

herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; but we, more ruthless, loose the *dogs of war* against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor have reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles."

What would the patriotic and high-minded Earl of Chatham have said, had he lived in the present times, and heard of the barbarities of Spain towards *her* colonists?

When the Russians put to the sword thirty thousand Turks at the capture of Ismail, all Europe shuddered. When it was said that Bonaparte had put to death his sick in Egypt, all Europe was shocked. When Indian savages

are taken as the allies of Great Britain in modern warfare, the British people, as well as the whole civilized world, condemn the barbarous alliance. When the city of Washington was entered by the British—when the public edifices which had been erected there for civil purposes, and the national library, were set fire to, Europe frowned on the destroyers, and registered the transaction in her records as an act of Vandalism, disgraceful to the exalted nation whose officers directed it, and dishonourable to the age in which it was committed. What, then, should be the denunciation which the conduct of Spain to her transatlantic brethren has merited?—a nation, which, hugging itself in the cloak of religion, branding every other, that differed from her in tenets, with the stigma of heresy, proclaiming herself through the world as the champion of Christianity, and boasting of her peculiar adherence to its doctrines, orders and sanctions a system of atrocities, unknown in the darkest ages of society, and rewards with honours and distinctions those who shew themselves to be animated with the spirit of her sanguinary edicts! Will it be believed by posterity, that the rest of the world looked on this tragic scene, without making one single effort to

staunch the bleeding wounds of eighteen millions of people? By this sanguinary course of conduct, more than a million of human beings have perished in Spanish America, since the year 1810; and no small proportion of these victims have perished, not on the field of battle, but by death, inflicted in all its most hideous forms, by the hand of cold-blooded cruelty. "Have not sufficient victims been already immolated on the altars of vengeance? have not sufficient families been ruined? have not sufficient cities and towns been plundered and destroyed?" "Is it not time to put an end to such a vast and fruitless effusion of human blood, and to staunch the horrors of so destructive and protracted a war?" "Are not the enormities we have related sufficient to fill the heart of every friend of his own species with alarm, and chill every feeling of humanity?"

The horrors we have noticed are not such as are inseparable from a state of warfare; they have been engendered by a spirit of revenge, and executed with a barbarity, unpractised even in the darkest ages of Paganism. The stipulations of society, in all Christian states, have meliorated the afflictions of war by certain usages generally held sacred; but on the American continent, Spain has given to the ravages

of war, every infernal atrocity which the malice of a demon could suggest.

Is there no generous or eloquent Spaniard to be found in the present Spanish Cortes, who will raise his voice in that body, and, emulating the renown of Chatham, step forward to stigmatize the dreadful system which Spain has pursued, and is still pursuing, towards America?

If no European Spaniard can be found capable of divesting himself of his natural (*orgullo*) pride, or of elevating his mind above the prejudices of his education, are there no natives of America, in the present Cortes, who, like *Mexia*, *Lardizabal*, *Arispe*, *Teran*, *Calatrava*, *Palacios*, *Couto*, and *Ribera*, members of the former Cortes, will stand forth in behalf of America, at the present crisis, and raise their voices against the inhuman practices of this frightful and extraordinary contest? If no such generous statesmen appear in the saloon of the present Cortes, or if Spain pursues the system that has hitherto prevailed in her councils, humanity may still have to deplore, for a few years longer, scenes of carnage and desolation; but the arm of dreadful retribution cannot be long stayed; it will fall with accumulated weight on the head of every European

Spaniard now in America, or who may hereafter dare to set foot on its soil.

Nations, like individuals, when excited by powerful passions, soon pass to extremes in their conduct. The affection of a slave to a master is in some few instances strong and steady, but in general it is weak and precarious. The ties between a colony and a mother country, bear a much closer analogy to those between the master and slave, than between the parent and offspring.

Is it not an abuse of reason, as well as a violation of every natural law, to suppose that the *parent state* (as it is called), situated at a distance of two thousand leagues, should dictate to, and control an empire vastly superior in extent of territory and population? Can any thing account for the submission of colonies, under such circumstances, but an absolute ignorance of their physical and moral strength. Will not every attempt made by the parent state to keep those colonies in subjection, after the latter have discovered their *rights* and their *strength*, tend to destroy the little affection that may still linger in the bosoms of the colonists towards their former *madre patria*? Will not such outrages as Spain has been in the habit of exercising towards the Spanish Americans for upwards

of three centuries, and more especially during the last ten years, not only destroy every principle of attachment, but give birth to an extinguishable hatred? Is it possible that the wise Europeans of the Peninsula have not yet discovered the inutility of all their menaces and savage edicts, and of all their murders, to effect the pacification of America? Are they so infatuated or blinded by pride and prejudice, as not to see, that the *constitution*, which would have been received some years ago with joy and gratitude by the Americans, will now be rejected with disdain; or if received by any portion, that it will be for no other purpose than a temporary expedient, to enable them with more ease and certainty to accomplish their ulterior views in favour of the independence of their country?

We entertain very little expectation that the present Cortes will adopt a more liberal system of policy towards America than the last. It remains, however, yet to be seen, whether the lessons of experience will dissipate the mists in which the former Cortes were involved, and whether some of the members of the present body have become regenerated by adversity. We shall gratefully acknowledge our mistake, should the Cortes generously come forward

and prove themselves just and wise, by respecting the rights of mankind in America, and by magnanimously confessing that the inhabitants of America, as well by reason as by the laws of nature, are entitled to the privileges and blessings of self-government.

Should any enlightened Spaniard peruse these remarks, we pray that he will bear in mind, that they have been penned by a citizen of the United States, not with a view to wound the feelings of a Spaniard, but to shew the dreadful effects of ecclesiastical and civil despotism on the human character. We know not any natural causes to make the natives of the Peninsula of Spain more sanguinary than the rest of the human race. The greater portion of the Spanish Peninsula enjoys as fine a climate as any in Europe; its soil is capable of yielding every thing necessary for human subsistence; and Christianity has shed its rays in every corner of the kingdom: but, nevertheless, there is a vindictive spirit in the Spaniard, there is *hauteur* in his deportment, cruelty in his conduct in war, and a jealousy the most absurd and constant, against the people of all other nations. These are characteristics of the Spaniard, attested by the page of history, and by almost every traveller who has visited Spain.

The exceptions to this general character are more rare among Spaniards than among any other people of the earth. It is possible their character may be changed by a new course of education. Bigots always have been, and ever will be cruel; but when we see civil despotism blended with religious intolerance, we may cease to wonder, that the Spaniard, in his individual as well as national character, is proud and vindictive.

These traits have, in a most striking manner, been exemplified in the conduct of Spain and of Spaniards towards America: and, with a view to illustrate the subject, we shall close our Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution with the following paraphrase of the sentiments of a celebrated modern writer:—

“Humanity hath lifted up her voice, and is invoking every heart of generous sentiments to frown upon the execrable scenes that are acting in America, and which, under names the most specious and venerated, are covering her with crimes of the deepest dye. The men who tread the soil of that unhappy country have lost their natures. The eye there sees none but ferocious enemies, bent on mutual slaughter. Every thing is devastated—every thing is consumed by the sword and the flames. The Spanish soldier, made savage by his ideal wrongs, has

proclaimed extermination to be the only law of those vast regions. How long shall we unmoved contemplate these horrors, which strip the human character of its noblest attributes, and degrade man to the level of the ferocious beasts of the forest? Shall havoc still elevate her ensanguined brow in the New World, within the eye-shot of the Old? and after so much has been done to ameliorate the intercourse between Europe and Africa, shall nothing be done for America?

“A king of Syracuse imposed no other law on conquered Carthage than the abolition of human sacrifices. The Catholic religion had cast down the blood-stained altars of Mexico; but Spain has rebuilt the fearful shrines, and now, armies of inhuman priests offer up prostrate America, at her command, as a victim to appease the irritated manes of her rejected crown! Will Europe never cease to be the curse of the inhabitants of those climes, and to force from them their gold by their blood, and shed their blood by armies paid with that gold?

“The senate of Rome once listened with submission to a savage, and rewarded the ingenuous frankness of his words by suspending the exactions of his country. Ah! how nobly was Rome then represented by her senate! and

how much more glorious would Europe appear, should she, in the name of humanity, interpose her august judgment to stem the tide of woe which overwhelms America, and should she, placing herself between these fierce combatants, exact a truce of their rage! When, then, America and Spain should present themselves before this Areopagus, what emotions would not the former excite, and how speechless would the latter be, if America, discovering her wounds, and shewing her opened and almost bloodless veins, should exclaim—‘Cruel Spain! did Heaven form me for thyself alone? In tranquillity and happiness I passed the peaceful ages, that preceded the fatal hour, when the hand of thy Columbus tore aside the veil, which from creation’s dawn had hid me from thine eyes. But I learned to know thee by my tearful eyes, and by my lavished blood. For, soon as thy soldiers had landed on my shores, they poured among my unoffending children an unknown and appalling fire, and thy fiery coursers smote them with their mailed hoofs. Thou destroyedst my thrones, and the altars erected by my gratitude to that great luminary, whose rays fertilize my soil, ripen the juices of my peerless vegetables, and beautify, with splendid hues, my flowers and my fruits, the inhabit-

ants of my groves and of my wide-spread plains. The bowels of my lofty mountains give thee riches; the freshness and medicinal virtues of my plants give thee health; and the only acknowledgment that I have yet received from thee has been death, and death alone!

“ ‘ From the time that thou deliveredst to the flames the last scion of my Incas, and transportedst to another hemisphere the race which occupied my throne of Mexico, hast thou forborne one instant to heap outrage upon outrage, and to add ruins to ruins?

“ ‘ With extended arms I receive thee in my territory, and thou instantly declarest me a *slave*; and, to arrogate to thyself the right of subjecting me, thou placest the widest and most unnatural distinctions between thy children and mine, condemning mine to form the *last* link in the chain of being.

“ ‘ It was necessary that Rome should command thee to view in them human beings, and thy obedience to her orders was for once without reproach. But, thenceforth, thou didst entrust to chains and to the knife the duty of maintaining that distinction thou hadst placed between mine and thine. Surely, beings so inferior to the cherished sons of thy bosom merited extermination, and *they have disap-*

*peared*. Then, at least, thou wast not a parricide; but now, is it not thine own blood that thou art shedding? Have those who sprung from thy loins, my adopted sons, lost in thine eyes all traces of their origin? Dost thou not acknowledge them as brothers? In the first tempest of thy wrath, thy vengeance fell on strangers; but now thou hast risen up against Spaniards—thou warrest against thine own family. No longer do strange and different forms of worship divide us. My voice now utters the sounds of that majestic language which thou hast diffused throughout the vast extent of my dominions. O Spain! how canst thou assume the tender name of mother? A mother studies the happiness of her offspring—their felicity constitutes her delight. But hast thou ever attempted to soothe my sufferings, or enlighten my mind? Speak, and inform me, in which of thy acts or sentiments can I recognize thy fostering care?

“ ‘ From the commencement of thy reign over me, thou hast trembled for the preservation of thy power. The extent of my territory fills thee with alarm, when compared with thy straitened limits in one corner of Europe. My wealth makes thee blush for thy poverty; my fertility, for the idleness of thy soil. The popu-

lation which my vast regions are destined by the God of nature to subsist, frightens by anticipation thy unpeopled cities and deserted plains; and, to quiet thy jealous fears, thou represses the principles of strength and felicity within me, and withdrawest from my soil its exuberant fruitfulness, that the tree may bear no more fruit than thy own hand can pluck. Like the Dutch, who, traverse the fruitful Moluccas, and extirpate the luxurious shoots, lest their superabundance should interfere with the value of the produce to which avarice has limited those isles, thou hast commanded nature, prodigal of her favours to me, to become sterile; thou hast forbidden the olive to yield its oil to me—the mulberry tree, to nourish the insect whose industry would yield me robes of comfort and splendour—the vine, to beautify my hills, or allay my thirst with its juice. To extract for thee the gold from my mountains, is all that thou permittest me to do. Thou hast debarred me from communication with the rest of the world; and if I am known to it, it is yet undiscovered to me. The products of human industry, the embellishments of art, and the advantages of science, thou withholdest from my enjoyment. My noble rivers flow through solitary forests and unpeopled regions. My ports

are capable of containing all the ships of the world; but thy iron laws condemn them to a solitude that is never broken, but by some meanly freighted vessel despatched by the avarice of thy ministers, or by the intrigues of thy courtiers.

“ ‘ To whom hast thou committed thy authority over me? To ungrateful strangers. By whom have they been succeeded? By men equally unknown and ungrateful, whose rapacity has long since ceased to excite my surprise, and whose forbearance I have never known. Behold what thy reign has cost me: and add to this, thy wars that interest me not, which blockade my ports, ravage my coasts, and convert the vast circumference of my territory into the barrier of a prison.

“ ‘ But the endurance of these wrongs has reached its height. For a long time, thou hast ceased to exist in relation to me. Events, over which I had not the slightest influence, have occasioned this separation, and established new relations between us. Other views have burst upon my enraptured sight, and have created for me a new existence. Shall I renounce that existence for thy sake, and become again a hewer of wood and a drawer of water? Leave oh, leave me, to pursue in peace that path

which is fitting to my age, and which the march of mind has formed for me. Deceive not thyself, nor think that it is I who have burst asunder the bonds that united us: it was Nature herself—it was that world from which thou hast excluded me, to which I now belong, and from which I must never again be parted.

“ ‘ Tell me, did thy king alone reign over me? No; every Spaniard, every factory, every workshop, in the Peninsula, considered me its subject and its slave. Trembling under the load of multiplied wrongs, my groans were punished with stripes and death; and when I spoke of civil rights, thy sword was unsheathed, and the fire of extermination was lighted. Blood and ashes smoke on every side; and the lion of Castile, emulating in ferocity the monarch of my own forests, is preparing to reign, like him, in deserts.

“ ‘ When the Supreme Being created man, was it that he should be a vassal? Has his neck been only formed to bear the yoke? Is the exercise of his reasoning powers to be denied him? Is the act of reflecting and comparing criminal? Does he merit extermination, for daring to resist oppression? Dost thou not know, that it is the oppressor who makes the rebel? Is it not a law of nature, for manhood

to feel and assert the rights belonging to that stage of existence? Do not children separate from their parents after a certain age, and hast thou never seen them become parents in their turn? Is it a crime, then, for me to throw off my swaddling clothes, when they no longer correspond with my growth? When every thing within reminds me of my maturity—when every thing without is enlightened, is in motion, still advancing to perfection, must I be held in leading-strings, and live in that darkness in which thou wouldst retain me? Where are thy means to effect it? Whence are thy treasures, but from the bowels of my mountains? Whence are thy ships, but from my woods? Whence thy revenue, but from the harvests that thou art now destroying, and from the plains that thou art now laying waste? Whence are thy soldiers? Alas! thou draggest them to dye their hands in the blood of brothers. Dost thou rely on their support? Will it not fail thee, if once they rivet their glance upon the fascinating ore, that I can pour into their hands, instead of the miserable pittance that thou givest them?—if once they taste the fruits which I can offer them, instead of a subsistence measured by avarice, and diminished by fraud?—or if once they behold the brides to whom I can unite