quent ignorance of forks;* they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or "dip" their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity; with appetite, but no greediness; no nation, as a mass, is better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards. They are very pressing in their invitations whenever any eating is going on. No Spaniard or Spaniards, however humble their class or fare, ever allow any one to come near or pass them when eating without inviting them to partake. "Guste a usted comer," "Will you be pleased to dine?" No traveller should ever omit to go through this courtesy whenever any Spaniards, high or low, come near him when he is eating, especially if doing so of doors, which often happens in travelling; nor is it altogether an empty form; all classes consider it a compliment, if a stranger, and especially an Englishman, will condescend to share their dinner. In the smaller towns, those invited by English will often partake, even the better classes, and who have already dined; they think it civil, and have no objection to eating any good thing, which is the exception to their ordinary frugal habits. This is quite Arabian. The Spaniards seldom accept the invitation at once; they expect to be pressed by an obsequious host, in order to appear to do a gentle violence to their stomachs by eating to oblige him. The angels declined Lot's offered hospitals until they were "pressed greatly" (Gen. xix. 3). Travellers in Spain must not forget this still existing Oriental trait; for if they do not greatly press their offer, they are understood as meaning it to be a mere empty compliment. We have known Spaniards who have called with an intention of staying dinner, go away, because this ceremony was not gone through according to their punctilious notions, to which our off-hand manners are diametrically opposed. Hospitality in a hungry inn-less land becomes, as in the East, a sacred duty; if a man eats all the provender by himself, he can expect to have few friends—"bocado comido, no hace amigo." If, however, they do justice to the feast, both in eating and drinking, they amply repay the consumption by the good fellowship of their conversation, and by their local information. Generally speaking, the offer is not accepted; it is always declined with the same courtesy which prompts the invitation. "Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga a Vmd." "Many thanks—much good may it do you." (Vmd. or V. is the abbreviation of vuestra merced, your worship, and is the civil form of "you.") These customs, both of inviting and declining, tally exactly, and even to the expressions used among the Arabs to this day. Every passer-by is invited by Orientals—"Bismillah ya seeder," which means both a grace and invitation—"In the name of God, sir, (i.e.) will you dine with us?" or "Ta'fud-dal," "Do me the favour to partake of this repast." Those who decline reply, "Heneé an," "May it benefit." This supper, which is their principal meal, is seasoned with copious draughts of the wine of the country, which is drunk from whatever jug can be found—a bottle is a rarity; more frequently it is quaffed from the leathern "bota,"† with which all travellers should be provided, because a glass bottle

* Forks are an Italian invention; old Cöryate, who introduced this "neatenesse" into Somersetshire, was called fiacrefer by his friends. Alexander Barclay describes the English mode of eating about 1500, which sounds very ventaissh:—

"If the dishe be pleasant, ether fleshe or fische,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dishe."

† "Bota," from whence our Butt of sherry, bouteille, and bottle are derived, is the most ancient Oriental leathern bottle alluded to in Job. xxxii. 19, "My belly ready to burst like new bottles;" and in the parable, Matt. ix. 7. Few Spaniards of the lower classes travel without one. It was the last among the few things which Abraham gave to Hagar, when he turned out the mother of the Arabians. It hangs from a string to their saddle or cargo. The shape is like that of a large pear or shot-pouch: it contains from two to five quarts. The narrow neck is mounted with a turned wooden cup, from which the contents are
may be broken; therefore it is well to note that an earthenware keg is not a bota—"nota que, el jarro, no es bota." Nota bene, that no man who has a bota should ever keep it empty, especially when he falls in with good wine.

"No vagas sin bota camino
Y quando fueres, no la lleves sin vino."

Every man's Spanish attendant will always find out, by instinct, where the best wine is to be had; of these they are quite as good judges as of good water. They rarely mix them. It is spoiling two good things. Vino moro means wine that has never been baptized, for which the Asturians are infamous: agua et aqua. It is a great mistake to suppose, because Spaniards are seldom seen drunk, and because when on a journey they drink as much water as their beasts, that they have any Oriental dislike to wine: the rule is "Agua como bucey, y vino como Rey." The extent of the given quantity of wine which they will always swallow, rather suggests that their habitual temperance may in some degree be connected more with their poverty than with their will. The way to many an honest heart lies through the belly—aperit precordia Bacchus: nor is their Oriental blessing unconnected with some "savory food" previously administered. Our experience tallies with their proverb, that they prefer "cursed bad" wine to holy water; "mas vale vino maldito, que no agua bendita." Good wine needs neither bush, herald, nor crier,—"al vino que es bueno no es menester pregonero:" and independently of the very obvious reasons which good wine does and ought to afford for its own consumption, the irritating nature of Spanish cookery provides a never-failing inducement. The constant use of the savory class of condiments and of pepper is very heating, "la pimienta escatlienta." A salt-fish, ham, and sausage diet creates thirst; a good rasher of bacon calls loudly for a corresponding long and strong pull at the "bota," "a torrenso de tocino, buen golpe de vino." Accordingly, after supper, the bota circulates merrily, cigars are lighted, the rude seats are drawn closer to the fire, stories are told, principally on robber or love subjects, jokes are given and taken, unextinguishable laughter forms the chorus of conversation, especially after good eating or drinking, to which it forms the dessert, "a buen bocado buen grito:" in due time songs are sung, a guitar is strummed "rasgueado," dancing is set on foot, the fatigues of the day are forgotten, and the catching sympathy of mirth extending to all is prolonged far into the night. Then, one by one, the company drops off. The better classes go up stairs, the humble and majority make up their bed on the ground, near their animals; and like them, drank. The way to use it is thus—grasp the neck with the left hand and bring the edge of the cup to the mouth, then gradually raise the bag with the other hand till the wine keeps always full in the cup to the level of the mouth. The hole in the cup is stopped by a wooden spigot; this again is perforated and stopped with a small peg. Those who do not want to take a copious draught do not pull out the spigot, but merely the little peg of it; the wine then flows out in a thin thread. The Catalonians and Aragonese generally drink in this way: they never touch the vessel with their lips, but hold it up at a distance above, and pilot the stream into their mouths, or rather under-jaws. It is much easier for those who have had no practice to pour the wine into their necks than their mouths. Their drinking-bottles are made with a long narrow spout, and are called "Ponones." This custom is very ancient; it is the Thracian Amystis (Horace, 1 Od. 36. 14). The Bota must not be confounded with the Borracha, the cuero, the wine-skin of Spain, which Don Quixote attacked in the Venta; the latter is quite Oriental. Many a time will the traveller see in Spain the exact scene described by Joshua, "Old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old and new, rent and bound up." Our bottle gives a most inadequate idea of the bota, as being associated with glass; they held a great deal. See 1 Samuel xxv. 18. The skins, ayunas, "utres," are generally those of pigs. Long lines of the unclean beast may be seen at the bota-sellers, hanging in rows, turned neatly inside out, with three legs only, one being removed. The hair in the inside retains the pitch with which it is smeared, and gives the peculiar borracho to Spanish wines.
full of food and free from care, they fall instantly asleep in spite of the noise and discomfort by which they are surrounded. To describe the row baffles the art of pen or pencil. The roars, the dust, the alike entitled to the epithets bestowed on their Iberian predecessors, who partook of the wild

There is no undressing or morning toilette; no time or soap is lost by bipped or quadruped in the processes of grooming or lavation: both carry their wardrobes on their back, and trust to the shower and the sun to cleanse and bleach; all are alike entitled to the epithets bestowed on their Iberian predecessors, who partook of the wild beast. They sleep in their cloaks; "Blessed be man who first invented sleep—it covers one all over like a cloak," said Sancho Panza, whose sayings and doings represent the truest and most unchanged type of Spaniards of his class." Some substitute the "mantas," which most Spaniards carry with them when on their travels. This is a gay-coloured Oriental-looking striped blanket, or rather plaid: it is the Milayeh of Cairo, the Galnape of the Spanish Goths. When riding it is laid across the front of the saddle, when walking it is carried over the left shoulder, hanging in draperies behind and before. This forms the bed and bedding; for they never undress, but lie on the ground. The ground was the bed of the original Iberians—χαμαευναι (Strabo, iii. 233); and the word Cama, bed, has been read quasi χαμα, on the ground. St. Isidore thought that the term was introduced by the Carthaginians. Such has always been the bed of the lower orders. In the 14th century an English pilgrim, going to Santiago, describes these unchanged habits which exist to this day:—

"Bedding there is nothing fair. Many pilgrims it doth affaire [afear, frighten]; Tables use they none to eat. But on the bare floor they make their seat." 

PuRCHAS, ii. 1231.

Their pillow is composed either of their pack-saddles, "Albardas," or their saddle-bags, their "Alforjas." "No hay tal cama, como la de la enyalma," "there is no bed like the saddle-cloth." Their sleep is short, but profound. Long before daylight all is in motion; they "take up their bed," the animals are fed, harnessed, and laden, and the heaviest sleepers awakened. Their moderate accounts are paid, salutations or executions (generally the latter), according to the length of their bills, pass between them and the landlord, and another day of toil begins. These night-scenes at a Spanish venta transport the lover of antiquity into the regions of the past. The whole thing presents an almost unchanged representation of what must have occurred two thousand years ago. It

The third book of Strabo is dedicated to Spain, and furnishes most interesting details of the wild habits and early condition of the aboriginal Iberians. We have quoted the volume and page of the Ameloveen edition (Amsterdam, 1707, 2 vols. folio). This third book has been translated separately into Spanish by Juan Lopez (Madrid, 1787). The explanations and descriptions in the notes of modern customs and geography, in illustration of the original text, render the volume worthy of notice. St. Isidore is an author with whom none can dispense who wish to understand the condition of Spain and the state of knowledge under the Goths, a period which many persons who know nothing about the matter have been pleased to term the dark age. St. Isidore was archbishop of Seville from A-D. 600 to 636. He was the Pliny, the Bede, the encyclopedist of his age. His "Origines," in twenty books, were long the storehouse of useful and entertaining information. Dante places him in the 4th Heaven: L'ardente spiro d'Isidoro. (Par. x. 131.) "Isidre that was so wise," says our Adam Davie, writing in the year 1312. In our frequent references to him, we have used the edition of Du Breul, 1 vol. folio, Cologne, 1617, as being more convenient than that, certainly a more splendid one, which was edited at Rome by Atevalo, in 7 vols. quarto, 1797.
would be easy to work this out from Strabo, Martial, Athenæus, Silius Italicus, and other authorities. These curious analogies are well worthy of the scholar's attention. We would just suggest a comparison between the arrangement of the country Venta with that of the Roman inn now uncovered at the entrance of Pompeii, and its exact counterpart, the modern "Osteria," in the same district of Naples. In the Museo Borbonico will be found types of most of the utensils now used in Spain, while the Oriental and most ancient style of cuisine is equally easy to identify with the notices left us in the cookery books of antiquity. The same may be said of the tambourines, castanets, songs, and dances,—in a word, of everything; and, indeed, when all are hushed in sleep, and stretched like corpses amid their beasts, the Valencians especially, in their sandals and kilts, in their mantas and "espurtas de esparto," or baskets, we feel that Strabo must have beheld the old Iberians exactly in the same costume and position, when he told us, what we see now to be true, τό πλεον εν σαγοις, εν δίς τερ και στιθαδοκοτουσι (iii. 233).

The "ventorilla" is a lower class of venta: it is often nothing more than a mere hut, run up with reeds or branches of trees by the road-side, at which water, bad wine, and worse brandy, "aguardiente," are to be sold. The latter is always detestable, raw, and disflavoured with aniseed. These "ventorillas" are at best suspicious places, and the haunts of the spies of regular robbers or of the skulking footpad, the "ratero," of which we shall have to speak in the proper place. The traveller in the matter of inns will be seldom perplexed with any difficulty of selection as to the relative goodness. The safe rule is to go to the one where the diligence puts up—The Coach Inn. We shall not be able often to give him the exact names of the posadas, nor is it requisite. The simple direction, "vamos a La Posada," let us go to the inn, will be enough in smaller towns; for the question is rather, Is there an inn, and where is it? than, Which is the best inn?

N.B. All who travel with ladies are advised to write beforehand to their banker or friends to secure quarters in some hotel, especially when going to Madrid and the larger cities.

10. VOITURIER TRAVELLING.

Mails and diligences, we have said, are only established on the principal high roads connected with Madrid. There are but few local coaches which run from one provincial town to another, where the necessity of frequent and certain intercommunication is little called for. In the other provinces, where these modern conveniences have not been introduced, the earlier mode of travelling is the only resource left to families of children, women, and invalids, who are unable to perform the journey on horseback. This is the festina leni, or voiturier-system. From its long continuance in Italy and Spain, in spite of all the improvements adopted in other countries, it would appear to have something congenial and peculiarly fitted to the habits and wants of those cognate nations of the South, who have an Oriental dislike to be hurried, no corre priesa!

The Spanish vetturino, the "Calesero," is to be found, as in Italy, standing for hire in particular and well-known places in every principal town. The most respectable and long-established generally advertise in the local newspapers the day of their departure, and the name of the inn at which they may be heard of. There is, however, not much necessity for hunting for him: he has the Italian instinctive perception of a stranger and traveller, and the same importunity in volunteering himself, his cattle, and carriage, for any part of Spain. The man, however, and his equipage are peculiarly Spanish: his carriage, "coche de colleras," and his team, "tió," have undergone little change during the last two centuries: they are the representatives of the former equi-
pages of Europe, and resemble those vehicles once used in England, which may still be seen in the old prints of country-houses by Kip; or, as regards France, in the pictures of Louis XIV.'s journeys and campaigns by Vandermeulen. They are the remnant of the once universal "coach and six." The real Spanish "coche de colleras" is a huge cumbersome machine, built after the fashion of a reduced lord mayor's coach, or some of the equipages of the older cardinals at Rome. It is ornamented with rude sculpture, gilding, and painting of glaring colour. The fore-wheels are very low, the hind ones very high, and both remarkably narrow in the tire; remember when they stick in the mud, and the drivers call upon Santiago, to push the vehicle out backwards; the more you draw it forwards the deeper you get into the mire. The pole sticks out like the bowsprit of a ship, and there is as much wood and iron work as would go to a small waggon. The interior is lined with gay silk and velvet plush. Latterly, the general poverty and the prose of European improvements have simplified and even effaced the ornate nationalities of carriages and costumes; the old type will every day be more and more obliterated, and the Spanish "coche de colleras" will approximate to the less picturesque vehicle of the Italian vettureno, just as their private carriages, which no man could see without a smile, are getting modern and uninteresting. The slow old coaches of Spain have been well and rapidly drawn by the Young American. The antiquarian should look out for them:--The square and formal body is ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length, for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other that they scarcely seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding-steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place near the door (just as was done in Egypt 4000 years ago, Wilk, ii. 208). A pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, is driven by a superannuated postilion in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked-hat of oil-cloth. Such are the ups and downs of nations. Spain, the discoverer of America, has now become her butt; and the noble dust of Alexander stops a bung-hole; and we also join in the laugh, and forget that our ancestors talked of "Hurry ing in feather beds, that move upon four-wheel Spanish caroches" (Beaum, and Flet., 'Maid of the Inn,' iv. 1). However, the Prado vehicles were not one jot more ridiculous than those caricatures in motion which were called carriages at Paris in 1814, before they obtained notions of better things from England. Fas est ab hoste doceri; and both are thus more profitably employed than in teaching each other improved methods of war and destruction.

The luggage is piled up behind, or stowed away in a front boot. The management of driving this vehicle is conducted by two persons. The master callesero is called the "mayoral," his helper or cad the "mazo," or, more properly, "el zagal," from the Arabic, a strong active youth. The costume of the callesero is peculiar, and is based on that of Andalucia, which sets the fashion all over the Peninsula, in all matters regarding bull-fighting, horse-dealing, and so forth. He wears on his head a gay-coloured silk handkerchief, tied in such a manner that the tails hang down behind; over this remnant of the Moorish turban, he wears a high-peaked sugarloaf-shaped hat, "sombrero calanes," with broad brims, "gacho," Arabeo "turned down;" his jacket is the national "jaqueta," which is made either of black sheepskin, "zamarra," studded with silver tags, "alamares," and filigree buttons; or of brown cloth, with the back, arms, and particularly the
elbows, welted and tricked out with flowers and vases, cut in patches of different-coloured cloth and much embroidered. These calsero jackets are often imitated by the dandies, the "majos," of whom more anon, and then they are called a "marseilles," not from the French Marseilles, but from the old Moorish costume of Marsilla in Africa. In warm weather linen jackets are substituted. When the jacket is not worn it is usually hung over the left shoulder, after the hussar fashion. The waistcoat, "chaleco," is made of rich fancy silk; the breeches, "calzones," are made of blue or green velvet plush, ornamented with stripes and filigree buttons, or fitting tight, "de punto," and tied at the knee with silk cords and tassels; the neck is left open, and the shirt-collar turned down, a gaudy neck-handkerchief is worn, oftener passed through a ring than tied in a knot; his waist is girt with a red sash, or with one of a bright yellow, "color de caña." This "faja" is a sine quâ non; it is the old Roman zona, it serves also for a purse; it "girds the loins" and keeps up a warmth over the abdomen, which is highly beneficial in hot climates, and wards off any tendency to irritable colic: in the sash is stuck the "navaja," the knife, which is part and parcel of a Spaniard; behind, in the sash, the "zagal" usually places his stick, "la vara." The Andalucian calsero wears richly-embroidered gaiters, "botines," which are left open at the outside to show a handsome stocking; the shoes are yellow, like those of our cricketers, "de becerro," of untanned calfskin. The calseros on the eastern coast wear the Valencian stocking, which has no feet, and the ancient Roman sandals, made of the esparto rush, with hempen soles, "alpargatas," Arabicé Afpalghah. The "zagal" follows the fashion in dress of the "mayoral," as nearly as his means will permit him. He is the servant of all work, and must be ready on every occasion; nor can any one who has ever seen the hard and incessant toil which these men undergo, justly accuse them of being indolent, "holgazanas," the reproach which has been cast without much justice on the lower classes of Spain; he runs by the side of the carriage, picks up stones to pelt the mules, ties and unties knots, and pours forth a volley of blows and oaths from the moment of starting to that of arrival. He sometimes is indulged with a ride by the side of the mayoral on the box, when he always uses the tail of the behind mule, to pull himself up into his seat. The harnessing of these animals is a difficult operation; the tackle of ropes is laid out on the ground, and each beast is brought into his portion of the rigging. The start is always an important ceremony, and, as our royal mail does in the country, brings out all the idlers in the vicinity. When the team is harnessed, "cuando el ganado está enganchado," the mayoral gets all his skeins of ropes into his hand, the "zagal" his sash full of stones, the helpers at the venta their sticks; at a given signal all fire a volley of words and blows at the team, which, once in motion, continues at a brisk pace, performing from twenty-five to thirty miles a-day. The hours of starting are early, in order to avoid the mid-day heat; in these matters the Spanish customs are pretty much the same with the Italian; the calsero is always the best judge of the hours of departure and these minor details, which vary according to circumstances.

Whenever a bad bit of road occurs, a "mal paso," notice is given to the team by calling over their names, and by crying out "arré, arré," the still-used

* Faja; the Hezum of Cairo. Atrides tightens his sash when preparing for action—Ilid xi. 15. The Roman soldiers kept their money in it. Ibit qui zonam perdidit—Hor. ii. Ep. 2. 40. The Jews used it for the same purpose—Matthew x. 9; Mark vi. 8. It is loosened at night. "None shall slumber or sleep, neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed."—Isaiah v. 27.

† The old leggings of the Iberians, κνημίδας—Strabo, iii. 232. Sometimes the hair was left on the leather, τριχάς κνημίδας—Diod. Sic. v. 310.
Arabic word for gee-up; this is varied with "firmés, firmé," steady, boy, steady! The names of the animals are always fine-sounding and polysyllabic; the accent is laid on the last syllable, which is always dwelt on and lengthened out with a particular emphasis,—Cáptiván-á—Bándolé-á—Géndeu-á—Pñérosá-á. All this vocal driving is performed at the top of the voice, and, indeed, next to scaring away crows in a field, must be considered the best possible practice for the lungs. The proportion of females predominates: there is generally one male mule in the team, who is called "el macho," the male par excellence: he invariably comes in for the largest share of abuse and ill usage, which, indeed, he deserves the most, as the male mule is infinitely more stubborn and viciously inclined than the female. Sometimes there is a horse of the Rosinante breed; he is called "el cavalo," or rather, as it is pronounced, "el cávil-yó-ó." The horse is always the best used of the team; to be a rider, "caballeró," is the Spaniard's synonym for gentleman; it is their correct mode of addressing each other, and is banded gravely among the lower orders, who never have crossed any quadruped save a mule or a jackass.

"Our army swore lustily in Flanders," said Uncle Toby. But few nations can surpass the Spaniards in the language of vituperation: it is limited only by the extent of their anatomical, geographical, astronomical, and religious knowledge; it is most plentifully bestowed on their animals: "un muletier à ce jeu vaut trois rois." Oaths and imprecations seem to be considered as the only language the mute creation can comprehend; and as actions are generally suited to the words, the combination is remarkably effective. We have been somewhat particular in all these preceding remarks, and have given many of the exact Spanish words, because much of the traveller's time on the road must be passed in this sort of company and occupation. Some knowledge of their sayings and doings is of great use: to be able to talk to them in their own lingo, to take an interest in them and in their animals, never fails to please; "Por vida del demonio mas sabe Usia que nosotros;" "by the life of the devil, your honour knows more than we," is a common form of compliment. When once equality is established, the master mind soon becomes the real master of the rest. The great oath of Spain ought never to be written or pronounced, non nominandum inter mulieres: it, however, practically forms the foundation of the language of the lower orders; it is a most ancient remnant of the phallic abjuration of the evil eye, the dreaded fascination which still perplexes the minds of Orientals, and is not banished from Spanish and Neapolitan superstitions.* The "cavajo" is pronounced with a strong guttural aspiration of the j; it need not be described; the traveller will hear it enough. Spanish echoes reiterate the termination "ajo," on which the great stress is laid: ajo means also garlic, which is quite as often in Spanish mouths; and is exactly what Hotspur liked, a "mouth-filling oath," energetic and Michael Angelese. The pin has been extended to onions; thus, "ajos y cebollas" means oaths and imprecations. The sting of the oath is in the "ajo;" all women and quiet men, who do not

* The dread of the fascination of the evil eye, from which Solomon was not exempt (Proverbs xxiii. 6), prevails all over the East; it has not been extirpated from Spain or from Naples, which so long belonged to Spain. The lower classes in the Peninsula hang round the necks of their children and cattle a horn tipped with silver; this is sold as an amulet in the silversmiths' shops; the cord by which it is attached ought to be braided from a black mare's tail. The Spanish gipsies, of whom our pal Borrow has given us so complete an account, thrive by disarming the mal de ajo, "querer lav nasula," as they term it. The dread of the "Ain ará" exists among all classes of the Moors. The better classes of Spaniards make a joke of it; and often, when you remark that a person has put on or wears something strange about him, the answer is, "Es para que no me hagan mal de ajo." Naples is the head-quarters for charms and coral amulets; all the learning has been collected by the Canon Jorio and the Marques Arditi.
wish to be particularly objuratory, but merely to enforce and give a little additional vigour, or shotting to their discourse, drop the "ajo," wherein is the sting, and say "car," "carat," "caramba"—just as the well-bred Greeks softened down their offensive εἰς κοπάκας—pascos in cruce corvos—into εἰς καπάς. The Spanish oath is used as a verb, as a substantive, as an adjective—just as it suits the grammar or the wrath of the utterer. It is equivalent also to a certain place and the person who lives there. "Vaya Vmd. al C——" is the worst form of the angry; "Vaya Vmd. al demonio," or "a los infernos," is a whimsical mixture of courtesy and transportation. "Your worship may go to the devil, or to H—— and he ——!"

These imprecatory vegetables, "ajos y cebollas," retain in Spain their old Egyptian flavour and mystical charm; "Allium cepasque inter Deos in jurando habet Egyptus."—Plin., 'Nat. Hist.,' xix. 6. The modern garlic, "ajo," has quite displaced

"The fig of Spain......

When Pistol lies, do this: and fig me like

The bragging Spaniard."

This was the "digitus impudicus," of which the Spaniard Martial makes such frequent mention. All this, in word and deed, is very Oriental. The Spaniards have, however, added most of the gloomy northern Gothic oaths, which are imprecatory, to the Oriental, which are grossly sensual. Enough of this. The traveller who has much to do with Spanish mules and asses, biped or quadruped, will need no hand-book to teach him the sixty-five or more "sermentos espaingots" on which Mons. de Brantome wrote a treatise. More becoming will it be to the English gentleman to swear not at all; a reasonable indulgence in the English gentleman to swear not at all; a reasonable indulgence in the proper modulation of the voice: the cattle, "ganado," are always addressed individually by their names; the first syllables are pronounced very rapidly; the "macho," the male mule, who is the most abused, is the only one not addressed by any names beyond that of his sex: the word is repeated with a voluble iteration; in order to make the two syllables longer, they are strung together thus, macho—macho—macho—macho: they begin in semiquavers, flowing on crescendo to a semibreve or breve: the four words are compounded into one polysyllable. The horse seldom has any name beyond that of "Caballo": the female mules never are without their name, which they perfectly know—indeed, the owners will say that they understand them, and all bad language, as well as Christian women, "como Cristianas;" and, to do the beasts justice, they seem more shocked and discomforted thereby than the bipeds who profess the same creed. If the animal called to does not answer by pricking up her ears, or by quickening her pace, the threat of "la virá," the stick, is added—the last argument of Spanish drivers and schoolmasters, with whom there is no sort of reason equal to that of the bastinado, "no hay tal razón, como la del baston." The Moors thought so highly of the bastinado, that they held the stick to be a special gift from Allah to the faithful. It holds good, a priori and a posteriori, to mule and boy, "al hijo y mulo para el culo;" and if the "macho" be in fault, and he is generally punished to encourage the others, some abuse is added to blows, such as "che perrro-ó," "what a dog!" or some unhandsome allusion to his mother, which is followed by throwing a stone at
Spain.

10. GALERAS AND TARTANA.

him, for no whip could reach the distance from the coach-seat to the leaders. When any particular mule's name is called, if her companion be the next to be addressed, it is seldom done by name, she is then spoken to as a "a la otra-a," "now for the other," "aquella-otra-a," "look out that other," which from long habit of association and observation is expected and acknowledged. The team obeys the voice, and is in admirable command,—few things are more amusing than watching the whole operation, especially when bad roads and broken country make it a service of difficulty.

Where the travellers have much luggage, or take their own beds, it is advisable to hire a small "galera," or waggon, which either follows or precedes; these are always to be had, and there are, moreover, regular galeras which go from town to town, and which precisely do the offices which Fynes Moryson described in the time of James I. in England. "These carriers have long covered waggons, in which they carry passengers from city to city; but this kind of journeying is so tedious by reason they must take waggon very early and come very late to their innes, none but women and people of inferior condition used to travel in this sort." So it is now in Spain. The galera is a long cart without springs, the sides lined with esparto matting; beneath hangs a loose open net, as under the calesinas of Naples, in which lies and barks a horrid dog, who is never to be conciliated. These galeras are of all sizes; but if a galera should be a larger sort of vehicle than is wanted, then a "tartana," a sort of covered tilted cart, which is very common in Valencia, and which is so called from a small Mediterranean craft of the same name, will be found convenient. See also our remarks on the Maragatos.

This mode of travelling is expensive; from four to eight dollars a-day may be calculated on as the charge of a good coach and six; but the traveller should never make the bargain himself until perfectly acquainted with Spain. The safest way will always be to apply to his banker or some respectable merchant in the town, who are enabled to recommend persons in whom some degree of confidence may be placed, and to make the terms beforehand. Every possible precaution should be taken in clearly and minutely specifying everything to be done, and the price; the Spanish "caleseros" rival their Italian colleagues in that untruth, roguery, and dishonesty, which seem everywhere peculiar to those who handle the whip, "do jubbings," and conduct mortals by horses; the fee or "propina" to be given to the drivers should never be included in the bargain, "ajuste." The keeping this important item open and dependent on the good behaviour of the future recipients offers a sure check over master and man, mayoral and zagal. In justice, however, to this class of Spaniards, it may be said that on the whole they are civil, good-humoured, and hard-working, and, from not having been accustomed to either the skew bargains or alternate extravagance of the English travellers in Italy, are as tolerably fair in their transactions as can be expected from human nature brought in constant contact with four-legged and four-wheeled temptations. They offer to the artist an endless subject of the picturesque; everything connected with them is full of form, colour, and originality. They can do nothing, whether sitting, driving, sleeping, or eating, that does not make a picture; the same may be said of their animals and their habits and harness; those who draw will never find the midday halt long enough for infinite variety of subject and scenery, to which their travelling equipage and attendants form the most peculiar and appropriate foreground; while our modern poetasters will find them quite as worthy of being sung in immortal verse as the Cambridge carrier, Hobson, Milton's choice.
11. ROBBERS, AND

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEM.

This mode of travelling in a "coche de colleras," and especially if accompanied with a baggage waggon, is of all others that which most exposes the party to be robbed. When the caravan arrives in the small villages it attracts immediate notice, and if it gets wind that the travellers are foreigners, and still more English, they are supposed to be laden with gold and booty. Such an arrival, with such a posse comitatus, is a very rare event; it spreads like wildfire all along the road, and collects all the "mala gente," the bad set of idlers, a class which always was a weed of this soil, and which the poverty and marauding spirit, increased by the recent troubled times, has by no means diminished. In the villages near the inns there is seldom a lack of loiterers, who act as spies, and convey intelligence to their confederates; again, the bulk of the equipage, the noise and clatter of men and mules, is seen and heard from afar, by robbers who lurk in hiding-places or eminences, who are well provided with telescopes, besides with longer and sharper noses, which, as Gil Blas says, smell gold in travellers' pockets. The slow pace and impossibility of flight render the traveller an easy prey to well mounted horsemen. We do not wish to frighten our readers with much notice on Spanish robbers, being well assured that they are the exception, not the rule, in Spanish travel. The accounts of them are much exaggerated by the natives themselves; the subject is the standing dish, the common topic of the lower classes of travellers, when talking and smoking round the venta fires, and forms the natural and agreeable religio loci, the associations connected with wild and cut-throat localities. Though their pleasure is mingled with fear and pain, yet they delight in their tales of horrors, as children do in ghost-stories. Their Oriental amplification, "ponderacion," is inferior only to their credulity, its twin-sister. They end in believing their own lies. Whenever a robbery really does take place, the report spreads far and wide, and gains in detail and atrocity, for no muleteer's story loses in the telling. It is talked of for months all over the country, while the thousands of daily passengers who journey on unhurt are never mentioned. It is like the lottery, in which the great prize alone attracts attention, not the infinite majority of blanks. These robber-tales reach the cities, and are often believed by most respectable people, who pass their lives without stirring a league beyond the walls. They sympathise with all who are compelled to expose themselves to the great pains and perils, the travail of travel, and with the most good-natured intentions they endeavour to dissuade rash adventurers, by stating as facts the apprehensions of their own credulity and imagination. Again, those of our countrymen who, on their return, print and publish their personal narratives, well know that a robbery-scene is as much expected in a book of Spanish travels as in one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances; such books only are made by "striking events," accordingly, they string together all the floating traditional horrors which they can scrape together on Spanish roads. They thus feed and keep up the notion entertained in many counties of England, that the whole Peninsula is peopled with banditti. If such were the case society could not exist: the very fact of almost all of the authors having themselves escaped by a miracle, ought to lead to the inference that most other people escape likewise: a blot is not a blot till it is hit.

It is not, however, to be denied that Spain is, of all countries in Europe, the one in which the ancient classical and once universal system of robbing on the highway exists the most unchanged. With us these things have been much altered; Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common; what Italy was very lately, and may be again next year.
Spain.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEM.

A bad character sticks to a country as well as to an individual; Spain had the same reputation in the days of antiquity, but it was always the accusation of foreigners. The Romans, who had no business to invade Spain, were harassed by the native guerilleros, those undisciplined bands of armed men who wage the “little war,” which Iberia always did. The Romans, worried by these unmilitary voltigeurs, called all Spaniards who resisted them “latrones;” just as the French, during the late war, from the same reasons called them brigands and assassins. The national resistance against the intrusive foreigner has always armed the peasantry of Spain. Again, that sort of patriotism, a moyen de parvenir, which is the last and usual resource of scoundrels, is often made the pretext of the ill-conditioned to throw a specious mantle over the congenial vocation of living a free-booting idle existence by plunder rather than by work and industry; this accounts for the facility with which the universal Spanish nation flies to arms. Smuggling again sows the soil with dragons’ teeth, and produces, at a moment’s notice, a plentiful crop of armed men, or guerilleros, which is almost a convertible term with robber.

Robbery in other countries has yielded to increased population, to more rapid and more frequent intercommunication. The distances in Spain are very great: the high-roads are few, and are carried through long leagues of uncultivated plains, “dehesas;”—through deserted towns, dispeopled districts, “despoblados,” a term more common in Spain, as in the East, than that of village is in England. Andalucia is the most dangerous province, and it was always so. This arises from the nature of the country, from being the last scene of the Moorish struggle; and now from being in the vicinity of Gibraltar, the great focus of smuggling, which prepares the raw material for a banditti. These evils, which are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouses into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and creates a sort of civil ca­chezia, which can only be put down by peace and a strong settled government—blessings which, alas! have long been denied to unhappy Spain; meanwhile no hand-book on Spain can be complete without giving some account of the different classes and organization of the robber system—the alphabet and rudiments of a traveller’s conversation when on the road. The antiquity of the system has been detailed in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ cxxii. 9, to which those about to visit "Terra," do well to refer, especially as regards "José María," who so long held undisputed rule in those parts, and whose name will long remain in the mouths of those whose talk is about robbers. First and foremost come the “ladrones;” the robbers on a great scale: they are a regularly organized band, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted, and entirely under the command of one leader. These are the most formidable; and as they seldom attack any travellers except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where everything is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents; it is better to submit at once to the summons, which will take no denial, of “boca abajo,” "boca a tierra,” down, mouth to the earth. Those who are provided with such a sum of money as the robbers think according to their class of life, that they ought to carry about them, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender generally not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation; pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence, as Mr. Cribb said, compared to civil words and deeds. The Spaniard is by nature high-bred and a “caballero,” and responds to any appeal to qualities of which his nation has reason to be proud: notwithstanding
these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well when travelling in exposed districts to be provided with a bag containing fifty to one hundred dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hand, and is that sort of amount which the Spanish brigand thinks a native of this proverbially rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable fact in estimating from the look of an individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely the depriving him of the regular spoil to which he considers himself entitled by the long established usage of the high-road. The traveller who is unprovided altogether with cash, is generally made a severe example of, to encourage les autres, either by beating, "echandole patos," or by stripping to the skin, "dejandole en cueros," after the fashion of the thieves of old, near Jericho. The traveller should be particularly careful to have a watch of some kind, one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited: not to have a watch of any kind exposes the traveller to more certain indignities than a scantily filled purse. The money may have been spent, but the absence of a watch can only be accounted for by a premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the "ladron" considers as an unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right. It must be said, to the credit of the Spanish brigands, especially those of the highest class, that they rarely ill-use women or children; nor do they commence firing or offering violence unless resisted. The next class of robbers—omitting some minor distinctions, such as the "salteadores," or two or three persons who lie in ambush and jump out on the unprepared traveller—is the "ratero," "the rat." He is held in contempt, but is not less dangerous. He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organized, but takes to it, pro re natâ, of a sudden, commits his robbery, and returns to his pristine vocation. Very often, on the arrival of strangers, two or three of the ill-conditioned worst classes get up a robbery the next day for the special occasion, according to the proverb "la ocasión hace al ladron." The "raterillo," "small rat," is a skulking foot-pad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected passengers, who, if they get robbed, have no one to blame but themselves; for no man is justified in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman at his plough, the vine- dresser amid his grapes—all have their gun, which, ostensibly for their individual protection, furnishes means of assault and battery against those who have no other defence but their legs and virtue.

The regular first-class "ladrones" are generally armed with a blunderbuss, "retajo," which hangs at their saddles, the high-peaked "albarda," which is covered with a fleece, either white or blue, the "zalac." Their dress is for the most part very rich and in the highest style of "aficion," "the fancy;" they are the envy and models of the lower classes of Andalucians, being arrayed after the fashion of the smuggler, "contrabandista," or the bull-fighter, "torero," or in a word, the "majo," or dandy, who, being peculiar to the south of Spain, will be more properly described in Andalucia, which is the home and headquarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions to which we have just alluded.

Since these evils have so long been notorious, it is natural that means of prevention should likewise exist. If the state of things were so bad as exaggerated report would infer, it would be impossible that any travelling or traffic could be managed in the Peninsula. The mails and diligences, as we have said, are protected by government, and are very seldom attacked; those who travel by other methods, and have proper recommendations, will seldom fail in being
provided by the captain-generals, or the military commander in smaller districts, the "commandante las armas," with a sufficient escort. A regular body of men was organized for that purpose all over Spain; and were called "Miquelites," from, it is said, one Miquel de Prats, an armed satelite of the famous or infamous Caesar Borgia. In Catalonia they are called "Mozos de la Escuadra"; they are the modern "Hermandad," the brotherhood which formed the old Spanish rural armed police. They serve on foot, like a sort of dismounted gendarmerie, and are under the orders of the military powers. They are composed of picked and most active young men; they are dressed in a sort of half uniform and half mayo costume. Their gaiters are black instead of yellow, and their jackets of blue trimmed with red. They are well armed with a short gun and the "cañama," or belt round the belly, in which the cartouches are placed, a much more convenient contrivance than our cartouche-box; they have a sword, a cord for securing prisoners, and a single pistol, which is stuck in their sashes, at their backs. This corps is on a perfect par with the robbers, from whom some of them are chosen; indeed, the common condition of the "indulto," or pardon to robbers, is to enlist, and extirpate their former associates,—set a thief to catch a thief; both the honest and renegade Miquelites hunt "la mala gente," as gamekeepers do poachers. The robbers fear and respect them; an escort of ten or twelve Miquelites may brave any number of banditti, who never or rarely attack where resistance is to be anticipated. The Miquelites are commanded by a corporal of their own, and in travelling through suspected spots show singular skill in taking every precaution, in throwing out skirmishers in front and at the sides. They cover in their progress a large space of ground, taking care never to keep above two together, nor more distant from each other than gunshot; rules which all travellers will do well to remember, and to enforce on all occasions of suspicion. The rare instances in which Englishmen, especially officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, have been robbed, have arisen from a neglect of this precaution; when the whole party ride together they may be all caught at once, as in a trap. It may be remarked that Spanish robbers are very shy in attacking armed English travellers, and particularly if they appear on their guard. The robbers dislike fighting. They hate danger, from knowing what it is; they have no chivalrous courage, or abstract notions of fair play, any more than a Turk or a tiger, who are too uncivilized to throw away a chance; accordingly, the Spanish robbers seldom attack where they anticipate resistance, which they all feel they will assuredly meet from Englishmen. They have also a peculiar dislike to English guns and gunpowder, which, in fact, both as arms and ammunition, are infinitely superior to the ruder Spanish weapons. Though three or four Englishmen have nothing to fear, yet where there are ladies it is always far better to be provided with an escort of Miquelites. These men have a keen and accurate eye, and are always on the look-out for prints of horses and other signs, which, escaping the notice of superficial observers, indicate to their practised observations the presence of danger. The Miquelites are indefatigable, keeping up with a carriage day and night, braving heat and cold, hunger and thirst. As they are maintained at the expense of the government, they are not, strictly speaking, entitled to any remuneration from those travellers whom they are directed to escort; it is, however, usual to give to each man a couple of pesetas a-day, and a dollar to their leader. The trifling addition of a few cigars, a "bota" or two of wine, some rice and dried cod-fish, "bacalao," for their evening meal, is well bestowed; exercise sharpens their appetites; and they are always proud to drink to their master's health, and are none the worse for his food, for "tripas llevan a pies, y no pies a tripas," which, not to translate it coarsely, means that bowels carry...
the feet, not the feet the bowels. The proof is evident, for they, when thus well treated, will go through fire and water for their employers ("quies que te siga el can, dale pan;" "if you wish a dog to follow you, give him bread"), who may pass on without the least fear of danger, even in sight of a band of robbers regularly drawn up in the distance, whence they will not dare to come down to attack them, although civilly invited to do so; "experto crede."

Those, however, who are endued with patience and endurance, will find travelling in Spain, when the great roads are departed from, not much worse than an excursion round Sicily. They will get little on the journey at all conducive to comfort, except what they take with them. A galera on such occasions looks like the déménagement of a household. It is far safer to have a superabundance of stores than a deficiency. "Mas vale," says the proverb, "que sobre, que no se faile." "It is better to have too much than too little."

It is also essential to the traveller to arrive on all occasions as early as possible at his evening quarters. He has thus the best chance of securing the first choice of whatever limited accommodation may exist. "En las sopas y amores, los primeros son mejores"—"In soup and love-affairs those first helped are the best off;" the last man is the one the dog bites; "al postrero le muere el perro;" occupy extremum scabies, the devil takes the hindmost. It is quite wonderful to see how Spanish families get on when on these journeys: as in the East they are accustomed to privations and every sort of disaccommodation; they expect nothing better; they have no idea that travelling across their country is ever unattended with hardship; patience is the badge of the nation; their more than Oriental resignation reconciles them to many a moral and physical suffering, which, being endured because it cannot be cured, becomes lighter by making up their minds to do so, and by not giving way to peevishness and ill-temper.

The proverb is always in their mouths, to console and encourage them to bear on. "Para todo hay remedio, sino es para la muerte," "there is a remedy for everything except for death." They have found from sad experience that any attempts to change the existing circumstances of Spanish habits and affairs have seldom been attended with success; on the contrary, the tendency has been to render intolerable evils which were tolerable before: "mas vale el mal conocido que no el bien a conocer," "better the evil the full extent of which is known, than the good which has to be learnt." * The bliss of ignorance, and of the not knowing of anything better, is the secret of the absence of discontent of the poor.

To those whose life is one feast, everything which does not come up to their conventional ideas is a failure; to those whose daily bread is dry, whose drink is water, everything beyond is a feast: accordingly, a Spanish family, when travelling in the manner which we have just described, does not require a tithe of the attendance and preparations which know English party could manage at all. "Son cosas de España!" What Seneca says of the Cordovese orator Porcius Latro holds good to this day. His rule was to take life everywhere just as he found it: "utunque res tulerat ita vivere"—"donde fueres haz como vieres."

Those, whether natives or foreigners, who cannot obtain or afford the expense of an escort to themselves, avail themselves of the opportunity of joining company with some party who are enabled to do so. It is wonderful how soon the

* The very word Novelty has become in common parlance synonymous with danger, change, by the fear of which all Spaniards are perplexed. "How is your wife?" says a gentleman to his friend. "Como está mi Señora la Esposa de Vmd.?" "She goes on without Novelty"—"Sigue sin Novedad;" is the reply, if the fair one be much the same. "Paya, Vmd. con Dios, y quy no haya Novedad?" "Go with God! and may nothing new happen," says another, on starting his friend off on a journey.
fact of an escort being granted is known, and how the number of travellers increases who are anxious to take advantage of the convoy. As all go armed, the united allied forces become more formidable as the number increases, and the danger becomes less. If no one happens to be travelling with an escort, then travellers wait for the passage of troops, for the government's sending money, tobacco, or anything else which requires protection. If none of these opportunities offer, all who are about to travel join company. This habit of forming caravans is very Oriental, and has become quite national in Spain. It is almost impossible to travel alone; others will join; weaker and smaller parties will unite with all stronger and larger companies whom they meet, going the same road, whether the latter like it or not. The muleteers are most social and gregarious amongst each other, and will often endeavour to derange their employers' line of route, in order to fall in with that of their chance-met comrades. The caravan, like a snow-ball, increases in bulk as it rolls on; it is often pretty considerable at the very outset, for, even before starting, the muleteers have from time immemorial been frightened at the very sight of it; for there is some honour among thieves; among Spaniards, who by courtesy are here called "escopeteros," people with guns—a definition which is applicable to all Spaniards. This custom of going armed, and early acquaintance with the use of the gun, is the principal reason why, on the shortest notice, bodies of men, who by courtesy are here called soldiers, are got together; every field furnishes the raw material—a man with a gun. Baggage, commissariat, pay, rations, uniform, and discipline, which are European rather than Oriental, seldom overabound in the armies of Spain. These "escopeteros," occasionally robbers themselves, live either by robbery or by the prevention of it; for there is some honour among thieves; "entre lobos no se come," "wolves don't eat each other" unless very hard up indeed; they are by no means so bold or trustworthy as the Miqueletes, who despise them. The "escopeteros" naturally endeavour to alarm travellers with over-exaggerated accounts of danger, in order that their services may be engaged; their idle stories are often believed by the nobemouche class of book-making travellers, the Semples, Sir John Carrs, Ingleses, et hoc genus omne—who note down, print, and publish tales of horror told them, and got up for the occasion, by people who are laughing at them in their sleeves; but these things are among the accidents of long journeys, "en luengas vías, luengas mentiras."
12. TRAVELLING WITH MULETEERS.

This mode, when the party is small, or when a person is alone, is very common in Spain; it is, perhaps, the cheapest and safest manner. The "ordinarios," who go from town to town, frequently compound with regularly established bands of robbers, by paying a certain black-mail, which secures their safe passage. They always travel in such numbers, and take such precautions, that nothing is to be apprehended from "rateros," or minor robbers. These muleteers, "arrerios," are, moreover, the best persons to consult as to the actual condition of roads and those particulars which, changing from day to day, cannot be laid down in a book. The days of their departure from town to town may be always ascertained at their respective houses of call, the lower classes of posadas, at which they invariably put up, and which are perfectly well known in every town in Spain. They will furnish mules and occasionally horses to travellers, and convey their luggage. These horses are seldom good. Cervantes, wishing to describe a regular brute, calls him "de los malos, de los de alquiler." Their common charge averages about three dollars a-head for each day's journey. They prefer mules and asses to the horse, which is more delicate, requires greater attention, and is less sure-footed over broken and precipitous ground. The mule performs in Spain the functions of the camel in the East, and has something in his morale (besides his physical suitableness to the country) which is congenial to the character of the Spaniard—the same self-willed obstinacy, the same resignation under burdens, the same singular capability of endurance of labour, fatigue, and privation. The mule has always been much used in Spain, and the demand for them very great; yet, from some mistaken crotchet of Spanish political economy (which is very Spanish), the breeding of the mule has long been attempted to be prevented in order to encourage that of the horse. One of the reasons alleged was, that the mule was a non-reproductive animal; an argument which might or ought to apply equally to the monk; a breed for which Spain could have shown for the first prize, both as to number and size, against any other country in all Christendom. This attempt to force the production of an animal far less suited to the wants and habits of the people has failed, as might be expected. The difficulties thrown in the way have only tended to raise the prices of mules, which are, and always were, very dear; a good mule will fetch from 25l. to 50l., while a horse of relative goodness may be purchased for from 20l. to 40l. Mules were always very dear; Martial (iii. 62), like a true Andalucian Spaniard, talks of one which cost more than a house. The most esteemed are those bred from mares and stallion asses, "garañones," some of which are of extraordinary size, and one which Don Carlos had in his stud-house at Aranjuez in 1832 exceeded fifteen hands in height.

The mules in Spain, as in the East, have their coats closely shorn or clipped; part of the hair is usually left on in stripes like the zebra, or cut into fanciful patterns, like the tattooings of an Indian chief. This process of shearing is found to keep the beast cooler and freer from cutaneous disorders. The operation is performed in the southern provinces by gipsies, "gitanos," who are the same tinkers, horse-dealers, and vagrants in Spain as elsewhere. In the northern provinces all this is done by Arragonese, who, in costume, good-for-nothingness, and most respects, are no better than the worst real gipsies. This clipping recalls to us the "mulo curto," on which Horace could amble even to Brundusium.

* The garañon is also called "burro padre," ass father, not "padre burro." "Padre," the prefix of paternity, is the common title given in Spain to the clergy and the monks. "Father Jackass" might in many instances, when applied to the latter, be too morally and physically appropriate to be consistent with the respect due to the celibate cowl and cassock.
Spain.

12. TRAVELLING WITH MULETEERS.

The mule-clippers are called "esquiladores:" they may be known by the formidable shears, tijeras, gipsicé "cachas," which they carry in their sashes. They are very particular in clipping the pastern and heels, which they say ought to be as free from hair as the palm of a lady's hand. The mules of the arrirro always travel in files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper, "cencerro zumbon," which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, according to the pious origin of all bells, which were meant to scare the devil. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. The cargo of each is divided into three portions, "tercios," one is tied on each side, and the other placed between. If the cargo be not nicely balanced the muleteer either unloads or adds a few stones to the lighter portion—the additional weight being compensated by the greater comfort with which a well-poised burden is carried. These "Sumpter" mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. A complete furniture is called an "aparejo redondo." The head-gear is generally equally gay, being composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying, "muger de mucha campanilla," a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise, or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so comfortable as it would appear. His rude gun hangs in readiness by his side; the approach of the caravan is announced from afar: "How carses now the lusty muleteer!") For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, which, like that of the cognate camel-driver in the East, is little in harmony with his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of Oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shown in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. "Quien canta sus males espanta," accordingly, either a song, an oath, or a cigar, are always in his mouth, the former of these consolations in travel being as old and as classical as Virgil:—"Cantantes licet usque, minus via tæded, eamus."

The humble ass, "burro," "borrico," is (as the monk used to be) part and parcel of a Spanish scene; he forms the appropriate foreground in streets or roads. Wherever two or three Spaniards are collected in a junta, there is sure to be an ass among them; he is the hardworked companion of the lower orders, to whom to be out of work is the greatest misfortune; sufferance is indeed the common virtue of both tribes. They may, perhaps, both wince a little when a new burden or a new tax is laid on them—cum gravis dorso subit onus—but they soon, when they see that there is no remedy, "no hay remedio," bear on and endure: from this fellow-feeling master and animal cherish each other at heart, though, from the blows and imprecations bestowed openly, the former may be thought by hasty observers to be ashamed of confessing these predilections in public. Some under-current, no doubt, remains of the ancient prejudices of chivalry; but Cervantes, who thoroughly understood human nature in general, and Spanish nature in particular, has most justly dwelt on the dear love which Sancho Panza felt for his "Rucio," and marked the reciprocity of the brute, affectionate as intelligent. In fact, in the Sagra district, near Toledo, he is called El vecino, one of the householders; and none can look a Spanish ass in the face without remarking a peculiar expression, which indicates that the hairy
fool considers himself to be one of the family, de la familia, or de nosotros. La Mancha is the paradise of mules and asses; many a Sancho at this moment is there fondling and embracing his ass, his "chato chatito," "Romo," and other complimentary variations of Snub, with which, when not abusing him, he delights to nickname his helpmate. In Spain, as Sappho says, Love is γλυκυττροφ, an alternation of the agro-dolce; nor is there any prevention of cruelty society towards animals; every Spaniard has the same right in law and equity to kick and beat his own ass to his own liking, as a philanthropical Yankee has to wallop his own nigger; no one ever thinks of interposing on these occasions, any more than they would in a quarrel between a man and his wife. The words are, at all events, on one side. It is, however, recorded, in piam memoriam, of certain Roman Catholic asses of Spain, that they tried to throw off one Tomas Trebiño and some other heretics, when on the way to be burnt, being horror-struck at bearing such monsters. Every Spanish peasant is heart-broken when injury is done to his ass, as well he may be, for it is the means by which he lives; nor has he much chance, if he loses him, of finding, when hunting for him, a crown, as was once done, or even a government, like Sancho. Sterne would have done better to have laid the venue of his sentimentalities over a dead ass in Spain, rather than in France, where the quadruped species is much rarer. In Spain, where small carts and wheel-barrows are almost unknown, and the drawing them is considered as beneath the dignity of the Spanish man, the substitute, an ass, is in constant employ; sometimes it is laden with sacks of corn, with wine-skins, with water-jars, with dung, or with dead robbers, slung like sacks over the back, their arms and legs tied under the animal's belly. Asses' milk, "leche de burra," is in much request during the spring season. The Andaluces drink it in order to fine their complexions and cool their blood, "refrescar la sangre," the clergy and men in office, "los empleados," to whom it is mother's milk, that it may give tone to their gastric juices; there is nothing new in this, according to the accounts of Pliny (Nat. Hist. xxviii. 12). Riding on assback was accounted a disgrace and a degradation to the Gothic hidalgo. Acimundo was thus paraded through Toledo in the sixteenth century, for attempting to murder the king Recared. Among the Cumæans the adulteress was punished by a similar public exhibition—ovosacris—(Plut., 'Quest. Grae.' Reiske, vii. 171). The Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, mounted unrepining cuckold, "los cornudos pacientes," on asses—(See the curious print of Seville, in which this procession forms the foreground.—Braun's 'Civitates,' vol. iii. p. 5). In spite of all these unpleasant associations, the grandees and their wives, and even grave ambassadors from foreign parts, during the royal residences at Aranjuez, delighted in elevating themselves on this beast of ill omen, and "borricadas" were all the fashion. Spanish ladies, when undertaking riding-journeys, are mounted on donkeys in comfortable side-saddles, or rather side-chairs, called "jamugas." On this occasion the mantilla is generally laid aside, and a black straw bonnet with black feathers substituted—a custom as old as the Austrian dynasty in Spain. It must be admitted that these cavalcades are truly national and picturesque. Mingled with droves of mules and mounted horsemen, the long lines come threading down the mountain defiles or tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tingle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer,—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown hay-meadow.
Choice of Companions.

Those who travel in public conveyances or with muleteers are seldom likely to be left alone. It is the horseman who strikes into out-of-the-way, unfrequented districts, who will feel the want of that important item—a travelling companion, on which, as in choosing a wife, it is easy enough to give advice. The patient must, however, administer to himself. The selection depends, of course, much on the taste and idiosyncrasy of each individual; those unfortunate persons who are accustomed to have everything their own way, or those, felices nimium, who possess the alchymy of finding resources and amusements in themselves, numquam minus soli, quam soli, may perhaps find travelling alone to be the best; at all events, no company is better than bad company: "mas vale ir solo, que mal acompañado." A solitary wanderer is certainly the most unfettered as regards his notions and motions, "no tengo padre ni madre, ni perro que me ladre." He can read the book of Spain, as it were, in his own room, dwelling on what he likes, and skipping what he does not.

Every coin has, however, its reverse, and every rose its thorn. Notwithstanding these and other obvious advantages, and the tendency that occupation and even hardships have to drive away imaginary evils, this freedom will be purchased by occasional moments of depression; a dreary, forsaken feeling will steal over the most cheerful mind. It is not good for man to be alone; and this social necessity never comes home stronger to the warm heart than during a long-continued solitary ride through the rarely visited districts of the Peninsula. The sentiment is in perfect harmony with the abstract feeling which is inspired by the present condition of unhappy Spain, fallen from her high estate, and blotted almost from the map of Europe. Silent, sad, and lonely is her face, on which the stranger will too often gaze; her hedgeless, treeless tracts of corn-field, bounded only by the low horizon; her uninhabited, uncultivated plains, abandoned to the wild flower and the bee, and which are rendered still more melancholy by ruined castle, or village, which stand out bleaching skeletons of a former vitality. The dreariness of this abomination of desolation is increased by the singular absence of singing birds, and the presence of the vulture, the eagle, and lonely birds of prey. The wanderer, far from home and friends, feels doubly a stranger in this strange land, where no smile greets his coming, no tear is shed at his going,—where his memory passes away, like that of a guest who tarryeth but a day,—where nothing of human life is seen, where its existence only is inferred by the rude wooden cross or stone-piled cairn,* which marks the unconsecrated grave of some traveller, who has been waylaid there alone, murdered, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head. However confidently we have relied on past experience that such would not be our fate, yet these sorts of Spanish milestones marked with memento mori, are awkward evidences that the thing is not altogether impossible. It makes a single gentleman, whose life is not insured, keep his powder dry, and look every now and then if his percussion cap fits. On these occasions the falling in with any of the nomade half-Bedouin natives is a sort of godsend; their society is quite different from that of a regular companion, for better or worse, until death us do part; it is casual, and may be taken up or dropped at convenience. The habits of all Spaniards when on the road are remarkably gregarious. It is hail! well met, fellow traveller! and the

* The common form of epitaph tells the same simple and affecting tale:—

Aqui mataron alevosamente
A (name and date.)
Ruega Dios por su alma!

Here they treacherously killed —— on ———. Pray God for his soul!
being glad to see each other is an excellent introduction. The sight of passengers bound our way is like speaking a strange sail on the Atlantic. This predisposition tends to make all travellers write so much and so handsomely of the lower classes of Spaniards, not indeed more than they deserve, for they are a fine, noble race. Something of this arises, because on such occasions all parties meet on an equality; and this levelling effect, perhaps unperceived, induces many a foreigner, however proud and reserved at home, to unbend, and that unaffectedly. He treats these accidental acquaintances quite differently from the manner in which he would venture to treat the lower orders of his own country, who, probably, if conciliated by the same condescension of manner, would appear in a more amiable light, although they are far inferior to the Spaniard in his Oriental goodness of manner, his perfect tact, his putting himself and others into their proper place, without either self-degradation or vulgar assumption of social equality or superior physical powers. A long solitary ride is hardly to be recommended; it is not fair to friends who have been left anxious behind, nor is it prudent to expose oneself, without help, to the common accidents to which a horse and his rider are always liable. Those who have a friend with whom they feel they can venture to go in double harness, had better do so. It is a severe test, and the trial becomes greater in proportion as hardships abound and accommodations are scanty, causes which sour the milk of human kindness, and prove indifferent restorers of stomach or temper. It is on these occasions, on a large journey and in a small venta, that a man finds out what his friend really is made of.

"En largo camino y chico mesón,
Conoce el hombre su compañero."

While in the more serious necessities of danger, sickness, and need—a friend is one indeed, and the one thing wanting, "al buen amigo, con tu pan y tu vino," we share our last morsel and cup gladly. The salt of good fellowship, if it cannot work miracles as to quantity, converts the small loaf into a respectable abstract feed, by the "gusto y agradable," the zest and satisfaction with which it flavours it.

Nothing, moreover, cements friendships for the future like having made one of these conjoint rambles, provided it did not end in a quarrel. The mere fact of having travelled at all in Spain has a peculiarity which is denied to the more hackneyed countries of Europe. When we are introduced to a person who has visited these spell-casting sites, we feel as if we knew him already. There is a sort of freemasonry in having done something in common, which is not in common with the world at large. Those who are about to qualify themselves for this exclusive quality will do well not to let the party exceed five in number, three masters and two servants; two masters with two servants are perhaps more likely to be better accommodated;* a third, however, is often of use in trying journeys, as an arbiter elegantiarum et rixarum; for in the best regulated teams it must happen that some one will occasionally start, gib, and bolt, when the majority being against him brings the offender to his proper senses. Four eyes see better than two, "mas ven cuatro ojos que dos," or, as those say who like a jest at marriage, which most Spaniards do—

"Porque mas pueden dos que uno
Por eso, es hombre corriente.

* The Spanish proverb thus lays down the number of companions:—

Compañía de uno, compañía de nadie,
Compañía de dos, compañía de Dios!
Compañía de tres, compañía es,
Compañía de cuatro, compañía del diablo.
13. TRAVELLING ON HORSEBACK.

This is the ancient, primitive, and once universal mode of travelling in Europe, as it still is in the East; mankind, however, soon gets accustomed to an improved state of locomotion, and we are apt to forget how recent is its introduction. Fynes Morison, when writing an English hand-book, gives much the same sort of advice to his readers as it will be our duty to offer to those who, following Gray's advice, desert the beaten highways to explore some of the rarely visited but not the least interesting portions of Spain. It has been our good fortune to perform many of these expeditions on horseback, both alone and in company; and on one occasion to have made the pilgrimage from Seville to Santiago, through Estremadura and Galicia, returning by the Asturias, Biscay, Leon, and the Castiles; thus riding nearly two thousand miles on the same horse, and only accompanied by one Andalucian servant, who had never before gone out of his native province. The same tour was afterwards performed by two friends with two servants; nor did they or ourselves ever meet with any real impediments or difficulties, scarcely indeed sufficient of either to give the flavour of adventure, or the dignity of danger, to the undertaking. It has also been our lot to make an extended tour of many months, accompanied by an English lady, through Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon, to say nothing of repeated excursions through every nook and corner of Andalucia. The result of all this experience, combined with that of many friends, who have ridden over the greater part of the Peninsula, enables us to recommend this method to the young healthy, and adventurous, as by far the most agreeable plan of proceeding, and, indeed, as regards two-thirds of the Peninsula, the only practicable course. The leading royal roads which connect the capital with the principal sea-ports are indeed excellent; but they are generally drawn in a straight line, or are conducted by those directions which offer the best facilities of getting over the continuous chains of mountains by which the face of Spain is intersected. Many of the most ancient cities are thus left out, and these, together with sites of battles and historical incident, ruins and remains of antiquity, and scenes of the greatest natural beauty, are accessible with difficulty, and in many cases only on horseback. The wide extent of country which intervenes between the radii of the great roads is most indifferently provided with public means of inter-communication; there is no traffic, and no demand for modern conveyances—even mules and horses are not always to be procured, and we have always found it best to set out on these distant excursions with our own beasts: the comfort and certainty of this precaution have been corroborated beyond any doubt by frequent comparisons with the discomforts undergone by other persons, who trusted to chance accommodations and means of locomotion in ill-provided districts and out-of-the-way excursions: indeed, as a general rule, the traveller will do well to carry with him everything with which from habit he feels that he cannot dispense. The chief object will be to combine in as small a space as possible the greatest quantity of portable comfort, taking care to select the really essential; for there is no worse mistake than lumbering oneself with things that are never wanted. We shall devote some pages to advice on these heads; the subject has not been much detailed by previous authors, who have rarely travelled much out of the beaten track, or undertaken a long-continued riding tour, and they have been rather inclined to overstate the dangers and difficulties of a plan which they have never tried. At the same time this plan is not to be recommended to delicate ladies nor to delicate gentlemen, nor to those who have had a touch of rheumatism, or who tremble at the shadows which coming gout casts before it. Those who have endurance and curiosity enough to face a tour in Sicily, may
readily set out for Spain, and still more if they do not penetrate into the interior. Post-horses certainly get quicker over the country; but the pleasure of the remembrance and the benefits derived by travel are commonly in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which the journey is performed. In addition to the accurate knowledge which is thus acquired of the country (for there is no map like this mode of surveying), and of a considerable and by no means the worst portion of its population, a riding expedition to a civilian is almost equivalent to serving a campaign. It imparts a new life, which is adopted on the spot, and which soon appears quite natural, from being in perfect harmony and fitness with everything around, however strange to all previous habits and notions; it takes the conceit out of a man for the rest of his life—it makes him bear and forbear. It is a capital practical school of moral discipline, just as the hardest mariners are nurtured in the roughest seas.

Then and there will be learnt golden rules of patience, perseverance, good temper, and good fellowship: the individual man must come out, for better or worse. On these occasions, where wealth and rank are stripped of the aids and appurtenances of conventional superiority, he will draw more on his own resources, moral and physical, than on any letter of credit; his wit will be sharpened by invention-suggesting necessity. Then and there, when up, about, and abroad, will be shaken off dull sloth. Action—Demosthenic action—will be the watchword. The traveller will blot out from his dictionary the fatal phrase of procrastination, by-and-bye, a street which leads to the house of never, for "por la calle de despues, se va a la casa de nunca." Reduced to shift for himself, he will see the evil of waste, "sal vertida, nunca bien cogida;" the folly of improvidence and want of order, "quien bien atá, bien desata;" fast bind, fast unbind.—He will whistle to the winds the paltry excuse of idleness, the "no se puede," "it is impossible." He will soon learn, by grappling with difficulties, how surely they are overcome,—how soft as silk becomes the nettle when it is sternly grasped, which would sting the tender-handed touch,—how powerful a principle of realising the object proposed, is the moral conviction that we can and will accomplish it. He will never be scared by shadows thin as air; for when one door shuts another opens, "cuando uno puerta se cierra, otra se abre," and he who pushes on arrives, "quien no cansa, alcanza." Again, these sorts of independent expeditions are equally conducive to health of body: after the first few days of the new fatigue are got over, the frame becomes of iron, "hecho de bronce." The living in the pure air, the sustaining excitement of novelty, exercise, and constant occupation, are all sweetened by the "studio fallente laborem," which renders even labour itself a pleasure; a new and vigorous life is infused into every bone and muscle: early to bed and early to rise, if it does not make all brains wise, at least invigorates the gastric juices, makes a man forget that he has a liver, that storehouse of mortal misery—bile, blue pill, and blue devils. This health is one of the secrets of the amazing charm which seems inherent to this mode of travelling, in spite of all the apparent hardships with which it is surrounded in the abstract. Escaping from the meshes of the west end of London, we are transported into a new world; every day the out-of-door panorama is varied; now the heart is cheered and the countenance made glad by gazing on plains overflowing with milk and honey, or laughing with oil and wine, where the orange and citron bask in the glorious sunbeams. Anon we are lost amid the wild magnificence of Nature, who, careless of mortal admiration, lavishes with proud indifference her fairest charms where most unseen, her grandest forms where most inaccessible. Every day and everywhere we are unconsciously funding a stock of treasures and pleasures of memory, to be hived in our bosoms like the honey of the bee, to cheer and sweeten our after-life; which, delightful even as in the reality,
wax stronger as we grow in years and feel that these feats of our youth, like sweet youth itself, can never be our portion again. Therefore let those who honour us by taking our advice and Hand-book remember to do the thing well and completely the first time; for the first visit is the best, en las sopes y amores, los primeros son mejores; and if the same localities be revisited, let it be after a long interval, when new harvests have sprung up, and another though a different interest may be created. Of one thing the reader may be assured,—that dear will be to him, as is now to us, the remembrance of those wild and weary rides through tawny Spain, where hardship was forgotten ere undergone: those sweet- aired hills—those rocky crags and torrents—those fresh valleys which communicated their own freshness to the heart—that keen relish for hard fare earned by hunger, the best of sauces—those sound slumbers on harder couch, earned by fatigue, the downiest of pillows—the braced nerves—the spirits light, elastic, and joyous—that freedom from care—that health of body and soul which ever rewards a close communion with Nature, and the shuffling off the frets and factitious wants of the thick-pent artificial city.

Whatever be the number of the party, and however they travel, whether on wheels or horseback, admitting even that a pleasant friend pro vehiculo est, yet no one should ever dream of making a pedestrian tour in Spain. It seldom answers anywhere. The walker arrives at the object of his promenade tired and hungry, just at the moment when he ought to be the freshest and most up to intellectual pleasures. Athenæus (vi. 20) long ago discovered that there was no love for the sublime and beautiful in an empty stomach. Ἐν κενῷ γαρ γαστρί, τῶν καλῶν ἐρως οὐκ εστι. There is no prospect in the world so fine then as that of a dinner and a nap, or siesta, afterwards. The pedestrian in Spain, where fleshly comforts are rare, will soon understand why, in the real journals of our Peninsular soldiers, so little attention is paid to those objects which most attract the well-provided traveller. In cases of bodily hardship, the employment of the mental faculties is narrowed into the care of supplying mere physical wants, rather than expanded into searching for those of a contemplative or intellectual gratification; the footsore and way-worn require, according to

"The unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain."

Walking is the manner by which animals, who have therefore four legs, travel; those bipeds who follow the example of the brute beasts will soon find that they will be reduced to their level in more particulars than they imagined or bargained for.

14. SPANISH HORSES.

What Fynes Moryson stated in his advice to travellers in England holds good to this day as regards Spain. "For the most part Englishmen, especially in long journeys, use to ride upon their owne horses; all the difficultie is to have a body able to endure the toyle." No horse in the world is so easy in his paces or so delightful to ride as the Andalucian. The expressions, "Haca Andaluça—Cordovesa," convey to the Spanish mind the ne plus ultra of all that is perfect in horseflesh. A good horse is not easily got anywhere; and however every man flatters himself that he has, or once had, just the very best horse in the world, it is safer to set out with the conviction that even a really sound horse is very seldom to be met with. The horses of Spain have never attracted the attention of inquiring foreigners. Even the careful and accurate Townsend, who will always rank among the best authors, and who paid such
particular notice to agricultural subjects, overlooked this branch, which nevertheless abounds with curious matter both to the antiquarian and to the mere rider, who professes (what is far more difficult) to be a judge, "un inteligente en caballos." Although there are more mules and asses in Spain than in any other country in the world, and the great bulk of the natives have never ridden any other quadruped, yet they address each other and expect to be addressed as horsemen, par excellence, "caballeros." This designation, if the particular equestrian reference be dropped and simply translated as riders, is true enough. No Spaniard, in ancient or modern history, ever took a regular walk on his own feet—a walk for the sake of mere health, exercise, or pleasure. When the old autochthonic Iberians saw some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, they laid hold of them and carried them to their tents, thinking that they must be mad (Strabo, iii. 249). A modern Spaniard having stumbled over a stone, exclaimed on getting up, "voto a Dios—this comes of a caballero's ever walking!"

The Andalucian horse takes precedence of all; he fetches the highest price, and the Spaniards in general value no other breed; they consider his configuration and qualities as perfect. In some respects they are right: no horse is more elegant or more easy in his motions, none are more gentle or docile, none are more quick in acquiring showy accomplishments, or in performing feats of Astleyan agility; he has a little in common with the English blood-horse; his mane, "crin, crin," is soft and silky, and is frequently plaited with gay ribbons; his tail, "cola," is of great length, and left in all the proportions of nature, not cropped and docked, by which Voltaire was so much offended:

"Fiers et bizarres Anglais, qui des mêmes ciseaux
Coupez la tête aux rois, et la queue aux chevaux."

The Spanish horse's tail often trails to the very ground, while the animal has perfect command over it, lashing it on every side as a gentleman switches his cane: when on a journey it is usual to double and tie it up, after the fashion of the ancient pig-tails of our sailors. The Andalucian horse is round in all his quarters, though inclined to be small in the barrel; he is broad-chested, and always carries his head high, especially when running; his length bears no proportion to his height, which sometimes reaches to sixteen hands; he is, to make use of a Spanish term, "muy recogido," very well gathered up, especially when tearing along at full speed; he never, however, stretches out with the long graceful sweep of the English thorough-bred; his action is apt to be loose and shambling, and given to dishing with the feet. The pace is, notwithstanding, perfectly delightful. From being very long in the pastern, "largo de cuartilla," the motion is broken as it were by the springs of a carriage; their pace is the peculiar "paso Castellano," which is something more than a walk and less than a trot. It is truly sedate and sedan-chair-like. It has been carefully described by Plin. 'N. H.' viii. 42, as belonging to the Gallician and Asturian horses: "quibus non est vulgaris in cursu gradus, sed mollis alterno crurum explicatu glomeratio, unde equis tolitim carpere in cursus traditur arte." This sort of Spanish horse was called by the Romans asturcon, tolatarius, gradarius, and his pace was the sort of lounging Spanish walk which Seneca says that Cicero had; all these terms were merged in the middle ages into ambulator, the walker; whence the French and our expression, amble; although Hudibras had not forgotten the old word,

"Whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether tolatation,
As they do term it, or succussion."

Pliny seems to think that this pace was taught by art; and he is probably
right, as those Andalucian horses which fall when young into the hands of the officers at Gibraltar acquire a very different action, and lay themselves better down to their work, and gain much more in speed from the English system of training than they would have done had they been managed by Spaniards; Dr. Combe, however, in support of the hereditary transmission of qualities in animals, mentions that the untaught South American horses (whose parents came from Estremadura and Andalucia) break of their own accord into the "paso Castellano." Taught or untaught, this pace is most gentlemanlike, and well did Beaumont and Fletcher

"Think it noble, as Spaniards do in riding,
In managing a great horse, which is princely."

There is, however, no end to curious traits on this subject, with which some future traveller may favour the world with more propriety than the limits of this practical guide will permit: our duty is to describe the Andalucian horse as he is. His head and ears are apt to be rather large; in general he is unequal. His tail is no great asset. The old Spanish Goths were very particular as to the colour of their horses. St. Isidore, though an archbishop, enters into the minutest details (Orig. xii. 1). The black horse is the "negro, moro, morillo, callado;" the bay—badius—"bayo;" the dapple "tordo, tordo rodado." Strabo (iii. 248) had an idea that Spanish piebalds, troytavapos, changed colour if taken out of Spain. The grey "pardo;" the sorrel "alazan," which is the "gilvus," that uncertain colour of Virgil, γυαλινος, gelb. The cream, "la perla," like the white, denoted pure Arab breed, and used to be the most esteemed. Chaucer's knight, Sir Topaz, talks of: "Jennets of Spayne that be so wyght." The favourite colour at present is the dark cinnamon or coffee-coloured, "Alazan tostado." Such a horse is supposed to die rather than knock up: "Alazan tostado, antes muerto que cansado." "Mohino" is a common term for a sort of nondescript colour of any shades which verge on black: it is used both as an epithet and a name; it means, strictly speaking, the foal of an ass, got by a horse. As to the colour of their legs, a horse with four white feet is called "quatraibo;" one with three is called "trisalbo." Horses with white feet are not so much esteemed in Spain, as it is said that they are peculiarly liable to the thrush, "arestin."

SPANISH HORSE-FAIRS AND HORSE-DEALERS.

Many other provinces possess breeds of horses which are more useful, though far less showy, than the Andalucian; next to which the horse of Estremadura, "caballo estremeño," is the most valued. The horse of Castile is a strong, hardy animal, and the best which Spain produces for mounting heavy cavalry. The ponies of Gallicia, although ugly and uncouth, are admirably suited to the wild hilly country and laborious population; they require very little care or grooming, and are satisfied with coarse food and Indian corn. The horses of Navarre, once so celebrated, are still esteemed for their hardy strength; they have, from neglect, degenerated into ponies, which, however, are beautiful in form, hardy, docile, sure-footed, and excellent trotters. In most of the large towns of Spain there is a sort of market, "mercado," where horses are publicly sold. There are great horse-fairs at Leon in June, at Pamplona in July, and at Mairena, near Seville, in May; but Ronda fair, in May, is the great Howden and Horncastle of the four provinces of Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, and the resort of all the picturesque-looking rogues of the south. No traveller who is fond of horseflesh should omit visiting the two latter; that of Mairena
is one of the lions of Andalucia, where the fancy is to be seen in all the glories of the stable. "La Majez e en toda la bravura de la cuadra." There will be assembled horses and men from all parts of Spain—the criador, who breeds them; the conocedor, who looks after them in the fields; the picador, who breaks them; the chalan, who deals in them, who is generally a gipsy, and of course a rogue. St. Isidore particularly cautions the good old Goths against horse-races, &c., which were filled by the devil and his choicest spirits. The chalan either owns the horse himself, or is the broker, "corredor," or the go-between, or "tercero," who often cheats both buyer and seller. He is full of tricks upon travellers, "Arañas, embustes, trampas." These trampers delight in doing a Christian, or a heathen, as they term him, "jengabar un busno." To the readers of Don Quixote and Gil Blas we need not say that the race of Gines Passamonte is not extinct. Let the purchaser therefore beware, for though the Spanish chalan is a mere child when compared to the perfection of rascality to which a real English leg has attained, he has a glimmering of the mysteries of lying, haunting and making up a horse. The best plan for those who want to buy a horse is to apply to some respectable private person, who may know in the circle of his acquaintance of something that will be warranted. Horses for sale are constantly paraded about by regular breakers; and it is soon known among the chalanes that a customer is in the market. He will have no lack of horses offered to him; and it is better to let them be offered to him than to make the first inquiries himself, when a fancy price will be sure to be asked.

**DISEASES OF SPANISH HORSES.**

One word on the diseases to which Spanish horses are most liable, and the veterinary terms in use. The glanders, *mal muermo*, is their scourge; it is very infectious, and is caught by eating out of the same manger, "pesebre," or by smelling at noses of the infected: it is incurable. It may be produced by sudden cold, as is the deadly *pulmonia* of Madrid: it often arises from a determination of blood to the head, from excitement. The Andalucian riding horses are generally stallions, *caballos enteros*. The Gallicians, for the most part, travel over Spain on little pony mares (the stallion ponies being much bought up by the dealers of the two Castiles). The consequence is, that the entero is driven half crazy every time he meets these mares. He should be kept low, and constantly physicked: when he neighs or rears he should never be jerked with the bit, or suddenly checked: it drives the blood to the head. The spur is the safest method of punishment. The *tiro*, or crib-biting, is very prevalent in Spain: it is a sign of unsoundness. The Spanish term, from *tirar*, to draw, is very expressive. The horse *draws* his food up against the side of the crib, and then swallows it with a strong convulsion, accompanied by a noise like the hooping-cough; and when he has no food before him is eternally amusing himself with the same unwholesome exercise. Horses with the *tiro* always look poor and thin, although they frequently are high-spirited and capital goers. The *tiro* seems to be, like many bad tricks, catching. The royal stud at Aranjuez was broken up on account of an universal *tiro*. When a horse is inclined to crib-biting, he should be either turned out to grass, or his headstall, "cabestro," be so shortened as to prevent him pressing against the side of the manger. The *arestin*, or thrush, so general among Spanish horses, arises from bad shoeing and fromwant of cleanliness about the pastern and fetlocks: the Spaniards in general are very careless in everything connected with our notions of grooming. The gipsy horse-clippers think the best preventive against the *arestin* is the cutting away all hair from the hoofs to the
Spain.

14. THE DAY'S JOURNEY.

The greatest nicety, for which they have peculiarly small scissors, "par monrabar, yez pisire del gras." The arrestit is not easily cured in Spain. If the menudillos, the pastern, and fetlocks are carefully rubbed every evening with the hand, and thereby all gritty matter dislodged, there is little danger from this troublesome complaint. A galled horse is termed "caballo matado;" the wound is matadura, or uña, which last word signifies the beginning of the matadura. A horse wrung in the withers is called matado en la cruz. Aguado is applied to a founder horse. There is no remedy for this. In addition to the common acceptance of this term, a horse being clean done up from over work, the Spaniards have a notion that it arises from a chill in the breast, which is caught by allowing the animal, when over-heated after hard work, to remain in a damp stable. The delicate Andalucian horses are most subject to this attack. An intelligent groom always is provided with travas, which are bandages of a soft twisted stuff, with little sticks at each end, with which they fetter the horse's fore-feet: no traveller should be without them, for if his horse fails him on one of these expeditions, all is over. Prevention is the best cure, and ensures success: "Hombre prevenido nunca fu vencido." The gipsy clippers always have an acial, an Arabic name and instrument made of two short sticks tied together with whipcord at the end, by means of which the lower lip of the horse, should he prove restive, is twisted, and the animal reduced to speedy subjection: mas vale acial que fuerza de oficial. The following rules have been found to answer every purpose, and to carry man and beast safely through long journeys of ten weeks' duration: the day's march should vary from eight to ten leagues. The animal should never be trotted or galloped, except under circumstances of danger or absolute necessity. It is surprising how a steady, continued slow pace gets over the ground: "paso a paso va a lejos." The end of the journey each day is settled before starting, and there the traveller is sure to arrive with the evening. Spaniards never fidget themselves to get quickly to places where nobody is expecting them: nor is there any good to be got in trying to hurry man or beast in Spain; you might as well think of hurrying the Court of Chancery. He should be rested, if possible, every fourth day, and not used during halts in towns, unless they exceed three days' sojourn. The state of his feet should be carefully attended to, and a spare set of shoes, with nails, always kept in store. In the morning, before starting, he should be fed twice within an hour, giving his drink, of about two quarts, between each feed. The ancients, before they set forth on their day's journey, used to pray to Hercules or Sanco. Festus (propert viam) relates that Augustus Cæsar on these occasions used to sleep at the house of some friend who lived near a temple. The Spaniards always, whenever they can, hear a mass. In the placards of the steamers in the time of Ferdinand VII. it was always announced that a mass would be said before starting. Spaniards say that a day's journey is never retarded by the time given to prayer or provender, missa y cebada no estorban jornada. The horse's morning feed should consist of a cuartillo each time. The temperature and softness of the water given should always be attended to. Very cold or very hard water must be carefully avoided. The Spaniards allow their horses, when on a journey, to drink very freely at all running streams, for there is no broth like flint juice, "No hay tal caldo como zumo de guijarro." They drink quite as copiously themselves,—water like an ox, wine like a king, "Agua como buen, vino como rey." The day's journey should be divided. It is best to get the largest half over at first. The hours of starting of course depend on the distance and the district. The sooner the better, as all who wish to cheat the devil must get up very early. "Quien al demonio quiere engañar muy temprano levantarse ha." In the summer it is both agreeable and profitable to be under weigh and
off an hour before sunrise, as the heat soon gets insupportable, and the stranger is exposed to the tabardillo, the coup de soleil, which, even in a smaller degree, occasions more ill health in Spain than is generally imagined, and especially by the English, who brave it either from ignorance or foolhardiness. The head should be well protected with a silk handkerchief, tied "a lo majo," which all the natives do: in addition to which we always lined the inside of our hats with thickly doubled brown paper. In Andalucia, during summer, the natives travel by night, and rest during the day-heat: "Cuando fueres en Andalucia andes de noche y duermas de dia." This, however, is not a satisfactory method, except for those who wish to see nothing. We have never adopted it. The early mornings and cool afternoons and evenings are infinitely preferable; while to the artist the glorious sunrises and sunsets, and the marking of mountains, and definition of forms from the long shadows, are magnificent beyond all conception. In these almost tropical countries, when the sun is high, the effect of shadow is lost, and everything looks flat and unpicturesque. Soon after arrival at the baiting-place, the horse should be given two cuartillos of barley, mixed with straw;* and after he has eaten part of it, a little water. The Duke, who looked into everything, issued a general order on the great care which was to be taken in giving water to horses before or after feeding on Indian corn or barley (Gen. Orders, 157). When arrived at night, the horse should remain at least two hours without eating; his saddle should not be removed from his back, the girths, "cinchas," only being slackened, and the back covered with a rug, the "manta," which all Spaniards carry on their saddle's pommel.

Remember that during the whole day the saddle should never be taken off his back, especially if the animal be hot, or his back will assuredly become galled, and then, a Dios! all is over. When the manta is removed, the horse should be well rubbed down with straw, if possible; if not, with an "esparto," or Spanish rush glove, or with cloths, "paños," all of which should be taken with him by the groom. The feet should be carefully cleaned, but not washed; and the hocks, pasterns, and fetlocks rubbed with the palm of the hand. In the mean time the horse may be eating a cuartillo of barley, two of which should be given him when left for the night. He will thus have consumed seven cuartillos of barley, and as much straw as he likes. This quantity of barley amounts to about one peck English; a greater quantity would certainly prove injurious; and it must be remembered that eight pounds' weight of barley is equal to ten of oats, as containing less husk and more mucilage or starch, which English dealers know, when they want to make up a horse; overfeeding a horse in the hot climate of Spain, like overfeeding his rider, renders both liable to fevers and sudden inflammatory attacks, which are much more prevalent in Gibraltar than elsewhere in Spain, because the English will go on exactly as if they were in England. The Spanish corn-measures are the fanega, two of which, on a rough calculation, are equal to our quarter. The celemin is the twelfth part of the fanega, and the cuartillo is the fourth part of the "celemin." In conclusion, we cannot do better than recommend an infallible remedy for most of the accidents to which horses are liable on a journey, such as kicks, strains, cuts, &c., namely, a constant fomentation with hot water, and which should be done under the immediate superintendence of the master, or it will either be done insufficiently or not at all.

* The bruised straw is brought into towns, enclosed in large nettings, in carts or on muleback, exactly in the same manner as it was done among the ancient and modern Egyptians.—Wilkinson, iii. 195.
Having provided himself with a horse, the accoutrements are next to be thought of. Those who cannot ride except on an English saddle will do well to bring one out with them; for, except at Gibraltar, such an article is seldom to be met with in Spain: they cannot make anything equal to our trees, the “casco, fuste de silla.” Our experience induces us to recommend the Spanish saddle in preference to the English, as less fatiguing to the rider and better suited to the horse and the things he has to carry. The Spanish saddles are of various classes. The albardía albardon is the old pique saddle, with high pommel or bow in front, arzon, and croup behind, from which the rider, when once boxed in, is not easily unseated. It is, however, not an agreeable seat, and, moreover, is very heavy. The albardilla is infinitely preferable. In shape it is broad and square, and looks like a cushion; it is composed of a well-stuffed body, over which several wrappings are laid, the upper of which is a fine lambskin; it is soft and easy. The tree is hollowed out in such a manner that it does not touch the horse’s back, which is accordingly kept cooler and less likely to be galled. The stirrups are the primitive Moorish, copper or iron boxes of a triangular shape, in which almost the whole foot rests. An albardilla con sus arreos, a saddle with its accoutrements, will cost about five pounds. The crupper, grupera, and breastplate, pretal, are quite necessary, from the steep ascents and descents in the mountains, a gran subida gran descendida. The mosquero, the fly-flapper, is a great comfort to the horse, as, being in perpetual motion, and hanging between his eyes, it keeps off the flies; the cabestro, headstall, or night halter, never should be removed from the bridle; it is neatly rolled up during the day, and fastened along the side of the cheek.

The best travelling costume is that which most universally used and worn by the natives. The hat should be the Spanish sombrero calames, and the sheepskin jacket the zamarro. The importance of the silken sash, figa, both in reality and in the metaphor, should never be forgotten. The colics in Spain are dangerous, and the warmth over the abdomen is a great preventive; to be Homerically well girt, evcoiros, is half the battle for the traveller in Spain.

If the stranger, thus arrayed, will only hold his tongue and not expose himself, he will pass on without being taken for a foreigner; he will be more likely to be taken for a robber, and find simple peasants, especially females, when he chances to meet them in out-of-the-way places, where ten vultures are seen for one human being, run away before he gets near them, and hide themselves in the myrtle or cistus thickets. This of course will only be his road costume: he should take a plain round hat with him in a spare leather hat-box, and be careful to have a suit of black, which is the colour of ceremony in towns. The thin Merino stuffs, cubica, are much worn; the very touch of cloth is insupportable in the summer heats. Every traveller should have his cloak, capa, his manta, or striped plaid (for he will be exposed in the same day frequently to piercing cold on the hills and scorching heat in the valleys), and his saddle-bags, or alforjas. These three essentials should be strapped on the front of the saddle, as being less heating to the horse than when on his flanks. Each master should have his own pair of alforjas, which at night should be placed under his pillow, as being the receptacle of all his most valuable trapos, traps; his reticule or ridicule—not that it is so—on the contrary, it is useful, ornamental, and antique. The alforjas combine the sarcinæ, ab utroque lateré pendentes, of Cato the censor,
with the bulgas of the Romans, and are quite as indispensable as in the days of Lucilius. The Spaniards can do nothing on the road without them; they live with them and through them.

"Cum bulga conat, dormit, lavat, omnis in unâ.
Spe hominis bulga hâc devincenta est cetera vita."

The Spanish saddle-bags, alforjas, in name and appearance, are the Moorish al horch. (The F and H, like the B and V, X and J, are almost equivalent, and are used indiscriminately in Spanish cacography.) They are generally composed of cotton and worsted, embroidered in gaudy colours and patterns; the correct thing is to have the owner's name worked in on the edge. Those made at Granada are very excellent; the Moorish, especially those from Morocco, are ornamented with an infinity of small tassels. Peasants, when dismounted, mendicant monks, when foraging for their convents, slung their alforjas over their shoulders when they came into villages. Into these reservoirs the traveller will stow away everything which, according to his particular wants, he knows he shall require the most particularly and the most frequently. Among the contents which most people will find it convenient to carry in the right hand bag, a pair of blue gauze wire spectacles or gogles will be found useful; a green shade is also a comfort. Ophthalmia is very common in Spain, and particularly in the calcined central plains. The constant glare is unrelieved by any verdure, the air is dry, and the clouds of dust highly irritating from being impregnated with nitre. The best remedy is to bathe the eyes frequently with hot water, and never to rub them when inflamed, except with the elbows, los ojos con los codos; the hand must be tied up: si quieres al ojo sano, atase la mano. Spaniards never trifle or jest with their eyes or creed, con los ojos y la fe, nunca me burlaré. A really good strong English knife, a pair of ditto scissors, a small thermometer, a good achromatic telescope with a compass in the cap, the passport; a supply of cigars, those keys to Spanish hearts; a powder-flask and ammunition, keep it dry; a blank notebook, for "memory is more treacherous than a lead pencil, and one word dotted down on the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections," as Gray says. The rapid succession of scenes, objects, and incidents efface one another, velut unda supervenit undam—therefore, quod vides describe, et memoriae nil fie. Here let the botanist keep his hortus siccus book and vasculum, the geologist his hammer, his specimens, those samples of the land, which he will be suspected to be carrying home in order to entice back his invading countrymen: the artist his block-book and paint-box:—one word to the artist;—Bring out everything from England; camel-hair brushes, liquid water-colours, permanent white, and good lead pencils; little relating to the water-colour art is to be got in Spain. The few Spaniards who use water-colours, which their painters despise as child's play, are still in the dark ages of Indian ink. The grand essential for everybody is to have everything handy and accessible. Therefore, there let a supply of small money be kept for the halt and the blind, for the piteous cases of human suffering and poverty by which the traveller's eye will be pained; such charity from God's purse, bolsa de Dios, never impoverishes that of man, en dar limosna, nunca mengua la bolsa. The left half of the alforjas may be given up to the writing and dressing cases, and the smaller each is the better. Nor should steel pens and soap be forgotten, as neither are made in Castile. Ditto tooth-brushes and powder: the Spaniards, though they make good use of their masticators, "muy valientes con los dientes," neglect them to a degree which would have made Mr. Waite faint; anything, however, is better than the ancient Cantabrian cosmetic and dentifrice, which each man made for himself and his wife, according to Strabo (iii. 249) and Catullus (Ep. 37): Tous ouro λανομε-
nous καὶ τοὺς ὀδοντικοὺς και αὐτοὺς καὶ τὰς γυναικές αὐτῶν. Those
who require it should take their own physic with them, and prescribe for them-
selves. "After forty every man is a fool or a physician"—sometimes both, Sir
Henry. The more physic is thrown to the dogs the better. Don Quixote's advice
to Sancho is the safest, to eat little dinner and less supper, especially when
travelling. Very little meat and wine are necessary in these hot latitudes;
the English at Gibraltar, who mess as in England, have in consequence faces
somewhat redder than their jackets: they have yet to learn that the stomach is
the anvil whereon health is forged, and—that graves are dug with teeth before
spades: mas cura la dieta que no la lanceta. "Modicus cibi, medicus sibi," said
Linnaeus. The arts of medicine and surgery are somewhat in arrear in Spain;
there a man is of the smallest possible value, there few take to their beds ex-
cept to die, and the doctor announces the undertaker. The shears of the Parcae
are still wielded by the Sangrados, who, when through Providence a man escapes,
pocket the fee: Dios es el que sana, el medico lleva la plata. They have an itch-
ing palm, and know what's good to soothe it; Medicos de Valencia luengas falda-
y y poca ciencia; but it is as well to be protected against disease and doctors;
an oily cuisine creates bile, and as blue pill is as scarce in Spain as blue woman,
the traveller may take a box of the former. Soda, notwithstanding that half
the province of Murcia produces little else, is not to be got in Spain in the car-
bonate form; it is precious to subacid stomachs which are exposed to constant
change of wines and climate. Quinine cures the quartana, and ague, which is
prevalent in the low plains of Andalucia and Valencia. Boxes of Seidlitz offer
an agreeable means of opening the communication recommended in the proverb
—"Quando te dolieren las tripas, hazlo saber," &c. So much for cathartics for
the body; food for the mind must not be neglected. The travelling library,
like companions, should be select and good; libros y amigos pocos y buenos. The
duodecimo editions are the best; a large heavy book kills horse, rider, and
reader. Books are a matter of taste; some men like Bacon, others prefer Pick-
wick: we venture to recommend pocket editions of the Bible, Shakspere, and Don
Quixote, and this Hand-book, too highly indeed honoured in thus being their
humble companion. Having thus disposed of his library on the front bow of
his saddle, a double-barrelled detonator (and an English one) should be slung
at the croup, on the right-hand side, and in a loose strap, so as to be ready to be
whipped out and quoted at a moment's notice. Travellers should never ride
together in a suspicious country—it may do well enough on an open plain;
about half pistol-shot distance is the safest wherever danger is suspected, and
the gun should be out and carried upright in the right hand. These precau-
tions often avert real accidents; and the appearance of being armed and pre-
pared is of itself quite enough to deter vateros and mere stragglers, who other-
wise might have turned thieves. Even the regular robbers dislike fighting, and
are very shy of attacking those awkward customers who have made ready and
have only to present and fire; accordingly travellers thus on their guard often
pass unsctathed and without knowing their danger through a den of lions, who
would have pounced on more careless passengers.

15. SPANISH SERVANTS—GROOM, VALET, COOK.

Two masters should take two servants; they should be Spaniards: all others,
unless they speak the language perfectly, are nuisances. A Gallegan or Asturian
makes the best groom; an Andalus the best cook and personal attendant. Some-
times a person may be picked up who has some knowledge of languages, and
who is accustomed to accompany strangers through Spain as a sort of courier.
These accomplishments are very rare, and the moral qualities of the possessor often diminish in proportion as his intellect has marched; he has learnt more foreign tricks than words, and sea-port towns are not the best schools for honesty. Whichever of the two is the sharpest should lead the way, and leave the other to bring up the rear. The servants should be mounted on good mules, and be provided with large panniers made of the universal Spanish rush, "espuertas," "capuchos de esparto." If there are two servants, one should be chosen as the cook and valet, the other as the groom of the party; and the utensils peculiar to each department should be carried by each professor. Where only one servant is employed, one side of the capucho should be dedicated to the commissariat, and the other to the luggage; in that case the master should have a flying portmanteau, which should be sent by means of cosarios, and precede him from great town to great town, as a magazine, wardrobe, or general supply to fall back on. The servants should each have their own "alforzas and bota," which, since the days of Sancho Panza, are part and parcel of a faithful squire, and when carried on an ass are quite patriarchal. "Iba Sancho Panza, sobre su jumento como un patriarca con sus alforzas y bota." Let no knight-errant in Spain forget the advice given to the ingenious hidalgos at starting, to take money and shirts, and particularly good English angola or flannel ones, which he will not get in Spain; and let him take plenty,—"al hombre desnudo, mas valen dos camisones que uno." They tend more than anything to preserve health; they are warm during the cold mornings, absorb perspiration during the mid-day heats, and are invaluable in the occasional dunkings to which all are exposed during thunder-storms, when the buckets of heaven are poured out over the treeless, houseless, shelterless plains. The groom will take charge of all things appertaining to the stable; never forgetting, besides his traves and acial, spare sets of shoes, nails, hammer, stone-picker, a sieve, spare girths, bandages, a supply of leather straps, correas, of strong cord and string, cuerda soga y bramante, cooling balls, brushes and currycombs, brazas y almohazas o vascaderas (not omitting elbow-grease to use them), spare halters, cabestros, cavedas de pesebre, a nose-bag morral, for each animal, and to fill them beforehand with barley, whenever the country is desolate, or it is suspected that the mid-day halt will be made in the open air; whenever no venta is to be found, or where shady rocks, cool groves, green meadows, and running streams invite repose, then is felt the truth of the Biblical expression, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the joys of slaking thirst with fliint juice. It will be one of the most important duties of good servants to ascertain beforehand the nature and accommodations of each day's journey, and to provide accordingly; and whenever the country is intricate, or any out-of-the-way excursion be meditated, to secure a stout local peasant as a guide. The valet will take all things necessary to his master's comfort, always remembering a mosquetera, or moskitoe-net, with plenty of strong nails to drive into the walls, whereby to hang it, and a good hammer to knock them in with, and a gimlet, which is always of use, and often does for a nail or a peg to hang clothes on—simple articles which will never be to be met with in those situations where they are most wanted. In the plains of Andalucia, the plague of flies of Egypt, was scarcely worse than these winged tormentors. Travellers who are particular about sheets may take a pair of wash-leather. These are but sham luxuries; and we never met with any want of linen in any part of Spain, which, though coarse, is clean and good, and generally is the manufacture of the owners themselves. The valet should have a small canteen, the more ordinary-looking the better, as anything unusual attracts attention, and suggests the coveting other men's goods and robbery. Fynes Morison found it absolutely necessary thus to
caution travellers in England: "In generall he must be warie not to show any quantity of money about him, since theevs have their spies commonly in all innes, to enquire into the condition of travellers." The manufacturses of Spain are so rude, that what appears to us to be the most ordinary, appears to them to be the most excellent. The lower orders, who eat with their fingers, think everything is gold which glitters, _todo es oro que reluce_. It is what is on the plate, after all, that is the rub: let no wise man have such smart forks and knives as to tempt cut-throats to turn them to unnatural purposes. Pewter is a safe metal; it does not break, nor is easily mistaken for gold; a tumbler or two in a case, a wicker-bound bottle, "_damajuná_," a pair of common candlesticks,* some wax candles, for the oil of a venta lamp is not less offensive than the rude lamp or _candil_ is inconvenient; a looking-glass should always be in the dressing-case, a box of floating wicks for night lamps, "_mariposas_,"† some phosphorus lucifers: however, avoid all superfluous luggage, especially prejudices and foregone conclusions, for "_en largo camino paga pesa_," a straw is heavy on a long journey, and "_el suborná, mata_," the last feather breaks the horse's back.

The yellow shoes or boots, dice and foregone conclusions, for "_Gaudent munera, sed nec data imputant, nec acceptis obligantur_." This is also a remnant of Oriental customs, where presents, given and taken, are almost a matter of course, and the omission amounts to a positive incivility; the poverty of Spaniards has curtailed the means of those acts of magnificent generosity in which they formerly took pride to indulge; yet the form remains, surviving, as it so often does, the existence of the substance. Thus if anything belonging to a Spaniard be admired, a well-bred person instantly offers it, "_está muy a la disposición de Vmd._" It is right to refuse this with a bow, and some handsome remark, such as _gracias—no puede mejorarse de dueno_; or _gracias, está muy bien empleado_; thanks, it cannot change masters for the better, or, it is perfectly well bestowed where it is. All travellers (who cannot act on the safer _nil admirari_ principle of Horace and the Orientals) should never fail to go through this most ancient Eastern form; for it is just as much a form as when Ephron, four thousand years ago, first offered the Cave of Machpelah to Abraham, and then sold it to him. (Gen. xxiii.) The modern Egyptians, when asked the price of anything, still say, "receive it as a present."

* Candlesticks are rare even in the houses of the middle classes. They burn the ancient brass lamp, _belon_, which is precisely the same in shape as that used in the south of Italy. In the _ventas_ a still more classical shaped lamp is used, the _candil_. It is made of tin, and has a hooked point at the end, by which it is either stuck into the wall or hung up on a nail. It is used among the Moors.

† This _mariposa_ was used by the old Egyptians. (Herod. ii. 62.) The guarded bottle is equally ancient. (Wilkinson, iii. 107.) It is called Damaján in Egypt, whence our word "Demijohn."
COOK AND VALET.

It is not easy for mortal man to dress a master and a dinner, and both well at the same time, let alone two masters. Cooks who run after two hares at once catch neither, *quiénes los liebres cazan ninguna mata,* while a valet in common belongs to nobody, *quien sirve en común, sirve a ninguno.* No prudent man on these, or on any occasions, should let another do for him what he can do for himself, *a la que puedes solo, no esperes a otro*; a man who waits upon himself is sure to be well waited on, *si quieres ser bien servido, serve tu mismo.* If, however, a valet be absolutely necessary, the groom clearly is best left in his own chamber, the stable; he will have enough to do to curry and valet his four animals, which he knows to be good for their health, though he never scrappes off the cutaneous stucco by which his own illote carcass is Roman cemented. If the traveller will get into the habit of carrying all the things requisite for his own dressing in a small separate bag, and employ the hour while the cook is getting the supper under weigh, it is wonderful how comfortably he will proceed to his puchero.

The cook should take with him a stewing-pan, and a pot or kettle for boiling water: he need not lumber himself with much batterie de cuisine; all sort of artillery is rather rare in Spanish kitchen or fortress; an hidalgo would as soon think of having a voltaic battery in his sitting-room, as a copper one in his cuisine; most classes are equally satisfied with the Oriental earthenware *ollas,* which are everywhere to be found, and have some peculiar sympathy with the Spanish cuisine; a *guisado* never eats so well when made in a metal vessel; the great thing is to bring the raw materials,—first catch your hare. Those who have meat and money will always get a neighbour to lend them a pipkin: *Si tuvieramos dineros, para pan, carne, y cebolla, nuestra vicina nos prestaría una olla.*

*A venta* is a place where the rich are sent empty away, and where the poor hungry are not filled; the whole duty of the man-cook, therefore, is to be always thinking of his commissariat; he need not trouble himself about his master's appetite, that will seldom fail,—nay, often be a misfortune: a good appetite is not a good *per se,* for it, even when the best, becomes a bore when there is nothing to eat; his *capacho* must be his travelling larder, cellar, and store-room; he will victual himself according to the route, and the distances from one great town to another. He must start with a provision of tea, sugar, coffee, wax candles, *good brandy,* *clean salt* (which in *ventas* is generally the *"salo negro* of Horace), a cheese, a bottle or two of fine oil (the oil got on the road is often rancid, and seldom eatable to foreigners, although it is a calummy to say that it comes out of the lamp), ditto good vinegar, a ham, a joint of roast meat or a turkey, with some white bread. Although the bread of Spain is delicious, yet in poorer districts it is not always to be got made of pure flour; the lower classes live on all kinds of cerealia, rye, Indian corn, &c., and their daily bread is very coarse, as it is hardly earned, and is soldier's fare, *pan de soldado,* or *de munición.* Bread is the staff of the traveller's life; a loaf never weighs, or is in the way, as *Esop,* the prototype of Sancho Panza, knew; *la hogaza no embaraza.* Some dry salted cod, *bacalao,* should be laid in as a dernier ressort; it must be selected with care, as it is apt to be rancid, which the Spaniards like. Our advice as to the *bota* (p. 29) need not be repeated. There is no danger that Spaniards will permit their master to be without wine; they are true descendants of Sancho, who came from renowned ancestors and connoisseurs of the pigskin, one who was always caressing another man's *bota* with *mil besos,*

* When George IV. once complained that he had *lost* his royal appetite, "What a scrape, sir, a poor man would be in if he *found* it!" said his Rochester companion.
Spain. 15. THE COOK'S PROVISIONS.

mil abrazos. There is nothing in life, like making a good start. The party arrives safely at the first resting-place. The cook must never appear to have anything; he must get from others all he can, and much is to be had for asking, and crying, as even a Spanish infante knows—quien no llora, no mama; he must never fall back on his own reservoirs except in cases of need; during the day he must keep his eyes and ears open; he must pick up everything eatable, and where he can and when he can. By keeping a sharp look-out and going quietly to work you may catch the hen and her chickens too—calla y ojos, tomaremos la madre con los pollitos. All is fish that comes into the net: fruit, onions, salads, which, as they must be bought somewhere, had better be secured whenever they turn up; there is nothing like precaution and provision. "If you mean to dine," writes the all-providing Duke to Lord Hill, from Moraleja, "you had better bring your things, as I shall have nothing with me;" (Disp. Dec. 10, 1812)—the ancient Bursal fashion holds good on Spanish roads:

Regula Bursalis est omni tempore talis,
Prandas fer tecum, si vis comedere mecum.

The peasants, who are sad poachers, will constantly hail travellers from the fields with offers of partridges, rabbits, melons, hares, which always jump up when you least expect it: Salta la liebre cuando menos uno piensa. Spanish melons are rather aqueous; a good one, like something else, is difficult to choose: el melon y la mujer, malos son a conocer. The Spaniards, like the Orientals, eat vast quantities, and are very fond of insipid fruits, such as the sandra or water melon, the prickly pear, cactus Indicus, higo chumbo, the pomegranate, granada, &c. The partridge is the red legged, and, although not to be compared with our brown partridge, makes an excellent stew: a brace or two in hand is better than a flying vulture, mas vale pajaro en mano que buey volando. Hares should always be bagged; they are considered delicacies now as heretofore: "inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus," says Martial. No wise Spaniard or old stager ever takes a rabbit when he can get a hare, a perro viejo, echale liebre y no conge! A ready stewed hare is to be eschewed as suspicious in a venta: at the same time if the consumer does not find out that it is a cat, there is no great harm done—ignorance is bliss; let him not know it, he is not robbed at all. It is a pity to dispel his gastronomic delusion—the knowledge of the cheat kills, and not the cat. Pol! me occidistis, amici. The philosophy of the Spanish cuisine is strictly Oriental—it is the stew, or pilaf. The prima materia on which the artist is to operate is quite secondary; scarcity of wood and ignorance of coal prevent roasting; accordingly sauce is everything; this may be defined to be unctuous, rich, savoury, and highly spiced; the same sauce being applied to everything reduces everything to the same flavour, which is a sort of extract of capsicum, tomatas, saffron, oil, and garlic: oil, indeed, supplies the want of fat in their lean meats; it is a brown sauce—salsa morena. Brown is in fact the epithet for tawny Spain, and for las cosas de España—cloaks, sierras, women, and ollas. The exact ingredients which go to make a Spanish stew are not to be tested by a Ude palate, any more now than it could have been in the days of Isaac, who, although his senses of smell, touch, hearing, and taste were quite acute, and his suspicions of unfair play awakened, could not distinguish hashed kid from venison; the cook therefore should know beforehand what are the bonâ fide ingredients. In preparing supper he should make enough for the next day's lunch, las once, the eleven o'clock meal, as the Spaniards translate merienda, twelve or mid-day, whence the correct word for luncheon is derived, merienda merendar. Wherever good dishes are cut up there are good leavings, "donde buenas ollas quebran, buenos cascos quedan;" the having some-
thing ready gives time to the cook to forage and make his ulterior preparations. Those who have a corps de réserve to fall back upon—say a cold turkey and a ham—can always convert any spot in the desert into an oasis; at the same time, the connection between body and soul may be kept up by trusting to ventura pot-luck: it offers, however, but a miserable existence to persons of judgment. One mouthful of beef is worth ten of potatoes, mas vale un bocado de boca que no diez de patatas; and even when this precaution of provision be not required, there are never wanting in Spain the poor and hungry, to whom the taste of meat is almost unknown, and to whom these crumbs that fall from the rich man's table are indeed a feast; the relish and gratitude with which these fragments are devoured do as much good to the heart of the donor as to the stomach of the donees; the best medicines of the poor are to be found in the cellars and kitchens of the rich. All servants should be careful of their traps and stores, which are liable to be pilfered and plundered in ventas, where the elite of society is not always assembled: a good chain and padlock, una cadena con candado, is not amiss; at all events the luggage should be well corded, for the devil is always a gleaning, ata al saco, ya espiga el diablo.

Formerly all travellers of rank carried a silver olla with a key, the guardaracena, the save supper. This has furnished matter for many a pleasant study in picaresque tales and farces. Madame Daunoy gives us the history of what befel the bishop of Burgos and his orthodox olla.*

The example of the masters, if they be early, active, and orderly, is the best lesson to servants; mucho sabe el rato, pero mas el gato. Achilles, Patroclus, and the Homeric heroes, were their own cooks; and many a man who, like Lord Blayney, may not be a hero, will be none the worse for following the epic example, in a Spanish venta: at all events a good servant, who is up to his work, and will work, is indeed a jewel,—quien trabaja tiene allanay—on these as on other occasions he deserves to be well treated. To secure a really good servant is of the utmost consequence to all who make out-of-the-way excursions in Spain; for, as in the East, he becomes often not only cook but interpreter and companion to his master. It is therefore of great importance to get a person with whom a man can ramble over these wild scenes. The so doing ends in almost friendship, and the Spaniard, when the tour is done, is broken-hearted; and ready to leave house and home, to follow his master to the world's end. Nine times out of ten it is the master's fault if he has bad servants: tel maitre tel valet. Al amo imprudente, el mozo negligente. He must begin at once, and exact the performance of their duty; the only way to get them to do anything is to "frighten them," to "take a decided line," said the Duke (Disp. Nov. 2 and 27, 1813). There is no making them to see the importance of detail and doing exactly what they are told, which they will always endeavour to shirk when they can; their task must be clearly pointed out to them at starting, and the earliest and smallest infractions, either in commission or omission, at once and seriously noticed, the moral victory is soon gained. Those masters who make themselves honey are eaten by flies—quien se hace miel, le comen las moscas; while no rat ever ventures to jest with the cat's son; con hijo de gato, no se burlan los ratones. The great thing is to make them get up early, and learn the value of time, which the groom cannot tie with his halter, tiempo y hora, no se ata con soga: while a cook who oversleeps himself not only misses his mass, but his meat, quien se levanta tarde, ni oye misa, ni compra carne. If (which is soon found out) the servants seem not likely to answer the sooner they are changed the better: it is

* Relation du Voyage d'Espagne, tome ii., Lett. 5. This is a pleasant little book, written with all the liveliness of a French female pen. It contains most curious details of Spanish life during the reign of Philip IV. 3 vols., duos.: à la Haye, 1715.
Spain.

15. MANAGING SPANISH SERVANTS.

loss of time and soap to wash an ass’s head— *quien lava cabeza del asnon, pierde tiempo y jabon* : he who is good for nothing in his own village will not be worth more either at Seville or elsewhere— *quien ruina en su villa, ruina sera en Sevilla*.

The principal defects of Spanish servants and of the lower classes of Spaniards are much the same. There are finer distinctions between the natives of one province and another, which we shall touch on in their respective places: suffice it generally to observe that they are, as a mass, apt to indulge in habits of procrastination, waste, improvidence, and untidiness; they are unmechanical, obstinate, and incurious, ill-educated and prejudiced, and either too proud, self-opinionated, or idle to ask for information from others; they are very loquacious and highly credulous, as often is the case with those given to romancing, which they, and especially the Andalucians, are to a large degree; and, in fact, it is the only remaining romance in Spain, as far as the natives are concerned. As they have an especial good opinion of themselves, they are touchy, sensitive, jealous, and thin-skinned, and easily affronted whenever their imperfections are pointed out; their disposition is very sanguine and inflammable; they are always hoping that what they eagerly desire will come to pass without any great exertion on their parts; they love to stand still with their arms folded, angling for impossibilities, while other men put their shoulders to the wheel.

Their lively imagination is very apt to carry them away into extremes for good or evil, when they act on the moment like children, and having gratified the humour of the impulse relapse into their ordinary tranquillity, which is that of a slumbering volcano. On the other hand, they are full of excellent and redeeming good qualities; they are free from caprice, are hardy, patient, cheerful, good-humoured, sharp-witted, and intelligent; they are honest, faithful, and trustworthy; sober, and unaddicted to mean, vulgar vices; they have a bold, manly bearing, and will follow well wherever they are well led, being the raw material of as good soldiers as are in the world; they are loyal and religious at heart, and full of natural tact, mother wit, and innate good manners. In general, a firm, quiet, courteous, and somewhat reserved manner is the most effective. Whenever duties are to be performed, let them see that you are not to be trifled with. The coolness of a determined Englishman’s manner, when in earnest, is what few foreigners can withstand. Grimace and gesticulation, sound and fury, bluster, petulance, and impertinence fume and fret in vain against it, as the sprays and foam of the Mediterranean do against the unmoved, and immovable rock of Gibraltar. An Englishman, without being over-familiar, may venture on a far greater degree of unbending in his intercourse with his Spanish dependants than he can dare to do with those he has in England. It is the custom of the country; they are used to it, and their heads are not turned by it, nor do they ever forget their relative positions. The Spaniards treat their servants very much like the ancient Romans or the modern Moors; they are more their *vernae*, their domestic slaves: it is the absolute authority of the father combined with the kindness. Servants do not often change their masters in Spain: their relation and duties are so clearly defined, that the latter runs no risk of compromising himself by his familiarity, which can be laid down or taken up at his own pleasure. In England no man dares to be intimate with his footman; for supposing even such absurd fancy entered his brain, his footman is his equal in the eye of the law. Conventional barriers accordingly must be erected in self-defence: and social barriers are more difficult to be passed than walls of brass, more impossible to be repealed than the whole statutes at large. No master in Spain, and still less a foreigner, should ever descend to personal abuse, sneers, or violence. A blow is never to be washed out except in blood; and Spanish revenge descends to the third and fourth generation. There should be no threatenings in vain; but whenever the op-
portunity occurs for punishment, let it be done quietly and effectively, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and the fault once punished should not be needlessly ripped up again; Spaniards are sufficiently un forgiving, and hoarders up of unreve ng grievances: they do not require to be reminded. A kind and uniform behaviour, a showing consideration to them, in a manner which implies that you are accustomed to it, and expect it to be shown to you, keeps most things in their right places. Temper and patience are the great requisites in the master, especially when the traveller speaks the language imperfectly. He must not think Spaniards stupid because they cannot guess the meaning of his unknown tongue. Nothing is gained by fidgeting and overdoing. However early you may get up, daybreak will not take place the sooner: *no por mucho madrugar, amaneces mas temprano*. Let well alone: be not zealous overmuch: be occasionally both blind and deaf: *a lo que no te agrada haz te el sordo*. Keep the door shut, and the devil passes by: *de puerta cerrada, el diablo se torna*. Fret not about what is done, and cannot be helped: the most profitless of all labour. *Trabajo sin provecho, hacer lo que está hecho*; but keep honey in mouth and an eye to your cash: *miel en boca y guarda la bolsa*. Still how much less expenditure is necessary in Spain than in performing the commonest excursion in England; and yet many who submit to their own countrymen's extortions are furious at what they imagine is especial cheating of them, *quasi* Englishmen, abroad: this outrageous economy, with which some are afflicted, is penny wise and pound foolish. The traveller must remember that he gains caste, gets brevet rank in Spain, that he is taken for a lord, and ranks with their nobility; he must pay for these luxuries: how small after all will be the additional per centage on his general expenditure, and how well bestowed is the excess, in keeping the temper good, and the capability of enjoying a tour, which only is performed once in a life, unruffled. No wise man who goes into Spain for amusement will plunge into this guerilla, this constant petty warfare, about sixpences. Let the traveller be true to himself; avoid bad company, *quien hace su cama con perros, se levanta con pulgas*, and make room for bulls and fools, *al loco y toro da le corro*, and he may see Spain agreeably, and, as Catullus said to Varanius, who made the tour many centuries ago, may on his return amuse his friends and "old mother " by telling his own stories after his own way:

"*Visam te incolu mem, audiamque Iberum*
*Narrantem loca, facta, nationes, *
*Siect tuus est mos.*"

**TRAVELLER'S BILL OF FARE.**

To be a good cook, which few Spaniards are, a man must not only understand his master's taste, but be able to make something out of nothing; just as a clever French artista converts an old shoe into an épigramme d'agneau, or a Parisian milliner dresses up two deal boards into a fine live Madame, whose only fault is the appearance of too much embonpoint. We now proceed to submit a few approved receipts of genuine and legitimate Spanish dishes: they are excellent in their way. No man nor man-cook ever is ridiculous when he does not attempt to be what he is not. The *au naturel* may occasionally be somewhat plain, but seldom makes one sick. It would be as hopeless to make a Spaniard understand real French cookery as to endeavour to explain to a député the meaning of our constitution or parliament. The ruin of Spanish cooks is their futile attempts to imitate French ones:* just as their silly grandees murder the glo-

*In the last edition of the *Nueva Cocinera*, vol. iii., the 'Spanish Domestic Cookery, by a Lady,' the olla is left out altogether. It is not, however, to be found in the earlier books, *Libro de Cocina*, Roberto de Nola, Toledo, 1577.*
Spain.

15. THE OLLA.

It may be made in one pot, but two are better: take therefore two, and put them on their separate stoves with water. Place into No. 1, Garbanzos,* cicer, aretinum chick-pea, which have been placed to soak over-night, al remojo, or they will be hard. Add a good piece of beef, a chicken, a large piece of bacon; let it boil once and quickly; then let it simmer: olla que mucho hierve, mucho pierde; it requires four or five hours to be well done. Meanwhile place into No. 2, with water, whatever vegetables, “verdura,” are to be had: lettuces, “lechugas;” cabbage, “berza, coles;” a slice of gourd, “troncho de calabaza;” of beef, “acelga;” carrots, “azanorias;” beans, “fideos judías habichuelas;” celery, “apio;” endive, “escarola;” onions and garlic, “ajo y cebollas;” long peppers, “pimientos.” These must be previously well washed and cut, as if they were destined to make a salad; then add sausages, “chorizo;” those of Montanches are the best: Longanizas, those of Vich, and Morsillas; half a salted pig’s face, which should have been soaked over-night. When all is sufficiently boiled, strain off the water, and throw it away. Remember constantly to skim the scum of both saucepans. When all this is sufficiently dressed, take a large dish, lay in the bottom the vegetables, the beef, “cocido,” in the centre, flanked by the bacon, chicken, and pig’s face. The sausages should be arranged around, en couronne; pour over some of the soup of No. 1, and serve hot, as Horace did: “Uncta satis—ponuntur oluscula lardo.” No violets come up to the perfume which a coming olla casts before it; the mouth-watering bystanders sigh, as they see and smell the rich freight steaming away from them.

This is the olla en grande, such as Don Quixote says was eaten by canons and presidents of colleges. A worthy dignity of Seville, whose daily olla was transcendental, told us, as a wrinkle, that he on feast-days used turkeys instead of chickens, and added two sharp Ronda apples, “dos peros agríos de Ronda,” and three sweet potatoes of Malaga, batatas. His advice is worth attention: he was a good Roman Catholic canon, who believed everything, absorbed everything, drank everything, ate everything, and digested everything. In fact, as a general rule, anything that is good in itself is good for an olla, provided, as old Spanish books always conclude, that it contains nothing contrary to the holy mother church, to orthodoxy, and to good manners—“que no contiene cosa, que se ponga a nuestra madre Iglesia y santa fe católica, y buenas costumbres.” Such an olla as this is not to be got on the road, but may be made to restore nature, when halting in the cities. Of course, every olla must everywhere be made according to what can be got. In private families the contents of No. 1, the soup, caldo, is served up with bread, in a tureen, and the frugal table decked with the separate contents of the olla in separate platters; the remains coldly serve, or are warmed up, for supper. Refer also back to page 28.

*Sopa de Cebollas—Onion Soup.

This is soon made, and often is a great comfort to the traveller who arrives.

* The Garbanzo is the vegetable of Spain. The use of dried peas, rice, &c., argues a low state of horticultural knowledge. The taste for the Garbanzo was introduced by the Carthaginians—the pules punica, which (like the fides punica, an especial ingredient in all Spanish governments and finance) afforded such merriment to Plautus, that he introduced the chick-pea-eating Ponus, multiphagonides, speaking Punic, just as Shakspere did the toasted-cheese-eating Welshman talking Welsh.
wet and chilled: take onions, peel and pare them, cut them into pieces and fry them in lard or oil; add water, salt, and pepper, and pour it over toasted bread. If potatoes are to be had, boil a few, pound them, and pass them through a sieve, to thicken and make a purée.

**Pisto, or Meat Omelette.**

Take eggs, see that they are fresh by being pellucid, *huevos trasparentes*, beat them well up; chop up onions and whatever savoury herbs are to be got, *tomillo, thyme, albahaca, sweet basil, hinojo, fennel, perejil, parsley, estragon, tarragon*; small slices of any meat at hand, cold turkey, ham, &c.; beat it all up together and fry it quickly. Most Spaniards have a peculiar knack in making omelettes, *tortillas, revueltas de huevos*. These to the fastidious stomach are, as in most parts of the Continent, a sure resource to fall back upon.

**Sesos escabechados y fritos**—Brains en marinade and fried.

Take brains, either of sheep or calf, wash and pare them well, removing all blood, fibres, &c.; soak them in water, then place them for an hour in a pickle of wine, vinegar, onions, bay-leaf, thyme, parsley, oil, and salt; dry them with a cloth, powder them with flour, and fry them in oil or lard, in which a few onions have been previously fried, to give flavour and colour.)*

**Guisado de Perdices o Liebre**—Stewed Partridges or Hare.

This dish is always well done by every cook in every venta, barring that they are apt to put in bad oil, and too much garlic, pepper, and saffron.—Take hare, partridge, rabbit, chicken, or whatever it may be; cut it up, save the blood, the liver, and the giblets, *memudillos*; do not wash the pieces, but dry them in a cloth; fry them with onions in oil or lard till browned; take an olla, put in equal portions of wine and water, a bit of bacon, onions, garlic, salt; pepper, *pimientas*, a bunch of thyme or herbs; let it simmer, carefully skimming it; half an hour before serving add the giblets; when done, which can be tested by feeling with a fork, serve hot. The stew should be constantly stirred with a wooden spoon, and with a good salad it forms a supper for a cardinal, or Santiago himself.

**Ensalada**—Salad.

Take whatever salad can be got, wash it in many waters, rinse it in a small net, or in napkins till nearly dry, chop up onions and tarragon, take a bowl, put in equal quantities of vinegar and water, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, and four times as much oil as vinegar and water, mix the same well together, take care never to put the lettuce into the sauce till the moment the salad is wanted, or it loses all its crispness and becomes sodden. The Spanish salad is delicious in a hot country, where much meat is neither eaten nor wanted; half the population live on a vegetable diet, which is eaten boiled in winter and raw in summer. To make a good salad, says the proverb, four persons are wanted,—a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up: "*Para hacer una buena ensalada, se necesitan cuatro personas—un prodigo para el aceite, un avaro para el vinagre, un prudente para la sal, y un loco para menearla.*"

**Gazpacho**.

Akin to the salad is this most ancient Roman and Moorish dish, on which the Spaniards in the hotter provinces exist during the dog-days, of which days...

* Note well to avoid everything in the shape of an *adobo* or *escabeche* which is not made by your own cook.