

of mine fell in the road—fell heavily. Since he was not stabbed or shot, and no one could be blamed, several came to his assistance. One, in lifting him up, said,—“Si no lo cojo, se cae;” *i. e.*, “If he had not been lame, he would have fallen”—an equivalent to our English saying, that “Drunken men are never run over,” I suppose. The proverbs and sayings in the interior are so rough, and oftentimes so indecent, that I dismiss them for the present.

The Spaniards are much more unprincipled, but much more full of heart, than Englishmen. Hear two or three instances.

The other day I was staying in a seaport and barrack town. I was smoking my cigarillo up and down the sea-front, where the barracks are situated, and leaning over the sea-wall, listening to the mew of the sea-gulls, and the monotonous, but ever wild and beautiful, washing of the sea-waves against the bastions. The night was dark, the walk unlighted. Suddenly I heard the loud, almost hysterical weeping of some unhappy woman, and turning round, I saw a black figure flit across the road, and throw herself down against the sea-wall. “She could not have seen me,” thought I, “so it is no *ruse* to get money; besides, it is very late; she must be in trouble.” I went up to her, and asked her to stay her weeping for a moment, and let me try and help her.

Her story was very simple. Her husband was a private soldier, married before he was twenty-five, (which is against the Spanish law, as every man till twenty-five is supposed to be at the disposal of his country, his first wife!) and was ill in “El Hospital del Rey” (the Royal Hospital). She had nothing for herself, or for the babe in her arms, a tiny child, not

two months old. I pressed a few coppers into her hand; they were instantly restored to me. I asked why? She said, "Your coppers won't make my husband well." At last the poor, homeless, suffering creature took the money at my entreaty, and I got her up from her cold bed, and forced her to go and seek a lodging for herself and her babe.

Alas! this sound of woman's weeping is very common in Spain! A woman here shows her feelings, whether poor or rich, just as in England a woman, whether poor or rich, stifles her feelings. Constantly, when their begging has failed, or they have been robbed, or turned out upon the streets, one hears at night the suppressed sobs, or the loud, hysterical weeping of some unhappy sister. I must say here that, not once or twice, but constantly, when I have offered these poor suffering mothers money, they have absolutely refused to touch it, and let it fall upon the pavement.

One more instance of Spanish heart. I spoke to a Spanish boatman once about a suffering fellow-creature whom he knew, a woman who was what we should call in England "taking on" about the loss of her mother. I asked him to calm her and help her. "Ah, Señor," said he, "what's the good, her grief is very natural (*muy natural*), and what is according to Nature must be right."

Yet one more instance of Spanish heart. I speak only of what I have seen. An English sailor came on shore; he had plenty of cash, he met with Spaniards, treated them all round, and was lying in the street dead-drunk himself. The Spaniards came back, took his purse out of his pocket, carried him to his home or bed, and in the morning restored him his

purse. "Poor fellow!" said one of the Spanish sailors to me; "poor lad! he is an Englishman, and it is muy natural for him to drink! They all drink, they say, because it gives them strength. I think, and tell them, they drink because they like it." I could not help thinking of the old story of the negro,—“Massa no drinkee for dry, massa drinkee for drunk.”

There is another sight in Spain, one of daily occurrence, that betokens heart in the people. Go to the towns of the interior, rough as they are,—go to Malaga, go to Cadiz,—and you will see this sight: a lot of poor beggars around the doors of the private houses, and the mistress herself coming down fifty steps to relieve them. She comes down, she pulls a little paper parcel out of her pocket (poor though she herself may be), and she gives each suffering brother or sister a little (poco-poco). Constantly, while you are buying a cigar or necktie, the shopman leaves the counter to put a farthing, his little offering, “por la Caridad,” into the hands of some whining beggar at his door. Of old, “begging-tickets” (*i. e.*, permission to get your livelihood by begging) were issued by the Government to the poor; sometimes even to their own wounded or discharged soldiers! now I am told (but I do not know) that this practice is discontinued.

As to laws and justice, the poor Spaniards look up to the English greatly. My poor boatman, a few days since, lent his boat to two of his own countrymen to shoot wild-fowl towards the north of the Guadalquivir. A squall and unlooked-for tidal-rising came on. The men got the boat to the shore, and, frightened, jumped on land without making her fast. The boat was carried out into the current, and she

landed five miles lower down, grievously broken. "Well," said I, "no odds to you; they'll pay you."—"Will they?" said the poor fellow, "not a stiver. I cannot force them, and they haven't got much corazon or conscientia. Let me be at Liverpool for poor man's justice; we don't get it in Spain!"

"I believe this is true; you must bribe the judge to get justice. Still, we must be fair. In Spanish trials, civil as well as criminal, no matter how long they last, the Government pays a barrister to defend the accused. As I have before said, and I think not without reason, the Spanish laws are the best in the known world; but they are never carried out. A short while back one of my friends was engaged in a lawsuit. His adversary carried the suit from one court to another. At last the suit was given against my friend; he was to pay £200. "I can't, and won't pay it," he said (he had been living in Spain for thirty years). At last the officials came down to him and said, "Well, what *can* you pay?"—"Twenty pounds," said he.—"Muy bien," said the officials; and with a £20 payment he escaped.

The Spaniards have plenty of kind-heartedness, but they are prone to cowardice, and blasphemy too. Possibly those two go together.

A common saying here is, or rather was, when E. Castelar was in full favour, "Castelar is the Christ of 1873!" One trembles to write such words—one would not, were they not daily said.

Another Spanish blasphemy is this—it is a very low one. A man, to defy those who quarrel with him, says, "I trample upon ten such as you." The Spanish word for ten is "diez"; and for God, "Dios." So the speaker, if blasphemously inclined, pronounces the

word Dios, and thus says, "I trample upon God." This is not at all uncommon.

Spaniards are sometimes not courageous. A few days back two men quarrelled in the street. One drew his knife, the other rushed down the street. Every one of us thought a murder was going to be committed. But not at all. Suddenly the pursued man stopped, threw up his stick, and said to his pursuer,—“Where the — are you coming to?” The hero with the knife turned tail and bolted.

One or two more instances of Spanish character. A man was, a short time ago, close to my house, tempted to abstract money from the accounts of his employers. His conscience smote him; he could not bear it; he went to the priest, and said,—“I have taken this; please restore it.” This the priest did, and the man's conscience was, doubtless, eased. Alas! poor fellow, the money had been missed; the amount of defalcation was known; he was found out—though the priest did not betray him—and dismissed. He said, however, “Better wander with an empty stomach than a full heart.”

I was walking, a short time ago, with a Spanish sailor—I see many of them—and he said to me, “How well your land is governed.” I rejoined, “You, too, are well governed under Castelar.”

It was all over with me. “What?” said he, “you dare to talk about well governed by — Castelar! First, he promised to throw the Church overboard, and he has not done it. Next, he promised nothing but an army of Voluntarios, and he hasn't kept his promise. And, thirdly, since Emilio is not a true man, we shall soon see another revolution, and Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system come in. As to the

revolution in Spain, I shan't live to see the end of that."

I wonder if there is any consecutiveness in what I am writing? I fear not. Nevertheless, I still write on.

Here are two or three good anecdotes.

I was paying a little account when I first entered this country, and I said to the poor servant, offering two pieces of money, "Which is the right one?" She looked keenly at me, half-smilingly, and then said, pointing to the larger piece, "If you ask me which is the right one, *this* is the right one—for me."

A little Spanish girl had a good sound whipping administered to her by her governess. She was twelve years of age! After the whipping, the child drew herself up, and said,—“Do you know whom you have whipped? Why, my grandmother was married at twelve years of age!”

Two Spanish lads, each about nine or ten years, were fighting for the possession of an arm-chair in a friend's house. At last the younger had to give in. The elder seated himself demurely in the hardly-won chair. The other boy came up with a serious face; "Charlie," he said, "don't, I pray you, sit in that chair, for it is full of bugs!" The big boy jumped up. Instantly the little one (the vanquished) took the seat. "What," said the other, "I thought you said it was full of bugs!"—"Yes," was the rejoinder, "but they are bugs that don't hurt me."

The Spanish peasant when "off duty" has absolutely nothing to do. He will sit for hours smoking his cigarillos in the courtyard, and doing and thinking of nothing. I said to one old man this summer, who was smoking his cigarillo in my courtyard, "What think you of my dog for killing five chickens

this morning." He smoked on, and gave no answer. I went out for a walk, and came back in about two hours. He was still sitting smoking there, on the self-same stone. As I entered the yard, he said, "I have formed my opinion." To what he alluded I could not think. But he explained the difficulty. Shaking his bald head gravely, he said, "Un perro, mucho, mucho malo," *i.e.* vulgar Spanish for "a very, very bad dog."

The dog and his delinquencies had been brooding in the poor fellow's brain the whole time, and nothing else!



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

## CHAPTER XXX.

## TWO SPANISH EPITAPHS.

Ay ! há passado en juventud lozana,  
 Cual hoja tierna que arrebatá el viento :  
 El árbol puede florecer mañana ;  
 Ella no puede recobrar su aliento.  
 Tan solo-alcanza la piedad Christiana  
 A mitigar el grave sentimiento,  
 Ofreciéndola allá en la eterna cumbre  
 Más vida, más amor, más pura lumbre.

*offering to her there  
 in that eternal flight  
 pure life more loves  
 more sweet-light*

From the Spanish of Narciso Campillo.

## EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

To-morrow shall the spray with flowers be shining,  
 Whose last fair blossom earthward floats to-day :  
 Yet, though the flowret of our years declining  
 Hath fall'n, none other blooms upon its spray !  
 We do not murmur, we are not forsaken  
 Of comfort : mid our tears one hope burns bright,  
 She who, o'erflowing with life and love, was taken,  
 Hath found the fullness of all love and light !

## EPITAPH ON THE GRAVE OF AN INFANT.

## I.

Weep not for those who, like this babe, have passed  
 Untir'd and early to a blest repose :  
 Along *their* road, Life had no time to cast  
 Those shadows that oft deepen to its close.

## II.

But weep (if weep thou wilt) for those who claim  
 Thy pity more : those joyless sons who fail  
 To bless or be blest, winning deathless name :  
 Whose life, when o'er, is but an idle tale !

## III.

How many, ah ! how many an one might say,  
 Were from his trifling lips the truth beguiled,  
 "Better for me, had I too passed away  
 (I had, at least, passed simple) as this child !"



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## A WEEK'S SHOOTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GALICIA.

AFTER a residence of several months in Madrid, I decided on making a shooting excursion somewhere, and as I was quite abroad as to where to go, I took the only and most natural course, *i. e.* I inquired amongst my friends.

Among a multitude of advisers, I adopted the suggestion of one who had lived in Spain about thirty years, and this was to go to Brañuelas, in the province of Galicia; and as, at the same time, he offered me letters of introduction to some of the principal cazadores (sportsmen) of the place, I considered I had fair grounds for following his advice.

Accordingly I packed up my traps, and started northward, on as bitterly cold a night in March as it has ever been my luck to set out on a journey. The route to Brañuelas is in itself worthy of the journey; for, first, as you enter the Guadarama mountains, you pass well within sight of the famous gridiron of St. Laurence, or, in other words, the Escorial. Luckily, too, the moon was about full that night, and consequently I got a good view of it. The route through the Guadaramas is also very fine, the mountains being covered with snow, and shadowed over by tall, ghastly-looking pines. Once through these, however, and Avila passed, the journey became

more uninteresting, as the flat rich plains of the two Castiles, the great corn-producing provinces of Spain, were not calculated to excite enthusiasm in the breast of an ordinary traveller. We reached Leon soon after ten o'clock, and there I remained a few days. This, although now in a state of lamentable decay, impressed me as the grandest old town I had ever seen. A great friend of mine, an eminent Spanish architect, was, at the time, employed in restoring the well-known cathedral, and in his company and that of his young English wife I passed some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent—days that I would willingly have prolonged, but that I was loath to lose time at the then advanced period of the shooting-season.

I was joined at Leon by Don Manuel Diaz, Cura of the village of Yacos, one of the cazadores to whom I had a letter of introduction, and one of the best shots of the neighbourhood. In his company, I proceeded to Brañuelas, which I may here observe is, or was, the terminus of the North-West Railway to the coast, and the station where diligences met the train to pick up passengers for La Coruña.

In the station there existed a fonda kept by a French couple, to whose care I was especially recommended by their chief, the manager of the line, and here I decided on taking up my head-quarters.

The time of year I had chosen for my trip was, in some respects, unfortunate, as, besides the increased wildness of all kinds of game, my clerical fellow-sportsmen were a good deal occupied in their Lenten duties. Owing to this last circumstance, for the first few days I was left to my own resources, and could do nothing but wander about the hills alone with my gun and a solemn old Spanish pointer, and employ my time as

best I was able, in shooting what I could, and learning what I could of the ways and living of the natives.

The village of Brañuelas, containing, I suppose, some two hundred inhabitants, consists entirely of cottages constructed on the most primitive plan. These are all of one story, made of mud, with a simple hole in the roof to form the chimney. The Cura's house differed in no respect from its neighbours; and although he was, I suppose, the man with the largest fixed income about the place, yet, as his stipend of £20 a year had not been paid since the Revolution of 1868, he was, at the time I made his acquaintance, in rather narrow circumstances. His dress was even then far from ostentatious; and, as he was in the habit of tearing off pieces of his coat to serve as wadding, I am afraid, unless matters have since mended with him, his raiment will by now be of the scantiest proportions. He seemed thoroughly happy and contented with his lot, however; and one day, when I asked him if he would like to be made a bishop, he answered that he would not exchange his free life of priest and sportsman for the restrained honours of episcopal dignity.

I passed a good time, as Americans say, mooning about these first few days, and had fair sport with partridges (red-legs), and a good deal of provocation with any quantity of snipe, which, with my No. 7 shot, were not as knock-downable as I could have wished. Nevertheless, I managed—partly, I am fain to confess, owing to their excessive tameness and confidence in man—to bag sufficient to convince my Spanish friends of their excellence on the table, a fact of which they were sadly ignorant; indeed, they

never shoot at snipe, not considering them worth the ammunition; and, perhaps, as they shoot to live, and as powder and shot are both scarce and very dear in that part, they have some grounds for their forbearance.

The country round Brañuelas is very wild, and reminded me of the Scotch moors; the more so as the hills were covered with what, to my unbotanical eyes, appeared to be a species of heather.

Over these hills a person may wander for miles without meeting any one, except a shepherd, charged with the care of flocks of sheep or goats belonging to various owners, whose chief or only wealth they represent. The life of these shepherds is an odd one; they go out with their charges, and, perhaps, a pair of rough, savage dogs, taking with them a portion of coarse bread, sufficient to last a week or ten days; and till this ration is finished, they are seen no more, but live and sleep with their flocks on the open hills, sometimes with one or two companions, and sometimes entirely alone. It must be a desolate life theirs, without other intercourse with their fellows than the chance meeting with a cazador, or their brief stays in the villages, when they return for fresh supplies.

In one of my walks I came across the Campo Santo, and will mention a circumstance which struck me at the time as a novelty, and which I have never seen since.

The cemetery consisted of a walled piece of ground, say half an acre in extent; and although the inhabitants of the village are few, and the mortality small, still, in the course of years and nature, it is evident that so circumscribed a space must necessarily become crowded after a time. This, indeed, happens;

but for the evil the clerical authorities have provided the following remedy, which is, to make the burial-ground an essentially temporary resting-place, and when it becomes inconveniently full, to remove the oldest inhabitant (possession in this case giving no title) to an open porch beside the church, in order to make way for his successor; and in this porch you may see skulls and bones of every description lying mixed up together, exposed alike to the weather and to the gaze of their (the bones') church-going descendants.

From the solemn to the ridiculous,—I must first mention one incident that occurred in one of my walks with the priest of the place, and then I will go on with our sport further ahead.

One afternoon, as we were coming home, a hare started up in front of my friend, who blazed away at it as soon as he could persuade his rusty old flint-gun to go off. (I suppose by the time he fired the hare was two hundred yards off.) He missed it, as might not unnaturally have been expected, and having done so, started off running as hard as he could in pursuit, and vanished out of sight. When he returned, which he did after a few minutes, he explained to me that this greyhound-like proceeding was not due to the confidence he had in overtaking the hare, but merely to the excitement of the moment. This is an instance of zeal I have never seen surpassed.

A few days after the occurrence of the incident just referred to, we organized our party for the *caza mayor*, and started for the higher Sierra, about four or five leagues from Brañuelas. This party was made up of six guns, Don Manuel Diaz, the Cura of Brañuelas, an Astorgan innkeeper, a professional cazador, a certain priest called Don Pablo, and myself. We were accom-

panied by half-a-dozen countrymen, who were to serve as beaters, and about the same number of dogs, of noted qualities and uncertain pedigrees.

We set off as soon as it was light—Don Pablo and the Astorgan riding animals which I was told were ponies, but which looked like rats, the rest of us walking. I had been offered a similar mount; but although a cross-country man in my day, I preferred to take the chance of my own legs in scaling up and sliding down the steep hills, rather than undergo the same processes on the back of one of the weedy quadrupeds in question—in justice to which, however, I must acknowledge that they fully justified the confidence of their masters, and never so much as made a false step. The rest of our cavalcade comprised an old mule, which carried our ammunition and blankets.

The pueblo where we intended to put up was called "Boca del Infierno," which we reached about mid-day, and, sending our traps on to the fonda, we started, after a hearty luncheon and smoke on the hillside, to reconnoitre the ground, and stretch our legs, as it were, after our morning's walk. At about six o'clock we returned to the fonda, all of us ready for supper and rest. Here, as the word fonda, and still more its English equivalent "inn," is more than likely to mislead the unwary, I had, perhaps, better describe our resting-place in full.

It was a mud house of some pretension, insomuch as it was two stories high; the first of which was formed by two rooms, the largest being for the cows, and the smaller for the family. Indeed, this last played a very important part in the domestic arrangements of the house, for it served at once as sleeping-

room for the father and mother, their several sons and daughters of different ages (one a baby), as a poultry-house for the cocks and hens, as a sleeping-place for the goats, as a lodging-room for travellers, as general sitting-room, and as kitchen. The second story consisted of one room, reached by means of a ladder from outside, and which served as a store-room and spare bed-room.

Our choice being comparatively limited, our arrangements were soon made, and it was decided that Don Manuel, Don Pablo, and the Astorgan should occupy the room above, while I was to sleep on a wooden bench on one side of the fire in the room of many purposes below, an opposite bench being destined for the Cura of Brañuelas and the cazador.

Our sleeping-places being thus provided for, our next thought was that of supper, of which I here append a detailed bill of fare.

The first dish was served in a large round earthenware pan, and consisted of large pieces of bread cut up, over which was poured a kind of soup, hot and good, and to this we all helped ourselves with wooden spoons. This was followed by deer's liver, potatoes, and home-made sausages. I don't know whether this fare was really as excellent as I then thought it, or whether our keen appreciation of it was due in part to the fine air we breathed, and the exercise we had taken. I can only say that I enjoyed it more than many a conventional dinner I have partaken of before or since.

As soon as supper was over, we climbed down the ladder, and made our way to the fire below, to mingle the smoke of our tobacco with that of the smouldering logs. I need hardly say that the chimney was of the

usual construction, viz., a mere hole in the roof,—which contrivance seemed to have very little effect on the smoke, as the room was nearly full of it.

We had neither candles nor any other light, save that of the fire or a lighted piece of stick, which a younger son of the house occasionally lit, and held up for our satisfaction.

It was a novelty, however, to sit in that shadowy light with the dogs crowding round the fire, and we had altogether rather a pleasant smoke as we sat and talked of sport and sporting. We went to our respective sleeping-places early, and passed the night, at least I can answer for myself, in as sound a sleep as need be wished for, undisturbed either by the crowing of the cock, which roosted over my head, or by the squalling of the baby.

The next morning we were up soon after daybreak, and our breakfast, of new milk, bread-and-butter, washed down by aguardiente, despatched, we set out for the business of the day.

The *modus operandi* of shooting in those sierras is that of a succession of drives. The guns are posted about halfway up the mountain side, sheltered by some piece of projecting rock, or concealed by the high heather(?); while the dogs and men beat the valley below, shouting and blowing horns (of course, I refer to the men), to start the game, which, when on foot, almost always makes upward. Experienced cazadores are able to judge the places most likely for game to pass, and at these the guns are posted.

In the first drive, the Cura of Brañuelas, who zealously accompanied the beaters, stumbled almost right upon a wild sow and her brood of young ones; but, as (common mishap) his gun refused to go off,



the interesting family escaped unharmed. Presently the dogs began to give tongue, and, after a few minutes of expectation, I saw two corzos (a kind of small deer rather resembling the roebuck) make up the mountain in a direction which I thought ought to bring them within range of Don Pablo's ambush; nor was I mistaken, as the report of a gun soon assured me, but which was followed by no visible result, but that of making the frightened deer spring away with their splendidly free, bounding movement, rather quicker than before.

When one valley has been driven, the same process is gone through in another; and in the second one, Don Pablo distinguished himself by knocking over a fine buck, and I by missing another one.

During the last drive of the day, I got a good shot at a doe, which went away, my friends declared, unhurt. As I thought differently, however, the dogs were laid on the scent, and a beater despatched to follow. To my entire satisfaction, it turned out that my judgment had been correct, for, as we were having our after-supper smoke, the man returned carrying on his shoulders the then dead doe. I may acknowledge that we were tired when we got home that night, and glad to go to bed; and Don Pablo, on finishing his orations, which all the priests strictly performed both night and morning, exclaimed, "There, I have done," in such a tone of evident satisfaction, that we none of us could help laughing.

On the following day I got my first, and, alas! last sight of wild boar, which were, for some reason or other, very scarce, though we saw plenty of signs of them. It was towards evening, when, posted in a particularly rugged spot, I heard the dogs give

tongue, and, after a few minutes, saw two fine old boars gallop up a stony path. I blazed away at the nearest, but whether he was out of shot (as I hope), or whether I missed him, the result was the same—*nil*.

At that moment, as I had often done before, I bitterly regretted that I had not provided myself with a rifle, as many were the tempting chances I lost at deer, which most provokingly passed me out of range of my double-barrel, loaded with large shot, of the size which would, I suppose, correspond to buck-shot.

One day, Don Manuel got a very long shot at a wolf, which he missed. And this reminds me that it may, perhaps, be interesting to remark that among the wolves which abound in those mountains, there existed, at the time of my stay in them, a celebrated man-eating one, which had killed a woman and one or two children, and for whose death the authorities had offered a reward of £20.

Among the game we didn't see, I may mention the large red-deer, which are frequently seen at an earlier period of the year, and bears, seen only occasionally.

A short time before my arrival at Brañuelas, a young railway *employé*, going out gunning for the first time, came across one of the latter, and (probably the first time he had fired off a gun) killed it. Any way, whether through luck or skill, it was a good beginning, and a fortunate one for him, as a bear is of considerable value, both for its skin and meat.

We stayed five days at Boca del Infierno, during which time our bag amounted to seventeen corzos, a few partridges, and one hare. Perhaps as a total this may sound insignificant to those accustomed to read

the returns of killed in some large battue, but to these I must explain, firstly, that our party should have been at least double in number, as it is impossible to make an effective drive with only six guns; secondly, that we were, at any rate, a month too late in the year; and, thirdly, that none of us were armed in an effective manner, for, with the exception of Don Manuel and myself, the others were only provided with old flint-guns of the most antique pattern, which you might safely back to burst or miss fire oftener than to go off. Still, even with these weapons, some of the cazadores of the district were wonderfully good shots; and, indeed, there is a story of a celebrated marksman, who, when wishing to attract the attention of a distant friend, was in the habit of firing a shot through his cap, *à la* William Tell, which, I am told, had generally the desired effect of making him turn round. As I never saw this feat performed myself, I, consequently, do not vouch for its entire accuracy, but merely give the tale as it was told to me.

For my part, I was thoroughly satisfied with our excursion, and wouldn't have exchanged our sport for a succession of the largest battues.

The scenery of these mountains—whose name, if I ever knew it, I now forget—was splendid. People who have seen both, have since told me that these are very like those of Switzerland; and I can quite believe them. The variety of scenery is surprising. In places the mountains are extremely rugged, and covered with snow; in others they are covered with broom and heather (?), with plantations of dwarf oaks scattered about; while such of the valleys as are not covered with the same (*i. e.*, heather and oak), are with the greenest grass, and through nearly all of

these run streams of the clearest water, supplied by waterfalls, which flow from the mountains at every turn.

These streams abound with fish, especially trout, and make me grieve over the defect in my education which had not made me a fisherman. The trout are caught in large quantities—a good many, I am sorry to say, in nets; and of their excellence I here make my grateful record.

I can imagine nothing more calculated to give an idea of wild freedom than to be posted in one of these sierras—a sense of grand loneliness which I thoroughly enjoyed.

At the end of five days, as I have said, we returned to Brañuelas, in order to allow my clerical friends to perform their Sunday duties. The proceeds of sport were equally divided amongst us, and either sold, smoked, or, as in my case, distributed amongst our friends.

During my stay in Brañuelas we made several excursions of this kind; but as on paper a description of these would necessarily be monotonous, though ever varied in themselves, a sketch of our first and best expedition may fairly suffice as a specimen of them all.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE BULL-FIGHT.

ALTHOUGH bull-fighting may be, and in fact is, a hackneyed subject to write about, still, as it is in the present day an essentially Spanish institution (excepting its more or less weak imitations in the South American republics), perhaps a book about Spain and its customs would hardly be complete without some reference to what is, even in its decline, the national sport of the country.

Bull-fights may be divided into two classes—viz., regular and irregular; and, to begin at the beginning, I will commence with the first.

In these only bulls of the best breeds are selected, which are not eligible under five years old, the men engaged being the best that can be obtained—in fact, the stars of the profession.

The bulls for the *Corridas de Toros* (regular bull-fights) are bred with great care for this special purpose, the most celebrated herds being those of the Dukes of Osuna and Seraguas, and of Don Antonio Miura; and very handsome is this fine breed of cattle, deep-chested, straight-backed animals, which, standing on clean, slender legs, look almost as much like racing as a Derby favourite. Their fine, thorough-bred head, surmounted by fine, tapering, upright horns, is well put on to a graceful neck, and differs considerably from the heavy, massive front of an English bull; indeed,

the beautiful head borne by these cattle more resembles that of a stag, to which animal they may also be compared in their wonderful activity and jumping powers. The colours usually predominant are fawn, more or less light, with dark muzzles and ears; dark dun, relieved by lighter shades in places; black and red; occasionally an admixture of white will be found, but this is rare, and is probably due to some foreign cross. In size and weight, I suppose, the Spanish bulls used for the ring differ but little from the Ayrshires.

When a number of bulls are "wanted," they are generally driven to the place where the corrida is to take place, and sometimes to the nearest bull-ring, where they are put into covered vans and sent on by railway. The act of getting them into the ring, or rather into the yard adjoining it, is called the "encierro," and is performed in the following manner. When within a short distance of the town, a halt is made in some secluded spot, and the approach of night waited for. At about eleven or twelve o'clock trained oxen, with large bells hung round their necks, are driven out to meet the bulls, which, being accustomed from their youth upwards to regard the tinkling of these bells as a symbol of leadership, immediately cluster round them. The herd is then put in motion, the bell-oxen lead at a trot, the bulls follow, and the mounted herdsmen, armed with long goads, bring up the rear. As soon as the well-known bull-ring comes in sight, the oxen break from a trot into a gallop, the men shout, and in a wild rush of trampling hoofs bulls and oxen disappear into the coral (yard) through the large, widely-open door, which immediately closes on them once they are inside.

Such is the encierro, if all goes favourably ; but it often enough happens that when close to the ring the bulls take fright at something, turn round, and gallop back into the open country, and the cabestros, or bell-oxen, have then again to be driven out to collect their scattered followers. When this rout has once taken place, it is frequently followed by a succession of similar mishaps, and instances have been known when the announced bull-fight has been postponed, owing to the impossibility of housing the bulls the night before. The evening when an encierro is to take place in Madrid—and in writing of “regular bull-fights” I refer to that town—a strong, movable wooden paling, five feet high, is placed round the plaza, so as to cut it off, as far as possible, from the streets which of late years have grown into existence around it, and behind which, if only provided with a little patience, one can watch the driving in with tolerable security.

Adjoining the corral is the toril, a large covered space, divided into loose boxes, as one may call them, with a passage down the middle, at each end of which there is a door, one opening on to the corral, and the other on to the ring ; and the object of the “*apartado*,” or separation of the bulls, which takes place on the day of the *corrida* at about one o’clock, is to get each bull into one of these boxes, so that he may be let loose into the arena as he may be required.

Having provided oneself with the necessary ticket of admission for seeing this effected, one is admitted to a gallery or bridge which runs across the corral, and from which the bulls below may be surveyed in safety. When the intervening door between the corral and the toril is opened, the cabestros again take the lead by

turning into the passage, followed by one, two, or more bulls, as the case may be, which the herdsmen from above, with their long goads, direct into the boxes, closing the door, which is worked from the top, as soon as a bull is inside what may appropriately be termed the condemned cell, and so on till the required number, commonly six, are all housed in their respective places.

The Plaza de Toros in Madrid is, I believe, the largest in Spain. It is a circular building, just outside the Puerta de Alcala, and is calculated to hold some 12,000 persons. The entrances are several, and lead into a gloomy passage, from which the spectators mount to their different localities. In the centre of the building is the ring, surrounded by a wooden barricade between five and six feet high, in which there are narrow apertures, wide enough to admit the body of a man, but not sufficiently so to enable a bull to pass through. Round this paling runs a passage about six feet in width; and beyond this, and about level with the height of the barricade, rise rows of stone seats, one above the other. Level with the top range of these there is a covered gallery, filled with chairs and benches. Above are the boxes, the grandest and largest of which is that formerly belonging to the royal family, while next in importance is that of the president of the Corrida. The lower row of stone seats, which is, of course, nearest to the ring, is generally engaged for the season by "aficionados," owners of bulls, and that bull-fighting community which, comparing small things to great, I can, perhaps, best describe by liking to racing-men of the second class in England. Ladies, who still attend these performances, are always to be seen



in the boxes, it not being considered *comme il faut* for women of the higher classes to appear elsewhere.

The aspect of a bull-ring, on a fine Sunday or feast-day, in Madrid is certainly unique. The seats are nearly all occupied, and by every variety and class of men, not excepting women, who are generally numerous, and who seem to have a peculiar pleasure in bringing their children, and especially their babies, to see the sight. Sellers of nuts, sellers of water, sellers of cakes, and every other imaginable merchandise almost, wander about before the commencement of the performance and during its interludes, shouting out the excellence and price of their goods in a manner which, added to the general row and clashing of the band, is almost deafening. I think it may safely be asserted that a Plaza de Toros during the *corrida* is the noisiest place in the discovered world.

In the summer months, during which only the regular bull-fights take place, the performance begins about five o'clock, at which hour the president, generally the governor of the town, or some distinguished personage, invited to act as such out of compliment, takes his seat, a signal is given, a door is thrown open, and the bull-fighters emerge in procession, and advance to the presidential box to make their salutations before beginning the serious business of the *corrida*.

The procession is formed thus:—Firstly, come the two mounted *aguaciles* (who may be called masters of the ceremony), dressed in old Spanish fashion, in black velvet, peaked hats, and flowing plumes. Following these come the *picadores*, or mounted spearmen, dressed in a short jacket, long leather trousers, thickly padded to beyond the knee, and wearing a very low-crowned, very wide-brimmed hat. They are armed with a long,

heavy spear or lance of tough wood, with a sharp iron point at the end, which varies in length, according to the age of the bulls and the season of the year.

Next in order come the matadores (swordsmen), accompanied by their cuadrilla, whose very brilliant dress consists of a short silk jacket of any bright colour, with heavy shoulder-knots, and very richly embroidered, of a gaudy faja (sash) round the waist, coloured pumps, silk stockings, and low shoes, with buckles; round their shoulders is thrown a splendid capa of bright silk, their heads being covered with a huge chignon fastened on to the small pigtail, by which a bull-fighter in undress may always be distinguished, and which is surmounted by a round hat.

The rear of the procession is brought up by one or more teams of fine mules, whose mission it is to drag out the killed bull and such horses as may fall victims to him.

As soon as the customary salute has been given to the president, the aguaciles gallop out of the ring, the members of the cuadrilla deposit their fine capas with friends in the lower row of seats, assume their working ones, tattered in a hundred fights, and group themselves about, while such of the picadores as are to take part in the performance (some always being kept in reserve) also take up their respective stations, two being placed close to the entrance of the toril.

As the men are thus arranging themselves, one of the aguaciles again gallops across the ring, and goes through the form of asking the president for the key of the toril, which is flung down to him. Another blast of the trumpet then causes the door to be thrown open, and the bull dashes out.

The chief actors in the opening act of the perform-

ance are the picadores, the cuadrilla's functions at this period being limited to attracting the bull up to these, and in "playing" him with their capas. Sometimes the bull charges direct at the horse, and sometimes pauses an instant before he does so; but in either case the result is usually the same, that is, the total overthrow of both horse and rider. It is true that the picador tries to plant his lance in the bull's shoulders, and so force him back; but the great strength of the latter rarely fails to break through this defence, and the unfortunate horse is often tossed clean up in the air, sometimes falling back on his rider. Nearly all the picador's falls are severe ones; and when on the ground, he is alike exposed to the kicks and struggles of the wounded horse and to the attack of the bull. Moreover, as his legs are so heavily padded, even if he falls clear, he can no more raise himself than an upturned turtle, but has to wait for the assistance of the cuadrilla, who hasten to relieve him, and who take off the bull's attention with their capas. Once on his feet, if he has sustained no damage, and his horse is neither killed nor too severely disabled, he clammers back into his clumsy high-peaked saddle, all ready for a fresh tilt. As long as the horse can go or stand at all, no fresh one is provided in his place, and the really disagreeable feature of a bull-fight is to see him, often frightfully gored, being spurred again and again up to the bull, till some happier and more effectual thrust puts an end to his pains. I may here remark, that the horses provided for this entertainment (the most wretched screws obtainable, suffering from every kind of affliction to which the equine race is liable) are supplied by a contractor, whose interest it is, of course, to preserve as many as possible for a future occasion.

The excellence of the bull is gauged by the number of times he will charge the horses, for at last he fights shy of the punishing lance, and not without reason, as may be judged from the streams of blood which flow down his shoulders, after several of these encounters. I have constantly seen one bull kill six or more horses, and have heard of one that killed as many as seventeen.

When the first act has, in the president's opinion, lasted long enough, the trumpet announces its termination, and the commencement of the second. The picadores then retire from the ring, and the banderilleros (certain of the cuadrilla), armed with banderillas, or short wooden darts, barbed with iron, and covered with coloured paper, or ribbons, come to the front. The purpose of the banderilleros is to stick their darts into the bull's neck; and to do so, they advance towards him, holding one in each hand; then, as he charges, they put them in, slipping themselves on one side to avoid his horns. The banderillas, if well placed, should hang evenly one on each side; with good men, this operation is generally very neatly performed, and apparently with great ease; but to be successful, the bull must charge well, for it is evident that it is only the impetus at which he goes that carries him beyond the man as he steps aside.

When several pairs of banderillas have been placed, the signal again utters its warning, and the matador, or espada, who is the real hero of the day, always excepting the bull, marches up to the president's box, to go through the ceremony of asking permission to kill the bull. This being, as a matter of course, granted, he throws aside his hat, exchanges his capa for a thick red cloth, one end of which is rolled on to a stick, and proceeds on his mission of execution.

Surrounded by his cuadrilla, who are unceasing in their efforts to keep the bull moving, he begins by giving him a few passes with his flag (by which I, perhaps, lamely translate the word *muleta*), in order to try his character and temper, and also to get him into a right position; for it must be understood that it is not a question of stabbing the bull anywhere and anyhow, but that only one place is admissible for the deadly thrust, *i. e.*, just between the shoulders, at the point of connexion between the neck and the spine. When the bull presents himself in what is considered a suitable attitude, the matador springs forward; and if he drives home, and the direction is true, the sword is buried up to its hilt, and the bull either falls dead, or staggers a few paces, and then does so. Sometimes the blade, ill-aimed, only penetrates a short way into the fleshy part of the shoulder, and sticks there; at other times, it strikes against the bone, and rebounds out again.

This final, or would-be final, thrust, is the most dangerous part of the corrida; for if it fails, or is only partially successful, the bull's charge takes the man at a disadvantage, before he can recover from his assault and make use of his flag. Here, however, his cuadrilla afford every assistance, and are ever ready with their capas, and direct the charge against themselves.

It can always be known when the bull is mortally wounded, by the blood spouting from his mouth. Often, when badly hurt, and worn out by repeated stabs, he lays down, and then one of the cuadrilla steals cautiously behind him, and drives a short kind of dagger or prick into his brain, which effectually finishes the business.

The great object of all concerned in the closing

scene is to keep the bull ever moving; for if he once recovers his self-possession, he becomes sly, and, taking up his position in one chosen spot, firmly remains there, and watches his opponents, neither charging them nor paying any attention to the blandishments of the capas.

A free-charging bull is always to be preferred; for, as I have remarked before in reference to the *banderilleros*, with practice it is easy enough to step on one side and let him pass on; but if the bull remains on the defensive, it either becomes very difficult to kill him by legitimate means or altogether impossible.

When all attempts to move an obstinate bull have failed, and the patience of the spectators has become exhausted, a general cry is raised for the *media-luna* (half-moon), which is a long pole, ending in a sharp, flat, crescent-shaped iron, with which instrument the unfortunate animal is hamstrung from the rear, and which causes him to fall helpless to the ground, where he is despatched by the pick driven into his brain.

This barbarous and ignominious end is, fortunately, of rare occurrence in a "regular" *corrida*, as a well-bred bull generally charges gamely to the bitter end. As soon as he is killed, the band of music strikes up a merry tune, and the mules come in to drag out the slain.

The dead horses lie outside the ring sometimes till the next day, but the bull is conveyed to the butchering establishment close by, where he is speedily skinned, cut up, and sold cheap to the poorer classes.

There is a certain prejudice against the meat of a bull thus killed; but I can only say that I once tasted it, and could find no difference between it and that of an animal more regularly slaughtered. Perhaps,

however, I may have been especially favoured in my first trial, and may have just hit on the lucky exception to the rule.

Irregular bull-fights (*corridas de novillas*, or *toretas*) are essentially irregular, and may take place at any season; the performers may be amateurs, gipsies, butchers, would-be bull-fighters, or real professionals of an inferior class. The bulls (cows are sometimes used) may be of any kind and of any age, from two months up to two or three years. The performance of these *corridas*, on which the *aficionado* looks down with just contempt, is precisely similar to that of a regular bull-fight, except that in them a horse is but rarely killed, as these juveniles have generally a wholesome respect for the sharp, barbed lance of the *picador*. As, however, these young bulls have naturally less dash and pluck than their maturer brethren, the *media-luna* is oftener brought into play in their case than in the more serious performances. Often enough, too, the *banderillas* are charged with crackers, which, when put in, explode, and frighten and burn the *novillo* severely.

Altogether, these *corridas* are more inhuman than the big ones; and the men employed in them are, on the whole, more exposed to accidents—firstly, from their inferior abilities; and, secondly, from the rashness they display towards a youngster, and which even a good man would be sorry to try on with a veteran.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THOUGHTS UPON BULL-FIGHTING.

IN writing this chapter I am fully conscious that the subject—the bull-fight—has been treated of again and again by different authors far better able than I to convey in words a fair picture of such scenes, and to rouse up in the reader, to some extent, the intense excitement that cannot fail to be felt on such occasions. A bull-fight is a contest between brute force and trained skill, endurance, and courage, and it is needless to say that the latter always conquers; and it seems strange that serious accidents do not oftener occur, when we take into consideration the fury and strength of the bull.

But although this subject has been almost worn out, and worn out by abler pens than mine, I do not think that in writing a book intended to represent the Spanish lower classes as they are at the present time, that that book would seem complete without some notice being taken of the bull-fight. This performance is so thoroughly Spanish, it is so clung to by people of all classes in this country, that there seems no chance of its being done away with until the whole characteristics of the Spanish nation change. The poor miner or vine-dresser will save for weeks, often denying himself almost the necessities of life, in order to spend the few reals thus got together at the ticket-office of the bull-ring. He is wonderfully eager in going to



the proof of the horses, and in examining the bulls, which are always on view until twelve o'clock on the day of the fight. He can generally tell, when the bull enters the ring, to which of the several classes of bulls he belongs, and he is ever on the alert to applaud the skilful performance of the torerós, or the courage and quickness of the bull. Any bad stroke or pass of the performers, or any want of courage in the bull, he will hiss and execrate as only a Spaniard can. He will scream to the bad matador that he was taught by a butcher, and he will call the timid bull ox, and cow, and a thousand other names.

The fact that bull-fighting is such a national sport, and exercises, as I think, such a great influence on the people, is my reason for touching this subject, and I shall, therefore, only relate what may be seen in any town of importance in Spain, without attempting to give a detailed or highly-coloured account.

Perhaps it will be better, in order that what is to follow may be better understood, to repeat a few words with respect to the bull-ring itself.

This Plaza de Toros, or bull-ring, is a circular enclosure, varying from some fifty to eighty yards in diameter, and is arranged tier above tier, in exactly the same way as the ancient amphitheatres. Along the top runs a covered promenade, unprovided with seats, which is the cheapest part of the building. There are generally more or less palcos, or boxes, for the better classes, and one is always set apart for the president. All round the bottom, between the wooden barrier and the first row of seats, runs the callejon de la barrera, literally, the little street of the barrier, into which the bull-fighters jump for refuge in case of being closely pursued by the bull. There

are also, at set distances all round the ring, places of refuge, composed of boards placed in front of the barrier, for the bull-fighter to make use of when he is unable to jump over the barrier. These boards are put so close to the barrier that the bull cannot pass, although the man can. There are two principal doors into the ring. One of them is the door leading to the stables, called *La puerta del arrastrero* (the door of the dragging), so called on account of its being the door through which the dead bulls and dead horses are dragged out of the ring. The other door is called *La puerta del toril*, which is the door of the den where the bull is confined. There are two or three other doors which open into the passage round the ring, but these are only used when the bull jumps the barrier, and has to be driven into the ring again. The door to the stables opens into the ring exactly opposite to the president's box, and from this door the bull-fighters march out in procession across the ring to salute the president. The stables are large, and should always contain more than twenty horses that have been proved the day before. The bull-fighters' dressing-room is near the stables, and there is always in attendance a priest to administer the sacrament in case of a severe accident, a doctor, and a bleeder. In this room, also, there is generally a little shrine, with a figure of the Virgin.

About a week or more before a bull-fight is to take place, huge bills are posted up, giving the names or nicknames of the bull-fighters who are going to perform, the number of bulls, their age, name, brand, colour, order of fighting, name and address of the breeder, &c. Spaniards can generally tell pretty well what sort of fight it will be, by these details, before

the fight, and often what peculiarities the bulls are likely to possess, for the names of the different breeders, and their pretensions to popular favour, are much better known throughout Spain than those of horse-breeders in England.

The proof of horses takes place the day before that fixed for the fight, and is open to the public. Of course, good horses are not offered for the bull-ring, but are generally old and worn-out hacks, almost past work; but still they must possess certain points, and to make sure of this the proving takes place. A horse, to be used in the bull-ring, must not be less than fourteen hands high, he must be able to withstand the shock of the spear meeting the bull, he must be obedient to the rein, either going backwards or forwards as the rider may direct. To test the horse for the shock, the rider mounts, and, taking his spear, places one end upon the ground, with all his force he bears upon it. If the horse moves on one side, he will not be accepted. It will be understood how particular the picadors, or men who have to ride these horses, are about the fitness of the horses, when it is taken into consideration that according to the quality of the horse the greater or less danger of the men depends.

The bulls themselves are on view up to twelve o'clock the day of the fight, and many are the hundreds who go to look at them. The first thing that is looked at and commented upon are his horns; and there is more difference than would be at first supposed in the horns of a bull. The next thing are his legs, which should be fine and short; his neck should be thick and well set, his coat should shine, and he should not be fat, but still less lean. When

the bulls are on view, it is most strictly prohibited to tease them with walking-sticks or handkerchiefs. If the bulls are bred by a well-known breeder, and if the bull-fighters are considered good, the coming *Corrida de Toros*, as it is called, will be the talk of the town for weeks before it takes place, and the respective merits of the different toros and the different toreros will be canvassed with an eagerness and interest by all classes of people, men, women, and children, hardly credible.

In years gone by it was the custom of every one to go to the bull-fight in the national costume; but, unfortunately for the effect of the crowd, that has all passed away, and one now sees, instead of the bright-coloured sash, short jacket, and pork-pie velvet hat of the men, the frock-coat buttoned up across the breast, and the upright hat; and, what is worse, the women of the better classes have, many of them, put away the graceful mantilla, and wear the hideous bonnet or hat. When women have arrived at the bonnet-and-hat state of civilization, they ought to give up bull-fights along with the mantilla. We must look to the lower classes for the picturesque. They have not given up their bright handkerchiefs, their short jackets *de majo*, or their scarlet sashes, and with them around us we shall be just the same to-day as we should have been fifty years ago. Let us suppose it to be some Sunday afternoon or feast-day, and let us join the gay throng that is threading its way through the narrow streets towards the bull-ring. Whilst walking along with this crowd, I hear that one bull has had a very handsome rosette given to him. This was perfectly unintelligible at the time, but I found out what it meant afterwards. Arrived at the

ticket-office, let us crush up to the little window, and ask for so many *entradas de sombra*—entries for the shade. The bull-ring is divided into two great divisions, “sol” and “sombra” (sun and shade), the latter, of course, being the most expensive. Let us go up the stairs and take our seats in one of the tiers of stone seats. We have half-an-hour to look about before the performance commences, and the half-hour is taken up by the people round in passing remarks, not always complimentary, upon the audience. Every one seems in a good temper, and very sharp becomes the repartee; for in a bull-ring perfect liberty of expression is always allowed.

Many and many are the good-humoured jokes shouted across the ring to our scorching friends in the sun, who sit quite calmly, if not coolly, under their red, blue, yellow, or green umbrella, smoking cigarillos, and fanning themselves with huge paper fans, bought in the ring for a few farthings. The cry of the men selling “el helado” (ices), “panales y agua” (a sort of sweetmeat that is dissolved in the water), nuts of different sorts, &c., rises every now and again over the hum of thousands of voices. “Quien quiere agu-----a? Agua fresca y panale-----s. El hela?-----o.” These cries, and many others, mingle with the ring of merry laughter, and one does not seem to be conscious that probably the thermometer stands here in the shade at about 98°. The blue shadow divides the ring about in half, and the effect, as may be imagined, is very brilliant. On our side of the ring everything is subdued, but across the line the umbrellas, and bright handkerchiefs, and sashes seem brighter than they really are. The water-cart is going round and round the ring laying the dust,

and some of the assistants are examining the ground, removing the stones, and filling up with sand any holes or unevenness there may be. As the water-cart finishes its last round, and as the attendants leave the ring, all eyes are turned anxiously to the *Palco de la Presidencia*; but, as yet, nothing is seen but the huge bill hanging down over the front of the box. It wants about five minutes to the time, and every now and then the head of one of the *toreros*, ready dressed, may be seen looking over the door "*del arrastrero*" opposite. Presently the band strikes up, and the president, probably the governor of the district, makes his appearance, accompanied by other gentlemen, amidst the roars of the people. The shouts of five thousand people heard all together can hardly be called a cheer. The president bows to the crowd, barehead, and takes his seat; the bugle blows, and the door opposite opens, and a man, dressed in a black costume, mounted on a fine horse, comes out, and gallops across the ring, and, checking his horse in front of the president, asks for the keys of the *toril*; these are thrown down to him, and, if he should catch them in his hat, great is the delight of the crowd. The keys got possession of, away gallops this man; and, no sooner is he out of the ring, than the bull-fighters sally forth in procession. First comes the chief *espada* (swordsmen), carrying his scarlet cloak and sword; next come the other *espadas*, two and two, each having cloaks of different colours thrown over their shoulders; then follow the *banderilleros* and *chulos*; the *picadors* come next, mounted, wearing great wide-brimmed hats, and carrying poles about ten feet long, armed with a short iron point; and, last of all, come the gay-looking and ornamented mules,

harnessed to the ropes and hooks which remove the dead beasts from the ring. This procession walks slowly across the ring until it stops in front of the president's box, where all take off their hats, lifting them high in the air as they salute the authorities. This procession, the ring, the throng of eager and now silent people, and the bright sky over head, cannot fail to remind one of the procession of the Roman gladiators as they saluted the president of the amphitheatre with the cry, "Morituri te salutant." The procession breaks up; the picadors gallop away to the side of the ring opposite the toril; the chulos and second espadas shake their cloaks out, and gather them up over their arms; the banderilleros and chief espada take up position inside the passage, and all eyes are turned upon the door of the toril.

"Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,  
 The den expands, and Expectation mute  
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.  
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,  
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,  
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:  
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit  
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."

I now understand what was meant by the rosette, for there it is stuck on to his shoulder. One of the chulos shakes his cloak to attract his attention, he wants no coaxing, but, with tail in the air, springs after the nimble torero, who, however, is too quick for him, and, with a sharp turn and a pass of his cloak, leaves the foaming beast to pursue his course. He does not pause, but, seeing a horseman ready prepared, springs with one great bound towards the

horse. Cheers rend the air, for although the bull met the lance of the picador with terrible violence, the quick turn of the horse and the dexterous prick that the bull receives in the neck turns him away without having touched horse or rider. A little stream of blood is seen to trickle from the neck of the bull as he rushes at a chulo, who has to take refuge by an easy vault over the barrier. The next picador is not so successful, for missing by half a second the wheeling of his horse, the bull's horns are buried in the poor beast's entrails, and both he and the rider are literally lifted off the ground and hurled backwards. This time the cheers are for the bull, for the people are quite impartial. The chulos and second espadas are at hand, and, with their cloaks, entice the bull to another part of the ring, whilst the poor picador is helped up from under his dying horse, and limps off to procure another. The picadors cannot help themselves when thrown, on account of their trousers being lined with iron, as a precaution against the horns of the bull. Sometimes one bull will kill more than twenty horses, and, such is his strength, that I myself have seen a man and a horse literally tossed, and that by what is called a *novillo*, or bull of four years old. The *novillo* I speak of killed ten horses, and twenty-eight others were killed by the remaining three which fought that afternoon. When the bull seems shy of entering to the spears, the president orders the bugle to blow, which is a sign for the picadors to retire, and for the banderilleros to perform. These men, about four in number, enter the ring quite alone, armed only with a little barbed dart about two feet long, ornamented with paper. Each of the banderilleros carries two of these, one in each