.

The *History of the War in the Peninsula*, by Napier, in most respects the antithesis to Southey, is the book of a real soldier, and characterized by a bold, nerve, and high-toned manliness. The style is graphic, original, and attractive. He scourges with a whip of steel our own and the Spanish governmental *mediocrities*, such, without the Duke's Dispatches, as the world never could have believed. He has placed on record "the ignorance and incapacity, the vanity, cowardice, hopeless imbecility, insane arrogance, and restless, intriguing, false, and treacherous spirit of our Peninsular allies," and has demonstrated, irrefragably as a problem in Euclid, that "Spain at the end was as helpless as she had been at the beginning and all through the war, and quite unequal to her own deliverance either by arms or policy; that it was English valour and English steel, directed by the genius of an English general, which, rising superior to all obstacles, whether presented by his own or the Peninsular governments, or by the perversity of national character, *alone* worked out her independence;" and his best efforts, it may be added, were thwarted by a malignant opposition, whose hopes of getting into place, based on Buonaparte's success, led them to bully and hamper a feeble ministry; in fact, to defeat the foe in the field was the easiest of the Duke's herculean labours.

In vain have authors on both sides of the Pyrenees tried to write down Napier's facts, stern things and sternly expressed in the rough-rider, double-shotted style of a hard-hitter and good hater; and be his political and strategic *opinions* what they may, his stated *facts* are trustworthy; for the Great Duke, who liked the gallant soldier as a man, readily afforded him any information. The author, although anxious to be impartial, is unaware of his strong under-current of democratic preju-

dices; his ultra-advocacy of Soult, and idol-worship of Buonaparte, not merely as a general, but as a man and statesman, justify the excellent criticism of Lord Mahon, that this work is by far the best *French* account of the war. If Napier's modern Cæsar be the superhuman perfection of civil and military genius, what must that far greater Man be who cropped all his blushing honours to make a garland for his own crest? that man who never lost a gun, who never had a *sauve qui peut*—no Egypt, Leipsig, Russia, or Belgium—one whose coup-de-grace, Waterloo, "settled Boney," decided the fate of the world, and gave it peace for half a century—whose Waterloo is an epic of itself, to which Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, are mere glorioles and episodes, full of sound and fury, and signify nothing?

Colonel Napier deals gently with the Duke's opponents in the field, treating their systematic plunder, &c., as customs of war. Soult, who never met the English but to be defeated, is in fact the Achilles of his Iliad, of which the ill-fated Moore is the "Hector." Meantime, the real "*Deus ex machina*"—the Duke—is constantly criticised; the faults he committed are set right, and he is shown how much better the campaign might have been managed in Napier's opinion; all these commentaries were indeed written more for the benefit of posterity than of his Grace, who thus wrote to Mr. D. Perceval, June 6, 1835:—"Notwithstanding my great respect for Colonel Napier and his work, I have never read a line of it, because I wished to avoid being led into a literary discussion, which I should probably find more troublesome than the operations which it is the design of the Colonel's work to describe and record." Those curious to see the critic criticised, may turn to the reviews of Napier's History, written in the 'Quarterly' by Sir George Murray, a brother soldier, and one who fought every inch of the campaign.

The recent edition of Napier (1853) is valuable, from the crushing rejoinder made by the fearless author to the "inventions" of M. Thiers's *real* French version. A soldier like Napier may indeed give his opinion in councils of war and battle; and no Polybius ever described the actual conflict with more spirit-stirring touch; but when Monsieur Thiers lectures a Wellington on the art of war, the old story of the pedant Phormio and Hannibal at once occurs:—"I have indeed seen many dotards in my life," said the greatest general of antiquity, "but none so bad as this."

Napier's new edition is unfortunately disfigured by multitudinous misspellings and mistakes in Spanish names and orthography; a reference to the commonest map and dictionary might have obviated this "intrepidity of error," to use one of our author's criticisms of Sir Walter Scott's History. In any future edition an index will add much to the utility of the work.

Dispatches of "the Duke." This is the TRUE ENGLISH book, which with the companion volumes of immortal Nelson posterity will never let die: this is the antidote and corrective of all libels, and the final court of appeal in all questions of real facts. Here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and no mistake; nothing is extenuated, nothing is set down in malice. Wellington, born, bred, and educated like a gentleman, could not lie, like revolutionary upstarts

whose low-birth habits no subsequent titles could eradicate. *La casque sent toujours le hareng.* In this country, where "character" makes or mars a man, the Duke would just as soon have thought of robbing a church, as of telling a lie. Clear in his "great office," he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or peculation. Honesty was his policy; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. A conqueror of conquerors, he scorned to bully, and was too really powerful to exchange the simplicity of greatness for bulletin bombast, the hectoring rhodomontade of theatrical clap-trap. He scouted all the balderdash of "driving leopards into the sea," of "finishing campaigns with thunderbolts," and similar feats, sooner said than done. He was too just and generous to deny merit to a brave although a vanquished opponent. Serene and confident in himself—*αξιός ων*—he pursued his career of glory, without condescending to notice the mean calumnies, the "things invented by the enemy," who judged of others by themselves: for wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. The Duke's writings are the exponent of the man; they give a plain unvarnished tale, with no fine writing about fine fighting. Every line bears that honest ENGLISH impress TRUTH, without which there can be no real manliness or greatness; and when will any of the "demigods" of the Revolution dare to publish his private correspondence? The Duke's own portraiture is unprecedented, and the *moral* exhibition of *abnegation of self*, and of that first and paramount duty, *the serving King and country*, is more valuable than this record of unparalleled military achievements, itself one more enduring than bronze.

Wellington, the real *editor* of his works, read all in proof, and corrected every page with his own hand. The papers were set up in type exactly as they had been written. But now, when the campaign was concluded, always considerate for others, he struck out every name and sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent, that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was cancelled. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. And when the present generation is past, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its entire rights, these now sealed-up volumes will raise their author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of all his qualities, both as a man and as a general, and by a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, "When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down."

The publication of this code of the "Soldier and Gentleman," this encyclopædia of military and administrative science, forced our opposition to admit the union in him, of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. In these unaffected documents, they who run must read his love for King and country, his spotless honour and honesty, exalted sense of duty, god-like presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity alike in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and