

would profoundly scorn so antediluvian an equipage, yet here the *orgullo* of its tenants "is rank and smells to heaven," so entirely are we the creatures of position, and so content to shine by comparison. A coach is a coach, be it ever so crazy, and perhaps a wheelbarrow at the antipodes would be faultless rank and fashion. Do not enter the noble classes of Spain, if you would not cease to admire the national character, and, like Washington Irving in the Peninsula, "have the illusions of a life dispelled." *Ay, ay, pardiez!* perhaps your blue-blooded grandee is descended from aboriginal *hidalguia*, and Father Adam himself was an *hidalgo*. *Fú, fú!* give that bone to another dog. By the relics of my father and the dust of my mother, by the age of all my forefathers, your grandee may be a very great *hidalgo*, but he cannot wall in all Spain!

In my excursions through these wild rural districts, I fell in once with the same *Titiritéro* or mountebank-showman whom I met at the Triana dance in Seville,—an extremely diverting character, from whose conversation and antics I derived so much amusement that I should not be doing justice either to him or to my readers were I to tack him to the tail of a chapter.

CHAPTER II.

EL TITIRITÉRO—UNIVERSALITY OF SMOKING—MODE OF
LIVING—THE APPLIER OF LEECHES.

THE popular name of my friend the Titiritéro was José Nabo, or Joe Turnip, and his life had been marked by strange vicissitudes. Now the sole proprietor of a booth, and now obliged to run for his life; now candle-snuffer; now the stock tragedian of a barn; now a showman on a smaller scale; and now hired as a clown for "the chance of the hat." José was everything by turns, and nothing long. He had travelled from Navarre to La Mancha with a nomad company of Volatineros, or rope-dancers and tumblers, as the *bufon*, or facetious man of the establishment. Like Liston, or the pretty milk-maid in the song, "his face was his fortune." His goggle eyes were capable of realising the perpetual motion; his nose was like red-tipped dough, which he could twist into any shape, and leave so for the day; and his mouth was so singularly convolved that it laughed in spite of him, and extended from ear to ear the wide domain of merriment. "A laugh," he would say, "is better than a breakfast."

"Hay tantos bajos 'nesta vida,
Es mejor reirse á carcajadas."

"This life's so full of pitfalls curst,
'Tis best to laugh out till we burst!"

So José Nabo made an accomplished *gracioso*, arriving, without any process of ratiocination, at the same conclusion as Abdera's philosopher, and laughing through the long comedy of life with a zest that would have delighted Democritus.

José's brain-pan was a rare repertory of old saws and proverbial sayings, which he rattled out at times with a singular felicity. Thus, when he saw a strapping young *majo* with a blooming maiden by his side, in the whispering familiarity of approaching wedlock, José would slyly say, as he tumbled up to them,

“Antes que cases, vea lo que haces !”

“Before that you marry, a thoughtful year tarry.”

Sometimes he would promise to array himself in full dress for the purpose of duly paying his court to his friends, the public, and would presently make his appearance in nothing but a shirt; a shirt, however, twelve yards long, with a piece of white bone sticking out of his mouth, which he declared to be an ass's tooth fastened in his jaw by the court dentist, to supply the place of a tooth he lost in his last exertions to be funny! “*Mas vale un diente que un diamante.*” “A tooth is better than a diamond!” Talkativeness and giggling he called ways of young asses, and obstinacy and cunning, tricks of old mules. Wherever he heard a wordy squabble, where noisy assertion took the place of argument, he would exclaim:—

“Vanms al grano

Que de paja y de polvo

Ya estamos hartos.”

“Now come to the grain, if there's grain in your store,

For with straw and dust crammed, my poor throat's getting sore !”

José had a box of very primitive simplicity of construction, to which, with a resistless leer, he invited my particular attention. The showman's invitation was certainly enticing; it was no less than to obtain a peep through a hole three quarters of an inch in diameter, at the sublime spectacle of the Last Judgment. I thought it might be a rude copy of Michael Angelo's picture; it was a very different thing. In curious illustration of the mocking spirit of the Spanish populace, and of the smack of irreverence which they contrive to associate with religious practices, it was a burlesque upon the terrible *Dies Iræ*, and a caricature upon the assemblage of resuscitated humanity.

He who showed it was a bold man, but he who painted it was a bolder. *El Titiritéro* announced it thus:—"There is nothing to be alarmed at, *hermanos mios*,* since, *hermanos*, we all are pickaninnies, from the Duke to the drab, of Adam and Eve, who were the moving cause of what we call this world. The final judgment, which is to follow the ending of the same, has not yet been verified, and *El Titiritéro* seeks merely to assist your imaginations for the better reprov-
ing of your sins, and to furnish you with a programme of the spectacle for the better understanding of your parts and places, in the grand drama of the Resurrection of the Flesh:—

" Y será cosa de ver,
No saber de nadie el nombre
Y ver en cueros al hombre,
Y en cueros á la muger."

* Brethren—a quiz upon the style of preachers."

“ A thing it will be to see !
 Of none shall we know the name,
 The men in their pelts will be,
 And the women will be the same !”

“ Now, tell me, *ustedes*, while you step forward to see this wonderful thing, isn't it true that Juan and his better-half, in the dresses they wore when they were born, will cut a brilliant figure? It will make all the world die of laughter, and thus there will be an end of the General Judgment.”

I shall not treat my readers to a peep inside the box, which I am not profane enough to describe, and have recorded José's verbal embellishment merely as an illustration of the audacious character of popular Spanish wit. For lack of argument, and in the riot of animal spirits, they do not hesitate here to make merry with their saints and gods. I handed El Titiritero a dollar as his *honorarium*, upon which he kissed with tears of exaggerated loyalty the image of “ the beauty” Ferdinand, rubbing it to the tip of his nose ; pronounced it good, exclaimed to a wandering child, “ *Es una cosa para untar los dientes,*” “ It's a thing to grease a tooth with !” and taking the cigar out of a strange bystander's mouth, coolly smoked it to the butt.

Smoking has become so universal here that it is practised by the gravest characters, and invades the most refined societies. At the first *tertulias* in Seville, in the bosoms of the consular families, and in noble houses of an evening, the *cigarillo* is often lit when tea is done, and very elegant ladies think no more of it than of using a scent-bottle. The *Ayuntamiéntos* all smoke while they are met in their corporate capacity ;

and in the last year's municipal accounts of Cadiz, appears an item of eight hundred reals vellon, or *eight pounds sterling*, for cigars, for one member only of the Provincial Deputation during a journey to Madrid.

The journey is charged at six thousand reals, or sixty pounds, for travelling and hotel expenses; and the item for cigars amounts to one seventh of the entire. Even this, perhaps, is as legitimate as the turtle soup and venison of municipal men in London; yet it is impossible to defend the outlay of a large sum, without the slightest authority, in providing a fine funeral for a deceased member of the Deputation, and the squandering of seven thousand reals, or seventy pounds sterling, out of the sacred municipal funds, upon a portrait of Espartero. But five thousand reals in presents of cigars to the garrison appears even still less justifiable.

This filthy practice, in which Spaniards regularly indulge while seated at dinner, and even in the heat of military skirmishing, led during the last siege of Barcelona to a shocking disaster. A citizen, who had volunteered to serve as an artillery-man upon the wall, was ramming the charge home, when another citizen serving the same gun carelessly dropped the end of his paper-cigar upon the touch-hole. The cannon was instantly discharged, and the man in front of it blown to pieces!

While Espartero was bombarding the Catalan capital, the Ayacuchos of Cadiz carried his portrait in triumphant procession through their streets, and twelve thousand four hundred reals were spent that day out of the municipal funds in wine and cigars for the troops.

The practice of smoking has at last crept into the church, encouraged, perhaps, by the example of the deposed Bishop of Leon, who used to smoke between the courses at Don Carlos's table. Inveterate smokers bring their cigars into the churches, during the long and somewhat theatrical *funcions*, and take an occasional whiff under shelter of their cloaks, the puffs being so distributed as to be barely discernible by those in their immediate neighbourhood.

Last summer I met a small band of political prisoners, marching in the intense heats under a strong escort, their arms tightly pinioned with cords, and bound together two by two. Most of them were military officers. They smoked their *cigarillos* with inimitable coolness, and chatted and laughed with the soldiers who formed their escort, as if they were on a rural party of pleasure. They were to be shot next day.

In the magnificent Café del Turco at Seville, one of the most splendid establishments in Spain, which comprises an extensive hotel with a *café* and billiard and gaming-rooms, and could upon a pinch accommodate an army, the characteristic *insouciance* of Spaniards may be seen in perfection. There is no purer type of the national practice. Here, while I dined in what they gave me as a private room,—an immense gallery open to the whole world,—a *fille-de-chambre* entered as by right and unpapered her curls before a dusty mirror at my elbow, while the *mozo* puffed his *cigarillo* as he waited to change my plate some forty times in the innumerable courses of savoury but unclean viands which constitute a Spanish dinner.

Neither waiter nor housemaid had obtained or sought my permission; and though I coughed at both, the hint was intensely disregarded.

Having detected some dust in my tumbler, and pointed it out to the *mozo*, he quietly rinsed out the glass and flung the contents on the floor! I laughed outright in astonishment, when, with imperturbable gravity, he said that it would lay the dust. "It is needless," I remarked, pointing to a neighbouring table which was white with blowings from the street, "dust is the Spanish table-cloth." This complacent youth let the lighted end of his cigar fall on my white duck trousers, and extinguishing it by throwing water on my leg, exclaimed, "*No es nada*," "That's nothing!" No, indeed; for though smoking is not yet introduced into the *Córtes*, and on the judicial bench, the deputies in a long sitting obtain their darling narcotic, the judges obtain it on the bench and the jury in their box, by chewing their cigars and spitting about on the floor.

The consumption of coffee and chocolate in Spain is enormous. That of tea, on the other hand, is extremely limited. The middle classes, with few exceptions, use it very rarely, and the proper mode of drinking it is even unknown. It is served, for the most part, poured into tumblers, a barbarous profanation of the most glorious of all beverages, and two parts of milk are added to one of tea. The rustic female who threw away the tea-water as waste, and brought the leaves to table buttered, scarcely committed a more horrid sacrilege. The living Goths who profane the sacred liquor should be deluged to death,

with sealed lips, beneath the spouts of a million teapots, and buried under heaps of the leaves! Coffee, too, here, is generally made worse than in most continental countries, (not much better, indeed, than in England,) but the defect belongs to the article itself, which they procure for the most part from their own colony of Puerto Rico. Chocolate is better in Spain than in any other European kingdom. They almost invariably manufacture it mixed with sugar, and spiced with cinnamon, the latter being excluded for the sick and convalescent.

The hams as well as wine of Xerez are famous; the hams of *Mallorca** are more so; but those of the north of Spain are of still more distinguished excellence: indeed, I had much rather predicate this attribute "excellence" of an Asturian boar than of the bulk of Spanish statesmen who claim it as their title. The right of a plump and healthy pig to be addressed as "Vuestra Excelencia" is far more indisputable than that of a Castilian patriot.

The porker munches acorns for the good of the community; the patriot fattens on place for the good of himself. The porker offends no one with his grunting; the patriot grunts so that all the world must hear him. The porker thrusts his snout into the ground for his own behoof alone; the patriot thrusts it into the affairs of other people. The porker's tail is twisted and curly; it is the patriot's conscience that is twisted. The porker has no corruption of the flesh, for he is natural in his habits, and sound—he has no corruption of the scul, for,

* Majorca.

luckily, perhaps, he has none; the patriot's body and the patriot's soul—but let me not push the parallel! Suffice it that I love the Asturian hams, both of bear and swine—the Pyrenean likewise—and, above all, the succulent paws of a Basque bear stewed, which are better in the mouth than round the neck.

The Andalucians, Valencians, and Catalans, get the bulk of their salt fish, of which they use immense quantities, from the coast of Algarve, and Larache; they proceed thither in their stout native vessels to pay for their supplies in dollars to the trafficking Portuguese. The salt fish which they receive is the immense and excellent tunny, and the small and sprat-like sardine. The shores of the Mediterranean are comparatively ill supplied with fish, which prefer the turbid waters of the Atlantic. Before the ports of Spain were closed against us, we supplied her with immense quantities of *bacallao*, or Newfoundland cod.

The *dollar* is called *par éminence* “the hard piece,” “the strong piece,” *peso duro*, *peso fuerte*,—and a lumbering and inconvenient piece it is. The five-franc-piece circulates much more freely here than the dollar, and, indeed, all Spain is deluged with this coin and with the head of Louis-Philippe. A slight advantage in the exchanges accounts for the curious phenomenon that for one Spanish dollar in Spain you meet a hundred French crown-pieces. The latter coin is rather ignorantly termed a “napoleon;” and, to show how history is written, I may remark, that, during the disturbances of last summer, when a sackful

of this useful commodity was seized by Espartero's adherents, from Concha's commissariat, it flew over all Europe that the French were bribing the Spanish army with napoleons, as if the coin had not been in circulation here for many years before.

When Spain, some centuries hence, shall be able to issue a respectable coinage of her own, I would recommend that the bulk of it be in the form of half-dollars, as more commodious both for hand and pocket.

Amidst the variety of characters which I met in my pilgrimage, not the least amusing was one who slept on top of me from Gibraltar to Cadiz;—I mean that he reposed in the steamer in the berth above me. He was a contrabandist on a limited scale, and an applier of leeches at Seville—Señor Sanguijuela, let me call him, and he imported his own supplies of that invaluable reptile illicitly, from Tangier, by way of our possession. He was very communicative, and when I cut him short with a—

“But where the *diablo* are the leeches?”

“Why, look you, Don Fulano!” he replied, unstrapping an enormous handkerchief which was swathed round his waist next the skin. The handkerchief was streaming with water to keep the leeches alive, and had at least two thousand coiled within its folds.

The application of leeches is here a separate profession, and the surgeon or apothecary will not meddle with such things, but refer you to him whose *spécialité* it is. Every town has its two or three *sanguijuela*-shops for the sale of “leeches of the kingdom, of the first quality.” Everything here is “of the kingdom,” even

English cottons and French frippery, for so excessive is the nationality, that the tradesman must lie to court it. My friend Don Sanguijuela proved a very talkative and pleasant person—a second “Barber of Seville;” and it would be well worth your while to lose a pint of blood for the pleasure of a chat with him, and the satisfaction of gorging himself and his suckers. He is singularly eloquent in commending to public esteem the invaluable services of the leech,

“Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Still bears a precious jewel in its *bite*.”

He swears that the black little beast is the saviour of the human race, and that its swill is infinitely better than phlebotomy. Sangrado was not a more eloquent advocate of hot water and bleeding than Sanguijuela of cold cream and biting; and, to make sure of inserting his “serpent’s tooth” in your tumours, contusions, and extravasations, he alone, of all the townspeople, has a dormitory close to his shop, where you may arouse him and his blood-suckers at all hours of the night.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.—SPANISH NAMES.

THE system pursued at the College of St. John the Baptist, in Xerez, may be taken as a fair specimen of the ordinary education provided for the children of the poorer and middle classes in Spain. There is an extensive class of elementary or purely primary education open to the public at large without charge, the expense of maintaining which is provided by the Government; and there is also a superior school, in which the foundations of a liberal, but not a classical education, are extensively laid. In this superior school the pupils pay a part, and the Government the rest. Both are under the superintendence of one patrono, or president.

The elementary school is managed by a moderately well-informed layman; the superior school by a priest, who may be considered well educated, but whose views can scarcely be pronounced either liberal or enlightened. The Government appoints to both these posts.

There is an inspecting and consulting committee, composed of the four principal teachers or professors (so called) of the school, one of whom, Don Diego Gallardo, received and executed a commission from the Spanish government in 1834 to examine into the methods of primary instruction pursued in England and France, and was subsequently superintendent

of the practical normal school at Madrid from 1835 to 1839.

Don José Rincon, the clerical head of the establishment, exercises over it a very complete control, and announces with an amusing *naïveté* in his programme that in his school are taught "the principles of Christian doctrine, religion and politeness," [an odd, but reasonable juxtaposition], "orthology, calography," [these derivatives from the Greek are different from ours, but they are nevertheless correct], "arithmetic, Spanish grammar, geometry, physical sciences, linear drawing, natural history, geography, and history."

There are likewise classes for drawing from nature, and for modern languages; but for these the payments are extra. For the previous long list the charge is two dollars per month, paid quarterly in advance, a requisition rigidly adhered to. This is just five pounds per annum, which, for such a liberal course of instruction, must be confessed to be very moderate. The fault seems to be, that there is rather too much aimed at; but the well-disposed child, of average capacity, can never fail to carry away a foundation, at least, for very respectable attainments. There is a drawback in the want of satisfactory advanced classes. But, to be sure, those who aim at higher things, may repair to the Lyceums and Universities. A general and just outcry has been latterly raised against the irregularity of the government payments to these schools throughout the kingdom.

Private education here is almost entirely in the hands of the clergy, and it is a singular feature that

there is no fixed charge, the prices being wholly conventional and proportioned to the rank and means of a pupil's parents. The circumstances of each particular case are patriarchally considered, and one-fifth of the pupils in the school are usually educated by the good padres gratuitously, being chosen by lot from a number of candidates. This feature belongs exclusively to private education.

The system of instruction provided by the State, considering the anarchical condition of the country, would be creditable if the allotted funds were paid. No district is without its primary school, to which the poor children, if their parents are so disposed, may have ready access. But many of these have latterly been closed through non-payment of salaries. The advantages of education are little prized amongst the humbler classes in the Peninsula. Children are looked upon precisely as young calves, or colts, or donkeys, and the grand object is to get the greatest possible amount of work out of them—when the youngsters are so inclined. In every town of any importance there is also an Institute of secondary instruction.

I may take Sanlucar for an example. Here, in the month of October, the matriculation for the year's course is opened, and a small subscription entitles to attendance upon any of the classes formed. There are classes of Latin, of Greek, and of Philosophy, as well as an elementary course of *cirujanos-sangradores*, or surgeon-phlebotomists—the respectable practising surgeon, as distinguished from the barber-surgeon, and the mere *hernista*, or surgeon-bandager.

The general fault of these national institutions is,

that they proceed too much by form of public lecture, to produce sound results in the education of youthful minds. Lectures are not only a very popular but a satisfactory medium of instruction, when applied to grown persons; but with youths, the information thus communicated too often tends to the flimsy and superficial. Pains-taking and laborious toil with the individual mind appears to be indispensable, and, in imparting classical knowledge, seems especially essential. Effective preliminary instruction in the classics must be had, therefore, in Spain, at unauthorised schools, or by means of private tutors.

The grandiloquence which naturally springs from the Spanish character, is seen very prominently in the new scholastic system. The *ci-devant* "school of the first letters" is now a 'College of Humanities;' and where, a few years back, the *silabario*, or spelling-book, alone was taught, there is superadded an ambitious course of philosophy; while the schoolmaster has exchanged his whimsical but honoured title of "Domine," for the more ambitious appellation of "Catedratico," a more pompous mode than is known in any other country for announcing that he is a Professor.

Of the same character is the display of a female teacher of languages at Cadiz, advertised by herself everywhere as the "Trilingual Profesora," who teaches English, French, and Italian to children desiring to possess those accomplishments, at moderate charges, and will attend those señoritas who may please to require her services, either in private houses, or academies, at whatever hours they may choose to appoint—and at whatever price, might be likewise added.

But I am very far indeed from desiring to ridicule or depreciate the teachers in the Secondary Institutes and Universities, or even in the Primary schools, some of whom do honour to their country, and most are a credit to its literary attainments.

Spaniards have long been reproached for the ostentatious length of their names, and the familiar story where a Castilian hidalgo calling at an English inn at midnight, is refused accommodation on the ground that there are not beds for so many different gentlemen, Boniface and his nightcap being unable to distinguish whether his visitors are one or more in the dark, was fairly applicable to former times.

But if Spain has not been constitutionalized *intus et in cute*, she has at least been modernized and cut down to more rational dimensions; since all are allowed to participate the "Don," a plurality of names is not so much regarded; the British "John Short" school is more in vogue, and a taste is in some sort diffused for republican simplicity and convenience.

But the Portuguese retain to this day the old long-winded nomenclature of the Peninsula, and are subject in this respect to many jokes from their Spanish cousins, as I was a witness in a city of southern Spain, where a Portuguese resided with three daughters, bearing the formidable names of Dona Maria Emilia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques, Dona Sofia Amelia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques, and Dona Carolina Amelia Correa de Vasconcellos de Sousa Vereira Coelho Henriques! They were dueña-ed by a maiden aunt with a name even still more alarming, Dona Eugenia de Aguilar e Almeida Monroy de

Gama Mello e Azambuga de Penalva! I pledge myself that there is not a particle of caricature or exaggeration in any one of these names.

We are accustomed at home to attach notions of nobility to the well-known name of "Don Juan"—a name which Lord Byron and several dramatists have so popularised amongst us, and so identified with aristocratic dissipation, that we look upon it as equivalent to "Lord John," or "Lord Jack." I have now before me a circular, which has been just sent round Seville to some fifty customers, and which may tend to open your eyes:—

"Don Juan Rodriguez, on his return from Paris, where he has been to collect the fashions, announces to his kind friends and patrons that he has removed *his tailoring shop* from the Calle del Sacramento to the Calle de San Miguel; hopes," &c.

The fact is, that the Spaniards, with the diffusion of the "Don," have beat us hollow in the race of "Esquires." Everybody is now-a-days a Don—your tailor, your hosier, your shoemaker—if at all aspiring to fashionable establishments. The actor is announced as a Don in the play-bills, and a mannikin-fiddler is called "Don Jesus!" The captain of every little vessel that plies to the port of Cadiz, is a Don in every superscription of a letter, advertisement, and title of lading; and so is the little ship-broker and custom-house agent. We do not as yet give the "Esquire" to these worthies. How will it be in ten years' time—*quien sabe?*

There has been a great deal of fiddling this autumn in the Teatro del Balon, the second theatre of Cadiz.

Start not, devout reader, the fiddler was *the Infant Jesus!* See in what puzzling predicaments the freedom of Spanish manners involves us. The violinist (only seven years old), was christened, doubtless through a pious intention, after the name of the Redeemer, and the child being extraordinarily gifted, the sacred name thus came to be as commonly spoken of as Paganini or Fanny Ellsler with us. I confess this familiarity very much disgusted me; and though I went to hear the child, I listened to him without much pleasure. His name always rung in my ears, and I thought I should have seen him in the Temple disputing amongst the doctors. Fancy the difference of his fiddling a number of common operatic airs, amid bobbing heads and applauding hands. It was the child's benefit night, and its own and its parents' vanity took full fling. Its hair, which weighed apparently more than its whole body, was curled down to the small of its back; and dressed in the showy costume of a *majo* or Andalucian buck, it fiddled away the overture to Figaro with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. But it was all fiddle or rather kit-music. I could not, for the soul of me, imagine that I heard a violin. Then he played a bolero, then another national dance, the Jota with variations, and lastly he played and danced the fandango himself at one and the same time. Clever, though pretty, as the performance all was, I could have whipped the urchin in consideration of his name, irreverently profaned by such farcical doings. I never felt before how much there is in a name!

The favourite baptismal names of the two sexes all through the Peninsula are "José" and "Maria,"—

an obvious consequence of the universal devotion to the Virgin, which is carried, perhaps, to greater heights here than in any other Catholic country. "Anna," for the same reason, as being the name of the Virgin's mother, is likewise frequent, and even the sacred name of "Jesus" is not uncommon. Men are often christened by a female as well as a male appellation, and there are "José Marias" in tens of thousands.

The system universally practised of calling people by their Christian names only, leads to curious results. Among the lower orders there are many who have entirely forgotten their surnames, and some even in the middle classes, who for thirty years have not been called by them. In a list of twenty prisoners arrested for a riot, returning to Seville from the annual pilgrimage to Torrijos, I found the same names frequently recurring. There were two José Marias, two Juan Franciscos, and three Antonio Josés. In none of these cases was a surname appended, and indeed every third name was similarly crippled. So prevalent is the custom that the authorities sometimes do not ask for a surname, and the double Christian name is adopted, even amongst the humblest classes, for the sake of distinction.

Try the same system for a moment amongst ourselves: how could we ever distinguish amongst the multitude of Tommy Jacks and Jacky Toms? The name of "José Maria" is so common, that a full fifth of the Spanish male population have received those names in baptism. To English ears, a man bearing a feminine name sounds odd, but it is given