

Observations on the state of religion and literature in Spain, : made during a journey through the Peninsula in 1819 / By J. Bowring.

Contributors

Bowring, John, 1792-1872.

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OBSERVATIONS
ON
THE STATE
OF
RELIGION AND LITERATURE
IN
S P A I N,
MADE DURING
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~~~~~  
BY J. BOWRING, Esq.  
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OBSERVATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

THERE are in Spain, according to Antillon's calculations, two hundred thousand ecclesiastics. They possess immense revenues, and an incalculable influence over the mass of the people ; though it is certain that influence is diminishing, notwithstanding the countenance and co-operation of a government deeply interested in preserving their authority.

It would be great injustice to the regular clergy of Spain to class them with the immense hordes of monks and friars, scattered over the face of the Peninsula, some possessing rich and well-stored convents, large estates, and accumulating wealth, and others (the mendicant orders) who prey more directly on the labours of the poor, and compel the industrious to administer to their holy, uninterrupted laziness. The former, though, doubtless, by far too numerous, are, for the most part, intelligent and humane ; dispensing benevolence and consolation in their respective parishes ; friendly, in many instances, to liberty, and devoted to literature. The latter, with few, but striking exceptions, are unmanageable masses of ignorance and indolence. They live, as one of the Spanish poets says, in a state of sensual enjoyment between the organ-loft and the refectory, to which all other enjoyment is but purgatory ; the link which should connect them with the common weal for ever broken ; the ties of family and friend dissolved ; their authority founded on the barbarism and degradation of the people, they are interested in stemming the torrent of improvement in knowledge and liberty, which must, in the end, inevitably sweep away these " cumberers of the soil." No society in which the sound principles of policy are at all understood, would consent to maintain a numerous body of idle, unproductive, useless members in opulence and luxury, at the expense of the active and the laborious, merely because they had chosen to decorate themselves with peculiar insignia,—to let their beards grow, or to shave their heads ; and

though the progress of civilization in Spain has been greatly retarded, or rather it has been compelled to retrograde under the present system of despotism, yet, that great advances have been made since the beginning of the late revolution, is happily too obvious to be denied.

That revolution, in fact, has produced, and will continue to produce, a very favourable influence on the ecclesiastical government of Spain. Leaving out of consideration the immense number of priests and friars who perished during the atrocious invasion of their country, the destruction of convents, the alienation of church property, and the not unfrequent abandonment of the religious vow, unnoticed amidst the confusion and calamities of active war, more silent, but more extensive changes have been going on. The Cortes, when they decreed that no Novitiates should be allowed to enrol themselves, gave a death blow to the monastic influence, and since the re-establishment of the ancient despotism, the chasm left by this want of supply has not been filled up, nor is likely to be; for the greater part of the convents, except those very richly endowed, complain that few candidates propose themselves, except from the lower classes of society, who are not likely to maintain the credit, or add to the influence, of the order. Examples are now extremely rare of men of family and fortune presenting themselves to be received within the cloisters, and offering all their wealth and power as the price of their admission. Another circumstance, the consequence of the revolution, has tended greatly to lessen the influence of the regular clergy, where it is most desirable it should be lessened, among the lower classes. Driven from their cells by the bayonets of *enemies*, or obliged to desert them that their convents might become hospitals for their sick and wounded friends, they were compelled to mingle with the mass of the people. To know them better was to esteem them less, and the mist of veneration with which popular prejudice had so long surrounded them, was dispersed, when they became divested of every outward distinction, and exhibited the same follies and frailties as their fellow-men. He who, in the imposing procession, or at the illumined altar, appeared a saint or a prophet, was little, was nothing, when mingling in the common relations of life, he stood unveiled before his undazzled observers. For the first time it was discovered that the monks were not absolutely necessary for the preservation even of religion. Masses were celebrated as before: the host paraded the streets with its accustomed pomp and solemnity: the interesting ceremonials which accompany the entrance and the exit of a human being in this valley of vicissitude, were all conducted with their wonted regularity. Still less were they wanted to implore the blessing of

heaven on the labours of the husbandman, whose fruits grew, and were gathered in with unvarying abundance. Without *them* the country was freed from the ignoble and degrading yoke of the usurper, while success and martial glory crowned the arms of their military companions, the British, who cared little for "all the trumpery" of "friars white, black, or grey;" and if the contagion of their contempt did not reach their Catholic friends, they lessened, at least, the respect with which the inmates of the convent had been so long regarded.

But in anticipating a period in which the Spaniard shall be released from monkish influence, it must not be forgotten how interwoven is that influence with his most delightful recollections and associations. His festivities, his romerias, his rural pastimes, are all connected with, and dependant on the annual return of some saint's day, in honour of which he gives himself up to the most unrestrained enjoyment. A mass is with him the introductory scene to every species of gaiety, and a procession of monks and friars forms a part of every picture on which his memory most delights to dwell. And a similar, though, perhaps a stronger impression, is created on his mind by the enthusiastic "love of song" so universal in Spain. He lives and breathes in a land of poetry and fiction: he listens with ever-glowing rapture to the Romanceros, who celebrate the feats of his heroes, and surround his monks and hermits with all the glories of saints and angels. He hears of their mighty works, their sufferings, their martyrdom; and the tale, decorated with the charms of verse, is dearer to him than the best of holy writ. The peculiar favourites of the spotless Virgin, their words fall on his ear like the voice of an oracle, their deeds have the solemn sanction of marvellous miracles. To them he owes that his country is the special charge of the queen of angels, the mother of God; and in every convent he sees the records of the wondrous interpositions of heaven, which has so often availed itself of the agency of the *sainted* inmates, while every altar is adorned with the grateful offerings of devout worshippers miraculously restored to health, or preserved from danger. He feels himself the most privileged among the faithful. On him "our Lady of Protection" (del Amparo) smiles; to him the Virgin of Carmen bows her gracious head. In his eye ten thousand rays of glory encircle the brow of his patron saint, the fancied tones of whose voice support, assure, and encourage him; he believes that his scapulary (blessed by a Carmelite friar,) secures him from every evil: his house is adorned with the Pope's bull of indulgences; a vessel of holy water is suspended over his bed, and what more can he want, what danger can approach him? His mind is one mass of undistinguishing, confiding, comforting faith. *That*

faith is his religion, his christianity ! How difficult will it be to separate the evil from the good, if, indeed, they can be separated. What a fortress must be overthrown before truth and reason can advance a single step ! What delightful visions must be forgotten, what animating recollections, what transporting hopes ! Have we a *right* to rouse him from these blessed delusions ? This is indeed the ignorance that is bliss. Is it not folly to wish him wise ?

But, alas ! this is only one side of the picture ! For, however soothing, however charming the contemplation of contented ignorance may be to the imagination, in the eye of reason the moral influence of such a system is baneful in the extreme. All error is evil ; and the error which substitutes the external forms of worship for its internal influence on the heart, is a colossal evil. Here we have a religion, if such it may be called, that is purely ceremonial. Its duties are not discharged in the daily walk of life, not by the cultivation of pure and pious, and benevolent affections, but by attending masses, by reciting Paternosters and Ave Marias, by pecuniary offerings for souls in purgatory, and by a thousand childish observances, which affect remotely, if they affect at all, the conduct and the character. The Spaniard attends his parish church to hear a service in an unknown tongue. He bends his knees, and beats his bosom, at certain sounds familiar to his ear, but not to his sense ; he confesses and communicates with undeviating regularity ; and sometimes, perhaps, he listens to a sermon in the eloquent style, and beautiful language of his country, not, indeed, instructing him in the moral claims of his religion, but celebrating the virtues, and recounting the miracles, of some saint or martyr to whom the day is dedicated. He reads his religious duties, not in a bible, but an almanack ; and his almanack is but a sort of christian mythology. His saints are more numerous than the deities of the pantheon ; and, to say the truth, there are many of them little better than these.

He is told, however, that his country exhibits the proudest triumphs of orthodox christianity. Schism and heresy have been scattered, or at least silenced ; and if in Spain the eye is constantly attracted, and the heart distressed, by objects of unalleviated human misery ; if the hospitals are either wholly unprotected, or abandoned to the care of the venal and the vile ; if the prisons are crowded with a promiscuous mass of innocence and guilt in all its shades and shapes of enormity, what does it matter ? Spain, Catholic Spain, has preserved her faith unadulterated and unchanged, and her priests assure us, that an error in creed is far more dangerous, or, to use their own mild language, far more damnable, than a multitude of errors in conduct.

A depraved heart may be forgiven, but not an erring head. This is, in fact, the fatal principle, whose poison spreads through this strongly cemented system. To this we may attribute its absurdities, its errors, its crimes. This has created Dominicks and Torquemadas.

In a word, intolerance, in its widest and worst extent, is the foundation on which the whole of the Spanish ecclesiastical edifice rests. It has been called the main pillar of the constitution, and is so inwrought with the habits and prejudices of the nation, that the Cortes, with all their general liberality, dared not allow the profession of any other religion than the "*Catolica Apostolica Romana unica Verdadera*." The cry of *innovation* there, as elsewhere, became a dreadful weapon in the hands of those who profess to believe that errors become sanctified by age. Too true it is, that if long usage can sanction wrong, persecution might find its justification in every page of Spanish history, from the time when Recaredo, the Gothic monarch, abandoned his Arian principles (with the almost solitary exception of the tolerant and ill-treated Witiza.) Long, long before the Inquisition had erected its frightful pretensions into a system, or armed itself with its bloody sword, its spirit was abroad and active. Thousands, and tens of thousands, of Jews and Moors had been its victims, and its founders did no more than obtain a regal or a papal license, for the murders which would otherwise have been probably committed by a barbarous and frenzied mob, excited by incendiary monks and friars.

The Inquisition has, no doubt, been greatly humanized by the progress of time ; as, in order to maintain its influence in these more enlightened and inquiring days, it has availed itself of men of superior talent ; these have softened the asperity, or controlled the malignity and petty tyranny of its inferior agents. Its vigilance and its persecutions are, indeed, continually at work, yet, I believe its *flames* will never again be lighted. Its greatest zeal is now directed against Freemasons, of whom immense numbers occupy its prisons and dungeons. I have conversed with many who have been incarcerated by the Inquisition, and they agree in stating that torture is no longer administered. But its influence on literature is perhaps greater than ever ; for, though Spain possesses, at the present moment, a great number of admirable writers, the press was never so inactive. The despotism exercised over authors and publishers is so intolerable, that few have courage voluntarily to submit to it. Often after authorizing the publication of a work, they order it to be suppressed, and every copy to be burnt, and never think of reparation to those who are so cruelly injured. Their presumption in condemning whatever they cannot understand, their domiciliary

visits, their arbitrary decrees, against which there is no security, and no appeal, make them fearful enemies and faithless friends.

With the difficulty, delay, expense, and frequent impossibility of obtaining a license for the publication of any valuable work, may be well contrasted the ridiculous trash which daily issues from the Spanish press. Accounts of miracles wrought by the different virgins, lives of holy friars and sainted nuns, romances of marvellous conversions, libels against Jews and heretics and freemasons, histories of apparitions, and so forth, are generally introduced, not by a mere license of the inquisitor, but by long and laboured eulogiums.

It is no novel observation, that the most cruel and intolerant persecutors have often been men wholly devoid of religious principle ; men who consider the religion of the state only as a part of its civil policy, and who treat the denial of a national creed with the same severity as the infraction of an established law, or rather as a species of treason against the supreme authority. No plea of modest inquiry, of conscientious doubt, or honest difference of opinion, is allowed to oppose, for a moment, their sanguinary and despotic sway. There are no terms of safety but those of unresisting, instant, absolute prostration. Such men are generally the prime movers of the gagging engine of religious intolerance ; and such men are to be found too abundantly in Spain. Others there are who imagine they see in the pomp and parade of the Romish ritual, a system of delusion admirably adapted to beguile or even to bless the ignorant. They fancy themselves beings of a higher and nobler order, and that, while they bask in the sunshine of intellect and knowledge, they may be well content that the uninstructed mass should trudge on in darkness below. Why should they throw their pearls to senseless swine ; or shower down truth and virtue on those who fatten on vice and error ?

But perhaps a larger class, which would include too the majority of the learned clergy of Spain, are they whose honest opinions are made up of heresy and infidelity ; but their worldly interests are so inwrought with the existing system, that the thought of sacrificing those interests to the higher claims of right, has never occurred to them, or, if it has occurred, has never obtained a moment's attention. To them it is a glorious and gold-giving superstition. If they can persuade themselves that, on the whole, it is harmless, they are satisfied. They do more---they say it is beneficial, and they have repeated this so often, that they, perhaps, almost believe it is true. Would they look round them, they might see the melancholy effects which superstition and intolerance have produced in their hapless country. What is Seville, the once-renowned Seville, with its hundred and twenty-five churches and convents ? The very shrine of igno-

rance. It was there that the Spanish chart of liberty was trampled under foot, amidst ten thousand shouts of "Live the King and the Inquisition !" "Perish the Constitution !" Or Cordoba, so long the cradle of the arts, the favourite seat of reviving wisdom ? It is become the chosen abode of vice and barbarism. The press, which was established there in the short era of Spanish liberty, has been torn in pieces by a frantic mob, who, excited by the monks, paraded the streets of this unfortunate capital, threatening death to every individual whose name had been connected with that of liberty. How many a town and city, once illustrious, has sunk into nothingness. "What remains of their ancient glory ? The ruins of palaces, of fabrics, of storehouses and dwellings ; and undilapidated churches and monasteries, and hospitals, outliving the misery of which they have been the cause.

One might surely expect that in a country possessing eight archbishops, more than fifty bishops, and more than a hundred abbacies, with a jurisdiction almost episcopal, "in which," to use the language of a Spanish writer, "there are more churches than houses, more altars than hearths, more priests than peasants ;" in which every dwelling has its saint, and every individual his scapulary, one might expect to see some benefits, some blessings, resulting from this gigantic mass of ecclesiastical influence. Let us, then, look upon a picture drawn by the hand of an acknowledged master.

"Our universities are the faithful depositaries of the prejudices of the middle age ; our teachers, doctors of the tenth century. Beardless noviciates instruct us in the sublime mysteries of our faith ; mendicant friars in the profound secrets of philosophy ; while barbarous monks explain the nice distinctions of metaphysics.

"Who goes into our streets without meeting *cofradias*, processions, or rosaries ; without hearing the shrill voice of eunuchs, the braying of sacristans, the confused sound of sacred music, entertaining and instructing the devout with compositions so exalted, and imagery so romantic, that devotion itself is forced into a smile ? In the corners of our squares, at the doors of our houses, the mysterious truths of our religion are commented on by blind beggars to the discordant accompaniment of an untuned guitar. Our walls are papered with records of 'authentic miracles,' compared to which the metamorphoses of Ovid are natural and credible.

"And ignorance has been the parent, not of superstition alone, but of incredulity and infidelity. The Bible, the argument and evidence of our christian faith, has been shamefully

abandoned, or cautiously buried beneath piles of decretals, formularies, puerile meditations, and fabulous histories.

“ Monkish influence has given to the dreams and deliriums of foolish women or crafty men, the authority of revealed truth. Our friars have pretended to repair with their rotten and barbarous scaffolding the eternal edifice of the gospel. They have twisted and tortured the moral law into a thousand monstrous forms, to suit their passions and their interests. Now they describe the path to heaven as plain and easy,—now it is difficult,—to-morrow they will call it impassable. They have dared to obscure, with their artful commentaries, the beautiful simplicity of the word of God. They have darkened the plainest truths of revelation, and on the hallowed charter of christian liberty, they have even erected the altar of civil despotism.

“ In the fictions and falsehoods they have invented to deceive their followers, in their pretended visions and spurious miracles, they have even ventured to compromise the terrible majesty of heaven. They shew us our Saviour lighting one nun to put cakes into an oven ; throwing oranges at another from the *sagrario* ; tasting different dishes in the convent-kitchens, and tormenting friars with childish and ridiculous playfulness. They represent a monk gathering together the fragments of a broken bottle, and depositing in it the spilt wine, to console a child who had let it fall at the door of the wine-shop. Another, repeating the miracle of Cana to satisfy the brotherhood, and a third restoring a still-born chicken to life, that some inmate of the convent might not be disappointed.

“ They represent to us a man preserving his speech many years after death, in order to confess his sins ; another throwing himself from a high balcony without danger, that he might go to mass. A dreadful fire instantly extinguished by a scapulary of Estamene. They shew us the Virgin feeding a monk from her own bosom ; angels habited like friars chanting the matins of the convent, because the friars were asleep. They paint the meekest and holiest of men torturing and murdering the best and the wisest for professing a different religious creed.

“ We have, indeed, much *religion*, but no christian charity. We hurry with our pecuniary offerings to advance any *pious work*, but we do not scruple to defraud our fellow-men. We confess every month, but our vices last us our lives. We insist, almost exclusively, on the name of christians, while our conduct is worse than that of infidels. In one concluding word, we fear the dark dungeon of the inquisition, but not the awful, the tremendous tribunal of God.”

This is the representation of a Spaniard. Though the colouring is high, it is a copy from nature, and the shades might have

been heightened had he witnessed the conduct of numbers of the monastic orders during the late convulsions of Spain. There are indeed, few examples of such infamous want of principle as was exhibited by many of them on the king's return. Those who had gone about preaching the rights of man, proclaiming the wisdom, and exalting the blessings of the new constitution; exhorting their hearers, often with a vehemence little becoming their situation, to live and die for its preservation, and hurling their bitterest anathemas against those who dared to question the wisdom of a single article, when the king refused to sign that constitution, became the eulogists of every act of tyranny, the persecutors of the *liberales*, and the chosen friends of Ferdinand. They have had their reward; and though a few of them have occupied the vacant sees, and have been caressed and recompensed with no sparing hand, the finger of hatred and of scorn points them out to the execration of betrayed and suffering millions, while their names will go down to posterity, accompanied with reproaches, curses, and infamy. If those be forgiven who have gone on in one consistent career of servitude and degradation; who have betrayed no cause of liberty, for they are by habit and by election slaves; who have sacrificed no manly principles, for manly principles they had none; still no charity can wash away the stains of those traitors to freedom, to humanity, to Spain, who so atrociously deserted the banners of their country's welfare, to range themselves around the standards of a profligate and unexampled tyranny.

The most notorious of those, however, who co-operated to establish that fatal and ferocious despotism which now degrades and oppresses Spain, have already become its victims. In their sorrow and suffering and exile, let the unshaken friends of constitutional liberty, who are scattered over Europe, console themselves with remembering that their personal fate is no more severe than that of the base tools of a wretched monarch, who have nothing to accompany their wanderings but sadness, shame, and self-reproach, dark and barren prospects, and desolate remembrances; while *those* shall receive from all around them the smiles and the praises of the wise and good. They may look back on the "bread" of virtue which they have "cast on the waters," and forward in the confident hope that they "shall find it again after many days:" but they who sacrificed their country to their cold-hearted and selfish avarice, have wholly erred in their calculations. Their country is fallen, indeed, but they, too, have been buried in its ruins. Ferdinand, who has just as much of gratitude as of any other virtue, has already trampled on the miserable tools of his early tyranny. It were well if those who "put their

trust in Princes," would study the many impressive lessons which the reign of the Spanish tyrant affords.

It is consolatory to turn from the profligacy and vice so often prominent amidst extraordinary political revolutions, to the spirit of truth and liberty which they always elicit; and Spain has had a most triumphant list of patriots. Their names must not be recorded: for, to receive the tribute of affection and gratitude from any hater of a tyrant, would be sufficient to subject them to his merciless ferocity. How wretched that country where no meed of applause may follow the track of talent or of virtue; where knowledge and the love of freedom are pursued and persecuted as if they were curses and crimes! Otherwise, with what delight should I speak of some who, buried in the obscurity of the cloister, or retiring into solitude from the noisy crowd, sigh in secret and silence over the wretched fate of the land of their birth, their admirable powers of body and mind fettered and frozen by the hand of despotism. All around them is slavery and ignorance; to them remain alone the joy of holding converse with the wise and the good of departed time, and the ecstatic hope that their country will one day burst from its death-like slumbers, and spring forth "into liberty and life and light."

And let those illustrious exiles, the martyrs of truth and freedom, who have been driven by an ungrateful and cruel tyrant from their homes and their country, and doomed "to wander through this miserable world," take heart, for a brighter and better day is about to dawn upon Spain. I have expressed a hope, it should rather be a conviction, that this period cannot linger long. If the extreme of evil brings with it its own remedy, if human endurance will only support a certain weight of despotism; if "there is a spirit in man;" if there is a strength in virtue or in liberty, the intolerable fetters *must* be broken.

¿ Que es esto, Autor eterno
Del triste mundo ? tu sublime nombre
Que en el se ultraja á moderar no alcanzas ?
——— ¿ á infelices venganzas
Y sangre y muerte has destinado el hombre ?
¿ A tantas desventuras
Ningun termino pones ? ¿ ó el odioso
Monstruo por siempre triunfará orgulloso ?

MELENDEZ.

The object for which the foregoing observations were written, made it necessary to exclude some particulars which perhaps deserve record.

A correct idea of the state of learning in Spain might be formed from the general decline of the public *colegios* and universities, and the almost universal ignorance of those to whom

the important business of education is intrusted. At Alcalá de Henares, where there were formerly four or five thousand students, there are now less than three hundred, and the number is yearly declining. A similar decay may be observed elsewhere. I found every thing in a melancholy state of derangement and delapidation at Bergara, though this, I believe, is now the only public school which has been able to maintain itself. The philosophical and mathematical instruments had been destroyed by rust, or rendered useless by violence; and every thing connected with instruction appeared conducted as if the dreadful apprehension that *too much* wisdom might be communicated, were constantly present to the *enlightened* directors.

There are few objects more touching, more humiliating, than those scenes sacred once to liberty and to literature, and associated with the names of the noblest and "the wisest of our race;" but now become the fortresses of ignorance, profligacy, and despotism. Who would not sigh over Cordoba?

When I remember what thou wert of old,
 Birth-place of Senecas; nurse of arms and arts;
 When to thy schools from earth's remotest parts
 The nations crowded; while thy sons unroll'd
 Thy chronicles of wisdom; when I see
 The spot Averrões lov'd, and tread the sod
 Maimonides and Abenezra trod;
 Or seek the umbrage of some rev'rend tree,
 Beneath whose shade Mena or Cespedes
 At noon-tide mus'd: when I remember these
 Or other hallow'd names, and see thee now
 Shrouded in ignorance and slavery;
 O Cordoba! my spirit weeps o'er thee,
 And burning blushes kindle on my brow.

While the majority of the most distinguished writers of Spain have been expatriated, it may be supposed literature is at a very low ebb there. Melendez and Estála have died in exile, while Moratin and Llorente will probably never again revisit their native land. Marina, Quintana, Argüelles, Gallego, and other estimable men, occupy the hopeless dungeons to which tyranny has consigned them; while this island in particular has had the honour of welcoming and of sheltering many a generous patriot and many an enlightened scholar, whose virtues and talents are lost to a country which has so much reason to deplore their removal.

I trust, however, that a work which has been so long a desideratum, viz. a History of Spain under the dominion of the Moors, compiled from Arabic documents, will, ere long, be published by Don José Antonio Conde, the learned Orientalist, whose erudition and diligent research promise a most valuable and interesting narration.

The Spanish Academy are now printing, at Madrid, a new edition of *Don Quixote*, in five volumes, which will be prefaced by a *Life of Cervantes*, by Navarette. This piece of biography will be peculiarly gratifying, as many documents connected with the history of Cervantes have lately been discovered, especially the records of the proceedings against him before his imprisonment.

Herrera's celebrated work on Agriculture is also being printed by the Academy. The biographical notices are written by Don Mariano Lagasca, whose name is a sufficient pledge for their excellence.

The Spanish drama had been in a progressive state of decay from the death of Candamo till Moratin's attempts to introduce the regularity and unity of the Parisian theatre were crowned with complete success. It is a different, and will be considered as a lower order of merit, by all who place Nature and Shakspeare above Art and the French drama. If, however, Calderon and Lope, Moreto and Montalvan, Solis and Candamo, seldom occupy the Spanish stage, it is because the national taste, or the national indifference, has chosen to sanction or permit the puerile trifles imported from the other side of the Pyrenees, to occupy the seats which might be so much more honourably filled by native genius. An active controversy is going on as to the respective merits of the French and Spanish theatres; but it does not seem to excite much interest beyond the immediate circle of combatants. A new dramatic writer (Gorostiza) has lately appeared, and his first effort, "*Indulgencia para todos*," in spite of some improbabilities in the story, and some vulgarisms in the style, gives fair hopes for the future.

By way of conclusion, I would remark, that ultra-royalism and bigotry may receive from the present wretchedness of Spain, a *salutary* and *corrective* lesson. They may there see the unalloyed triumph of their principles, and study the consequences in the degradation, the disquietude, and the wretchedness of a once-renowned and illustrious nation. They have there a king reigning in "all the glory" of uncontrolled majesty, and a state-religion undisturbed by heretics or schismatics; there is the dull, death-like silence of abhorred submission, unbroken by any hated shouts of liberty---"the prostration of the understanding and the will," that neither dares nor wishes to inquire.

As to the character of Ferdinand, it has been greatly misunderstood or greatly misrepresented. It has been well said of him, that he has all the crimes, and none of the merits of his ancestors. He appears to care little about the church or the clergy, except inasmuch as he can make them the instruments of civil despotism. His habits are gross and licentious; yet he

is inaccessible to any sentiment of benevolence or generosity. He never forgave a fancied enemy, and perhaps he never possessed a real friend. From his very childhood his untameable and barbarous propensities made him the object of fear and dread; and adversity, that touchstone of character, has served only to excite and heighten the dark ferocity of his disposition. What, indeed, could be expected from an ingrate, who rewarded those that replaced in his worthless hand the sceptre he had cast away, with persecution and exile, imprisonment and death!

Was it for this through seven long years of war
 We bore the miserable wants of woes
 Pour'd on our naked heads by barb'rous foes,
 While thou a patient captive, absent far,
 Nor heard'st our cries, nor saw'st the bloody star
 That o'er our helpless, hapless country rose?
 Did we not break the intolerable bar
 Forged by the master-tyrant? Interpose
 To rescue, not our country, but mankind?
 Did we not break thy prison doors, unbind
 Thy fetters, and with shouts of joy that rent
 The very arches of the firmament
 Receive thee? And is this our destiny?
 Insults and slavery, and a wretch like thee!

The following are the details of the population of Spain according to the last official census made in 1803.

	Population.	No. of inhabitants to a square league.
Province of Madrid	228,520	2078
—— Guadalaxara ...	121,115	743
—— Cuenca.....	294,290	311
—— Toledo	370,641	505
—— Lamancha	205,548	326
—— Avila	118,061	549
—— Segovia	164,007	566
—— Soria	198,107	581
—— Burgos	470,588	734
—— Extramadura.....	428,493	357
Kingdom of Cordoba	252,028	724
—— Jaen	206,807	772
—— Seville	746,221	992
—— Granada	692,924	861
New Settlements	6,196	57
Kingdom of Murcia	283,226	582
—— Aragon	657,376	534
—— Valencia	825,059	1283
Principality of Catalonia	858,818	856
Island of Majorca	140,699	1256
—— Minorca.....	30,990	1550
—— Iviza&Formentera	15,290	1019
Kingdom of Navarre.....	221,728	1082
Province of Biscay	111,436	1051
—— Guipuscoa	104,491	2009

Alava	67,523	746
Principality of Asturias	364,238	1180
Province of Leon	239,812	486
Palencia	118,064	814
Salamanca	209,988	446
Valladolid	187,390	692
Zamora	71,401	537
Toro	97,370	590
Kingdom of Galicia	1,142,630	859
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	10,351,075	690 medium population.

The new settlements are the colonies founded in the Sierra Morena in the last century. The principal towns are Carlota, Carolina, and Luisiana.

The whole of the foregoing census is probably rated too low. The Royal Society of Valencia, possessing necessarily peculiar local advantages for inquiry, lately calculated the inhabitants of that kingdom at 1,200,000. The Consulate of Corunna give 1,400,000 for the population of Galicia. That of Arragon is nearly confirmed by the report of the "Sociedad Economica," in 1800, which states 658,630 as the number calculated from the parochial records.

The medium population of the maritime provinces is 904 per square league; those of the interior, 507.

The proportion of the clergy to the laity is as 100 to 5914.* There are eight archbishops, fifty-one bishoprics, sixty-one cathedrals, and a hundred and fourteen collegiates.

* In Valladolid there is one ecclesiastic to every sixteen male inhabitants. In Salamanca one to eighteen. In Castile one to fifty. In Ceuta one to 138.

END OF PART XVI.