

carried away by the corrupted taste of the nation: they have endeavoured to flatter it, and by the ascendancy of their authority have rendered it incurable. Such of our authors as should attempt to introduce some of these pieces to the French theatre, would have no great merit in retrenching such vain ornaments. I would recommend them to chuse from those of Calderon. Most of the other Spanish comic poets recompence not, like him, their defects by the originality of their invention. Lopez de Vega, the Spanish author with whom strangers are most acquainted, and whom his countrymen, always emphatical in their eulogiums, extol as, *admirable in lyric poetry, eloquent in heroic, melodious in pastoral, grave in epic, and ingenious and fertile in dramatic,* \* is still

\* The epithet *fertile* cannot be disputed him: it has been repeatedly said, that he wrote three thousand pieces. When truth already surpasses probability, exaggeration is at least useless. Perez de Montalvan, who knew Lopez de Vega, allows him but eighteen hundred comedies; but these sufficiently entitle him to the epithet *fertile*. His cotemporaries assure us, that upon a hint from the king or some courtier, he

still more extravagant in his plots than Calderon. However, he was better acquainted

composed a comedy in one night. These rapid productions had then a merit which at present they have not. They related some temporary anecdotes, and presented good likenesses of certain persons whom the malignity of the court wished to turn into ridicule. They could not survive these transient circumstances. But few of them are now pleasing to the modern Spaniards, and in the voluminous edition they have recently given of the works of Lopez de Vega, very few of those comedies are inserted. The principal among them is his *Dorothea*, which the Spaniards still consider as a master piece of wit, sensibility, and delicacy, but in which I found nothing but vulgar manners, described in a perplexed style; there are nevertheless some ingenious ideas and marks of sentiment. I open this comedy by accident, and find in the stanzas which Ferdinand sings in praise of Dorothea the following passage: *Between the moon and thy favour, and the sun and thy eyes, the earth of thy rigour places itself to cast a shade and cause eclipses.* In another place, speaking of his grief, of which, he says, he has no confidants but the rocks and wild beasts, he adds: *These, by their roarings, spread terror, and find in their entrails the echo of my complaints.* An old woman who cajoles Dorothea with no good intention, and who praises her for the taste of her dress, says to her, *Behold these ornaments with which the sun might trim the robes of his planets.*

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quainted than any of his cotemporaries with the rules of the theatre. He has reconciled his countrymen to them. He perhaps would have had the honor of effecting a total revolution in their taste had he had the courage to join example to precept; but he preferred to this the momentary satisfaction of flattering their foibles. Posterity has passed judgment upon this culpable complaisance. Few of his pieces have come down to us, whilst those of Calderon, more original, elegant and varied, with a greater justness in his characters, are still received with transport in the present age. After Calderon, Moreto holds a distinguished rank among the Spanish dramatists; but his plots are no less faulty, and his style still more corrupt than those of the former; and the buffooneries of his *Graciosos*, which constitute the chief merit of his pieces, would not be suffered on our theatre.

The comedy of *Dorothea*, like most of those of the Spanish theatre, is full of similar witticisms, which Moliere would not have dared to give to his *Precieuses Ridicules*.

Nearly the same observations are true of Zamora, who wrote towards the end of the last century. Cannizares, who began when Zamora was upon the decline, was successful in some pieces which are still well received, called by the Spaniards, *Comedias de figurones*; a kind of caricature farce in the style of our *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*\*, but which can only be relished by spectators who are well acquainted with the originals they are meant to satirize. Such are *Domine Lucas*, and the *Montanez en la Corte*, of which the vulgar buffoonery and grotesque scenes would not succeed upon our theatre, if even a number of circumstances, which exclusively relate to the customs of the country, did not render them unintelligible.

The comedies which have appeared since these, are without merit in the eyes of the Spaniards themselves. This kind of literature has been left to the most

\* A favorite French comedy by Moliere.

ordinary writers, who, without genius, and fervilely following their models, imitate their extravagance only, and seem to have nothing by view but to please the populace in flattering their inclination to the marvellous, lavishing romantic adventures, and gross witticisms, and having recourse to all the contemptible resources which so ill supply the want of real abilities. The men of letters who may have talents proper for the drama, despairing to bring it among their countrymen to the rules of good taste, cultivate other branches of literature.

They have, however, made some attempts, the success of which has proved that what is really excellent pleases in all countries. Several translations of the best French tragedies have been well received by the same public, which has been so much accustomed to the extravagance and buffoonery of the Spanish theatre. Poets, still living, have written some tragedies invented by them-

selves, and executed upon the models  
 of those of the French stage, that is  
 to say, freed from that irregularity of  
 style, complication of incidents, and that  
 mixture of vulgar and wretched buff-  
 foony with the most pathetic scenes.  
 Their works, however, have only ex-  
 cited a cold admiration, and were soon  
 obliged to give place to irregular pro-  
 ductions which now reign without a  
 rival.

There are, notwithstanding, some mo-  
 dern pieces which have at least the merit of  
 faithfully delineating characters. These  
 are what the Spaniards call *Saynetes* or *En-  
 tremes*, which are little pieces in one act,  
 as simple in their plots as those of great  
 pieces are complicated. The manners and  
 character of the inferior classes of so-  
 ciety, and the petty interests which asso-  
 ciate or divide them, are therein repre-  
 sented in the most striking manner. It  
 is not an imitation but the thing itself.  
 The spectator seems to be suddenly trans-  
 ported into a circle of Spaniards, where  
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he is present at their amusements and little cavilings. The manner of dress is so faithfully copied that he is sometimes disgusted. He sees porters, flower girls, and fish-women, who have all the gestures, manner and language of those he has seen a hundred times in the street. For these kinds of characters the Spanish comedians have an admirable talent. Were they equally natural in every other they would be the first actors in Europe. The composition of these little pieces, however, require no great talents. It might be supposed the author was afraid of going too far, and only waited for an expedient to withdraw himself from his embarrassment. He opens the door of a private house, and presents, as by chance, some of the scenes which most commonly pass in it; and as soon as he thinks the spectator's curiosity satisfied, he shuts the door and the piece concludes.

The *Saynetes* seem to have been invented to give relief to the attention of  
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the audience fatigued by following the intrigue of the great piece through its inextricable labyrinth. Their most certain effect is that of making you loose the clew; for it seldom happens that the real Spanish comedies are represented without interruption. They are composed of three acts, called *Jornadas*. After the first act comes the Saynete, and the warrior or king, whom you have seen adorned with a helmet or a crown, has frequently a part in the little piece; and to spare himself the trouble of entirely changing his dress, sometimes preserves a part of his noble or royal garments. His sash or buskin still appears from beneath the dirty cloak of a man of the lowest class, or the robe of an Alcalde. The stranger, who is ignorant of the odd custom of joining together objects so incongruous, imagines the hero who has so long occupied his imagination has assumed a disguise useful to his purpose; and seriously seeks for the connexion between that scene and those



preceding. When the Saynete is finished, the principal piece is continued.

After the second act, there is a new interruption longer than the first; another Saynete begins, and is succeeded by a species of comic-opera, very short, and called *Tonadilla*. A single actress frequently performs the whole, she relates, in singing, either an uninteresting adventure, or some trivial maxims of gallantry; if she be a favourite with the public, and her indecent manner satisfies the admirers of this insipid and sometimes scandalous representation, she obtains the applause, which she never fails to solicit at the conclusion, and the third act of the great piece is permitted to begin. It may be imagined what becomes of illusion and interest after these interruptions, on which account, it is not uncommon to see, after the *Tonadilla* is finished, the audience diminish and become reduced to the few who are unacquainted with the principal piece, or whose curiosity is strong enough to make them  
wait

wait to see the unravelling. From what has been said, it may be judged that the Spaniards feel but few lively, strong or contrived emotions, which in other countries are the delight of the lovers of the dramatic art. The Saynetes and Tonadillas are frequently in Spain what are most attractive in these strange medleys, and it must be confessed the auditor may be satisfied with them when he goes to the theatre to relax, and not agreeably to employ, his mind. After a short residence in Spain, it is easy to conceive the attraction which the Saynetes and Tonadillas may have for the people of the country. Manners, dress, adventures and music; all are national; besides, there are frequently presented in these little pieces two species of beings peculiar to Spain, and whose manners and expressions ought to be held in contempt; but which, on the contrary, are the objects of much mirth and pleasantry, and sometimes of imitation. These are the *Majos* and the *Majas* on the

the one part, and the *Gitanos* and *Gitanas* on the other.

The *Majos* are beaux of the lower class, or rather bullies, whose grave and frigid pomposity is announced by their whole exterior. They have an accent, habit and gesture peculiar to themselves. Their countenance, half concealed under a brown stuff bonnet, called *Montera*, bears the character of threatening severity, or of wrath, which seems to brave persons the most proper to awe them into respect, and which is not softened even in the presence of their mistresses. The officers of justice scarcely dare attack them. The women, intimidated by their terrible aspect, seem to wait with resignation the soft caprice of these petty sultans. If they are provoked by any freedoms, a gesture of impatience, a menacing look, sometimes a long rapier or a poniard concealed under their wide cloak, announce that they cannot permit familiarity with impunity. The *Majas*, on their parts, rival these caprices

as much as their feeble means will permit; they seem to make a study of effrontery. The licentiousness of their manners appears in their attitudes, actions, and expressions; and when lewdness in their persons is cloathed with every wanton form, all the epithets which admiration can inspire are lavished upon them. This is the disagreeable side of the picture. But if the spectator goes with a disposition, not very scrupulous, to the representation in which the *Majas* figure; when he becomes familiarized to manners very little conformable to the virtues of the sex, and the means of inspiring ours with favourable sentiments, he sees in each of them the most seducing priestesses that ever presided at the altars of Venus. Their impudent affectation is no more than a poignant allurements, which introduces into the senses a delirium that the wisest can scarcely guard against, and which, if it inspire not love, at least promises much pleasure.

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The most indulgent persons will, however, be displeas'd that the Majos and Majas are thus received upon the theatre, and preserve their allurements even in the circles of good company. In most countries the inferior classes think it an honour to ape their superiors; in Spain it is the contrary, in many respects. There are, among both sexes, persons of distinguished rank, who seek their models among the heroes of the populace, who imitate their dress, manners, and accent, and are flattered when it is said of them, *He is very like a Majo.*—*One would take her for a Maja.* This is, indeed, renouncing the nobility of one of the sexes, and the decency which constitutes the principal charm of the other.

The *Gitanos* and *Gitanas*, still more dangerous than the Majos and Majas, might be the objects of the same reflections. They are, in fact, a kind of gipsies who run about the country, lead a dissolute life, tell fortunes, exercise

all kinds of suspicious professions, have among themselves a language, particular signs, and the appearance of dexterous knaves who prey upon the innocent. This class of vagabonds, of which society ought to be purged, has hitherto been tolerated\*; and characters are given to them upon the stage, amusing by their originality and their resemblance to the models of which they are the copies; but their effect renders vice familiar by concealing its deformity under a gay exterior. They are, if I may so say, the shepherds of the Spanish stage, certainly less insipid, but at the same time less innocent than those of ours. Their tricks, plots, and amo-

\* Two years ago, the king, in consequence of representations from the council of Castile, which constantly watches over the manners of the country, ordered a kind of edict to be published, which relates to this wandering race, and forbids the Gitanos from living in troops and in places difficult of access, and from continuing their name, language and signs, and, besides, offers them the means of becoming useful and respectful citizens.

rous intrigues, suited to their manners, are the subjects of several faynetes and tonadillas, and probably serve as lessons to some of the spectators.

It appears to me that the Spaniards, more than other nations, have lost sight of the influence the theatre might have upon public morals. By confining the functions of Thalia to her motto, not perfectly applicable in my opinion (*Castigat ridendo mores*) they are reduced to the correcting of some ridiculous absurdities, by amusing and interesting a chosen part of the nation. Comedy, I think, might have a more useful and extended purpose; and notwithstanding the authority of our best pieces, and the censures of the critics, it inclines to this in France. If the aim of the comic muse should be, indeed, the improvement of morals, why does not she more frequently present us models of virtue, more within our reach and easier of imitation than those of our tragedies? If patriotism, the love of glory,

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heroic virtues and philosophy of an order superior to the ordinary classes penetrate our minds at the representation of one of our best tragedies, why should not they be softened, warmed and improved by the affecting representation of virtues more frequently in use? and who would then dare to say, that comedy was not one of the most successful teachers of morality? Do not we too frequently see how successfully vice borrows the mask of Thalia? Why should it not then be employed in the service of virtue? The Spaniards, our predecessors if not our masters, our guides if not our models, in the drama, have been less timid than we. They have, in their ancient comedies, powerful examples of every virtue which can be recommended to a people; loyalty, firmness, justice and beneficence. Whatever may be said to the contrary, and notwithstanding the extravagance which serves as a canvass to the poet, and the exaggeration of the features of the picture he gives, people leave these representations



sentations more disposed to the exercise of those virtues, than they would be after the performance of the best pieces entirely comic, in which the poet confines himself to placing a well-drawn character in different situations, and whence lessons of a vicious tendency and malignity are rather learned than those of goodness. I compare not the talents necessary to excel in either kind of writing; I speak of their moral effect only, and am free to say, that in this point of view, it is to be regretted that governments take not more effectual means to recall comedy to the aid of virtue; whereas, on the contrary, they have suffered it to ridicule what ought to be held in the highest respect.

In their modern productions, equally irregular and immoral, the Spaniards have gone greater lengths than we have. Not only the most generally received propriety is sacrificed in them, but they contain a description of every kind of vice and debauchery, without

exciting the horror they should inspire. The conspiracies of a son against a father, the brutality of husbands, the infidelity of wives, even the plottings of malefactors who escape punishment, all are hazarded by the authors, suffered by the police, and well received by the public. The consequences of this tolerance are, however, important, particularly in Spain, where the theatre is frequented by every class of citizens, and may infect, with the venom distilled there, the higher as well as lower ranks of subjects. The populace seems to be the principal object the authors and actors have in view; and the greater number of frequenters of the theatres are of that description. Their fancies must be pleased, and their perverse tastes flattered; and the tumultuous manner in which they express their coarse sensations, intirely drowns the less noisy approbation of the more enlightened part of the audience; perhaps the only example of the kind in a government of the nature of those in which the common people are but  
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little considered, and fashioned to the yoke of a power which may almost be stiled arbitrary.

We should be naturally led to suppose a theatre, under so little restraint, must prevent persons, who by their age and professions are more particularly obliged to preserve an appearance of decency, from frequenting it; for which reason a stranger is not a little astonished to see at these representations, in which modesty and morality are so often insulted, not only young persons of exterior modesty, but ecclesiastics, whose grave countenance and dress, austere in its simplicity, might be expected to impose an awe upon licentiousness. A wise pagan formerly left the theatre of Rome, for fear of authorizing, by his presence, the disorders there described in colours at which his virtue was offended. Spanish priests, intolerant in the most trifling objects, are not so scrupulous. If their virtue be above scandal, ought not they to fear the effect of an example, which, in a country where they have so much influence,

fluence, must become authority? But each country has its customs and incoherences. In other nations ecclesiastics never appear in prophane theatres, and yet in other places permit themselves the greatest irregularities.

To reform the Spanish theatre, a concurrence of circumstances, which are still wanting to that part of administration, would be necessary. The sovereign who, in this respect as well as in so many others, might have the greatest influence, is totally indifferent about theatrical amusements. The theatre of Saragossa having been burned a few years ago, the director of the king's conscience, who seemingly had forgotten that fire from heaven had destroyed more than one temple, wished to represent that accident as a proof of divine wrath. The inhabitants at Saragossa strove to appease the anger of heaven by banishing from their city all profane spectacles. Had the king's confessor been listened to, the same sentence would have been pronounced  
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against all that were in the kingdom. The good sense of the king protected them against the blind zeal of the director; he thought it sufficient to have shut up those of Buen Retiro and his other palaces: he continued to tolerate the rest: this was all his goodness permitted him to do. The particular management of these amusements escapes his observation. His ministers, who are mostly near his person, cannot give them much of their attention.

At Madrid, the police of the theatre is divided between the corregidor, the city magistracy, and the alcaldes de corte; but the limits of their jurisdiction are ill defined; and from this uncertain authority result the disorders which every one sees, and nobody has the power of suppressing. The pieces, the admission of which is accompanied with many difficulties and formalities, escape from a similar reason the animadversion of their examiners.

Before they are permitted to be performed, they have to pass through the hands of three or four censors. It might be supposed that this excess of precaution would banish from these compositions every thing which can offend religion or decency. Each censor confides in the care and attention of his associate. A superficial examination does not permit them either to foresee the scandal which several expressions, sometimes unintelligible to them, may produce; or that which may result from certain scenes with the theatrical effect of which they are unacquainted; and the sensible part of the audience is astonished at seeing, after so many precautions, the stage disgraced by immoral pieces, at which decency and taste are equally shocked. The censors, besides, are frequently infected with the general contagion; they fear but little the consequences of an abuse, the effects of which are slow and unperceived by those who consider only the present moment. Courage would be necessary to take suddenly from the people the

the favourite objects of their affection, and not to yield to the representations of the comedians whose receipts would suffer some diminution, about which scruples might arise. Reformation is thus retarded by weakness, excess of caution, and because no person sufficiently concerns himself in the matter, to withstand the clamours of the actors and the populace.

There have been in the present reign, however, examples of bold reforms, which cannot be too soon repeated to compleat the polishing of the Spanish nation. Government has entirely abolished the *Autos Sacramentales*, in which angels, saints and virtues, personified, were exhibited, to the scandal of religion and common sense; ridiculous pieces, in which Calderon had displayed all the extravagance of his imagination. The representation of several other pieces is also suppressed. These were in the class of ordinary comedies, and contained scenes not less scandalous  
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in throwing ridicule upon religion ; such were *Los Zelos de San Josef*, *La Princesa Ramera*, *Virgin y Martyr*, &c. Dramas, in which the simplicity of an earlier age, no doubt, found edification, while the progress of knowledge and modern depravity finds in them nothing but impiety or indecency. While I was at Madrid, this prohibition was extended to other compositions of the same kind, which had been protected, nobody knows how, until the present age. These were *Cain de Catalunna*, in which the enmity between two brothers, and the murder of the youngest were described in the manner and expressions found in the Bible, in the history of the Death of Abel ; and *El Diablo predicador* (the Devil turned preacher) a comedy, which I saw several times represented, and of which the author of *Essays upon Spain* has given a good abstract. The devil condemned by the Almighty to take the frock in a convent of Franciscans, preaches there charity, performs miracles, torments the monks by his severity,



verity, frightens them by his sudden appearance when they imagine him at a great distance, and produces scenes really comic, to which nothing but another mode of introducing them could have been desired. The present administration is too wise not to pursue this plan of reform, and not insensibly to inspire the Spaniards with a more rational taste.

Besides the correction of the moral defect of the theatre, another revolution in the mechanical part remains to be effected. This has been begun in the present reign, by the attention of some persons of understanding. The decorations are better understood, and the dresses more in character than formerly. The Spanish theatre had weaker beginnings than ours, and, in some places, preserves the forms of its infancy. Two parallel curtains, facing the spectators, composed the whole mechanism of the theatre, and this simplicity was still found in some theatres which I entered in Spain. The prompter, for want of  
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a proper situation, and finding no room between the side scenes, stands behind the second curtain, his candle in one hand and the book in the other, and runs across the stage to assist the actor who is in want of his aid; this, by the transparency of the curtain, is seen by all the spectators, and adds to their amusement. But in well-contrived theatres, as those of Madrid, and other great cities, the side-scenes, green-room, changes of decoration, and place of the prompter resemble our own. A stranger is, however, surprized to hear the prompter recite all the parts almost as loud as the actors, and is tempted to request the latter to be silent, to let him, who so well supplies the places of them all, speak alone.

The Spanish theatres are divided into five parts; the *Aposentos*, or two ranges of boxes, of which the upper part of the edifice consists. The *Cazuela*, a kind of amphitheatre at the bottom, into which none but women, covered with their veils,

veils, are admitted, and who might be taken for a company of nuns, were it possible for the mind to be so absent as to confound things sacred with profane. *Las Gradass*, another amphitheatre under the boxes on each side of the theatre, and where persons who love to be at their ease are placed. The *Patio*, which answers to the parterre or pit, but for the most part contains the meanest of the people, who sufficiently display their vulgarity, ignorance, and rags. The *Luneta* which corresponds with the French parquet\*, and receives much the same company. The actors often apostrophize these five classes of spectators, under the name of *Mosqueteros*, and lavish upon them all the insipid epithets which they think likely to gain their suffrages. These flatteries are not spared upon the *Patio*, which is always noisy, and as difficult as if it had a right to be so. When we observe the attention the come-

\* An enclosed place between the pit and the orchestra in the French theatre.

dians pay to this part of the audience, we cannot but recollect the Indians worshipping the devil, or the honey cake thrown by the Sibyl into the jaws of Cerberus.

These insipid homages are rendered after every piece to the audience in general, and are degrading to the comedians, who are not treated with less rigour, when they have the misfortune to displease the public. At Madrid they are divided into two theatres, that of *De la Cruz*, and that of *Du Principe*, who are joined in one interest, but separated by vanity. The partisans of the former are distinguished by the epithet of *Polacos* (Polish) and those of the latter by that of *Chorizos* (Sausages) odd names, the etymology of which is a matter of no importance, but which serve to rally the spirit of party, and are motives of emulation to the actors of the two theatres, much less to improve their talents than to increase their audience, and consequently their revenues. Each theatre

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has for manager one of the comedians, who every year, at the approach of Easter, dissolves and recomposes his company according to his fancy. Those whose talents are approved of by the public, then treat with both managers, and engage with him who has most cunning or generosity. It may be supposed the *Gracifos* are not forgotten in this periodical arrangement.

Of these there are two principal ones at Madrid, who, excepting a little exaggeration, would be well received as *valets* upon every other theatre. The two managers agree to take each of them one, as well as to divide the principal actors, lest there should be in their companies too great an inequality, by which they would both suffer. Beside these, they have each of them performers of both sexes, whose talents are much esteemed by the public; but they are of a nature more proper for parade, than for the real theatre of Thalia. All those who study nature, who add cheerfulness to the graces, the force of  
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sentiment to nobleness of expression, and render the art of declamation the sister and rival of the fine arts, are little known in Spain. The comedians of that kingdom are confined to the servile imitation of the models before their eyes, in their dress, manners and inflections of voice. They know not how to create imaginary but yet possible characters, and represent princes as haughty without being boisterous, or lovers as impassioned without losing sight of decency; in which, declamation costs not the lungs continual and monotonous efforts, but is varied according to the affections of the mind, in which gestures, modified by the same causes, are varied and expressive, without being less noble or true, and nature embellished without being disguised. Instead of effecting this, upon which the improvement of the art depends, the Spanish comedians, once removed from objects within their reach, forget every rule, exaggerate and disfigure every thing, and instead of economising their strength to obtain an end, exhaust themselves

selves in going beyond it. Their angry women become furies, their heroes braggadocios, their conspirators vile malefactors, and their tyrants mere butchers. If they have something gallant to say, their manner and tone of voice are most insipid. They roar instead of sobbing; their sighs fatigue and sometimes terrify the audience, but are never moving. Scenes which might be pathetic, either become uninteresting or excite laughter. The gestures are well suited to the declamation. Most of them are forced and improper, and all are confined within a narrow circle. Invented by folly, they are consecrated by custom, from which no actor dares to depart. They are undoubtedly far different from those of Clairon, le Kain, Garrick and other modern actors and actresses who might be mentioned. For which reasons, comedians in Spain, notwithstanding the indulgence with which prejudice and even religion treat their profession, are considered as mercenaries, admitted into society as jugglers who amuse for a

moment, and are sent away after being paid; whilst, in other countries, where civil and religious prejudices are more unfavourable to them, the just admiration they inspire raises them to the level of great artists, and almost to that of men of genius. This proves public opinion not to be always inflexible in its decisions, and that this tyrant which reigns over every thing is, in turn, subjected by a certain degree of success.

Since the death of Ferdinand VI. whose splendid court had an Italian theatre which rivalled the first of those in Italy, there has been no theatre in Spain but a national one. Charles III. however, has lately permitted in the capital an Italian comic opera which is much frequented; and still more recently an attempt has been made to introduce there French comedy. Subscriptions were opened to this effect, but the devotees cabaled; they were more scandalized at the *Misanthrope* and *Athaliah* than at the indecencies of their *Saynetes*.

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The French dramatic pieces, said they, are filled with maxims of toleration; they breathe too much modern philosophy. They enumerate thirteen heretical assertions in the single piece of Pygmalion. The general hospital also, a part of the revenues of which arise from the contributions of the two Spanish theatres, expressed its fears lest its receipt should be diminished. The monarch yielded to this double claim of scruple and charity; and the Thalia of France, who already saw the doors of the Spanish theatre open to receive her, was thrust from them, perhaps, for a long time.

I shall conclude what I had to say of my long residence at Madrid with this impartial description of the theatre of Spain, in which the Spaniards themselves cannot but acquiesce, and shall next conduct my reader to the only royal mansion of which I have not yet spoken; that of Aranjuez, where the court passes three months in the year;