

at the first great town at which they arrive, for unless they are dressed like the rest of the world, they will everywhere be stared at, and be pestered by beggars, who particularly attack strangers.

Black from time immemorial has been the favourite, the national colour, *μελανειμονες ἀπαντες το πλειον εν σαγοις* (Strabo, iii. 233). This male *sagum* is the type of the modern *sayo* or *basquiña*, the outer petticoat, feminine, which is always black, and is put over the indoor dress on going out. The Greeks translated the Tyrian phrase "*Bewitching of naughtiness*" by the term *βασκανια*. Black, the colour of etiquette and ceremony, is the only one in which women are allowed to enter churches. Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards *seem* wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being the garb of the bereaved, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, instead of associations of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers, even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church, conveys to the stranger newly arrived in Spain the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming, that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, and more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent-street than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, grace of manner and expression, and still more, as in the case of a carp or *Raie au beurre noir*, in the *dressing*; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that many of its votaries are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies. Faithless to true *Españolismo*, they sacrifice on the altar of *La mode de Paris* even attraction itself. The *Cocos*, or cottons of Manchester, are superseding the *Alepines*, or bombazeens of Valencia, as the blinkers and bonnets of the Boulevards are eclipsing the *Mantillas*.

The Mantilla is the aboriginal female head-gear. Iberia, in the early coins, those picture-books of antiquity, is represented as a veiled woman; the *καλυπτρα μελαινη* was supported by a sort of cock's-comb, *κοραξ*, and the partial concealment of the features was thought even in those days to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 164). Thus Poppæa, according to Tacitus, managed her veil *quia sic decebat*. The *cara tupida* or *tapada*, or face so enveloped, was always respected in Spain, and even Messalina shrouded under the mantle of modesty her imperial adulteries. The Gothic *mantum* so called, says S^t. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 24), *quia manus tegat tantum*, was made of a thickish cloth, as it was among the Carthaginians (see the Mantilia of Dido, *Æn.* iv. 705), whence the Moorish name *Mantil*. The Mantilla, an elegant diminutive of the *Manto*, is now made of silk or lace; formerly it was substituted by the coarse petticoat among the lower classes, who, like Sancho Panza's wife, turned them over their heads from pure motives of economy. In fact, as in the East, the head and face of the female were seats of honour, and never to be exposed; accordingly, by a decree of Philip IV., a woman's *mantilla*

could not be seized for debt, not even in case of the crown. From being the essential article of female gear, the *manto* has become a generic term, and has given its name to our milliners, who are called *mantuamakers*.

There are three kinds of *mantillas*, and no lady can properly do without a complete set: first the *white*, used on grand occasions, birth-days, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays, and is composed of fine blonde or lace embroidery; yet it is not becoming to Spanish women, whose sallow olive complexion cannot stand the contrast, so that Adrian compared one thus dressed to a sausage wrapt up in white paper. The second is black, made of *raso* or *alepin*, satin or bombazeen, often edged with velvet, and finished off with deep lace fringe. The third, used on ordinary occasions, and by the *Fancy*, and called *Mantilla de tira*, has no lace, but is made of black silk with a broad band of velvet. This, the veil of the *Maja*, the *Gitana*, peculiarly becomes their eye of diamond and their locks of jet. The Mantilla used to be suspended on a high comb, *peineta*, and then crossed over the bosom, which is, moreover, concealed by a *pañuelo*, or handkerchief. These are the "hoods and ushers" of Hudibras, and without them, unless the house was on fire, no woman formerly would go out into the streets, and indeed when thus enveloped nothing can be more decent than the whole upper woman; *matronæ præter faciem nil cernere posses*. The smallest display of the neck, &c., or *patriotismo*, is thought over-liberal and improper, and one of the great secrets of a Spanish woman's attraction is, that most of her charms are hidden.

The *Mantilla* is kept in its proper place by the fan, *abanico*, which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it, the *manejo*, like her: it is the index of her soul, the telegraph of her chameleon feelings, her signal to the initiated, which they understand for good or evil as the wagging of a dog's tail. She can express with her dumb fan more than Paganini could with his fiddlestick. A handbook might be written to explain the code of signals. Remember not to purchase any of the old Rococo fans which will be offered for sale at Cadiz and Seville as Spanish, being however all made in France; the prices asked are exorbitant, for which foolish English collectors may thank themselves. There are more and better of these fans to be had in Wardour-street than in all Andalucia, and for a quarter of the money.

The *Mantilla*, properly speaking, ought not to be worn with curls, *rizos*, recently introduced by some French perruquiers; these are utterly unsuited to the melancholy pensive character of the Spanish female face when in repose, and particularly to her Moorish eyes, which never passed the Pyrenees; indeed, first-rate amateurs pronounce the real *ojos arabes*, like the palm-tree, to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalucia; they are very full, and repose on a liquid somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape.

The Spanish hair is the glory of the sex; herein, like Samson's, is the secret of her strength, for, if Pope be infallible, "Her beauty draws us by a single hair"—Sancho Panza says more than a hundred oxen. It is very black, thick, and often coarser than a courser's tail, especially with the lower classes; nourished by copious *larding*, and undwarfed

by caps, it grows like the "bush," and occasionally becomes the well-stocked preserve of *caça menor*, which afford constant sport and occupation to most picturesque groups *à la Murillo*.

The hair of the better classes is attended to with the greatest care, and is simply braided *à la Madonna* over a high forehead. The Iberian ladies, reports Strabo (iii. 248), were very proud of the size of this palace of thought, and carefully picked out the *προκομια*, the superfluous items, to increase its dimensions. The Andaluza places a real flower, generally a rose or a red pink, among her raven locks; the children continue to let long Carthaginian plaited *Trensa* hang down their backs. There are two particular curls which deserve serious attention: they are circular and flat, and are fastened with white of egg to the side of each cheek: they are called *Patillas* or *Picardias*, Rogueries—*Caracoles de Amor*—the French *accroches cœur*, "springes to catch woodcocks." These are Oriental. Some female mummies have been discovered with their *patillas* perfectly preserved and gummied on after 3000 years: the ruling passion strong in death (Wilk. ii. 370). The Spanish she-Goths were equally particular. Sⁿ. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 31) describes some curls, *ancie*, with a tact which becomes rather the *Barbieri de Sevilla* than its archbishop. When an Andaluça turns out with her hair dressed in its best, she is capable, like Roxalana, of upsetting empires, *trastornar el mundo*.

Thus much for our fair readers; one word now on the chief item of male costume in Spain. The cloak, *capa*, is to man what the *saya* and *mantilla* are to woman. The Spaniards represent the *gens togata* of antiquity, and their *capa* is the unchanged *Pænula*, *Τεβερρα*. This emblem of civilization and symbol of Roman influence was introduced into Spain by Sertorius, who, by persuading the natives to adopt the dress, soon led them to become the admirers, then subjects, of Rome—*Cedent arma togæ*. The Andalucians (Strabo, iii. 254) were among the first to follow this foreign fashion. They gloried in their finery like the Germans, not seeing in this *livery*, as Tacitus did, a real badge of the loss of national independence—"Inde habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga, idque apud imperitos, *humanitas* vocabatur, cum pars cervitutis esset." Much the same case is now going on with French bonnets and English coats; the masses of Spaniards have never left off their cloaks and jackets. This jacket, the ancient *χιτων*, *tunica*, *synthesis*, was worn by the Carthaginians (Plaut. *Pan.* v. 2), just as it is now by the Moors. The Spaniards live in jackets, they are the "*tunicatus propellus*" of Europe. Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was chilly, wore as many as Hamlet's gravedigger does waistcoats. Ferdinand VII., the week before his death, who gave a farewell audience to a foreign minister in a jacket, died in harness: like him and Cæsar, Spaniards, when in the bosom of their families, seldom wear any other dress. *O tunicata quies!* exclaims Martial (x. 51); nor can anything ever exceed the comfort of a well-made Zamarra, a word derived from Simúr—*mustela Scythica*. The merit and obvious origin of this sheep-skin costume account for its antiquity and unchanged usage. Sⁿ. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 24) calls it *pallium*, *a pelle*.

The *capa* is cut in a peculiar manner and rounded at the bottom; the circumference of the real and correct thing is seven yards all but three

inches and a half: "*bis ter ulnarum toga*. As cloaks, like coats, are cut according to a man's cloth, a scanty *capa*, like the "*toga arcta*" of Horace, does not indicate affluence or even respectability. St. Isidoro did well to teach his Goths that their *toga* was a *tegendo*, because it concealed the whole man, as it does now, and well, provided it be a good one; *una buena capa, todo tapa*. It covers a multitude of sins, and especially pride and poverty—the twin sisters of Iberia. The ample folds and graceful drapery give breadth and throw an air of stately decency—nay, dignity—over the wearer; it not only conceals tatters and nakedness, but appears to us to invest the pauper with the abstract classicality of an ancient peripatetic philosopher, since we never see this costume of Solons and Cæsars except in the British Museum. A genuine Spaniard would sooner part with his skin than his *capa*; thus when Charles III. wanted to prohibit their use, the people rose in arms, and the Squillacci, or anti-cloak ministry, was turned out. The *capa* fits a Spaniard admirably; it favours habits of inactivity, prevents the over-zealous arms or elbows from doing anything, conceals a knife and rags, and, when muffled around, offers a disguise for intrigues and robbery; *capa y espada* accordingly became the generic term for the profligate comedy which portrayed the age of Philip IV.

The Spanish clergy never appear in public without this *capa*, and the readers of the *Odyssey* need not be reminded of the shifts to which Ulysses was put when "he left his cloak behind." St. Paul was equally anxious about his, when he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy; and Raphael has justly painted him in the cartoon, when preaching at Athens, wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. Nothing can appear more ludicrous to a Spanish eye than the scanty, narrow, capeless, scapegrace cloaks of English cut: the wearer of one will often see the lower classes grinning, without knowing why. They are staring at his cloak, its shape, and way of putting it on. When a stranger thinks that he is perfectly incognito, he is pointed out to the very children, and is the observed of all observers. All this is easily prevented by attention to a few simple rules. No one can conceive the fret and petty continual worry to which a stranger is exposed both from beggars and the *impertinente curioso* tribe by being always found out; it embitters every step he takes, mars all privacy, and keeps up a continual petty fever and ill-humour.

A wise man will therefore get his cloak made in Spain, and by a Spanish tailor, and the more like that most generally worn the better. He may choose it of blue colour, and let the broad hem or stripe be lined with black velvet; red or fancy colours and silks are *muy charro*, gaudy and in bad taste: *he must never omit a cape—dengue esclavina*, whence our old term slaveyn. A *capa* without a cape is like a cat without a tail. As the clerical *capa* is always black, and distinguished from the lay one by its *not* having a cape. Whenever an Englishman comes out with a blue cloak and no cape, it appears quite as ludicrous to Spanish eyes as to see a gentleman in a sack or in a *red cassock*. It is applying a form of *cut* peculiar only to clergymen to *colours* which are only worn by laymen. Having got a correct *capa*, the next and not less important step is to know how to wear it; the antique is the

true model ; either the *capa* is allowed to hang simply down from the shoulders, or it is folded in the *embozo*, or *á lo majo* : the *embozar* consists in taking up the right front fold and throwing it over the left shoulder, thus muffling up the mouth, while the end of the fold hangs half way down the back behind : it is difficult to do this neatly, although all Spaniards can ; for they have been practising nothing else from the age of breeches, as they assume the toga almost when they leave off petticoats. No force is required ; it is done by a knack, a sleight of hand : the cloak is jerked over the shoulder, which is gently raised to meet and catch it ; this is the precise form of the ancients, the *αναβαλλεσθαι* of Athenæus (i. 18). The Goths wore it in the same manner (Sⁿ. Isidoro, *Or.* xix. 24). When the *embozo* is arranged, two fingers of the right hand are sometimes brought up to the mouth and protrude beyond the fold : they serve either to hold a cigar or to telegraph a passing friend. It must be remembered by foreigners that, as among the ancient Romans (Suet. in *Claud.* vi.), it is not considered respectful to remain *embozado* on ceremonious occasions. Uncloaking is equivalent to taking off the hat ; Spaniards always uncloak when *Su Majestad*, the host or the king, passes by, the lower orders uncloak when speaking to a superior : *whenever the traveller sees one not do that with him, let him be on his guard*. Spaniards, when attending a funeral service in a church, do not rend, but leave their cloaks at home behind them : the etiquette of mourning is to go without their *capa*. As this renders them more miserable than fish out of water, the manes of the deceased must necessarily be gratified by the sincerity of the sorrow of his surviving and shivering friend.

The *majo* fashion of the wearing the cloak, is that which is adopted by the *chulos* when they walk in procession around the arena, before the bull-fight commences. It is managed thus : take the right front fold, and whip it rapidly under the left elbow, pressing down at the same time the left elbow to catch it ; a sort of deep bosom, the ancient *umbo*, *sinus*, is thus formed, and the arms are left at liberty. The celebrated *Aristides* at Naples is cloaked somewhat in this fashion. *We strongly advise the newly arrived traveller to get his tailor or some Spaniard just to give him a few lessons how to perform these various evolutions ; without this he will never pass in a crowd. If he puts his cloak on awkwardly he will be thought a quiz, which is no element of success in society. Everybody knows that Cicero adopted the cause of Pompey in preference to that of Cæsar—because he concluded, from the unintellectual manner in which the future dictator wore his cloak, that he never could turn out to be a great man. Cæsar improved as he grew older, when nothing fidgeted him more than any person's disturbing the peace of his sinus* (Suet. 82, and see the note of Pitiscus) ; and, like the Egyptian ladies' curls, the ruling passion was strong in his death, for he arranged his cloak as his last will and deed. Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas ; no Englishman can pass for a great man in Spain, unless his Spanish valet thinks so when he is cloaked.

The better classes of Spaniards wear the better classes of cloth. The lower continue to cover their aboriginal sheepskin with the aboriginal cloth. The fine wools of Spain—an ancient Merino sold in Strabo's

time for a talent (iii. 213)—produced a corresponding article, inasmuch that these *Hispanæ coccinæ* were the presents which the extravagant Chloe gave her lover (Mart. iv. 27). The poor were contented then, as now, with a thick double cloth, the “*duplex pannus*” of poverty and patience (Hor. 1 *Ep.* xvii. 25), and it was always made from the brown undyed wool; and there are always several black sheep in every Spanish flock, as in all their cortes and juntas. Their undyed wools formed the exact *Lacernæ Bæticiæ* (Martial, xiv. 133), and the best are still made at Grazalema. The cloth, from the brown colour, is called “*pañó pardo*.” This is the mixed red rusty tint for which Spain was renowned—“*ferrugine clarus Iberâ* ;” among the Goths the colour was simply called “Spanish,” just as our word drab, incorrectly used as a colour, was originally taken from the French *drap*, cloth, which happened to be undyed. Drab is not more the livery of our footmen and Quakers, than “brown” is of Spain, whether man or mountain—*gente* or *Sierra Morena*. The Manchegans especially wear nothing but jackets and breeches of this stuff and colour, and well may their king call his royal seat “*el pardo*.” Their metaphors are tintured with it. They call themselves the “browns,” just as we call the Africans the blacks, or modern Minervas the blues: thus they will say of a shrewd peasant—Yorkshire—“*Mas sabe con su grammatica parda* que no el escribano ;” he knows more with his brown grammar than the attorney. The *pañó pardo* is very thick, not only to last longer, but because the cloak is the shield and buckler of quarrelsome people, who wrap it round the left arm. The assassins of Cæsar did the same, when they rushed with their bloody daggers through frightened Rome (App. *B. C.* ii. 503). Cæsar himself, when in danger at the battle of Lerida, did the same thing (*Bell. Civ.* i. 67). The Spaniards in the streets, the moment the sharp click of the opened knife is heard, or their adversary stoops to pick up a stone, whisk their cloaks round their left arms with marvellous and most classical rapidity. Petronius Arbitr (c. 30) describes them to the life—“*Intorto circum brachium pallio composui ad præliandum gradum*.” There is no end to Spanish proverbs on the cloak. They wear it in summer because it keeps out heat; in winter because it keeps out cold. *Por sol que haga, ne dejes tu capa en casa*—the common trick upon a traveller is to steal his cloak. *Del Andalúz guarda tu capuz*. A cloak is equivalent to independence, *debajo mi manto, veo y canto*, I laugh in my sleeve; and, even if torn and tattered, it preserves its virtue like that of San Martin; *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebedor*—there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags.

The Spaniards as a people are remarkably well dressed; the lower orders retain their peculiar and picturesque costume; the better classes imitate the dress of an English gentleman, and come nearer to our ideas of that character than do most other foreigners. Their sedate lofty port gives that repose and quiet which is wanting to our mercurial neighbours. The Spaniard is proud of himself, not vain of his coat; he is cleanly in his person and consistent in his apparel; there is less of the “diamond pins in dirty shirts,” as Walter Scott said of some continental exquisites. Not that the genus dandy, the *Pollo*, does not exist in Spain, but he is an exotic when clad in a coat. The real dandy is

the "*majo*," in his half-Moorish jacket. The elegant, in a long-tailed "*fraje*," is a bad copy of a bad imitation—a London cockney, filtered through a Boulevard badaud. These harmless animals, these exquisite vegetables, are called *lechuginos*, which signifies both a sucking pig and a small lettuce. The Andalusian dandies were in the war called *paquetes*, because they used to import the last and correct thing from England by the packet-boat. Such are the changes, the ups and downs, of coats and countries. Now the Spaniards look to us for models, while our ancestors thought nothing came up

"To the refined traveller from Spain,
A man in all the world's *new* fashions planted!"

The variety of costumes which appear on the Spanish public *alamedas* renders the scene far gayer than that of our dull uniform walks; the loss of the parti-coloured monks will be long felt to the artist. The gentlemen in their *capas* mingle with the ladies in their *mantillas*. The white-kilted Valencian contrasts with the velveteen glittering Andalusian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer: all meet on perfect equality, as in church, and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety. Few Spaniards ever walk arm-in-arm, and still less do a Spanish lady and gentleman—scarcely even those whom the holy church has made one. There is no denial to which all classes and sexes of Spaniards will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. This formed one of the most marked characteristics of the Iberians, who, in order to display magnificence on their backs, pinched their bellies. The ancient Deipnosophists (Athen. ii. 6; Strabo, iii. 232), who preferred living their ribs with good capons, rather than their cloaks with ermine, wondered at the shifts and starvation endured by poor gentlemen in order to strut about in rich clothes, and forms one of the leading subjects of wit in all their picaresque novels: "silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," says poor Richard. Spaniards, even the wealthy, only really dress when they go out, and when they come home return to a dishabille which amounts to dowdiness. Those who are less affluent carefully put by their out-of-door costume, which consequently, as in the East, lasts for many years, and forms one reason, among many others, why mere fashions change so little: another reason why all Spaniards in public are so well dressed is, that, unless they can appear as they think they ought, they do not go out at all. In the far-spread poverty many families remain at home during the whole day, thus retiring and presenting the smallest mark for evil fortune to peck at. They scarcely stir out for weeks and months; adversity produces a keener impatience of dishonour than was felt in better days, a more morbid susceptibility, an increased anxiety to withdraw from those places and that society where a former equality can no longer be maintained. The recluses steal out at early dawn to the *missa de madrugada*, the daybreak mass, which is expressly celebrated for the consolation of all who must labour for their bread, all who get up early and lie down late, and that palest and leanest form of poverty, which is ready to work but findeth none to employ. When the sad congregation have offered up their petition for relief, they

return to cheerless homes, to brood in concealment over their fallen fortunes. At dusky nightfall they again creep, bat-like, out to breathe the air of heaven, and meditate on new schemes for hiding the morrow's distress.

XXV.—HINTS ON CONDUCT—DRESS—CREED—VISITING—MODES OF ADDRESS, &c.

In conclusion and recapitulation, a few hints may be useful to the stranger in Spain as to conduct. The observance of a few rules in a country where "manners maketh man" will render the traveller's path one of peace and pleasantness. First and foremost, never forget that the Spaniard is of a very high caste, and a gentleman by innate aristocracy; proud as Lucifer and combustible as his matches, he is punctilious and touchy on the point of honour; make therefore the first advances, or at least meet him a little more than half way; treat him, be his class what it may, as a *Caballero*, a gentleman, and an old and well-born Christian one, *Cristiano viejo y rancio*, and therefore as your equal. When his self-esteem and personal sensitiveness are thus once conciliated, he is quick to return the compliment, and to pay every deference to the judicious stranger by whom he is put in his proper place; all attempt to bully and browbeat is loss of time, as this stiff-necked, obstinate people may be turned by the straw of courtesy, but are not to be driven by a rod of iron, still less if wielded by a foreigner, to despise whom is the essence of nationality or *Españolismo*. It need scarcely be said, in a land so imbued with Orientalisms, that the greatest respect is to be paid to the fair sex for its own sake, whatever be woman's age, condition, or appearance—nor will love's labour be lost. On landing at Calais, the sooner Mayfair is wiped out of the tablets of memory the better, nor can any one, once in Spain, too constantly remember to forget England. How few there, or indeed any where on the Continent, sympathise with our wants and habits, or understand our love of truth and cold water; our simple manly tastes; our contempt for outward show compared to real comfort; our love of exercise, adventure, and alternate quiet, and of all that can only be learnt at our public schools. Your foreigner has no Winchester or Eton.

Civil words and keeping out of mischief's way are everywhere the best defence. Never grudge wearing out a hat or two by touching it or taking it off; this is hoisting the signal of truce, peace, and good will; the sensitive Spaniard stiffens when hats are not off, and bristles up like a porcupine against the suspicion of a *desaire*. Be especially polite to officials, from the odious custom-house upwards; it is no use kicking against the powers that be; if you ruffle them they can worry you, by a relentless doing their duty: these nuisances are better palliated by honey than vinegar; and many of the detentions and difficulties of our unwise travellers are provoked by uncourteous demeanor, and growlings in a tongue as unknown to the natives as the Englishman was to Portia—"He understands not me, nor I him." Dismiss the nonsense of robbers from your head, avoiding, however, all indiscreet exhibition of tempting baits, or chattering about your plans and movements. By common preparation mere footpads are baffled: to attempt resistance against an organised band is sheer folly: do not

mix yourself with Spanish politics or civil wars — leave them to exterminate each other to their liking, like Kilkenny cats. Avoid logomachies, or trying to convince the natives against their will ; it is arguing against a north-east wind, and a sheer loss of time, too ; for, in a fine, indolent climate, where there is little to do—no liberty of press or circulating libraries—the otiose twaddlers spin Castilian nonsense by the yard. Mind your own business, and avoid things that do not concern you, taking especial care not to intermeddle.

In the large towns the costume of an English gentleman is the best ; avoid all semi-bandit, fancy-ball extravagances in dress ; hoist, indeed, British colours there as everywhere. Thin cashmere or *cubica* is far preferable to cloth, which is intolerable in the hot weather. Pay daily visits to Figaro, and carefully eschew the Brutus beards, and generally, everything which might lead the bulk of Spaniards to do you the grievous injury of mistaking your native country. A *capa* or cloak used to be absolutely essential, and is so out of Madrid, *paletots* notwithstanding : and how much in appearance and in health have those Spaniards lost, who, like the Turks, ape the externals of foreign civilization ; how skimpy and pigmy and common-place they look stripped of their ample folds : let your cloak be of plain blue colour, faced with black velvet. Remember to get it made in Spain, or it will not be cut full enough to be able to be worn as the natives do : take particular care that it has a cape, *dengue*, *esclavina*, unless you wish to be an object of universal attention and ridicule ; and mind to let your tailor give you a few lessons how to put it on like a Spaniard, and to show you the different modes of muffling up the face, a precaution necessary in the Castiles, where the cold airs, if inhaled, bring on sudden and dangerous *pulmonia*. This artificial *respirator* keeps out both the assassin breath of cold, and the salitrose dust. No English-made *capa* can be properly *embozada*, that is, have its right fold thrown over the mouth and left shoulder, descending neatly half-way down the back. Our cloaks are much too scanty, *no tienen bastante vuelo*. In the conduct of cloaks, remember, when you meet any one, being yourself *embozado* or muffled up, to remove the folds before you address him, as not to do so is a great incivility : again, when strangers continue to speak to you thus cloaked, and as it were disguised, be on your guard.

Take great care, when actually travelling, to get the passport *refrendado y corriente* in time, and to secure long beforehand places in the public conveyance. Carry the least possible luggage you can, never forgetting that none is so heavy and useless in Spain as preconceived prejudices and conventional foregone conclusions, although of genuine London or Paris manufacture. When you arrive at the place of your destination, if you wish to do or see anything out of the common way, call on the *jefe politico*, or *comandante de armas*, or chief authority, to state frankly your object, and request his permission. For travelling, especially on riding tours and in all out-of-the-way districts, adopt the national costume of the road ; to wit, the peaked hat, *Sombrero gacho*, *calañes*, the jacket of fur, the *Zamarra*, or the one of cloth, the *Marselles* ; the grand object is to pass incog. in the crowd, or if noticed, to be taken for a native. You will thus avoid

being the observed of all observers, and a thousand other petty annoyances which destroy privacy and ruffle temper. You may possibly thus escape the beggars, which are the plague of Spain, and have a knack of finding out a stranger, and of worrying and bleeding him as effectually as the mosquitos. The regular form of uncharitable rejection is as follows:—*Perdone V. (Usted) por Dios, Hermano?*—My brother, will you excuse me, for God's sake? If this request be gravely said, the mendicant gives up hope of coppers. Any other answer except this specific one, only encourages importunity, as the beggars either do not believe in the reality of the refusal, or see at once that you are *not* a Spaniard, and therefore never leave off, until in despair you give them hush-money to silence their whine, thus bribing them to relieve you from the pleasure of their company.

Ladies will do well to adopt the national and most becoming *mantilla*, although in large towns the hideous bonnet is creeping in. They must also remember that females are not admitted into churches except in veils; black also used to be the correct colour for dress. Spanish women generally seat themselves on the pavement when at prayers; it is against all ecclesiastical propriety for a lady and gentleman, even man and wife, to walk about arm in arm in a church. Spaniards, on passing the high altar, always bow; beware of talking during mass, when the ringing of a little bell indicates the elevation of the Host, and the actual presence of the incarnate Deity. It is usual to take off hats and kneel when the consecrated wafer is carried by in the streets; and those Protestants who object, should get out of the way, and not offend the weaker brethren by a rude contempt of their most impressive ceremonial.

Protestants should observe some reserve in questions of creed, and never play tricks with the faith or the eye; *con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlare*. There is no sort of religious toleration in Spain, where their belief is called *la Fe*, and is thought to be *the* faith, and the only true one. You may smile, as Spaniards do, at a corpulent canon, and criticise what he practises, but take care to respect what he preaches. You will often be asked if you are a Christian, meaning a Roman Catholic; the best answer is, *Cristiano, si, Romano Catolico, no*. Distributors of Protestant tracts will labour in vain, and find that to try to convert a Spaniard is but waste of time. The influence of the Voltaire school with the propagandism of revolution and atheism, has sapped much, both of the loyalty and religion, of the old Castilian; but however the cause of the Vatican may be injured, that of Protestantism is little advanced: for there is no *via media*, no Bible in Spain; Deism and infidelity are the only alternatives, and they are on the increase. The English are thought to have no faith at all,—to believe neither in the Pope or Mahomet, but in gold and cotton alone; nor is this to be wondered at in Spain, where they have no ostensible religion; no churches or churchyards; no Sundays or service, except as a rare chance at a seaport in some consul's parlour. Being rich, however, and strong, they escape the contumely poured out in Spain on poor and weak heretics, and their cash is respected as eminently catholic.

Conform, as nearly as you can, to the hours and habits of the natives, get up early, which is usual throughout Spain; dine or rest in the middle of the day, for when everybody is either at table or the *siesta*, it is no use

to be running about sight-seeing when you are the only person awake. *On all occasions pay with both hands*; most locks in Spain are to be picked with a silver key, and almost every difficulty is smoothed by a properly administered bribe, and how small an additional per centage on the general expenditure of a tour through Spain is added by such trifling outlays! Never therefore, cross the Pyrenees to wage a *guerrilla* warfare about shillings and half-crowns. N.B. Have always plenty of small silver coins, for which great is the amount of peace, good will, and having your own way, to be purchased in Spain, where *backshish*, as in the East, is the universal infallible “open *sesamé*” and most unanswerable argument. A Spanish proverb judiciously introduced always gives pleasure, nor need you ever fear offering your cigar case, *petaca*, to any Spaniard, still less if your tobacco be of the legitimate Havana; for next to *pesetas*, rank cigars, as popular instruments of waxing in the favour of Iberian man, and making him your obedient servant.

When on a riding journey, *attend to the provend*; take a *mosquitero* or musquito net, and some *solution of ammonia*, the best antidote to their stings; avoid all resistance to robbers when overmatched; keep your plans and movements secret; never rub your eyes except with your elbows, *los ojos con los codos*, but use hot water to them frequently, or a lotion of calomel and rose-water; never exercise them in prying about barracks, arsenals, and citadels, and still less in sketching anything connected with military and national defences, which are after all generally but beggarly shows of empty boxes.

Letters of *Introduction* are desirable. In cities, where a lengthened stay is contemplated, their utility is obvious. They may be procured and taken on tours and excursions, but need not always be presented. Of service in cases of difficulties, they involve otherwise much loss of precious time in visits and in formal intercourse with strangers, whom one never saw before and may never meet again; and for your life avoid being carried off from the *posada* to a hospitable native's house, if freedom and taking “ease in mine own inn” have any charms.

In choice of lodgings, especially in winter, secure upper floors which have a *southern* aspect. The sun is the fire-place of Spain, and where his vivifying rays enter, the doctor goes out; and, dear reader, if you value your life, avoid the sangrados of Spain, who wield the shears of the fatal sisters. Fly also from the *brasero*, the pan of heated charcoal, the parent of headache and asphixia; trust rather to additional clothing than to charcoal, especially to flannel; keep your feet warm and the head cool, by avoiding exposure to midday sun and midnight bottle: above all things, carry not the gastronomics of the cold north into the hot south. Live as the natives do, consuming little meat and less wine; sleep the midday siesta as they do, and avoid rash exposure to the delicious cool night breezes. Sleep high, avoiding the ground floor, as the poisonous Malaras of fine climates creep on earth, and more so by night when they are condensed, than by day; throw physic to the dogs, avoiding constipation and trusting to diet and quiet; a blue or a rhubarb dinner pill generally will suffice. Cod liver oil may as well be taken out by consumptive travellers, as it is dear, indifferent, and rare in Spain.

Next to the Spanish bandit and doctors, with whom your purse or life are in danger, avoid investments in Spanish insecurities. Nothing

a "shop-keeper nation" justly dislikes more than a fraudulent bankrupt or a stock exchange repudiator: it is safer to buy our Three per Cent Reduced at 100, than Spanish Five per Cents. at 35.

When you have letters of introduction to any Spaniards, both ladies and gentlemen should be very particular in being well dressed on the first visit of etiquette: black is the correct colour of ceremony. Call yourself with your credentials. Ladies should come in a carriage, as *venido en coche* is a mark of respect. If the parties called upon be out, leave your credentials and card, writing on the corner of the latter E. P., which means *en persona*. When you ring at the door, probably an unseen person will exclaim, "*Quien es?*" "Who's there?" The correct countersign is, "*Gente de paz,*" "Persons of peace." As the first visit is always formal, observe how you are treated, and practise the same behaviour exactly when the call is returned. You will be conducted to the best room, the *sala de estrado*, and then led up to the sofa, and placed on the right hand. Very great care will be paid, or in our time used to be paid, to your hat—type of grandeeship—which a well-bred Spaniard seizes and seats on a chair as if it were a person: be careful to pay this compliment always to your visiting friend's beaver. When you get up to take leave, if of a lady, you should say, "*A los pies de V. (usted), Señora,*" "My lady, I place myself at your feet;" to which she will reply, "*Beso á V. la mano, Caballero,*" "I kiss your hand, Sir Knight:" "*Vaya V. con Dios, que V. lo pase bien,*" "May you depart with God, and continue well;" to which you must reply, "*Quede V. con Dios y la Virgen,*" "May you remain with God and the Virgin." Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive male visitors; they welcome female ones with kisses both at coming and going. A gentleman must beware how he offers to shake a Spanish lady's hand, as it is never done, except when the hand is offered for better or worse; it disarranges her mantilla; nor should he give her his arm when out walking. On leaving a Spaniard's house, observe if he thus addresses you, "*Esta casa está muy á la disposicion de V. cuando guste favorecerla,*" "This house is entirely at your disposal, whenever you please to favour it." Once thus invited, you become a friend of the family, *uno de nosotros, de la familia*. If the compliment be omitted, it is clear that the owner never wishes to see you again, and is equivalent to an affront. When a lady makes a visit, a well-bred host hands her down stairs to the door of her carriage, taking her by the hand; but properly no pressure is admissible, although such things have occurred. Remember always to pay a visit of ceremony to your male and female friends on their birthdays, or *el día de su santo*, and to attend to your costume and put on your best black: on New Year's day bring some small gift with you, as an *estrella*. If, when you call, are admitted, and a Spanish lady happens to be alone, you should not shut the door, as according to the laws of all social propriety it must be left open, or at least ajar. In walking with a Spaniard, if you wish to show him respect, take care to let him be inside of the two, *tu comes exterior*: the same nicety of relative position should be observed in seating him on a sofa or in a carriage. A well-bred man always when he meets a lady makes way for her, passing outside; although the strict rule in street-walking, which, from their narrowness and the nice point of honour of touchy passengers, has been well defined,

is that whoever has the wall on his or her right hand is entitled to keep it.

On passing soldiers on duty, remember that the challenge of a Spanish sentry is "*Quien vive?*" The answer is "*España.*" Then follows "*Que gente?*" The answer is "*Paisano.*" The sooner and clearer strangers answer the better, as silence rouses suspicion; and in Spain a shot often precedes any explanation.

When you meet your Spanish friends, stop, uncloak, uncover, and attend carefully to the whole process of greetings in the market-place. These things are not done there in our curt and off-hand How are you? way. You must inquire after the gentleman's own health, that of his wife (*como está mi Señora la esposa de V.*), his children, et cetera, and then you will be thought to be a *hombre tan formal y cumplido como nosotros*, that is, as well-bred as a Spaniard. If when walking with a Spaniard you pass your own house, do not fail to ask him whether he will not step in and untire himself a little, "*No quiere V. entrar en esta su casa, y descansar un ratito?*" You beg him to come into *his*, not your house, for thus you offer it to him.

This offering obtains throughout. If a Spaniard admire anything belonging to another, his friend instantly places it at his disposal, *está muy á la disposicion de V.* The proper reply is a bow, and some sort of speech like this: *Gracias, está muy bien empleado*, or *Gracias, no puede mejorarse de dueño*. Thanks, it is already in excellent hands; it cannot better its master by any change. In like manner, and especially when outside cities, if any Spaniards pass by when you are lunching, picnicking, or eating, never fail to invite them to share your meal, by saying, *Gusten ustedes comer?* will your graces be pleased to dine? To omit this invitation is a flagrant breach of the laws of hospitality; nor is it always a mere compliment on their part, for every class of Spaniard is flattered if you will partake of their fare. However, it is safer to decline with the set speech, *Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga á ustedes*. Never at all events, in this or on other occasions, omit these titular compliments. Phrases and forms of address are exponents of national character, and how superb is the pomp and circumstance of these swelling semi-Orientals; here every beggar addresses a brother mendicant as *Señor*, *Don*, and *Caballero*, as a lord or knight. As all are peers, all are "*Vuestra Merced*," "Your Grace," which, when not expressed in words, is understood and implied by the very grammar, as the mode of addressing in the third person, instead of in our curt second "you," has reference to an implied title. In towns there is scarcely any dinner society, and luckily; nor is such an invitation the usual compliment paid to a stranger, as with us. Spaniards, however, although they seldom *bid* a foreigner, will accept *his* bidding. It is necessary, however, to "press them greatly;" for the correct national custom is to decline. Remember also to apply a gentle violence to your guest, to induce him to eat, and if you are dining with him, let your stomach stretch a point; for unless you over-eat yourself, he will fancy that you do not like his fare. He will assuredly heap up your mess most profusely, for, as in the East, where dinners are scarce, quantity is the delicate mark of attention. It was in our time by no means unusual for strangers, after eating ices or taking coffee at a public café, to find, when they went to pay, that the bill had already been discharged by

some unknown Spaniard. Accordingly, if you see friends of yours thus refreshing themselves, pretty ladies for instance with whom you wish to stand well, you may privately tell the waiter that you will be answerable for their account. It is very easy afterwards, when you meet with your fair friends, to let them infer who was their unknown benefactor. It was sometimes rather dangerous to accompany an extravagant *Andaluza* out shopping, *á las tiendas*, as a well-bred man of the old Spanish school was bound never to allow her to pay for anything. This custom, however, has got somewhat obsolete since the French invasion, good money and manners having become considerably scarcer in consequence of that visitation.

All Spaniards, however, are still prodigal to each other in cheap names and titles of honour; thus even beggars address each other as *Señor y Caballero*, Lord and Knight. The most coveted style is *Excelencia*, your Excellency, or, as it is pronounced, *Vuesencia*, and it only belongs to grandees and men in highest office. The next is *Vuestra Señoría*, your Lordship, of which the abbreviated form is *Usia*; this belongs to *titulos de Castilla*, to men who are titled, but not grandees. It is, however, very seldom used, except by the lower classes, who, when they want to toady an Englishman, will often say, *Por vida del demonio mas sabe Usia que nosotros*—by the devil's life, your Lordship knows more than we do; which, if a traveller has this Handbook, is very likely to be the fact, as the natives generally know nothing. The common form of You is *Usted*; *vuestra merced*, your grace. It is generally written simply *V.*, or in older books *V^{md}*. If you do not know a Spaniard's Christian name, it is well-bred to insert the *de*, the German *Von*. Thus *Señor de Muñoz* is the appellation of a gentleman; *Señor Muñoz* that of a nobody. When the Christian name is used with the title *Don* (*Dominus*, Lord), this *Don* becomes exactly equivalent to our knightly Sir, and never must be prefixed to the patronymic by itself. Thus you must say *Don Hernando Muñoz*, and not *Don Muñoz*, which sounds as ridiculous and ignorant to Spanish ears as Sir Peel does to ours.

Spaniards, when intimate, generally call each other by their Christian names, and a stranger may live among them and be known to all the town as "*Don Ricardo*," without half a dozen persons in it being aware of what his patronymic is. The custom of *tutear*—the endearing *tutoyer*, unusual in England except among quakers, is very prevalent among familiar friends, and is habitual among grandees, who consider each other as relatives, *primos*, cousins.

The forms of letter-writing differ also from ours. 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 interin S. S. S. [su seguro servidor]* *Q. S. M. B. [que su mano besa]*. This represents our "your most obedient and humble servant;" a more friendly form is "*Mande V^{md}. con toda franqueza á ese S. S. S. y amigo afmo. Q. S. M. B.*" When a lady is in the case, *P [pies]* is substituted for *M*, as the gentleman