the day; and the mercenary gladiators no longer ſtudy the moſt dexterous, but the moſt ſecure way of deſtroying the bulls, being allowed ſo much a head for each beaſt they ſlaughter. The money paid for boxes and ſeats, is appropriated to the building or endowing of ſome hoſpital.

The coup-d'œil of the amphitheatre, filled with ſo many ſpectators of all ranks, is very ſtriking. They are ſo very noiſy and impatient till the ſhew begins, and in ſuch violent commotion while it laſts, that one is kept in perpetual alarm and flurry of ſpirits for the firſt or ſecond time of aſſiſting at this diverſion. Contrary to the cuſtom of the ancient Romans, who placed the ſenators next to the *podium*, the nobility ſit here in wooden galleries and boxes, the mob on benches below, next the arena. A row of ſoldiers, behind the circular parapet wall, or paliſado, hold out halberts and bayonets, to keep the beaſts within the liſts: but it ſometimes happens that a bull, while yet in full vigour, will take a run, and leap over into the crowd on the benches. The confuſion it creates is very great; but as the bull is itſelf hampered and diſabled by the ſeats and woodwork, it can do but little miſchief before it is diſpatched [31].

The

[31] In ſome of the liſts delivered out with an account of an approaching bull-feaſt, notice is given, that people are permitted to flap their hats in the ſun. Since the revolt of Madrid (when all hats were ordered to be worn

The common method of conducting a bull-feaſt is as follows: One or two *Toriadors*, dreſſed in rich jackets, broad-brimmed hats, and breeches and boots made of a tough, impenetrable leather, and holding under their right arm a long aſhen lance (tipped with a broad ſhallow-pointed head, that can only enter ſkin-deep) parade on horſeback round the liſts, and pay their devoirs to the governor of the place. They then retire to their poſt, almoſt in front of a large door, which is opened to let out the bull. The fellow that opens it takes care to climb up immediately into the gallery; for it is not unuſual for the bulls to ſtop ſhort as ſoon as they get out, and make a home-thruſt at the porter: ſome ruſh forth with the utmoſt impetuoſity, and run directly at the horſemen; others gaze around, and take their meaſures with more circumſpection.

The cavalier preſents the head of his horſe to the bull, and with the lance, which cuts along its ſhoulders, puſhes it away to the right, at the ſame time bearing off his horſe to the left: his antagoniſt is driven out of the line by the violence of the thruſt, and its horns paſs behind, without hurting either horſe or rider. When the man is mounted on a nimble, ſpirited,

worn cocked up, wherever the court reſides) the common hangman is commanded to wear his ſlouched, that others may not be tempted to let theirs down, for fear of being miſtaken for him.

and

and docile ſteed, there is no difficulty in this evolution, as the motions of both animals coincide in giving additional force to the well-directed ſtroke: but if the horſe is numb or refractory, the bull is likely to ſtrike him in the flank, and throw both horſe and cavalier to the ground.

There is another way of attacking, with a kind of forked dagger. The horſeman ſtands cloſe by the door, and as the bull ſprings forward into the liſts, he plants the weapon in the back of its neck, and kills it on the ſpot. Should he miſs his aim, there is ſcarce a poſſibility of his eſcaping from the enraged animal; for which reaſon this mode of combat is ſeldom practiſed.

To take off the bull's attention, and to make ſport, ſeveral nimble fellows on foot run about and toſs darts with curled paper tied to them, which, ſticking in the head and ſhoulders, drive the poor creature to madneſs, and cauſe a great effuſion of blood. This light infantry is often in imminent danger, obliged to run for its life, and ſave itſelf by flying into the receſſes in the paliſadoes, or by jumping over the parapet: it ſometimes happens that neither the ſhouts of the multitude, nor the aſſaults of the other runners, can call off the bull from the purſuit of one particular fellow; who has then nothing to truſt to but his own agility, being totally unprovided with offenſive as well as defenſive weapons.

When the governor thinks a victim has afforded ſufficient diverſion, leave is given to put an end to its life. A well-made champion ſteps forth, with a ſhort brown cloak hung upon a ſtick held out in his left hand, and a ſtrait two-edged ſword in his right; the blade is always of the fineſt Toledo temper, and the hilt covered with leather. This *Matador* advances up to the bull, and provokes it to action; as the bull darts at him, and makes a puſh obliquely, with its eyes ſhut, he turns it off with the cloak, retiring a little on one ſide to be ready for the return. On the ſecond attack, he holds the ſword in an horizontal poſition, with ſuch ſteady aim, that the furious beaſt ruſhes upon the point, and by its own impetuoſity forces it up to the hilt. The ſword enters at the collar-bone, and either pierces the heart, or cuts the great artery. Sometimes the bull drops down dead inſtantaneouſly; ſometimes ſtands a few minutes, heaving and ſpouting a torrent of blood out of the mouth and noſtrils.

When the bull proves ſo cowardly, or ſo exhauſted with fatigue and loſs of blood, as to refuſe to run at the matador, it is diſpatched by ſtabs in any part of the body, or worried by bull-dogs. The laſt bull of each fieſta is *embobado*, that is, his horns are muffled, and all the mob is let in, with ſticks in their hands, to learn the trade, to beat the animal, or to be bruiſed and toſſed about

about themſelves. Three mules, adorned with ſtreamers and bells, draw off the ſlaughtered bulls and horſes between each battle.

I have been thus particular in my account of a bull-fight (though you may find deſcriptions of it in almoſt every book that treats of Spain) becauſe moſt of thoſe I have read talk of royal feaſts and exhibitions, which are very different things from the common ſhews now a days. Our laſt was a very bloody one: two bulls killed ſeven horſes, but luckily no men loſt their lives, though many had hair-breadth eſcapes. I never ſaw any thing ſo weak and inactive as the poor horſes were; they had not agility enough to avoid one ſtroke: and of all horrible ſights, that of the bull's tearing out their entrails, and toſſing them about with its horns, was the moſt nauſeous and ſhocking I ever beheld. Both the bulls were hacked to death in a very awkward manner; but the ſpectators were mightily delighted with the barbarity and bloodſhed. We were the other night at a puppet-ſhew, that ended in the repreſentation of a bull-fight; the mob in the pit was to the full as violently affected, as riotous, and noiſy, as they could poſſibly have been at the real ſpectacle.

Laſt year a negro from Buenos Ayres, where he had been trained up from his infancy to hunt the wild cattle of the deſart, exhibited ſome very extraordinary

feats of ſtrength and dexterity: he took a long rope, with a running nooſe, and throwing it over the horns of a bull, brought it cloſe to a ſtrong ſtake, fixed in the middle of the area, where he tied it tight, till he had faſtened a ſaddle on its back, on which he ſeated himſelf; he then cut the cord, and let the beaſt run about and exert ineffectual efforts to ſhake off ſo unuſual a load by the moſt furious movements. When fatigue had ſufficiently tamed it, he drove this uncommon ſteed againſt another bull, which he ſoon diſpatched, and then at one blow ſtruck the beaſt that he was mounted upon, dead. The violence of this exerciſe generally brought on him a dangerous ſpitting of blood.

The princes and their attendants are now very buſy preparing, by daily rehearſals, for the *Parejas*; which we cannot ſtay to ſee, as they are ſeldom exhibited till the middle of June.

Theſe Parejas are a kind of dance on horſeback, in imitation, perhaps, of the Trojan games deſcribed by Virgil in the fifth book of the Æneid; or more probably of ſome tournament in the times of Mooriſh chivalry.

The prince of Aſturias, Don Gabriel, Don Antonio, and Don Lewis, have revived them, and each heads a ſquadron of twelve young gentlemen, arrayed in the ancient Spaniſh dreſs; the diviſions diſtinguiſhed by the particular

particular colour of their cloaths, feathers, and horſe furniture. They parade with muſic before them in a large tilting yard near the palace; ſeparate themſelves into detachments, and perform various intricate figures, reſembling thoſe of a ſtage dance. The docility and elegance of the horſes, the ſplendour and gaiety of apparel of the riders, more than any thing there is in the game itſelf, render it entertaining for the firſt time of ſeeing; but it languiſhes from a want of that action, that ſpirit, which intereſts us ſo ſtrongly in all public ſports, when the actors exert uncommon ſtrength and ſkill, and are, or ſeem to be, in ſome kind of danger. However, it is a pompous ſpectacle, and may produce very ſalutary effects, by rouſing the nobility from their lethargy, and encouraging them to be a little more attentive to the breed and education of their horſes.

LETTER XLI.

Madrid, June 4, 1776.

SINCE our return from Aranjuez, the mornings have been employed in turning over a multitude of books and prints, and in taking extracts of ſuch parts as tend to elucidate the hiſtory, literature, or antiquities of Spain. In the afternoons, we have ſpent our time in viſiting the moſt remarkable edifices of the city; if you except the royal palaces, there are few buildings worthy of attention, nor do I believe there is in Europe a capital that has ſo little to ſhew as Madrid; having never been the ſee of a biſhop, it has of courſe no cathedral, nor indeed any church, that diſtinguiſhes itſelf much from the common herd of pariſhes and convents. Allowing ſome few exceptions, I think I may ſafely pronounce the outward architecture of them all to be barbarous, and their manner of ornamenting the inſide as bad as that of the worſt ages; moſt of them were erected or retouched during the term of years that elapſed between the middle of the ſeventeenth century and the year 1759, a period in the hiſtory of Spain,

Spain, when all arts and ſciences were fallen to the loweſt ebb of depravement; the effect of the degeneracy of manners, the want of public ſpirit, and the diſorder and weakneſs of a decaying monarchy. Theſe vices in the political ſyſtem under the three laſt princes of the Auſtrian line, could not be removed immediately on the acceſſion of another family; the wars that ſhook the very foundations of their throne for the firſt ten years of this century, kept all polite arts groveling in the duſt; and when they ventured to raiſe their heads again, and court the favour of the ſovereign, there ſeems to have been a total want of able profeſſors to ſecond their efforts, and aſſiſt them in returning to the paths of good ſenſe and true taſte. No mad architect ever dreamed of a diſtortion of members ſo capricious, of a twiſt of pillars, cornices, or pediments, ſo wild and fantaſtic, but what a real ſample of it may be produced in ſome or other of the churches of Madrid. They are all ſmall, and poor in marbles as well as pictures. Their altars are piles of wooden ornaments heaped up to the ceiling, and ſtuck full of wax lights, which more than once have ſet fire to the whole church. The convents which may be ſaid to poſſeſs a good collection of pictures, are thoſe of Saint Paſqual and of the bare-footed Carmelite nuns. The former has a fine Titian, a capital Guerchino, and many other pieces by

eſteemed

eſteemed Italian maſters. In the ſacriſty of the latter, is a numerous collection of paintings by various hands, many of which are of ſuperior merit. The tombs of Ferdinand the ſixth and of his queen Barbara, in the church of the viſitation, are almoſt the only ſepulchral monuments of any conſequence.

The firſt king that made any long abode in Madrid, was Henry the fourth. Before his reign, this was but an inſignificant place, with a ſmall caſtle for the convenience of the princes that came to hunt the bear in the environs, which were then as woody as they now are naked. Its ſituation on a hill overlooking many leagues of country, open on every ſide to a wholeſome circulation of air, and abundance of good water, induced the emperor Charles the fifth to build an ample palace here, which he intended to make his chief reſidence, as he thought the climate beſt adapted to his conſtitution. The ſovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility ſoon abandoned their hereditary caſtles and houſes in other cities, to follow the court. They were under the neceſſity of ſettling in the houſes they found ready built; and for that reaſon, added to the ſupine indifference that ſeized the Spaniards during the laſt two-thirds of the ſeventeenth century, and near half of this, moſt of the great families ſtill continue to inhabit vaſt ranges of ugly fabrics not diſtinguiſhable from the

the common houſes in the ſtreets, except by their larger dimenſions.

The palaces of the grandees that contain either ſtatues or pictures of value, are few in number.

In that of Medina Celi are many precious monuments of antiquity in marble, the remains of a great collection brought from Italy, by one of the Dukes of Alcalá.

The duke of Saint Eſtévan poſſeſſes many of the beſt works of Luca Giordano.

In the gallery of the marquis of Santiago, Murillo has painted the life of Jacob and a Madonna, which may be reckoned among the moſt capital of the Spaniſh ſchool.

At the Duke of Alba's is to be ſeen a very famous picture of Corregio, called the ſchool of Cupid; it repreſents Venus giving the God of Love to be tutored by Mercury. There is alſo an holy family, ſaid to be by Raphael; a charming Venus, by Velaſquez, lying half reclined with her back to the ſpectator, and her face reflected in a mirror ſhe holds in her hand. Among the portraits, the moſt curious are thoſe of Anna Bullen, and the great Duke of Alba. Here are alſo very fine hangings, executed after the Cartoons of Raphael, which, with the Venus of Correggio, once formed part of the collection of that nice connoiſſeur and unſkilful monarch, Charles the firſt of England.

Theſe pictures naturally lead me to ſpeak of the royal palace; which I ſhould have mentioned firſt, had I not wiſhed to diſpatch the leſſer objects, that I might have nothing to think of that could interfere with the deſcription of the noble collection in the new palace.

The old palace was burnt down to the ground in 1734, and Philip Juvara commiſſioned by Philip the fifth to give a plan for rebuilding it in the moſt ſplendid manner. The model he made is ſtill exiſting, but was rejected on account of the immenſity of the ſize, and the greatneſs of the expence, as well as of the want of ſufficient room to place it, the king being determined on account of the air, to have it rebuilt on the exact ſpot where the old one ſtood. Juvara dying before he could prepare a ſecond deſign, his diſciple Sachetti produced that which has been carried into execution; both his and his maſter's plans have the defect of being clumſy and confuſed in the windows, pilaſters, and ornaments; where they have aimed at ſimplicity, they have ſunk their architecture under a load of ſtone, and where they have ſtudied to be rich and light, they have generally given into the capricious rather than the beautiful.

It is all of white ſtone. Each of the fronts being four hundred and ſeventy feet in length, by an hundred high, this pile towers over all the country, where nothing intercepts the view for many miles. The entrances