

The botany of Spain, like other branches of her natural history, has not been sufficiently described: what has been done has, as in the East, been very much the work of foreigners, and at their suggestion. It was Linnæus who first accused the Spaniards of a *barbaries botanica*, and he sent his pupil, Peter Lœffing, to collect a *Flora Hispanica*. Richard Wall, an Irishman, and prime minister to Charles III., also employed his countryman, William Bowles, to investigate the natural history of Spain; and his work, '*Introduccion d la Historia Natural*,' although scarcely touching the alphabet of the question, is still one of the most quoted in the Peninsula. It has gone through many editions: the third, Mad. 1789, is the best. In our times Captain Widdrington has paid much attention to this subject, and has pointed out to future labourers the different branches which require investigation; indeed, the larger portion of the Peninsula is still almost a *terra incognita* to the naturalist.

Agriculture also is at a low ebb, and yet this is the real source of Spanish wealth, the inexhaustible mine which lies on the surface. The Carthaginian Magos and Columellas were the instructors of ancient Italy, as the Moors were of mediæval Europe. Their system of irrigation in Valencia and Murcia is unrivalled. The works of Abu Zucaria Ebn al Awan obtained an European authority; and Gabriel Alonzo de Herrera, who borrowed from them, is the father of modern husbandry. But agriculture has declined with most things in Spain. The processes of oil and wine-making resemble those of the ancients. This is the country in which Adam Dickson's work on their 'Husbandry,' 2 v. Edin. 1788, may be perfectly illustrated. Spain was once in the advance of Europe in many matters; but her sun has long stood still: moored by pride and prejudice, she has allowed the world to sail by and leave her far behind. Never have geology, zoology, ornithology, entomology, or any of the ologies, flourished here; the many prefer the *olla*, and have small love for nature, nor ever investigate her works. Yet the air teems with the vitality of the creation, and the earth is ever busy in providing flowers and fruits; how much is there yet to *observe* in these inquiries, of all others the most fascinating, as bringing the student in close contact with nature. At the same time this agreeable pursuit is not unattended with danger; agues are caught in the swamps by those who cull curious bulrushes; and the man of the Vasculum risks the being robbed by *raterillos*, worried by ignorant alcaldes, and suspected by the peasants of searching for hidden treasures; take, therefore, a guide with you, having first duly prepared the authorities by explaining to them your objects.

#### SKELETON TOURS IN ANDALUCIA.

The best towns for residence are Granada for the summer, and Seville for the winter; at Gibraltar (which is English, not Spanish), the creature comforts and good medical advice abound; but the rock is, after all, but a military prison. The spring and autumn are the best periods for a tour in Andalucia: the summers, except in the mountain districts, are intensely hot, and the winters very rainy.

The river Guadalquivir is well provided with steamers to Seville; but with the exception of the *Camino real* to Madrid, and that from Malaga to Granada, there are no public carriages, nay, scarcely roads, though they are talking much of *rails*. From Cadiz, therefore, to Xativa, near Valencia, the primitive Bedouin conveyance, the horse, prevails. There are indeed a few *galeras*, which drag their slow weight through miry ruts, deep as Spanish *routines* and prejudices, or over stony tracks made by wild goats, but into them no man who values time or his bones will venture. "*Que, Diable! allait-il faire à cette galère?*"

## A THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

This may be effected by a combination of Steam, Riding, and Coaching.

April. Gibraltar, S.	April. Cordova, C.	May. Lanjaron, R.	June. Loja, C.
Tarifa, R.	Andujar, C.	Berja, R.	Antequera, R.
Cadiz, R.	Jaen, R., or	June. Motril, R.	Ronda, R.
Xerez, C.	May. Bailen, C.	Velez Malaga, R.	Gibraltar, R.
San Lucar, C.	Jaen, C.	Alhama, R.	
Seville, S.	Granada, C.	Malaga, R.	

Those going to Madrid may ride from Ronda to Cordova, by Osuna.  
Those going to Estremadura may ride from Ronda to Seville, by Moron.

## MINERALOGICAL-GEOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville	Cordova, R.	Cabo de Gata.....Marbles.
Villa Nueva del Rio, R.. Coal	Bailen, C.	Adra, R..... Lead.
Rio Tinto, R..... Copper.	Linares, R.....Lead.	Berja, R.....Lead.
Almaden de la Plata, R. Silver.	Baeza, R..... Lead.	Granada, R.....Marbles.
Guadalcanal, R..... Silver.	Segura, R..... Forests.	Malaga, C.
Almaden, R..... Quicksilver.	Baza, R.	Marbella, R.....Iron.
Excursion to Logrosan. B.	Purchena, R..... Marbles.	Gibraltar, R
Phosphate of Lime.	Macacl, R..... Marbles.	

## SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS IN SOUTH OF SPAIN.

In dislocated, disunited Spain, where the differences of climate are so great, it is natural that houses and domestic habits should also be varied and modified, to suit peculiar circumstances; accordingly some insight into the leading peculiarities of social life in the S. of Spain will be useful to the traveller who aims at something more than a mere acquaintance with the external husk of the country, which his passport and letter of credit will procure. These can only open the gates of towns and inns, and secure the greedy pack who fawn for the sake of loaves and fishes, while a knowledge of, and conformance with, the former, unlocks the hearts and homes of those good people who do not take money at their doors for admission. The Oriental criterion, that *Manners make the man*, still forms a marked rule in the social code of Spain, where a breach of the conventional rules of fashion and good breeding entails more disgrace on the offender than does the breaking the laws of God. The former are self-imposed, and being things of mere opinion, exist only by the utter exclusion of those who disobey them. As in the East, "nothing in point of form, address, or manner, is indefinite, arbitrary, mutable, or left to the impulse of the moment, or to the taste of the individual: the unchangeable exigences of society are familiar to all: all, therefore, know how to act any new part with dignity, without embarrassment, awkwardness, or vulgarity." The Oriental, promoted to office from a previously low condition, at once assumes the correct manner and bearing of the pacha; Sancho Panza did the same in his government, so did the Regent Espartero, although also the son of a Manchegan peasant. This seems out of English nature, but it is what takes place every day in Spain, where in the absence of fixed institutions men rely on individuals, the happy accidents of the day; there the power still obtained by mere *personal* influence is scarcely inferior to that of the *chatir* among the Turks; a pleasing manner, breathing a courtesy from heaven, plucks allegiance from Spanish hearts. Care must, however, be taken (as Hamlet knew) that this "courtesy be of the right breed;" or, rather, what the natives consider to be the right, for every country has its own standard, to which the new comer must conform. The admitted and prescriptive manner to which Spaniards are accustomed, and the ceremonies of their

external life are so bound up with their feelings, that they with difficulty can separate things and ideas from their outward signs and representatives. National character never expresses itself more intelligibly than in these forms, to under-value which argues no knowledge either of the world or of the heart of man. The Spaniards, both from geographical and idiosyncratical causes, have never mixed much with other nations: Strabo (iii. 200, 234) attributes the rudeness of the Iberians to their aversion to social intercourse with foreigners, their *το αμικτον και ανεπιπλεκτον*, and to their living out of the way, *το εκτοπισμον*. Like their ancestors, Spaniards, who have few opportunities of beholding other manners than their own, act and reason when they see a stranger, as we do when we meet a strange bull with whom we have not the pleasure of being acquainted: the first impression is rather to be on one's guard. They have good cause to adhere to the ancient interpretation of *hostis*, a stranger, and an enemy, for from the time of the Phœnicians downwards Spain owes little to foreigners but invasion and subjection. The essence of true *Españolismo* is an impatience of foreign dictation. Ferd. VII., who was a wag in his way, and a Spaniard to the backbone, used to wish to see his enemies the French *gavachos* hung (*con las entrañas*) of his friends the English *borrachos*, a royal and pleasing metaphor for a rope taken from the gentle pastime of bull-fighting, in which the gored horses drag their long protruding entrails over the arena. Whenever, as happily is often the case with John Bull, the first abstract feeling of distrust against a foreigner is somewhat neutralized, the Spaniard still eyes the stranger as one does a dog, who if he does not wag his tail, is expected to bite; and if we do not pick up a stone, we certainly consider him to be a surly ill-mannered cur, and at least never pat or patronize him. If the fatal verdict has once been pronounced, that the stranger *no tiene, no conoce el mundo*, or *no tiene educacion*, or *es sin educacion*—in other words, has not what they consider the manners of a gentleman—he is tabooed. Neither fortune nor bribery, neither the puffing of toadies, nor even a good cook will procure admission for the *Gallego Ingles* into good society. The *education* of a gentleman is rather understood by them to refer to manners and behaviour, than to reading, writing, and arithmetic: *uneducated* means with them not ill-read but ill-bred: and every particular society has a right to lay down its own conditions and qualifications to candidates, and to reject those who decline to conform to the majority, which must decide those questions. Thus Plutarch tells us that, when Agesilaus was received by Tachos, a magnificent dinner was given him after the most approved Egyptian style: the natives had the highest opinion of their guest until he *refused* the sweetmeats and perfumes, when they all immediately held him in profound contempt as a person unaccustomed to and unworthy of the manners of civilized life. Now, as the ancient and Oriental influences operate more powerfully in isolated Spain than in other countries of Europe, if we wish to be well received among Spaniards, we must show our readiness and disposition to meet them *more than half way, and in their way*. The Spaniard, like an Englishman, improves on better acquaintance; his first approach is somewhat distant and reserved. He does not anticipate the friendship of others, nor volunteer or make advances of his own; he is proud rather than vain, well-bred rather than affable; he does not prostitute his regards and admiration alike on every chance passer-by, and, by not being lavish of civilities, he makes them, when conferred, worthy of acceptance and a distinction.

—“He does not flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.”

He stands somewhat aloof, and on his guard; but when he sees that the stranger

is of his own order, and one that he can trust, and with whom he can live and deal, *con quien puede tratar*, he opens his heart widely and frankly, and, like the Arab, passing from one extreme to another, casts away reserve, and becomes free and intimate. He desires his friend to treat him *con toda franqueza Española*, and often, as he will add, *y Inglesa*. The value of an Englishman's good faith has sunk deeply into the national mind. This mutual sense of honour, *pundonor*, this personal respect, has long formed a quality of which they, as individuals, are and justly proud. The two nations are sympathetic, not antipathetic. Thus a Spaniard who would never dream of trusting one of his own countrymen, will advance money, or confide valuable effects to an Englishman, although a perfect stranger. He considers "*la fe de caballero Ingles*," the word of an English gentleman, to be, like the *kilmet el Ingleez* in the East, a sufficient security; and hitherto, from Spain never having been made a Boulogne or a Botany Bay, no self-expatriated swindler has tarnished the honourable reputation of his country.

The traveller in Spain cannot be too often counselled to lay aside his preconceived prejudices and foregone conclusions, the heaviest of all luggage. It will be time to form his opinion when he has seen the country, and studied the natives; many things there may appear, and possibly are, very absurd and old-fashioned to free, easy, and enlightened individuals from the Old and the New World; but will they ever argue a Spaniard out of *his* natural and national predilections? He will only smoke his cigar, and think the critics either envious, fools, or both; and after all, he must be a better judge of what suits himself and his climate than the mere stranger who is ignorant of the religious, political, and social influences of which manners are the exponent; *mas sabe el necio en su casa, que el cuerdo en la agena*. "The blockhead knows more of his own house than the wise man in that of another person." In Spain, *costumbres hacen leyes*; and to these laws of custom their most despotic rulers have submitted, and they have *practically* neutralized many an institution most atrocious in *theory*: with them, therefore, the wise man will endeavour to conform, and he who cannot, but prefers finding fault with what a whole nation approves of, must not be surprised or offended if the Spaniards should say, as they certainly will, *Vaya Vmá. con Dios!*—"God be with you! let us meet as little as we can, and be better strangers. There was no thought of pleasing you when we were christened."

It is incredible how popular an Englishman will become among Spaniards, if he will assimilate himself to their forms of society; a few bows are soon made, and the taking off one's hat, especially to ladies, and in a fine climate, is no great hardship. Our countrymen when at home are too busy, and are too much afraid of the catch-cold, to stand bandying compliments bare-headed in the open air and draft, besides the fear of being thought unmanly and affected. It is not the custom of the country, and therefore is and looks odd, which no man likes: this is all very well in Pall-Mall, but will not do on the Prado. The better rule is, on landing at Cadiz, to consider every stranger in a long-tailed coat to be a marquis, until you find him out to be a waiter, and even then no great harm is done, and you dine the quicker for the mistake. You are always on the safe side. When Spaniards see an Englishman behaving to them as they do to him and to other gentlemen, from not expecting it, a reaction takes place. *He tratado con el Ingles; es tan formal y cumplido como nosotros*. "I have met the Englishman; he is as perfect a gentleman as one of us." He stands in favourable contrast with those surly boors who confirm the continental caricature of our national morgue and gaucherie. Let not, however, the ill-mannered culprit think that he escapes unscathed; no nation has a truer sense of propriety or

quicker perception of the ridiculous than the Spaniard, and still more the Andalusian; the individual is toised at one glance from head to toe, every blot is hit, he is flayed alive, *le quitan el pellejo*, while a delicious nickname, *apodo*, follows him wherever he goes like his own shadow.

The best notion of life and manners in Andalucía will be conveyed by describing the houses of Seville, and a stranger's first visit. This town, like most of those of Moorish construction, is full of tortuous, narrow, winding lanes. It is very easy to lose one's way in this labyrinth: carriages can only pass through the widest of these *calles*, which were built before coaches were, when men walked or rode. In winter they resemble the bottoms of wells, but in summer they are cool and pleasant from being always in shade. The Moors knew what they were about: now, the enlightened corporations, urged on by royal academicians, are doing their utmost to widen them, thus letting in the fierce sun, and destroying their irregular picturesqueness. So Nero treated Rome, but those who follow such an example will find out the inconveniences which did not escape the philosophical Tacitus.—'An. xv. 43;' Suet. 'Ner. 38.'

The houses are solid, and have a prison-like look from the iron gratings, the *rejas*, which barricade the windows: for *niñas y viñas son mal á guardar*. These *celocias* have survived, and are the relics of jealous husbands—a race now almost extinct, and which, like the Spanish *dueñas*, witches, dragons, and other mediæval sentinels over damsels of suspected virtue, are handed over to novelists, to point a moral or adorn a tale. Since the French revolution, to be jealous is not *bon ton*; it is considered to be a vulgar habit. Among the lower classes, however, the green-eyed passion still burns with the Othello-like revenge of the Moor: and whatever may or may not be predicated of the better classes, there are no *cortejos*, no *cavaliere serventes* among the humble many. The *cortejo*, however, is also a thing of the past; it was the name which the honest Southrons gave to what, in other countries, either had none or some other—"my cousin," for instance, just as the Turks consider the English equivalent of visiting their harem to be "Going to my club."

The deep embrasures of the windows of Spain are frequently converted into boudoirs, and shaded by awnings: in them the dark sex sit for air and exercise, singing like blackbirds in a cage, embroidering, or looking out and being looked at; and certainly these superior beings, when seen in their balconies from below, are, as Byron says, more interesting than the unreal heroines of Goldoni, or pictures by Giorgione. This habit is considered to be incurable, *muger ventanera tuercela el cuello se la quieres buena*. "The remedy for a woman who is always thrusting her head from the casement is to twist her neck." These bars resemble the lattices of the harem, behind which the Oriental ladies are ensconced, and like them the *Andaluzas* do not repine at the *apparent* confinement. Tolerance is but indifference, and they are guarded like precious treasures. They are safe behind the bars from everything except glances, the flying artillery of Cupid, serenading and *requiebros*, or expressions of compliment and endearment, to which they have no objection. Shut up, they look so like nuns (which they are not) and captive princesses of romance, that all men who have tender hearts feel imperatively disposed to deliver them from apparent durance vile.

Accordingly at night-fall, the chosen one, enveloped in his cloak, leans against these *rejas*, "sole witnesses," as Cervantes says, "of secret love," and whispers soft nothings to their *queridas*, their sweethearts who cannot get out; hence this is called *comer hierro*, to eat iron, and is another form of expression for flirting—*pelarla pava*, "to pluck the hen-turkey." This metallic diet makes the lovers as bold as fire-eating does elsewhere. They are the German *eisen fressern*, iron gorgers, who eat, digest, and defy everything. The point of honour is never to allow any

person to pass between themselves and the window, and thus take the wall or the space from them. These assignations were in former days absolutely necessary, although the parties might have seen each other all day; yet the real compliment was for the warm lover to remain outside half the night *al fresco*. The higher classes now find it answer quite as well to make love indoors, for either the ladies' hearts are less cold or the nights are more so. The lower orders continue the old caterwauling plan. Nothing formerly was or is still considered more degrading to the lover than being forced from his post; accordingly a Spaniard will say, jestingly, "Take care that I don't come and take your place, the change out of you, or the bread out of your mouth"—*cuidado que no vengo yo a cobrarle a V<sup>ma</sup>. el piso*. The actual doing it is one of the fatal causes of the "treacherous night-stab of the sharp knife." The lower orders stand no nonsense when thus engaged: it is a word and a blow. This jealous occupation suits the narrowness of the streets, where there is no gas, and only here and there a flickering lamp before a Madonna image, just making darkness visible. It is acting the *Barbiere de Sevilla* in reality. This propinquity encourages love-proposals, which in villages is effected by the agency of a stick, which most Spaniards carry: one with a knob at an end, called a *porro*, is preferred as administering the most impressive whack; its legitimate use is to punish cattle, the amatory abuse is as follows: whenever an aimable rustic thinks that he has battered his true love's heart sufficiently, he pops the question after this wise. He puts his stick inside the bars, saying: "*porro dentro o porro fuera?*" stick in or stick out? If the kind maiden be nothing loth, the *porro* remains in. If she won't have him, by ejecting the envoy stick, she rejects its master, *de la calabazas*; whereupon he picks up his *porro*, is off, desiring her politely to remain with God, "*Pues, quede V<sup>ma</sup>. con Dios*." This phrase, "*Porro dentro o porro fuera,*" is often used as equivalent to "Yes," or "No," among Sevillian *Majos*.

Narrow, dark, cribbed, confined, and gloomy as are the streets, the interior of the houses is exactly the reverse. The exterior was always kept forbidding among the Moors, in order to disarm the dreaded evil eye of him who coveted his neighbour's house, not to say wife: thus wealth which tempted the spoiler was concealed, to say nothing of keeping out heat and keeping in women: an Andalusian, and especially a Sevillian house is the personification of coolness, the contrast of passing from the glaring furnace of the open plaza into this fresh demi-obscure is enchanting. Many houses have the coats of arms of the owner carved over the portal, or painted on porcelain *azulejos*: this denotes the *casa solar*, the family or manor mansion, and also is a protection against the law of *Mostrenco*, by which all properties whose title could not be proved passed to the crown. It was also usual to hang chains over the portals of any house into which the king had entered; the owners gloried in these fetters, which were not merely decorations of honour, but exempted the building from having soldiers billeted therein; it was the sign "which prevented the destroyer from coming in."

One word before knocking, or rather ringing at the door. The traveller having armed himself with his letter of introduction, the seeds of future friendship, should not send it, but deliver his credentials in person; he will do well, however, to manage that the family should have some previous hint of his intended visit and its object. *Paying* visits, as the verb indicates, is everywhere a serious affair, and nowhere more so than in Spain. Time is of no value there, and the loss of it a blessing; accordingly a visit is a godsend: Spaniards have no notion of its being *done* by merely leaving a card; it is no real visit: accordingly when people are not at home, the visitor writes *E.P.*, or *en persona*, at the corner of his card, just as a London hall-porter marks cards "sent," or "called."

Spanish visiting cards seldom have any address; as all live in a well-defined set, they are supposed to know, and do know, where all their friends live; the traveller, of course, must put his address, until he become *one of us, uno de nosotros*. The lines and demarcations of society are rigid: the Rubicon of caste is seldom passed; the blue blood, the ichor, *sangre azul, sangre su*, never mingles by intermarriage with the red or black puddle of the roturier; until lately the aristocratic division was seldom broken in by new-fangled upstarts; no sudden fortunes could be made out of the bankrupt stock of Spain, where an aristocracy of the bung, till, or spinning-jenny is unknown. If a few inefficient jobbing-ministers were occasionally pitchforked into *titulos de Castilla*, the real possessors of gentle blood, which no patent can confer, looked down with contempt on the intruder. This multiplicity of new titles rather degrades the old nobility than elevates the new. This limited number of the really ancient nobility accounts for the intimate and minute acquaintance which the members have of each other's connexions and alliances. High society remains in the same sort of state as it was in England under Queen Anne, when one drawing-room could receive the court and those entitled to go there. The upper classes often inscribe on their cards the chief titles of their own and their wives' families; *el Duque de San Lorenzo, de Val Hermoso—Conde de Benalua*; the latter being that of his wife. The title of *Duque* is the highest, and necessarily implies grandeeship. It however by no means follows that every grandee is a duke; many are only marquises and counts, such as *Alcañices, Puñonrostro* (fist in face), *Chinchon*; title is in fact of no importance. The real rank consists in being a grandee, in a perfect equality among each other, being *pares*, peers, which is neither affected by degree of rank nor by date of creation. The dignity is conferred by the King desiring them to be covered in his presence. Hence (for form will swallow up substance), just as the woosack means the lord chancellor, the crown the sovereign, so a *hat* means a grandee. The civility shown to a private gentleman's hat when paying a visit is very marked among the formal gentry of the provinces; he is not allowed to hold it in his hand, nor to put it on the ground; the punctilious master of the house rushes at this cardinal type of gentility, seizes it, and, in spite of gentle resistance, cushions it on a chair by itself, or on the sofa-seat of honour. The difference between Spaniards and Moors, in many more things than this, consists only in the one wearing a hat and the other a turban. Lane (i. 40) describes the similar attention paid to the turban; the chair on which it reposes is called *ko'rsee el'emámeh*. The ancients paid the same honour to the sword; Minerva, after taking Telemachus by the hand, takes next care of his *χαλκρον εγχος*. (Od. i. 121.) The traveller, if he wishes to be *muy cumplido y muy formal*, complete and formal, which latter has not the priggish signification of our term, must remember, whenever a Spaniard to whom he desires to show attention calls upon him, to take his hat *no lens volens*, and seat it like a Christian on a chair of its own. The grandees take a pride in uniting a number of hats in themselves,—*dos veces tres veces grande de primera clase*. It is a true, though a sorry jest, that they have many hats but no heads. Grandees treat each other as cousins, *primos*, and with the *tu*, the *thou* of familiar relationship; they are all entitled to the *Eccelenza*: this, the most coveted title in Spain, is pronounced in common parlance *vo essencia*. The inferior titular nobility, *titulos de Castilla*, are countless in number; they are held in small estimation by the real grandees, although, like our baronets in country towns, they have a sort of local rank in the distant provinces: they are addressed *su señoría*, your lordship, which is abbreviated into *usia*, the common term given by the lower classes in Spain to foreigners who in their eyes appear to have rank or money. *Vo essencia* and *usia* are terms seldom used in good society; the

common form of address to universal humanity is *usted*, the abbreviation of *vuestra merced*, your worship. The Sovereign addresses all grandees as *primos*, as his cousins,—“Our trusty and well-beloved cousin,” which they really were in the early times of intermarriage with royal infantas. To the rest of his subjects he applies the *vos*, *os*, or you; an exception is only made in favour of the clergy, who are addressed by him as *usted*. Nobility of blood does not depend in Spain on mere title, which descends with the *mayorazgo*, or entailed estate, to the eldest son. The younger branches, although simply *hidalgos*, *hijos de algo*, sons of somebody, are nevertheless considered as good gentlemen in blood as the possessor of the mere title. In Spain, where poverty is not a crime, *donde pobreza no es vileza*, a good name is a better passport than a spick and span new title, by which the gaping, gulping English or American, *qui stupet in titulis*, is captivated; the Spaniard is contented with the *Don*, the simple prefix of gentle birth. This word, corrupted from the Latin *Dominus*, is to be traced to the *Adhon Adonai*, the Lord of the Hebrews. The Carthaginian in the *Pœnulus* (Plaut. v. 2. 38) uses *donni* exactly in the present sense, gentlemen; the once honoured *don* was equivalent to our knightly *sir*, and both have alike degenerated in value. They are used in the same manner, and require the Christian name, *Don José—Don Juan—Sir Joseph, Sir John*; to say *Don Quesada* would be as ridiculous as to say *Sir Peel*; it must be *Don Vicente Quesada*. When the Christian name is unknown, the title of *señor* is prefixed, with the addition of *de*, which, although a Gallicism, has become nationalized, and the omission offensive. *Señor de Quesada* is the address of a gentleman, *Señor Quesada* of a nobody, who is nowhere less than nothing than in Spain. Spaniards show a great tact in the avoiding the omission of the *don*, a sound which is pleasing to all Spanish ears, whether long or short, rich or poor, high or low. Like the Orientals, they delight in personal distinctions and appellations; an operative is affronted if not called *Señor Maestro*, as if he were a master of his craft.\* This, albeit a most gratuitous assumption, should not be forgotten by the traveller who is in a hurry to get a job done. A Spaniard commonly calls *his wife mi muger*, *ma femme*; but when speaking of his neighbour's wife, he either says *La señora*, or *La Esposa de V<sup>ma</sup>*. A foreigner may live years in a Spanish town, and know and be known to every person in it, without ten Spaniards knowing what his surname is, any more than people in England do that *Tenorio* was that of *the Don Juan*. Those Spaniards who are well born, but without titles, write their simple names on their cards, thus: “*Rafael Perez de Guzman*.” Such, indeed, is the usual and best form. If the name be a good one, “*Carlos Stuart*,” it requires no bush: if it be *Thomsonic*, no plating, no double gilding will convert *Brummagem* into *bullion*. If the *hidalgo* be married, sometimes “*y su señora*” is added. Ladies, however, generally use their own independent cards, in which their maiden family name is introduced, like the *geborne* of the Germans, e. g., *Maria Luisa de Pimentel de Giron*; *Ynes Arias de Saavedra, de Aragon*. Their daughters and sisters often lump themselves in a lot, *las de Olaeta*. Military men never omit their rank; widows prefix their widowhood and append their daughters, “*la viuda de Carreno y sus hijas*.” The traveller must remember not to put his name Anglicè—“*Mr. Smythe*,” that confers very little identity: the correct form is, “*Plantagenet Smythe*.” Surnames are little known or used in social parlance: every man, as in olden times, goes by his Christian name—*Don Juan, Don Francisco*. All this may seem trivial, but great offences are given by the neglect of little things; one spark explodes the mine:—

\* Master, Magister, Maistry, Mastery, in the middle ages implied cunning and intelligence;



"Vilibus in Cartis ——— qualis.  
Consistit sumptus neglectis dedecus ingens."

These trifles, light as air, give no trouble, while the omission is to jealous country-people proofs of bad breeding as strong as holy writ. They are necessary at *starting*, in order to make sure of a good first impression, which is not the worst of introductions. If a thing be worth doing at all, it ought to be done as well as possible: none but those who have lived long among punctilious, touchy Spaniards can form any idea of their sensitive disposition to take affront; their personal self-love will forgive injury rather than insult, and anything rather than *desden*, or *menos precio*; they may be tickled and guided with a feather, but not driven by a rod of iron; their good-will is ensured at a very small cost, and infinite misunderstanding and discredit avoided; and if once their *Pundonor* is satisfied, no nation knows better how to return the compliment. Of course, as intimacy increases, and the stranger has established his good character, a considerable relaxation may be allowed, *but the less even then the safer, especially in the external observances of the established rules of social intercourse*. Having provided his card, the traveller must next think of his *costume* and conveyance; no man carries his passport nor his name and rent-roll on his forehead; strangers can only form their estimation of new introductions by how they look and act: Polonius, although a fool and lord of the bed-chamber, was well selected by Shakspeare for the mouth-piece of some of the best precepts ever given to travellers. He knew that a life spent at court at least would teach the manners and bearings of high life. We scarcely need say that a gentleman will avoid that nondescript half-bandit masquerade, which occasionally is adopted by our countrymen on the continent. The only *fancy* dress allowable in Spain is that of the *majo*, which, from being a real national costume, ceases to be a fancy dress in the eyes of Spaniards. It however must never be worn except when travelling, or on those special occasions when etiquette is intended to be laid aside. It must never be put on for visits of any ceremony, for which black is the correct thing, of which more presently; nor should ladies or gentlemen ever then walk, and still less should return a first visit in their ordinary walking dress, or on foot, since Spaniards come in grand costume, *muy compuestas*, and in a carriage. Minerva (that is, tact, good sense, knowledge of the world) gave the same advice to Nausicaa some thousand years ago; get a *coche de colleras*, "Ἡμιονους και ἀμαζαν" (Od. z. 37). These were thought handsomer than going on foot, *Καλλιον*—more becoming to the lady, the daughter of the *Καλος και αγαθος*—the *hidalgo*. The first thing Sancho, on coming into office, writes to his wife, is recommending her keeping her coach, "which is the real thing, for all other going is cat-fashion:" *que es lo que hace al caso, porque todo otro andar, es andar de gatas*. A visit *en coche*, when the fair is drest in all her best, affords matter of talk and wondering to the whole *barrio*, or quarter, for a week; a *coche* is a luxury in the Moorish cities, where only a few streets are wide enough to allow them to pass. Few private carriages are now to be seen in Spain, except at the *Corte*. Poverty has put down coaches; and those who could afford to keep them are afraid to appear rich, which, as in the East, would expose them to contributions. A *coche* in one of the inland towns makes a sensation not much less than a balloon or baboon does in the west of England; accordingly *Venido en coche* is a mark of respect. The corporations, *Los ayuntamientos*, perform all their grand processions in a sort of stand of hackney-coaches set in motion. Cuesta, before the battle of Talavera, came to the Duke, whom he had kept waiting some most critical hours, in a coach and six. The Archduke Charles, in the war of succession, hesitated entering Madrid, because he had no state equipage. "Sir," said

Stanhope, "our William III. drove into London in a hackney-coach, with a cloak-bag behind it, and was made king."

Having arrived at a Sevillian house, the visitor, on passing the strong wooden outer door, an Oxford Oak, enters a porch, *el Zaguan*, the Moorish *sahan*; this again is secured by an open filigree-worked gate of iron, *La cancel*, (cancelli, bars,) through which the interior of the house is seen. On ringing a bell, a voice demands "*quien es?*" The countersign to this challenge is, "*gente de paz*," people of peace. This is a remnant of Oriental insecurity. It is the Salam Aleikoum—Aleikoum Salam. Such was the question and answer of the Greek priests, *Τις τῆδε?*—*Καλοὶ καὶ ἀγαθοὶ*, good men and true. Sometimes the stranger is inspected from a wicket, and when he has enquired "*Estan en casa los señores?*" if the family is at home, and he is approved of as clearly neither a dun nor a beggar, the welcome is given: "*Pase V<sup>md</sup>. adelante*," "walk in," and the door-latch is pulled up by a string, guided by an invisible hand. Spanish servants seldom open the door in person: like their masters they hate trouble and staircases. Formerly, on passing the threshold, all persons, and beggars do so still, used to ejaculate the watchword of Seville, *Ave Maria Purissima* (the ancient *Χαίρει Δημητριά* of Ceres). This talismanic "Open sesame" is an additional guarantee of respectability, as the Devil cannot pronounce these words. The inmates respond "*Sin peccado concebida*:" this refers to a touch-stone of Mariolatry, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, long the monomania of Spain, and of Seville particularly, where "great is the Diana of Ephesus."

The Andalucian houses are constructed on an Oriental plan, and not unlike those at Pompeii. The court-yard, *el Patio*, is an hypethral, *impluvium*, open to the sky: in summer it is covered with an awning, *el velo*, *toldo*, the Arabic *dholto*, which is withdrawn when the sun sets. The *patio* is nicely paved, *enlozado*, *embaldosado*, with marble or porcelain tiles, *azulejo*; in the corners are pots of flowers, *macetas*, and in the centre a bubbling fountain, *la fuente*; but hence results a sad plague of flies, *los mosquitos*, which breed in myriads. Providentially these tiny vampires are not so big as dragon-flies; but malignity makes up for size, and they are a gigantic nuisance: the heat imparts fire and venom to their bite, which produces fever, while the buzzing noise—the warwhoop of these cannibals—banishes sleep. These *guerrilleros* of the air, winged Sangrados, give notice of their visits, *y dan aviso con sus trompetas, se guarden de sus lancetas*; from this *music* they are also called *violeros*. The Moors imagine that the words of their song are *Habeeb, Habeeb*, oh my beloved! and certainly they eat up those whom they love. Although the pagans worshipped Baalzebub, or Hercules *Ἀπομμυίος*, the driver away of flies, the Spaniards, with all their polytheism, have no saint, no *abogado especial*, no retained counsel *contra los mosquitos*; in fact they do not suffer so seriously as strangers, although they complain considerably, *Ay! como me pican*. The inflammation subsequent to the bite is trifling to what takes place when the victim is a ruddy roast-beef-fatted Briton, a *muy rubio*, for whom, like the beggars, these importunate blood-suckers have a singular predilection and perception; if the last of the mosquitos be in the province, he will hum fee foo fum, when he smells the blood of an Englishman; but the oil and garlic diet of the natives confers such a peculiar odour and flavour to their epidermis that no mosquito willingly returns to the banquet. Let no thin-skinned gentleman, no lady who values her complexion, allow one night or day pass without buying a *mosquetara* or gauze net; the best are made at Barcelona. Vermin, with and without wings, are the curse of Eastern travel: they are the unavoidable results of a fine warm climate. In summer, legions of fleas, *pulgas*, breed in

the *Esteras* or mattings; the leaf of the oleander, *adelfa*, is often strewed as a preventive. *Chinches*, bugs, or French ladybirds, make bad beds resemble busy ant-hills, and the walls of *ventas*, where they especially lodge, are often stained with the marks of nocturnal combat, evincing the internecine *guerrilla*, waged against enemies who, if not exterminated, murder innocent sleep; were the *chinches* and *pulgas* unanimous, they would eat up a Goliath, but fortunately, like true Iberians, they never pull together, and are conquered in detail. The number slain is so great, that the phrase *mueren como chinches* is applied to any unusual mortality among men. A still smaller and worse creeper, *el piojo*, non nominandum inter *caballeros*, colonizes the dark locks of the lower classes; in the poorer suburbs picturesque groups, clad in browns and yellows, and looking rather bilious, and perfect *Murillos*, bask in the sun, with their heads in each other's laps, carrying on a regular *chasse* against this *caza menor*, or "small-deer;" indeed, since Mendizabal has clipped the beards of the mendicant monks, formerly the grand preserves, the dispossessed tenants have migrated to the congener beggar, from a sort of free-masonry of bad taste which prefers the low company of dirt and poverty to that of the consumers of soap and clean linen. The traveller in out of the way provinces is sometimes exposed in poor *ventas* to an invasion of these brutes; but such evils may always be kept down by a vigilant preventive service, and by the avoidance of suspected localities, *quien duerme con perros, se levanta con pulgas*, those who sleep with dogs will awake with fleas.

From these evils, however, the best houses in Seville are comparatively free; on entering the principal door, the *Patio*, or central court is enclosed by open arcades, *corredores*, which run round, the upper of which are sometimes glazed in; they are supported by pillars of white *Macael* marble, and of which they say there are more than 60,000 in Seville: they are mostly Moorish; the house has two stories, and generally a flat roof, as in the East; to this *azotea* the inmates often resort to dry their linen and warm themselves (for the sun is the fire-place of Spain), and according to Solomon, for peace "it is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" here the Spanish women keep their flowers and bird-cages.

The upper and under story, *la vivienda alta y baja*, exactly resemble each other; the former is the winter, the latter the summer residence. The family migrates up and down with the seasons, and thus have two houses under one roof; the doors, windows, and furniture are moved with them, and fit into corresponding positions above and below. The doors which open from one room to another are sometimes glazed, but whether thus transparent or solid, they never must be shut when a gentleman is calling on a lady: this is a remnant of ancient jealousy. It is safer to risk sitting in a draft, than to shut the door during the tête-à-tête, which would alarm and distress the whole house. Each quarter previously to being inhabited is whitewashed with the *cal de Moron*, and thus is rendered scrupulously clean and free from insects: the furniture is scanty, for much would harbour vermin and caloric; coolness and space are the things wanting; the chairs, tables, and everything are of the most ordinary kind; whatever once existed of value disappeared during the invasion, and the little that escaped has since been sold to foreigners by the impoverished proprietors, especially books, pictures, and plate; a few bits of china are occasionally placed in open cupboards, *chineros*, *alacenas*. There is, however, no want of rude engravings and images of saints and household gods, the *Lares* and *Penates*, after whose names the different inmates are called, for to say *christened* would be incorrect. Thus the Mahometans take their names from those of their *Santons*, or from those of the relatives of the prophet. These familiar

household gods are made of every material; and before these graven and painted relics, dolls, and baby toyshop idols, small lighted wicks, *mariposas*, ελυχνια, floating in a cup of thick green oil, are suspended. The ancient Egyptians lighted up their deities exactly in the same manner (Herod. ii. 62). The bedrooms are the chosen magazine for these *dii cubiculares*. They are supposed to allure Morpheus and banish Satan, and some husbands, in case of a fire, would carry *them* off, after the example of the pious Æneas, whatever they might do in regard to their wives. No Spanish Laban would trust his Rachel alone with his little Pantheon, particularly in the agricultural districts. Farmers are everywhere slow to learn anything, and the Peninsular *Pagani*, who meddle more with manure than philosophy, depend on the aid of these Penates whenever their carts stick in the mire; the making these useful little household gods gives much employment to silversmiths. See Santiago.

The defective portion of most Spanish houses is the "offices;" the kitchens and other necessaries, are on the dirtiest and continental scale. Few chimneys, windpipes of hospitality, indicate the visible agency of the carbonic elements on undressed food, or, as far as the foreigner is concerned, the residence of a veritable Amphitryon: smoke issues more from labial than brick apertures, and denotes rather the consumption of cigars than fuel. According to Jovelanos, even at Madrid, the court, there were *mas aras que cocinas*, which a lively Frenchman has paraphrased, "des milliers de prêtres et pas un cuisinier:" but so it always was. When Lord Clarendon arrived at Madrid in 1649, he was lodged in the house of a Grandee in the C<sup>o</sup> de Alcalá, which had no other kitchen than a sort of a hearth in a garret, just big enough for a few pipkins; no wonder another altered house of English embassy was called *la casa de las siete chimeneas*. A grate is a curiosity even in a Grandee's kitchen, and a roasting-jack a still greater one, but it never was the fashion in Spain to give dinners (Justin. xlv. 2). The nation at large is just as frugal and parsimonious as, according to Justin, were their ancestors. *Dura omnibus et adstricta est parcimonia*; their domestic gastronomy remains both in quantity and quality in unchanged primitive darkness, a small stove, nay, often a portable one, *un anafe*, serves for the daily *olla*; they do not live to eat, but eat to live, like the beasts that perish. These hungry doings gave great offence to ancient deipnosophists and men of letters who lined their bellies with good capons (Athe. ii. 6). They have recorded the solitary meals and dining off one dish, the *το μονοσιτειν* of these *μονοτροφουντες* (Strabo, iii. 232), nor have matters much changed. Ferdinand and Isabella lived on *puchero*, and the king once asked his uncle, the admiral of Castile, to dine with him *because* he had an additional chicken, the exact *algun palomino de añadidura* of Don Quixote's Sunday bill of fare. To give dinners is neither a Spanish nor Oriental habit. The fear of the Inquisition, which was all eyes and ears, shut up every family up like shell-fish in their own houses. They dreaded the self committal, the chance arrows shot from the secret quiver of their thoughts, when the glass applied to their lip brought up the secret of the heart, in the moments of unguarded conviviality—*in vino veritas*. But whenever Spaniards do venture to give a dinner, as in the East, it is an *Azooza*, a feast. Then there never can be enough; neither solids nor fluids are spared, to say nothing of oil and garlic. The unfortunate stranger is treated like Benjamin—served sevenfold, and expected to eat it all and three plates more; so let any of our readers thus invited avoid for that day luncheon, and keep all their stowage-room clear, for assuredly on them will be tried the perilous experiment of seeing how much the human stomach and skin can be made to contain without bursting. Occasionally, *comidas de fonda*, *convites de campo*, dinners at an inn, parties into the country, and *escotes*, the *nookoot* of Cairo, or pic-nics, are made up; and there,

as at balls, the female survivors are pressed to take home sweatmeats in their handkerchief, not to say napkins, according to Martial, xii. 29.

But the honest lower classes are the persons who best exercise the hospitality of the Bedouin, never failing when at their meals to offer them to the passing stranger, who is earnestly invited to partake. An excusable pride interferes with their betters, who hate to reveal their domestic arrangements, which they suspect are inferior to those of the foreigner; thus the door of dining, or undining, rooms are closed against the *impertinente curioso*, like the gates of their citadels, in which a *batterie* is the one thing needful; indeed, *de municion* is a Spanish term for anything "too bad," such as *pan*, the coarse, soldier, black bread; the paraphrase is framed on the usual condition of the *ammunition* in fortresses, larders, and arsenals: the *Pundonor*, however, of the Hidalgo extends even to *pucheros*, and the slightest *menosprecio* of his menu makes the pot of his wrath boil over, *oleum adde camino*. Thus Howell, writing from Madrid soon after our Charles's arrival, laments that some of his suite "jeered at the Spanish fare, and used slighting speeches;" and this was one cause why the match with the Infanta failed.

The natives of isolated Castile isolate themselves still more: they meet in church, on the Alameda, and at their tertulias, but not around the mahogany. Their hospitality does not consist in giving dinners to those who do not want them; it is exhibited in personal attentions. Thus, in old-fashioned out of the way towns, the stranger who brings a letter of introduction is encumbered with help and company; as in the East, he is never left alone: to let a man amuse himself, or go his own way, is not their way.

To return to the first visit: as soon as the visitor is ushered in, he will be struck with the style of his reception. The Spaniard is an Oriental of high caste, and nothing can be easier or better than the manner in which all classes, and especially the women, do the honours of their house, be it ever so humble. Spanish women seldom rise from their seats to welcome any one; this is a remnant of their former Oriental habit of sitting on the ground. The visitor is usually conducted to the best, the withdrawing room, the *Sala de Estrado*, the *Cairo Sudhr*. He is placed on the r. hand of a sofa, the Oriental position of honour, great respect being shown to his hat, *quasi turban*. When he retires, he takes his leave thus, "*Señora, á los pies de Vmd.*," madam, at your feet; to which the lady replies, "*Caballero, beso á Vmd. la mano, que Vmd. lo pase bien*," Sir, kiss your hand, and wish you well. In case of a lady visitor, the host conducts her to her carriage, holding her by the hand, but without pressure, for no shaking hands with ladies is permissible to gentlemen. A *requiebro*, or compliment, on good looks and dress, is, however, never taken amiss. "*Montes allana lisonga*," flattery levels mountains, and renders the steepest staircase of Dante pleasant.

At these first visits, on taking leave, the host usually offers his house to the stranger. *Esta casa está muy á la disposicion de Vmd.* If he does not do so, it is equivalent to saying, "I never wish to see you again," and almost is an affront. All this is very Carthaginian. Thus Dido made her offer to the pious Æneas:—"Urbem quam statuo, vestra est." The form is more than a form, for it is equivalent to making and retaining an acquaintance; it is never to be omitted. Thus, when a person marries or changes his house, he writes round to his friends to inform them, and to offer the new home. "*Don A. B. y Doña B. C. participan á Vmd. su efectuado enlace, y le ofrecen su casa, Calle S. Vicente, No. 26;*" or "*Ofrecen su nueva habitacion en calle Catalanes No. 19, para cuando guste favorcerla.*" Mr. and Mrs. so and so beg to inform you of their marriage, and offer you their house, whenever you choose to honour

it. These billets are sent open, and seldom sealed; the correct thing was to pay a visit *en persona* within twenty-four hours after the receipt; but the *progreso*, or march of intellect is gradually rubbing down the salient points of national peculiarities. Everything, as we have before said, is offered in Spain; from the ancient and Oriental dread of the *evil eye* (see p. 35), something also remains of the Eastern custom of making presents on all occasions, which is a mark of respect and attention independently of interested motives. They become so much a matter of course that while the gift is received without thanks, the failure to offer it is held as an affront; all inquirers have been struck with the apparent ingratitude with which Spaniards speak of the salvation of their country and independence by the exertions of England. "In the very varied intercourse" (says even their firm ally Capt. Widdrington, ii. 297) "I have had with every description of people during my travels in this extraordinary country, I never heard a hint, in a single instance, that to England they were under the slightest obligation." "Their natural unwillingness to allow any motives for gratitude" (Ditto, ii. 249) is partly a defect of race; thus the ancestors of the Visigoths "*gaudent muneribus, sed nec data imputant nec acceptis obligantur*" (Tacitus, G. 21).

The stranger, after this first introduction, when he next meets any mutual friends of the person at whose house he has just called, should announce his satisfaction at his reception in some phrase of this kind, *Don Fulano estuvo tan fino conmigo y me ofreció su casa*. Mr. so and so was very civil to me, and offered me his house. Let all travellers remember whenever a Spaniard calls upon him, or returns his visit, to offer him *his house*, without consulting the innkeeper, if he be at the *posada*; and, also, whenever out walking in company, and passing by it, to invite his friend to walk in and *untire* himself.

Whenever this mystical offering has been made, the stranger ceases to be one. It is an "Open sesame;" he may drop in whenever he will, without "hoping that he does not intrude." He is sure, except at Siesta time, of finding a kind and uniform welcome, and will sit at their right hand. Remember always, in walking with a Spaniard, that, as among the ancient Romans, it is a mark of civility to give him the right side—that is, to let him be inside and closest to the wall, "*tu comes exterior*." Well-bred men always make way for a lady, even if they do not know her. The narrowness of the streets, and their dirt, frequently render this more than a mere compliment. The refusal to do so has always led to fatal broils among Spaniards, touching in matters of etiquette and precedence, each thinking himself the first person in the world. If once the point of honour is conceded to them, no people are more anxious to give it up to one who has done them justice. The strict law for correct street-walkers is, that whoever has the wall on the right hand is entitled to keep it, in preference to all persons who have the wall to the left. The prudent man will generally give way to ladies of course, and to gentlemen, and he will be thought one himself; while it avoids all evil contact and communications with blackguards. *Al loco y toro da le corro*, make way for a bull and a madman.

The grand place to study Spanish walking, especially that of the ladies, which is inimitable, is on the *Alameda*. Every town and village has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes. The term *alameda* is derived from *alamo*, the elm, with which the shady avenues are sometimes planted; the walk is often called *El Prado*, the meadow, and *El Salon*, the saloon; and it is indeed an *al fresco* rout, or an out-of-doors assembly or *ridotto*; *tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is equivalent to our taking exercise, but no Spaniard, in ancient or modern history, ever took a regular walk on his own feet, that is a walk for the sake of mere health, exercise, or pleasure. When the old autochthonic Ibe-

rians saw some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, they laid hold of them and carried them to their tents, thinking that they must be mad (Strabo, iii. 249). A modern Spaniard having stumbled over a stone, exclaimed on getting up, "*voto a Dios*—this comes of a *caballero's* ever walking!" A Spanish walk, "*un paseo, un paseito*," like the otiose saunter of an Oriental, means a creeping lounge on the "*alameda*," where, under the pretence of walking, the pedestrians can stop every two out of five minutes to recognise a friend, to sit down, "*no quiere V<sup>md.</sup> descansar un ratito*;" to discuss a truism, "*es verdad*;" for unexciting twaddle refresheth the respectable Spaniard and Oriental, as scandal doth the fair sex; or to lay hold of a friend's button, "*Pues Señor*," or to restore exhausted nature by an oblivious antidote—a cigar—"echaremos un cigarillo." Their walk is so called from their *not* walking, just as our workhouse is from people doing nothing in it.

But whether on the *alameda* or in-doors, there is no greater mistake than to suppose all the Spaniards to be a grave, serious, formal people: they—and particularly the Castilians—may be so at first, but among themselves and intimate friends, they are the gayest of the gay; nay, almost to the romping as children on a holiday, when present relaxation is increased by previous restraint. The song and dance is never ceasing, nor, as among the ancients, the practical joke; ceremony is dismissed, for good friends do not stand upon compliments; *entre amigos honrados, los cumplimientos van escusados*. In winter the *tertulia* assembles round their *brasero*, which with them is equivalent to our cosy fireside. This is the Oriental chafing-dish, the Arabic *mun'chud*, the *há-ach* or brazier of Jehoiakin. The flat metal pan is filled with fine charcoal, *cisco*, and is carefully ignited outside the room, and fanned with the *palmita*, as among the old Egyptians. When quite lighted, and the noxious charcoal effluvium has evaporated, a few lavender seeds or strips of bitter orange-peel are then sprinkled on the white ash, and it is brought in. At best, it is a poor makeshift for the fire-place, is unwholesome, and gives little heat and much headache; yet the natives—such is habit—dote on this suffocation-pregnant pan, and consider the wholesome open fire-place, *la cheminea francesa*, to be highly prejudicial to health. The warmer seasons at Seville are the most enjoyable, for none can tell the misery of a fireless house during a southern winter.

When cold has fled, the *tertulia*, or "at home," is held in the *patio*, which is converted into a saloon. It is lighted up by lamps of fantastic forms made of tin, which glitter like frosted silver: the smaller are called *farolas*, the larger (of which there ought correctly only to be one) is termed *el farol*, the male, the sultan, as the *macho* is of a coach team. During the day every precaution is taken, by closing doors and windows, to keep out light and heat; at night-fall everything is reversed, and opened in order to let in the refreshing breeze. Nothing can be more Oriental or picturesque than these *tertulias* in a *patio*. By day and night the scene recalls the house of Alcinoüs in the 'Odyssey': the females, always busy with their needles, group around the fountain; they are working their *mantillas*, *zapatitos*, *medias caladas*, slippers, and embroidered stockings, *petacas*, cigar-holders, *bullitos*, paper-cases, and what not. Spanish women are very domestic, and even among the better classes, like the Greek *Taμιαί*, and, as in England a century ago, many are their own housekeepers. They "study household good;" the perfection of female excellence, according to Milton; and although foreigners think they make bad wives, which those who are married to them do not, many a hint might be taken from these observers of the great keep-in-doors maxim of Pericles, the *το εἶδος μενεῖν*. They are *muy casaderas, labranderas y costureras*, very good stay-at-home work and

needle women. Their proceedings are quite à l'antique; tables are scarce; each has at her feet her *canastra* or basket; the *ταλαρος* of Penelope, the *qualus* of Neobule; such as Murillo often introduced in his domestic pictures of the Virgin.

It is the fashion of some foreigners to assert that these ladies, although quite as industrious, are not all quite so exemplary as Penelope or Lucretia, *Unas tienen la fama y otras cardan la lana*, many have the reputation, while others really card the wool; here and there a *relacioncita*, like any other accident, may happen in the best regulated *patio*, for where people live in sets and meet each other every day, the propinquity of fire and tow in an inflammable climate makes some insurances doubly hazardous; but *Ubi amor ibi fides* is nowhere truer than in Spain; the tenacity of female constancy, when reciprocated, is indubitable; a breach of *relacion* is termed *felonia*, a capital crime, a *pecado mortal*, for they are equal fanatics in love and religion. The consequences of *spretæ injuria formæ* are truly Didonian; at once all love is whistled to the winds, and welcome revenge. In what can self-love—the pivot of the Iberian—be more offended than by inconstancy? It is said that self-imposed bands link faster in Spain than those forged by Hymen—*Quos diabolus conjunxit, Deus non separabit*. These, however, are occasionally the pure calumnies of the envious, the ill-favoured and the rejected, and “the ostler’s” gossip to which the chivalrous Ariosto turned a deaf ear.

“Donne, e voi che le donne havete in pregio,  
Per Dio non date a queste historie orecchia,  
————— e sia l'usanza vecchia,  
Che 'l volgare ignorante ognun riprenda,  
E parli piu de quel, che meno intenda!”

Blanco White has truly observed, “No other nation in the world can present more lively instances of a glowing and susceptible heart preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of opinion but in spite of its very encouragement;” occasionally these dark-glancing daughters of bright skies and warm suns are too much perhaps “the woman,” the *feminine*, in the gender sense. To be admired and adored is their glory and object; the sincerity of their affections and the ardor of their temperament scarcely permit them to be coquettes. Their young thoughts are divided between devotion and love, and to these cognate influences they abandon their soul and body. In this land of the Moor a remnant of the Oriental system is still under-current. The mistress is contented with the worship of the body rather than of the mind; hence, when the fierce passion is spent in its own violence, the wife remains rather the nurse and housekeeper than the friend and best counsellor of her husband. Too many thus become the victims of the stronger sex from taking this low ground, and thus contribute to perpetuate the evil. Thus the lax and derogatory treatment of women is one main cause of the inaptness of eastern nations for liberty and true civilization.

Whatever be their faults—and man and the stars are certainly more to blame than they are—evil betide him who would point out notes in their bright eyes; and, at all events, few women talk better or more than the Andaluzas; practice makes perfect. The rabbins contend that ten cabs (a dry measure) of talk were assigned to the whole creation, of which the daughters of Palestine secured nine; and, doubtless, some parcels of this article were shipped to Tarshish by king Hiram. This dicacity is unrivalled; it is a curious felicity of tongue—*dolce parlar e dolcemente inteso*—and does speaker and listener equal good, which is not everywhere else the case. A hypercritic possibly might say that their



voices were somewhat loud and harsh, and their liberty of speech too great. Certainly their Spartan simplicity calls many things by their right names which in our more delicate phraseology could be wrapped up in the silver paper of a paraphrase; and the more so the better; since the homage of the male, sensitive and capricious, never should be slightly risked. The Spanish man is the real culprit; for did he not tolerate, nay encourage, what to us seems indelicate, no woman would originate the use: however, little of the kind is either meant or conveyed among the natives, and the stranger must never forget how much these things are of convention. At all events, in the words of Lord Carnarvon, although "with some exceptions, these women are not highly educated, and feel little interest in general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation, a stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness and ready perception of character." Their manner is marked with a natural frankness and cordiality: their mother-wit and tact, choice blossoms of common-sense, has taught them how to pick up a floating capital of talk, which would last them nine lives, if they had as many. It supplies the want of book-learning—*à quoi bon tant lire?* They are to be the wives of husbands, of whom 99 in 100 would as soon think of keeping a pack of fox-hounds as having a library. Few people read much in Spain, except monks and clergymen, and they never marry.

The fair sex here are not more afraid of blue-beards, than the men are of blue-stockings: those ladies who have an azure tendency are called *Eruditas á la violeta*, *Marisabillas*; they are more wondered at than espoused. Martial (ii. 90), a true Spaniard, prayed that his wife should not be *doctissima*; learning is thought to unsex them. The moderns think these Epicenes never likely to come to a better end than to dress up images for the altar, the sole refuge of virgin devotees: *Mula que hace hin-hin, muger que sabe latin-tin, nunca hicieron buen fin*; mule that whinnies, women that know Latin, come to no good end. The men dislike to see them read, the ladies think the act prejudicial to the brilliancy of the eyes, and hold that happiness is centred in the heart, not the head; the fatal expression *sin educacion* has reference to manners, to a bad *bringing out*, rather than anything connected with Messrs. Bell and Lancaster (see p. 151). Let those who wish to be well with the ladies, who, as in the days of Strabo, govern society in Spain, avoid discussions on gases, æsthetics, metaphysics, political economy, quoting San Isidore like us, and so forth; for if once set down as a bore, or *Majadero*, all is over.

Spanish women seldom write, *carta canta*; and when they do, sometimes neither the spelling nor letters are faultless: they can just decipher a billet-doux and scrawl an answer. The merit of the import atones for all minor faults, which after all no one but a schoolmaster would notice. Spanish paper is excellent; it is made of linen, not cotton *rags*, and for this raw material the supply is inexhaustible. One word on the form of letter-writing in Spain, which is peculiar. The correct place of dating from should be *de esta su casa*, from this *your* house, wherever it is; you must not say from this *my* house, as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent; the formal Sir is *Muy Señor mio*; My Dear Sir, is *Muy Señor mio y de todo mi aprecio*; My Dear Friend is *Mi apreciable amigo*: a step more in intimacy is *querido amigo* and *querido Don Juan*. All letters conclude after something in this fashion—*quedando en el interim S. S. S. [su seguro servidor] Q. S. M. B. [que su mano besa]*. This represents our "your most obedient and humble

servant ;” the more friendly form is “ *Mande V<sup>md.</sup> con toda franqueza á ese S. S. S. y amigo aff<sup>mo.</sup> Q. S. M. B.*” When a lady is in the case, P [*pies*] is substituted for M, as the gentleman kisses her feet. Ladies sign *su servidora y amiga* ; clergymen, *su S. S. S. y capellan*. Letters are generally directed thus :—

Al Señor  
Don Fulano Apodo  
B. L. M.  
S. S.  
R. F.

Most Spaniards append to their signature a *Rubrica*, which is a sort of intricate flourish, like a Runic knot or an Oriental sign-manual. The sovereign often only rubricates ; he makes his mark and does not sign his name. *No saber firmar*, not to be able to sign one's name, is, with being *cornudo y endeudado*, a cuckold and in debt, one of the qualifications of grandeeship, so say those who laugh at *Usias desaborios*, or insipid lordlings. Formerly all persons headed their letters with a cross, as the Seville physicians did their prescriptions, even when senna was an ingredient ; the archbishop having conceded a certain exemption from purgatory for this meritorious act, which operated on the soul of the practitioner exactly as it did not on the body of the patient.

There are particular occasions on which all who frequent the *Tertulia*, or particular set of any house, are expected to make a visit of ceremony : one is on *El dia de su Santo*, the saint's day of the gentleman or ladies : this is equivalent to our birthday. All Spaniards are under the especial protection of some tutelar or guardian, whose name they bear—Francisco, Juan, &c. Almost every woman is christened Maria, and some men also, although anything but feminine, the bandit José Maria for instance : this is borrowed from the very general use among the ancient Egyptians of the name of Osiris. In order to distinguish these infinite Marias they are addressed by the attribute of the particular virgin after whom they have been *Marianised*. Thus a Maria de las *Angustias*, “Sorrows,” or a Maria de los *Dolores*, “Griefs,” is called *Dolores*, *Angustias*, names not less inapplicable to the lively damsels than unchristian.

On this *Dia de su Santo* everybody calls in full dress, the women wearing diamonds and feathers in day-time, the subject of homage alone being clad in ordinary attire : this is quite Roman. Persius (i. 14), speaking of this natalician splendour, mentions the outrageous extravagance of even a new *capa togâque recenti*. Presents are usually made now, as in those good old times, when the Spaniard Martial complained (viii. 64) that Doña Clyte had eight birthdays in one year.

New-year's day is another occasion when the visit never must be omitted, and the ancient custom of bringing some little offering continues. These *estreñas* are the unchanged *strenæ*, *σχενια*. January, from these presents, is called *el mes de aguinaldo*, and by the lower classes *el mes de los gatos*, the month of cats, who imitate on the roofs the caterwaulings and merry-makings of human life below.

Whenever a death occurs in a family, a visit to condole, *para dar el pesame*, is always expected. Nothing can exceed the observance of all filial and parental relations in Spain. Families to the fourth generation live together under the same roof, after the primitive patriarchal system. The greatest respect is shown to parents and grand-parents. As in the East, age ensures precedence and deference : few survivors speak of their deceased parents except as being in heaven—*Su merced*, his worship, as the lower classes call the defunct, *que en la gloria está*, who is in paradise. The simple Oriental form of address, “my

son, my daughter," *hijo mio, hija mia* (Arabicè ya bint), are very common, and used when no such relationship exists. Of such class are the seemingly unceremonious "*Hombre*," man, "*Muger*," woman, which are proofs rather of intimacy and good will than the contrary. The kind feeling between sisters and brothers is perfect: indeed the whole family and domestic economy is union, and contrasts with the national *house divided against itself* out of doors. The isolated families, like the tribes of the Bedouin, are each so many little republics, or rather absolute monarchies, each revolving on its own axis, without loving or thinking of its neighbour: nay, there is a jealousy in *Tertulias*, and this is a stumbling-block to the stranger, to whom many more houses are often opened than to the natives themselves. He generally ends in selecting that set which he finds the most agreeable; and even then, when once a regular member, *de nosotros, de la familia*, if he happen to miss coming for a few evenings, he is received with a good-humoured reproof, such as "*Dichosos los ojos que ven a Vmd.*," happy the eyes which see you.

A volume might be written on the vestiges of ancient and Oriental manners with which private life in Spain is strewed. These turn up every moment in the inland towns, where the march of intellect and strangers seldom treads down the relics. At Madrid there is an aping of French and English manners, and at the seaports an Italian or lingua Franca admixture. The traveller will seldom go amiss in adopting the old Spanish formulæ, at which, even when the more reformed and enlightened of *los Nuevos Españoles* smile, they are never offended. Thus when any one sneezes, the correct thing is to say *Jesus*, pronounced *Heesus*. This is the antique *Zev σωσον*. Sternutation was a good omen (2 Kings iv. 35). Cupid sneezed to the right, while the performance of Telemachus shook the house, and drew a smile from the wan countenance of Penelope. The modern Arabs congratulate a judicious sneezer with "Praise be to Allah!"

One word on religion, which pervades every part and parcel of Spain and the Spaniard, and is, as the word implies, a real *binding* power, and one of the very few, in this land of non-amalgamation and disunion: here no rival creeds, no dissents, weaken, as in England, the nation's common strength; his crowning pride is that he is the original Christian of Christendom, and that his religion, *la fe, the faith*, is the only pure and unadulterated one. He boasts to be "*El Cristiano viejo rancio y sin mancha*," the old genuine and untainted Christian, not a newly converted Jew or Morisco: these he abhors, as the Moor did those new Moslems, the Mosalimah, who deserted the Cross, whose children they despised as *Muwallad*, or *Mulatt*, *i. e.* not of pure caste, but hybrid and mulish. The word *Catolico* is often used as equivalent to *Spanish*, and as an epithet bears the force of "excellent." In these respects Spain is more ultra-Roman than Rome itself; she stands in relation to indifferent Italy, as the bigot Moor did to the laxer Ottoman: it is a remnant of the crusade preached against the invading infidel, when faith was synonymous with patriotism. There is no tolerance, or in other words, indifference: intolerance is the only point on which king and Cortes, liberal and servile, are agreed. Bigotry has long, in the eyes of Spain, been her glory; in the eyes of Europe, her disgrace: here every possible dissent prevails except the religious.

Foreign invasions and recent reforms have weakened, but not broken down, this inveterate exclusiveness. It may appear to slumber in large towns, but burns fiercely amid the peasantry, and everywhere needs but a trifle to be called into action, as Borrow has truly and graphically shown. The traveller will frequently be asked if he is a *Cristiano*, meaning thereby a Romanist; the safe answer will be, *Catolico si, pero Catolico Romano no*, I am a Catholic, but not a Roman

Catholic. It will be better to avoid all religious discussions whatever, on which the natives are very sensitive. There is too wide a gulf between, ever to be passed. Spaniards, who, like the Moslem, allow themselves great latitude in laughing at monks, priests, and professors of religion, are very touchy as regards the articles of their creed : on these, therefore, beware of even sportive criticism; *con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. The whole nation, in religious matters, is divided only into two classes—bigoted Romanists or Infidels; there is no *via media*. The very existence of the Bible is unknown to the vast majority, who, when convinced of the cheats put forth as religion, have nothing better to fall back on but infidelity. They have no means of knowing the truth; and even the better classes have not the *moral courage* to seek it; they are afraid to examine the subject, they anticipate an unsatisfactory result, and, therefore, leave it alone in dangerous indifferentism. And even with the most liberal, with those who believe everything except the Bible, the term *Hereje*, Heretic, still conveys an undefined feeling of horror and disgust, which we tolerant Protestants cannot understand. A *Lutheran* they scarcely believe to have a soul, and almost think has a tail. The universal high-bred manner of Spaniards induces them to pass over, *sub silentio*, whatever unfavourable suspicions they may entertain of a foreigner's belief; they are even willing to commit a pious fraud, in considering him innocent and a Roman Catholic, until the contrary be proved. It, therefore, rests with the traveller to preserve his religious *incognito*; and, unless he wishes to enjoy the sufferings of a martyr, he will not volunteer his notions on theology. One thing is quite clear, that, however serious and discouraging the blows recently dealt to the Pope, the cause of Infidelity, and not of Protestantism, has hitherto been the sole gainer.

Most Spaniards date in the primitive manner, and less by days in the month, than festivals and church ceremonies, of which we have a remnant in our Lady-day, Michaelmas, &c. The traveller should purchase a Spanish almanac, or he will never understand dates. Every day has its saint, some of which are very remarkable among them, none more so than the 2nd of November, which is sacred to *todos los defuntos*. This, our "All-Souls' day," is the precise Eed-es-segheer of the Moslem. In Spain the customs of the similar pagan Ferialia, *Νεμεσια*, are strictly observed; the cemeteries are visited by the whole population. In the S. and W. provinces long processions of females, bearing chased lamps on staves, walk slowly round the burial-ground, chanting; offerings are made at the tombs of the deceased of garlands of flowers, *manibus date lilia plenis*. The Greek *ερωτες* and lamps are suspended. These *funes accensi*, funeral lights, were in vain prohibited at the early Spanish council of Illiberis. The defunct, however, are always borne in mind by the survivors, and the artist will be struck with the infinite paintings, inside and outside churches, of naked men and women, half-length, who emerge from red flames, which look like bunches of radishes reversed; they are only seen down to the navel, the other half being either consumed or doubled in like an opera-glass, although, in the fire, they do not apparently burn, or even seem uncomfortable; for they represent *las animas benditas del purgatorio*, the blessed souls in purgatory, and relieved by the interference of the church. The belief in this intermediate state is, perhaps, the religious point the most believed in Spain. It was invented by the Amenti of Egypt. Virgil exactly describes the process ('Æn.' vi. 735); doomed, as Hamlet says, to fast in fires "Till the foul crimes done in the days of nature are burnt and purg'd away." Those pagans who had philosophised sincerely, according to Plato, were let off with only 3000 years. Now the Pope rules paramount in purgatory, of which he holds the keys, and to him it is indeed a subterraneous mine of gold; Æneas bribed Charon with a branch of

that metal; for Orpheus, who got out his wife's soul for an old song, failed in the end, from this want of a valuable consideration: a rich Spaniard can now get easily into heaven, by purchasing pontifical stock, the accumulated surplus of the supererogatory good works of the Vatican, which constitute no small item in the papal budget. This adaptation of man's idea of justice in this world to the Deity scheme of the next is a purely human invention, and derogatory to the one great atonement, and teaches that the wages of sin are not death, but merely transportation for a time to a penal settlement, with ready means of *buying* a release. The parish clergy set up biers in the streets, which are ornamented with real skulls. They never omit a large dish, into which the smallest contributions are received. The great attraction is the representation of the suffering souls, which appeal *ad misericordiam et charitatem* of all beholders. The hope of releasing a sufferer from the fire extracts the last mite even from Spanish poverty to pay for holy water. Many, however, who have the means make assurance doubly sure by a sort of mutual insurance. Numberless guilds (from *gelt*, contribution) or confraternities, *hermandades*, light up a *capilla muerta*, or *chapelle ardente*, for the benefit of deceased members' souls; the cost is defrayed by a small annual payment, called *la averiguacion*. This policy, though not exactly a fire insurance, partakes somewhat of a life one, since no benefit is derived from paying the premiums until the person has qualified by dying. Now at night-fall, at *las animas*; men enveloped in shroud-like cloaks come out like glow-worms, with a bell and a lantern, on which is painted a blessed couple in fire. The bearers call upon *los devotos de las animas*, the friends of the souls, to contribute towards the expense of masses for their relief. The traveller who will read the extraordinary number of days' redemption from purgatory which may be obtained in every chapel, in every church in Spain, for the performance of the most trumpety routine, can only wonder how any believer should ever be so absurd as not to have secured his delivery from this spiritual Botany Bay without even going there at all. Again, even those who have neglected to take these precautions have another chance. The devil cannot take away a soul who is provided with the rosary of Santo Domingo, or a body which was buried in his or the cowl of the order of San Francisco. The rochet of San Simon protects the wearer, like the badge of a fire-insurance office. All these and more are to be had of the priest for money. The formerly universal habit of burying the dead in Spain in monastic dresses led a lively French author to observe that none died in the Peninsula except monks and nuns.

The indifference which all Spaniards exhibit towards their own and their friends' bodies, when alive, is made up by the tender anxiety they evince for the souls of mere strangers if in purgatory; as those which once get there are sure of eventually being saved, they are called  *benditas*, blessed by anticipation. Thus El Griego painted Philip II., even when alive, as if in purgatory. The great object of survivors is to get their friends out of limbo as soon as possible. This can only be done by paying for masses and holy water, every drop of which sprinkled on the tomb puts out a certain quantity of the fire below. All small fractions of change or accounts used to be devoted to this pious purpose, just as Athenæus tells us the ancients reserved for their dead friends the fragments, *τα πιπτοντα*, which fell from their tables. Many people leave legacies for masses for themselves, with a proviso, that whatever remains unexpended after they have been rescued should go in ultimate remainders to the most unprayed-for soul in purgatory. The horrors of the *auto de fé*, and the readily-understood pains of burning, have created a sort of mendicity societies, who perform the last rites for those who, for want of friend and assistance, may be lingering in the purifying

flames. There were formerly soul-bazars, fancy sales, to which the pious contributed various articles, which were sold at high prices, and the profits laid out in masses; and there used to be a lottery, in which humane gamblers might purchase tickets; opposite to each number, and there were no blanks, certain crimes were affixed, and what money penalty was to be paid. The winner, by taking this and the prescribed penances on himself, might thereby liberate any unknown soul who was suffering in purgatory for the actual commission of the crimes drawn. The comprehensive variety of offences specified and provided for could only have been prepared by the aid of the confessional, and profound study of the enormities prohibited in Spanish *promptuarios morales*, or explained by the school of Dr. Sanchez of Cordova. Blank bulls also were sold for sixpence, in which the name of the person wished to be liberated might be inserted, as in a species of *habeas animam* writ; and for fear the nominee might already have been delivered, the bull was endorsed with other names, and finally with an ultimate remainder to the *most worthy and most disconsolate* (see Blanco White, p. 173). Philip IV. left money for one hundred thousand masses to be said for his royal soul, and, in case all that number should not be requisite, he appointed as his residuary legatee *el alma mas sola*, the most solitary, most unthought-for soul. The foreigner will be struck with often seeing, on church-doors, a printed notice on a flat board, *Hoy se saca anima*, "This day you can get out a soul;" hence *tiene pecho como tabla de animas* is an irreverent metaphor applied to a woman who has a scraggy neck. Near these *tablas* are placed a box for receiving money, and a basin of holy water wherewith to put the fires out. These soul-delivering days are mentioned in the annual almanacs, and are distinguished from ordinary days by a cross being affixed to them. The doomed souls are generally left in their warm quarters during winter, and taken out in spring. No handbook can point out the exact days. The traveller who wishes to withdraw souls must make inquiries in the respective towns. The church will generally be known by the crowds of beggars who collect around the doors, and who seem to regret this outlay on future and distant objects, and suggest that a portion of the charity might be equally well dispensed in relief of the present and certain sufferings of their living bodies. The singing of psalms expressly for those in purgatory takes place at the end of October, and continues nine days. The term is called *el novenario de animas*. It offers a most singular spectacle to Protestants, especially the vigil of All Saints' day, Nov. 1, *Todos los Santos*, which is also the night of love-divination, when Spanish maidens sat at the windows to watch theraith of their future husbands pass by.

The hour of sunset, which at heretical Gibraltar is announced by gun-fire, is marked in orthodox Spain by a passing bell, which tolls the knell of parting day. It is the exact *Mughreb* of the Moors. It is the chosen moment to pray for the souls of the departed, and hence the time is called *á las animas*. The traveller will hear no other term but this, and *á las oraciones*, which is somewhat later, when the short twilight is over and darkness grows apace. This is the *Eschee* of the Moor. It is called *las oraciones* because the *Angelus*, the *Ave Maria* bell, is rung. This is supposed to be the exact hour when Gabriel bid the Virgin hail. The observance of the *Ave Maria* is very impressive; when the bell rings, the whole population stop, uncover, and cross themselves, and actors used to do so even on the stage; the jest and laugh on the public *Alameda* are instantly hushed, and the monotonous hum of some thousand voices uttering one common prayer is heard. This feeling is, however, but for the moment; it is a mere mechanical form, and devoid of inner spirituality. The next instant every one bows to his neighbour, wishes him a happy night, and returns to the suspended conversation, the interrupted *bon mot* is completed: even this, which

strikes the stranger as a solemn spectacle, has become a routine form of devotion to the callous performers, while the Englishman from the cold Protestant north exclaims with Byron—

“Ave-Maria! blessed be the hour!  
 The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
 Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,  
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer!”

The beggars of Spain know well how to appeal to every softening and religious principle. They are now an increased and increasing nuisance. The mendicant plague rivals the mosquitos; they smell the blood of an Englishman: they swarm on every side; they interrupt privacy, worry the artist and antiquarian, disfigure the palace, disenchant the Alhambra, and dispel the dignity of the house of God, which they convert into a lazaret-house and den of mendacity and mendacity. They are more numerous than even in the Roman, Neapolitan, and Sicilian states. They form the train of superstition and misgovernment which defile the most beautiful, and impoverish the richest portions of the earth.

The Spanish beggars are dead to all shame; indeed, as Homer says, that feeling is of no use in their profession. They wear away the portals of the churches; they sit before the Beautiful gate, the old and established resort of cynics and mendicants (Juv. iii. 296). There they cluster, like barnacles, unchanged since the days of Martial (iv. 53), with their wallet, staff, dog, filthy tatters and hair, and barking importunity. Their conventional whine is of all times and countries; no man begs in his natural voice; *Quien llora, mama*,—the child that *cries* is suckled. Importunity, and coaxing appeals to our common nature and good nature, are their stock in trade, the wares by which they hope to barter their nothing for a something. Their tact and ingenuity are amazing; surer than any ecclesiastical almanac, they know every service which will be the best performed in any particular church; thither they migrate, always preferring that where the *jubileo*, the *cuarenta horas*, the “*hoy se saca animas*,” the saint, relic, show, firework, or whatever it may be, attracts the devout. In the provincial cities vast numbers, the women especially, make it a point never to miss hearing the mass of the day; they perform this daily routine from habit, to show their dresses, from having nothing else to do, and some few from religion. The beggars, while they lift up the heavy curtain which hangs before the church-door, always allude to the particular object of the day's veneration as an additional inducement for a trifling donation, and the smallest are given and accepted. To bestow alms before prayer constitutes part of the religious exercise both of Moor and Spaniard. The mendicant of all countries endeavours to conciliate charity by appealing to the ruling passion of the people whom he addresses. In Spain there is none of our operative philoprogenitiveness—“Poor man out of work;” “widow with twins;” “fourteen small children;” —magnets which have been known to extract iron tears from an Overseer's eyes, and even copper from an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner's pockets. In Spain all pauper appeals are religious: “*Por el amor de Dios*,”—“For the love of God,” (hence they are also called *Pordioseros*)—“*por el amor de la Santissima*; *Señorito, me da Vmd. un octavito—Dios se lo pagará á Vmd.*;” “for the love of the most holy Virgin, dear sir, give me one little halfpenny—God will pay it you again.” These beggars, like members of *juntas*, trust the repayment of all principal and interest to Providence; yet they prefer the sound of

*Loan to Gift*; the mere shadow of an impossible repayment soothes their pride, which resents the suspicion of a donation, and the admission of obligation.

During the appropriation of church property by the government, while the Treasury exacted with infinite rigour the tithes and former sources of ecclesiastical income, it seldom paid the pitiful stipend which was pledged to be assigned to the clergy out of their own despoiled revenues. Thus, even canons and dignitaries were reduced to absolute distress, and not unfrequently solicited charity from the passing Englishman. The gold of the heretic, like the profits from the Roman sewers, has no objectionable smell or taint. There is, moreover, in Spain a licensed class of beggars, who are privileged by the *alcaldes* of their towns; they wear a badge, and are much affronted if on showing it they get nothing. This permission was given by Charles V. in 1525, just as in England it was granted by justices of the peace under their hand and seal (27 Henry VIII. c. 12): Philip II., in 1552, introduced the legionary decoration. The universal badge is, however, a display of rags and sores; where there are so many applicants, each tries to outdo his rival by presenting the most attractive exhibition of disgusting condition. No wounds are ever healed, no tatters are ever mended; that would be drying up the sources of their living; none, however, die either of their incurable wounds or destitution. In their latter good fortune they resembled their clever colleagues the mendicant Franciscans, who got rich by the profession of poverty. They are the pets of all artists, for the pauper groups seem as if they had stepped out from one of Murillo's pictures, and become living real beings.

The general poverty of Spain is very great, the natural consequence of foreign invasion and civil wars. It presses heavily on the middling and higher classes, the well-born and once affluent, who doubly writhe and suffer. To those who have known better things, misfortune undeserved and unexpected descends with corrosive and appalling intensity. None can tell how the iron eats into souls of thousands whose properties have been ravaged or confiscated, whose incomes were dependent on bankrupt government securities, on unpaid official salaries—those widowed homes, where even the paltry pensions on which the orphan family starved are withheld; nor can the full and real extent of suffering be easily ascertained. It is sedulously concealed, and to the honour of all ranks of Spaniards be it said, that in no country in the world are decayed circumstances endured with equal dignity, or such long-suffering patience and uncomplaining resignation.

Few Spaniards can afford to give much; the many pass on the other side. Familiarity has blunted their finer emotions of sympathy, and their charity *must* begin at home, and from seldom stirring out, is the coldest thing in this torrid climate; but the Spaniard never had much milk of human kindness. This insensibility is increased by the sang-froid with which he bears his own griefs, pains, misfortunes, and even death: if, like the Oriental, he endures them with patient apathy, he cannot be expected to show much more sensation for similar sufferings when the lot of others.

Now John Bull is held abroad to be a golden calf, and is worshipped and plundered; the Spaniard, from the minister of finance downwards, thinks him laden with ore like the asses of Arcadia, and that, in order to get on lighter, he is as ready as Lucullus to throw it away. The moment one comes in sight, the dumb will recover their speech and the lame their legs; he will be hunted by packs as a bag-fox, his pursuers are neither to be called nor whipped off. They persevere in the hopes that they may be paid a something as hush-money, in order to be got rid of; nor let any traveller ever open his mouth, which betrays that, however well put on his capa, the speaker is not a Spaniard, but a foreigner—



*Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.* If the pilgrim does once in despair give, the fact of the happy arrival in town of a charitable man spreads like wild-fire; all follow him the next day, just as crows do a brother-bird in whose crop they have smelt carrion at the night's roost. None are ever content; the same beggar comes every day; his gratitude is the lively anticipation of future favours; he expects that you have granted him an annuity. But there is a remedy for everything. The *qualche cosa* of the Italian beggar is chilled by the cutting *cè niente*; the English vagrant by the hint of "policemen," or the gift, not of sixpence, but of a mendicity ticket. Lane (ii. 23) gives the exact forms, *Al'lah yer-zooek*, God will sustain, the *Al'lah yaatee'h*, God give thee, with which alone the analogous Egyptian beggar will be satisfied. So, in Spain, the specific which operates like brimstone, the plea to which there is no demurrer, is this—and let the traveller character the form on the tablet of his memory—*Perdone Vmd. por Dios, Hermano!* My brother, let your worship excuse me, for God's sake! The beggar bows—he knows that all further application is useless; the effect is certain if the words be quietly and gravely pronounced.

The Peninsula pauper has nothing left for him except to beg for his bread; there are no Unions or relieving-officers; and however magnificently endowed in former times were the hospitals and almshouses of Spain, the provision now made for poor and ailing humanity is miserably inadequate. The revenues were first embezzled by the managers, and since have almost been swept away. Trustees for pious and charitable uses are defenceless against armed avarice and appropriation in office: being *corporate* bodies, they want the sacredness of *private* interests, which every one is anxious to defend. Hence Godoy began the spoliation, by seizing the funds, and giving in lieu government securities, which turned out to be worthless. Then ensued the French invasion, and the wholesale confiscation of military despots. Civil war has done the rest; and now that the convents are suppressed, the deficiency is increasing, for in the remoter country districts the monks bestowed relief to the poor, and provided lodging and medicines. With few exceptions, the *Casas de Misericordia*, or houses for the destitute, are far from well conducted in Spain, while those destined for lunatics, *Casas de Locos*, and for exposed children, *Cunas*, *Casas de Espositos*, do little credit to science and humanity. See for specimens *La Cuna* of Seville, and *Los Locos* either of Granada or Toledo.

The hospitals for sick and wounded are but little better. The *sangrados* of Spain have long been the butts of novelists, who spoke many a true word in their jests. The common expression of the people, in regard to the busy mortality of their patients, is *mueren como chinches*. This recklessness of life, this inattention to human suffering, and backwardness in curative science, is very Oriental. However science may have set westward from the East, the arts of medicine and surgery have not. There, as in Spain, they have long been subordinate, and the professors held to be of a low caste—a fatal bar in the Peninsula, where even now a medical man is scarcely admissible into the best society. The surgeon of the Spanish Moors was frequently a despised and detested Jew, which would create a traditionary loathing of the calling. The physician was of somewhat a higher caste, but he, like the botanist and chemist, was rather to be met with among the Moors. Thus Sancho *el Gordo* was obliged to go in person to Cordova in search of good advice.

The neglect of well supported, well regulated hospitals has recoiled on the Spaniards. The rising profession are deprived of the advantages of *walking* them, and thus beholding every nice difficulty solved by experienced masters. Recently some efforts have been made in large towns, especially on the coasts, to introduce reforms and foreign ameliorations; but official jobbing and

ignorant routine are still among the diseases that are *not* cured in Spain. In 1811, when the English army was at Cadiz, a physician, named Villarino, urged by some of our indignant surgeons, brought the disgraceful condition of Spanish hospitals before the Cortes. A commission was appointed, and Schepeler (iii. 5) gives their sad report, how the food, wine, &c., destined for the patients were consumed by the managers and *empleados*; *quis custodes custodiat*? The results were such as might be expected, the authorities held together, and persecuted Villarino as a *revolucionario*, or reformer, and succeeded in disgracing him. The superintendent was the notorious Lozano de Torres, who starved the English army after Talavera; for who and what this "thief and liar" was (see 'Disp.' Aug. 18, 1812.) The Regency, after this very exposure of his hospital, promoted him to the civil government of Old Castile; and Ferd. VII., in 1817, made him Minister of Justice. As buildings, the hospitals are generally very large; but the space is as thinly peopled as the wide *despoblados* of Spain. In England wards are wanting for patients—in Spain, patients for wards. The poor, in no country, have much predilection for a hospital; and in Spain, in addition to pride, a well-grounded fear deters the invalid—they prefer to die a *natural* death. If only half in the hospital die, it is thought great luck: the dead, however, tell no tales; and the living sing praises for their miraculous escape. *El medico lleva la plata, pero Dios es que sana!*—God works the cure, the doctor sacks the fee!

#### SPANISH MEDICAL MEN.

Unfortunate the wight who falls ill in Spain, as, whatever his original complaint, it is too often followed by secondary and worse symptoms, the native doctor. The faculty at Madrid are little in advance of their provincial colleagues, nay, often they are more destructive, since, being practitioners *en la Corte*, the heaven on earth, they are in proportion superior to the medical men of the rest of the world, of whom of course they can learn nothing. They are, however, at least a century behind the practitioners of England. Their notions and practice are classical, Oriental, and antiquated, and their acquaintance with modern works, inventions, and operations very limited. Their text-books and authorities are Galen, Celsus, Hippocrates, and Boerhaave; the names of Hunter, Harvey, and Astley Cooper are scarcely more known among their M.D.s than the last discoveries of Herschell; the light of such distant planets has not had time to arrive.

Meanwhile, as in courts of justice and other matters in Spain, all sounds admirably on *paper*—the forms, regulations, and system are perfect in theory. Colleges of physicians and surgeons superintend the science; the professors are members of learned societies; lectures are delivered, examinations are conducted, and certificates, duly signed and sealed, are given. The young *Galenista* is furnished with a licence to kill. What is wanting from beginning to end, to practitioner and patient, is *life*. The salaries of teachers are ill paid, and the pupils are tampered with and their studies thought dangerous, not to private but the public weal; thus Ferdinand VII., on the news of the three glorious days of Paris, shut up the medical schools, opening, it is true, by way of compensation, a university for killing bulls *secundum artem*. The medical men know, nevertheless, every aphorism of the ancients by rote, and *discourse* as eloquently and plausibly on any case as do their ministers in Cortes. Both write capital *documentos* (see p. 137), theories and opinions extemporaneously. Their splendid language supplies words which seem to have cost thought. What is wanting is *practice*, and that clinical and best of education where the case is brought before the student with the corollary of skilful treatment.

As in their modern art and literature, there is little originality in Spanish medicine. It is chiefly a veneration of other men's ideas, or an adaptation of ancient and Moorish science. Most of their technical terms, *jalea*, *elixir*, *jarave*, *rob*, *sorbete*, *julepe*, &c., are purely Arabic, and indicate the sources from whence the knowledge was obtained; and whenever they depart from the daring ways of their ancestors, it is to adopt a timid French system. The few additions to their medical libraries are translations from their neighbours, just as the scanty materia medica in their apothecaries' shops is rendered more ineffective by quack nostrums from Paris. In spite of these lamentable deficiencies, the self-esteem of the medical men exceeds, if possible, that of the military; both have killed their "ten thousands." They hold themselves to be the first *sabreurs*, physicians, and surgeons on earth, and best qualified to wield the shears of the *Parcæ*. It would be a waste of time to try to dispel this fatal delusion: the well-intentioned monitor would simply be set down as malevolent, envious, and an ass; for they think their ignorance the perfection of human skill. No foreigner can ever hope to succeed among them, nor can any native who may have studied abroad easily introduce a better system. All his brethren would make common cause against him as an innovator. He would be summoned to no consultations, the most lucrative branch of practice, while the confessors would poison the ears of the women (who govern the men), with cautions against the danger to their souls of having their bodies cured by a Jew, a heretic, or a foreigner, for the terms are almost convertible.

Dissection is even now repulsive to their Oriental prejudices; the pupils learn rather by plates, diagrams, models, preparations, and skeletons, than from anatomical experiments on a subject: their practice necessarily is limited. In difficult cases of compound fracture, gun-shot wounds, the doctors give the patient up almost at once, although they continue to meet and take fees until death relieves him of his complicated sufferings. In chronic cases and slighter fractures they are less dangerous; for as their pottering remedies do neither good nor harm, the struggle for life and death is left to nature, who sometimes works the cure. In acute diseases and inflammations they seldom succeed; for however fond of the lancet, they only nibble with the case, and are scared at the bold decided practice of Englishmen, whereat they shrug up shoulders, invoke saints, and descant learnedly on the impossibility of treating complaints under the bright sun and warm air of catholic Spain, after the formulæ of cold, damp, and foggy, heretical England.

Most Spaniards who can afford it, have their family doctor, or *Medico de Cabecera*, and their confessor. This pair take care of the bodies and souls of the whole house, bring them gossip, share their *puchero*, purse, and tobacco. They rule the husband through the women and the nursery; nor do they allow their exclusive privileges to be infringed on. Etiquette is the life of a Spaniard, and often his death. Every one knows that Philip III. was killed, rather than violate a form. He was seated too near the fire, and, although burning, of course as king of Spain the impropriety of moving himself never entered his head; and when he requested one of his attendants to do so, none, in the absence of the proper officer whose duty it was to superintend the royal chair, ventured to take that improper liberty. In case of sudden emergencies among her Catholic Majesty's subjects, unless the family doctor be present, any other one, even if called in, generally declines acting until the regular Esculapius arrives. An English medical friend of ours saved a Spaniard's life by chancing to arrive when the patient, in an apoplectic fit, was foaming at the mouth and wrestling with death; all this time a strange doctor was sitting quietly in the next room smoking his cigar at the *brasero* with the women of the family.

Our friend instantly took 30 ounces from the sufferer's arm, not one of the Spanish party even moving from their seats, hunc sic servavit Apollo!

The Spanish medical men pull together—a rare exception in Spain—and play into each other's hands. The family doctor, whenever appearances will in anywise justify him, becomes alarmed, and requires a consultation, a *Junta*. What any Spanish *Junta* is, need not be explained; and these are like the rest, they either do nothing, or what they do do, is done badly. At these meetings from three to seven *Medicos de apelacion*, consulting physicians, attend, or more, according to the patient's purse: each goes to the sick man, feels his pulse, asks him some questions, and then retires to the next room to consult, generally allowing the invalid the benefit of hearing what passes. The *Protomedico*, or senior, takes the chair; and while all are lighting their cigars, the family doctor opens the case, by stating the birth, parentage, and history of the patient, his constitution, the complaint, and the medicines hitherto prescribed. The senior next rises, and gives his opinion, often speaking for half an hour; the others follow in their rotation, and then the *Protomedico*, like a judge, sums up, going over each opinion with comments: the usual termination is either to confirm the previous treatment, or order some insignificant *tisana*: the only certain thing is to appoint another consultation for the next day, for which the fees are heavy, each taking from three to five dollars. The consultation often lasts many hours, and is a chronic complaint. It occurred to our same medical friend to accidentally call on a person who had an inflammation in the cornea of the eye: on questioning he found that many consultations had been previously held, at which no determination was come to until at the last, when sea-bathing was prescribed, with a course of asses' milk and Chiclana snake-broth; our heretical friend, who lacked the true *Fe*, just touched the diseased part with caustic. When this application was reported at the next *Junta*, the *Medicos* all crossed themselves with horror and amazement, which was increased when the patient recovered in a week.

The trade of a druggist is anything but free; none may open a *Botica* without a strict examination and licence: of course this is to be had for money. None may sell any potent medicine, except according to the prescription of some *local* medical man; everything is a monopoly. The commonest drugs are often either wanting or grossly adulterated, but, as in their arsenals and larders, no dispenser will admit such destitution; *hay de todo*, swears he, and gallantly makes up the prescription simply by substituting other ingredients; and as the correct ones nine times out of ten are harmless, no great injury is sustained; if, by chance, the patient dies, the doctor and the disease bear the blame. Perhaps the old Iberian custom was the safest; the sick were exposed outside their doors, and the advice of casual passengers was asked (Strabo, iii. 234), whose prescriptions were quite as likely to answer as images, relics, *bouillon aux vipres*, or milk of almonds or asses:—

“And, doctor, do you really think,  
That asses' milk I ought to drink?  
It cured yourself, I grant is true,  
But then 't was mother's milk to you.”

The poor and more numerous class, especially in the rural districts, seldom use physic—oh fortunati nimium! Like their mules they are rarely ill: they only take to their beds to die. If they do consult any one, it is the barber, the quack, or *curandero*; for there is generally in Spain some charlatan wherever sword, rosary, pen, or lancet is to be wielded. The nostrums, charms, relics, incantations, &c., to which recourse is had, when not mediæval, are pagan. For the spiritual pharmacopeia see S<sup>a</sup>. Engracia's lamp-oil and our remarks

(Zaragoza). The patients cannot always be expected to recover even then, since "*Para todo hay remedio, sino para la muerte.*"—"There is a remedy for everything except death." The transition from surgeons to barbers is easy in Spain; nay, shaving in this land, where whiskers were the type of valour and knighthood, long took the precedence over surgery; and even now, the shops of the Figaros are far more interesting than the hospitals. Here most ludicrous experiments are tried on the teeth and veins of the brave vulgar. The *Tienda de Barbero* is distinguished by a Mambrino's helmet basin, by phlebotomical symbols, and generally a rude painting of bleeding at the foot; huge grinders are hung up, which in a church would be exhibited as relics of St. Christopher; inside is a guitar and prints of bull-fights, while Figaro, the centre of all, is the personification of bustle and gossip. Few Spaniards can shave themselves: it is too mechanical, even supposing their cutlers could make a razor. Like Orientals, they prefer a "razor that is hired" (Isaiah vii. 20). These Figaros shave well, but not silently, the request of the Andaluz Adrian: garrulous by nature and trade, they have their own way in talk; for when a man is in their operating chair, with his jaws lathered, his nose between a finger and thumb, and a sharp blade at his throat, there is not much conversational fair play or reciprocity.

## THE BULL-FIGHT.

As Moorish Andalucia is the head-quarters of the Moorish bull-fight, and the alma mater of *Toreros* for all the Peninsula, no Handbook can be complete without some hints as to what to observe in this, *the sight of Spain par excellence*. The bull-fight, or, to speak correctly, the bull-feast, *Fiesta de Toros*, is decidedly of Moorish origin, and is never mentioned in any authors of antiquity. Bulls were killed in ancient amphitheatres, but the present *modus operandi* is modern. The principle of this spectacle is the exhibition of gallant horsemanship, personal courage, and dexterity with the lance, which constituted the favourite accomplishments of the children of the desert. The early bull-fight differed essentially from the modern: the bull was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *Rejon*, a short projectile spear about four feet long. This, the *pilum* of the Romans, was taken from the original Iberian spear, the *Sparus* of Sil. Ital. (viii. 388), the *Lancea*, an Iberian weapon and word, the *ακοντιον* of Strabo (iii. 247). This spear is seen in the hands of the horsemen of the old Iberian-Romano coinage. To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *Caballero*. This first class of bull-fight is now only given on grand occasions, and is called a royal Festival, or *Fiesta Real*. Philip IV. exhibited such a one on the *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid before our Charles I.; and Ferd. VII. another in 1833, at the ratification of the *Juramento*, the swearing allegiance to Isabel II. (See 'Quar. Rev.,' cxxiv. 395.)

These *Fiestas Reales* form the coronation ceremonial of Spain; the *Caballeros en Plaza* represent our champions. Bulls were killed, but no beef eaten; a banquet was never a thing of no-dinner-giving Iberia. "Nullus in festos dies epularum apparatus." (Justin, xlv. 2.)

The final conquest of the Moors, and the subsequent cessation of the border chivalrous habits of Spaniards, occasioned these dangerous exercises to fall into comparative disuse. The gentle Isabella was so shocked at a bull-fight which she saw at Medina del Campo, that she did her utmost to put them down. The accession of Philip V., which deluged the Peninsula with Frenchmen, proved fatal to this and to many other ancient usages of Spain. The puppies from Paris pronounced the Spanish bulls, and those who baited them, to be brutes

and barbarous. The spectacle, which had withstood the influence of Isabella, and beat the Pope's bulls, bowed before the despotism of fashion. The periwigged courtiers deserted the arena on which the royal eye of Philip V., who only wanted a wife and a mass-book, looked coldly: but the sturdy lower classes, foes to the foreigner and innovation, clung closer to the pastime of their forefathers; by becoming, however, *their* game, instead of *that* of gentlemen, it was stripped of its chivalrous character, and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bull-fighters, as our rings and tournaments of chivalry did into those of ruffian pugilists.

The Spanish bulls have been immemorially famous. Hercules, that renowned cattle-lifter, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon—*Giron*,—the ancestor (*se dice*) of the Duque de Osuna. The best bulls in Andalucia are bred by Cabrera at Utrera, in the identical pastures where Geryon's herds were pastured: they, according to Strabo (iii. 258), were obliged, after fifty days' feeding, to be driven off from fear of bursting from fat. The age of lean kine has succeeded. Notwithstanding that Spaniards assert that their bulls are braver than all other bulls, *because* Spaniards, who were destined to kill and eat them, are braver and hungrier than all other mortal men, they (the bulls) are far inferior in weight and power to those bred and fed by John Bull; albeit, the latter are not so fierce and active, from not being raised in such wild and unenclosed countries. We are not going to describe a bull-fight; the traveller will see it. Our task is to put him in possession of some of the technical rules and terms of art, which will enable him to pass his judgment on the scene as becomes a real amateur, *un aficionado*. This term *aficion* is the true origin of our "fancy."

It is a great mistake to suppose that bull-fights are universal in Spain. They are extremely expensive, costing from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a time; and out of the chief capitals and of Andalucia, they are only got up now and then on great church festivals and holy days of saints and public rejoicings. Nor are all bulls fit for the *plaza*: only the noblest and bravest are selected. The first trial is the *Herradura*, "Ferradura, à ferro," from the branding with hot iron. The one-year-old calf bulls are charged by the *conocidor*, the herdsman, with his *garrocha*, the real Thessalian goad, *οπηγῆς*. Those which flinch are thrown down and converted into oxen. The bulls which pass this "little go" are in due time again tested by being baited with tipped horns. As these *novillos*, *embolados* are only practised on, not killed, this sham fight is despised by the *torero* and *aficionado*, who aspire only to be in at the death, at *toros de muerte*. The sight of the bull-calf is amusing, from the struggle between him and his majesty the mob; nor is there any of the blood and wounds by which strangers are offended at the full-grown fight. Bull-baiting in any shape is irresistible to the lower classes of Spaniards, who disregard injuries done to their bodies, and, what is far worse, to their cloaks. The hostility to the bull grows with the growth of a Spaniard: children play at *toro*, just as ours do at leap-frog; one represents the bull, who is killed *secundum artem*. Few grown-up Spaniards, when on a journey, can pass a bull (or hardly even a cow) without bullying him, by waving their cloaks in the defiance of *el capeo*. As bull-fights cost so much, the smaller towns indulge only in mock-turtle, in the *novillos* and *embolados*. In the mountain towns few bulls, or even oxen, are brought in for slaughter without first being baited through the streets. They are held by a long rope, and are hence called *toros de cuerda*, *galumbo*. Ferd. VII., at the instigation of our friends the Conde de Estrella, and of Don José Manuel de Arjona, founded a taumachian university, a *Bull-ford*, at Seville, near the *matadero*, or slaughter-house, which long had been known by the cant term of *el colegio*. The

inscription over the portal ran thus:—*Fernando VII., Pio, Feliz, Restaurador, para la enseñanza preservadora de la Escuela de Tauromachia*: Ferd. VII., the pious, fortunate, and restored, for the conservative teaching of the Tauromachian School. In fact, bread and bulls, *pan y toros*, the Spanish cry, is but the echo of the Roman *panem et Circenses*. The pupils were taught by retired bull-fighters, the counterpart of the *lanistæ* of antiquity. *Candido* and *Romero* were the first professors: these tauromachian heroes had each in their day killed their hecatombs, and, like the brother-lords Eldon and Stowell, may be said to have fixed the practice and equity of their arenas on principles which never will be upset.

The profits of the bull-fight are usually destined for the support of hospitals, and, certainly, the fevers and the frays subsequent not unfrequently provide more patients than funds. The *Plaza* is usually under the superintendence of a society of noblemen and gentlemen,—*arenæ perpetui comites*. These corporations are called *Maestranzas*, and were instituted in 1562, by Philip II., in the vain hope of improving the breed of Spanish horses and men-at-arms. The king is always the *Hermano mayor*, or elder brother. They were confined to four cities, viz., Ronda, Seville, Granada, and Valencia, to which Zaragoza was added by Ferdinand VII., which was the only reward it ever obtained for its heroic defence against the French. The members, or *maestranteras*, of each city are distinguished by the colour of their uniforms: as they must all be *Hidalgos*, and are entitled to wear a smart costume, the honour is much sought for.

The day appointed for the bull-feast is announced by placards of all colours. We omit to notice their contents, as the traveller will see them on every wall. The first thing is to secure a good place beforehand, by sending for a *Boletín de Sombra*, a shade-ticket. The prices of the seats vary according to position. The great object is to avoid the sun: the best places are on the northern side, which are in the shade. The transit of the sun over the Plaza, the zodiacal progress into Taurus, is decidedly the best calculated astronomical observation in Spain: the line of shadow defined on the arena is marked by a gradation of prices. The names of the different seats and prices are everywhere detailed in the bills of the play, with the names of the combatants and the colours of the different breeds of bulls.

The day before the fight the bulls destined for the spectacle are driven towards the town. The amateurs never fail to ride out to see what the *ganado*, or cattle, is like. The *encierro*, the driving them to the arena, is a service of danger; the bulls are enticed by tame oxen, *cabestros*, into a road which is barricaded on each side, and then driven full speed by the mounted *concoidores* into the *Plaza*. It is an exciting, peculiar, and picturesque spectacle; and the poor who cannot afford to go to the bull-fight risk their lives and cloaks in order to get the front places, and best chance of a stray poke *en passant*.

The next afternoon all the world crowds to the *Plaza de toros*. Nothing can exceed the gaiety and sparkle of a Spanish public going, eager and full-dressed, to the *fight*. They could not move faster were they running away from a real one. All the streets or open spaces near the outside of the arena are a spectacle. The merry mob is everything. Their excitement under a burning sun, and their thirst for the blood of bulls, is fearful. There is no sacrifice, no denial which they will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight. It is the birdlime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul. The men go in all their best costume and *majo*-finery: the distinguished ladies wear on these occasions white lace mantillas, and when heated, look, as Adrian said, like sausages wrapt up in white paper; a fan, *abanico*, is quite necessary, as it was among the Romans (Mart. xiv. 28). They are sold outside for a trifle, are made of rude paper, and stuck into a handle of common

reed. Fine ladies and gentlemen go into the boxes, but the real sporting men, *los aficionados*, prefer the pit, the *tendido*, or *los andamios*, the lower range, in order, by being nearer, that they may not lose the nice traits of *tauromaquia*.

The *real thing* is to sit across the opening of the *toril*, which gives an occasion to show a good leg and embroidered gaiter. The *plaza* has a language to itself, a dialect peculiar to the *ring*. The president sits in a centre box. The *despejo*, or clearing out the populace, precedes his arrival. The proceedings open with the procession of the performers, the mounted spearmen, *picadores*, then the *chulos*, the attendants on foot, who wear their silk cloaks, *capas de durancillo*, in a peculiar manner, with the arms projecting in front; then follow the slayers, the *matadores*, and the mule team, *el tiro*, which is destined to carry off the slain. The profession of bull-fighter is very low caste in Spain, although its heroes, like our blackguard boxers, are much courted by some young nobles and all the lower classes. Those who chance to be killed on the spot are denied the burial rites of Christians, as dying without confession; but a clergyman is always in waiting with a consecrated host, *su magestad*, in case there may be time to administer the sacrament before death. As the *toreros* spring from the dregs of the people, they are eminently superstitious; they cover their breasts with relics, amulets, and papal charms. When the stated hour has arrived and the president has taken his seat, the games open: first, all the actors advance, arrayed in their gorgeous *majo* costume, and attended by *alguaciles* in the ancient dress. The sports being legally authorised, the trumpet now sounds; the president throws the key of the *toril*, the cell of the bull, to the *alguacil*, who ought to catch it in his hat. The door opens and the bull comes out; the three *picadores* are drawn up, one behind the other, to the right at the *tablas*, or the barrier between the arena and spectators. They wear the broad-brimmed Thessalian hat; their legs are cased with iron and leather; and the right one, which is presented to the bull, is the best protected. This grievance is *espinillera*—the fancy call it *la mona*—the scientific name is *Gregoriana*, from the inventor, Don Gregorio Gallo—just as we say a Spencer, from the noble Earl. The spear, *garrocha*, is defensive rather than offensive; the blade, *la pua*, ought not to exceed one inch; the sheathing is, however, pushed back when the *picador* anticipates a charging bull. They know them better than Lavater or Spurzheim. Such a bull is called butcherous, *carnicer*, from rushing home, and again one charge more; *siempre llegando y con recargo*. None but a brave bull will face this *garrocha*, which they remember from their youth. Those who shrink from the rod, *castigo*, are scientifically termed *blandos*, *parados*, *temerosos*, *recelosos*, *tardes á partir*, *huyendose de la suerte*, *tardes á las varas*. When the bull charges, the *picador*, holding the lance under his right arm, pushes to the right, and turns his horse to the left; the bull, if turned, passes on to the next *picador*. This is called *recibir*, to receive the point—*recibió dos puyazos, tomó tres varas*. If a bull is turned at the first charge, he seldom comes up well again—*teme el castigo*. A bold bull sometimes is cold and shy at first, but grows warmer by being punished—*poco prometia á su salida, bravo pero reparoncillo, salió frio, pero creció en las varas*; ducit opes animumque ferro. Those who are very active—*alegres, ligeros, con muchas piernas*: those who paw the ground—*que arañan, escarban la tierra*—are not much esteemed; they are hooted by the populace, and execrated as *blandos*, *cabras*, goats, *becerritos*, little calves, *vacas*, cows, which is no compliment to a bull; and, moreover, are soundly beaten as they pass near the *tablas*, by forests of sticks. The stick of the elegant *majo*, when going to the bull-fight, is *sui generis*. It is called *la chivata*; it is between four and five feet long, is taper, and terminates in a lump or knob, while the top is forked, into which the thumb is inserted. This *chivata* is peeled, like the rod of Laban, in alternate



rings, black and white or red. The lower classes content themselves with a common shillelah; one with a knob at the end is preferred, as administering a more impressive whack. Their stick is called *porro* (see p. 154), i. e. heavy, lumbering. While a slow bull is beaten and abused, nor is his mother's reputation spared, a murderous bull, *duro chocante carnicer y pegajoso*, who kills horses, upsets men, and clears the *plaza*, is deservedly a universal favourite; "*Viva toro! viva toro! bravo toro!*" resounds on all sides. The nomenclature of praise or blame is defined with the nicety of phrenology: the most delicate shades of character are distinguished; life, it is said, is too short to learn fox-hunting, let alone bull-fighting and its lingo. Suffice it to remark that *claro*, *bravo*, and *boyante* are highly complimentary. *Seco carnudo pegajoso* imply ugly customers: there are, however, always certain newspapers which give fancy reports of each feat. The language embodies the richest portions of Andalusian salt. The horses destined for the *plaza* are those which in England would be sent to the more merciful knacker: their being of no value renders the contractors, who have an eye only to what a thing is worth, indifferent to their sufferings. If you remark how cruel it is to let that poor horse struggle in death's agonies, they will say, "*Ah que! no vale nã,*" Oh! he's worth nothing. This is one blot of the bull-fight: no Englishman or lover of the noble horse can witness his tortures without disgust; their being worth nothing in a money point of view increases the danger of the rider; it renders them slow, difficult to manage, and very unlike those of the ancient combats, when the finest steeds were chosen, quick as lightning, turning at touch, and escaping the deadly rush: the eyes of these poor animals, who will not face the bull, are often bound with a handkerchief like criminals about to be executed; thus they await blindfold the fatal gore which is to end their life of misery. The *picadores* are subject to severe falls: few have a sound rib left. The bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin; and when the victims fall on the ground, exhausts his rage on his prostrate enemies, till lured away by the glittering cloaks of the *chulos*, who come to the assistance of the fallen *picador*. These horsemen show marvellous skill in managing to get their horses between them and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is peopled with heads. Every expression of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight is stamped on their speaking countenances. These feelings are wrought up to a pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, the crimson streams of blood streaking his foam and sweat-whitened body, flies from the infuriated bull, still pursuing, still goring; then is displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the undismayed *picador*. It is, in truth, a piteous, nay, disgusting sight to see the poor dying horses treading out their entrails, yet, devoted to the death, saving their riders unhurt; the miserable horse, when dead, is dragged out, leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as the river-beds of the arid plains of Barbary are marked by the crimson fringe of the flowering oleanders. A universal sympathy is shown for the horseman in these awful moments; the men shout, and the women scream—this soon subsides. The *picador*, if wounded, is carried out and forgotten—*los muertos y idos, no tienen amigos*, the dead and absent have no friends,—a new combatant fills the gap, the battle rages, he is not missed, fresh incidents arise, and no time is left for regret or reflection. We remember at Granada seeing a *matador* gored by a bull; he was carried away for dead, and his place immediately taken by his son, as coolly as if he were succeeding to his estate and title. The bull bears on his neck a ribbon, *la devisa*; this is the trophy which is most acceptable to the *querida* of a *buen torero*. The bull is the hero of the scene, yet, like Milton's Satan, he is fore-

doomed and without reprieve. Nothing can save him from a certain fate, which awaits all, whether brave or cowardly. The poor creatures sometimes endeavour in vain to escape. They have favourite retreats in the *plaza*, *su querencia*; or they leap over the barrier, *barrera*, into the *tendido* among the spectators. The bull which shows this craven turn—*un tunante cobarde picaro*—is not deemed worthy of the noble death of the sword. The cry of dogs, *perros, perros*, is raised. He is baited, pulled down, and stabbed in the spine. The spectacle is divided into three acts: the first is performed by the *picadores* on horseback; at the signal of the president, and sound of a trumpet, the second act commences with the *chulos*. This word signifies, in the Arabic, a lad, a merryman, as at Astley's. Their duty is to draw off the bull from the *picador* when endangered, which they do with their coloured cloaks; their address and agility are surprising, they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, scarcely touching the earth. They are dressed, *á lo majo*, in short breeches, and without gaiters, just as Figaro is in the opera of the '*Barbieri de Sevilla*.' Their hair is tied into a knot behind, *moño*, and enclosed in the once universal silk net, the *retecilla*—the identical *reticulum*—of which so many instances are seen on ancient Etruscan vases. No bull-fighter ever arrives at the top of his profession without first excelling as an apprentice, *chulo*; then they are taught how to entice the bull to them, *llamar al toro*, and learn his mode of attack, and how to parry it. The most dangerous moment is when these *chulos* venture out into the middle of the *plaza*, and are followed by the bull to the barrier. There is a small ledge, on which they place their foot and vault over; or a narrow slit in the boarding, through which they slip. Their escapes are marvellous; they seem really sometimes, so close is the run, to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns. The *chulos*, in the second act, are the sole performers; their part is to place small barbed darts, *banderillas*, which are ornamented with cut paper of different colours, on each side of the neck of the bull. The *banderilleros* go right up to him, holding the arrows at the shaft, and pointing the barbs at the bull; just when the animal stoops to toss them, they dart them into his neck and slip aside. The service appears to be more dangerous than it is; it requires a quick eye, a light hand and foot. The barbs should be placed exactly on each side—a pretty pair, a good match—*buenos pares*. Sometimes these arrows are provided with crackers, which, by means of a detonating powder, explode the moment they are affixed in the neck, *banderillas de fuego*. The fire, the smell of roasted flesh, mingled with blood, faintly recall to many a dark scowling priest the superior attractions of his former amphitheatre, the *auto de fe*. The last trumpet now sounds, the arena is cleared, the *matador*, the executioner, the man of death, stands before his victim alone; on entering, he addresses the president, and throws his *montera*, his cap, to the ground. In his right hand he holds a long straight Toledan blade, *la espada*; in his left he waves the *muleta*, the red flag, the *engaño*, the lure, which ought not (so Romero laid down in our hearing) to be so large as the standard of a religious brotherhood, or *cofradia*, nor so small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief, *pañuelito de señorita*; it should be about a yard square. The colour is red, because that best irritates the bull and conceals blood. There is always a spare *matador*, in case of accidents, which may happen in the best regulated bull-fights; he is called *media espada*, or *sobresaliente*. The *matador*, *el diestro* (in olden books), advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him—*citarlo á la suerte, á la jurisdiccion del engaño*—to subpoena him, to get his head into chancery, as our ring would say; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the *muleta*, and then prepares for the *coup de grâce*. There are several sorts of bulls: *levantados*, the

bold and rushing; *parados*, the slow and sly; *aplomados*, the heavy and cowardly. The bold are the easiest to kill; they rush, shutting their eyes, right on to the lure or flag. The worst of all are the sly bulls; when they are *marafios y de sentido*, cunning and not running straight, when they are *revellotos*, *cuando ganan terreno y rematen en el bulto*, when they stop in their charge, and run at the man, instead of the flag, they are most dangerous. The *matador* who is long killing his bull, or shows a white feather, is insulted by the jeers of the impatient populace. There are many *suertes*, or ways of killing the bull; the principal is *la suerte de frente, o la veronica*—the *matador* receives the charge on his sword, *to mató de un recibido*. The *volapie*, or half-volley, is beautiful, but dangerous; the *matador* takes him by advancing, *corriendoselo*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art; the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade—*buen estoque*. In nothing is the real fancy so fastidious as in the exact nicety of the placing this death-wound; when the thrust is true, death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror. It is the triumph of knowledge over brute force; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life falls in an instant, still for ever. The gay team of mules now enter, glittering with flags, and tinkling with bells; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace. The *matador* wipes his sword, and bows to the spectators, who throw their hats into the arena, a compliment which he returns by throwing them back again (they are generally “shocking bad” ones); when Spain was rich, a golden, or at least a silver, shower was rained down—those ages are past.

When a bull will not run at all at the *picador*, or at the *muleta*, he is called a *toro abanto*, and the *media luna*, the half-moon, is called for; this is the cruel ancient Oriental mode of houghing the cattle (Joshua xi. 6). The instrument is still the old Iberian bident, or a sharp steel crescent placed on a long pole. The cowardly blow is given from behind; and when the poor beast is crippled, an assistant, with the “*cachetero*,” “*puntilla*,” or pointed dagger, pierces the spinal marrow. This is the usual method of slaughtering cattle in Spain. To perform all these vile operations, *el desjarretar*, is considered beneath the dignity of the *matador*; some, however, will kill the bull by plunging the point of their sword in the vertebræ—the danger gives dignity to the difficult feat, which is termed *el descabellar*.

The Spaniards are very tender on the subject of the cruelty or barbarity of this Moorish spectacle, which foreigners, who abuse it the most, are always the most eager to attend. It will form such a topic of discussion, that the traveller may as well know something of the much that may be said on both sides of the question. Mankind has never been over-considerate in regarding the feelings or sufferings of animals, when influenced by the spirit of *sporting*. This rules in the arena. In England, no sympathy is shown for *game*—fish, flesh, or fowl. They are preserved to be destroyed, to afford *sport*, the end of which is death; the amusement is the *playing* the salmon, the *fine run*, as the prolongation of animal torture is termed in the tender vocabulary of the chase. At all events, in Spain horses and bulls are killed, and not left to die the lingering death of the poor wounded hare in countless *battues*. Mr. Windham protested “against looking too microscopically into bull-baits or ladies’ faces.” We must pause before we condemn the bull in Spain, and wink at the fox at Melton. As far as the loss of human life is concerned, more aldermen are killed indirectly by turtles, than Spaniards are directly by bulls. The bull-fighters deserve no pity; they are the heroes of low life, and are well paid—*volenti non fit injuria*. In order to judge of the moral effect of the bull-fight, we must remember that we come coldly and at once into the scene, without the preparatory freemasonry

of previous associations. We are horrified by details to which the Spaniards have become as familiar as hospital nurses, whose finer sympathetic emotions of pity are deadened by repetition.

A most difficult thing it is to change long-established usages, customs with which we are familiar from our early days, and which come down to us connected with many interesting associations and fond remembrances. We are slow to suspect any evil or harm in such practices; we dislike to look the evidence of facts in the face, and shrink from a conclusion which would require of us the abandonment of a recreation which we have long regarded as innocent, and in which we, as well as our parents before us, have not scrupled to indulge. Children, *L'age sans pitié*, do not speculate on cruelty, whether in birds'-nesting or bull-baiting. They connect with this sight their first notions of reward for good conduct, finery, and holidays, where amusements are few; they return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious, as before; their kindly social feelings are unimpaired. And where is the filial, parental, and fraternal tie more affectionately cherished than in Spain? The *Plaza* is patronized by royalty, and is sanctified and attended by the clergy; it is conducted with great show and ceremony, and never is disgraced by the blackguardism of our disreputable boxing-matches. The one is honoured by authority, the other is discountenanced. How many things are purely conventional; no words can describe the horror felt by Asiatics at our preserving the blood of slaughtered animals (Deut. xii. 16; Wilkinson, ii. 375). The sight of our bleeding shambles appears ten times more disgusting to them than the battle-wounds of the bull-fight. Foreigners have no right to argue that the effects produced on Spaniards are exactly those which are produced on themselves, or which they imagine would be produced on their readers. This is not either logical or true; and those who contend that the Spaniards are cruel because they are bull-fighters—*post hoc et propter hoc*—forget that, from the unvaried testimony of all ages, they have never valued their own or the lives of others. *Fair play*, which at least redeems our ring, is never seen in the bull-fight, nor in their other fights or friendships. True Orientals, the *Toreros* scout the very idea of throwing away a chance,—“*dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*” The bull-fight is rather an effect than a cause. The Spanish have always been *guerrilleros*; and to such, a cruel mimic game of death and cunning must be extremely congenial. From long habit they either see not, or are not offended by those painful and bloody details, which the most distress the unaccustomed stranger, while, on the other hand, they perceive a thousand novelties in incidents which, to untutored eyes, appear the same thing over and over again, as Pliny complained (*Ep.* ix. 6); but the more the toresque intellect is cultivated the greater the capacity for tauro-machian enjoyment; then alone can all minute beauties, delicate shades, be appreciated in the character and conduct of the combatants, biped and quadruped. It is impossible to deny that the *coup d'oeil* is magnificent of the gay costume and flashing eyes of the assembled thousands; and strange indeed is the charm of this novel out-of-door spectacle, *à l'antique*, under no canopy save the blue heavens; we turn away our eyes during moments of painful details, which are lost in the poetical ferocity of the whole. The interest of the awful tragedy is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing. The display of manly courage, nerve, and agility, and all on the very verge of death, is most exciting. These are features in a bold bull and accomplished combatants which carry all before them; but for one good bull, how many are the bad. Those whose fate it has been, like ourselves, to see 99 bulls killed in one week, and as many more at different places and times, will have experienced in succession the feelings of admiration, pity, and *bore*. Spanish women, against whom every puny scribbler darts his petty

*banderilla*, are relieved from the latter infliction, by the never-flagging, ever-sustained interest, in being admired. They have no abstract nor Pasiphaic predilections, no *crudelis amor tauri*; they were taken to the bull-fight before they knew their alphabet, or what love was. Nor have we heard that it has ever rendered them particularly cruel, save and except some of the elderly ill-favoured and tougher lower-classed females. The younger and the more tender scream and are dreadfully affected in all real moments of danger, in spite of their long familiarity. Their grand object, after all, is not to see the bull, but to be seen themselves, and their dress. The better classes generally interpose their fans at the most painful incidents, and certainly show no want of sensibility. The women of the many, as a body, behave quite as respectably as those of other countries do at executions, or other dreadful scenes, where they crowd with their babies, yearning after strange excitement. The case with English ladies is far different. They have heard the bull-fight not praised, but condemned, from their childhood: they see it for the first time when grown up, when curiosity is their leading feeling, and an indistinct idea of a pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of the precise nature of which they are ignorant, from not liking to talk on the subject. The first sight delights them: as the bloody tragedy proceeds, they get frightened, disgusted, and disappointed. Few are able to sit out more than one course, *corrida*, and fewer ever re-enter the amphitheatre.

“The heart that is soonest awake to the flower  
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn.”

Probably a Spanish woman, if she could be placed in precisely the same condition, would not act very differently; test her, by way of trial, at an English boxing-match.

Thus much for *practical* tauromachia; those who wish to go deeper into its philosophy are referred to ‘*La Carta historica sobre el Origen y Progresos de las Fiestas de Toros*,’ Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin, Mad. 1777; ‘*Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear; por un Aficionado*,’ Mad. 1804. This was written by an amateur named Gomez; but Jose Delgado (*Pepe Illo*) furnished the materials. It contains thirty engravings, which represent all the implements, costumes, and different operations; ‘*La Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*,’ Mad. 1827; ‘*Elogio de las Corridas de Toros*,’ Manuel Martinez Rueda, Mad. 1831; ‘*Pan y Toros*,’ Gaspar Mechior de Jovellanos, Mad. 1820; and the recent work by Montes, the *Pepe Illo* of his day—the joy, glory, and boast of Spain; and nothing since the recent *Ilustracion*, or march of intellect, and the civilization of constitutional changes, has progressed more than the bull-fight. Churches and convents have been demolished, but, by way of compensation, amphitheatres have been erected; but now the battlement comes down and the dung-heap rises up—*Bajan los adarves y alzan los muladares*. The antiquity of the bull-fight has been worked out in the ‘*Quarterly Review*,’ cxxiv. 4.

#### SPANISH THEATRE.

The theatre, dances, and songs of Spain form an important item in the means of a stranger passing his evenings. This stage was the model of that of Europe, which borrowed not only the plays, but the arrangement of the house, from the Peninsula; and Spain is still the land of the *Fandango*, the *Bolero*, and the guitar.

The Spanish drama rose under the patronage of the pleasure-loving Philip IV. It is now at a low ebb; few towns, except the largest, can afford the expense of maintaining a theatre; the times, moreover, have recently been too serious for men to seek for amusement in fictitious tragedy. In Spain actors long were

vagabonds by Act of Parliament, and not allowed to prefix even the title of *Don* before their names. This was a remnant of the opposition of the clergy to a profession which interfered with their monopoly of providing melo-dramas and spectacles to the public; the actor was excluded from decent society when alive, and refused Christian burial when dead. For Lope de Vega, and the origin and decline of the Spanish stage, consult 'Quart. Rev.,' cxvii. 4; '*Tratado del Histrionismo*,' Pellicer, Mad. 1804; '*Origen del Teatro Español*,' M. Garcia, Mad. 1802; and '*Origenes del Teatro Español*,' Moratin, Mad. 1830.

The standard plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon have given way to translations from the French; thus Spain, as in many other things, is now reduced to borrow from the very nation whose Corneilles she first instructed, those very articles which she once taught. The *Sainete* or Farce is admirably performed by the Spaniards, for few people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour than all classes in the Peninsula, from the sober, sedate Castilian, to the gay, frivolous Andalusian. In acting these farces, the performers cease to be actors; it appears to be only a part and parcel of their daily life; they fail in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mouth-ing and French gesticulation. The Spanish theatres, those of Madrid not excepted, are small, badly lighted, and meagerly supplied with scenery and properties.

The first Spanish playhouses were merely open court-yards, *corrales*, after the classical fashion of Thespis. They were then covered with an awning, and the court was divided into different parts; the yard, the *patio*, became the *pit*, into which women were never admitted. The rich sat at the windows of the houses round the court, whence these boxes were called *ventanas*; and as almost all Spanish windows are defended by iron gratings, *rejas*, the French took their term *loge grillée* for a private box. In the centre of the house, above the pit, was a sort of large lower gallery, which is still called *la tertulia*, a name given in those times to the quarter chosen by the *los Tertulianos*, the erudite, among whom at that period it was the fashion to quote *Tertulian*. The women, excluded from the pit, have a place reserved for themselves, into which no males are allowed to enter; this is a peculiarity in Spanish theatres; this feminine preserve is termed *La Cazueta*—the pipkin or *olla*, from the hodgepotch or mixture therein congregated; it was also called "*la jaula de las mugeres*," the women's cage. They all go there, as to church, dressed in black, and with mantillas. This dark assemblage of sable tresses, raven hair, and blacker eyes, looks at the first glance like the gallery of a nunnery; that is, however, a simile of dissimilitude, for, let there be but a moment's pause in the business of the play, then arises such a cooing and cawing in this rookery of turtle-doves, such an ogling, such a flutter of mantillas, such a rustling of silks, such telegraphic working of fans, such an electrical communication with the pittites below, who look up with wistful, foxite glances, on the dark clustering vineyard so tantalizingly placed above their reach, as dispel all ideas of seclusion, sorrow, or mortification. The boxes, *palcos*, are, for the most part, let out by the season; however, one is generally to be obtained by sending in the morning. Good music, whether harmonious or scientific, vocal or instrumental, is seldom heard in Spain, notwithstanding the eternal strumming that is going on there. Even the masses, as performed in their cathedrals, from the introduction of the pianoforte and the violin, have very little impressive or devotional character; there is sometimes an attempt at an Italian opera in Madrid, which here and there is feebly imitated in Seville or the larger maritime cities. The Spaniards are musical enough, and have always been so in their own way, which is Oriental, and most unlike the melody of Italy or Germany. In the same manner, although they have danced to their rude songs from time immemorial, they are merely saltatory, and have no idea of the

grace and elegance of the French ballet; the moment they attempt it they become ridiculous, which they never are when natural, and take, in their jumpings and chirpings, after the grasshopper; they have a natural genius for the *bota* and *bolero*. The great charm of the Spanish theatres is their own national dance—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable, and only to be performed by Andalucians—the *bolero*. This is *la salsa de la comedia*, the essence, the cream, the *sauce piquante* of the night's entertainments; it is attempted to be described in every book of travels—for who can describe sound or motion?—it must be seen. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous—it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of countless women—on n'écoute que le ballet. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the *Majo* and *Maja*, invented for the dance—the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent, form-designing *saya* heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter a serpentine flexibility. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into life. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their upraised arms. *C'est le pantomime d'amour*. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden; who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment, and grow into the earth. It carries all before it. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. Away, then, with the studied grace of the French danseuse, beautiful but artificial, cold and selfish as is the flicker of her love, compared to the real impassioned abandon of the daughters of the South. There is nothing indecent in this dance; no one is tired or the worse for it. “Un ballet ne saurait être trop long, pourvu que la morale soit bonne, et la métaphysique bien entendue,” says Molière. The jealous Toledan clergy once wished to put the *Bolero* down, on the pretence of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to “give a view” to the court: when they began, the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering.—Verdict, for the defendants with costs; *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

The *Bolero* is not of the remote antiquity which many, confounding it with the well-known and improper dances of the Gaditanas, have imagined. The dances of Spain have undergone many changes in style and name since the times of the Philips. Pellicer (*Don Quixote*, i. 156) enumerates the licentious *chacóna*, *el quiriquirigay* and other varieties of the *zarabanda*—a term which, derived, it is said, from the name of a courtesan, became our saraband. The *bolero* is more modern; according to Blanco White, the name is derived from that of a Murcian Vestris who invented it, exactly as the Roman *Bolero*, the *Bathylus*, was so called from its inventor: some derive it from the flying step, *que bolava*; the sauces, however, of Soubise and Béchamel owe their names not to intrinsic flavour, but to the renowned maréchal and marquis who ate them, like our Sandwich, so the learned French Abbé de Bos thought that *saltatio* did not come from *saltare*, but from an Arcadian dancing-master named Salius, who gave lessons to the Romans; be this as it may, *sandango* is considered to be an Indian word.

Covarrubias, in his 'Tesoro,' pronounces the *zarabanda* to be the remnant of the ancient dances of Gadès, which delighted the Romans, and scandalized the fathers of the church, who compared them, and perhaps justly, to the capering performed by the daughter of Herodias. They were prohibited by Theodosius, because, according to St. Chrysostom, at such balls the devil never wanted a partner. The well-known statue at Naples called the *Venere Callipige* is the undoubted representation of a Cadiz dancing-girl, probably of Telethusa herself (see Martial, vi. 71, and 'Ep. ad Priap.' 18; Pet. Arbitr., Var.<sup>m</sup>. Ed. 1669). In the Museo Borbonico (Stanza iii. 503) is an Etruscan vase representing a supper-scene, in which a female dances in this precise attitude. She also appears in the paintings in the tomb at Cumæ, where the persons applaud exactly as they do now, especially at the pause, the *bien parado*, which is the signal of clappings and cries—*mas puede! mas puede! dejala, que se cansa*. The performers thus encouraged continue in violent action, until nature is all but exhausted: meanwhile the spectators beat time with their hands in measured cadence, almost making it an accompaniment to the dance: a most primitive Oriental custom (Wilk. ii. 329; Herod. ii. 60). Aniseed, brandy, &c., is then handed about, and the balls often end in broken heads, which are called *merienda de gitanos*, "gipsy's fare."

These most ancient dances, in spite of all prohibitions, have come down unchanged from the remotest antiquity; their character is completely Oriental, and analogous to the *ghowazee* of the Egyptians and the Hindoo *nautch*. They existed among the ancient Egyptians as they do still among the moderns. (Compare Wilkinson, ii. 330, with Lane, ii. 98.) They are entirely different from the *bolero* or *fandango*, and are never performed except by the lowest classes of gipsies; those curious to see an exhibition which delighted Martial, Petronius, Horace, and other ancients, may manage to have a *funcion* got up at Seville. This is the *romalis* in gipsy language, and the *ole* in Spanish; the *χειρονομια*, *brazeo*, or balancing action of the hands,—the *λακτισμα*, the *zapateado*, *los taconeos*, the beating with the feet,—the *crissatura*, *meneo*, the tambourines and castanets, *Batica*, *crusmata*, *crotola*,—the language and excitement of the spectators,—tally in the minutest points with the prurient descriptions of the ancients, which have been elucidated so learnedly by Scaliger, Burmann, the Canon Salazar ('*Grandezas de Cadiz*,' iv. 3), and the Dean Marti (Peyron, i. 246). These Gaditanian dances, which our good friend Huber pronounces "die Poesie der Wollust," are more marked by energy than by grace, and the legs have not more to do than the body, hips, and arms. (Mart. iii. 63. 6.) The sight of this unchanged pastime of antiquity, which excites the Spaniards to frenzy, will rather disgust an English spectator, possibly from some national mal-organization, for, as Molière says, "l'Angleterre a produit des grands hommes dans les sciences et les beaux arts, mais pas un grand danseur, allez lire l'histoire." However indecent these gipsy dances may be, yet the performers are inviolably chaste, and as far as the *Busné* guests are concerned, may be compared to iced punch at a rout; young girls go through them before the applauding eyes of their parents and brothers, who would resent to the death any attempt on their sister's virtue, and were she in any weak moment to give way to a *busné*, or one not a gipsy, and forfeit *lacha ye trupos*, or her unblemished corporeal chastity, the all and everything of their moral code, her own kindred would be the first to kill her without pity. Borrow, in his 7th chapter, enters into some curious and most accurate details, which confirm everything we heard in Spain.

The dances of other Spaniards in private life are much the same as in other parts of Europe, nor is either sex particularly distinguished by grace in this