

through a religious feeling, nearly all women in Spain having a particular devotion to the Virgin. During the French usurpation, King Joseph Napoleon was so hated by the people, that they were said, in some instances, to have declined to pronounce the name at all, and to have addressed those so christened, "*Esposo de la Virgen!*" (Breton's *L'Espagne*, Vol. I.)

The cumbrous length of Spanish names leads to curious devices for the purpose of evading the endless toil of signing the name in full, when persons hold official situations. The national pride never will stoop to compound, in a matter of such fancied importance, to the extent familiar in England, of signing all but the surname in initials, by which means much superfluous trouble is got rid of. No, the six or seven names must be all of them displayed at length. Official men abridge, sometimes, thus: "Flor^o. Ger^o. Franc^o. Gonz., for Florentino Geronimo Francisco Gonzalez," &c.; and a bank clerk, who had a troublesome name and was obliged to sign it frequently, had the string of Christian names printed in the forms which he filled up. "Joaquim Pedro Antonio Manuel," and had only then to sign for purposes of verification his ugly surname, "*Helés.*"

The odd and ostentatious custom of reduplicating family names, when different branches of the same patronymic intermarry, which is sometimes the case in England, but still more frequently in Wales, may be likewise found in Spain. Don José Alvarez Pestaña y Pestaña, is a respectable member of the Senate, and the President of the College of St. John the Baptist at Xerez is called Don José Gonzalez y Gonzalez.

One is struck at times with extraordinary names and predicaments. On the municipal guard-list of Seville, which is a record of offenders caught *in flagranti*, or consigned upon formal informations to the tender mercies of *esbirros* armed with huge pistols struck by *ganchos* into the small of the back, I saw during the summer the following entries:—

“Arrested last night for the theft of two quarts (a halfpenny worth) of paper-cigars, from a shop in the Calle de la Princesa, José de la Cruz *Cid!*”

“Maria Rita de Jesus, for strolling through the streets adjoining the Alameda Vieja, clothed indecently, and uttering dishonest words.” I thought it a hideous profanation.

The name of Ferdinand, in Spanish *Hernan*, *Hernando*, or *Fernando*, has some remarkable historical recollections attached to it. It was the common name of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, Hernan Cortés and Hernan Pizarro. It was the name of the founder of bull-fighting upon a grand scale, Ferdinand de Vanezuela, and of the greatest of human liars, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. It was the name of the expeller of the Moors from Seville, St. Ferdinand, and of the vanquisher of the Moors at Granada, Ferdinand the Politic. The first Ferdinand who united the crowns of Castile and León was an active and warlike prince, and had the *Cid* for his general. The reigns of all the five Ferdinands who preceded Charles the Fifth were glorious. The two who have reigned since then were little better than fools and madmen, though one of them was called “The Wise.” The wise man starved himself to death.

The Spanish have a class of patronymics, such as Rodriguez, the son of Rodrigo, Fernandez, the son of Fernando, Sanchez, the son of Sancho, Alvarez, the son of Alvaro (the reader will be reminded at once of the author of the Latin Prosody), which answer to the English Thomson, Robinson, Dickson, Williamson, &c., and to the Scotch and Irish Mac, the distinction of the O' for grandson being peculiar to the latter country.

It is astonishing what a number of Scotch and Irish names one meets disguised in Spain. Don Ramon Onil is a descendant of the Irish O'Neils. The Silvanos were Sullivans, the Léods, Macleods, the ancestor of the celebrated General Seoane was a Sweeny. Many of our countrymen, without absurdly altering their names, have at this moment the highest military commands, as Generals Shelly, Arbuthnot, and O'Donnell. The system of disguise is more prevalent than is generally imagined. In the person of "Don Daniel Rafert," an officer somewhat distinguished in the Spanish service, may be recognised the *ci-devant* Dan Rafferty, with a Don before the Dan; in "Don Rafael Grego," the *quondam* Ralph MacGregor; and I have met frequent instances in France of the same needless masquerading amongst the descendants of stray scions from the north of the Tweed or the west of St. George's Channel. A very remarkable living instance is a gentleman named Reilly, who being promoted to the rank of aide-de-camp to the Duke of Némours, calls himself "Le Capitaine Reille!"

The polite conclusion of a Spanish letter is an odd-

looking heap of initials preceding the signature of your name. The initials are for the most part these: "S. S. Q. S. M. B." (*Su seguro servidor que sus manos besa*—"Your sure servant who kisses your hands.") This led once to a ludicrous mistake. A raw *attaché* to the British legation, having received a letter with this cabalistic termination, and pervaded by a tone of *badinage*, from a much more able diplomatic acquaintance, called on a friend to consult him as to whether he should not send a message to the writer of the letter for a supposed insult conveyed stenographically by the initials recorded above, which he supposed to represent these words: "*Simpleton, Sumph, you're a Quizzical Servant of Sa Majesté Britannique!*"

The *Don*, it is needless to say, is an abridgment of the Latin *Dominus*. The old form of the word was *Dom*, which still prevails in Portugal, in the rare instances where this prefix is used. The title was transferred to Italy during the Spanish domination, and lingers there to this hour. It used to exist also in France upon a limited scale, where it was given as a title to the members of certain religious orders; but they always prefixed it to their family names, while it is before their baptismal names that the Spaniards invariably place it. When a Spaniard wishes to insult or deride another, he calls him *Don Ladron* or *Don Diable*, and beggars sometimes use it amongst each other as an *apodo* or burlesque *sobriquet*. The name is in one instance found in Ireland, but following the surname instead of preceding the Christian name, and therefore not of Spanish origin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROADSIDE VENTA.

THE Spaniard is as great a lover of porker's flesh in its various forms as ever was Gentile openly, or Jew in secret. The pigs of Estremadura and the Asturias are particularly fine animals, and being fed on wild acorns, their roasted flesh is remarkable for its delicate game-like flavour. The fault is, that they are for the most part too fat. They luxuriate through the forest like a cow in clover, till they almost burst from indulgence. They are generally black, with hair short, strong, and erect; and very spirited.

The perfection of a pig would in my mind be a "slip" caught in his youth in the Asturian wilds, fed occasionally upon hard diet in-doors, and turned out every second month into the forest. A layer of lean should be alternated with each stratification of luscious acorn fat, and the animal should be trained to mix rather than save his bacon. Perhaps the greatest consumption of this article in Spain is made in the shape of chacina, or pork-sausage, a coarse, yellow, and unseemly substitute for the elegant affair known under this name in London. But in point of flavour, which is the main consideration, it may be doubted whether the chacina of Spain has not the advantage. Cleanliness is the last consideration which enters into Spanish calculations.

The tocino, or bacon, is of two qualities; the tocino de la Sierra, or mountain-bacon, which is leaner and more serviceable than the ordinary description; and the tocino de tinaja, or jar-bacon, which, being of the finest quality, is preserved in large earthen jars. The price of the latter is nearly two shillings per pound.

The blood of the unclean swine is likewise, perhaps, more generally utilized here than in any European country, and the morcilla, or black-pudding, is in very general use. A larger description of sausage, called the chorizo, is in still more frequent requisition; it is made like the other, but constructed more solidly, packed more closely into a larger and firmer gut, steeped in white wine, and then hung up the chimney till it becomes perfectly smoke-dried. The wine and the process of drying impart to it a richer and more racy flavour (bating the smoke), and it is an immense popular favourite. From the peculiar anti-simplicity of Spanish cookery, a bit of everything is put into every pot, and there is no one, perhaps, of the fifty soups (excepting the lenten ones) which figure in the Spanish list, into which chorizo does not in some shape enter.

The irregularities of Spanish life make these various prepared meats quite indispensable. The contrabandist, the muleteer, the marching soldier, take their snap of food and wine rapidly at the *tablero* or counter of the road-side venta; they will not wait for delicacies of cookery; something rough and ready is what they require. Except in the great cities, cookshops are unknown, and the perishable sorts of meat are never kept on sale. Along the sea-coast the smaller descriptions of fish, the *meleta*, the *sargo*, the succulent

sardina, are kept cold-roasted, or constantly frying, for the behoof of hungry passengers. Small, coarse cheeses and bread, garlic, and onions, with the several sausages and black-puddings before described, are kept for the same purpose, and on the great lines consumed (as may be supposed) in prodigious quantities, the flow of the wine-cask being scarcely for an instant suspended.

The liquor is drawn off in glasses holding about a pint, two pints, or half a pint each; and enormous tubs repose beneath the cock to catch what escapes when the wine is drawn. These tubs are as black as ink with the incrustation of the vinous sediments, for it is red wine that is almost universally drunk, and even in districts, such as Xerez, renowned for the production of white wine, the red wines of Catalonia and Valencia alone are generally consumed.

The drinking-vessels are few in number, for ceremony is regarded as little as may be, and three or four glasses will serve twenty persons at the same time. When a party call for their *azumbre*, or good-sized quart of wine, but one glass is supplied them, unless they particularly ask for more. The same vessel passes rapidly from mouth to mouth, until the earthen measure is exhausted, for nothing more astonishes a denizen of the north of Europe than the short pause these people make over their wine, and the impossibility of inducing them to take another glass when they think they have had enough. A Spaniard drinks merely to refresh: rarely, almost never, to intoxicate.

The interior of the road-side venta is thus a rapidly changing and always picturesque spectacle. The

Muleteros, with their hybrid convoy of mules, donkeys, and small mountain horses, heavily laden and creeping at a snail's pace, the labrador and farm-servant going to and from market, with their leathern leggings open at the sides to let in the air, and display the calves (their own, and not the produce of their herds), the contrabandists always travelling in numerous convoy upon mules of choice excellence, possessing qualities for which their masters would not exchange them against the choicest Andalucían barb,—the masters themselves, daring and roystering fellows, wearing the round or peaked velvet hat, which is so admirably becoming to the Spanish face, and which, like the mantillas of the women, constitutes so truly a national costume.

The smuggler may be known by something of daring impudence in his eye, but without the bandit's ferocity. He is perfectly conscious that his craft, although not legalised, is necessary. He boasts that about the court contraband is all the rage, and that much of the Queen's *bijouterie* and apparel is smuggled. His profession has access to the highest places, and is protected by the loftiest patronage.

There is something of style in his mode of wearing the red *faja*, which is swathed round his middle. It is carried almost with the dignity of a capitán-general's scarf. His jacket is of better cut, and of much more costly material than those of the ordinary wayfarer; his shirt is of a finer linen; around his dark bull-neck is twisted a valuable silk handkerchief of a showy French pattern; there is a handsome waving arabesque indicated in thread, and stitched into his leggings,

which are not old, discoloured, and condemned-looking, but tolerably fresh and often renewed, indicating the thriving condition of the wearer. Then his breeches are of a very good velvet, open at the knees, as almost every Spaniard wears them, but with innumerable little silver buttons dangling from short chains, and perhaps, if he is vain of his legs, extending all up the outer seam as far as the hip. Add a very serviceable double-barrelled gun slung at his saddle-bow, the ammunition being carried in the left pocket of his jacket, place a cigarrillo in his mouth—you have him complete, and when he has done smoking he perhaps may sing :

“Yo que soy contrabandista !”

The rencontres in these Ventas are often very strange, and invariably picturesque. Perhaps, a custom-house carabiniere drinks out of a contrabandist's glass, and pays for the next *quarto de azumbre*, or pint of wine, out of the dollar, with which the contrabandist bribed him. Perhaps, the bandit, or guerrillero, takes a light from the soldier sent to hunt him, and dips in the same dish. Perhaps, the curaparroco, or parish-priest, fanning himself with his huge coal-scuttle hat, and dusting his shoe-buckles with the tail of his dark gown, drops in to get a glass of water, a want which in Spain overtakes one so often in the sultry summer weather, that there are standings erected round all the southern towns to sell it in the open air. The padre inquires the latest political news from the contrabandist, for he knows full well who is best supplied in Spain with that and all other commodities.

The Escribano, too, perhaps drops in, or one of the constitutional Alcaldes, and calls for his measure of wine like the rest, and for a few olives to refresh it. Boniface, a huge, flabby, broad-faced man, with muzzle unshaven for a week, dips his immense brown horny fist, hirsute all over the back down to the tips of the fingers, unwashed for a fortnight, and perfectly resembling a bear's paw, into a large earthen vessel, filled with olives steeped in salt and water, and passes them over the counter into the lawyer's hand.

This polite process has often occurred to myself, as I am particularly fond of the large brown Spanish olive. Were you to ask him to serve them up on a plate or saucer he would stare bull's eyes, and take you for an undoubted lunatic; and, moreover, he wouldn't do it,—for you might as well think of whipping a milestone into locomotion, as of persuading or goading a Spaniard into any departure from his own preconceived notions of propriety. When the olives have been handed to me in this primitive fashion, I have usually dropt them quietly on the ground, making a semblance of eating them; but this was far too cold for the local colouring of the picture,—and the Spanish man of station eats away quite unconcernedly out of the landlord's fist.

The same luxuriant nature abounds over the entire scene; Boniface's wife serves out the fish and flesh with her own hands, taking up the savoury sardinas by the tail, the meletas by the head, grasping the black-puddings and sausages boldly by their full length and breadth, and transferring them to her guests in succulent simplicity; while a Murillo boy,

of peculiar activity, keeps washing the glasses with a hand that seems to have been lately in the mud, and scarcely turning out the rinsings (for towels are generally unknown here), mixing with each drinker's measure a portion of his predecessor's leavings.

The lawyer has his crack with the bandit, who knows very well that he has been before him once in his official character of escribano; but neither minds that circumstance much, and secret denunciation is what no man dares. The weather and the crops are here, as elsewhere, a frequent topic; there is no distinction of the classes, or nearly none (the strictness in England, the laxity here, is the vice); and the crown prosecutor and culprit take a friendly horn together; the padre and chief contrabandist discuss the proceedings at court; while a leash of minor smugglers and custom-house officers, gitanos and farmers, or beggars and soldiers, rattle away in that fluent conversation and picturesque expressiveness of gesture which strike with peculiar force the temporary sojourner in Spain.

The elements of society still bubble up here, intermixed in a brave old cauldron; the lubricious *oil* has not yet settled on the top, with the various spirits which compose the world, superimposed in strata, each according to its specific weight (of pocket), and the sediment despairingly supine at the bottom. These blessed results of excessive refinement, of enormous enlightenment, of stupendous civilisation, have not yet been developed in Spain. In every direction prevails a patriarchal simplicity of manners and character, and the hidalgo does not deem himself degraded

by giving to the ragged man the time of day, a civil word, a kind look, a smile.

The detestable aristocratic *morgue*, which *was* in Spain, which *is* in England, has disappeared from the former country amid the earthquake tossings of revolution,—and for this at least they may be thanked. *Gracias á Dios y á la Revolucion!*—was not that the expression I heard just now from that hungry contrabandist, as he covered his bread with *manteca de cerdo* “pork-butter,” and cut off a slice of raw sausage, which he demolished with primitive gusto?

CHAPTER V.

BULL-FIGHTS.

ALTHOUGH some writers allege that bull-fighting, as practised by the Spaniards, is derived from their Gothic ancestors; and others, confounded by the scenes of the Circus, trace it back to the Roman era; everything combines to demonstrate that these darling Peninsular spectacles are of Moorish origin. The *Romancero de romances moriscos* gives a description of a bull-fight at the court of Almazor, king of Granada, in which all the fighting and slaying was done by one picador, the Algarvian hero, Gazúl.

Los toros saleno al cos
 Y al riesgo de su pujanza,
 El Moro toma un rejon
 Y el diestro brazo levanta :
 Furioso acomete y pica
 Uno encuentra y otro pasa,
 Del toro el aliento frio
 El rostro al caballo espanta,
 Y la espuma del caballo
 Al toro ofende la cara.

“The bulls come forth into the arena, and risk the force of his blows. The Moor seizes a short lance, and lifts his right arm. Furious, he attacks and thrusts at them, meets one and passes the other. The bull’s cold breath and his face frighten the horse, and the foam of the steed is dashed in the eyes of the

bull." Of course Gazúl kills the bull; for, with both Moorish original and Spanish translator he is evidently a favourite hero. The passage, however, is sufficient to shew that these spectacles were popular amongst the Moors, and that the chief difference between their and the modern bull-fights is, that the Moors had no banderilleros nor matadors, and that the picador (being, as originally among the Castilians, invariably a noble knight) himself did all the duty. If, indeed, there be no exaggeration in the description above, Gazúl's was a terrible hazard; for he at once and singly exposed himself with three bulls in the ring, depended chiefly on good horsemanship, and was supplied with javelins from the side. The same practice of fighting the bull on horseback exclusively prevailed throughout Spain until towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the admixture of foot combatants was first introduced.

The Arab chroniclers preserve the records of a school of bull-fighting at Granada, where a Moor, famous in the art, gave instruction to the Castilian nobility in his perilous game. The most brilliant epoch in these sanguinary popular feats was the reign of Carlos II., the contemporary of Louis Quatorze, whose favourite, Ferdinand de Vanezuela, to restore his forfeited popularity amongst the people, upon a principle similar to that more recently adopted by Don Miguel in Portugal, introduced bull-fighting upon a grand scale, and may be properly regarded as the founder of these spectacles as they now exist. Vanezuela was himself a native of Granada, and to this circumstance he owed his minute acquaintance

with the game. Now, for the first time, were introduced banderilleros and matadors on foot—for, previously the toreador fought invariably on horseback, unless he chanced to lose his saddle, or his lance or sword dropt from his hand. It was then forbidden to him to put foot any more in stirrup, and the fallen sword could not be lifted unless he killed the bull with another sword or lance.

Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was a very celebrated toreador; and Charles the Fifth, to do honour to the birth of his son and heir, Philip II., slew a bull with a single thrust of his lance. The celebrated Don Sebastian of Portugal (contemporary of Philip II.), who died fighting against the Moors on the banks of the Alcacuquivir, in the north of Africa, in that memorable battle where three kings perished, was likewise a renowned toreador. In the reign of Carlos II. these spectacles were more splendid than at any former period, and none but nobles were permitted to take part in them. The great Isabel, two centuries before, sought in vain to put an end to the sanguinary sport; but the passion of the nobility for it was such, that she could only succeed, for a short time, in getting the points of the horns covered with balls—the harmless mode which at present prevails in Portugal.

The best picador of our days is Sevilla, who rides with peculiar grace and dexterity, and can elude or hit a bull with marvellous skill. The best matador or “*espada*” (sword) is Montés, a cousin of the passionate and rather celebrated Andalucian dancer, Lola Montés, who was so near stabbing a Russian captain

at Warsaw the other day. I have often watched Montés with great interest, and terrible are the risks which he runs in his perilous pursuit. He frequently stopped at my favourite hotel in Seville, the Café del Turco, and shewed me numerous wounds which he had received in the arms and body: one inflicted in his side last summer was within half-an-inch of proving fatal. He confessed to me that it was his usual aim to master the bull *con el ojo*, "with the eye," which quite confirmed my previous impression from repeated observation that the matadors put in practice the principle of animal magnetism. But the power of the human glance is not always available, when the wounded and maddened bull tosses his head about, furiously bellowing, with his crest lowered, and his eyes fixed on the ground, and the moment he raises them rushes on the matador like lightning. The man is planted full before him, with nothing but a naked sword and scarf; and though the latter in the rush arrests the bull's attention and his aim, it is not always that the matador can leap aside so as to avoid collision with "that dread horn." Again; the wound is often imperfectly inflicted, and it is dreadful to witness the energy with which the goaded bull dashes the sword from his neck five feet or more into the air. But the matador is again at his post with another sword.

The bull now views him in his fury, sees his enemy before him, snorts and paws and pants for his destruction. With the steady glance of courage the eye of the man controls the brute; the latter winces, becomes sick with fear, or blindly rushes on to destruction. This time the aim is surer; the sword is thrust

to the very hilt into the only part of the beast's neck which is fatally vulnerable; it has penetrated to the spine, he falls on his knees amidst a flood of gore, and is despatched with the "dagger of mercy." Instantly four horses, caparisoned with ropes, are galloped out, the prostrate bull is fastened to the traces by the horns, and whirled off by the flying team amidst a cloud of dust. One or two dying horses, partially, perhaps, disembowelled, are kicking out, in their final struggle, on different parts of the arena—the despised victims of the barbarous pursuit: the same process is repeated with them, and they are dragged off the ground amid the dusty *tourbillons*, by their galloping brethren of the brute creation, to make room for fresh destruction: the parched soil laps up the gore; with a little dust it disappears.

The *vivas* which salute the victorious matador have not ceased to ring through the boundless Plaza, when a fresh bull comes thundering forth, with crest lowered and horns set to charge upon his antagonists, like a knight of old with couched lance, but far beyond him in power, for that neck indeed is clothed with thunder; those eyeballs flash with living fire; those nostrils steam with animal might and fury, and lust of carnage:

“Sale un bravo toro,
Famoso entre la manada,
Bayo, el color encendido
Y los ojos como brasa,
Arrugados frente y cuello,
La frente bellosa y ancha,
Poco distantes los cuernos,
Corta pierna y flaca anca,
Espacioso el fuerte cuello,
A quien se junta la barba:

Todos los extremos negros,
 La cola revuelta y larga,
 Duro el lomo, el pecho crespo,
 La piel sembrada de manchas.”

“A wild bull comes forth, famous amongst the flock, bay of a flaming colour, his eyes like burning coal, wrinkled his forehead and neck, his forehead wide and beautiful, his horns not far asunder, short his legs, his haunches thin, spacious his strong neck, commencing at the throat; all his extremities black, the tail large and twisted back, hard his loin, his breast crisped, his skin strewn with spots.” Such is the minute description of an amateur bull-fighter 300 years ago, and the popular criticism is as close at the present day.

The picadors are fine-looking men, and for the most part excellent riders, but their horses are sorry nags, for the expense of slaying half-a-dozen high-priced steeds would be insupportable. The matador is, therefore, a monopolist of all the glory; for him the ferocious *viva* rends the sapphire sky, for him lace-bordered handkerchiefs are waved by fairest hands—happily with a daily decreasing frequency—for the lovely *Españolas* are beginning at last to declare against the game as barbarous, and the popular butcher sees less of feminine ardour;—

“Oyendo los parabienes
 De caballeros y damas.”

The bull-fighters are the most dissipated race in Spain. They deem themselves privileged, when in undress, to outrage every conventional propriety. Montés' legs are nearly paralysed, and he runs with

the greatest difficulty. Yet still he confronts his terrible foes in the bull-ring, at the constant and imminent risk of his life. Great is the golden lure that tempts to such encounters. For every day on which Montés appears as chief matador he receives 300 dollars. The picadors receive from 80 to 100 each, and have to find and peril their own horses; the difference both of danger and reward are condensed in the saying, "*es todo el matador.*" I have fenced more than once for amusement with Montés, each of us armed with a bull-sword, but with little success, for before such a man the boldest might tremble. The bull-sword is more like a spit than a rapier, being of great length and prodigious strength, rusted in every part, and the handle coarsely lapped with dirty whipcord. It is clearly for use, not shew, — a murderous weapon.

The fighters are a most unruly and *picaron* tribe — great, strong, fine-looking fellows, but blackguards of the first water, primed with slang in the gipsy dialect, and dwelling with singular effect on all their last syllables, like the entire of the *gente rufianesca* of Spain. Often have I seen them drinking rum and brandy in the forenoon, calling, in mockery of sobriety, for a glass of water, and spitting the contents in each other's faces. True Zangadongos, they are never happy but in the midst of a *zipizapi* or noisy quarrel. "*Saben un punto mas que el diablo,*" says the proverb. "They know a trick more than the devil!"

Whatever else is neglected here, the bull-fight is sure to come off punctually; and there is even a

saying, "*ciertos son los toros*," indicating a thing of which there is no possible doubt. The rage for this national sport seeks to gratify itself by variety. In addition to the ordinary and magnificent corrida in the great plazas of the several capitals, in which, for the most part, half-a-dozen full-grown bulls are fought in the usual manner, there is the Corrida de Novillos, or of young bulls, whose friskiness and harmlessness, their horns being tipped, afford an amusement of a peculiar description, in which all the juvenile male population share; the Toro de Cuerda, where the bull is tied, and runs round and round, seen only in small localities where there is no regular plaza; and the corrida, with *banderillos de fuego*, or squib-harpoons, which are resorted to when the beast is not sufficiently savage. The flames dancing about his neck excite both bull and spectator in an extraordinary degree. For the same purpose there is likewise sometimes a preliminary worrying by dogs, to make the animal wild or *bravo*, which ceremony extracts from the assembly "*bravos*" in abundance. The Toro de Campanilla, or bell-bull, is one that has an enormous dewlap, and the Toro de Asta is a beast prodigiously horned.

Upon particular occasions of festivity and rejoicing, in localities where there is no Plaza de Toros, a couple of bulls are tied in succession to a strong post by a thick rope of considerable length. Thus far the process resembles our rare bull-baitings at home, but dogs are never employed except as preparatory stimulants to rouse the courage of the bulls. In the minor bull-rings which I am now describing, and

which are a natural offshoot of the passionate love of the people for this strangely-absorbing amusement, there is a picador employed, as well as the banderilleros, and, lastly, a matador, who generally contrives to accomplish his work in safety, with the bull on the stretch of his cord. These are called *Correrías de Cuerda*, and are usually followed by a rustic ball, in which the fair sex, after witnessing the ensanguined spectacle and its dying agonies, play off all their fascinations. It is only in the towns that coquetry begins to be humane.

The bulls of the south are famed all over Spain for their fire, strength and spirit, and for the length and sharpness of their horns. The Southernís have a contempt for the *Corridas* of all other districts but their own, and certainly those of Seville outstrip competition. "The bulls of Navarre are no better than goats," says an Andalusian proverb. An old authority enumerates thus the most famous localities for the breed of bulls, together with his own preference:—

"No de la orilla del Betis,
Ni Genil, ni Guadiana ;
Fue nacido en la ribera
Del celebrado Jarama."

Thus, even the banks of the Guadalquivir yielded, in the Moorish times, to those of the Jarama,—and to this day a Jaramenian bull is famous. The bulls of Utrera, a few leagues from Seville, are now the most celebrated in Spain. Through this district *Espartero* passed at full canter in his flight. It is as famous for bulls as Ireland.