

fights ; he is called *media espada*, or *sobresaliente*. The *matador* (*el diestro*, the cunning in fence in olden books), advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him—*citarlo á la suerte, á la jurisdicción del engaño*—to subpœna him, to get his head into chancery, as our ring would say ; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the *muleta*, and then prepares for the *coup de grace*. There are several sorts of bulls—*levantados*, the bold and rushing ; *parados*, the slow and sly ; *aplomados*, the heavy and leaden. The bold are the easiest to kill ; they rush, shutting their eyes, right on to the lure or flag. The worst of all are the sly bulls ; when they are *marrajos, y de sentido*, cunning and not running straight, when they are *revueltos, cuando ganan terreno y rematen en el bulto*, when they stop in their charge, and run at the man instead of the flag, they are most dangerous. The *matador* who is long killing his bull, or shows a white feather, is insulted by the jeers of the impatient populace ; he nevertheless remains cold and collected, in proportion as the spectators and bull are mad, and could the *toro* reason, the man would have no chance. There are many *suertes* or ways of killing the bull ; the principal is *la suerte de frente, ó la verónica*—the *matador* receives the charge on his sword, *lo mató de un recibido*. The *volapie*, or half-volley, is beautiful, but dangerous ; the *matador* takes him by advancing, *corriéndose lo*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art ; the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade. In nothing is the real fancy so fastidious as in the exact nicety of the placing this death-wound ; when the thrust is true—*buen estoque*—death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror, who, drawing the sword, waves it in triumph over the fallen foe. It is indeed the *triumph* of knowledge over brute force ; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life, falls in an instant, still for ever. The team of mules now enter, glittering with flags, and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood ; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace. The *matador* wipes the hot blood from his sword, and bows with admirable *sang froid* to the spectators, who throw their hats into the arena, a compliment which he returns by throwing them back again : when Spain was rich, a golden, or at least a silver, shower was cast to the favourite *matador*—those ages are past. These hats—the type of *Grandeza*—are the offerings, now that cash is scarce, of generous poverty not will, and as parts and parcels of themselves—shocking bad some, it must be admitted.

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

descabellar—the danger gives dignity to the difficult feat. The identical process obtains in each of the fights that follow. After a short collapse, a fresh object raises a new desire, and the fierce sport is renewed: nor is it assuaged with less than eight repetitions; and when darkness covers the heavens, the mob—*fax nondum satiata*—retires to sacrifice the rest of the night to Bacchus and Venus, with a passing homage to the knife.

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

It is difficult to change long-established usages, customs of our early days, which come down to us connected with interesting associations and fond remembrances. We are slow to suspect any evil or harm in such practices, dislike to look the evidence of facts in the face, and shrink from a conclusion which would require the abandonment of a recreation long regarded as innocent, and in which we, as well as our parents before us, have not scrupled to indulge. Children, *L’age sans pitié*, do not speculate on cruelty, whether in bull-baiting or birds’-nesting. The little *dons* and *duenas* connect with this sight their first notions of reward for good conduct, finery, and holidays, where amusements are few; they return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious, as before; their kindly social feelings are unimpaired. And where is the filial, parental, and fraternal tie more affectionately cherished than in Spain? The *Plaza* is patronised by the Queen our Lady, Q. D. G., whom God preserve! is sanctified and attended by the clergy, and conducted with state show and ceremony, and never is disgraced by the blackguardism of our disreputable boxing-matches. The one is honoured by authority, the other is discountenanced. How many things are purely conventional! No words can describe the horror felt by Asiatics at our preserving the blood of slaughtered animals (Deut. xii. 16; Wilkinson, ii. 375). The sight of our bleeding

shambles appears ten times more disgusting to them than the battle-wounds (the order of the day) of the bull-fight. Nor would it be very easy to conceive a less amiable type of heart and manner than is presented by a mounted English butcher-cad. Foreigners who argue that the effects produced on Spaniards are exactly those which are produced on themselves, are neither logical nor true reasoners; and those who contend that the Spaniards massacre women and defenceless prisoners because they are bull-fighters—*post hoc et propter hoc*—forget that the unvaried testimony of all ages has branded the national character with cold-blooded cruelty. They have never valued their own, nor the lives of others.

Fair play, which at least redeems our ring, is never seen in or out of the bull fight (yet as yet there is no betting in their "ring," no bull backed to kill so many horses, or a man at long odds). The *Plaza* but holds up a mirror to nationality. In it, as out of it, all true Spaniards scout the very idea of throwing away a chance,—"*dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*" How much of the *Punica fides* and Carthaginian *indoles* is retained, witness the back-stabbings and treacheries, by which, from the assassins of Sertorius down to the Morenos, Marotos, and Nogueras of to-day, Europe has been horrified; these unchanged, unchangeable features in Oriental and Iberian character imply little disgrace, and create less compunction. "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." They rarely observe amnesties, seldom pardon or forgive opponents when in their power. These characteristic tendencies, which slumber in quiet times, but are not extinct; which, however condemned by Spaniards individually, hardly ever fail to guide them when assembled, whether in *cortes* or *junta*; have long preceded the bull-fight, which is rather an effect than a cause. The Spanish have always been *guerilleros*, bush-fighters, and to such, a cruel mimic game of death and cunning must be extremely congenial. From long habit they either see not, or are not offended by those painful and bloody details, which most distress the unaccustomed stranger, while, on the other hand, they perceive a thousand novelties in incidents which, to untutored eyes, appear the same thing over and over again. They contend that the more the toresque intellect is cultivated the greater the capacity for tauromachian enjoyment. A thousand minute beauties, delicate shades, are appreciated in the character and conduct of the combatants, biped and quadruped. The first *coup-d'œil* of the gay costume and flashing eyes of the assembled thousands is magnificent; this novel out-of-door spectacle, *à l'antique*, under no canopy save the blue heavens, fascinates, and we turn away our eyes during moments of painful details—which are lost in the poetical ferocity of the whole. These feelings are so infectious, that many a stranger merges into the native. The interest of the awful tragedy is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing. The display of manly courage, nerve, and agility, and all on the very verge of death, is most exciting. There are features in a bold bull and accomplished combatants, which carry all before them; but for one good bull, how many are the bad! Those whose fate it has been to see 99 bulls killed in one week (Madrid, June, 1833), and as many more at different places and times, will have experienced in succession the feelings of admiration,

pity, and *bore*. Spanish women, against whom every puny scribbler darts his petty *banderilla*, are relieved from the latter infliction by the never-flagging, ever-sustained interest, in being admired. They have no abstract, no Pasiphaic predilections, no *crudelis amor tauri*; they were taken to the bull-fight before they knew their alphabet, or what love was. Nor have we heard that it has ever rendered them particularly cruel, save and except some of the elderly and tougher lower-classed females. The younger and the more tender scream and are dreadfully affected in all real moments of danger, in spite of their long familiarity. Their grand object, after all, is not to see the bull, but to be seen themselves, and their dress. The better classes generally interpose their fans at the most painful incidents, and certainly show no want of sensibility. They shrink from or do not see the cruel incidents, but adore the manly courage and address that is exhibited. The lower classes of females, as a body, behave quite as respectably as those of other countries do at executions, or other dreadful scenes, where they crowd with their babies. The case with English ladies is far different. They have heard the bull-fight not praised, but condemned, from *their* childhood: they see it for the first time when grown up, when curiosity is their leading feeling, and an indistinct idea of a pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of the precise nature of which they are ignorant, from not liking to talk on the subject. The first sight delights them: as the bloody tragedy proceeds, they get frightened, disgusted, and disappointed. Few are able to sit out more than one course, *corrida*, and fewer ever re-enter the amphitheatre. Probably a Spanish woman, if she could be placed in precisely the same condition, would not act very differently, and the fair test would be to bring her, for the first time, to an English brutal boxing-match.

Thus much for *practical* tauromachia; those who wish to go deeper into its philosophy—and more books have been written in Spain on *toresque* than on most surgical operations—are referred to “*La Carta historica sobre el Origen y Progresos de las Fiestas de Toros*,” Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin, Madrid, 1777; “*Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear; por un Aficionado*,” Madrid, 1804. This was written by an amateur named Gomez; Jose Delgado (*Pepe Illo*) furnished the materials. It contains thirty engravings, which represent all the implements, costumes and different operations; “*La Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*,” Madrid, 1827; “*Elogio de las Corridas de Toros*,” Manuel Martinez Rueda, Madrid, 1831; “*Pan y Toros*,” Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, Madrid, 1820; and the “*Tauromaquia completa*,” Madrid, 1836, by Francisco Montes, the *Pepe Illo* of his day, long the joy, glory, and boast of Spain. The antiquity of the bull-fight has been worked out in our paper in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. cxxiv. 4. See also the graphic illustrations of Mr. Price, London, Hogarth, 1852.

To conclude it may be remarked, that latterly, since the recent *Illustracion*, the march of intellect, civilization, and constitutions, nothing has *progressed* more than the bull-fight. Churches and convents have been demolished, but, by way of compensation, amphitheatres have been erected: but now-a-days the battlement comes down and the dung-heap rises up—*Bajan los adarves y alzanse los muladares*.

XXII. SPANISH THEATRE.

The theatre, dances, and songs of Spain form an important item in the means of a stranger passing his evenings. The modern drama of Europe may be said to have been formed on this model, whence was borrowed the character and conduct of The Play, as well as the arrangements of the Theatre; and Spain is still *the* land of the *Fandango*, the *Bolero*, and the guitar.

The Spanish drama rose under the patronage of the pleasure-loving Philip IV.; but its glory was short-lived, and now it hardly can be called flourishing, as few towns, except the largest, maintain a theatre. In Spain actors, long vagabonds by Act of Parliament, were not allowed to prefix the cherished title of *Don* before their names—a remnant of the opposition of the clergy to a profession which interfered with their monopoly of providing the public with religious melodramas and “mysteries;” the actor was not only excluded from decent society when alive, but refused Christian burial when dead, accordingly, in a land where the spirit of caste and self-love is so strong, few choose to degrade themselves alive or dead.

The drama, too, of Spain has declined with the country itself, and is almost effaced from the *repertoire* of Europe. The plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon have given way to pieces translated from the French; thus Spain, as in many other things, is now reduced to borrow from the very nation whose Corneilles she first instructed, those very amusements which she once taught! The *old* theatre was the mirror of the manners of the time, when the bearded Hidalgos strutted on the stage representing the bravoës and bugbears of Europe. Spain was not then ashamed to look herself in the face; now her flag is tattered, she shrinks from the *present*, and either appears in foreign garb or adopts the Cids and Alvas of a more glorious *past*. Meanwhile the *sainete* or Farce is admirably performed by the Spaniards, for few people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour, from the sedate Castilian to the gay Andalusian. In playing these farces, the performers seem to cease to be actors, and simply to go through a part and parcel of their daily life; they fail in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mouthing and French gesticulation. The Spanish theatres, those of Madrid scarcely excepted, are badly lighted and meagerly supplied with scenery and properties.

The first Spanish playhouses were merely open courtyards, *corrales*, after the classical fashion of Thespis. They were then covered with an awning, and the court was divided into different parts; the yard, the *patio*, became the *pit*. The rich sat at the windows of the houses round the court, whence these boxes were called *ventanas*; and as almost all Spanish windows are defended by iron gratings, *rejas*, the French took their term *loge grillée* for a private box. In the centre was a lower gallery, *la tertulia*, the quarter chosen by the erudite, among whom it was the fashion to quote *Tertulian*—*los Tertulianos*. The women, excluded from the pit, have, as at our rails, an exclusive “ladies’ carriage,” *la tertulia de las mugeres*, reserved for themselves, into which no males are allowed to enter. This feminine preserve used to be termed *La Cazuela*—

the pipkin or *olla*, from the hodgepotch or mixture, and also "*la jaula de las mugeres*," the women's cage. There they congregated, as in church, dressed in black, and with mantillas. This dark assemblage of tresses might seem like the gallery of a nunnery; let there be but a moment's pause in the business of the play, then arose such a cooing and cawing in this rookery of turtle-doves, such an ogling, such a flutter of mantillas, such a rustling of silks, such telegraphic workings of fans, such an electrical communication with the pittites below, who looked up with wistful, foxite glances, on the dark clustering vineyard so tantalizingly placed above their reach, as to dispel all ideas of monastic seclusion, sorrow, or mortification. The separation of combustible materials in an inflammable climate dates from Augustus (Suet., 44). In the fourth century, at Constantinople, the women sat apart in an upper gallery of the churches, to the injury and interruption of male devotion.

Good music is seldom heard in Spain, notwithstanding the eternal strumming and singing. Even the masses, as performed in their cathedrals, from the introduction of the pianoforte and the violin, are devoid of impressive or devotional character; there is sometimes a poorish Italian opera in Madrid and elsewhere, which is patronised by the upper classes because a thing of London and Paris; it bores the true Spaniards to extinction; they are saltatory and musical enough in their own Oriental way, and have danced to their rude songs from time immemorial, but are neither harmonious, nor have any idea of the grace and elegance of the French ballet; bad imitators of their neighbours, the moment they attempt it they become ridiculous, whether in cuisine, language, or costume; indeed a Spaniard ceases to be a Spaniard in proportion as he becomes an *Afrancesado*; when left to their original devices, they take, in their jumpings and chirpings, after the grasshopper, and have a natural genius for the guitar and *bolero*; indeed one charm of the Spanish theatres is their own national *Baile*—matchless, unequalled, and imitable, and only to be really performed by Andalucians. This is *la salsa de la comedia*, the essence, the cream, the *sauce piquante* of the nights' entertainments; it is *attempted* to be described in every book of travels—for who can describe sound or motion?—it must be seen. Yet even this is somewhat scornfully treated by the very upper classes as the uncivilized feat of picturesque barbarians, and it is, indeed, the *expression* of Spain, and owes nothing to civilization; the whole body and soul of the south is represented by movements, as poetry is by words, whereas in France people dance only with their legs. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous—it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of women—on *n'écoute que le ballet*. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again, and who, heedless of the public, are thinking only of each other. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the *Majo* and *Maja*, invented as for this dance—the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree—adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent, form-designing *saya* of the women heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter serpentine flexibility. Their very

bones seem elastic; their frame and physique is the voluptuous exponent of beings with real bodies who dance, and very unlike the wiry over-trained professional dancer. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into life. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their arms, upraised as if to catch showers of roses. *C'est le pantomime d'amour*. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden; who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit, like Apollo chasing Daphne? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment, and grow into the earth. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. Away, then, with the studied grace of the foreign danseuse, beautiful but artificial, cold and selfish as is the flicker of her love, compared to the real impassioned *abandon* of the daughters of the South! There is nothing indecent in this dance; no one is tired or the worse for it. “Un ballet ne saurait être trop long, pourvu que la morale soit bonne, et la métaphysique bien entendue,” says Molière. The jealous Toledan clergy wished to put this dance down, on the pretence of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to “give a view” to the court: when they began, the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering.—Verdict for the defendants, with costs; *Solvuntur risu tabula*.

The *Bolero* is not of the remote antiquity which many, confounding it with the well-known and improper dances of the Gaditanas, have imagined. The dances of Spain have undergone many changes in style and name since the times of the Philips (see Pellicer, *Don Quixote*, i. 156). The *fandango* is considered to be an Indian word. The now disused *zarabanda* was probably the remnant of the ancient dances of Gades, which delighted the Romans, and scandalized the fathers of the church, who compared them, and perhaps justly, to the capering performed by the daughter of Herodias. They were prohibited by Theodosius, because, according to St. Chrysostom, at such balls the devil never wanted a partner. The well-known statue at Naples of the *Venere Callipige* is the undoubted representation of a Cadiz dancing-girl, probably of Telethusa herself (see Martial, E. vi. 7, and Ep. ad Priap. 18; *Pet. Arbitr.*, Var^m. Ed. 1669). In the Museo Borbonico (Stanza iii. 503) is an Etruscan vase representing a supper-scene, in which a female dances in this precise attitude. She also appears in the paintings in the tomb at Cumæ, where the persons applaud exactly as they do now, especially at the pause, the *bien parado*, which is the signal of clapping and cries—*mas puede! mas puede! dejala, que se canse. Orza, orza! zas punalada, mas ajo al pique!*

These most ancient dances, in spite of all prohibitions, have come down unchanged from the remotest antiquity; their character is completely Oriental, and analogous to the *gharvassee* of the Egyptians and the Hindoo *nautch*. They existed among the ancient Egyptians as they do still among the moderns (compare Wilkinson, ii. 243, with Lane, ii. 98). They are entirely different from the *bolero* or *fandango*, and are

never performed except by gipsies ; and, as the company is not select, and more heads than hearts broken, are likened to "gipsy's fare," "*merienda de Gitanos.*" Every young antiquarian should witness this exhibition which delighted Martial, Petronius, Horace, and a *funcion* can always be got up at Seville. This singular dance is the *romalis* in gipsy language, and the *ole* in Spanish; the *χειρονομια*, *brazeo*, or balancing action of the hands,—the *λακτισμα*, the *zapateado*, *los taconeos*, the beating with the feet,—the *crissatura*, *meneo*, the tambourines and castanets, *Bætica crusmata*, *crotola*,—the language and excitement of the spectators, — tally in the minutest points with the prurient descriptions of the ancients, which have been elucidated so learnedly by Scaliger, Burman, the Canon Salazar (*Grandezas de Cadiz*, iv. 3), and the Dean Marti (Peyron, i. 246). These Gaditanian dances, which the æsthetic Huber (Skitzen, i. 293) pronounces "die Poesie der Wollust," are perhaps more marked by energy than by grace, and the legs have less to do than the body, arms, and hips. The sight of this unchanged pastime of antiquity, which excites the lower classes of Spaniards to frenzy, will rather disgust an English spectator, possibly from some national mal-organization, for, as Molière says, "l'Angleterre a produit des grands hommes dans les sciences et les beaux arts, mais pas un grand danseur! Allez lire l'histoire." However indecent these gipsy dances may be, yet the performers are inviolably chaste; young girls go through them before the applauding eyes of their parents and brothers, who would resent to the death any attempt on their sister's virtue, and were she in any weak moment to give way to a *busné*, or one not a gipsy, and forfeit her *lacha ya trupos*, her unblemished corporeal chastity, the all and everything of their moral code, her own kindred would be the first to kill her without pity.

The dances of other Spaniards in private life are much the same as in other parts of Europe, and, having nothing national, cease to have a particle of interest, nor is either sex particularly distinguished by grace in this exercise, to which, however, they are much attached. *Escozesas* and *Rigodones* form a common conclusion to the *tertulia*, where no great attention is paid either to music or costume. The lower, uncivilized classes adhere, as in the East (Wilk., ii. 239; Lane, ii. 64-74), to their primitive dances and primitive Oriental accompaniments—the "tabret and the harp;" the guitar and tambourine—*toph*, *tabor*, *tympanum*—with the castanet: *tympana vos buxusque vocat*. No people play on these castanets, *castanuelas palillos*, so well as the Andalucians; they begin as children by snapping their fingers, or clicking together two bits of slate or shell; these castanets are the Bætican *crusmata* and *crotola*, and *crotalo* is still a Spanish term for the tambourine, and their use still, as in the days of Petronius Arbiter, forms the *delicia populi*. Cervantes describes the "bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the restlessness of the body, and the quicksilver of the five senses," when this clicking and capering is set going. It is the rude sport of people who dance from the necessity of motion; and of the young, the healthy, and the joyous, to whom life is of itself a blessing, and who, like bounding kids, thus give vent to their superabundant lightness of heart and limb. Sancho, a true Manchegan, after the saltatory exhibitions of his master, professes his ignorance of such elaborate dancing, but for a *zapateo*, a

knocking of shoes, he was as good as a *gerilfante*. Unchanged as are the instruments, so are their dancing propensities. All night long, says Strabo (iii. 249), and Sil. Italicus (iii. 349), did they dance and sing, or rather jump and yell out, "*ululantes*," the unchanged "howlings of Tarshish."

The Iberian warriors danced armed; like the Spartans, even their relaxations preserved the military principle, and they beat time with their swords on their shields. When one of their champions wished to show his contempt for the Romans, he retired before them dancing a derisive step (App. *Bell. Hisp.* 410). This *pyrrica saltatio* is of all ages and climes; thus the *albanatico* of the Grecian Archipelago is little changed from what it was in Homer's time; the Goths had it, and the Moors likewise; our *morris*-dance is but the Moorish one, which John of Gaunt brought into England, the peasants in Spain occasionally dance it still in all the perfection of ancient step and costume. The most picturesque exhibition of these wild dances which we ever saw was at Quintana Duenas. This armed dance, mimic war, was invented (se dice) by Minerva, who capered for joy after the overthrow of the rebel angels, giants, Titans—the victory of knowledge over brute force. Masdeu in the last century describes these unchanged dances as he saw them at Tarragona (*Hist. Crit.* ii. 7), when some of the performers got on each other's shoulders to represent the Titans, and the Dance retained its Pagan name—*el Titans, Bayles de los Titanes*.

The *seguidilla*, the guitar, and dance, at this moment form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget for them their toils, *sans six sous et sans souci*, nay, sacrifice even their meals, like Pliny's friend Claro, who lost his supper, *Bætican olives and gaspacho*, to run after a Gaditanian dancing-girl (Plin. *Ep.* i. 15), and, as of old, this dancing is their relaxation and *Requies* (Sil. It. iii. 346). In venta and court-yard, in spite of a long day's walk, work, and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanet a new life is breathed into their veins; so far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing, and many a weary traveller will rue the midnight frolics of his noisy and saltatory fellow-lodgers. Supper is no sooner over than "après la panse la danse,"—some black-whiskered performer, the very antithesis of Farinelli, "screechin' out his prosaic verse," screams forth his "*coplas de zarabanda, Las Canas*," either at the top of his voice, or drawls out his ballad, "melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe;" both feats are done to the imminent danger of his own trachea, and of all un-Spanish acoustic organs, and after the fashion of Gray's critique, "*des miaulemens et des hurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamare du diable—voilà la musique Française en abrégé.*" As, however, in Paris, so in Spain, the audience are in raptures; "all men's ears grow to his tunes as if they had eaten ballads." This *Cana*, the unchanged Arabic *Gaunia*, for a song, is sad and serious as love, and usually begins and ends with an ay! or sigh. The company takes part with beatings of feet, "*tacneos*;" with clapping of hands, the *χορος*, "*palmeado*," and joining in chorus at the end of each verse. There is always in every company of Spaniards, whether soldiers, civilians, or muleteers, some one who can play the guitar, *poco mas o menos*. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, one of the most worthless of the multitude of worthless

ministers by whom Spain has been misgoverned, first captivated the royal Messalina by his talent of strumming on the guitar. Isaiah gives the truest image of the desolation of an Eastern city, the "ceasing of the mirth of the guitar and tambourine." In most villages the *barbero* is the Figaro, who seldom fails to stroll down to the *venta* unbidden and from pure love of harmony, gossip, and the *bota*, where his song secures him supper and welcome; a *funcion* is soon *armada*, or a party got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling, like swarming bees, and the more if the stranger volunteers to pay for refreshments. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads, and, so say the political economists, has done more injury to Spain than hailstorms or drought, from fostering singing, dancing, and idleness; the performer slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago (Wilkinson, ii. ch. vi.). It is the unchanged kinoor of the East, the *κιθαρα*, cithera, guitarra, githorne; the "guiterne Moresche" of the minstrellers (Ducange). The performers, seldom scientific musicians, content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, *rasqueando*, or flourishing, *floreando*, and tapping the guitar-board with the thumb, *golpeando*, at which they are very expert. Occasionally in the towns there is a *zapatero* or a *maestro* of some kind, who has attained more power over this ungrateful instrument; but the attempt is generally a failure, for it responds coldly to Italian words and elaborate melody, which never come home to Spanish ears or hearts; like the guitar of Anacreon, love, sweet love, is its only theme, *έρωτα μόνον*. The multitude suit the guitar to the song; both air and words are frequently extemporaneous; the language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed up according to caprice with *assonants*, with which more of the popular *refranes* are rounded off than by rhymes. The *assonant* consists of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants. Thus *santos*, *llantos*, are rhymes; *amor* and *razon* are *assonants*; even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed; a change in intonation, or a few thumps more or less on the guitar-board, does the work, and supersedes all difficulties. These *morce pronunciacionis*, this *ictus metricus*, constitute a rude prosody, and lead to music just as gestures do to dancing,—to ballads,—"*que se cantan bailando*;" and which, when heard, reciprocally inspire a Saint Vitus's desire to snap fingers and kick heels, as all will admit in whose ears the *habas verdes* of Leon, or the *cachucha* of Cadiz, yet ring. The words destined to set all this capering in motion—not written for cold critics—are listened to by those who come attuned to the hearing vein—who anticipate and re-echo the subject—who are operated on by the contagious bias. Thus a sound-fascinated audience of otherwise sensible Britons, tolerates the positive presence of nonsense at an opera. To feel the full power of the guitar and Spanish song, the performer should be a sprightly Andaluza, taught or untaught; and when she wields the instrument as her fan, as if part of herself, and alive, no wonder one of the old fathers of the church said, that he would sooner face a singing basilisk: she is good for nothing when pinned down to a piano, on which few Spanish women play even tolerably. The words of her song are often struck off at the

moment, and allude to incidents and persons present. Sometimes those of *la gente ganza, que tiene zandunga*, are most clever, full of epigram and *double entendre*; they often sing what may not be spoken, and steal hearts through ears, for, as Cervantes says, *Cuando cantan encantan*: at other times their song is little better than nonsense, with which the audience is just as well satisfied. For, as Figaro says—"ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante." A good voice, which Italians call *novanta-nove*, ninety-nine parts out of the hundred, is very rare; nothing strikes a traveller more unfavourably than the harsh voice of Spanish women in general. The Spanish guitar requires an *abandon*, a fire, and *gracia* which could not be risked by ladies of more northern climates and more tightly-laced zones. The songs, the ballads, "this free press" of the people of Spain, and immemorially their delight, have tempered the despotism of their church and state, have sustained a nation's resistance against foreign aggression.

Not much music is printed in Spain; the songs and airs are frequently sold in MS. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. Andalusia is the chosen spot to form the best collection. Don N. Zamaracola has published a small selection—' *Coleccion de Seguidillas, Tiranas, y Polos*,' Mad. 1799, under the name of Don Preciso. The *Seguidillas, Manchegas, Boleras* are a sort of madrigal, and consist of 7 verses, 4 lines of song and 3 of chorus, *estrevillo*; the *Rondenias* and *Malagenas* are couplets of 4 verses, and take their names from the towns where they are most in vogue; the term of others, *La Arana*, comes from the Havana. The best guitars in the world were made by the Pajez family, father and son, in Cadiz.

Meanwhile the genuine airs and tunes are very Oriental, of most remote antiquity, and a remnant of primitive airs, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest any new fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar is indicated in the myth of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries; the plaintive *manerôs* of the Nile, brought by the Phœnicians into Spain, became the *Linus* of Greece (Herod. ii. 79). The national tunes of the Fellah, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are still slow and monotonous, often in utter opposition with the sentiments of the words, which have varied, whilst the airs remain unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, and unisonous, not like our glees, yet generally provided with an "*estrevillo*," a chorus in which the audience joins. They owe little to harmony, the end being rather to affect than to please. Certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind in connection with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs: the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy; and although, in lands of greater intercourse and fastidious civilization, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed or silenced the old-ballad airs of Spain—those "howlings of Tarshish." Indeed, national tunes, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant

progeny in the cradling nest. As the Spaniard, in the mass, is warlike without being military, saltatory without being graceful, so he is musical without being harmonious; he continues much the raw man material made by nature, and treating himself mostly as he does the raw products of his soil, takes things as he finds them, leaving art and final development to the foreigner. He is better seen in the streets than in the saloon—in the Serrania and far from cities. The *venta* after all is the true opera-house of Spain: all the rest is London *leather* or Parisian *prunella*; *y no vale nada*. The student may consult *Origen de Teatro Español*, M. Garcia, Madrid, 1802; *Tratado del Histrionismo*, Pellicer, Madrid, 1804; *Origenes del Teatro Español*, Moratin, Madrid, 1830; and the excellent work on the *Spanish Theatre* by the German Schak; see also our papers, on the *Spanish Stage*, 'Quart. Rev.' No. cxvii.; and on *Spanish Ballads*, 'Edin. Rev.' No. cxlvi.

XXIII. SPANISH CIGARS.

But whether at the bull-fight or theatre, lay or clerical, wet or dry, the Spaniard during the day, sleeping excepted, solaces himself, when he can, with a cigar; this is his *nepenthe*, his pleasure opiate, his *te veniente die et te decedente*, which soothes but not inebriates.

The manufactory of the cigar is not the least active of all carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. As a cigar is a *sine quâ non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*. Ponz, the first in that field, remarks (ix. 201), "You will think me tiresome with my tobacco-nistical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world." This calumet of peace is the poor man's friend, calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes men patient under trouble, and hunger, heat, and despotism. "Quoique puisse dire," said Molière, "Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac." In larderless Spain it is meat and drink both, and the chief smoke connected with caterings for the mouth issues from labial chimneys.

Tobacco, this anodyne for the irritability of human reason, is, like spirituous liquors which make it drunk, a highly-taxed article in civilized societies. In Spain, the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobacco-nist-general; the privilege is generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, a really good home-made cigar is with difficulty to be had in the Peninsula for love or money. There seems to be no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, charged at an exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do perfectly near Malaga, for when the experiment was made, and proved successful, the cultivation was immediately prohibited by the government. The badness and dearness of the royal article favours the well-meaning smuggler; and this corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar. No offence is more dreadfully punished in Spain than that of tobacco-smuggling, which robs the royal pocket—all other robbery is as nothing, for the lieges only suffer.

The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars at Gibraltar is a never-failing source of ill blood and ill will between the Spanish and English governments. This most serious evil is contrary to treaties, injurious to Spain and England alike, and is beneficial only to aliens of the worst character who form the real plague and sore of the Rock.

Many tobaccose epicures, who smoke their regular dozen, place the supply sufficient for the day, between two fresh lettuce-leaves, which improves the narcotic effect. Ferdinand VII. was not only a great manufacturer but consumer of certain *Purones*, a large thick cigar made expressly for his gracious use in the Havana, and of the *vuelta de abajo*, the very best, for he was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: when meditating a treacherous *coup*, he would give graciously a royal weed to a minister, and when the happy individual got home to smoke it, he was saluted by an alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

The bulk of Spaniards cannot afford either the expense of tobacco, which is dear to them, or the loss, of *not* losing time, which is very cheap, by smoking a whole cigar: a single cigar furnishes occupation and recreation for half an hour. Though few Spaniards ruin themselves in libraries, fewer are without a little blank book of *papel de hilo*, a particular paper made best at Alcoy, in Valencia. At any pause all say at once—*pues señores! echemos un cigarito*—well then, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar: when forthwith all set seriously to work; every Spaniard, besides this book, is armed with a small case of flint, steel, and a combustible tinder, "*yesca*." To make a paper cigar, like putting on a cloak, flirting a fan, or clicking castanets, is an operation of much more difficulty than it seems, but Spaniards, who have done nothing so much from their childhood upwards, perform both with extreme facility and neatness. This is the mode:—the *petacca* (Arabicè Buták), a cigar case worked by a fair hand in coloured *pita* (the thread from the aloe), is taken out—a leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper-leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the *bonne bouche*, the *breast*, *la pechuga*. The little ends are thrown away (they are indeed little, for a Spanish fore-finger and thumb is quite fire-browned and fire-proof). Some polished exquisites, *pollos*, use silver holders. These remnants are picked up by the beggar-boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths. On the *Prados* and *Alamedas* urchins always are running about with a rope slowly burning for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, is kept always ignited, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, filled with lighted charcoal, is usually placed on a table. This necessity of a light levels all

ranks ; it is allowable to stop any person in the streets, for fire, "*fuego*," "*candela* ;" thus a cigar forms the bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous ranks and ages. Some of the Spanish fair sex are said to indulge in a quiet *cigarilla*, *una pajita* ; but it is not thought either a sign of a real lady, or of one of rigid virtue, to have recourse to stolen and forbidden pleasures ; for whoever makes one basket will make a hundred—*quien hace un cesto, hara un ciento*.

Nothing exposes a traveller to more difficulty than carrying tobacco in his luggage ; whenever he has more than a certain small quantity, let him never conceal it, but declare it at every gate, and be provided with a *guia*, or permit. Yet all will remember never to be without some cigars, and the better the better ; for although any cigar is acceptable, yet a real good one is more tempting than the apple was to Eve. The greater the enjoyment of the smoker, the greater his respect for the donor ; a cigar may be given to everybody, whether high or low, and the *petaca* may be presented, just as a Frenchman of *La vieille cour* offered his snuff-box, as a prelude to conversation. It is an act of civility, and implies no superiority ; there is no humiliation in the acceptance—it is twice blessed—"it blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;"—it is the spell wherewith to charm the natives, who are its ready and obedient slaves, and a cigar, like a small kind word spoken in time, works miracles. There is no country in the world where the stranger and traveller can purchase for half-a-crown, half the love and good-will which its investment in tobacco will ensure : a man who grudges or neglects it is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher.

Offer, therefore, your cigar-case freely and cheerfully, dear traveller, when on the road ; but if you value your precious health of mind or body, your mens *sana* in corpore *sano*, the combined and greatest blessings in this life, use this bane of this age but sparingly yourself : abuse it not. An early indulgence in this vicious and expensive habit saps life. The deadening influence of this slow but sure poison tampers with every power conferring secretion of brain and body ; and although the effects may not be felt at the moment, the cigaesque spendthrift is drawing bills on his constitution which in a few years assuredly must fall due, and then, when too late, he will discover what far higher pleasures, intellectual and physical, have been sacrificed for the filthy weed.

XXIV.—SPANISH COSTUME—CLOAK AND MANTILLA.

The Spaniards, in spite of the invasions of French milliners and English tailors, have retained much of a national costume, that picturesque type, which civilization, with its cheap and common-place calico, is, alas ! busily effacing. As progress in Spain is slow, fortunately the *Capa* and *Mantilla*, nowhere else to be met with in Europe, still remain to gladden the eye of the stranger and artist, and however they may be going out of fashion at Madrid, are fortunately preserved in the provinces.

Dress, from its paramount importance, demands a page. *We strongly recommend* our readers, ladies as well as gentlemen, whose grand object is to pass in the crowd incognito and unnoticed, to re-rig themselves out