The honour of the French arms was soon avenged, first by General Dugommier, who drove the Spaniards out of Roussillon, retook Bellegarde, and penetrated into the Lampourdan. General Ricardos, to whose activity the momentary successes of his countrymen are in part to be ascribed, died during these transactions, and was succeeded by the Count de la Union, a young officer, whose valour could not supply the want of experience. The French army surmounted all the obstacles which he endeavoured to oppose to its progress. Eighty-three redoubts situated on either side of the road, through the tract of four leagues, which separates Figueras from Junquiera, the last town of Catalonia on the frontiers of France, a kind of fortresses erected in haste, but some of which appeared to be impregnable—eighty-three redoubts, I say, were carried with a rapidity and a valour, which have not, perhaps, been sufficiently commended. A decisive engagement, in which the Count de la Union was killed, put the Spanish army to the rout; and its remains, taking refuge in the impregnable citadel, spread terror and dismay through the place. General Perignon, who then commanded the victorious army, advancing within half a league, peremptorily summoned the governor to surrender; and the capitulation was signed two hours afterwards, before either a breach, or assault, or trench, had been made, or any of the

works of the place had sustained the slightest injury. When I passed by it in 1793, I endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain admission along with three hundred workmen who went thither every morning to complete the building of the fortress. They alone were allowed to pass the gate which led to the interior of it. I was obliged to content myself with walking round the glacis, and in the covered way of its outer works. Two years afterwards, circumstances were rather more favourable to my curiosity, and I inspected at my ease, the fortifications of a place of which I had long heard the Spaniards speak with enthusiasm.

The fortress of Figueras was begun during the reign of Ferdinand VI. It was intended to be a master-piece of the art of fortification; and was at least made a *chef d'œuvre* of luxury in that line. All the military men who saw it, agreed that no place in Europe was furnished in greater profusion with all the means of defence. Of this, the besiegers in particular had an opportunity of convincing themselves; for, upon entering it, they found them absolutely untouched. Though their valour was sufficient to account for any thing, they could scarcely conceive themselves by what means they had been enabled to reduce in so short a time, a place garrisoned by at least nine thousand men; all the walls of which, both of the interior, and of the outer works, were of free-stone, and more than a fathom

thick; all the principal ditches of which were deep, and upwards of one hundred paces broad; whose approaches, on the only side where trenches could be opened, were undermined; whose chief cordon could not be seen from any of the points of the exterior; whose ramparts, barracks, hospitals, stables, cellars, magazines, in a word every thing was casemated.

The means of subsistence were proportionate to these means of defence. Water is preserved in four capacious cisterns at the four corners of the place of arms, which are supplied by an aqueduct. Provisions of all kinds, barrels of flour, biscuit, cheese, salt-fish, oil, wine, brandy, &c. had been collected in extreme profusion. Some idea of their abundance may be formed from the following circumstance.—The long and spacious passages of the casemates of Figueras were hung with such a quantity of bacon, that, according to a calculation made in my presence, its total value could not have been less than 800,000 livres.

On examining this place both within and without, the most ignorant person could not forbear enquiring with astonishment how it could have been so easily taken. Some ascribed its speedy surrender to the panic with which the garrison was struck by a peremptory summons that so soon succeeded a decisive engagement. Others asserted, that the garrison, though so

abundantly supplied with bacon, cheese, and spirits, was in want of cartridges and flints. Others again were unable to account for this extraordinary success, except by corruption, who even affirmed that two hogsheads full of money had been seen carried into the governor's house as the reward of his treachery; and it would not be surprising, if a regard for the national dignity induced the Spaniards to believe this story, which was the most absurd of all; as if, at the period of our greatest pecuniary distress, we had money to spend only on the taking of Figueras, while we had none to spare for Luxembourg, Maestricht, Ehrenbreitstein, and Mentz, all places of infinitely more importance than this reputed bulwark of Catalonia, the surrender of which did not lead to the reduction of that province; or, as if the governors of the Spanish fortresses alone were not incorruptible. The most probable way of accounting for this circumstance, and, indeed, that which is most clearly demonstrated by the evidence of facts is, that those who ought to have directed the different operations of the siege, were taken unawares, were deficient in foresight, and at variance with each other; and that the garrison under their command *on that day* wanted courage. The ancient French proverb—*He was brave one day*, was borrowed from the Spaniards. They will not take it amiss, if, for once, we apply it to themselves. What nation

can boast of having never been in this predicament!

The French army having obtained possession, by some means or other, of the fortress of Figueras, was distributed in the circumjacent places from Junquiera to the banks of the Fluvia.

But before it could gain peaceable possession of the Lampourdan, and secure supplies from the sea, it was obliged to make itself master of the port and fortified town of Rosas, and the fort of Trinidad, denominated by the French *le Bouton.*

This conquest, which was more difficult, and required more time than that of Figueras, was recently achieved when I went to visit this theatre of one of the most brilliant exploits of the army of the eastern Pyrenees. Rosas is four long leagues to the west of Figueras. The road to it passes through Villa Beltran and Peralada, and traverses a fine country, which is almost entirely plain. Le Bouton is discerned at the distance of near three leagues. Situated on the declivity of the Pyrenees, where they gradually sink to the sea, it has the appearance, at that distance, of an ancient castle in ruins. As you approach, you perceive, on a perfectly level situation, the fort of Rosas, the fortifications of which consist of a double wall, without ditch, covered way, or glacis. It would have made but very short resistance, had it not been for the aid of a Spanish squadron, commanded by the brave admiral

Gravina, which lay at anchor in the spacious bay, on the shore of which are situated the fort, the village, and le Bouton, all three in a semicircular line, corresponding with the figure of the coast. You pass under the interior cordon of the fort to reach the village, composed of one long street of white-washed houses. Beyond the village you have to climb over rocks to le Bouton. This little fort is designed for the double purpose of defending the entrance of the bay, and protecting the village of Rosas, which is a long quarter of a league distant in a direct line. On its top it has lights for the direction of mariners. Though the space comprehended in its works is extremely circumscribed, it possessed in its three platforms one above another, means of defence which, for some time, withstood the intrepidity of the French. In none of the various theatres of this war, so productive of events that border on the marvellous, did the valour of our troops make more astonishing exertions than round this fort of le Bouton. The cannon destined to batter it were hauled by the men up the acclivity to the summits of the steep rocks with which the approaches to it are encumbered. Where the boldest huntsmen would scarcely have ventured to pursue their game, repairing to these retreats almost inaccessible to man, there the French artillery was planted, and dealt destruction; and if the traces of its passage impressed in the rock shall remain

visible to posterity, it will have occasion for the evidence of history, in order to ascribe them to their real cause.

The fort of Bouton was not taken till a wide breach had been made. Still it did not capitulate. The garrison had time to make their escape, descending by means of rope-ladders to the beach, where the boats of the squadron were waiting to take them off; and the besiegers, on entering, found nothing but dead bodies in the place. It was not till after the taking of this fort that the French army could obtain possession of that of Rosas.

This port is never much frequented. It is however formed by an immense bay, where even ships of the line may come to an anchor; but this bay is by far too capacious, and its entrance too wide, to afford security from the winds, and from external attacks.

The adjacent country, on the side next to the Pyrenees, is highly picturesque, and seemed to me to be worth the trouble of a short excursion. Soon after leaving the fort, I passed the enormous ridge which separates the bay of Rosas from that which faces it to the north, and to which you cannot go by sea, without making a long circuit and doubling Cape Creus. Having proceeded two leagues along a most toilsome road, you come to *Selva alta*, a town in a hollow embosomed among rocks. Half a league further you reach

Selva baxa, a town of considerable size in an amphitheatrical situation on the shore of the bay of *la Selva*, or *la Selve*. These places were two of those in which our troops were in cantonments. The second has a small port which is not without trade. Its environs produce a luscious wine, equally agreeable in flavor and colour, and which may be placed among dessert wines, between Frontignac and sherry. The productions of the earth are, like mortals, the sport of chance. Before our war with Spain, this excellent wine of la Selve, which more than once dispelled lassitude at the head-quarters, was scarcely known beyond the Lampourdan; but I hope that the connoisseurs who were in our army of the eastern Pyrenees, will rescue it from the obscurity to which it seemed to be doomed.

The whole country, though of a wild appearance, exhibited, notwithstanding the presence of our troops, traces of as attentive a cultivation as the nature of the ground would admit.

To return from la Selve to Figueras, you first proceed along the steep shore of the bay. You then descend into the charming dale, in which is situated the town of Llansa, at some distance from a small creek of the same name. As you traverse this dale, you cannot help admiring the vine-covered hills with which it is surrounded. Ascending afterwards to an ancient castle, you perceive the town of Perelada; and at the extremity

of the horizon, you discern the road that winds from the town to the fort of Figueras.

The aspect of this beautiful country called the Lampourdan, the wildest but most picturesque portion of which I had traversed, excites in the philanthropic mind that regret which it cannot help feeling when it reflects that fertile countries, Flanders, the Palatinate, Lombardy, have ever been the theatre of the ravages of war. Nothing but that love of glory and dominion which reigned in the soul of Catharine II. could induce a sovereign to kindle its flames in the deserts, upon the rocks, and amidst the frozen lakes of Finland. Let us, however, do the army of the eastern Pyrenees the justice to say, that the inhabitants of the Lampourdan had not much reason to complain of the conduct of the troops during their long stay in that district. They did no mischief but what was inseparable from military operations. In the midst of their cantonments, the fields were in full cultivation. In the vicinity of Rosas, the vines were shooting up again about the large holes which attested the recent fall of bombs; and on the hills adjacent to Figueras, if we except those nearest to the high road which served for glacis, the extensive plantations of olive-trees sustained scarcely any injury. Our soldiers encamped in their shade, devoted only the barren trunks to the supply of their wants. Philosophy becomes a little reconciled with that terrible art, an art es-

sentially destructive, when discipline banishes from it at least all useless excesses.

Truth, however, compels us to acknowledge, that in the paroxysms of rage occasioned by resistance to troops accustomed to conquer, in the intoxication of victory, some of those things were done in Catalonia as well as Biscay, at which humanity shudders, and others which policy ought to have prevented. At Euguy, at Orbaïceta on the frontiers of French Navarre, at San Lorenzo de la Muga, a few leagues to the north-west of Figueras, Spain had founderies of great importance to her arsenals. Our armies treated them as though they had been at Portsmouth or Plymouth. They left not one stone upon another.

In no part of the Peninsula were religion and its ministers exposed to persecution. The pastors and most of their flocks fled, it is true, on our approach. As in all wars in which religion has been brought in question, and in those in which necessity silences scruples, so in this many a church was transformed into a stable. But all these sacred edifices survived our invasion; the objects of the veneration of the faithful were neither destroyed nor mutilated; and while the town of Figueras was the head-quarters of our army, I have seen crosses left standing in some of the principal streets, even in the absence of those by whom they were adored.

This indulgence, however, was not sufficient to

render the Catalonians well-disposed to our cause. They have proved themselves much more susceptible of being roused by fanaticism than by the love of freedom. We had too confidently relied on the effect of that sentiment which, among them, is principally compounded of a decided aversion to the Castilian yoke, and the vague tendency toward an independent government. Had it not been for the vigilance of the court, we should certainly have been able to form a party at Barcelona. It is in large cities, and particularly in capitals, that dissatisfaction is fomented, and the discontented are enlisted in the same cause with the greatest facility. There the numbers collected together, and the more inflammable disposition of the public mind, are peculiarly favorable to the propagation of extraordinary ideas. There, as in a heap of combustible matters, a single spark is sufficient to produce a conflagration. But the court had foreseen the danger while at a distance, and the priests, more attentive to their own interests than to those of the government, easily succeeded in frustrating the artifices of the missionaries of the French revolution.

At the same time, a series of triumphs had led us westward to the gates of Bilboa, and southward as far as the shores of the Ebro. After the passage of this river, the rocks of Pancorvo were the only obstacle which nature, assisted a little by art, would have opposed to the progress of our

victorious armies through the two Castiles. Already the nearest of those provinces was filled with the utmost alarm, and exhibited all the confusion of a sudden and tumultuous emigration. But our generals,* in those two opposite quarters, were not merely brave; they possessed prudence, a quality even superior to valor. They were sensible, and so was our government, that we should gain nothing by laying waste the Spanish provinces on the one hand, or on the other by enfeebling and entailing the horrors of a civil war upon a power with which, after less than a year's hostilities, we felt the necessity of a reconciliation. Victories still more splendid could not have accelerated an accommodation more than the arrogance of the English. Thus our real enemies promoted our cause as much as the success of our arms could possibly have done.

The Catalonians and the Castilians, united by their attachment to a religion whose interests were represented to them as involved in the revolution against which Europe had taken up arms, united also by their affection for an excellent monarch, who never gave them the slightest cause of complaint, forgot their animosities in order to make a common cause against the common enemy. But soon afterwards, as they had combined their

* Generals Moncey and Perignon, both of whom are at present marshals of the French empire.

efforts for war, they joined in the wish for peace, as well as in their resentment against the real enemy who had instilled into their bosoms his own antipathy; and we have had reason to congratulate ourselves that we did not punish them, by the great and permanent injury which we might have done them for the transient error of their government. What would now be our regret, if, when the day of reconciliation had arrived, we had left Spain exposed to the horrors of civil war, to the fear of insurrections, and the necessity of inflicting vengeance; if we had thereby almost precluded the possibility of a sincere accommodation; if this power, obliged to divide its attention and its efforts between the reduction of rebellious subjects and the assistance of allies, had for a considerable time had no efficient aid to give, nothing but reproaches to make us?

But it is time to quit Catalonia, and to bring the reader to the conclusion of this long journey.

From Figueras you have a very distinct view of the Pyrenees, or to express myself more correctly, you are at the foot of those mountains. You are surrounded by one of the branches of that immense chain; for the hills, several of which overlook, but at a considerable distance, the eminence on which Figueras is situated, that make a long circuit round this fortress, and then sink into the sea at Cape de Palamos, are nothing but a ramification of the Pyrenees. The Lampour-

dan, encompassed by this range, is watered, especially from north-east to south-west, by a great number of small rivers and streams. Such are the Lobregat which descends from the Pyrenees, and passes very near Junquièra; the Muga, on whose bank stood the foundery destroyed by our troops; the Manol, along which lay our chief cantonments, as Sistella, the extremity of our principa line, Aviñonet, Villafan, and Castillon; the Alga, on whose banks there were likewise some; the Fluvia, the boundary of our conquests, a river which you cross by the bridges of Besalu and Bascara, though it is fordable in almost every season, and which, after approaching near to the sea at the village of San Pere Piscador, makes a circuit, and discharges itself two short leagues further to the south, into the extremity of the bay of Rosas; lastly, the Ter, which falls into the sea eight or ten leagues below Girona, opposite to the small islands of Medes.

These rivers and streams, which may be forded almost the whole year, are swoln in spring by the melting of the snow, and the rain with which it is accompanied. In the month of April 1795, I witnessed one of these periodical inundations. After three days' rain, all the little rivers between the Fluvia and Figueras, including the Fluvia itself, swelled to such a degree, that all the fords became impassable, and the communication between the head-quarters and some of our canton-

ments was rendered almost impracticable for persons on foot. Circumstances of this kind are common in a great part of Spain, and especially in Catalonia; and during the celebrated campaign to which we have alluded above, one of these sudden inundations of the Segre, the Cinca, and other rivers running in the same direction, threw such obstacles in the way of Cæsar's operations, as nothing but the greatest exertions enabled him to surmount.

The road from Figueras to Junquièra is, in general, excellent, and runs through a fertile and well cultivated country. At first you proceed along the chain of pleasant hills which surrounds Figueras. As soon as you have passed the little village of Pont des Molinos, you come in sight of the long range of eminences on which the Spaniards had erected those redoubts that would have long checked the progress of an army less brave than ours. Some of them are on the opposite bank of the Lobregat, which proceeds from the foot of the mountains of Bellegarde, and which you twice cross over handsome bridges. Soon after you have passed all these redoubts, and ascended a hill, you have before you the mountains on one of which stands Bellegarde; and at the foot of them you perceive the modest town of Junquièra, which might apparently be annihilated in a moment by the fire of this formidable fortress.

Junquièra, situated at the entrance of a valley, which gradually grows wider towards Catalonia,

has no other resource than agriculture and the cork-trees which cover the neighbouring mountains. This town is open on all sides, and nearly defenceless. In 1793, I found there a detachment of no more than two hundred men. Accordingly the inhabitants, while they professed the warmest attachment to their sovereign, complained bitterly of the neglected state in which they were left in so dangerous a neighbourhood as that of Bellegarde.

This fortress, however, appears much less formidable from this point than from many other parts of the road which winds among the rocks on the other side of the Pyrenees. Ten times in traversing this long and toilsome labyrinth you lose, and again come in sight of this proud monarch of the circumjacent vallies.

It is a long half league from Junquièra to the spot where the traveller is exactly under Bellegarde; and in this interval there is scarcely any ascent. You first come to a small detached house, near which stood, in 1793, two little columns forming the boundary between France and Spain. One of them bore the arms of his catholic majesty, and the other the name of the French republic, with its arms recently carved. In 1795, I found these boundaries overthrown by the hands of victory. The columns were broken in pieces, and the road was strewed with their fragments. You would have supposed that Catalo-

lonia was irrevocably incorporated with the French republic.

A little further is a small village called le Perthus, where one of the roads leading to Bellegarde begins. Here in time of peace is fixed the office where the passports of travellers are examined; and here, in March 1793, I found companies of our brave volunteers who often came down from the fortress to enquire the news, and in particular whether the signal for the war with Spain would soon be given. My arrival on the territory of France seemed to calm their impatience. Perthus gives name to the defile through which you proceed from Junquièra to Boulou by a winding road which you are ready to think you shall never come to the end of.

The road as far as Perthus cannot be in better condition, but from the place where our territory commences it had, in 1793, been greatly neglected. In 1795 I found it in tolerable repair.* From Junquièra to Boulou it winds from one side to the other of the lofty Pyrenees, and exhibits views truly picturesque. In this country, through which the traveller cannot pass without mingled emotions of pleasure and of awe, nature is alter-

* At present the road from Junquièra to Boulou may, upon the whole, be reckoned one of the finest in Europe. The passage of the Pyrenees, in particular, is remarkable for numerous works which are not inferior in magnificence and boldness to any thing of the kind in Europe.

nately lovely, majestic, and terrible. As in most mountainous countries, she here displays great variety of situation, and seems to have taken delight in approximating the most contrary climates. Sometimes you have the plains of Catalonia or Roussillon beneath the serenest sky, and you soon afterwards find yourself in the region of storms. This change I experienced myself in March 1795, in one of my journies from Perpignan to Figueras. When I quitted Roussillon, the mildest temperature prevailed in that province. On the summit of the Pyrenees I was overtaken by a violent storm. I travelled for some time by the lurid coruscations of lightning. On my arrival in the plains of Lampourdan, I found the earth covered with snow which had fallen while I was crossing the mountains. How little is man with his grand tactical manœuvres, and his great political plans, in comparison of these sublime phenomena of nature! How mean the most formidable armies appear beside these antique barriers! How they dwindle away in the bosom of the deep vallies! What is the report of artillery to the thunders of heaven, the peals of which are a hundred times reverberated in their tortuous defiles! Generations of heroes pass away and disappear, but the enormous mass of the Canigou, covered with everlasting snows, remains, like the universe, immovable and eternal.

From Perthus it is a long league to Boulou, seated in the midst of a valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, many of which are covered with snow even in the middle of spring. From this prodigious mass of mountains, to the left of the traveller, towers Canigou, one of the loftiest peaks of the Pyrenees, whose summit is lost in the clouds. You proceed, but the distance seems not to diminish its magnitude, and when you have reached Perpignan, you still imagine yourself at its foot.

Before you ascend to the village of Boulou, which is the first stage in France, you come to the Tech, a small river which rises in the Pyrenees, waters Pratz de Mollo and the Fort des Bains, runs very near the small town of Ceret, and falls into the sea a little below Collioure. In 1793, travellers were obliged to ford it with considerable inconvenience. To see men with no other clothing than their shirts wading in the water up to their middle, and pushing the carriages along by main force to the opposite shore, could not but excite unpleasant sensations. The war which ravaged the banks of this river, at least occasioned the erection of a small wooden bridge, which after having for two years facilitated the passage of armies, and all that follows in their train, now promotes communications of a mr peaceable kind.

At Boulou, which is only a musket shot from

the Tech, I shall conclude my narrative; but before I bid adieu to the reader, I shall take a last look at the country which I have endeavoured to describe, and present him with the recapitulation of my observations and of my wishes respecting it.

RECAPITULATION.*

I THINK I have demonstrated, that Spain and its inhabitants are far from deserving that con-

* This Recapitulation has been left nearly in the state in which it appeared in the second edition, though some changes have since that time taken place in Spain. It exhibits that kingdom as it was, or as it appeared to the author in 1797. It will afford at least, a medium of comparison between the state of the country at that period and at present. The additions and alterations required by the text composed nine years ago, are subjoined in the form of notes.

The author would be extremely sorry if the intentions which suggested this Retrospect were to be mistaken. In the slight shades which he has introduced into his picture of Spain, he wishes to evince himself the sincere friend deploring fatalities, rather than the morose critic, who takes delight in finding fault. He can affirm, that his censures are much less severe than those which he has a hundred times heard from the lips of Spaniards, whose good sense was equal to their attachment to their country. Besides, where is the country, but what, on a close examination, affords subjects for censure? Where is the nation but what has its imperfections? Where are the governments that deserve nothing but praise? The writer who sets himself up for the judge of a nation or a government, might certainly be asked: "Who commissioned you, who obliged you, who gave you the right to assume the character of a judge and dictator?" I shall not reply, that he received the commission from his zeal, and that the purity of his motives ought to

tempt with which they have been treated by ignorance. What do they want on the contrary, in order to excite envy? Has not Spain within her bosom, all the elements of prosperity? What a delicious climate! What multifarious productions, which industry, if more enlightened and more skilfully directed, might easily bring to perfection—wines, fruits, wool, silk, oil, horses, &c. What treasures of every kind are yet unexplored in the bowels of the earth! Of what might not her inhabitants be rendered capable, were the government to second the bounty of nature.

But it would appear, that in spite of the purest intentions, a fatal instinct has long diverted it from

procure him the indulgence even of those whom he accuses. Such common-place excuses, if they were admitted, might serve as a passport to absurdities and invectives, as well as to truth and commendations. The following reply would perhaps be more to the purpose:—"If you will not permit the person who has devoted the greater part of his life to the contemplation of any particular subject, to submit to the public the results of his observations, however mature they may be, in which impartiality alternately bestows praise or censure, celebrates virtues and heroic deeds, lashes abuses, and deplores errors; be consistent, at least, and proscribe all moral, philosophical, and above all, historical works, for they all contain nothing else. But you must in this case, make up your minds to consign alike to oblivion, both the heroes who have reflected lustre on your country, and the bad ministers who have been its scourge; and to deprive future generations of the lessons inculcated by the past."

the track which it ought to have pursued. Too often, in Spain, have habit and obstinacy perpetuated measures, the disadvantages of which are admitted by all enlightened men; or if genius proposes new processes, if courage plans their execution, envy and prejudice are leagued to oppose them in their career. In no country, perhaps, have intrigue and calumny proved more successful in their attacks on merit and talent. Let us endeavour to enumerate the distinguished men, whom, in our own days, they have doomed to a mortifying disgrace, or reduced to mere cyphers.

Let us mention *Maritz* and *Gautier*,* engaged in improving, the one the artillery, and the other the system of ship-building, and escaping but by a miracle, from the malice of their persecutors.

Olavide,† snatched from his flourishing colony in order to be immured in the dungeons of the inquisition.

* They are both dead: one died about twenty years ago, and the other in 1800. The former has left sons who are in the Spanish service, and are worthy of the name which their father rendered illustrious.

† He returned to his native country in 1797, and retired to a small town of Andalusia, where he died three years ago. His recal was preceded and occasioned by the publication of a religious work, entitled, *El Evangelio in Triumfo*, which he composed during the last years of his residence in France, and which has had such a circulation both in Spain and America, that it has reached the sixth edition.

A *Marquis d'Iranda,** whose great talents as a statesman, and particularly as a financier, have for thirty years been continually dreaded, but scarcely ever consulted.

A *Count de Campomanes,*† who towards the conclusion of his long career as a scholar and a magistrate, was suffered to retain only those honours of which he could not be deprived.

A *Count d'Aranda,*‡ atoning by two disgraces, for the energy of his character and the excellence of his plans.

A *Cabarrus,*‖ whose talents and services were remunerated by an imprisonment of four years.

A *Thomas Muñoz,* who had great difficulty to obtain forgiveness for the success of the immortal work which he executed at Cadiz.

A *Mazarredo,*§ less known and less esteemed

* He died in 1801, at a very advanced age. He had obtained, towards the end of his useful life, the empty honour of Counsellor of State.

† He died in 1800, invested with the honours of governor of Castile.

‡ He died in exile at his estates in Arragon.

‖ After having, as we have already observed, recovered some influence, he withdrew seven years ago into private life. He first retired to the vicinity of Torrelaguna, fourteen leagues from Madrid, where he devoted all his attention to agricultural pursuits. His indefatigable activity has since induced him to undertake several journies on his private affairs.

§ Since the above was written, he has received marks of confidence and esteem from his court, and has justified them

in his own country, than among two neighbouring nations, by those who are capable of duly appreciating his transcendent merit.

An *Augustin Betancourt*, one of the most skilful mechanicians in Europe, by the confession of the scientific men of France and England, who, indeed, is neither slighted nor forgotten, but whom they do not think fit to employ in Spain, where all the machinery used in the arts and manufactures is still so imperfect, and are sending to construct roads and canals in the island of Cuba.*

A *Malaspina* and a Father *Gil*,† who were im-

by the activity which he has displayed in the naval department at Cadiz.

* His voyage to the island of Cuba was prevented by various circumstances. On his return to Madrid, his talents attracted the notice of government. He was entrusted with the establishment of the telegraphs, in which he was very busily engaged with M. Breguet, during his last visit to Paris. He has begun one line extending from Buen Retiro to Aranjuez, and which is to be continued to Cadiz. He is at present one of the directors of the post-office, and has the particular superintendence of the department of bridges and roads. In this capacity he has recently erected or repaired one hundred and forty-one bridges, on the two roads from Madrid to Barcelona, the one leading through Valencia, the other through Saragossa, in order to facilitate the journey of the king and queen to Catalonia in September 1802. He has since been appointed director of the cabinet of machines established at Buen Retiro.

† They have long been restored to liberty. Malaspina has retired to Parma, his native country.

prisoned at the moment when they are about to publish an account of a new Voyage round the World.

A *Francisco Saavedra*, who, after having evinced in the Spanish colonies, extraordinary talents for government, languishes almost in obscurity in one of those honorary posts reserved as rewards for the long services of mediocrity, or for men of abilities who are compelled to retire from public life.*

A *Ramon Pignatelli*,† a *Gaspard Jovellanos*,‡ men of the brightest talents, of the warmest patriotism, who were consigned to obscurity, the one in Arragon, the other in the Asturias, and who, on the narrow theatre in which circum-

* Don Francisco Saavedra was placed in 1798, at the head of the department of foreign affairs, but soon afterwards succeeded *ad interim*, by M. d'Urquijo, and definitively by the present minister, M. de Cevallos. On his recovery from the indisposition which occasioned him to be superseded, he was obliged to remain almost a year at the Escurial; he was afterwards permitted to retire to Puerto Real, near Cadiz, where he still resides.

† He died at Saragossa, engaged till his decease in the works of the canal of Arragon, and without having ever obtained any other reward than the testimonies of a cold esteem: but with these his proud and independent spirit was content.

‡ Of this gentleman we have frequently had occasion to speak in this new edition. Removed from the post of minister soon after he had been raised to it, he was first exiled to his native province, Asturias, and afterwards confined in a convent of Carmelites at Majorca.

stances placed them, reflect honour on their country by services, the only compensation for which is the esteem of their fellow-citizens.

Besides many other men of genius and science, and artists of every description, whose merits are known and appreciated, but who are suffered to languish unemployed and almost in indigence,* while there are places and pensions for the shallow and the intriguing. No money can be spared for useful undertakings while it is lavished to gratify a luxury which gives no additional lustre to the throne, but which may furnish discontented persons with very dangerous arguments.†

And yet, in spite of the fetters by which this nation is cramped, notwithstanding the injustice by which it is discouraged, and the prejudices

* It is necessary in this place to do justice to the Spanish government, and to acknowledge that of late years, it has in many instances conferred honours on merit, even though it was known to it only through the medium of public report; that it has given employment to many distinguished subjects who deserved, and who have justified its confidence; and that if faults, perhaps slight, or not proved, have sometimes been punished by mortifying disgraces, no service, however, has gone unrewarded. At this moment (1806) it honours men truly enlightened with its intimate friendship, and that in the face of all Europe.

† These observations have appeared rather unjust. It has been asserted that they were furnished me by persons who were either soured by disappointment, or ill informed. I therefore think it incumbent on me to disavow them, or at least to declare that they are not applicable to the first years of the present century.

by which it is calumniated, what has it not already done to rouse itself from the disgraceful lethargy into which it had sunk at the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

If we would learn to form a less unfavourable opinion of the Spaniards, let us compare the reign of Charles II. with that of Charles IV.; let us consider what was the state of manufactures, commerce, the navy, the arts and sciences in general, at the former period, and what it is at present.

How much more striking would this difference be, if frequent and useless wars were not so often to interrupt the career of prosperity which they have been pursuing for near a century; if the plans, whose stability alone can insure success, were not incessantly thwarted by temporary circumstances.

How deplorable it is to see a nation, apparently grave and given to reflection, more subservient than any other, even than our own, to the little passions of those who occupy the throne, or of those who surround it! Chancellor Bacon calumniated the one, and too highly flattered the other, when he observed two centuries ago that the Spaniards appeared wiser than they were, and that the French were wiser than they appeared.

Of how many caprices have the former been the sport only since the extinction of the Aus-

trian dynasty! What did they gain by two of the wars of Philip V. except the barren honour of seeing his posterity in possession of two petty sovereignties of Italy!

Ferdinand VI. of a more pacific disposition, patronized some splendid undertakings; but more avaricious of money than of glory, he filled his coffers, and suffered several branches of the administration to fall to decay. As a Frenchman I might find fault with him for his attachment to the court of London. This, however, a Spaniard would do more than forgive, since it deferred the moment when Spain was obliged to bear a part in the disasters of the war of 1756.

Charles III. shewed himself more generous in appearance; but it was in the quality of a monarch of the house of Bourbon, of a personal enemy of the English, that he espoused our cause. This attachment cost Spain part of her navy and Florida. To indemnify her for this loss, we gave her Louisiana. But what has the Spanish nation acquired by the change? Colonists, whom its government first exasperated by the most odious tyranny, and whose affections it afterwards sought to gain by various sacrifices.

Seven years afterwards, a quarrel respecting a point of honour threatened it with a rupture with the court of St. James's.* Ruinous efforts to

* In 1770, on the subject of the Falkland Islands.

procure reparation, and a fresh appropriation of the funds destined for useful undertakings, were the natural consequences.

Our intervention dispelled the storm; but eight years had scarcely elapsed when Spain suffered herself to be drawn, against her interest, into the American war. The conquest of Minorca, and the recovery of the Floridas, were the fruits of this war, impolitic at least, if not unjust; but the completion of the canals of Castile and Arragon, which had been so long in hand, would most assuredly have contributed more to her prosperity, and been attended with less expence.

She had not enjoyed peace more than seven years before she was on the point of again involving herself in the horrors of war, and interrupting the progress of the most advantageous undertakings, for the sake of a few furs in the remotest corner of North America.* But projects still more insensate solicited and obtained the prefer-

* Spain was desirous of procuring the recognition of the exclusive right which she claimed to the whole north-east coast of North America, as far as it extended towards the pole. Consistently with these pretensions, she complained of the settlements which the English had formed at Nootka Sound, between the latitude of 49° and 50°. We were going to interfere in this quarrel, which had nearly led to a rupture at the beginning of 1790, when Spain thought fit to come to an accommodation with the English, by admitting their right to form establishments upon the American coast from Cape Mendocino, in the 40th degree, to Nootka Sound.