

This may be called the national dance, and is in vogue among the common people. It is usually performed at the *chingano*, which is a kind of amphitheatre, surrounded by apartments where refreshments, including strong drinks, are sold, and is generally well filled by both sexes. The dance is performed on a kind of stage, under an open shed. The music is a mixture of Spanish and Indian, and is performed altogether by females, on an old-fashioned long and narrow harp, one end of which rests on the lap of the performer, and the other on the stage, ten feet off. A second girl is seen merrily beating time on the sounding-board of the instrument. On the right is another, strumming the common chords on a wire-string guitar or *kitty*, making, at every vibration of the right hand, a full sweep across all the strings, and varying the chords. In addition to this, they sang a national love-song, in Spanish, at the top of their voices, one singing a kind of alto; the whole producing a very strange combination of sounds.

The dance is performed by a young man and woman; the former is gaudily decked in a light scarlet jacket, embroidered with gold lace, white pantaloons, red sash and pumps, with a tiny red cap; whilst that of his partner consists of a gaudy painted muslin dress, quite short and stiffly starched, not a little aided by an ample pair of hips; thrown over all is a rich-coloured French shawl; these, with well-fitted silk stockings, complete her attire. These last are in truth characteristic of the Chilian women of all classes, and they take no pains to conceal them. One not unfrequently sees the extravagance of silk stockings in the washerwomen at their tubs, and even with their hands in the suds. The dress in general fits neatly, and nature is not distorted by tight lacing, or the wearing of corsets. Nothing is worn on the head, and the hair, parted and equally divided from the forehead back to the neck, hangs down in two long plaits on each shoulder to the waist.

The style of dancing is somewhat like a *fandango*. The couple begin by facing each other and flirting handkerchiefs over each other's heads, then approaching, slowly retreating again, then quickly shooting off to one side, passing under arms without touching, with great agility, rattling and beating time with castanets. Their movements are quite graceful, those of their feet pretty, and withal quite amorous; the gestures may be readily understood, not only by the native audience, but by foreigners. I cannot say much for its moral tendency.

The higher classes of females have the name of being virtuous and estimable in their domestic circle, but we cannot say that they are beautiful. They dress their hair with great care and taste. Their feet are small, and they have a graceful carriage.