labourers are ready to do a bit of "highway business," to make good the deficiency of wages, and the musket often reposes in the fields by the side of the hoe and sickle. Recruits may thus be readily had at the back of every hedge, and "Abd-el-Kader's" host is capable of extension *ad infinitum*, by the accession of these *rateros*.

Meanwhile, though the robber-chief was resting on his oars, Don Ramon was not idle. Imbued with that strong vindictive spirit which is here a virtue, and which in his instance had all the sanctity of retributive justice, Don Ramon, with the aid of some of his Granada friends, like himself well armed and mounted, made frequent excursions in the direction of the Sierra, between Granada and Seville, and by the lavish distribution of his considerable wealth contrived to be always marvellously well acquainted with the haunts and quarters in which the robbers lurked, quietly awaiting his opportunity for reprisals. "Abd-el-Kader" had likewise his scouts in all directions, and the game which he at present pursued was that of personal security. But his men were too hungry and short-sighted to share his inactivity.

Three of the band issued from their mountain fastness, towards the end of October last, for a professional excursion in the skirts of Periana. The roads were deserted, and no richly-laden passenger appeared to reward their industry. In this predicament a well-stocked farm tempted them by its comfortable appearance; with gun on shoulder they entered, carried off whatever was most portable, and amongst the rest of the goods and chattels bore away most unaccountably

the person of the owner, one of the richest *labradores* of the district of Archidona.

Pinioning the farmer with one of his own halters, they bore him off through a remote village, of which no geographer nor gazetteer speaks, and which stands recorded on the face of no chart—no uncommon circumstance in Andalucía. The name of the village is Trabuco, and as the robbers with their victim were passing through its further extremity, the news reached the villagers, then assembled at mass: it was early on some great festival. "*Los Abd-el-Kaders!*" was the word, which went through the congregation with the rapidity and shock of lightning.

The poor villagers were struck aghast; the becoming bearing of men, or encountering the dangers of a pursuit, was the farthest thing from their thoughts. But it happened that amongst those nearest to the altar was Don Ramon of Granada, surrounded by his friends. Don Ramon leaped to his feet in an instant; his companions imitated his example.

Don Ramon harangued the villagers with all the impressiveness and power of intense emotion, and produced a visible effect upon the congregation. The priest at the altar was astounded at this energetic interruption to the sacred ceremonies, the clergy interposed with their authority, and the disturbance was quieted until the end of mass. Then all the males rushed forth from the portal of the church; Don Ramon's eloquence was perfectly successful. There was a hasty mustering of arms, an effective distribution of the forces, and a rapid issuing of orders. In less than half an hour they had overtaken the robbers

on the road, and rescued the poor *labrador*, who wept with joy on his deliverance, threw himself on his knees, and offered thanks to the Virgin for her protection, to which, with unshaken faith, he attributed his preservation, the day being one of her fasts.

The moment the robbers were separated from their victim, Don Ramon and the entire *posse* fired a volley at them, which stretched the three bandits dead at their feet! There being no regular administration of law or justice in Andalucía, the people Lynch for themselves. They likewise rewarded their fatigue with the spoils of the slain robbers, from whose persons they took numerous watches, rings, and other valuables—a fine morning's work, for which their appetite was apparently whetted by the hasty mouthful of devotion which they snatched in church. Don Ramon feasted himself upon the writhings and contortions of the dying bandits, who had caned him on the mountain, and reloading his gun, exclaimed—"*Tengo acá una bala para el Abd-el-Kader!*" "I have here a ball for Abd-el-Kader!"

Don Ramon's zeal was at last rewarded by a distant shot at his formidable adversary, but Napoleons, whether lawless or legitimatised, are not so easily disposed of. Our Spanish Abd-el-Kader was desperately wounded, and lay for dead in a ratero's* cabin for many tedious hours. The charmed bullet which was to shorten his days was not yet cast, nor its spells pronounced. Navarro recovered, slowly and painfully, but yet recovered to the full robustness of his chequered sierra life. During the period of his illness, from

* Single robber.

Granada to the Guadiana, and from the garden-plain of Córdova to the Mediterranean seaboard, comparative quiet prevailed. The labrador's heart bounded with joy, and the Andalucían matron no longer hushed her babe with the formidable name of "Abd-el-Kader," a worse bugbear than the ordinary "*brí!*"

The great marauder was believed to be dead. Not so, however; in the early spring Navarro again flung himself on horseback; his name as powerful, his resources as inexhaustible as ever. Never did he muster so many followers, nor plan such grand expeditions. His first exploit was to command the great salt-contract guards to withdraw from their stores to Santa Ella. The chief commissioner remonstrated, but Navarro was inexorable, and commissioner and guards obeyed! "For he," said the commissioner in his report, "who is alone in the midst of a plain obeys a captain of horsemen, although it be against his will."

Warming and quickening with his own activity of movement, our Abd-el-Kader pushed with his marauders as far as Tudela, and at times carried his depredations into Upper Aragon. José Maria and the Cura Merino were his only genuine prototypes, and both were surpassed by the zeal and intelligence with which he always looked to the commissariat department. The best horses of Andalucía, of Morisco breed and true Arab stock, were seized for the service of his dashing band, and mounted thus far better than the government cavalry, Navarro and his freebooters set all pursuit at defiance. They passed like a whirlwind from district to district: they flew *á uña de caballo*, "at the uttermost speed of horse's hoof."

Never was robber more popular with the poor, a quality which he shared with all successful pursuers of the craft. His liberality to them was as boundless as was his desire to phlebotomize the rich man's plethory. His well-timed largesses secured him an army of scouts and spies in every district of the country. None was so well informed as "Abd-el-Kader," either of where prizes lay, or where the government forces were in quest of him. To surprise him was, therefore, next to impossible, and his unpleasant knack of catching wealthy proprietors, and exacting ransom, was indulged *ad infinitum.*

Few of these troops of robbers are without their stray priest or friar, who imparts a species of superstitious consecration to their proceedings. "Abd-el-Kader" has a disgowned priest nearly always at his side, and another chief robber of the Ronda, between Seville and Granada, has for his adviser both spiritual and temporal—his brain-piece in concerting plans for stripping the lieges of their sinful worldly possessions, and the depository of such secrets as molest the robber's conscience—a noted freebooter, Fray José.

A similar sort of union was that between Robin Hood and Friar Tuck; and José, like the English friar, can upon occasions wield a bludgeon with any man in the Sierra. Whether his absolutions are as efficacious as his blows may, perhaps, be prudently doubted; but unquestionably these degraded clergymen, however irregular it be, give absolution to their violent comrades *in articulo mortis.*

The same peculiarities may be seen in every part of the Peninsula, and in Galicia a guerrillo band of sixty

men held its ground till the end of 1840, a principal leader of which was the friar Saturnino, alternating between warfare and common robbery, at one time figuring as Carlist Facciosos, at another as pure Ladrones. On the Sierra de Ronda, towards Granada, is a small mount with three crosses on the top, which in that robber-infested district is known as "El Calvario." The resemblance, though accidental, to the hill of Calvary is perfect, whence the popular name. It is in fact the memorial of three robbers shot there in a conflict with passengers.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

THE dark-eyed daughters of Spain make no bad wives and mothers, and upon ordinary occasions they prefer the unobtrusive position which is best adapted to their sex, not courting the perils and fatigues of public life, but limiting their duties to the rearing of good citizens, in accordance with the sentiment of Madame de Genlis: "Let men command, and manage the public affairs, since they are our defenders." But, when great occasions arise, or occasions esteemed great, no women in Europe so soon throw off their weakness, or are so willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country.

There was more than one instance last year of their attending on husbands and brothers at the walls of Seville and Barcelona, exposing their lives to all the perils of a bombardment. This soil is rich in women: in ancient times it produced the daughters of Numantia and Saguntum, and from it sprang, in modern days, to the scarp of unconquered Zaragoza, the renowned Manuela Sancho, the terror of the hosts of Napoleon. If women in the courts of Spain have filled ignoble parts, and formed intriguing Camarillas, there were some even there to make themselves illustrious. And the great Isabel of Castile was indebted for the preservation of her existence to the Marquesa

de Moya, who acted as the faithful guardian of her person, and repeatedly exposed her life in her defence.

When the Spaniard is in love, she is terribly sincere. She is no dealer in ambiguities; no nibbler at petty improprieties; no empty and despicable flirt. She is in earnest, and expects you to be the same. The fires are lit in a volcanic bosom; they flash from eyes of electric glances; they rush from them in lava tears. At one moment you are awed by an impassioned tigress, at the next lured by the gentlest lamb. But the tiger for the most part predominates. "I am no Gazmoña," said a Spanish lady to me once. "Gazmoña" is their most intensely contemptuous expression for hypocrite. "I am no coquette, trust me; no vain and heartless impostor. *Viva Dios!* When love bites me, the Gitanas are saints by my side!" No, indeed, Leonor was no Gazmoña. The daring frankness of her language, the rapid freedom of her glances, the open simplicity of her manners, all proclaimed that she was no Gazmoña. Yet the breath of scandal had never sullied her name; though for this, I believe, she little cared.

You mistake if you conceive that the Spanish lady differs much in exterior manner from other ladies in the more highly civilised parts of Europe. No such thing. The influence of fashion, and the spread of superficial accomplishments, assimilate and conventionalise the general aspect of intercourse and manners more and more daily, in all European countries. But there is an intensity, a sincerity, and an artlessness of character here that you do not meet elsewhere. I must add my belief, too, without being tight-laced, that there is somewhat too much facility and *abandon.*

The children of the South are the children of passion, and of no part of the South of Europe is this more especially true than of the delicious skies and odoriferous bowers of the Andalucían paradise. The eyes of the daughters of Southern Spain are at once deeply tender and magnificently lustrous, and their hearts are as tender as their eyes, their souls as passionate.

Where the restraints of refined society are removed, and there is no pretension to the rank of lady, all these characteristics are seen in their natural play and full development. Loves and jealousies spring out here in the open air, in luxurious exuberance of branch and foliage, drinking the radiance of the diamond-rayed sun that bathes them in a sea of light—loves and jealousies which, in the North, in their fullest manifestations, are but slight and sickly plants. The blood courses fuller and freer here through the veins; no pallid complexions; no feeble, colourless eyes; no light, thin hair is seen. The organs are all matured and powerful; the eyes dark, large, and lustrous; the hair black, profuse, and strong; the cheek brown and richly tinted. I speak of the young, and of the generality, or of those who are tolerably good-looking. An aptitude for love is impressed on all their features, diffused over their forms, imparted by the very air they breathe, and by the sunshine with which it is impregnated.

Love forms a large part of the Andalucían woman's existence; it is mixed up with her daily avocations; it forms the essence of her amusements; it goes with her to church! But it would be a cruel and brutal thing to infer that it is an impure love—a love which

leads to criminal excesses. There are probably somewhat more frequent lapses—very few more—than occur in Northern Europe. But these lapses are readily accounted for by a variety of causes. He is an ignorant coxcomb who asserts that they are much more frequent: and these love passages, however ardent, have for the most part their legitimate conclusion in marriage.

But talk to me of an Andalucían fair, possessed by the demon jealousy! I have seen, I have known, I have felt the edge of the retributive knife. Fortunately it did not penetrate in a perilous direction, or these pages would never have seen the light. It was a perfect model, that, of a dangerous *cuchillo,* a blade six inches long, worn in the bosom of a high dress, standing longitudinally like a whalebone, or its steel substitute. In this sultry climate stays are very little worn, and not at all by the common people. Jacinta never wore such a thing, and would have despised the incumbrance.

It was for no coquettish purpose that she wore this steel support, but for needful protection; and, if required, to strike in revenge. A strong shagreen case was sewn into the bosom of her dress, where the poniard rested as in a sheath; and at the point, to prevent any accidental puncturing of the skin, was strongly stitched a small plate, likewise of steel. The handle was of ebony, bound round with brass wire to impart firmness to the grasp; and on the end was a plate of hollowed brass, to give purchase to the ball of the thumb, and assist its muscular energy, in the act familiar to all Spaniards of striking with the little

finger towards the antagonist, and striking upwards. The blade was from Toledo, which still retains its "trusty" reputation, neither inlaid nor damasked, but of the purest steel and finest temper; it was as sharp at both edges as at the point, and transpierced a dollar without bending.

Such was the familiar plaything of Jacinta of San Salvador's—the dangerous toy which dwelt habitually in her bosom, and whose presence there no one would have ever suspected—so uniformly erect was her figure, so firm her *à plomb*, so shapely her contour, and so sustained her movements. The perfect elasticity of the steel which composed the blade made it bend to the slightest pressure when she stooped; and thus, while it would protect her in case of need, it served the graceful uses of a corset. To think that death should repose so near the source of life! That so rigid and terrible a weapon should be enshrined on that charming wave—those throbbing pulses of delight!

Jacinta was, to my mind, the best dancer in Seville. Her seguidilla was enchanting; her fandango glorious; her olé had destroyed more *sombreros* than any foot in Andalucía—for none was so arched and bending as hers, or swelled upwards beneath the zagalejo * so gracefully. The very musician used to fling his hat to be trod on at her triumphant conclusion of the dance, his enthusiasm involuntarily excited in the midst of cold routine. But while Jacinta was a very lovely dancer, she was also a very jealous woman; and where her pride stooped to repose her affections, no

* Short petticoat.

empress could be more exacting. The whole heart laid at her feet in homage must be hers; she would not brook the faintest semblance of infidelity. How I stirred her jealousy need not be told, or how quick her poniard was unsheathed. But to the curious in such matters, I could show the trace it has left.

The eyes of this Andalucían beauty were like burning glasses—black, lustrous, and terrible in wrath; almond-cut, and in repose hiding liquid fires. When the lids were raised, when the soul spoke in your favour, when the electric circle was complete, and the full glance directed towards you, that rapid glance was irresistible. There was no knowing whither those comet-fires might whisk you. It were well, beneath this sun, for the bosom's peace, to be blind! If glances here have the quick flash of lightning, they can likewise scatter like lightning. The Andaluza is absorbing, merciless. Except amongst the higher classes, many women are as regularly provided with a knife as a rosario, and prepared to stab (if needful) as well as pray. The knives of the men here are of a peculiar make. When shut they are of great length, and open they are like a sabre. The name of this weapon is *navaja*; and the aim, when used, is invariably to rip up the entrails. I have already described Jacinta's *cuchillo*, which was worn in a peculiar manner. The Triana women and lower classes of Sevillians carry their knives, for the most part, like the Manolas of Madrid, in their garter. So attached do they become to this mode, that even Lola Montés, the dancer, was found to carry a knife thus the other day at Warsaw.

But some women faint at the sight of blood, and sicken at the thought of shedding it. Spanish women are not tigresses, any more than women elsewhere; but when their jealousy is roused, they will have their revenge, and perhaps resort to poison. A Córdovan had stimulated to implacable rage the jealousy of his wife. She swore to take him off by poison, and of this he was made aware. For ten years he never ate anything but the simplest food, nor drank any beverage but the clearest water, with which it was impossible that poison could be mixed without detection; and was thus a constrained follower of the Temperance principle, to the great benefit of his health. He survived his wife, who took the poison herself, and died out of pure spite.

The ideas of national manners, which are picked up from a few plays and novels, are in the highest degree delusive. Not less so are those derived from a brief and casual residence, or from desultory and imperfect conversation with the natives settled in foreign countries. But the most ridiculous of all pretensions, was that of a temporary denizen of Gibraltar, who in a company where I was present, professed his perfect competence to pronounce upon the most recondite mysteries of Spanish life, from having cantered once or twice into Spain! A Spaniard, who was present, replied with the cutting proverb: *Ma sabe el bobo del suyo que el cuerdo del ageno.* "The fool knows more of his own affairs than the wise man does of his neighbours."

In England, people suppose that no young Spanish woman is ever without her dueña. The fact is, that

the guardian companionship of an elderly female relation, or servant, is scarcely more general here than in England under similar circumstances. The ardour of Southern natures makes it a little more desirable and more frequent; but the habitual corruption of dueñas exists only in the imagination of playwrights. The animal called a Chichisveo is not so frequent as the British fop, and danglers upon married ladies are as rife in London as at Madrid. The term is purely Spanish, being derived sarcastically from *chicha* or infant's food, and was exported during the domination of the Philips, from the Spanish to the Italian Peninsula, where it figures as *cicisbeo.* The amatory balcony life of Spain is not so common as it used to be, ladies now sallying forth into the streets as freely as in the North of Europe. There is, therefore, no need for the despairing devotion which never extended beyond a neighbouring balcony, though the tinkle of a guitar may still be often heard in the southern cities, accompanying, from a *balconcillo*, such strains as these:—

Coyundas tiene la Iglesia	In the Church for tender folk
Que son lazadas de sirgo;	There are ties of silk so fine;
Por tu cuella en la gamella	Put thy neck, love, 'neath the yoke,
Verás como pongo el mio!	See how soon I'll then put mine!
Donde no, desde aqui juro	If thou spurnest all my love,
Por el santo mas bendito,	Ne'er from this shall I retire,
De no salir deste balion	By the blessed saints above,
Sino para capuchino!	Save to be a shaven friar!

"Snow! Snow! What is snow like?" I once was asked, by a beautiful girl, in Seville. "Is it like *sal*,* is it like *manteca*?†" "Like neither," I

* Salt. † Butter.

replied. "Is it like my handkerchief?" she proceeded, doubling up one of cambric. I shook my head. "Is it like fine white paper? Like the downy feathers of an *oca?**" I smiled. Her southern ardour burst into inexpressible impatience, and "*por el amor de la Virgen*," she exclaimed, "tell me, show me what it is like!" "Bring me some hot water," I said. "*Ay Dios mio!* Hot water for cold snow." "Pray, bring the water." Away she went upon her errand, and I for my shaving-box and a good-sized basin. She returned in almost breathless haste, and reached down a large tin vessel, (jugs are scarcely known here) exclaiming "*Pues ahora!*"† I proceeded to make a lather with the shaving-brush. "What! are you going to shave?" she asked. Again I smiled, made prodigious lots of lather, and at last nearly filled the basin, the water in which diluted the lather and gave it a bubbled and frothy appearance. "*There's snow,*" I said; and away she ran, delighted with her new-found treasure, to show it to all the family. During the preceding quarter of a century, snow had fallen but once at Seville, and that so late at night, that none but a lucky few saw it, so speedily was it melted in the morning sun. I acted merely the part of a Doctor de Nieve or mountebank, who sells fictitious snow at the Spanish fairs, and swears that it possesses extraordinary virtues.

"It is their sky and not their minds they change, who run across the sea:" so sings the Latin bard. I know not as to your mind, fair reader, (for this question peculiarly affects you,) but of one thing I am certain,

* Goose. † Now, then.

that you must change your petticoat. A flannel petticoat is a thing unheard of in this climate; and therefore the affecting scene, in which Rousseau's female friend stript herself of that garment to warm his body, would be here impossible. In summer even, a calico *vertugardin* is nearly out of the question; and in the coldest winter, ladies in the cut of this garment, do not go beyond the consistency of baize, rateen, or Espagnoletta.

The Andalucían Dama, or fine lady, is very fond of the companionship of her *perrito*—small dog—of gentle blood. The Italian greyhound, and the English spaniel of the King Charles's breed, are very highly prized. There are also still prettier spaniels of a genuine Spanish stock, very small, silken-eared, playful and monkeyish in their ways, and likewise diminutive hounds. The necks of these domestic favourites—the tricks little spaniel being always to be preferred—are usually girt with collars supplied with tinkling little bells of brass or silver—round and ornamented, as well as musical. These *cascabeles*—so they are called—make pleasant music in the patio and the street, and are often heard to tinkle on the church floor, whither the faithful little animal follows its mistress, and reposes, just behind her, at her feet, whilst she is praying. White, with cinnamon-spots, is the colour most preferred, or entirely white, or entirely black, or black with long brown ears.

In the midst of the high-sounding titles, "la Señora Doña This," and "la Señora Doña That," to which every lady is by courtesy entitled in Spain, and many whom we should not consider ladies, inferior actresses,

milliners, and the like, it is refreshing to meet an occasional simplicity of style, an old-fashioned, patriarchal dignity, which cares not to strut about with fine, but unauthorised titles. Those women who have lost their husbands go by the plain name of "Widow Such-a-one," a dowdy appellation, which, in our own refined society, would not be tolerated for an instant—indeed, would be interpreted into a deliberate insult—but which is here the chosen designation of all ladies who have lost their lords, unless they have actual rank in the peerage. I was struck by this circumstance on perusing the signature to a letter of the widow of the heroic but unfortunate General Riego, one of whose aides-de-camp in that last unhappy Andalucían expedition, is my bosom-friend. The letter was signed thus plainly, yet touchingly: "*Viudo del Riego*."

The Spanish lady does not, like the English, merge her family-name in the name of her husband. Marriage does not, as it were, rebaptize her. She is still the same Doña Isabel de Villanueva, or Doña Eugenia de la Torre, that she was before she went to the altar. She is doubtless sometimes described as la Señora So-and-so, the family name of her husband, but rarely. So detested in Spain is the inelegant, and almost ridiculous "Missis," that English ladies who have been some years resident, almost invariably reject it, and make their friends call them "Doña Maria," or, "Julia," or whatever their names may be.

I cannot impress upon my readers too strongly, how judicious and elegant a reform it would be to substitute "Madame" invariably for "Missis." Try the

effect with the most aristocratic, as well as the most vulgar name. How much better does "Madame Plantagenet" sound than "Missis Plantagenet," "Madame Wiggins," than "Missis Wiggins!" The Spaniards use the word *miz! miz!* to call a cat.

I must warn all Englishmen breaking the ice in Spanish—and the Andalucían ladies are extremely fond of forcing strangers to speak Castilian, even though speaking French or English themselves—to beware of one particular blunder, into which an Englishman at first is sure to fall. Every second sentence in conversational language begins with "but," or "yet," or "still," of which "*pero*" is the Spanish equivalent. Take care to pronounce this *pair-o;* for it is a thousand to one that, but for this warning, your invincible English habits of speaking will place you at every third word in a ludicrous light towards the lady you are addressing, and make you blurt it forth, as if it were "perro"—*dog!*

Though we pronounce ourselves far in advance of Spain, there are points in which we might, with advantage, take a hint from Spanish customs. Spain has an illustrious order for distinguished female merit, and England has none.

This order was established by a Queen of Spain, and it is called "the Order of noble Dames of Maria Louisa." One of the first acts of the young Queen Isabel, after attaining to the plenitude of royal power, was to elevate to this dignity, her namesake, Doña Isabel Dominguez of Guevara, mother to the Minister of War, Serrano, from whom the new order of events may be said to have sprung at Barcelona; and likewise

to confer its cordon upon the Countess de Campo-Alange, relict of one of the bravest officers in modern Spain, distinguished alike in the Wars of Independence and Succession, who fell, while charging with characteristic ardour the Carlists before the walls of Bilbao. The same honour was afterwards conferred on the mother of the illustrious General Córdova.

What rank in England has the relict of statesman, judge, or general? What badge to denote that she was his? Four years since, a new Order of female Merit was much spoken of at home, and the crowd of brilliant female writers has increased since that period. Fair artists, too, have sprung up in considerable number. Are we to be outstripped by Spain in the recognition of eminent services rendered to our country by genius, valour, and wisdom?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NATIVE DANCES—THE FAN.

Love is the true atmosphere of a Spaniard. It pervades his balmy climate, it radiates from his magnificent sky. It warms with the same irresistible glow the peasant's bosom, the hidalgo's, and the king's. Alfonso VIII. was from his boyhood a warlike monarch. Before a beard was seen to blossom on his chin, he had begun to display his military talents, to wage and to win battles. Yet he was well nigh excommunicated by that church which he so well defended (and the terrors of excommunication restrained him not), because of the idolatrous love which this tender-hearted king retained up to his death for the beautiful Jewess of Toledo. Think of a Catholic king having a Jewess for his mistress, in the age and country of intolerance, in the twelfth century, in Spain!

The orphan son of Don Sancho the Desired, and the grandson of Alonso the Emperor, deprived of his mother Blancha at four years old, tossed like a shuttle-cock amidst the feuds of Castros and Laras, the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Spain, his dominions invaded by his uncle Ferdinand of Léon, forced to become a reigning king and warrior in his eleventh year, might well have some irregularities excused for such rough training. If he loved not wisely, he fought full well, winning deathless fame in the memorable

battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. And if he wore harness like a kingly warrior, he could also foot featly in palace hall and lady's bower his zarabandas with the Toledan beauty, La Judayca the graceful, by whom churchmen were so scandalized, having been celebrated and imitated all over Spain—for Alfonso was beloved from childhood.

Yes, love is the atmosphere of a Spaniard, and dancing is love's expression. He will go without bread, but will have his *Doña Luisa;* and on every *dia santo* in the year (is not the number pretty well 400?) he will tread his seguidilla to the tinkle of the guitar and the clack of the castanet. The rage for the native dances, in Andalucía especially, is inextinguishable.

Not content with the opportunities afforded for enjoying this amusement in the little balls and dancing *réunions* held every week, and at the Romerías, fairs, and rural festivities, amateurs present themselves on the stage at Seville, Cadiz, and Granada, and perform their favourite dances for the benefit of popular actors. The Seguidilla, the Bolera, the Fandango, the Olé, the Manola, the Sevillana, nearly all are varied by numerous modifications; but the character of each is essentially national. The Bolera has maintained its ascendancy upon the Spanish stage beyond all competitors; and the most fascinating of this class is the Bolera Robada, at the close of which the swain unceremoniously ravishes a kiss.

A curious variety of the Bolera not yet known in England, is the Bolera Jaleada, in which the bystanders animate the dancers with their voices, as Spanish sportsmen cheer on their dogs by shouts. The