

simple tonsure." The phrase has descended from the old times, when all the learned professions wore the tonsure. The *medico galenista* is a peculiar theorist, and the *Sangrado* is the vulgar bleeder.

It is little to the credit of surgical science here that a man of great merit lately lost his life in consequence of the irresolution of the two surgeons who attended him, in not proceeding to a timely amputation. He had accidentally wounded two of the fingers of his right hand, from which gangrene ensued. There is no doubt whatever that his life would have been saved by prompt amputation of the arm; and the willingness of the patient to undergo the operation may be inferred from the fact that he said, when the subject was mooted to him: "Si, señores, cut away as you will—arm, leg, thigh—everything but the head—I can't spare that!" He was a naval officer, and a worthy successor of the Colons and Corteses. The surgeons trembled to run the risk of amputation. When the gangrene had reached this true sailor's wrist, and hollowed out a black circle in the back of his hand, he characteristically exclaimed, looking at it—"Here's a cheap, ready-made, snuff-box!"

Spain is the classic land of quacks. Its immense extent, its imperfect civilisation, the unfrequency and irregularity of communications, all combine to produce this result. But more than all else, the reluctance of the people to read, and the absence of a wholesome and popular current literature. The Curandero has an immense extent of ignorance and gullibility to practise on, and, to do him justice, he

exploits it successfully. In the country villages and remote parts there is often no regular physician or surgeon, sometimes not an apothecary; and where there is one of this latter tribe, he generally practises without scruple in all the faculties. The Curandero does the same: with this difference, that he invents his own *materia medica*, or takes it from traditional quackery, and the oldest women around him.

The Curandero is of various kinds. There is the vender of Orviétan, or counter-poison, who has an antidote for everything; the barber-surgeon, who, like Sangrado, bleeds for everything; the Curandero Maravilloso, or Spanish Morison, who has a pill or a powder to cure everything (I don't suppose Englishmen have any right to inveigh against Spanish quacks); the Nevero, or snow-vender, who makes up an imitation of snow, and vends it in phials at fairs as a remedy for aches and pains; and the Caracol-Curandero, or snail-doctor, who, with snails and frogs, professes to cure every inward complaint. Finally, there is the Gusano-Curandero, or worm-quack, who attacks the thousand diseases which flesh is heir to with decoctions or plasters of powdered reptiles; and the Saludador, who kisses the most dangerous sores, and undertakes to cure them with his breath.

A Curandero, in the district of Cuenca, had, perhaps, the most extraordinary pharmacopœia that has ever been heard of. His name was Campillo, and his renown spread far and wide—into Castile on the one hand, and into La Mancha on the other. He was endowed with extraordinary eloquence, and his influ-

ence over his patients was immense. He wrought upon their imagination and enthusiasm, and was thus probably indebted to a species of natural magnetism for many of his triumphs. He was the Napoleon of quacks, and some of his cures, though nearly incredible, are well attested.

A dropsical patient, thirty years of age, applied to him. He had passed through the hands of the most expert members of the faculty, and had vainly tried every recognised remedy. He was so weak as to require to be carried about. Campillo resolved, in this man's case, to try a most extraordinary species of allopathy. He carried him to the hospital, where a number of children then were lying, and purposely infected him with small-pox! The disease was completely developed in him, his sufferings were excessive, and his face and body were pitted for life. But his dropsy disappeared for ever.

One would suppose that the remedy here was almost worse than the disease. Not so, however, thought the good Cuencans. Scores of dropsical and other patients flocked to him, requesting to be cured by small-pox. And Campillo records I know not how many cases, but does not say a word of those he killed. This genius had a great contempt for all ordinary sorts of plasters, whether designed for cuts, contusions, or ulcers, and accordingly he invented lotions and plasters of his own. A rich proprietor wounded his leg against a tree in hunting. His ordinary surgeon applied cataplasms, composed of bread-crumbs, milk, and saffron, to allay the inflammation. A large ulcer unfortunately ensued, the limb became

swollen, and acute pains were felt. He tried another surgeon; worse and worse. He lost his appetite and his sleep. Such was the fruit of sundry decoctions, ptisans, and medicines, prescribed (said the doctors) to make his blood fluid, and correct its acrid humours. He next applied to the Cirujano-mayor of the royal armies, who left nothing untried; applied the most powerful alteratives, and salivated him most effectually. The ulcer, notwithstanding, became so large that there was soon a talk of amputating the limb. Before this last resort, Campillo was applied to, and told him to pour three times a day on the limb the contents of a pint bottle with which he supplied him, rigidly enjoining him not to taste the contents of the bottle. The leg was speedily cured, and Campillo afterwards confessed that the cure was effected with common water!

But Campillo's grand remedy—start not, fair reader—was oil of earth-worms! For rheumatism, gout, lumbago, and all other pains and aches, friction with this odd embrocation of the parts affected was invariably prescribed by him, and, he declares, with uniform success. It was thus prepared:—Half-fill a quart bottle with garden-worms, wash repeatedly to free them from the mould, and after having wiped them well with a white linen cloth, carefully cork and bladder the mouth of the bottle. Bury it afterwards for a fortnight in a heap of manure, by the end of which time the contents of the bottle will have rotted and been converted into an oil of marvellous efficacy. Señor Campillo has written a treatise, from which the foregoing directions are extracted for the benefit of

our amateur hydropathists and homœopathists. He adds with inimitable *naïveté*, that “the smell of this oil is somewhat disagreeable, but that the pains of gout and rheumatism appear still more so.”

One of the most renowned of Spanish quacks was the so-styled Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan, who anticipated our modest British empirics in trumpeting forth and vending to an enormous extent pills of alleged universal efficacy. Montalvan was in fact the Spanish Morison. It was upon this Curandero, whose address was most imposing, and his eloquence truly electrifying in puffing his infallible panacea, that the following pleasant pasquinade was written:—

“El doctor tu te lo pones,
El Montalván no lo eres,
Luego quitandote el Don,
Te quedas solo Juan Perez.”

“The ‘Doctor’ you yourself clapt on ;
You ne’er were yet, in all your days,
A Montalván ; take off the ‘Don,’
There’s nothing left but ‘Jack Pérez !’”

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN SPAIN.

BRITISH interests in the Peninsula are happily recovering from the effects of unfortunate partisanship. Our devotedness to the cause of Espartero, which caused us to forget for a time that it is with the Spanish nation alone we have to deal, is in the course of obliteration by the more correct position which we have assumed, and the irrepressible feelings of *Españolismo* are no longer outraged. The excellent speech of Mr. Bulwer, on presenting his credentials to Queen Isabel, has produced a very decided and beneficial effect; and the noble and glorious Peninsular people are prepared to regard us as brothers. Englishmen, too, during the events of the last year exercised their official influence, in more than one instance, to the great advantage of the Spanish nation. Our Consul at Seville, Mr. Williams, did much to allay excited and revengeful feelings during the siege and bombardment, as an eminently impartial arbiter.

Our Consul at Barcelona, Mr. Penleaze, effected, upon terms satisfactory to all parties, the surrender of last November; and the negotiations opened upon that occasion, as well as those which subsequently led to the evacuation of the Castle of Figueras and to the entire pacification of Catalonia, were in a great measure conducted to a successful issue by Colonel

Delamere, formerly an officer in the British Auxiliary Legion, and now an aide-de-camp of Baron de Meer's, who rode to Madrid and back, a distance of 1100 English miles, in six days! Again, our energetic young Consul at Cartagena, Mr. Turner, saved all the compromised from death by extraordinary exertions and at the repeated risk of his life—acts all worthy of England, and which Spain will indelibly remember.

The finger of France may be traced in every disturbance of the past year through the Peninsula. When the Regent's power was merely tottering, ere the so-called Parliamentary League was formed against him, and before he had dismissed Lopez and called Becerra to his councils, French diplomatic agents were busied in every corner of Spain, undermining his influence and blackening his name. The Embassy at Madrid and the Consulates in every port were constant foci of intrigue; and military agents scattered through the Peninsula, having no visible means of subsistence nor power to maintain a heavy scale of expenditure, except as specially commissioned from beyond the Pyrenees, poisoned the minds of the army, and debauched both officers and sergeants with glittering lures. A vast propagandism of ingenious falsehood, radiated from the agents of French diplomacy, and journals, supposed to be Spanish, but giving currency to French ideas, supporting French views, and enforcing French interests, rivetted the chains of prejudiced ignorance around the minds of their countrymen. Not one defeat nor a succession of failures could relax the tenacity of these crafty

emissaries ; perseverance endured till resistance slept—discomfiture was met by redoubled activity ; and through the chequered vicissitudes of blundering and successful *finesse*, their efforts were unscrupulous and unintermitting, until French interests were finally triumphant, and the overthrow of Espartero was accomplished.

Four years since, France had her best intriguers scattered through Syria. When the complication of the Eastern question ceased, she transferred these to the Peninsula, and the powers of sap and mine which we had caused to fail against the Sultan, were directed with renewed ardour, and with the bitterness of previous disappointment, against Espartero. Her diplomatic abilities, great and small, were concentrated in Spain, and the money-power was applied with a vigour which I heard remarked in all parts of Spain visited by me last year, from Cadiz to Barcelona.

I was likewise a witness to the fluent declarations about the perfidious plans of England to destroy Spanish commerce and to absorb their political independence—about the ambitious islanders, the grasping shopkeepers, and our Machiavelian uses of the right of search, which, heard in the same identical terms in twenty different quarters, seemed strongly to indicate that *all was rehearsed* ; and it needs no prophet to divine the cause why Narvaez and Concha, why Pezuela and O'Donnell, were despatched from French to Spanish ports, by a purely accidental relaxation of a most stringent passport system,—why trunks and portmanteaus accompanied them, which no single porter could lift,—why two sums of a million each

openly crossed the Pyrenees, and why permanent Councils, directing the operations against the Regent, sat at Bayonne and Perpignan. The plot was admitted, and its excellence extolled, by the very Afrancesados themselves; by men so ridiculously Frenchified in their ways, as to affect to speak Castilian with a French accent—for even this absurdity may be found in Spain. It is convenient for French statesmen to deny all this; but they may be answered from Mendoza's charming "*Life of Lazarillo de Tormes*," where the young rogue having sucked the blind beggar's wine through a straw, "*Pensais*," says the latter to the bystanders, "*que este mi mozo es algun inocente? pues oid si el demonio ensayara otra tal hazaña.*" "Perhaps you thought this youngster innocent? But you have heard his exploits, and see if the devil can match them!"

The first advantage which the French possess in their continental and eastern diplomacy, is derived from their profession of Catholicism, which, feeling generally but little respect for any religion, they play off most successfully against the interests of heretic England. The next is from their habitual politeness and refined dissimulation. John Bull, even in an embroidered coat, is blunt, downright, and candid—virtues in themselves, but misplaced when they exist in excess in such an atmosphere as that of Madrid. We were belied in the politest way in the world, misrepresented with the civilest assurance, beslandered with the most courteous effrontery. We are no such accomplished Palaciegos as the French, such whisperers of a Camarilla; we are rough, plain-spoken,

and undissembling; and were politely jockeyed by the politest of Embassies.

It is odd how soon people forget the dirt they have been made to eat. The generous obliviousness with which Spain has thrown herself of late into the arms of France, seems an improvement on the Christian endurance of cobblers' wives, who love their hammering consorts the more, the more vigorously they have plied them with strap. When Ferdinand VII., then Prince of the Asturias, was in appointed residence at Valençay, his trembling existence hanging on the beck and power of France, this worthy namesake and descendant of that Ferdinand who dealt somewhat differently with the Moors of Seville, repeatedly wrote the most servile letters to Fouché, Duc d'Otranto, soliciting the high honour of being allowed to ally himself in marriage with some relation, however distant, of the Imperial Family of Bonaparte. This lowly suit was refused, a Castilian Prince of the Blood Royal being held unworthy the hand of a *parvenue* Corsican drab. Spain has ate her leek since then with the dexterous rapidity of a Fluellen. We hear much of Castilian pride and revenge. *Erreur!* Their bosoms are the quintessence of charity, meekness, and all Christian virtues. The lofty-minded Ferdinand used to kiss the policeman Fouché's hand whenever he chanced to see him; and Fouché used to say, "I always washed it after, for the man was *très-sale!*"

The doctrines of centralization imported from France, and sought to be arbitrarily enforced by Narvaez and Bravo, will never become popular

amongst the Spanish people. Spain, it must never be forgotten, is not, like France, a long-compacted and homogeneous kingdom, but an union of different states and principalities, each retaining its own strong distinctive peculiarities—its essential differences in habits and modes of thinking. The Castiles and Andalucía, the Basques and Estremadura, are as unlike as distinct states in any part of the continent of Europe; Valencia and the Asturias have few points of resemblance; Catalonia and Galicia are wholly dissimilar. Local interests and feelings, provincial differences and jealousies, special institutions and privileges closely cherished, are as little to be reconciled or fused as any other elements most heterogeneous; and an assault on this independent action would necessarily lead to disaffection.

When the Prince de Joinville came in his frigate, the *Belle Poule*, to Cadiz, in 1842, some of his countrymen, who had been compromised in certain political conspiracies at Paris, posterior to the House of Orléans ascending the throne, and who, having served in the Carlist war till the Convention of Bergara, were consuming their spirits in vainly pressing on the Spanish Government their claims to large arrears of pay, and to a permanent pension, according to the terms of their entering the service, waited on His Royal Highness to represent their wishes. The Prince, surrounded by his naval staff, received them with an airy urbanity, and the principal members of the deputation having been withheld by considerations of *convenance* and politeness from nakedly stating the

hardships of their case, a Herculean and broken-nosed Gascon, who held the rank of captain, and the bridge of whose nose had been shot away while defending a bridge in Navarre, stepped forward, and stripped the question of all its obscurity, thus:—"Ils sont tous des polissons, des traîtres, des infâmes, mon Prince—" "Mais, mon ami, il ne faut pas parler comme ça," interrupted the Prince. "Les voleurs!" roared out the Gascon; "ils nous ont pillés. Ce n'est qu'un brigandage ouvert." (All further interruption was unavailing.) "Ce ne sont que des fourbes, des filous, des fausseurs, des fibustiers; ils tromperaient le bon Dieu lui-même. Que diable, mon Prince! Faites que nous rentrions en France. Parlez tout doucement à votre père, il est assez bon enfant au fond. Oui, faites que nous rentrions en France; c'est un pays où l'on peut vivre. Il n'y a que les Français et les Anglais qui sont des hommes!"

Perhaps such a speech was never before addressed to a royal personage. But it came from the heart, and was efficacious for its purpose. The Prince appealed to Louis-Philippe's generosity; the case of these exiles was made to include itself within the terms of the last amnesty, and the parties are now in France, waiters upon the financial providence of Spain, which will probably shed its rays on them at the Greek kalends, beaming from the Salamanca contract. But I am assured, upon good authority, that M. de Joinville acted a characteristic part upon this occasion, frowning when the Gascon blurted forth his compliment to the English, and thereupon cutting short his speech as appears above.

“Prince, vous nous rendrez justice,” said the deputation.

“*Avec ceci, s'il est nécessaire!*” rejoined the brave De Joinville, drawing and flourishing his sword after a fashion familiar in the booths at Bartholomew Fair. The deputation stared, bowed profoundly, and retired.

It is curious to observe what tricks are played with national emblems. Each nation's own emblem is of course the only genuine article. The Russian eagle, the Austrian eagle, the American eagle, each looks with a jealous and surly eye on its ornithological rival. When France sported on her banner the imperial bird, if a man spoke of *L'Aigle* in a Frenchman's presence, the Frenchman would take it as an insult if any but his own great goose were intended; and Jonathan, at the present day, takes every allusion of the kind to mean, as a matter of course, the Yankee bird. If meanings were sifted, there would be much more sense in a roasted chicken than in the embroidered *Halicæetus Leucocephalus*.* The jealousy extends to the British lion, whose claims, ridiculous to relate, are not acknowledged in Western Europe. France scouts them through jealousy, and Spain through a more intelligible motive—she has lions of her own. Her national standard displays a pair of castles and a pair of lions—the visible type and embodiment of the united crowns of Castile and Léon. All Frenchmen and Spaniards, therefore, combine, of malice prepense, to lower us on the zoological scale, and our national emblem is converted to a *leopard!* Neither in Spain nor in France do you ever hear of the “British lion;”

* The bald eagle, the United States emblem.

no, it is always "the leopard," "the cruel and blood-thirsty leopard," with divers absurd variations to the same tune, at which England can well afford to laugh. It is curiously illustrative of the national wealths respectively, that a Spaniard when he talks of "millions," means millions of reals or twopences; a Frenchman, millions of francs, or tenpences; but an Englishman, millions of solid pounds sterling.

France appears for ever destined to set the fashions to the rest of Europe, and in politics as well as tailoring, she has her imitators in all directions. No sooner had she scoured her musket after the Three Days, and completed her last Revolution, than the youthful heroes of the Barricades, bearded and flowing-haired, paraded the Boulevards in triumph, and called themselves Young France. Young Belgium followed in a few months, Young Poland, Young Italy next, and then Young Germany. Germany having overcome her feelings of hereditary hatred, and taken to copying France, it was time that England should subdue hers; and accordingly, we have lately seen a small but powerful party spring up in the British Senate, resolved to renovate the present, and restore the past, and known as Young England. The vogue of renovation has at length reached the Peninsula, where it was most wanted, and where I trust it will be most unflinchingly applied. But if Young Spain has no better champion than Gonzalez Bravo, the hope is illusory.

There are points of affinity between Spain and England, which will doubtless surprise. St. George is the patron Saint of Britain, and likewise of the

Kingdom of Aragon. The lion rampant figures on the national standard of both countries. Both have been for the most part in constant hostility with France. Spain and England had once a common King in Philip II. The Kingdom of Galicia is the exact counterpart of Ireland, in the mountainous and sea-girt character of the country, and in the manners, habits, and appearance of the people. The Castilian monarchy is fused out of eighteen distinct kingdoms—ours is consolidated out of ten, the Hierarchy, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Spain had once the dominion of the sea, to which England has succeeded. We drink more of her wine than all the rest of the world, take more of her oil, her bark, and her fruit. We lend her our money; we work her mines. To our arms alone is she indebted for her triumph in the War of Independence, and to our negotiation for the close of the wasting War of Succession in the Convention of Bergara. We have fought for her, bled for her, died for her. We have squandered in her behalf our gold and our lives. Why should the ports of Spain be closed against us?

Spain has produced its bards to sound the praises of St. George, as well as Merry England. Camporedo in his "Armas de Aragon en Oriente," thus invokes the Cappadocian knight:—

"Tú de la celestial caballeria
 Insigne capitan, Marte christiano
 Que de agarenas huestes la osadia
 Mil veces quebrantaste por tu mano,
 Tú en quien el pueblo Aragonés confia,
 En cuya proteccion gozase ufano!"

Captain of the celestial chivalry,
 Renowned St. George, unconquered Christian Mars!
 Whose powerful hand has crushed a thousand times
 Insulting hosts of recreant Agarenes;
 Thou in whom grateful Aragon confides,
 Proud of her patron, safe beneath his shield!

Aragon and Catalonia, not content with these exploits against the Moors, fitted out expeditions against the Turks, and gave powerful assistance to Andronicus Palæologus before Byzantium fell, thus evincing their uncompromising hostility to both sections of the Agarenes or Mahometans. They uniformly fought under the patronage of Saint George, whose name with them sounds far less musically than in our northern throats, for Spaniards pronounce it "Gehorgehy." The Spanish language, as spoken, has more affinity with that of England than of France.

I shall not push the parallel so far as Victor Hugo does, who comically, yet seriously, extends it to tea and cocoa; "*Chose singulière—le thé est pour l'Angleterre ce qu'était pour l'Espagne le cacao,*" and finds a "shameful" resemblance in the fact, that Spain held Francis the First in captivity, as England did Napoleon; but I shall accept his *rapprochement* of the national characters of Britain and Iberia, and hold with him that both countries possess in common the great and ennobling qualities of resolution, pride, and perseverance.

The English, resident here for some time, usually become attached to the Spanish ways and customs. Ladies resident but for a year or two, whether English, French, or natives of any other country, almost

invariably wear the *mantilla*, and its inimitable grace and suitableness to the summer heats, make the most tastefully trimmed bonnet look inelegant by its side. They likewise soon learn to speak Spanish; and if they settle permanently, the probability is, that their children will forget the English language, or, what comes pretty nearly to the same thing, will have never acquired it. It is amusing to see the way in which English names are masqueraded, where the parties have been long enough resident out of England to prefer the Spanish mode. Thus I find "John Duncan Shaw" metamorphosed into "Don Juan Duncano Schau"—"Salter," into "Saltero," and plain "Paul Cross," into "Don Pablo Mariano Crosa." But the oddest of all these metamorphoses is that effected in a few years time in a person who, for political purposes, was desirous to appear as Spanish as possible; and he who went forth masquerading as "Don Jacinto Rosel," had some time before been little "Jack Russell." I have elsewhere dwelt on this peculiarity.

If people in England were generally aware of the ridicule, almost contempt, which foreigners, more especially Spaniards, with their chivalrous courtesy towards the fair, evince for our mode of styling and addressing young ladies, with the blunt, stiff, and odious "Miss,"—the only expression which the language supplies—they would take steps for the speedy reform of this social grievance. "How do you do, *Miss*?"—"The pleasure of wine with you, *Miss*?"—"Pray, do you know so-and-so, *Miss*?"—"May I have the honour of dancing the next set with

you, *Miss*?" The rude, disagreeable, hissing, serpentine sound, would seem to have been invented by some sour old monk to throw a wet blanket on all elegant intercourse between the sexes. Think of the difference between this and the refined and softened courtesy of the dew-dropping French word, "*Madoiselle*," or the Spanish "*Señorita*," "*Niña*," "*Doncella*," "*Doncelluela*,"—so numerous are the pleasant varieties of sweetness. The coarseness and bluntness of our language in this respect have very much impeded its cultivation on the Continent, and combined with rude and insolent manners to make us unhappily unpopular, amongst other serious consequences cramping the extension of the productions of British skill. To what important results may the most trivial causes lead! Victor Hugo, in his "*Letters on the Rhine*," has a passage curiously illustrative of this subject, in describing his conversation in English with the three young ladies in Falkenburg's Castle:—"*M'adressant de mon air le plus gracieux à la plus grande des trois: Miss, lui dis-je, en corrigeant le laconisme de la phrase par l'exagération du salut, what is, if you please, the name of this castle?*" Unquestionably the phrase is not "fit to throw to a dog;" pray you, amend it. I would humbly suggest the adoption into the English language of the word "*Madámsel*," as a substitute for the abominable "*Miss*," which henceforth should be used as a stigma a sense in which it is now so frequently applied. Having already modified the French "*demoiselle*" into "*damsel*," to "*Madámsel*," is but an easy step. If the change were adopted at Court, it would imme-

diately become popular; and to begin, the Queen's maids of honour might be described in the Court Circular as "the Honourable Madamsel So-and-so," instead of "the Honourable Miss Such-and-such." For this suggestion, I expect to be rewarded by a round of valentines from all the unmarried ladies in the kingdom.

The prejudices against us in Spain are as old as the days of Philip II. It is a remarkable illustration of the feelings of that period, that Cervantes makes one of his heroes, an English Catholic, ask pardon of Heaven for violating "his Catholic duty, which forbids him to draw his sword against Catholics," even at the bidding of his royal mistress—an infidel, and therefore incapable of lawfully commanding him! Think of this from the conceiver of Sancho Pança—from so keen a satirist as the powerful painter of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance! The dread of being reported to Queen Elizabeth as "a *Christian* or a coward," was not sufficient motive in Cervantes's judgment to influence his hero to perform his patriotic duty; he must also be swayed by the dread of losing his mistress.

It was habitual amongst the old Peninsular poets to call our island "Snowy England;" and Camoens in his *Lusiad*, more than once applies to us this chilling epithet. The proud contempt with which Philip deigned to visit our barbarous island, and put up for a brief space with his outlandish wife, as both he and his courtiers deemed Queen Mary, illustrates feelings which the subsequent destruction of the Armada burnt into hatred.

In one of Cervantes's novels, he speaks of a young Englishman, professing the Catholic faith, who was about to be married to a Scotchwoman, also a Roman Catholic, or, as he phrases it, "a secret Christian like himself!" ("*asi mismo secreta Christiana como el.*") To this hour the English are not held to be Christians by the common people in the Peninsula; and murder is immeasurably less criminal in their eyes than heresy.

How little was known of England in the Peninsula at the period of the "Invincible Armada," may be inferred from the fact, that the Spanish admiral was looking for Bristol where Dover stands. Cervantes, in his "*Española Inglesa*," placing an imaginary English lord at the head of the Channel fleet, dubs him "*El Baron de Lansac*," a curious corruption of the renowned name of Lancaster. It is a pleasant illustration of the passage—" *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*," that the creator of Quixote makes our glorious Queen Elizabeth, in the same story, confer the command of one of her line-of-battle ships, *ex abrupto*, upon a stripling who had never been aboard a ship! The name which he invents for the Scotch lady before referred to, is equally unfortunate—*Clisterna*!

And the patronymics of his *English* noblemen, Clotaldo, and Count Arnesto! But his Caledonian heroine, with the pretty romantic name, the greatest beauty, too, in all London, quite captivates my fancy. Bewitching *Clisterna*! Similar mistakes, however, abound in the nomenclature of Shakspeare. It is amazing what a bound the world has made since then

in accuracy of diction and drapery, in truth of geographical and ethnographical accessories. The whole globe and its languages are more familiar to us now than the process of counting on our fingers. Queen Isabel cannot wink at Madrid, or cough at Barcelona, but it is straight conveyed by telegraph to Paris, and whisked by steam to London. The persecutions of Ferdinand, and the wars of Independence and Succession, have made the streets of our metropolis thick with Spaniards, who are grown familiar with our ways, and slowly imitate our civilisation.

An amusing sensation was created by the news of Espartero's having been invited to a public banquet by the Lord Mayor of London. Most Spaniards translated the word *Mayor* literally, according to its meaning in Castilian, "greater," and took it that the ex-Regent had been invited to dine by the *greatest* lord in England.

CHAPTER XII.

REVOLUTIONS—THEIR EFFECTS—THEIR ANTIDOTE.

A LEADING cause of the frequency of Revolutions in Spain, is the frequent dissolutions of the *Córtes*. When the governing power exercises this severe act of the prerogative upon slight or flimsy grounds, the national ferment thus unjustly produced, the stagnation of business involved, the suspension of ordinary callings and legitimate gains, the bad blood excited, the angry political passions raised in strong tumult, the great turbulence engendered, the personal violence done, the acts of moral violence perpetrated or attempted, the odious constraint upon conscience, practised in every most unscrupulous shape, and the array of military drawn up for intimidation before the approaches to the urn—all these combine to make the people hate their rulers; and they rush into revolution as a preferable evil to the continuance of so reckless a despotism. Not even the dirty money-bribes of England are so pernicious as the all-corrupting influences which are set to work in Spain, and which constrain or seduce the young and the old (and all their connexions), who either hold, or expect to hold, any office or profitable calling, down to a beadledom or a snuff-shop. The political chiefs everywhere, with the whole disposable force of the local civil governments, are nothing but ministerial