

## CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO ITALICA—TRIANA—CARTUJA CONVENT—RUINS  
 OF THE AMPHITHEATRE—SANTI PONCE—HOUSE OF CORTES—  
 EXCURSION TO ALCALA DE GUADAIRA—CASTLE—WATER-MILLS  
 —CONVENT DE LAS MONJAS—SAN SEBASTIAN—PRICES AT  
 SEVILLE—HÔTEL D'EUROPE.

THE neighbourhood of Seville is flat and uninteresting compared to many parts of Spain, but still there are several objects of considerable interest to be seen. We left our hotel at half-past seven o'clock in a *calèche*, large enough for two besides the driver, who sat at our feet. Our machine was almost exactly like the Neapolitan *calesso*, as gaily painted, and the harness of the horse, consisting of a decorated saddle and a plume of narrow ribbons on his head, reminded me of my Neapolitan friends. It seems also as easily upset and may be very good for smooth roads, but is not at all calculated for the rough ones in Spain.

We drove through the suburb of Triana—which is believed to owe its name to the Emperor Trajan, who was a native of Italica.\* Passing this dirty place, containing ten thousand inhabitants, we came to the Cartuja Convent. The gate at the entrance is pretty, with its azulejos, and the little chapel still contains a portion of the choir, consisting of sixteen beautifully carved figures of saints, similar to those I described in the museum; but by this light, and in this more appropriate place, they are seen to better advantage. There is also there a Virgin and Child in marble, well executed; and the azulejos of the rose-window of the *façade*, over the pointed arched door-way, are very beautiful. The interior is now a pottery; and the handsome marble floor, a great part of which is still remaining, is degraded and covered with the dirt of a manufactory of chamber-pots; and yet this was the magnificent church of the Carthusians, once full of treasures of art, and some of the finest paintings and statues in the world. The form of the roof is seen, and the part above the transept and the dome of one of the chapels are very interesting. There are also several azulejos, quite Raphaelesque in their patterns.

The delicious gardens are full of superb orange-trees, and contain two pavilions, erected by the owner of the pottery, an Englishman, who employs five hun-

\* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. I, 363.



dred and fifty hands. From the convent we drove through the village of Santi Ponce, and there selected one out of half-a-dozen little urchins, who offered us worthless coins and their services to show us Italica, not ten minutes' walk from the village, and scarcely two from the road.

The ruins appeared on our left, like a collection of wild rocks; but these masses are the only remains of the amphitheatre. The form of the arena is still perfect, though few of the seats are remaining. Nothing can now be more green and verdant than the once-crowded amphitheatre of Italica. It is covered with grass, and a variety of wild flowers, prickly pears and shrubs are mingled with the ruins. This is all that remains, except some baths of no importance, of the birth-place of Adrian, Trajan and Theodosius.

Aqui ya de laurel, ya de jazmines  
 Coronados los vieron los jardines  
 Que ahora son zercales y lagunas.  
 La casa para el César fabricada,  
 Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada:  
 Casas, jardines, Césares murieron.  
 Y aun las piedras que de ellos escribieron.\*

Where gardens bloom'd, with jess'mine crown'd  
 and laurel,  
 Now briary wilds and deserts point life's moral.

\* Francisco de Rioja—A las Ruinas de Italica.

The palace built for Cæsar, nations quelling,  
Alas ! is now of lizards the vile dwelling.  
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars too have perished,  
Even the stones, their fame that told and cherished.

The view is verdant over the well-wooded country, and in the distance the tower and town of Logava. In the church of Santi Ponce is a good retablo, with some tolerable sculpture, especially the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi. In the centre is a remarkably fine St. Jerome, an almost naked figure, carved in wood by Montañes, looking at a cross with a figure of Christ crucified. The body of the saint is emaciated, and displays wonderful anatomy ; the limbs especially are splendid, and the expression admirable. Above the St. Jerome is a figure of San Isidoro, with a crosier in his hand, which is also fine, especially the head. On one side of the altar is the kneeling effigy of Guzman el Bueno, and on the opposite side his wife.

In a chapel adjoining, is the tomb of Doña Maria Osorio, a full-length figure, with the head and hand of her servant at her feet. The Doña was burnt to death by Pedro the Cruel, for rejecting his addresses, and the flames consuming her dress and discovering her body, the servant is said to have rushed in to conceal her person. Opposite is the sepulchre of the husband of Osorio, a fine figure extended full-length ; and beneath it is the tomb of Guzman in the same style. From Santi Ponce we went to Castileja de



la Cuesta, where Fernando Cortes died broken-hearted, December 2nd, 1547. It is now a poor building, consisting of three small rooms, and though the house has been divided, it must always have been very little for one who had such large possessions in the New World; and may account for his being accused of parsimony during the last few years of his life, by those who were not aware that the maritime enterprises of Cortes, during the latter period of his life, had cost him three hundred thousand castellanos of gold without the return of a ducat, and that he had been obliged to borrow money and pawn his wife's jewels to procure funds for his last enterprise, thus incurring a debt which, increased by the great charges of his princely establishment, hung about him during the remainder of his life. Over the door of his house is this inscription :

AQUI MURIO,  
 VICTIMA DE LA DESGRACIA,  
 Y LA TRISTEZA, EL INSIGNE  
 HERNAN CORTES  
 GLORIA A NUESTRA PATRIA,  
 CONQUISTADOR DEL,  
 IMPERIO MEXICANO,  
 EN 2 DE DICIEMBRE A.D. 1546.\*

His bones were not destined to rest in peace.

\* Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ford say he died Dec. 2nd, 1547; and as the former says his will was executed Oct. 10th, 1547, I think I must have made a mistake in copying this inscription.

He was first buried in San Isidoro at Italica, and his funeral attended by a long train of nobles and citizens of the neighbourhood and from Seville. In 1562, they were removed by his son to New Spain, where they were laid by the side of his daughter and mother in the convent of St. Francis in Tezcuco. In 1629, they were again removed, and on the death of the fourth Marquis of the Valley, the remains were conveyed with extraordinary pomp to the church of St. Francis, in the capital of Mexico, where they remained until 1794, when they were removed to the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, a noble institution founded and endowed by Cortes as some atonement for his many crimes; but even there they were not allowed to be undisturbed. In 1823, the patriot mob, in their zeal to commemorate the eve of their national independence and their detestation of the "old Spaniards," were for breaking open the tomb and scattering the ashes to the wind; but the friends of the family entered the vault by night, and secretly removing the relics, prevented the commission of this sacrilege.\*

The view is fine from the hill of the city of Seville and the plain, and still finer from the road going to Alfarache. The olives planted in rows, as is the custom round Seville, are not so beautiful as the

\* Conquest of Mexico, vol. III, p. 308; Letter of the Mexicans to the King, 25th of June, 1540, p. 423.



groves of those trees in Italy, and the stems are also less picturesque. San Juan de Alfarache is situated on a hill, and its picturesque walls and towers are still standing.

The view from the terrace is extremely fine of the Guadalquivir, winding prettily through the verdant plain, the muddy colour of its waters not perceptible at this height and distance, and therefore from no other point is it seen to such advantage; and beyond the river is Seville glittering in the sun, with its vast mass of buildings, towers and spires; but above all, rising immeasurable above every other eminence, like a giant amongst pigmies, the lofty, but so light and graceful Girandola, that one can almost excuse the superstition which supposed the supernatural agency of the Saints Justa y Rufina requisite to protect it from the violence of the storms.

We met to-day immense quantities of heavy carts of grain drawn by oxen, five or six sets of thirty each, but the oxen are such quiet, tractable creatures, that one man often managed four or five carts.

Alcala de Guadaira. We intended to have started early for this excursion, but rain, to our surprise, interfered with our plans, being only the second day of bad weather we have had since we entered Spain; but as it cleared up at eleven o'clock we drove there in a *calèche*. We passed a great number of arches, called the Canos de Carmona an aqueduct,



which brings the water from Alcala, erected, some say, by Ferdinand and Isabella, and after passing many olive farms arrived at one o'clock P.M., at Alcala, where there is a comfortable little inn. The distant view is extremely picturesque, of eleven towers, beautifully grouped together on the summit and extremity of a hill, beneath which the Guadaira, decked with pretty white mills, flows through gardens of orange-trees and olives.

The exterior walls of the castle, extend along a hill, and enclosing a church, which adds greatly to their appearance, run down picturesquely to the river. The towers are square, generally plain, and not singly picturesque. We walked over the castle, and observed the stones still remaining of the drawbridge, the deep well which supplied the garrison with water, the subterranean cellars for the grain, and several circular arches in the doorways, over one a coat of arms.

The view from the towers is very extensive, of the low hills which surround Alcala, the river, with its mills, olive farms, groves of orange-trees, and the extensive plain in the distance covered with foliage, and Seville glittering in the distance. There are thirty-six mills for grinding corn in Alcala, one containing twenty stones actively employed, but the generality of them have only four or five. The town is neat, and flourishing from its supplying Seville with excellent bread; and



the breezes on the hill make it very salubrious. Water is its treasure, and the tunnels and excavations through which it flows are curious. The Convent de las Monjas contains, at a side altar, a retablo containing a Virgin and six *bas-reliefs*, by Montañes. Some of the figures are finished with great delicacy, particularly our Saviour offering a cup to an Apostle, and the Santa Clara receiving the Sacrament.

In the Church of San Sebastian there is a good painting by Pacheco, one of the best of that master. The Saint is represented ill, in bed, on the point of taking some broth, and visited by his mother, a sleepy, but well-coloured figure. The Saint also is well drawn, and the colouring is good. Through a small window, a view is seen, of the last passage in his life, the archers shooting at him, bound to a tree. I observed another good painting in this room, a San Caretano, and a Madonna and Child in the heaven (not sufficiently elevated), which is very good, and appears very much in the style of Campaña.

In returning, I observed several plantations of young olives. Branches eight or nine feet long are cut off the old trees, and stuck about three feet in the ground in straight lines, from twenty to thirty feet apart from each other. As soon as they are planted they are banked up with earth in the shape of a cone to keep them cool. Between the age of thirty and

forty the tree is in its prime, and its vigour is preserved by continual pruning.

Seville is dear for Spain. The charge at the Hôtel d'Europe is from thirty to forty reals a-day. A house with ten rooms, besides offices, costs about £40 per annum; meat is twenty-eight and thirty-two quartas the pound of thirty-two ounces; bread, four and five quarats (twopence) the pound of sixteen ounces; wine, forty and forty-five reals for a small cask. The duty on wine, on entering the city, is about one-third the price; and meat pays about the same.

Our dinners at the Hôtel d'Europe were but indifferent, the meat not always good. One day, however, we were rejoicing in fresher and finer beef than usual, when somebody unfortunately remarked, we may thank the matadores for this treat; down went the knives and forks of the ladies; the possibility of owing their dinner to the poor animals they had seen killed in the arena was dreadful.



## CHAPTER IV.

## BULL-FIGHT.

THERE was no necessity to ask the road to the Plaza de Toros. Half the inhabitants of Seville seemed to be wending their way to their favourite amusement, some in carriages, others in *calèches*, but most on foot, and all joyous and excited. Mr. Ford says truly, that there is no sacrifice, no denial, which a Spaniard will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight, especially in cities where they seldom occur. It is the bird-lime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul.

The amphitheatre is not imposing for its architecture, but convenient, every one finding their numbered place without crowding or difficulty. The prices are suitable to all pockets, a *billetín de sombra*, or ticket on the shady side, being of course the highest. An excellent place may generally be obtained for

five shillings ; but the prices are always fixed in the bills which are published a day or two before, containing also the names of the performers, matadores, chulos, &c., and the colours and breed of the bulls. The effect was very fine of the amphitheatre, filled with so many thousands, comprising all the rank, beauty, fashion and Majo finery of Seville, the picturesque peasants all dressed in their best, those on the sunny side armed with huge gay-coloured paper fans to screen them from the scorching rays ; and the effect was still more imposing, when occasionally all on one side rose excited from their seats to see some terrible conflict immediately beneath them.

There is a covered balcony round two-thirds of the plaza, ornamented with arches, supported by marble columns, and commanding a fine view of the Giralda. Under this balcony there are eight rows of seats, the lowest protected by an iron railing ; and on the shady side is the royal box, ornamented with white and crimson satin. The Prince de Montpensier was there, but not the Infanta. Below the balcony there are seven rows of seats, and then a barrier and narrow passage into which the bulls sometimes leap, as the next barrier surrounding the arena is only six feet high ; this place is, however, the resort of the aficionados or the fancy, of the chulos, picadores, carpenters to mend any damage the bulls may cause, surgeons to dress wounds and set limbs which may be broken, and priests also are in attendance, lest



any should die without confession, and be denied a Christian burial.

There are eight small portions of the barrier surrounding the arena, which project slightly, leaving just space for a man to enter when pursued by the bulls, though good leapers, as all connected with bull-fighting must be, have no difficulty in clearing the barrier itself. The crowd was amusing; sellers of gingerbread, fans, oranges and water, shouting which could shout the loudest, and such a chattering of tongues that the band was completely inaudible.

Punctually at four o'clock the sports began. First, the alguazil in an ancient costume, a black cloak and picturesque sombrero, rode beneath the Prince's box for the key of the cell of the bulls, which the Prince threw, but in catching it the alguazil exhibited such bad horsemanship, the crowd were convulsed with laughter. Then came in procession the three matadores with yellow jackets and green breeches and crimson cloaks; then the picadores, strong, athletic-looking men, with white hats decked with ribbons, the hats the shape of their heads, with broad, flat brims, and their dark-coloured jackets and gay vests covered with silver, and ornamented with red ribbons. They had a crimson silk sash round their waists, and their legs are cased sometimes with iron, or stuffed to double their natural size with soft paper, and covered with strong yellow

buckskin, the right leg especially, which is most exposed. Their spears are poles with a blade only an inch long, with which they pierce the fleshy parts of the neck of the bulls, and thus irritate and turn them aside; but this weapon is not capable of doing them serious injury. In the conflicts with the picadores the bulls have decidedly the advantage, as many of them are seriously injured and sometimes killed. The saddles of the horses are like the Turkish, high in front and behind, with shovel stirrups, and their heels are always armed with an enormous spur.

Then came eight gay-looking chulos dressed in full Majo costume—jackets of different colours, covered with silver embroidery, and ornamented with crimson ribbons, and their waists girt tight with red sashes. They all wore silk stockings and knee-breeches, and were light, well-made, good-looking fellows, such as would be called on our stage admirably dressed Figaros. With their cloaks or broad rolls of satin of various showy irritating colours, but chiefly crimson, they hover round the bull, and whenever requisite to save a prostrate picador, fling their cloaks into the animal's face, retaining hold of one end of it. Their duty also is, to plant the banderillas or small darts about two feet long, armed like arrows with barbed points, and the other end gaily decorated with painted paper. The banderillero advances towards the bull with one of these darts in each hand, and



when he sees the enraged animal going to attack him, thrusts in the two darts at the very moment it lowers its head to toss him, and then with marvellous dexterity escapes from danger. As may be conceived, it is not always that both or even one of the darts is fixed in the bull's neck, and this uncertainty and the apparently fool-hardiness of these exploits make their attempts interesting. Then followed a crowd of attendants in silk cloaks; and two gay teams, each drawn by three splendid mules abreast, with blue flags on their heads, destined to drag the dead bodies of horses and bulls out of the arena, closed the procession.

The first animal that came in gazed round at the multitude, then eyed the three picadores drawn up behind each other, and seemed confounded. The bulls have always a bunch of ribbons fastened to a small barbed steel dart stuck into their necks, denoting their breed and owners, which colours are accurately described in the printed lists hawked about like the cards at our races, describing the names, weights, and colours of the riders. This one was thought to be of a bad breed, and the people murmured; the chulos began to tease him; at last the picador provoked an attack which brought him to the ground and seriously wounded his horse, which rose with its bowels trailing on the arena. In this horrid state the picador mounted again, and in truth this is the most disgusting part of the exhibi-

tion. The enraged beast then attacked the other picadores one after the other ; the trumpet sounding, and the horsemen retiring, the banderilleros hovered round the bull and with great skill planted half a dozen darts in its neck. These irritated the animal still more, and the trumpet sounding again, the matador advanced, and playing with him for a time with his red mulata or flag, which is little more than a yard square, pierced him with his long, straight Toledan sword between the left shoulder and the blade. Then the band played, and one team with three mules galloped out with its carcass, and the other with the dead horse ; the two other horses with their bellies hanging down waiting for the second bull, which soon came in.

The picadores began, as usual, the first act of the drama ; and when excited, they threw their large hats off, and their hair appeared bound together like a woman's, and enclosed in a silk net. This bull not having killed his horse, the people called out for fire, and hooted the coward ; the banderillas of the chulos were hissing hot, and charged with crackers, which exploded in his neck. The matador killed this beast with great dexterity, and was rewarded with thundering applause and throwing of hats. The band commenced playing ; the team dragged it out ; and immediately another fine black animal came rushing into the arena : he pawed the ground, and then ran to the



opposite side, amidst the hissing of the people; then upset a horse, and the picador would scarcely have escaped, if the bull had not cleared the barrier into the gallery. Immediately the aficionados in the front rows, who always go to these shows provided with heavy sticks, belaboured him most energetically, and hurled upon his parents as well as himself such a torrent of abuse as the rich vocabulary of Spain alone could supply. It was a bad bull, and they had no mercy on him for disappointing their sport. The animal was soon driven into the arena, where he ran about wishing to escape, but finding no other exit, again he cleared the barrier. It was surprising with what agility the people in the passage between the two barriers got out of the way, and that no accident occurred. Fire, fire, was called for by the impatient crowd, the trumpets sounded: hot darts were stuck in him, charged, as before, with crackers; and again, a third time, he leapt the barrier. The people were weary of the coward, and loud in their applause, when the trumpets sounding again, the matador appeared, and speedily buried his sword near the shoulder, and in two minutes he fell dead.

Another black bull came in, and instantly wounded a horse in the thigh, and an ocean of blood gushed out; immediately afterwards he lamed another steed, and the picador had a narrow escape; then he upset again the same horse, which never rose

afterwards, and the picador had a heavy fall. With a fearful rush, he threw over another steed and his rider. The shoulders of the bulls are often mangled, and bleeding from the spears. The picador approaches quietly towards him, and sometimes even when his miserable horse is blindfolded, the grooms in attendance are obliged to beat it to make it advance. If the bull will not attack, the picador often taps him on the head with the spear; but he generally rushes at the horse, and the picador receives the charge on his lance, if possible pushing him to the right, and turning his steed to the left. The picadores are seldom severely wounded, as they are generally near the barrier, so that they can easily escape over it when thrown; and when they are under the horses, or otherwise in danger, the chulos rush to their assistance, flinging their gay cloaks at the bulls to entice them away. Twice again this fierce beast upset men and steeds. Having killed and wounded several animals, the banderillas were called for, the trumpet sounded, and the banderilleros came, and I counted seven of their darts in his neck at once. The matador killed this bull without leaving hold of his sword, and was rapturously cheered.

Then we had a dun-coloured bull, who rushed furiously at the chulos, and afterwards at a horse whose rider escaped over the barrier, but the steed was mortally wounded; the picador mounted him



again, but in a few minutes it fell down dead. The furious beast then upset another horse and his rider, wounded a third poor animal severely, the picadores escaping with their usual luck; then attacked a fourth steed, which had just come fresh into the arena, killed it on the spot, and then jumped over the barrier, after clearing the ring and conquering his foes almost with greater celerity than I could note down his victories. The cheers were deafening for the bull: "Viva, viva, toro!" "Bravo, toro! bravo, toro!" from every part of the arena. Afterwards, he wounded two horses on the shoulder successively, and rushing against another unseated the picador. The animals, though blindfolded, would not advance against him; and the spurs of the riders, and the blows of their grooms, were ineffectual; they seemed by instinct to guess what a terrible opponent they had to encounter. The trumpet summoned the banderilleros; and great skill is indeed required to plant two darts at a time, one on each side of the neck over the horns of such an active bull as this, but it was accomplished twice over. After the chulos had teased him for a while, the trumpets sounded again, the matador came forth, and after more than usual fencing with the mulata, plunged his sword up to the hilt near his shoulder. The band played, and the teams of mules, with their gay blue flags and tinkling bells, dragged out at a great speed the bull and the three dead horses.

A brown bull with white spots, then came in and soon rolled on the ground two picadores and their worthless steeds; one of the animals killed on the spot, and the other soon dropped on the ground. Immediately the bull upset the third horse and his rider, and was rapturously cheered: "Viva, toro! viva, toro!" (Well done, bull), "Bravo, toro!" (Bravo, bull). Again he upset two more steeds, and the picadores fell heavy on the ground; the plaudits were deafening. Soon he raised from the earth the third horse and his rider, who kept his seat at first, but both fell, the picador underneath, stunned, but able, after a short time, to mount again. Horse after horse this fine beast attacked: one poor animal and his rider were soon prostrate on the ground, and immediately afterwards another. The banderilleros made him still more mad, and the chulos were obliged to run their best to escape his rage. It was most exciting to see them vaulting over the barriers, flying, as it were, out of his horns.

A frantic bull is often less dangerous to the matador than one more calm; a sly one, which combines a certain degree of cunning and physical force, requires more fencing with to study his character.

At last the matador stuck him, and though the sword was as usual deep between the left shoulder and the blade he seemed as fierce as ever. He was near the enclosure, and a man adroitly drew it out.



The matador was preparing to strike him again, when he lay down as if to die, but soon rose, apparently desirous of revenge—after one effort he sunk on the arena, and the matador gave him his *coup de grace*. The band played, and the teams dragged out its carcass and three dead horses, besides two which he had wounded dreadfully; the Spaniards sang with delight. The more horses slaughtered the better the fight: a good bull ought to kill three.

No time is lost between the acts: this is too exciting a spectacle for the people to brook delays. As soon as the traces of the last were removed, another small black bull rushed in, one which would be thought contemptible in Smithfield market, or at any of our great agricultural shows; indeed, generally, they are inferior in size to ours, though it is said the best are still bred where Geryon's herds lured Hercules into Spain. The value of a good one is generally from £20 to £30, and their fierceness and activity is doubtless attributable to the bleak wastes and sierras, where they are allowed to roam almost as wild as the buffaloes in the prairies. In a moment, this fierce little fellow rolled over a steed, and the picador was in danger. The chulos flew to his assistance, and a cloud of cloaks, crimson, red, blue and purple, floated around his head, astounding and irritating him to madness. He galloped after one at a fearful speed, and it seemed truly a race for life

and death. Not a voice was heard, so deep was the anxiety; but the chulo flew over the barricade as if the bull had pitched him, so near to his legs were its horns; the animal seemed astonished at having lost its victim, and then vented his rage on the red cloak the chulo had been obliged to drop. Afterwards, he gored a horse in the thigh, and then he killed another steed on the spot, and upset its rider. This was a most sickening exhibition: all the bowels rolling out. Horse after horse he attacked, tossing over both the steeds and the picadores. Two lame ones were led away, as not likely to die soon, and yet scarcely able to move; another was lying dead on the ground, and two more were dragging their entrails around the arena, but still bearing the picadores on their backs—a horrid sight to see. Soon afterwards, he upset another picador and his horse, the picador falling underneath, and yet escaping miraculously. In a few minutes, he rolled them over again; but the poor steed could scarce move after he rose, and soon fell dead. When the darts were planted in the bull, he galloped furiously about, and cleared the ring of every chulo; then gored disgustingly a dead horse. The trumpets sounded, and the matador advancing, he rushed furiously at him: but he avoided the attacks with great dexterity, and then again twisted his red flag before his eyes, until he rushed at the mulata, and he dispatched him. When this is done with extra-