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EDITED BY G. T. NORTHUP

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GEORGE TICKNOR'S TRAVELS IN SPAIN

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GEORGE TICKNOR'S TRAVELS IN SPAIN¹

The following inedited excerpts from George Ticknor's manuscript journal describe his tour in Spain during the spring and summer of 1818. They should prove of interest not only for the travel pictures they present, but also for the biographical material they offer concerning one of the most eminent Americans of the early nineteenth century. Ticknor and his friend, Edward Everett, were the pioneer American students at a German university, and the first cisatlantic exponents of German scientific method. Ticknor and Jefferson were the first advocates of a free elective system of studies.² Ticknor, Everett, and Cogswell organized the first American libraries conducted on scholarly lines. And Ticknor is famous not only as the father of Spanish studies in America, but of all serious modern language work as well.³ It is far more difficult to estimate Ticknor's influence upon American literature. That it was important, however, is proved by the facts that but for Ticknor, Longfellow might never have received his appointment to Harvard, and Prescott's thoughts certainly never would have turned to Spain.⁴

¹ I wish to thank Mr. Philip Dexter, of Boston, for his kindness in loaning me his grandfather's journal and granting me permission to print from it. I am also indebted to H. G. Wadlin, of the Boston Public Library, and to Caroline Ticknor, of Jamaica Plains, for useful information.

² The relations of Jefferson and Ticknor have been thoroughly discussed by H. B. Adams, *Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia* (U. S. Bureau of Education, Circulars of Information, Vol. VII, No. 2, Washington, 1888), pp. 123 ff. And recently by Foster, *Administration of the College Curriculum* (Boston, 1911), pp. 65 ff. See also *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (Washington, 1903-4), Vol. XIV, pp. 239, 254, 301; XV, 207, 454; XIX, 248, 257.

³ Viereck, *Zwei Jahrhunderte deutschen Unterrichts in den Vereinigten Staaten* (Braunschweig, 1903), pp. 28 ff.

⁴ Cf. Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston, 1886), Vol. I, p. 203. It was Ticknor who first turned Prescott's thoughts toward Spanish history by lending him copies of the works of Solís, Mariana, etc. Cf. Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott* (Boston, 1864), *passim*.

His acquaintance with men of note on both sides of the Atlantic was wider than that of any other American of the day, and his influence made itself felt in a thousand ways.

When, in 1814, after a brief trial of the law, Ticknor determined to devote his life to the teaching profession, he failed to find in his native land those facilities for higher learning which he deemed necessary.¹ A chance reading of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* first suggested the advantages of the University of Göttingen. Accordingly, the following year he set out on that four years' period of European study which was destined to determine his career. Leaving Boston in April, 1815, he landed in Liverpool a month later. After a few weeks in London, he proceeded to Göttingen, where he remained in residence until March, 1817, varying his studies with short tours in vacation time. He next passed three months in Paris. Thence he journeyed to Italy via Switzerland, and remained in that country until the spring of 1818, when he passed into Spain through southern France. He resided in Spain and Portugal until the following November, when he embarked at Lisbon for England. After a second short visit to France, he travelled extensively through England and Scotland, sailing for America in May, 1819.

The record of these four years of study, travel, and social diversion is preserved in Mr. Ticknor's manuscript journal, nine closely written octavo volumes. This journal has been largely utilized by the compilers of the *Life, Letters, and Journal of George Ticknor*, but it is so copious that much of interest therein contained still remains inedited.² The *Life and Letters*, addressed to a popular audience, more interested in Ticknor's graphic character sketches of social celebrities than in his more serious occupations, omitted much that would have been of great interest to the narrower public of scholars. On the present occasion I shall confine myself to

¹ Ticknor's account of the condition of classical studies in America during the early nineteenth century is quoted by Sandys, *A History of Classical Scholarship* (Cambridge, 1908), Vol. III, p. 453.

² Published Boston, 1876, by James R. Osgood & Co., 2 vols. The latest edition is that of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston, 1909).

that portion of the journal treating of Ticknor's travels and studies in Spain, printing only those parts of the journal which are of interest and which have not already appeared in the *Life and Letters*.

The tour in Spain was an afterthought. Ticknor's life-work, as is so often the case, was determined by accident. But for the death of Abiel Smith and the foundation of the Smith chair of modern languages and belles-lettres, he would probably have become a professor of ethics and belles-lettres at the University of Virginia.¹ His friend Everett had already been elected to the Eliot professorship of Greek at Harvard when the two sailed for Europe;² but at this time it was far from Ticknor's thoughts to devote more than incidental study to the modern tongues. Although his culture was of the widest, and he was already possessed of a superficial training in the modern languages, Ticknor was primarily interested in the classics. At Göttingen he specialized in Greek, taking courses under Dissen, Schultze, and Eichhorn. In 1815 he informs his father that Greek has always been his favourite branch. A year later he writes: "My chief objects of study are still Greek and German, my subsidiary objects Italian and French, my amusement literary history, chiefly ancient, and books that will fit me for my future travels."³ His catholicity of interest is shown by the fact that he even studied zoology under Blumenbach. Had the curricula of the German universities of the day afforded greater facilities for the study of modern languages and literatures, Ticknor would doubtless have devoted time to these branches. In Paris, after receiving the call to Harvard, he studied Popular Latin,

¹ For an account of the founding of the Smith chair of modern languages, cf. Quincy, *History of Harvard University* (Boston, 1860), Vol. II, pp. 323 ff. Ticknor was twice called to the University of Virginia, first in 1818, later in 1820, at a salary considered fabulous at the time, \$2,500 and a house. Longfellow at one time would gladly have gone to Virginia if he had had the opportunity.

² Cf. Quincy, *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 313.

³ *Life and Letters*, pp. 81, 95.

Old French, and Provençal.¹ But it is plain that at this period he was fitting himself to become a teacher of the classics. His interest in German, Italian, and French was wholly subsidiary. His attitude, then as later, toward the French language, literature, and people was unappreciative, not to say prejudiced.²

The call to the Abiel Smith professorship, tendered in 1816, was accepted the following year. This decision necessitated a change in Ticknor's course of study and itinerary. The long-cherished plan of a tour of Greece was

¹ Prescott, in a letter written in 1817, when he and Ticknor were together in Paris, thus describes his friend's studies: "I left T[icknor] in a retired part of the city, diligently occupied with the transition of the Roman language into the Italian, and with the ancient Provençal dialect. There are some men who can unravel problems in the midst of a ball-room." *Life of Prescott*, p. 48.

² Throughout his correspondence and journal, Ticknor's allusions to everything French are far from complimentary, hardly what one would expect from one so soon to become a teacher of that language. Speaking of the difficulty of finding a medium into which to translate Greek, during the first months of his residence in Göttingen, he writes: "I did not like to render it into broken German, and I would not disgrace the language of Pericles and Demosthenes by rendering it into French. Latin, of course, was all that remained." (*Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 91.) French universities disappointed him. "There is too much striving for point and effect. Too little desire to instruct." (*Ibid.*, p. 135.) He frequently scolds about French impositions and French deceit. He reiterates his lack of regret on leaving Paris. He characterizes French society as "brilliant, superficial, and hollow." (*Ibid.*, p. 253.) French tragedy he could not endure. At a social gathering, he offered, in a spirit of youthful bravado, to show more fine passages in Milton and Shakespeare alone than the rest of the company could extract out of the collected works of all the poets of France. (*Ibid.*, p. 148.) Two years after resigning his professorship, in 1838, Ticknor shows how completely he failed to understand and appreciate the contemporary literary movement in France by the following remarks about leading members of the Romantic School. After decrying the immorality of the French stage, he says: "The popular literature of the time, too, is in the same tone. Victor Hugo, Balzac, the shameless woman who dresses like a man and calls herself George Sand, Paul de Kock, and I know not how many more, belong to this category, and are daily working mischief throughout those portions of society to whom they address themselves." Other authors, such as Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine, he admired; but the teaching of French literature can never have given Ticknor much pleasure. For that reason he devoted himself with more eagerness to the Spanish.

abandoned, and a four months' residence in Spain and Portugal substituted.¹

Ticknor visited Spain at a moment when that country had sunk to the nadir of poverty and abjectness. The land was suffering under the despotic rule of Ferdinand VII, and had not recovered from the terrible after-effects of the Peninsular War. Byron in his *Childe Harold* has sung the glories of that war; Ticknor describes its seamy side, the desolation which followed in its wake. Consequently, the picture he paints is darker even than that of later travellers such as Irving, Gautier, Borrow, and Ford. Readers unfamiliar with present conditions in Spain should be careful to make allowance for the time and peculiar circumstances under which Ticknor saw the country. The America of our day is not that described by De Tocqueville, Dickens, and Mrs. Trollope.

The Spain described by Ticknor lacks that romantic glamour with which other travellers invest it. He represents the scientific, rather than the literary, side of the romantic movement. Therefore, if his descriptions are wanting in that charm which imagination lends, they have for this very reason a distinct value in that they are the critical judgments of an intelligent observer. In a land where nearly every traveller turns dreamer, Ticknor saw things as they were. Perhaps one may detect in the following pages that trace of Protestant bias for which Menéndez y Pelayo and others have blamed him, yet his references to the religious orders are mild, compared with those of many contemporary Catholic writers. Ticknor is loud in denouncing the government of Ferdinand; but who would now deny that the strictures were deserved? If the loose living of the upper classes offended his New England sense of propriety, he made

¹ When Ticknor met Byron in London early in 1815 he eagerly sought to obtain from him information with respect to travel in Greece. It does not appear that he sought information concerning Spain, although Byron had visited the Iberian peninsula in 1809. Cf. Churchman, *Lord Byron's Experiences in the Spanish Peninsula in 1809*, *Bulletin hispanique*, Jan.-June, 1909.

ample amends by eulogizing the peasants whom he considered the finest *materiel* in Europe.

Coming from the stimulating intellectual atmosphere of Germany, he was inevitably shocked by the then demoralized state of Spanish culture. He little dreamed that Spain was destined to offer him the great intellectual interest of his life. In his native New England, Ticknor acquired culture; from Germany he gained scholarly method; Spain gave him material for study. Irving, Prescott, Longfellow, Lowell, and Hay all appreciated more fully than he the poetry of Spain. Ticknor's interest in that country seems to have been mainly scientific. The following pages reveal this growth of a new interest which in the course of four months became so strong that he returned to Paris solely to read certain obscure Spanish works unobtainable elsewhere. Literary history had now become more than an "amusement" to him. The avocation had broadened out into a vocation. Nobody can read the account below of his studies with Conde, his descriptions of the *Biblioteca columbina* and the Archives of the Indies, without realizing that at the age of twenty-six Ticknor was already started upon the path which was to lead to the *History of Spanish Literature*.

Ticknor is most interesting when he discusses matters of education, scholarship, books, and society. In these domains he is thoroughly at home. As a critic of art and architecture, his opinions are now of little value. His standards are those of the eighteenth century. Gothic architecture was not yet held in high esteem. Hence it is that at Saragossa he admires Herrera's work far more than he does the grand old Seo. Yet he had the discernment to recognize the value of the paintings in Aranjuez at a time when Spain's artistic treasures were little known and appreciated in the outside world. Though lacking in romantic fervour, he was by no means insensible to the charms of a beautiful prospect. His enthusiastic description of the Alhambra antedates those of Irving and Chateaubriand.¹

¹ On his return visit to Paris in 1818, he tells how one evening at the salon of Madame de Duras, Chateaubriand read "a little romance on the Zegri and Abencerrages of Granada, full of descriptions glowing with poetry, like those of the environs of Naples in *The Martyrs*". *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 255.

The journal is not worth reproducing in its entirety. It contains much prosy information of no present value. Ticknor travelled in a pre-Baedeker age. The journal is in large part a guide-book manufactured for private use. Its author spared no pains to gain accurate information about each of the cities he visited, its history, customs, and monuments. These accounts interest us now only in so far as they bear testimony to Ticknor's scholarly habits, and I shall omit most of them as the compilers of the *Life and Letters* have done.

In point of style the journal leaves much to be desired. The writing of a diary soon becomes an irksome task, and one's tendency is to write hastily and carelessly. It was not written with a view to publication, and hence never received careful revision. Nevertheless, Ticknor granted his literary executors permission to publish it, so that one may glean from its pages without feeling guilty of committing an indiscretion. I have altered the text as little as possible.

Ticknor, like Longfellow, never paid a second visit to Spain. The latter somewhat sentimentally feared to dispel the charm of a favourable first impression. Ticknor, who in later visits to Europe was generally accompanied by his family, feared to subject them to the hardships he had there experienced as a young man. Besides, the unsettled condition of Spanish politics during the nineteenth century discouraged travel. Right or wrong, the impressions acquired by Ticknor during his six months' visit to Spain remained with him through life.

“Perpignan, 29 April, 1818. At Nismes on the 26th I had a sad parting from my friend and travelling companion, Mr. Brooks,¹ with whom I have been ever since last September. He set out for Paris and I for Madrid, by different diligences, at the same hour, and now I am quite alone—no very pleasant situation and no very pleasant prospect anywhere; still less on entering a strange country, and that

¹ Edward Brooks, of Boston, with whom Ticknor had made the tour of Switzerland and Italy.

country, too, Spain. That day I came on through a fine country, rich in its vines and olives, to Montpellier, where I spent a very, very pleasant evening at the Marquis de Frégeville's,¹ with himself, his wife, and his wife's sister. But at ten o'clock the diligence took me off again, and brought me through Béziers and Narbonne to this place, where I arrived this morning at nine o'clock, just forty-eight hours from the time I left Nismes.

"At Béziers, besides another delightful view of the fertility and abundance of the south of France, such as I enjoyed at Avignon and Montpellier, I went to see the famous locks of the great canal of Louis XIV which connects the Mediterranean with the Atlantick, and forms the true wealth of this portion of the country. They are seven in number, and finer than anything of the kind I have seen in Europe. So simple, so perfect is their operation, so grand and magnificent in their effects! I saw several boats pass through them, and never had my imagination so excited and lost in such speculation and calculations in my life. At Narbonne there is nothing but a vulgar cathedral, and here nothing but a strongly fortified frontier. To-morrow for Spain!

"April 30. In Spain. This morning I set out early from Perpignan. My establishment for travelling well announced my approach to a country hardly half civilized. It was a chaise in form, but of a fashion as old as Noah's ark, low and clumsy, and covered with gilding and fringe; as allegorical as the beast in the Revelation, if heads and horns and all fourfooted and creeping things painted on its sides could make it so; without springs and drawn by a mule who never knew what it is to trot. The man who conducted it was born on the wrong side of the Pyrenees, but has always lived in France since the Revolution, and has managed so well in his travels and emigrations that he cannot speak one word either of French or Spanish, nothing, in short, but the patois of the frontiers and coast which is common to this part of both countries, and has little relation to the genuine language of

¹ Charles-Louis-Joseph de Gau, Marquis de Frégeville (1762-1841), a prominent general during the Revolution and under Napoleon.

either. To complete my misery, I had already ascertained there is not a soul whom I shall be likely to meet between Perpignan and Barcelona more cultivated than my poor *calesero*.¹

“At about seven o'clock, then, having gradually ascended four hours, and, though not to a great height, still so high as to give fine views of the country and solemn prospects of the dark masses of the Pyrenees, covered with snows on their highest summits, we came to Écluse, the ancient Clausura of the Romans. It was a very inconsiderable village, but one that gave me a warning of what was to follow, for there was not a soul in it that spoke either French or Spanish. Soon after this we passed the Col de Pertus, the ancient Portus of the Romans, now defended by the imposing fortress of Bellegarde, and in a few minutes I saw before me two fallen columns and broken crowns, which marked the separation of the two kingdoms. I felt that I was in Spain, and so deep and sad a feeling I have not had in all my absence when only myself was concerned.

“At Junquera my passports were more civilly examined than they have been on passing any frontier in Europe, and my baggage was not asked after. I began to take courage, though still I felt it a sore calamity that every one of the half dozen languages in which I could hope to make myself understood is here as much a dead language as the Greek or the Hebrew. At night we arrived early at Figueras, a pretty town beautifully situated in the immense plain that spreads here from the foot of the Pyrenees. After visiting the fortress of San Fernando (which is one of the fine fortifications of Europe, and well kept and preserved), I came down into the town, and, attracted by the sound of musick, went to the publick square. It was the festival of the Annunciation, and the people were collected to dance. They made, really, a beautiful show in their gala dress, with their red caps and silken girdles, which are said to have come down from the times when Catalonia claimed to be republican, and, as for

¹ Ticknor at this time had no conception of the importance of the Catalan language and literature.

genuine gaiety and simple frolick, I saw none such in France or in Italy. I felt better. I felt that it was well to be among such a people, and if I could have talked with them, as I always do with the peasantry, I should have been contented.

“On the first of May, and a day, too, of balmy mildness which was worthy of the poetry that has been written about it, I came on, through the midst of the same delicious scenery which I have found almost everywhere since I left Vacluse, to Gerona, where I dined. It has a long and famous history, was once a splendid city, as the remains of its earlier architecture prove, as well as the fact that it gave his title to the eldest son of the ancient kings of Aragon, who was called Prince of Gerona. Under Moors and Christians it has always been alike terrible in war and faithful in peace. Its most interesting point to me, however, is the awful resistance it made to the French in 1808, its final surrender, its generous rebellion in 1809, and the horrors of the siege that followed, when, after being blockaded eight months and remaining starved two more, it hardly yielded to three divisions of the French army. It is the first time I have been on a genuine field of Spanish heroism; and when I looked about me here, I saw the cathedral pierced with bombs and still bearing marks of having been fortified, and whole streets more or less marked by the desolation of war. I felt that I had come among a people whose genius and character is different from any I have seen yet, for, though I have been where much more blood was spilt, I have never yet found the traces of such a spirit of resistance as this.

“Gerona, too, gave me my first glimpse of another less favourable side of the Spanish character; I mean its religious slavery. When I walked through the streets and found every fourth or fifth person I met a solemn ecclesiastick with a long black cloak and a portentous hat curled up at the sides in a most characteristick and exclusive manner; when I found the lower class of people doing more reverence to them than a Pharisee ever exacted, and all around me indicating the preponderance of ecclesiastickal influence over every other, it seemed as if I must be in a dream, and that it must have been

the Pyrenees I passed last September and the Alps I had crossed the day before; for in Italy and in Rome I saw nothing like this influence on the one hand, and this servility on the other. When I was in Bologna, a city five times larger than Gerona, which contains hardly 12,000 inhabitants, I remember having been struck with the increase of the clergy, which was certainly natural enough on my entrance into a state exclusively ecclesiastical; but there is not so great a difference in this respect between Bologna and a Protestant town as there is between the most devout city in the patrimony of St. Peter and Gerona. I felt at once that I had never been in a Catholick country before.

“In the evening I came on as far as Grenote, still exactly at the rate a man walks, since my *calesero* never went otherwise than on foot and his mule never by mistake trotted. Grenote is a mere hamlet of four houses, such as we often see in America, and the young people of the neighbourhood were collected before the one where we stopped, playing at games in the gayest and most light-hearted manner. I amused myself an hour, looking at them by moonlight and listening to the nightingales and whip-poor-wills with which the neighbouring woods seemed full, and whatever may be said in prose or in verse about the gaiety of Frenchmen, I do not believe all France could have furnished me such a sight as this. Indeed, I do not believe I have seen such a little hamlet since I left America, for everywhere in Europe danger and want of confidence crowd the people together into close, dirty villages.

“May 2. Still continuing my route through the fine country I have so long been enjoying and admiring, I came down upon the shore of the Mediterranean at Pineda, and passed along through a great number of active, industrious, thriving villages, where the men are fishermen and the women weavers and lace-makers, to Mataro, a town of 27,000 inhabitants, where I passed the night. The cultivation was everywhere neat and good, the population busy, well-nourished, and expert, and the country showing me plainly that it is improving and increasing, since everywhere I saw new houses

building. Indeed, taking it all together, its delicious climate, sufficiently marked by hedges of aloes in all directions, and palm-groves, and its hearty, active, overflowing population, I do not know when I have seen a country that has pleased me more than this.

“On the morning of the 3rd I passed through two or three more of the same kind of villages and great numbers of little hamlets. I finally entered the rich plain in which stands Barcelona. The plain, covered with country houses, bounded on one side by the Mediterranean and on the other by a long line of hills that follows the course of the coast, and filled everywhere with the influences of the great city that closes up the prospect before you, makes a striking and majestic show. I felt as if I were coming again into the world when I saw myself so near to Barcelona, where my tongue would recover its rights; and though my conductor had served me with more than fidelity and taken care of me like a child (for the want of all language made me one in fact), I could not conceal my delight, when, after a journey of three days and a half, but only an hundred and thirty miles, I found myself safely landed in a dirty inn where the servants spoke French.¹

“Barcelona, May 3-10. Barcelona is a Carthaginian city, founded by Annibal Barcino, according to Plutarch the most warlike man of his time, and retaining his name under the Romans. No city in Spain, I imagine, has had such various fortunes. The Goths took it from the Romans about 470 A.D., the Moors from the Goths about 712 A.D., and the French from the Moors in 800 A.D.; but each time after the terrible resistance which the Catalonian character has shown from the earliest records down to the War of the Succession and the wars against Buonaparte. From 801 to 1139 A.D. it was governed by its independent counts, and had rather a brilliant court, which has sent us down some bright pieces of history; but in 1139 Raymond V mounted the throne of

¹ De Laborde, *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne* (Paris, 1834), Vol. II, pp. 8-23, describes in detail the post route traversed by Mr. Ticknor. The total distance from the frontier to Barcelona was 28 leagues.

Aragon with the title of Alphonse II, and Barcelona from this time became a fief of the monarchy, until in 1479, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, it became a part of Spain, which it has ever since continued to be. It, however, retained its ancient laws and peculiar privileges and customs. Under the Aragon crown it even had its separate diet, and this diet continued to assemble occasionally until 1702; but the War of the Succession was nearly fatal to Barcelona, for the Catalonians adopted the Austrian cause, which had its chief seat at Barcelona, and, as a punishment, Philip V took away the legislation and privileges of the city. In 1715 it was reduced by the rigour of the Bourbons to 37,000 inhabitants; but the universal industry of the Catalonians rose above all the impediments thrown upon it. In 1769 there were 54,000; in 1787, 111,410; and in 1798, 130,000. As soon as the trouble with Napoleon commenced, and before the Revolution broke out, the garrison here surrendered itself in a very suspicious manner, without the least resistance, and from 1808 to 1812 Barcelona remained in the hands of the French. But the Catalonians have never forgotten the War of the Succession, and nothing gratified their feelings more than to fight against Frenchmen, so that the firmness and fidelity of the people within and without the city rendered its possession completely useless to the French; though, having the fortification and Montjuich, it was impossible to drive them out of it. Since then, as trade has not revived, Barcelona has continued to suffer, and now its population does not probably amount to above 108,000 inhabitants.¹

“Barcelona is certainly in many respects a beautiful city. Cervantes, in his *Don Quixote*,² shows he was not insensible

¹ Ticknor has erroneously written Annibal for Hamilcar Barca, the legendary founder of Barcelona. Modern opinion credits the Greeks, not the Carthaginians, with the founding of the city. Ataulfo, the Visigoth, conquered Barcelona in 414 A.D., much earlier than the date Ticknor gives. The date of the Moorish conquest is variously given, but 711 A.D. seems correct. Ticknor derives most of his information from Laborde's *Voyage pittoresque*, mentioned below in the text.

² *Don Quixote*, Part II, chap. lxii.

to its fine situation and to the attractions of its delightful environs; though in his *Novela de las dos Doncellas*, he praises it for much higher qualities, as for its hospitality, its bravery, and its loyalty. Within, however, it has little to boast. The streets are, in general, narrow, dark, and uncomfortable, the houses crowded together and of clumsy construction, so that it is only near the Rambla, which is the fashionable walk, and on the rampart, which is really a fine one, that you can be said properly to breathe. As to architecture, there is still less to boast; but the cathedral, built, as far as it is yet finished, between 1299 and 1330, is on the inside imposing and altogether in the style we call Gothick; and the custom house, the theatre, and a few other buildings have some pretensions. When, however, I wanted to see anything really grand and beautiful, I went down upon the long mole that stretches out into the Mediterranean, and looked back upon the shores and the town; or else I went up the almost impregnable fortifications on the top of the bold and picturesque promontory of Montjuich, and looked down upon Barcelona, the Llobregat that winds around it, the luxuriant plain beyond filled with gay country houses that seem almost to connect together the villages scattered through it, and the long range of hills that swell from the coast and divide its population from that of the interior. It is only on the shores of the Mediterranean I have seen these beautifully varied and rich prospects.

“I knew few people at Barcelona, for I only stayed there to wait for an opportunity to come to Madrid, which did not present itself nearly as soon as I had hoped, and therefore I knew the few persons I did only by accident. Among them was Erroe, a very learned man who has published a crazy book on the Basque language,¹ Don José de Vega, another

¹ Ticknor has misspelled the name, which should be Erro. Juan Bautista Erro y Aspiroz, *Alfabeto de la lengua primitiva de España, y explicacion de sus mas antiguos monumentos de inscripciones y medallas* (Madrid, 1806); also, *El mundo primitivo ó exámen filosófico de la antigüedad y cultura de la nacion bascongada* (Madrid, 1815, unfinished). Erro seeks to show that the Basque is the primitive speech of mankind. G. W. Erving, Ticknor's friend, and former minister of the United States at Madrid, showed less critical judgment when he deemed the first-named work worthy of a translation. Erving, *The Alphabet of the primitive language of Spain*, etc. (Boston, 1829).

learned man and an extremely respectable one who represented Catalonia in the Cortes;¹ Torres y Amat,² nephew of the archbishop,³ and himself enjoying a fat benefice in the cathedral, which he well deserves for his learning and good zeal; the Captain General Castaños,⁴ a great name in Spain, since it was he who first taught his countrymen they could beat the French, etc., etc. But in four or five days, with hardly a Spanish tongue yet set in my head, I could derive little advantage from these acquaintances, though as good as any the city could give me. I tried, however, to form some idea of the inhabitants and to get some general notions of their character.

"Two things struck me in this point of view. The first northern fanaticism in religion, which I saw at Gerona, has been ten times over confirmed here. The streets are full of monks and priests, friars of the order of Merced, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Inquisitors, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery,"⁵ so that this seems to be the population of the city. Then, too, the ceremonies of the church are magnificent, much more so than in Rome itself under similar circumstances, while at the same time the preservation of all that relates to the buildings and furniture of the churches themselves, the luxurious livings of the canons and prebendaries, and the silence and submission of the crowd that throngs the worship, all show that the Catholick religion has declined less from its influence here than in any other country in Europe.

"But if their fanaticism in religion is great, their fanaticism

¹ José Vega y de Sentmanant (1752-1831), celebrated as statesman and writer on the antiquities of Cataluña.

² Félix Torres y Amat (1772-1847), the celebrated Catalan man of letters, of whom more below.

³ Félix Amat (1750-1824), Bishop of Barcelona, and titular Archbishop of Palmira. With the exception of José Vega, Ticknor discusses all these men and their work in his *History of Spanish Literature*.

⁴ Francisco Javier Castaños (1781-1852), the first Duque de Bailén, and hero of the battle from which he derived his title.

⁵ Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III, l. 475.

in pleasure is greater. The publick walks are filled at an early hour, and the dress of the women, so beautifully picturesque, is a mark and proof of their coquetry which a stranger must instantly see. In the evening there are balls, especially publick balls, called *pesetas*, from the money paid at entering, where all classes go with eagerness. But it is the theatre which furnishes the proof of their love of pleasures, for, large as it is, it does not satisfy the people with one representation a day, and therefore there is one given in the middle of the afternoon and another in the evening, and both are well thronged. I doubt whether such a custom exists anywhere else in Europe, and certainly none can speak more of the character of the people.

“Between May 11 and May 23, I was all the time on the road between Barcelona and Madrid, and a journey of such weariness, want, and suffering I have never before made, not even one which I cannot easily forget that I made between Washington and Richmond in January, 1815.¹ My conveyance now was different from that between Perpignan and Barcelona, but no less characteristick. It was an enormous coach without springs, such as we see in pictures that preserve the style of Queen Elizabeth's times, narrow at the bottom and spreading out at the top, painted in vermilion and gilt profusely; in short, in all respects awkward, clumsy, and antiquated. It was drawn by six mules, conducted by a *calesero* and two *zagales*. We were four passengers, a very good-natured man of the noble guard of the king; a genuine young rogue, and I had almost said swindler, belonging to Madrid, but who ran off from it the same afternoon we arrived; and Madrazo,² the king's painter, who has lived the last seventeen years at Rome, and has just received his appointment, a man of talent, knowledge, and taste, and one

¹ Cf. *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 31 ff.

² José Madrazo y Agudo (1781-1859), the well-known artist, who so efficiently seconded the Marqués de Santa Cruz in founding the Museo del Prado. Several of his masterpieces are on exhibition in that gallery. As a disciple of David, he chose by preference heroic subjects. One of his sons and no less than three of his grandsons became distinguished painters.

of the most kind, true-hearted gentlemen I have known, a man, in short, always to be most depended on when you most need him, as I often found in this journey.

"We set off early in the morning, and I soon found how different were to be the means and comforts of my journey from what they had been in Catalonia, or rather the eastern part of it, for we were still in this active and fertile province. Even in that portion I had passed through the inns are bad, very bad, but here they begin to be abominable, and, what is worse, to disappear altogether.

"The houses on which travellers are to descend for the meagre, dirty fare they can hope to get on the roads in this part of Spain are of three kinds: 1. *Fondas*, or what we call inns, though poor and filthy. They are common in Catalonia, but very rare everywhere else, and in some parts of the country unknown, as in Aragon, where there is not a single one. When you find them, however, you are sure of meeting with a bed and something to eat, for they are obliged by law to keep it. 2. *Posadas*, almost always private establishments, though sometimes established by the government. They are in towns or villages, furnish you houseroom and a bed perhaps, but keep no provisions, which you are obliged to go out and buy. 3. *Ventas*, houses like the last where you find only a room and fire, but, what is worse, situated in the open country, so that you are obliged to bring everything with you. We stopped at these, I think, about three-quarters of the time between Barcelona and Madrid, and whoever wishes to have an idea of the squalid filth and rude manners of those who keep them has only to read *Don Quixote*, where the descriptions are still as faithful as nature. Poor, however, as they are, and dear as you pay for the little you can get at them, they would not exist at all if the government did not build the houses, and sometimes even hire the people to keep them.

"And what is the reason of this? For no custom gets general currency in a whole people without one. The reason is that there is almost no travelling in Spain. Between Barcelona and Madrid, in a journey of thirteen days, we met

only a few muleteers, a few carts, and one single coach like our own, not half a dozen in all; and yet the road was the main highway between the capital and one of the principal cities of the kingdom. Of course, there is not the least encouragement or means for supporting good taverns, good roads, or anything that tends only to facilitate intercourse, for generally speaking no intercourse exists.

"With these means, however, and these prospects, we commenced our journey. The first night we slept at a very miserable *venta*, dirty, poor, and of most inhospitable manners, at the foot of Montserrat. I amused myself with my friend the painter, in walking up and down in the valley and on the side of the hill, admiring the rude masses and bold cones of this grand mountain, which has long been famous in the religious history of Spain and in the books of all travellers, and especially of Laborde, who in his *Voyage pittoresque* gives many fine views of its venerable convent.¹ He was just in season, for the French have since nearly ruined it by changing it to a fortification as one of the few means they had of maintaining a footing in Catalonia.

"The next day I came to Cervera. My friend Vega had given me some letters here, but I did not make use of them, for there was nothing to see, nothing to know that interested me. It has an university, I should rather say an enormous dark stone barrack, built in 1718 by Philip V in gratitude for the fidelity this city alone from all Catalonia observed towards him, and he did it, too, by abolishing all the universities in the province. It would not do, however, and Cervera is now, like all the other universities of Spain, *nomini umbra*.²

¹ Alexander-Louis-Joseph de Laborde (1773-1842), *Voyage pittoresque et historique de l'Espagne* (Paris, 1806). Ticknor used the first volume as a guide-book. Cf. Foulché-Delbosc, *Bibliographie des Voyages en Espagne et en Portugal, Rev. hisp.*, Vol. III, pp. 162 ff. Laborde's later work, *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne* (Paris, 1834), is largely a reworking of the earlier book. It is cheaper, and contains fewer engravings. Laborde's first work was in every way the best on Spanish travel which had then appeared.

² The Universities of Lérida, Vich, Tarragona, and Gerona were abolished and compelled to merge with that of Cervera.

"On the 14th we came to Lerida. This city, fallen as it now is, has, nevertheless, a long, glorious history, for it is the very Lerida where Scipio, in A.U.C. 537, gained a splendid victory over Hanno, and where Julius Cæsar in 705 defeated the adherents of Pompey. After this it went through all the changes that have marked the fortune of this part of Spain, became Gothick when the Goths were there, Moorish under the Arabs, and was rescued by Count Raymond in 1149. True to the archduke, it was taken by assault in 1707, and, equally true in its hatred of the French now as in the last century, it made a brave resistance in the last war, the marks of which are still visible. With all this glory, it is falling to ruins, with hardly 15,000 inhabitants, and has nothing to verify the beautiful description Lucan gives of it but its fine situation on the western bank of the Segra.¹

"The next day, the fourth of our journey, we entered into the heavy wastes which begin in Catalonia and extend far up into Aragon. Everything here is dry, uncultivated, and cheerless; everything looks as if it had been burnt up by a scorching sun or wasted by some hidden principle of desolation. The trees disappear with the habitations of man and the flocks with the masters; and if perchance a small village does occur, it is, like all the other productions of this hard, unfriendly soil, meagre and miserable. We soon passed the little village of Alcaraz, and, immediately afterward, entered Aragon and came to dine at Fraja, which, squalid and ruined as it is now, with a population of but 2,000 souls, had once an independent king who reigned over the wastes around him. Through miserable villages like this, the residence only of poverty and suffering, and across such wastes, where a few flocks are barely preserved from starving by their half savage shepherds, who look like Shumelites from the desert, we continued to pass on for a day and a half, until on the 16th in the morning, we saw the towers of Zaragoza on the horizon before us, and were refreshed on our left hand by the

¹ All these facts, including the reference to Lucan, are taken out of Laborde, Lucan, *De Bello Civili, Liber Quartus*, ll. 11-23.

prospect of the cultivated country that borders the Ebro. We passed the Gallego, and entered a fine avenue which must have been magnificent before everything was laid waste by the late siege, and, traversing the scene of the famous battle of August 20, 1710, which had nearly proved fatal to the pretensions of Philip V, we came to the very entrance of this extraordinary city.

"I have no words to express what I saw there, for these are achievements that have no parallel. Characters which, as they stand alone in the history of man and leave behind them monuments such as all antiquity has not sent down to us, have no means or hopes of being rightly understood and justly explained. For where are the models by which they are to be judged or the rivals by whom they are to be estimated? In my feelings, Leipzig, Lützen, and Waterloo are ordinary fields of battle compared with Zaragoza; for I understand how human nature could be screwed up to the sticking place for such enterprises and be kept there one day, or two, or three. But how this could be done for months, indeed, almost for a year, as happened at Zaragoza, of this I have no example, and am able to form no just or satisfactory idea.

"As we approached the city, the sides of the road were marked everywhere by lines of ruin which appeal equally to the heart and to the imagination. I got out of the carriage and walked on. Just at that moment we came to the remains of a large convent ¹ which had served as a fortification, and I went across to see it. The peasants were ploughing round it, and, as I passed over the fresh mould, I trod at every step on pieces of leather, fragments of arms and helmets, and sometimes saw human bones which still remained undecayed and unhidden after the cultivation of nine summers, so terrible was the carnage and so little the respect for the dead! The bridge by which you enter the city was broken up during the siege, and is still imperfectly repaired. The houses next it are nearly all demolished, and the next more or less injured. We entered the city. In many parts whole

¹ Beyond a doubt Ticknor refers to the convent of Santa Engracia.

streets still remain in ruins, and great squares are made and making where once lived a crowded and busy population.

"As the city was entirely without walls, convents and churches became fortresses, and, as not an inch was yielded but to a force that could not be resisted, the two armies often fought for several days from opposite sides of the same street. Two streets were shown me where the Spaniards, obliged to retire, did it by breaking down the back walls of the houses, and then continued to fire for above twenty-four hours from the other side where they could still be supported, so that it cost the French three days of uninterrupted fighting to drive them out of the front apartments of a range of houses when they were already in possession of the street; and afterwards another day to compel them to retreat through the walls into the next range, where all they had to do was to recommence the same warfare. And how is it possible that human nature can have such force and resolution? I can understand that an individual may be so happily constituted in his moral and physical character as to be able to do this, but here it was not one man or a hundred, but 60,000 where there was not only no traitor and no coward, but none that was not sure and unshaken in his mind and unfatigued and invincible in his body. How is this to be accounted for?

"I do all honour to the spirit that defended Zaragoza, but still I am aware other than moral causes must be sought to explain such a phenomenon. It is the same spirit which in 535 A. U. C. surrendered only a heap of ruins at Saguntum to Hannibal, and in 621 at Numancia, after three sieges, surrendered nothing but a slaughtered population to Scipio. And it is a spirit, too, which I am satisfied has always existed in Spain, and never existed anywhere else. It is apparent in their wars with the Romans, the Goths, and the Moors. It showed itself decidedly and often in the War of the Succession, and every Spaniard who knew his country calculated on it the moment the Revolution broke out in 1808. This is the moral spirit of the people, who, however humble and abject they may be to their domestick rulers, never submit to foreign usurpation, whatever form it may assume. But

this is not enough. How comes it that they have the physical force necessary to support this unrelenting spirit? I do all honour to the Spanish character, and especially to the Aragonese, for to an Aragonese of the lower class I would trust my purse or my life without hesitation; but his physical hardihood comes from his want of civilization. He has, as yet, learned little of the conveniences and nothing of the comforts of life. He is nearly as well off in this respect during the sufferings of a siege as he was in his cheerless, barren wastes, where he often wants the sufficient means of subsistence nearly half the year. In short, he is so accustomed to privations and sufferings of all sorts that he can afford to be beaten where an army formed in a more civilized nation cannot sustain even the privations that follow a victory. He has, therefore, only to avoid discouragement, and who ever saw a Spaniard discouraged? Who that knows the history of the sieges of Saguntum, Numancia and Zaragoza can ever suspect him of becoming so?

"The day we passed here I could do nothing but walk round among these awful ruins, for I felt that I had not seen either in Germany or Italy anything to mark such a character as this. There are, however, many things worthy to be seen at Zaragoza. My friend Madrazo, who has an excellent taste and judgment, carried me to them almost in spite of myself. In the first place, there is the New Tower, as it is called, built, however, in the year 1504, which is, as it seems to me, quite as much out of the perpendicular as the famous tower of Pisa, of which everybody has read and talked.¹ It is in one point more remarkable, since it is built of bricks. I do not know how high it is, but it is so high that 284 steps are necessary to bring you to the top, where you are repaid by a magnificent view of the immense plain of Zaragoza, bounded by the hills and mountains of the east and south, traversed by the Tagus and its canal. Everywhere it was rich and abundant, forming a singular contrast with the desolation I had hardly left, and which was still almost in sight.

¹ This tower is no longer standing.

"The cathedral, called, I know not why, the *seu*,¹ is, on the inside, one of the nobler specimens of Gothick architecture, and would be perfect in its kind if it were a little longer in proportion to its width. The splendour of its ornaments and the wealth and splendour that were everywhere apparent, together with the very manner in which vespers were sung and heard, the pomp of the canons, and the submission and reverence of the people, proved to me that such a church is here no useless appendage of the religion it professes, as it generally is even in Italy. It was the same spirit I had seen at Gerona and Barcelona, and which has accompanied me every step of the way to Madrid.

"The finest thing, however, that I saw at Zaragoza for the arts is the church of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, which, excepting the mixture of a little Gothick at one end of more ancient architecture, is one that would certainly be numbered among the most remarkable churches in Italy, if it were on the other side of the Alps. The proportions are inimitable. The whole effect is one of wealth and splendour. The French found this church so much revered that they were obliged to respect it themselves. It is full of paintings and sculpture that put my friend Madrazo into ecstasies at every step. Under the grand vault is a building of the same kind with the house at Loretto, but of much more beauty, I think, whose roof is painted in fresco by Velasquez, and whose sides are covered with bas-reliefs of the best age and style of the Spanish school. Indeed, the whole church is a magnificent monument, the marbles are rich and splendid, the paintings fine, the architecture imposing, the pavilion of the Virgin noble, pure, and grand, so that I know not where, out of Italy, I should go to find its parallel. I almost forgot the ruins of Zaragoza as I was admiring it.

"Zaragoza was the native city of Prudentius, and there must have been the object most in his thoughts when he pronounced those touching adieux to his country that still remain to us.² I felt hardly less regret, though of a different

¹ Like our English "see", from Latin *sedes*. Generally spelled *seo*.

² Prudentius, *Peristephanon*, *Hymn*. IV.

sort, when the next morning we passed out of this extraordinary city whose devotion and suffering has reduced it from about 43,000 inhabitants to less than 30,000, a fact hardly less remarkable than the unparalleled one that without walls or fortifications of any kind it defended itself against a vastly superior force of regular troops, the Spanish being chiefly undisciplined, during the whole of the tremendous siege of 1809.

"We traversed the beautiful plain that surrounds the city, and stopped an instant to see the canal of Aragon, which was commenced by Charles V in 1529, and, though brought to a state to be very useful under Philip II in 1566 and Charles III in 1770-1775, is still unfinished. If it ever should be completed, it would much change the situation and character of the countries through which it passes.

"From this moment, I can truly say, our journey became a journey of suffering. Excepting Daroca, we passed for six days through no place that deserves to be called a town, and even this just comes up to the requisite conditions. All the rest of the way was through dreary wastes where the guide-book coolly and laconically informs you from time to time that there is danger of robbery; and if perchance there was a village, it was too squalid, miserable, and poor to afford anything but bread and wine, while at the *ventas* that now grew rarer and worse, nothing was to be hoped. From Barcelona to Madrid I did not once sleep upon a bed, and several times merely rolled myself up in my great coat and lay down on the floor, which was badly paved. Twice I dined in the same apartment with our mules, who were not two steps from me. Two days we had no meat and one day only a breakfast at twelve o'clock, given to us at a *venta* by an Aragonese, who, to do it, parted, for money, with more than half of what he had for his family. In this account of the miseries of our journey I say nothing of the filth, which was so great that I generally preferred staying in the carriage when we stopped rather than go into their squalid houses, where, as there is no fireplace other than a hearth in the centre of the building, your eyes are put out with smoke, and where, as the stable,

the pigstye, and the house are all one establishment, the smell is intolerable and the fleas so numerous that I brought a full colony upon me to Madrid. However, we all got through it, and never for a moment lost our gaiety and good humour, though poor Madrazo, who had left his country very young and had lived out of it seventeen years, sometimes felt a little sinking of the heart at the thought of having abandoned an income of three or four thousand dollars a year to come and re-establish himself here for a second time.

"The first symptom we had of our approach to a more civilized region was near Guadalaxara. We had come out of Aragon between Used and Embid del Marqués, and often on the road found ruined villages where many sad, striking, and horrible tales were told of the circumstances under which they were destroyed, and of the strange obstinacy of the inhabitants in not yielding when resistance was idle and of the cruelty of the French, who thought to punish thus a bravery and resolution they ought to have respected.

"At Guadalaxara I hoped to find something again for the arts, and went to see the famous pantheon of the family of the Infantado, one of the first houses in Spain; but, like the barbarians in the Middle Ages at Rome, the French had made fortifications even of the tombs, and everything here was in ruins. The same day, May 22, we came on through the rich fields of Castile, abounding in grain just ready for the harvest. We slept at Alcalá de Henares, the Complutum of the Romans, the place where the famous Polyglot was printed, and, what is more to me than all this, the birthplace of Cervantes, the unimitated, the inimitable Cervantes. The epoch of the splendour of Alcalá is that of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella and of Charles V, and of the administration of Cardinal Ximenes, who founded and peculiarly protected the university here. For nearly a century it was famous, and often numbered 4,000 students on its rolls; but now it is entirely fallen, has many fine buildings commenced about that period but never finished; churches for 20,000 souls, and a population of hardly 5,000; a great college and few students; and an abundance of fat, ignorant professors without more

than 400 hearers; in short, everything that announces a decayed and falling city.

“On the morning of the twenty-third, a bright, fine day, such as I always like to have for entering a great city, we set out early for Madrid. The villages did not increase, and in fact rather diminished, for in seven leagues, which are above thirty miles, there were but two. The cultivation did not increase, for I very often noticed fields bare and uncultivated; and the passing did not increase, for we met only one *calesina* and a few muleteers. Nothing, in short, indicated our approach to the capital. On the contrary, I should rather have thought we were more removed into the deserts than we had been yet, for as this is the season of the emigration of the flocks from Estremadura to the mountains, we met eight all marshaled so exactly in the form of an army that it no longer seemed to me ridiculous that Don Quixote should have mistaken them for one, with their shepherds at the head, the dogs as a rear-guard and a reserve behind of the lame and sick, accompanied by the asses that carried the baggage of the whole establishment. It seemed as if the days of the Ishmaelites were returned, and I were in the desert of Arabia witnessing one of their emigrations with all their flocks, so open and bare was the country, and so little marked by the diligence of cultivation; and yet the towers of Madrid were full before us in the horizon. In the midst of the astonishment this desolation would naturally awake in one who had entered London, Paris, and Naples, we came to the very city. No suburb preceded it; hardly a house, indeed, was to be seen. All was as still as the grave; and yet I was in the principal street of the capital of Spain at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.”¹

¹ In the journey between Barcelona and Madrid, Ticknor followed the usual post route between those cities. This is described in detail in Laborde's *Itinéraire*, and led through the following towns: Barcelona, San Féliu, Venta de Molins, San Andrés de la Barca, Martorell, Veguda Alta, Masquefa, Piera, Valbona, Font de la Reyna, La Pobla de Montornés, Villanova del Camí, Igualada, Yorba, Venta del Gancho, Santa Maria del Camí, Baquerisas, Mesón Nueva de Monmaneu, Hostalfranés, Cervera, Curullada, Tarrega, Villagrassa, Bellpuig, Golmes

Mr. Ticknor begins his account of Madrid with a consideration of that city's situation, appearance, population, etc. Part of this may be found in *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 190, 191. The rest I omit as of slight interest. The Journal then resumes:

"Considered, therefore, in relation to its situation, its climate, its environs, its interior, and its influence on the constitution and health, I should not certainly choose Madrid for my residence. Let us now see how it offers itself under the other points of view which in such a case are naturally to be examined—its government, its publick institutions, the character of its culture, the state of the arts, especially those that relate to the mode of life and the means of living, the nature of the publick and general amusements, the character of the people at large, and the tone of the more refined society. In all these points, I think, though I have found something to praise, especially where the lower classes are concerned, and much to strike the fancy as remarkable, new, and curious, especially when general manners present themselves, I have found much more to disapprove and to regret.

"Of the government there is very little good to say. The king, personally is a vulgar blackguard. The obscenity, the low, brutal obscenity of his conversation, and the rudeness of his manners, are matters of notoriety. I recollect only a few evenings since, being at the theatre when the court was

Molleruza, Vall-Fogona, Bell-Lloch, Lérida, Alcaraz (the Aragonese frontier), Fraga, Venta de Fraga, Candasnos, Péñalva, Buralagos, Venta de Santa Lucía, Osera, Puebla de Alfinden, Zaragoza, Santa Fe, María, Venta de Matorita, Lamuela, Cariñena, Venta de San Martín, Mayna, Retascón, Xiloca, Daroca, Used (the frontier of New Castile), Embid del Marqués, Tortuera, Tartanedo, Concha, Anchueta del Campo, Barbacil, Maranchón, Aguilar de Anguita, Alculea del Pinar, Torre, Torremocha del Campo, Algora, Venta de Anca, Grajaneos, Trijueque, Torrija, Valdenoches, Terasena, Guadalaxara, Venta de San Juan, Venta de Meco, Alcalá de Henares, Torrejón de Ardos, Rejas, Canillejas de Baxo, Venta del Espíritu Santo, Madrid. The total distance amounted to 102¾ leagues. In the *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 185, is printed a letter from Ticknor to his father containing a much abbreviated account of this same journey, telling how he beguiled the time by reading aloud to his companions the *Don Quixote*.

there, which is an occasion of great ceremony. There are guards on the stage, and nobody can attend except in court dress. Whenever, in the course of the piece, there occurred any indecent allusion, which was not infrequently, the whole pit, and indeed the rest of the house, turned directly about to look at the king, so sure was every individual that these were the passages most to his taste. Nor were they disappointed, for every time he was in a broad laugh, though the queen and the infantas had the decency to look grave. I will not repeat what he said on the taking of Pensacola to the person who first gave him the news, for the same reason that I think it odious and insufferable in him to say it."¹

Mr. Ticknor next proceeds to give a most interesting account of the official corruption of the day. See *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 191-194. Two concrete instances may be added, showing how corruptly and unscrupulously justice was administered:

"A man by the name of Ranete, in the last year of Charles IV, but before there was any disturbance or fear of it, was tried for a heavy crime. The process continued for six years, at the end of which, after many reverses, re-examinations, decisions, etc., he was condemned to the dungeons of Ceuta for ten years. But on searching for him, it was found he had been hung two years before under a previous sentence. Again, since I have been here, a process for above an hundred thousand dollars has been gained against the Marquis of ———, for money confidentially deposited in the hands of his father. Four sentences and two royal decrees have been given commanding instant satisfaction of the execution; but the marquis pays no more attention to them than to so many duns for an unjust debt."

The name which I have suppressed is one of Spain's

¹ Ticknor alludes to a rude remark made by Ferdinand VII to the American minister, Mr. Erving, on the occasion of General Jackson's second capture of Pensacola in 1818. The Spaniards were not wholly unjustified in taking umbrage at this highbanded proceeding.

noblest. The Journal next discusses the public institutions of Madrid. Of the General Hospital he can say little good. The Museum of Natural History, too, is of slight importance. Praise is bestowed upon the Marqués de Santa Cruz for his zeal in founding a national museum of the fine arts. (The present Museo del Prado.) The schools of primary instruction, he finds, have a certain merit. The universities of Alcalá and Salamanca were, at the time, mere degree-conferring institutions which did not educate. The besotted government of Ferdinand is blamed for suppressing two very useful educational institutions. He might well have added that the same monarch was patron of a school for the education of *toreros*.

“The two institutions I refer to are: 1. *Estudios reales*, instituted by Philip IV in 1625, and broken up by Ferdinand VII in 1814. It was regularly composed of learned men, since they filled their own vacancies, and consisted of a society of about twenty persons who gave lectures continually in philosophy, in the humanities, rhetorick, etc., upon a regular system and with a proper division and disposition of the time. 2. The *Seminario de nobles*, founded by Philip III, and much improved by Philip V and Charles III, and a really good institution for the education of the nobles. It was suppressed by the French in 1809, and is now a part of the barracks of the Walloon guards.

“These two institutions being gone, nothing remains for general instruction in the higher branches of letters and science, except the Academy of Arts, where lectures are clumsily given on mathematicks and the arts, the *Gabinete físico*, the Botanick Garden, and the lectures on design given at the Academy of San Fernando. But not a word is taught in the whole capital of metaphysicks, moral philosophy, the humanities, general law, elegant literature, literary history, etc., etc. Neither is it much better provided in the three professions.

“The law is not taught at all, being left entirely to the monks of Alcalá and Salamanca, and the kind decree of

Mr. Garay,¹ who permits every man to become a lawyer that will pay a certain inconsiderable sum to the treasury.

"The healing art is very ill-taught at their dirty hospital by five professors for medicine, surgery, anatomy, chemistry, and clinics; but it is only necessary to go there and see their collections of filthy preparations, antiquated instruments, and books out of date and repute to know that everything is bad and wrong here in medical instruction.

"In theology, it is confined to two convents, one of the Dominicans and the other of the Augustines, and it is sufficient to say of them that they were founded in the time of Philip II, and that they have varied neither in the text-books nor the manner of teaching from that time to this. And why should they? For though the Catholick religion prevails over fewer individuals here, it is, where it does prevail, precisely the same in its spirit, and dogmas, and effects, now that it was then."

The work of educating the deaf and dumb, as carried on in Madrid, comes in for hearty praise. (*Life and Letters*, pp. 196 f.)

"In the convent of Las Salgas, founded by Ferdinand VI for the purpose, there is a school for the education of the daughters of nobles. Wealth, however, procures admittance, though, if report say true, it is better to keep out of it. At any rate, I do not know a young lady in Madrid who has been educated in it that would tend to change my opinion, and the fact that it has only about forty pupils sufficiently confirms it. There is, too, the Colegio de las Doncellas, founded by Isabella the Catholick, for the education of between thirty and forty daughters of respectable families that have become poor, and

¹ Martín de Garay (1760-1830). Ticknor does not do Garay full justice. Though certain of his methods for raising money were reprehensible, Garay became minister of finance at a time of national bankruptcy, and, during his brief incumbency, succeeded in reducing the national debt by one-third, and in doing much to restore national credit. His activity in abolishing costly sinecures contributed to his fall.

who, on coming out, receive a dower. It is a fine establishment in theory, but the pupils seldom make good wives in practice, as long experience has decided.

"The veterinary school, one of the good works of the Prince of the Peace, is really a fine establishment, where regular lectures are given which the young cavalry officers are obliged to attend, where the sick horses in Madrid are cured at a reasonable rate, and where for this purpose a regular hospital, baths, etc., are instituted, so that you perceive by only walking through it that the establishment is discretely and usefully managed.

"The botanical garden is certainly good, and kept in good order, for it was a favourite object with the Prince of the Peace; but it is not what it should be when it is recollected how admirable a climate Madrid offers for it, and what inexhaustible means for filling it are in the hands of the King of Spain, who, shorn as he is of his power and glory, can still boast that the sun never sets in his dominions."

After praising the library and the Academies (*Life and Letters*, Vol. I, p. 197), Mr. Ticknor sums up his observations on the state of learning in Spain as follows:

"These are all the institutions of Madrid worth mentioning, and yet, out of it, there is no pretence for giving an education in the higher branches of science and learning. I do not stop to say how much is wanting, to inquire how low must be the tone of education where there is no observatory worth naming, no sufficient laboratory, no collection of instruments to teach physicks, no means of learning Greek, the eastern and modern languages but such as accident offers, and those very poor; nothing for belles-lettres, rhetorick, literary history, criticism, metaphysicks or moral philosophy, and, even where a pretence is made, as bad as I have already shown it to be in most of the institutions I have described. It needs no exposition or argument to show how ignorant the higher classes of the people must be where this is the state of the means of education, and if there be any doubt of it, the following facts will speak for themselves.

"In theology what can be expected when Torres y Amat is forbidden to publish his translation of the scriptures *because* he made it from the Hebrew, and when the accredited translation is, as Jovellanos declares, made from the French?¹ When even Escoiquiz,² the most zealous of respectable bigots, is exiled from the court for liberality? And when *Fray Gerundio* is forbidden by the Inquisition, as if to warrant impunity to the ignorance of the monks and the clergy?³

"In the law what can be expected as long as it is without all certainty, a mere heap of the decrees and usages of the Arabs, the Goths, and Spaniards, mixed up with the *Partidas* of Alfonso, the *Institute* of Justinian, and the bulls of the popes, all struggling for precedence and supremacy, with nobody to decide the strife? What can be expected as long as it is taught by monks, and administered, or at least practised, by ecclesiasticks, and as long as Mr. Garay takes away all its respectability by offering the privileges and rights of an advocate to anybody that will pay his treasury \$150?

"And in medicine is it any better? Spain certainly has no reason to envy any nation in the world for the *number* of its physicians and surgeons. Purgings and bleedings may be had of half the population, it seems to me; and what in such a case must become of the other half is easy enough to understand. Two facts, however, are sufficient. Observing that the locks to fasten the wire nettings over the books in the only publick medical library in Madrid were extremely rusty, I put some questions to the keeper, who simply told me that in the three and twenty years he had been in that office not

¹ This translation of the Bible afterwards appeared. The first edition was printed in 1823, the second in 1832. A full account of the translator's difficulties is given by Nicomedes Pastor Díaz and Francisco de Cárdenas in Vol. III of their *Galería de españolas célebres contemporáneas* (Madrid, 1845).

² Juan Escoiquiz (1762-1820) was long the tutor and advisor of Ferdinand. His exile was largely a matter of political expediency. The case is a typical instance of how Ferdinand sacrificed his friends and most faithful servants when his selfish interests were concerned.

³ *Fray Gerundio* was placed on the Index in 1760, two years after its publication.

one of them had been opened. Moreover, since I have been here, the secretary of the medical society that controls medical instruction in Spain maintained in a publick meeting, in dispute with a French physician, that in a room filled with vapour the heat would be as great on the floor as at the ceiling!

"Nothing could be done, of course, in physicks, even with the best intentions and most zealous efforts, since the simplest modern means are still wanting; but this is not all, for the Inquisition forbids the professor of botany from teaching that coral is a zoophyte, and the king has lately accepted the report of his monks declaring that at universities it is not necessary or advisable to have professors of chemistry, so that Alcalá and Salamanca, which had asked for them, are obliged to do without what has become absolutely elementary in a good education.

"What can be done in morals and metaphysicks, where Aristotle and his school are still unquestioned, where Thomas Aquinas is a text-book, where Grotius and Condillac are forbidden by the Inquisition, and the English philosophy unknown even in name, even as an historical fact? Politicks, as a science, cannot be talked of under a government of such capricious tyranny. And if they could be, few would be tempted to risk them when they remember the rags and persecutions of Marina¹ and the death of Jovellanos.

"And in letters, who are their men of letters? Quintana is in the fortress of Pampluna,² Moratin³ and Llorente⁴ are at Paris. The five that remain are Vargas,⁵ who is, however,

¹ Francisco Martínez Marina (1754-1833). Jovellanos, after undergoing persecution at the hands of Charles IV and his ministers, died a fugitive while seeking to escape the French army in 1811.

² Quintana was released in 1820, two years after this was written.

³ Moratín had left Spain only a few months before Ticknor's arrival. He died in Paris in 1828, having in the meantime made a short visit to Spain.

⁴ Four years after this was written, Llorente, who had taken refuge in Paris, was in turn forced to leave France as a result of his publication of the *Historia de la Inquisición*. He returned to Spain, and died shortly after reaching Madrid.

⁵ José de Vargas y Ponce (1760-1821). He returned to Madrid as a deputy when the constitution was re-established in 1820.

not suffered to come to Madrid, Navarrete,¹ who is dying of a broken heart, Conde,² turned out of office and starving, Ceán,³ writing for mere amusement without the most remote thought of printing, and Clemencín,⁴ supported by the Duke of Ossuna. These are all their men of marked merit, and these certainly would be mentioned with distinction in any country. But, while this is the picture of their situation and sufferings, the theatre is subsisting on the most meagre and undistinguishing translations of all that succeeds at Paris, and the only light and general reading that is in fashion is taken from the French or at most the Italian, for they hate and despise the Portuguese and English; and German romances and poetry are altogether *terra incognita* to them."

After praising the lower classes of society, and commenting upon the unintellectual life of the middle classes (*Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 197-199), Mr. Ticknor next discusses the life of the higher classes.

"The highest class has, of course, all these amusements in a higher degree; they go to the Prado in their coaches, and have their private boxes at the theatre and the *toros*; but when all this is over, when the day and the evening are alike ended with their labours and pleasures for the other classes, the grandees' amusements begin as if there must be something separate and exclusive in the time of enjoying them. Their wealth is immense; the Duke of Medina Celi has \$1,200,000 a year, the Duchess of Ossuna between \$900,000 and \$1,000,000, and in many other cases the fortunes are

¹ Ticknor's forebodings with regard to Navarrete were not justified. He lived 28 years longer, and accomplished most of his best work after this time.

² José Antonio Conde (1765-1820). The scholar who more than any other directed Ticknor's Spanish studies. Ticknor frequently refers to him in terms of loving gratitude. See especially the preface to the *History of Spanish Literature*.

³ Juan Agustín Ceán Bermúdez (1749-1819), especially noted as an authority on the fine arts.

⁴ Diego Clemencín (1765-1834) was destined to experience new sufferings and also better days. His famous commentary on the *Quixote* was not published until fifteen years from the time Ticknor wrote (1833).

colossal. Any lady of these grandees, who has a fortune ever so moderate, however, chooses not to go abroad, but to receive every evening at home in this way societies more or less large, according to the splendour of the house that brings them together, but always the same and uninterchangeable, since every disposable person in the city who has pretensions to go to them is fixed at one or another by the jealousy of his hostess, who will not divide the homage she exacts with another. Such societies are everywhere formed, and a stranger can go to see as many as he chooses. I have been to a great many, but I must confess that, with only three or four exceptions, I found great rudeness and grossness of manners and offensive ignorance, so that I was very glad to look to the foreign society in general for my amusements and intercourse. These meetings are called *tertulias*, a word invented in the time of Philip IV, when, in such societies, even of ladies, the theological tone was so prevalent that Tertullian was the author most in fashion, and the favourite conversation took the form of commentaries and discussion on his works. I suspect there are few of the *cicisbeos* of Madrid now that ever heard of this great father of the Church, and still fewer that suspect any connection between his Ciceronian style and their dissolute manners and amusements. At any rate there is little now to remind an observer of the origin of the term."¹

The Journal now proceeds to give a full account of other peculiarly Spanish amusements, the *paseo* in the Prado, the theatre, the opera, the bullfight. (*Life and Letters*, Vol. 1, pp. 200-204.) I omit the account of the bullfight, although largely inedited and very interesting, because Mr. Ticknor reworked his material and published a more careful account in the *North American Review*, July, 1825. The article in the Journal is especially interesting by reason of the evidence it offers of Mr. Ticknor's scholarly method of pursuing an investigation. There are references to Heliodorus, the *Crónica general*, the *Poema del Cid*, Hita's *Guerras civiles de Granada*, Cervantes' *Novelas ejemplares*, etc., etc. It shows that even

¹ The etymology proposed by Ticknor is no longer accepted.

at this early date Ticknor was widely read in Spanish literature, and had, besides, a careful method of taking notes.

“The highest class of all is deplorable. I can conceive nothing more monotonous, gross, and disgraceful than their manner of passing the day and their life. They rise very late in the morning, at eleven or twelve, and breakfast, in general, grossly. After breakfast the *cortejo* or *cicisbeo* comes, and, if the lady goes out, accompanies her. At three o'clock is dinner, after that a long and lazy siesta, then a drive in the Prado, having first eaten again, afterwards the theatre, followed by refreshments and the *tertulia*, whose eternal ennui is not closed until the supper comes, about one o'clock in the morning. This is the ordinary life of a grandee family. I do not speak of the vulgarity of giving so much time to sleeping, eating and drinking, nor of the impudence of the *cortejo*, who was to be found in every fashionable house in Madrid, except three or at most four, and who has his acknowledged rights in each. I speak only of the unworthy ignorance and generally dull rudeness to which it necessarily leads, and which are the two distinguishing marks of this class of society.

“The court is the maximum, and, I had almost said, the final perfection of the grandee's life. The king has a stomach to sit down to table eight times every day and who his company are everybody knows that desires such knowledge. Don Carlos and his wife are no better, and, if the queen, though ignorant, does, as is thought by some, desire a little more knowledge and taste at court, she cannot succeed. At any rate, the king's companions are such as no woman with a woman's feelings can support; and she, in fact, one day said to the Marchioness de Santa Cruz that, as for the mornings, she could get rid of them in her own apartments by amusing herself with drawing, etc.; but the evenings were intolerable. Nobody goes to the palace, no grandee, no foreign minister, nobody, in fact, except those whose business it is to be there, and who are so gross and so vulgar that nobody else will go.”

Next follows an account of Ticknor's own presentation at court, and a description of the ceremony of the *besamanos*. (*Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 206 f.) The following account of the author's studies will interest all Spanish scholars:

"Still, though this is the only account I can give of Madrid, its local situation, its institutions and its society, I can only say I passed four very useful and pleasant months there. Until the week preceding that on which I came away, and which I gave entirely to going about in order to see the city, my day was divided with exact regularity, and, as every moment of it was occupied, I had no time for ennui.

"In the morning I rose early, and, as I came to Spain literally and strictly for nothing but Spanish, at six o'clock I was seated at my books. At ten o'clock came my first instructor, a good drill-sergeant by the name of Garcia, who earned his bread by teaching the Spanish grammar and making bad translations from the French and Italian for Madrid theatres. In an hour and a half I had despatched him, and in any other country or under any other circumstances, I should have considered my work in that branch finished for the day, and have begun something else; for six hours on one thing every day are enough. But I had nothing else to do in Spain, and, as for going out to see literary men and talking with them as in other capitals, it is not a thing to be thought of; for they live so miserably they are ashamed to receive you. I, therefore, endeavoured to supply this want by making to myself a literary intercourse at home that should supply the place of society and yet further my sole object. By mere accident I succeeded. Among the letters that my friend Llorente gave me in Paris was one to José Antonio Conde, one of the chief members of the Spanish Academy of History, and unquestionably among the most distinguished men in Spain for his knowledge of Spanish literature and its antiquities, even up through the Arabick and the long and splendid epoch of the Moors. This modest, simple, unpractised man, remarkable only for his learning and virtues, was now starving, because, as he had been at the head of the department of publick instruction under the

French, he had lost his subsistence on the return of the king. Therefore, I easily made it his interest, without offending his Spanish feelings, which, with all his modesty, are still strong within him, to come and pass several hours each day with me. As punctual as the clock, then, he was with me at noon, and never left me until four o'clock, so that during nearly four months I was at Madrid, besides a thousand interesting conversations, I read through with him a good proportion of what is classical in Spanish literature.

"This was the studious portion of my day, from six in the morning until four in the afternoon, and during the whole of my residence at Madrid I never broke in upon these hours five times for any other purpose, and never once missed receiving my regular lessons. At four o'clock I always dressed myself and went out to dinner. Twice in the week I always dined at Mr. Erving's, as often, at least, with the Prince Laval, and once or perhaps twice at Sir H. Wellesley's,¹ and if I had no special appropriation for dining, I always had a plate at the table of the Marchioness of Mos and another at the Duchess of Ossuna's. Some of the dinner parties were extremely pleasant, particularly those at Prince Laval's, who, besides two uncommonly cultivated secretaries, used to have all the little literature and talent that could be collected, and gave himself, with Cesar de Balbo² and Count Brunetti (the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*), an intellectual turn to the conversation. After dinner, wherever I might have dined, I commonly came to the Prince's, where a little Andalusian horse, a beautiful creature, was saddled for me every day, and a fine French one for Cesar de Balbo, and then all three of us rode out into the environs, to the Casa de Campo, to the Prado, to the Delicias, or along the banks of the canal; for the neighbourhood is so dreary that there is no variety in the excursions, and the pleasure I enjoyed was the pleasure of conversation and discussion, which on these occasions was

¹ The French and British ambassadors.

² The son of the Sardinian ambassador. His name is well known to students of Italian literature and history. The intimacy here begun lasted through life.

generally lively, and often vehement. The ride ended at the Prado between seven and eight, where we used to stop to admire every day anew the beautiful variety of the moving show, and at eight I generally went to the theatre as a kind of third lesson in Spanish, which no man will think of little consequence who has once given it a systematick trial. The theatre does not last long, and at any rate, I used to come away at ten o'clock, and, if I felt still in spirits for more Spanish instruction, went to some *tertulia*, though if I desired only sensible conversation or rational amusement, I went to the foreign society at the houses of some of the *corps diplomatique*. Twelve o'clock, however, very seldom found me out of bed, and with six hours of unbroken sleep in that hot climate and season, I found myself sufficiently refreshed, and rose again at six in the morning to repeat with unvarying regularity the same division and occupation of my time.

"This life suited me better than any I have led in Europe, from the complete power it gave me over my own time. Until dinner I never saw anybody, for morning visits, except in great ceremony or great intimacy, are unknown at Madrid in summer, and unless it were Mr. Erving or the Prince Laval or Cesar de Balbo, nobody ever came to see me, except it were to leave a card at the door. This was then unbroken study, and when this was through, of which in ten hours I had enough, I went out and found rational conversation and amusement enough until bedtime, so that I had always insured to me eighteen hours of occupation without a moment of ennui; and this is all I can hope on this side the happiness of home."

The Journal gives a very long account of Madrid diplomatic society. I find here nothing of interest to add to that already published. (*Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pp. 207-214.) Before leaving for the south Mr. Ticknor made a short excursion to the Escorial, San Ildefonso, and Segovia. I add only a few brief extracts to what has already been made accessible:

“It (the Escorial) is, indeed, past all doubt the most perfect establishment of the kind ever instituted, and now subsists in its original force and character; for, having been formed after the arts were completely restored in Europe, and yet before liberal ideas or poverty had perverted the extravagance of bigotry in Spain, above all, being the work of the gloomy, magnificent genius of Philip II, and bearing everywhere the image and superscription of its author, it is natural that it should be what it is—unrivaled. There is, indeed, nothing here to remind one of the dirty, squalid monasteries of Italy. Everything is neat as St. Peter’s; everything is in order, and goes on with undiminished regularity. With an income of \$600,000 a year, and with 350 servants, the monks can do what they please, and having always until lately had their monarch with them a part of the year, they are accustomed to do it well from pride and interest. There is ever an air of philosophical calmness and contentment that seems to breathe through everything and harmonize with the solemnity, the silence, and the grandeur of this awful pile, which is itself in unison with the undisturbed woods and bold cliffs and precipices of the mountain on whose declivity it stands. I felt these influences and enjoyed them all. I felt that it was well for me to be there; and when I at last left it, it was with a regret such as one experiences, who, having enjoyed the mild pleasures of retirement, without any of its monotony, is dragged back to the noise and the strife of a world whose bustle has long worn and wearied him.

“The first thing we went to see at San Ildefonso was the glass manufactory, a royal plaything established by Philip in 1726, but what is remarkable, the *only* royal manufactory in Spain that yet pays its own expenses. The work is ordinary, and in general trifling; but I saw here better than I have seen it anywhere else the process for making all sorts of glassware, tumblers, bottles, urns, and trifles such as glass ships, soldiers, etc., together with the subordinate operations of cutting, engraving, painting, and gilding; because more pains were taken to show and explain them to me than had ever been taken before. This most interesting part, and certainly the

most important and successful, is the casting of mirrors, where, by accident, this establishment has done more than any other in Europe. It was the whim and vanity of Charles III to make for presents to the various kings in Europe and to the Grand Sultan at Constantinople, larger and finer mirrors than were ever made before. Twenty-four were cast, and one remains still as a specimen, 132 French inches high by 72 wide, of the thickness of only two dollars, and of a perfectly white transparency. Each perfect plate was made at the expense of twenty miscarriages, on an average, and when all were finished, they were found to have cost, unsilvered and unframed, \$8,000 apiece. But it is the most beautiful thing of the sort in the world, though certainly a guilty piece of extravagance."

On the journey south to Cordoba there were still many evidences of the devastation wrought by the French:

"I passed several villages destroyed by the French, and in one found a commissary sent by the king to make an estimate of the damages, repairs, etc., who gave me a satisfactory account of it. It was Vilearta, a little village of 450 inhabitants, situated in an open plain, without the least means of defence, which yet cut off and destroyed in the course of a year and a half, as appears by authentic documents, above 3,200 French troops, until at last, in 1810, it was utterly destroyed in revenge, and remains still a mere heap of ruins with hardly 120 inhabitants. The king is rebuilding the church, and has granted the people an exemption from all taxes for ten years, and in this he has done well, though if he thinks such loyalty can be either bought or rewarded he is mistaken. It must be the irresistible impulse of the character, and can be repaid only by the grateful, proud reflection of what it has done and suffered. Beyond the Pyrenees there is not such a monument to the national character and fixed feeling and principle of the lowest class of the people in all Europe."

Speaking of Malaga, Ticknor says it is ill-built, even the cathedral is bad, "though chiefly constructed in the latter part of the last century, when Europe was pretty well cured of the sort of faults and follies committed here", meaning Gothic architecture. The description of Granada and the Alhambra is given in full in the *Life and Letters*.

"The road from Gibraltar to Cadiz is dreary, passing almost always through a good soil, but one much neglected, unpeopled, and uncultivated. The only thing I saw to amuse and interest me, except now and then a glimpse of the Atlantick, was Veher, an ancient Moorish town, until at last on the evening of the second day I came to sleep at Chiclana, a small town that with its neat streets and white houses well announces the approach to Cadiz. The next morning (Oct. 5) I passed through the Isla de San Leon, where, from its situation amidst immense marshes, that make it an island and render it, with a slight fortification, absolutely impregnable, the Cortes sat from 1810 to 1813 in defiance of the French. It is a large town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, and like all the towns about Cadiz, neat, and with its houses painted white or whitewashed, so as to give it an extremely light, airy appearance. After passing this, the bay of Cadiz, its shipping, the whole breadth of the ocean, and the city itself rising out of it like a beautiful exhalation and seeming to dance like a vision upon the undulations of its waves, burst at once upon my view. I passed the fortified neck which the French were never able to pass, and between eight and nine in the morning arrived in the city.

"Cadiz was founded by the Phœnicians, was a Roman municipium, passed successively under the Goths and Moors, and finally became Spanish and Christian with the fall of Seville in 1248. Seville, however, for a long time sending out its adventurers to the new world and enjoying its exclusive commerce, kept Cadiz in a kind of unnatural subjection; but in 1720 all these monopolies and privileges were given to Cadiz by an act of power equally arbitrary, and the sixty years she retained them are the epoch when her wealth

was accumulated and her power gained. Even since they were taken away and the commerce of the Indies offered to other ports, Cadiz has well maintained its rank and power, and from 1810 to 1813, notwithstanding the terrible siege it sustained in that interval, was, in fact, the effective capital of Spain; but since the return of the present king and by means of the embarrassments he has laid on commerce, Cadiz is gradually suffering and perishing.

"From this notice of its history it is plain that Cadiz offered little for me. I remained there two days, but saw no one monument of architecture other than military to attract my notice; almost nothing in painting, for the few collections there were there are scattered; and nothing in letters except the fine Spanish library of the Hanseatick consul, Böhl von Faber.¹ The few persons I knew, especially the women, answered well to the character for grace, lightness, and gaiety they have had from the time of Martial to that of Lord Byron; but as all have admitted, there are few people here that attract a solid esteem for their cultivation.

"On October seventh, then, early in the morning, without bringing away other recollections of Cadiz than that it is perhaps the neatest city I have seen, with remarkable fortifications and a beautiful fort, I crossed over to the Puerta de Santa Maria in a boat and came to Xerez. It was here the Goths met the Arabs on their descent into Spain in 711 and on the eleventh of November fought the battle in which Southey's Roderick was killed, and which gave Andalusia first to the califs of Damascus, and afterwards to those of Bagdad. It is a good town of 20,000 souls, supported entirely, or almost entirely, by its manufacture of the famous Sherry wines, and as it is now the vintage I stopped there some hours and went into the extraordinary cellars of the Messrs. Gordon,² an old English house there, and the Messrs. Haurie, an old French house, where and in the environs I saw the

¹ Juan Nicolás Böhl de Faber (1770-1836).

² Other travellers also mention the Gordon family. Cf. Churchman, *Lord Byron's Experiences*, pp. 59 f.

process for making Sherry, *pajarete*, brandy, etc. I was shown in a plain and satisfactory manner how red wine is made, and how it is kept white, and the whole apparatus by which all kinds of wine are preserved and ripened. After this I rode on with the frolicks of the vintage everywhere around me, to the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where I stopped to sleep just above Puerto Real."

The description of Seville may be found in the *Life and Letters*, pp. 237 ff. I cannot resist, however, publishing the following account of the author's researches in the *Biblioteca columbina*, omitted by the compilers of the mentioned work, as it throws some light on Mr. Ticknor's scholarly pursuits, of which there is less mention in the Journal than one could desire:

"Annexed to the cathedral and belonging to it is a library that must interest an American, at least, since it was founded by Hernando Colon, a natural son of the discoverer of our country. As he was evidently one of the distinguished men of his time for his knowledge of various kinds, and especially in classical learning, and is still hardly mentioned or known, I amused myself while in Seville in collecting the few notices of his life which I suppose can be found only there. In the cathedral I found a printed book, *Memorias históricas del principado de Asturias y obispado de Oviedo*, por Carlos González Posasa, in which Tom. I, p. 175 seq., is the most minute, learned, and authentic account of the manner in which Colon was first received at court and by what means he at last succeeded, that I have ever met. The younger Colon was born in Cordoba, of a mother of noble family, Aug. 29, 1487, and, of course, when his father's fortunes were the most humble, as I find by a MS. in the archives of the cathedral.¹ In his youth he served as page to Queen Isabella and Don John; but, not as I apprehend, until his father's

¹ It is uncertain whether Fernando Colón was born in 1487 or the following year. Ticknor's brief biography appears to be very accurate. Modern research has yielded very little more.

fortunes had given him influence at Court; and in the fine index to the *Archives de las Indias* it is said he accompanied his father and his brother Diego in their voyages to America; but it must have been more with the latter, since his father died when he was but seventeen years old.¹ In the best history of Seville (Zúniga, *Anales de Sevilla*, fol. 496, anno 1539) it is stated that he travelled with the emperor in Italy, Flanders, and Germany. That he visited Asia and Africa, I infer from notes in his books, made there in his own handwriting. Wherever he went, he seems to have bought books and noted in them their cost, the place where he purchased them, and the manner in which he read them, adding in some that they were for journeys, though still I notice they are folios, and in others that they were for his meals and read to him by a secretary, though such as from their subjects or discussions would not help a modern digestion. At last, weary of the world, whose four quarters he had visited, and one of which he had helped to discover, weary of the court where he seems to have been more favoured than fortunate, he came to Seville, took orders, and attached himself to the cathedral. Here, it is evident, he devoted himself to study. It appears from papers in the possession of the cathedral that he had undertaken to establish an institution for teaching the mathematicks, with the authority and under the protection of the emperor. This his death prevented. Finding his last moment approaching, he ordered dust to be brought to him, and, throwing it on his face, said: Dust thou art, etc. He then closed his eyes and expired, July 12, 1539, aged, according to his epitaph, 50 years, nine months and fourteen days, though according to documents in the church, he was nearly 52. (See an extraordinary letter giving an account of his death in the *Archives of the Indies*, Estante I, caxon 1, legajo 3.) He was buried, as he had directed, in the cathedral, but with no pomp, and his gravestone is still there with a long epitaph beginning: *Aquí yace Colon, el cual aplicó y gastó*

¹ Fernando accompanied his father on his fourth voyage only (1502). He later accompanied his brother Diego on two voyages. Ticknor's supposition is therefore, correct.

toda su vida y hacienda en aumento de las letras y fundar y perpetuar en esta ciudad todos sus libros, etc. By his will, a copy of which, as far as it relates to his books, is in the archives of the cathedral (Caxon 19, legajo 3, no. 31), he left his library of 20,000 volumes, his MSS., etc., to the cathedral, giving especial directions how it should be kept, maintained, and increased. But a dispute arose respecting it, whether each treatise should not be considered as a separate volume, as he had great numbers of small works bound up together, and it was not until after a long lawsuit that the cathedral obtained the books, and then only 10,000 volumes. (See preface to the MSS. catalogue.) Even after this the library was neglected and left until 1678 in a bad situation, exposed to the influence of the weather, and without a keeper, where many books were ruined or lost, and, it is feared, his MSS. relating to America, which have never since been seen. What remains of it now, in the large collection that still passes under the name of *Biblioteca Columbina*, sufficiently proves the extent of his knowledge and the justness of his taste, for it concerns the best classicks published in his time, both Greek and Latin, many works on mathematicks and physicks, the curious book on geography where America is put down as a great island towards the south pole, etc., besides twelve folio volumes of MSS. in his own hand containing notes on the classicks and the fathers, memoranda of his travels, a catalogue of his books and another of his pictures, all of which prove that we have not by any means such notices or accounts of him as a man so distinguished merits. I think I have seen an account of him in Nic. Antonio, but wherever it may be, it is loose and imperfect.¹

“Next after the cathedral comes the palace of Medina Celi, called by popular superstition *La casa de Pilatos*. Many of the ancient nobility have neglected palaces here built by their ancestors when the court was here, and this is one of them. But what makes it remarkable is its architecture,

¹ A brief biography is, in fact, to be found in Nicolás Antonio. The original of Colón's life of his father is lost, but the work is preserved in garbled form as an Italian translation, which in its turn was rendered into Castilian again.

which is of delicate Arabick, though unfinished until 1522, another proof that the chief talent, even after the fall of the Moorish empire, was still Moorish in all that relates to the arts.

“Another establishment here that must be interesting to an American is the *Archivo de las Indias*, now preserved in the *lonja* or exchange. This is an admirable building of almost unexceptionable proportions and purity in its architecture, built by Herrera in the same simple, severe style with the Escorial, and, I presume, his last and, I think, his best work, since he died in 1597, and the *lonja* was not finished until 1598. In the days when Seville was the grand mart and exclusive deposit for everything that came from the Americas, this exchange was one of the most active, busy spots in Europe; but after the monopoly was transferred to Cadiz, it became empty and useless until the government determined to make it the grand deposit for all publick papers relating to the Americas, from their first discovery and the first discussions about their discovery to that time, and continuing it for the same purpose in the future. This excellent plan has been executed since the year 1785. At that time all the records of the kingdom existed in the castle of Simancas, near Valladolid; but of those relating to America copies had generally been sent to Seville, though these had been injured and partly destroyed by a fire, and finally in Cadiz, where an American law-court sat, there were others. From these three sources, then, they were collected in 1785 and brought to the hall of the *lonja*, and arranged chronologically and according to their matters. The building, the room, and the cases in which they are preserved, are the best I ever saw for such a purpose. Luckily a man capable of making use of them was employed. The learned, accurate, and indefatigable Cean Bermúdez came here in 1791, and spent sixteen years of his life at the rate of fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and is now here on a visit, in arranging these papers and forming the indices. Every paper has an envelope thrown round it, numbered, and containing an abstract of its contents, and is placed in the bundle to which it belongs. This, again, is

marked with a label of wood that hangs out, and is then put up in the case where its date and matter fix it. The indices which have been making since 1791, and are still going on, amount already to fourteen folio volumes, referring to all the papers relating to the government, economy, administration of justice, etc., of the colonies. Two, however, are extremely interesting. The first contains a notice of all the papers in the archives that have more an European than an American character and yet relate to America, such as papal bulls, kings' edicts, petitions of the early navigators, beginning in 1480 and coming down to 1697, with the materials ready to finish it to the present day, and only waiting to be copied. The second contains a notice of the papers more American than European, and, of course, comprises everything relating to the voyages of the navigators, the discoveries, the natives, the history of the country since, etc., and begins in 1486, and is already finished to 1703. These indices, like all the others, are excellent in their kind, and leave little to desire, for, besides that they are chronological, they are divided into epochs, classed by matters, and contain a notice and abstract of every paper, however small, which they record. In fact, I consider the entire establishment as the most perfect of the kind, and whoever wishes hereafter to write an account of America has here all the early documents that belong to the Spanish government arranged to his hand.

"Some of them are extremely curious. I sought in vain, however, for a scrap of Columbus's handwriting. Probably it does not exist, unless it be in an unsigned codicil to his will in the *escribano's* office at Valladolid, a copy of which is preserved here;¹ but there are original letters of Cortes to Charles V, letters of Magallanes, a collection of the MSS. of Las Casas, of Sebastian Cabot, etc., letters of Pizarro signed

¹ Ticknor was wrong. Navarrete and Irving were more fortunate. Irving, in a letter, describes his joy at stumbling upon Columbus' marginal comments to Pedro Aliaco's *Cosmography*. Cf. Pierre M. Irving, *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* (New York, 1883), Vol. II, p. 77. Cf. also W. Irving, *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (New York, 1849), Vol. II, p. 11. The discovery was not made in time for the first edition.

with his mark, because he could not write, MSS. of Diego Columbus, heir and successor of the discoverer, and, in short, something of nearly every name that occurs in the early history of South America. Among other things, too, is the most important of all the documents we yet know for the life of Cervantes, who on his return from captivity asked for an office in South America, and presented eight papers whose originals, duly authenticated, are here (estante II, cajon 5, legajo 1), setting forth his services in the army and at the battle of Lepanto, and his sufferings in Algiers, in short containing in minute detail the most important, the most interesting, and the most obscure part of his life. He was fortunately refused, or we should never have had *Don Quixote*; and these precious documents have slept here ever since until Cean's diligence discovered and sent them to Navarrete, who will soon print them with his new edition of *Don Quixote* and his new life of Cervantes.¹

"The tobacco manufactory, too, is an extraordinary building, though chiefly remarkable from its immense size and from the circumstance that it is the only one in Spain, as it is a royal monopoly which raises tobacco from twenty cents per pound (its price in the free port of Gibraltar), to \$1.35, its price in Spain. Excepting this, however, and the cannon foundry, which is now neglected and falling to ruin, I believe

¹ This document was first printed the following year. Navarrete, *Vida de Miguel Cervantes Saavedra* (Madrid, 1819), pp. 311 ff. The Columbus material and that relating to the other early explorers was also exploited, a few years later, by Navarrete, whose *Colección de viajes y descubrimientos* was published from 1825 to 1837. It is possible that Ticknor suggested to Irving the writing of a life of Columbus. The two met frequently in London later in the same year. Ticknor accompanied Irving on the excursion to Windsor which resulted in one of the best known papers in the *Sketch Book*. Ticknor brought with him a portion of the *Sketch Book* MS. when he arrived in America in June, 1819. Cf. Pierre M. Irving, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 110. Although it is known that Alexander H. Everett suggested to Irving the desirability of making an English translation of Navarrete's *Viajes* (Cf. *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 44), it is possible that Ticknor may have previously mentioned to his friend the wealth of material to be found in the Spanish archives. He had just returned from Spain, and was full of enthusiasm for what he had seen. Certain it is, however, that Prescott later profited by Ticknor's researches.

there are no publick buildings of general interest in Seville, though the house of Columbus was to me worth all the architecture of the city."¹

The direct road from Seville to Lisbon passing through Badajoz was so infested with robbers that Mr. Ticknor was advised to strike directly across the mountains in company with a band of *contrabandistas*, who it was thought would afford the traveller better protection than the civil and military authorities could do. This romantic journey is fully described in the *Life and Letters*. Leaving Seville on the eighteenth of October, he arrived in Lisbon on the twenty-third. There the author passed an industrious month, toiling in the libraries and studying the Portuguese tongue. I find nothing of interest to add to the published account of his travels in Portugal. It is very characteristic of Mr. Ticknor that, having failed to find certain important works in the peninsular libraries, he was unwilling to sail for America without first seeing what the Paris libraries had to offer. He also counted on the assistance of Moratín and Llorente, then residing in France. It is evident that his studies had taken an entirely new direction since his previous visit to Paris. The quickest way to reach Paris was to take the Falmouth packet. I shall conclude these excerpts with a retrospective glance, in which Mr. Ticknor contrasts the civilization of the lands he is leaving behind him with that of England.

"November 21, 1818. I embarked on board one of the mail packets from Lisbon to Falmouth. The weather was fine, and I enjoyed for the last time the beautiful view of the shores of the Tagus, the city, the aqueduct, and the forts. We sailed down by the convent of Belem, where Gama first embarked on that great expedition that made the name of Portugal famous in Europe, passed the castle where

¹ Mérimée was destined to invest the tobacco factory with a romantic interest which it did not possess when Ticknor saw it.

Gómez Freire¹ was so ferociously executed, and then, stretching out into the ocean, looked back at nightfall for the last time at the grand rock of Cintra crowned with its giddy convent, which finally disappeared as the shades of evening shut around us. Our voyage was favourable, for though the weather was rough, the wind kept fair the whole way. Nothing occurred, however, to vary the genuine monotony of a sea voyage, except one evening the phosphorick brightness of the ocean was finer than I ever saw it before. The keel seemed to plough through a fiery foam, and as the long, heavy waves came in pursuit of us they seemed to be gilded with meteorick splendour. I watched them long after all on board were in bed except the silent mate on the quarterdeck and the garrulous sailors in front who were relating all sorts of stories and adventures to amuse themselves and keep themselves awake. At last I reluctantly went below to my cheerless berth. On the twenty-eighth, after a very short passage of only seven days and a few hours, we came in sight of the bright green shores of Old England, and, as I once more placed my foot upon soil to which I feel some sort of relationship, I could have almost fallen down and embraced it as Cæsar did. Half an hour afterwards, I had passed through the custom house and was seated amidst the comforts, or rather luxuries of an English inn, to which I have been so long a stranger that I hardly know how to enjoy them.

"The next morning early I set off in one of the many coaches that start from the little inn of Falmouth every day to go by different routes to London. I could not help recollecting I had come from two kingdoms where a solitary conveyance of this sort does not exist. It is true, from whatever part of the world you may come, and in whatever part of England you may land, the same general impression of a country of prodigious activity and power, wealth and happi-

¹Gómez Freire de Andrade (1762-1817), a Portuguese general. He served in Napoleon's army, and was rewarded with the governorship of Dresden. Returning to Lisbon, after Napoleon's fall, he was unjustly accused of conspiracy and hanged. After the Revolution of 1820, a commission decided that he had been executed without sufficient proof. His memory was rehabilitated.

ness must be produced. But I had just come from Spain and Portugal, where all is so dead, so wretched, so abject, at least in whatever is most obvious and external, that the great characteristic of English power and manners struck me with peculiar force and vivacity. When I recollected the inefficiency of the human character in Spain and Portugal, when I recollected that the inactivity of the people themselves is so great that neighbouring villages are often strangers to each other, and the weakness of the government so alarming that in a considerable proportion of these countries it is unsafe to go fifty miles but with an armed caravan, I could hardly *feel*, though I *knew* it, that they belonged to the same species with the people I was now among, where every village and every peasant seems an emblem of activity and power, and where the country is so intersected with roads and canals, like the human anatomy with arteries and veins, and the circulation so safe and so easy that every individual in the whole island may in some sort consider himself a neighbour to every other. I was never so confounded with my own thoughts as in attempting to reconcile to myself such different, opposite, and inconsistent principles and characteristics in the same nature; for my senses were every moment denying the relationship which my reason acknowledged, and I grew giddy as I laboured to satisfy both."

In a marginal note Mr. Ticknor remarks: "Proverbs show character and the general state of a people better than any indication I know. The Spaniards say:

'Un hombre non armado
Es hombre que vale nada.'

A man without a weapon is a cypher."

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