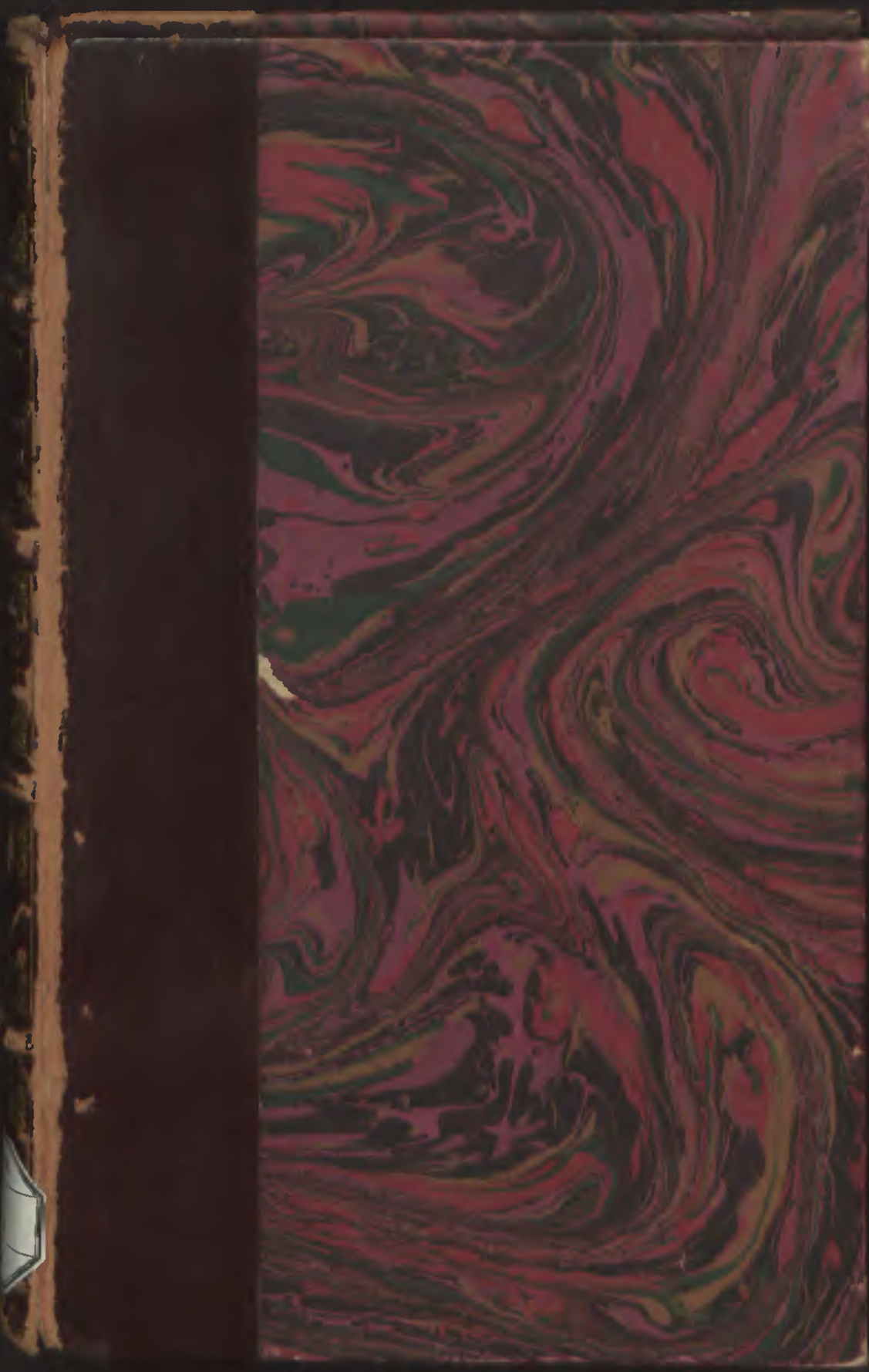

JOURNAL

OF

A RIDE POST

THROUGH

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,

FROM

LISBON TO BAYONNE.

BY

CHARLES BEAUFOY, ESQ.

1820.

"Rien n'est beau que le Vrai,
"Le Vrai seul est aimable."

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JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

On Thursday, the 9th of March, 1820, I reached Falmouth, having understood that the Lisbon packet would sail in the evening.

On the morning of the 11th, (Saturday) I embarked on board the Osborne, Captain Hartney, the Mediterranean packet, bound to Gibralta, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. No Lisbon packet being then in Falmouth harbour, the Osborne was to take out the mail and passengers for Lisbon, and having landed them, proceed on her voyage.

The Osborne had 21 men, including the captain, surgeon, and 2 officers.

She was about 184 tons burthen, in time of war, carried, or was rather rated at 12 guns; at this time, however, she had only two nine-pounders. There was no other passenger on board but myself. Until Wednesday, the 15th instant, the wind was unfavourable, and we made but

little way; at 12 o'clock at night, however, it became fair, and we got on rapidly.

Friday, 17th.—For the first time I saw the coast of Spain, which the Captain pointed out as being Cape Bellem.

On Thursday, the 16th, we were in the Bay of Biscay, and experienced, what sailors term, a cross sea, the effects of which, from the motion of the vessel, were extremely unpleasant, as I was rolled about in my berth in a most disagreeable manner. After leaving the Bay of Biscay, and when under the land, off the coast of Portugal, the sea was much more calm, and the air, before cold, became mild and genial.

18th.—The wind continued favourable, and we had hopes of reaching Lisbon the day following.

As we approached that city, the climate was far more pleasant, and summer appeared to have succeeded an inclement season. A red-start and a skylark alighted on the rigging of the vessel. After 12 o'clock, P. M. we had scarcely any wind, and during the night it was almost calm.

19th.—A sand-martin dropt on the

deck, so much fatigued, that it suffered itself to be taken by hand, and died soon afterwards.

In the morning the rock of Lisbon was visible.

20th and 21st.—The wind blew fresh and contrary, and notwithstanding that we were close off Lisbon, we were unable to get up the Tagus.

22nd.—The wind became fair, and we arrived at Lisbon. Just before entering the Tagus, I observed several gannets or Solan geese, a species of pelican.

As we entered the port of Lisbon, we passed on our left, Fort St. Julien, which is extremely strong, and appeared, at a distance, like a town.

Belem tower is likewise a small fort, with an antient tower; it is built a small distance in the sea, and was constructed by the Moors.

A boat came off to us before we dropped anchor, having an awning over the stern, to preclude either the rain or the heat of the sun, and underneath it was seated a soldier, who handed to the Captain a paper, on which was to be entered

the name of the packet, from whence she came, how many days passage, and the number of passengers aboard. There was, however, no inquiry made as to the health of the crew.

The Tagus appeared from one to two miles wide, and several Greek ships, polacca rigged, (without blocks) were lying in the harbour.

After quitting the packet, we were rowed in a boat down the river, and passed the King's rope-walk, a building of great extent in length.

Lisbon.

The city of *Lisbon* appears exceedingly white, the buildings irregular, and reaching down to the river in the form of an amphitheatre.

The King's palace at *Belem* rises above the city, but close upon the water's edge are long ranges of granaries, built of stone, with small grated windows, having the appearance of prisons. The Judas-tree was in fine blossom of a pale red; not unlike the bloom of the almond-tree.

The city stands on an eminence, and

convents are seen every where on the summit; but except in the gardens of the convent of "Las Necessidades," scarcely any trees are to be seen from the river. The extreme whiteness of the buildings generally, reminded me of Italy, and the inhabitants of Lisbon, who are extremely dark, a good deal resemble the Neapolitans.

On first landing I was much struck with the dirtiness of the streets, nor could I account for a noise like that proceeding from a trumpet, which arose, however, from rude wooden carts dragged slowly by two oxen, the wheels formed (not in spokes) but of solid blocks of wood; these required greasing, and a few minutes trouble would have prevented this most-disagreeable sound alluded to, were the Portuguese of a less indolent character.

Having presented myself at the Alien Office to shew my passport, my baggage was not searched, but carried to Reeve's Hotel, kept by an Englishman of that name, situated about a mile from the city, where as the name (Buenos Ayres) implies, the air is extremely pure.

The streets of Lisbon (except in the

city, rebuilt since the earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755) are by no means regular, but continually on the ascent and descent, the pavement excessively bad, and no pavé for foot passengers; the filth is past all idea, and dogs of various size and descriptions, abound in great numbers.

After ten or eleven o'clock at night, the inhabitants avail themselves of the privilege of throwing out from their houses whatever they may wish to get rid of, so that in returning home after a party or entertainment of any kind, a carriage is almost indispensable; walking being particularly unpleasant, both from the state of the streets, and the probability of encountering a discharge from above.

Stabbing at night, for the purpose of robbery, is no uncommon occurrence, and just before my arrival an Englishman experienced a similar outrage. The Portuguese, under the apprehension of this sort of attacks, when walking at night keep in the middle of the streets, and never turn *close* round the corner, lest some one should rush out upon them. The larger

houses, like those in Italy, have the lower part occupied by a spacious court yard, from which a stair-case leads to the apartments above, and close to this, carriages are driven: many of the houses have wooden lattices resembling Venetian blinds, answering the purpose of windows.

Lisbon extends for two or three miles along the Tagus, but the breadth is inconsiderable. The inhabitants, so far as regards the lower class, are particularly plain, having the appearance of being prematurely aged; black people are very numerous, also vast numbers of beggars, both cripples and dreadfully deformed.

The carriages most in use are those on two wheels, not unlike the cabriolets or chaise deposte of France, drawn by two powerful mules, one of which is ridden by a postillion.

At the time of making these memoranda, March 23, 1820, the warmth of the climate (to my feelings) is equal to what we experience in England during the middle of June.

When walking, the Portuguese women

wear on their head only a thin black veil, and the lower class a white handkerchief; for the most part the Portuguese women of all classes are plain, their hair and eyes very dark with sallow complexions, when dressed, or at the theatre, they wear a profusion of diamonds, which appear to borrow fresh lustre, contrasted with the hue of the wearers.

It may be necessary to mention that the numbers of dogs which wander at large in the streets, apparently having no masters, are of service in cleansing them of much of the filth thrown out from the houses, The air is so extremely pure, that notwithstanding the nuisances alluded to, I do not recollect to have perceived any *malaria;* for during the day the streets were perfectly dry, although soon after dark, from the circumstances alluded to, they would soon become wet and dirty.

AQUEDUCT OF ALCANTARA.

In the Moorish language Alcantara signifies "the bridge." It was built in 1738, by the architect Manuel de Maya, of white marble, and resisted the earthquake

of 1755; the highest arch is 230 feet high (nearly 87 yards,) by 107 feet in width, it has 35 arches of different sizes, on the summit of the aqueduct (as Semple mentions) is a walk, bordered by a wall of solid blocks of stone on a level with the water, which is conveyed along the top, and makes a perpetual running sound within.

LASNECESSIDAS.

A large convent, the gardens of which are opened to the public, with the exception of females, who are not permitted to enter. The gardens are laid out in the old style, with box trees clipped and planted so as to form a maze or labyrinth with fountains, shady walks, and long vistas of laurestina and yew. Here and there you meet with small enclosures resembling orchards, filled with lemon trees bending under the weight of fruit; the nightingales sang delightfully at the time I speak of.

The convent is very extensive, and particularly gloomy, the greater portion of it appeared to be shut up, although some few monks remained. The decrease

of the revenue, in consequence of the late war, may perhaps account for the diminution of the fraternity.

The building is square, with only two rows of windows; the lower are of large size but narrow; the upper are smaller with considerable intervals between, and the roof low. The interior consists of long galleries traversing the building and crossing each other; on each side are hung paintings of different persons who formerly belonged to the convent, and on the right and left of these galleries were the apartments appropriated to the monks. The library and refectory were shut, but the kitchen was spacious and lofty, and to judge by the preparations for dinner, the monks, however small their community, lived sumptuously.

PRACOIO COMMERCIO.

The principal square and exchange at Lisbon, is surrounded on three sides by an extensive and regular range of building, supported by arches, under which one can walk; stores and warehouses are above, and on the fourth side are the quay and river, close to which ships of the largest burthen

can approach. The statue of Joseph I. a beautiful equestrian figure, larger than life and of bronze, stands in the centre of the square.

In this range of building is the India House, of vast size, containing stores from the Brazils, such as sugar, cotton, &c., also imports from England and China.

These warehouses lead one into the other, are extremely clean and lofty, the interior of the roof, boarded in a singular and beautiful manner, is of superior workmanship. Near this is the Custom House, a room not supported by pillars, the ceiling vaulted and painted, the length about 190 feet by 70 wide. Here every article, before it can be sold, must be sealed with lead; stockings, hats, &c., have the lead attached to them, in the same way that the baggage of travellers is (plombé) in France and Italy. The India and Custom House however, have no quay, nor (to the best of my recollection) any crane for landing merchandize, but a wooden platform of easy ascent, supported by very ordinary pieces of wood, leads to the warehouses; and up this precarious structure,

numbers of porters were slowly ascending with the products of other countries; a strong instance of the slovenly and indolent habits generally prevalent, and conspicuous amongst the Portuguese.

The corn market is a long stone building, open above, all the way down the centre, for air, on each side, however, it is roofed over, and underneath are various divisions of wood, like bins for the corn brought to market, and above each division is placed a paper, stating by what vessel the corn arrived, and from whence it came. Porters, of whom vast numbers are seen, either occupied or asleep in the streets, are none of them Portuguese, but Gallicians, the former being averse to such severe labour.

Beyond the corn market, close to the river, and fronting a convent of a large size, which is on the hill, at no great distance, stands the apparatus for executing criminals, it consists of three iron rods or poles, supporting a triangular frame of wood work, against which is fastened a ladder with very wide steps. Iron spikes at two corners of the frame work, are for

the purpose of having the heads of those persons executed, exposed on them for three days and three nights.

The hands of the malefactors are tied before them, and clad in white robes, they ascend the fatal ladder barefooted: when near the top, they are made to sit in a reclining position, with the rope about their necks, the executioner then forces them off the ladder, resting on their shoulders, with his feet pressing on their wrists, as if in a stirrup, by which means their necks are quickly dislocated. This being effected, he takes from a bag a large and small knife, with which he severs both their heads and hands.

I witnessed no execution, either in Spain or Portugal, but the above was described by the person who pointed out the place of execution.

General Freya, who, with eleven companions, was put to death for a conspiracy, petitioned as a soldier to be shot, as a less degrading mode of punishment than hanging.

His solicitation was, however, refused, and the sole indulgence permitted him was

to wear slippers, instead of marching barefooted to the place of execution, in other respects he was dealt with the same as a common criminal, and his ashes, with those of his fellow sufferers, were (after the bodies had been burnt) thrown into the Tagus.

The palace at Belem was under repair, but the rooms, which I saw on the ground floor, were lofty, with ceilings vaulted and painted. On the sides of the rooms, for some feet up the walls, blue Dutch tiles are fixed in, to answer the purpose of wainscoting, being a better substitute in so warm a climate, as insects are not able to penetrate.

On the ceiling of one of the rooms is a correct likeness of the present King of Portugal, who is extremely plain. The church of Belem is a fine building, with Saxon arches highly ornamented ; the cloisters are lofty, and of great extent.

THE AJUDA PALACE

Stands on an eminence about one or two miles from Lisbon, and not yet finished, of vast extent, the front magnificent, with

an elevation at one extremity, the other is not yet erected. The entrance is a good deal like the Palace of Caserta, near Naples, with a magnificent stone stair-case.

The view from the top of the rock of Lisbon, behind the Cintra mountains, is extremely beautiful, the mountains appearing very lofty, their summits irregular, and exceedingly pointed.

CHURCHES.

The interior of the church St. Jean de Dieu is finely gilded.

St. Roque, illuminated the evening before Good Friday, is one of the most beautiful churches. Lorette, termed the Italian Church, is a fine building. San Domingos, likewise, is a handsome church.

That called the Estrella, with a convent adjoining, has been lately built, and is a magnificent structure.

The Cathedral, La Sa, is extremely antient, and said to have been built in the time of the Visigoths, the arches (some of them) appeared to be Saxon and Gothic, the cloisters are very fine, none of the

churches, however, are to be compared with those at Rome.

St. Jerome, or the church of Belem, is the most beautiful which I saw in Portugal, the interior consists of lofty pillars, ornamented as if they were twisted.

In the convent adjoining is a gallery considerably more than 200 yards in length. The refectory is nearly 150 feet long, by about 30 feet wide, lofty, the roof of stone, and the floor paved with slabs of black and white marble. The organ in Belem church is a remarkably fine one, the monk who played it, appeared thirty years of age, and mentioned that he had been learning since he was thirteen.

The procession on Good Friday was formed by two lines of men walking parallel to each other, wearing red cloaks, without their hats, and carrying long wax tapers. Between them, and at intervals, were children, having wings to represent angels, one carrying the cup, another a sponge, and a third with a hammer and pincers.

Our Saviour was represented by a wax figure lying on a bier, covered with a veil.

THE CASTLE,

Formerly the citadel, is situated on an eminence and commands a fine view of Lisbon, but is now in very bad repair; a few cannon are planted there, pointing to the river, but the building seems chiefly used as a prison for deserters.

During my stay at Lisbon I dined with M. Bandeira (to whom I had a letter of introduction); one of the richest men in Portugal, his house magnificently fitted up, the ceilings richly ornamented and painted, the carpets very beautiful.

He had a superb service of china and glass; the latter sent from England, cost some thousands of pounds. The ball room and dining room were splendidly painted. We sat down ten persons to dinner; a handsome plateau filled the centre of the table, illuminated by fourteen wax lights; on the table were placed marble and china ornaments, containing roses and various flowers.

The dinner was sumptuous, with great variety of wines, St. Eubes, Paxoretti, Malvoisie, Champagne, &c. After dinner

we went to the Opera. M. Bandeira's box was next to that of the Duke of Caravallo, (related to the Royal Family of Portugal), whose sister and intended wife were in the box with him. On his marriage he must by the King's order depart immediately with his wife to the Brazils, the residence of the King and his court; and this circumstance induced him to delay the ceremony. The Portuguese ladies at the theatre wore a profusion of diamond ear-rings, and gems of this description in their hair likewise, the extreme blackness of which added to the brilliancy of the jewels.

The interior of the theatre was handsomely fitted up, but the entrance was damp and far from being properly attended to. The music was very good, although both in scenery and general appearance inferior to the French or Italian Opera houses.

On the 8th of April I accompanied an officer belonging to the Portuguese service, to Cintra, nine miles from Lisbon; the road is paved the whole of the distance.

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In the Queen's Palace, near Cintra,

there was not much furniture remaining, the greater part of it having been sent to Rio Janeiro : little indeed remained worth seeing, both the apartments and gardens having been neglected.

The village of Cintra, is small with high rocks and mountains quite bare, and very pointed, rising above it. The Palace is the principal object in Cintra, the arches above the windows are Saxon, and the edifice has the appearance of great antiquity.

The floors and walls of the rooms are faced with Dutch tiles, and as in Italy, where a current of air is desirable, one apartment has communication with that adjoining, forming, when the doors are left open, a long range of passage. In one of the rooms the ceiling consists of pannels, in each of which a swan is painted in different attitudes; in another the ceiling is of the same form, but the paintings represent a stag in a variety of positions ; and in a third room the divisions above are painted with magpies.

The court below has an open hall like a

chapel, and when any one has entered, water can be played upon him from above, if he seek for shelter in a recess he is still exposed to the shower, nor can he retreat from the court free from the annoyance.

The chamber is shewn where Alphonso VI. was confined by Peter II. for fifteen years. The pavement is worn on one part as if by a stream of water, said to have been occasioned by the captive walking to and fro during so long a period in his narrow limits.

A convent called the Cork convent, is built under the rocks like a cave, so that the roof of the chapel is formed by an excavation in the rocks, the sides of this singular abode are filled up with cork, (possibly to prevent cold or moisture, and hence its name is taken). The dining room resembles the cabin of a small vessel, and a large rock (round which benches are placed) answers the purpose of a table.

The bed rooms are scarcely seven feet every way, and to enter them you creep through a square aperture, about three feet high, resembling the door of a large dog-hutch.

The convent is situated in a dreary situation, high rocks rise above it in e ery direction, and the establishment consisted of only four monks of the order of St. Antonio.

The way to this convent is marked out by wooden crosses at some distance from each other, which point out the track. In order to see Cintra, donkeys are furnished, having high and large saddles, and a guide on foot accompanies the visitors. This spot is celebrated for its coolness and shade during the intense summer heats, and water runs down from the rocks in great abundance.

The country as you go from Lisbon is level, but about Cintra, the rocks resemble mountains, and numerous country houses, (termed Kintras), are every where to be met with, likewise woods and gardens.

The Palace, in which was signed the well known "Convention of Cintra," stands not far from the road, and is little more than a country residence.

The sea appears distant from Cintra six or seven miles, and the country for

some way is extremely sandy, abounding with trees.

The house of M. de Vismes, built by Mr. Beckford, is of stone, with a regular front and circular wings on each side, in which are well proportioned and spacious rooms; but it is now deserted, the doors and windows open, the roof fallen in, and the whole mansion hastening to decay.

The mansion is finely situated in a wood, and the view so beautiful, that the shell of the building was almost worth purchasing for the sake of the fine prospect.

The place is called Mount Serrat.

On the 9th of April I accompanied M. Bandeira to his country house, six miles from Lisbon. His equipage was a low phaeton drawn by two large black horses, which he drove himself with a hunting whip; at Lisbon this is perfectly fashionable.

The dining room was beautifully painted, so that the walls gave the idea of a green-house, with trellis work and open gothic windows; a variety of flowers were represented in large vases, as if

growing up the sides; the whole was of so light and elegant appearance, that the air seemed to pass through the trellis work while the curtains were of India chintz.

The sea washed the walls of the house, and at times the balcony of the dining room; below this was a door, to which steps were attached, answering the purpose of bathing.

M. Bandeira mentioned, that when any of his ships left Lisbon, they passed close under his windows, and if he were in the house, fired a salute.

In the better sort of houses during the warm weather, a sort of Indian matting is used instead of carpets.

Not far from this country residence are the gardens of Cachucas, ornamented with box cut in various forms, and various statues: below a green-house built on an artificial rock, is a fountain, around which are represented Diana and her nymphs bathing, and Actæon turned into a stag.

On the 9th of April, oranges were being gathered, and nightingales sang delightfully in the trees.

At the extremity of the gardens beyond

the walls, is a convent, and the monks profess to be of the order of La Trappe.

The 13th of April I rode to see the palace of Caluz, seven miles from Lisbon; a large stone building, now much neglected: the paintings in fresco were exceedingly well executed; the principal adventures of Don Quixote were represented on the pannels of the ceiling with considerable talent.

The gardens contained some fine statues in marble, and were laid out in vistas, with box trees cut in a variety of figures. The ball room is handsomely painted, and the rooms generally decorated with looking-glasses and gilding.

Although the distance from Lisbon to Madrid is not more than 400 miles, there is but little communication between these capitals, and during three weeks constant inquiry, no person could be found about to travel that route.

Mr. Brown, one of the first merchants in Lisbon, and from whom I received the most friendly and hospitable reception, wished me to delay my journey, as Madrid was not, at this time, 1820, con-

sidered perfectly tranquil nor the roads otherwise than a good deal infested with robbers, (ladrones).

Wearied however with continual delay, on the 13th of April, at 10 o'clock at night, I left Lisbon, in a carriage which I hired to take me down to the Tagus, to cross the river for Aldea Galega, the first post house on the road to Madrid. The distance across the river is about nine miles; the boat which took me over was of large size, and three men on board, who either rowed or hoisted a sail as the wind permitted.

I preferred riding post to Madrid, as most suitable to my inclination, and likewise travelling in that manner there is less chance of being robbed, than if in a carriage; for the couriers generally ride post, and having sometimes Government dispatches, and not much money, the ladrones are unwilling to attack them, as active search would be made by the authorities were a courier molested on the route.

I was provided with a large English saddle, strong girths, and a Portuguese

bridle, which was made me a present before I left Lisbon.

In France, at the post houses, an individual is not allowed to carry his bridle, as they consider disease may be transferred by the bit from one horse to another.

I had likewise two portmanteaus, one of moderate size, the other quite small, and holsters with loaded pistols.

Soon after two o'clock in the morning, I landed at *Aldea Gallega*, a small town, and having produced an order for post-horses, given by the Secretary of State at Lisbon, shortly afterwards I was mounted on a post-horse, and left *Aldea Gallega* to ride to *Madrid*.

The postillion, who accompanied me, carried my portmanteaus before him, his saddle being very long from the cantel to the pummel; not unlike that of a butcher in this country, when he carries a basket of meat before him.

The costume of the postillion bore resemblance both to that of a gypsy, and a monk, for he wore a hat with a low crown, and an enormously broad brim,

tied with black ribbon under his chin, to prevent its being blown away by the wind; his cloak, which was of a dark snuff colour, was wrapped round him, his whip was short and heavy in the handle, with a thong of enormous length, with which, on leaving the post house, he made as much noise, as if quitting one of the most populous cities; but the post house itself was miserable in the extreme, more resembling a hut than a stable.

I brought with me from England some portable soup, as the inns or post houses afford nothing but eggs, and frequently even those are not to be obtained.

A Spanish league generally exceeds four miles English, and the expense of riding post in Portugal, (the two horses) may be calculated at a dollar, or 4*s* 6*d* per league.

	Reales.	
In Spain for two horses . .	14	per League.
The postillion from .	10 to 12	per League.

20 reales are equal to a dollar
4 reales . to a duetta
5 piecottas to a dollar

Distance from Lisbon to Madrid.

From Aldea Gallega.

	Spanish Leagues.		Spanish Leagues.
To Los Pregones . .	5	Carried forward	54
Vendas Nuovas . .	3	To Casa Carascal . .	2
Montemor . . .	4	Jarayzeso . . .	2
Arriollos . . .	3	Casas al Puerto . .	2
Venda de Duque . .	3	Almaraz	3
Estremoz	3	Navalmoral . . .	2
Alcuravizas . . .	2	Calzada de Oropesa .	4
Elvas	4	Alcanizo . . .	3
Badajoz	3	Calira	3
SPAIN.		Talavera La Reyna .	3
Talavera la Real . .	3	Sotocoebinos . .	2
Perales		El Bravo . . .	2
Merida	3	Maqueda . . .	3
St. Pedro . . .	3	Sta Cruz del Retamar	2
Venta de la Guia . .	3	Valmojad . . .	3
Meajadas . . .	3	Naval Carnero . .	2
Puerto de Santa Cruz .	3	Mostoles . . .	2
Truxillo	3	Madrid . . .	3
Leagues	54	Distance from Lisbon to Madrid . .	97

It was almost dark when I quitted Aldea Gallega, a thick fog with heavy dew, and the route for several miles was through a forest of pine trees, over a deep sandy soil. In the way from Lisbon to Madrid as far as Talavera la Reyna, we were seldom on the high road, but generally on paths or sheep-tracks; travelling

this distance in a carriage would be very tedious, as mules must be hired for the whole journey from Lisbon to Madrid.

In riding post, it is usual to mount and dismount in the stable, into which you invariably ride, and make your sortie. The horses trot for a few paces on setting out, but immediately break into a canter or hand gallop, at the rate of about 12 miles the hour; at times, however, on giving something extra to the postillion, we galloped as if riding to hounds. As the postillion's horse has the extra load of the traveller's baggage, the person riding post is not permitted to be before the guide.

Five long leagues through this forest of pines, and across an extensive heath, (on which I observed several grey partridges), brought us to Los Pregones, a miserable post-house, resembling a ruinous barn, without flooring, and in a hovel adjoining, persons were sleeping on miserable mattresses on the ground near the fire; above them poultry were roosting and swallows flying up to the roof.

Having changed horses, the same sort of route continued—pine trees, heath and

sand. I met a carriage on two wheels, with a quantity of baggage behind it, guarded by two dragoons, and travelling at a very slow pace, there was only one person in it; who appeared asleep.

Three leagues beyond, we arrived at Vendas Novas, a neat cottage with stables adjoining, and situated in a small village.

From thence to Montemor Nuovo four leagues, the ride was exceedingly pleasant, through underwood resembling a young plantation, with a variety of shrubs which were new to me; the gum cistus grew very luxuriantly and was in fine blossom; the whole of the route from Aldea Gallega resembled ornamented ground, or rather an extensive park with shrubs and young plantations.

To Arrayolos, a large post-house, distant three very long leagues, the country was less sandy, but bleak and hilly, bearing olive trees. I saw several kites, hawks, and hen-harriers,

From thence to Venta del Duque, a single post-house, three leagues, before arriving at which, a species of broom grew everywhere around. Here I observed

some curious birds; the hoopoe, a species of woodpecker, with a magnificent topknot, which the bird either raises or depresses, as the peacock displays his plumes; he occasionally visits this country, but is a rare and singular bird.

There were also numbers of red-legged partridges, also flocks of bee-eaters; birds about the size of a thrush, with red backs, sharp heads and bills, their wings very pointed, the head and neck projecting, their flight not unlike the house-martin, and their note resembles very much the noise of young goslings at a distance.

For the first time I saw a stork (seguin) on the wing, sailing about like a sea-gull; he is larger than the heron, and unlike that bird, flies with his long neck stretched out.

Before arriving at Estremoz, three leagues, the route passed through a wood consisting of trees unknown to me, some of them not unlike oaks, in fine foliage, and growing near each other, the ground everywhere covered with the broom already noticed.

Estremoz is situated on a hill, without

a tree near it, the houses white, and the town tolerably neat, but the inn, wretched beyond idea. On entering the yard, the door of the room was open to allow the smoke to make its escape, and the family were seated on the ground, huddled round the fire, wrapped up in large dark coloured cloaks.

Attendance seemed out of the question, so that I boiled some of the portable soup, and after a comfortless meal, retired to a miserable bed, in which I was intolerably annoyed by insects.

The following morning, 15th April, before leaving Estremoz, it was with some difficulty that I could procure any breakfast, neither coffee nor milk were to be had at the inn, but the postillion with whom I was to take my departure, procured me some bad chocolate in a low dirty room in the town, and having sent out for bread, I made but a poor meal. The route from *Estremoz* to *Alcrivizas*, two leagues, is very bad, and chiefly through a wood of olive trees; but the horses were particularly good, and where the ground was favourable, the postillion rode at full

speed. After leaving the last post, (which was like a house in ruins, with stables attached), the gum cistus grew everywhere around.

From hence to Elvas, four leagues, the country was bare and bleak, we frequently passed over plains extending for a great distance, the route continually up and down hill; nor did we meet any object whatever, except some soldiers of the Portuguese artillery returning with mules which they had purchased; the whole of that service being furnished entirely with those animals, horses not being used. On reaching some high ground, Elvas was seen on a hill before us, and Badajoz twelve miles beyond, appeared nearly circular, and standing in the hollow of a plain, the fortifications not being perceptible from the distance, it looked as though one might walk from the plain immediately into that city.

On looking beyond Elvas, a most extensive view presented itself; level ground for an immense distance, from which mountains of vast height rose singly or connected.

To the right some very lofty mountains, which the postillion mentioned as Denia. Just before entering Elvas, vines grew on each side, the ground was likewise more cultivated, and olive trees were numerous.

Before reaching the summit of the town, but when ascending at the entrance, on our left, was a magnificent aqueduct of great extent, consisting of three tier of arches, one above the other, like windows of an immense edifice.

The inhabitants of Elvas appeared of a superior character and general appearance to those whom I had lately seen, but the Spaniards are considered, in both respects, as having the advantage of the Portuguese.

This being the frontier town, my passport was examined.

The country from Elvas to Badajoz, three leagues, is level; and before crossing a small stream, (the division between Portugal and Spain), which falls into the Guadiana, were two or three huts, built up with faggots, in one of which wine was sold, and here, about half a dozen soldiers

miserably accoutred, formed the advanced guard of Portugal.

On approaching Badajoz, you perceive that it stands rather on an eminence, in the midst of a plain of vast extent; the fortifications are now repaired, but some of the houses exhibited marks of shot.

The storming was made from the breaches, to effect which, incessant cannonading was kept up for a month, so that the fosse, which is of great depth, was raised (by the rubbish of the parapet falling in), perfectly to a level; and this circumstance was mentioned to me, by a person who was in the town during the siege.

In *Badajoz*, however, except the fortifications which are remarkable for their prodigious strength, there is nothing worth seeing, the streets are narrow, and the town by no means opulent.

In the evening I went to the theatre, which, like most others in provincial towns of Spain, is greatly inferior to those of the same kind in France.

Here, I observed what Semple mentions as being the custom at Madrid, that in the

town when the bells rang for evening prayer, persons out of doors all stopped, and taking off their hats remained for a few minutes in silent meditation.

The inn was rather better than that at *Estremoz*, but the apartments were most of them occupied, and the one in which I passed the night was very indifferent and dreadfully infested with insects.

I was resolved to quit this part of the country, so totally devoid of comfort and accommodation, and started from *Badajoz* at 12 o'clock P. M. the morning after I arrived there.

The route continued through uncultivated plains with high mountains on the left, and three leagues distance brought us to *Tulavera la real* (not la Reina) a poor town with miserable houses. After leaving which the country was better cultivated, and for the first time, I saw (*very near to me*) a stork perched on an old church or chapel which stood close to the path over which we rode.

Our route generally was over fields, or rather plains, the roads scarcely marked any where, but more like sheep tracks,

than what would be supposed the high-way to Madrid.

The *Guadiana* was immediately on our left, and I saw several either grey or golden plover. Before arriving at *Perales*, three leagues distant, immediately under a hill which rose perpendicularly from the road, a pole was fixed in the ground close to the way side, and on it was placed the head of a robber, which object had a formidable appearance, and the postillion was extremely anxious to prevent my going near it, lest it should fall down, of which he appeared to entertain a great dread.

Perales is a single post-house, situated on a hill, and here I tasted from a skin some excellent wine, " Tra los montanes."

To *Merida*, three leagues, was little cultivated, but wild and bleak. I arrived there late in the afternoon, and passed over a fine bridge before entering the city. *Merida* is very ancient, (and has a long range of white wall, built of the same material as the city, white stone,) and lies close upon the Guadiana.

Nothing in the way of provision was to be obtained at the inn, but a woman

belonging to he house went out to purchase some refreshment, and returned with both hands full of pieces of chopped bacon, which with fried eggs and oil, afforded me the best repast I could meet with.

The post-master was ignorant of the chariot course (mentioned by Semple), but I was well repaid in accompanying him to see the remains of a Roman aqueduct, several arches of which were in fine repair, lofty and beautiful and extremely narrow: on the summit were several storks who had nests there, and the noise they made with their bills was singular, and not unlike that produced by chimney sweeps when on a May day, they clatter their broom and shovel.

The triumphal arch is of vast size, of Saxon form, but scarcely any ornamental work remaining.

The descent to the water-course is curious, and at the foot of the stairs is a flat marble column in the wall representing a palm-tree.

I left Merida after dark, and after three leagues arrived at St. Pero, a miserable post-house. From thence another three

leagues to Venta de la Guia, equally as bad; the principal room, (if it might be called one) being a large covered place like a stable with a great fire place at one end.

As the weather was unfavourable I waited here a short time, and without taking off my hat or gloves (not liking the dirt) I laid down for a few moments on a pallet or mattrass, covered with coarse sacking, (like a hop sack stuffed with straw) and supported on four legs as a stool. There was nothing like furniture, only a lamp suspended, nor was the ground either paved or boarded, but resembling a night cellar, and in a similar cabin opposite, divided by the entrance into the yard, were the postillions seated on blocks of wood, who from their beggarly appearance gave the idea of desperate characters, plotting mischief during midnight. A dreary ride from hence to Miajadas, (three leagues) where, although day had not yet dawned, the post-master was up, and kindly gave me some chocolate and excellent bread, indeed the only intimation of anything like sustenance in many of

these wretched post-houses, are the chocolate pot, and brush with a long handle for the purpose of preparing a meal.

Three long leagues over the worst road which I had yet encountered, and in a mountainous country, (with very bad horses,) brought me to Puerto (del) de Sta. Cruz, the most wretched village I had yet seen, situated amongst mountains, the country around looked cold and dreary, the cottages small and consisting of a ground floor only, reminded me of those in the valley of the Rhone in Switzerland. The post-house was no less miserable than the village, and certainly the worst which I had hitherto met with.

The horses from hence, however, proved exceedingly good, and as we gradually quitted the mountains, the climate was milder, and the country far more cheerful, on an excellent road, and three leagues of distance, we arrived at Truxillo, standing on a hill, the town appearing exceedingly white, and not a tree to be seen, the atmosphere, as I have frequently observed it in Spain, particularly clear.

The streets in Truxillo are narrow, the pavement bad; as in other Spanish towns, a balcony of iron at every window; marks of former magnificence were visible in several large churches and buildings, but now many of the houses were in ruins, and both churches and convents had been sadly devastated by the French.

Very soon after leaving Truxillo, I had the first view of the Sierra Nevada mountains, which rose magnificently at a considerable distance before us.

The ride from hence to Casal al Carascal, (two leagues) was most agreeable, for we soon entered a park, formerly the property of a nobleman who resided there, but whose residence was now in ruins, converted into a post-house, and having been used by the French as barracks, little more remained than the shell of a building.

The turf in the park was admirable for fast riding, and numbers of low oaks, and other trees grew thickly together. I observed several hoopoes, (before noticed), likewise birds resembling blue magpies, (possibly a species of jay) with red backs, black heads, and long blue tails, lesser

birds, in all respects, than the common pie, but precisely the same in their flight and peculiar noise.

Two leagues through the same sort of route, (for some distance) and afterwards over a steep hill, with wood around, we arrived at Jarayzeo, a poor village, with a fine church in ruins, about which building, and others of the same kind throughout Spain, I observed numbers of kestril hawks, which built their nests amongst the ruins.

Before reaching Casas del Puerto, (two leagues) having ascended the Sierra del Puerte de Miravete, (a rocky mountain), the view from thence exceeded any thing of the kind which had presented itself either in Spain or Portugal.

Immediately below was an immense tract of perfectly level country, extending like a sea, as far as the eye could discern, and at the extremity, (as if forming an enormous wall,) the Sierra Nevada rose perpendicularly from this flat and very extensive country, their summit covered with snow, and exhibiting a long chain of mountains, which enclosed this vast plain.

With the exception of the view of Mont Blanc, and the Alps, as seen from the Jura, on the route to Geneva, that seen from the Sierra described above, is by far the most magnificent I ever beheld.

On reaching by a steep descent, Casas del Puerto, the village had the appearance of having suffered from the shock of an earthquake, the walls of the houses standing, but entirely unroofed, which circumstance arose from the French army having destroyed the buildings to make the beams, &c. serve for fire wood, likewise to revenge themselves on the inhabitants for having fled at their approach; this village was nearly as miserable as Puerto de Santa Cruz.

From Casas del Puerto we continually descended, and soon entered upon that vast space of level country already noticed.

We crossed the Tagus on a floating bridge; that of Almaraz, built of stone, and formed with lofty arches, had been broken down during the late war, and was to our right about a quarter of a mile down the river; immediately after crossing the

Tagus, we ascended the opposite bank on which is a wood.

Almaraz, situated in a plain, and surrounded by the high mountains of the Sierra Nevada, is merely a village; the post-house, (by far the neatest which I had yet seen,) was a good deal like a neat farm house, and every article of furniture exceedingly clean; the other dwellings had most of them been destroyed by the French; low stone walls, and those which had served for partitions, were all that remained.

From Almaraz to Navalmoral, (two leagues) the ride was the most beautiful which I had yet seen; on our left was a fine range of olive trees, beyond which the Sierra Nevada rose almost perpendicularly, the summits covered with snow; on our right the ground, exceedingly well cultivated, a deep sandy soil, with luxuriant crops of corn. Here the climate was remarkably agreeable, and the scene altogether very cheerful, from the numbers of peasantry whom we met riding together, as if returning from market; their appear-

ance indicated health and comfort, and their horses, although small, were in good condition. This was quite a different region compared to that which I had lately traversed, and both the delightfulness of the climate, and fertility of the soil, reminded me of descriptions which I had read of the south of France.

At Navalmoral most of the houses had been destroyed, such, however, as remained were particularly neat and clean, especially the post-house, the landlord of which kept a small shop for articles of wearing apparel, chiefly for women.

As I had now ridden almost without stopping, except to change horses and rest for a short time at Venta de la Guia, from Badajoz, thirty-five leagues, *or one hundred and forty miles*, (rather *more* indeed, as the Spanish leagues frequently exceed four miles), I was heartily glad to repose myself at Navalmoral.

I quitted Badajoz about twelve o'clock in the day, and reached Navalmoral between six and seven o'clock in the evening of the next day, and very much fatigued, having been, with the exception of two

hours, and the necessary delay of changing horses), on horseback *for thirty hours.*

I remained a day at the post-house, and on the following morning set out for Talavera la Reina. I experienced the greatest attention and comfort at Navalmoral, and dined with the post-master and his family; we each of us dipped our spoon into one dish of soup, having no plates, and afterwards partaking in the same manner of the puchero. This last, is the general dish throughout Spain, like the "bouillée" in France; but the former, the puchero, consists of boiled beef, cut in pieces, and served up with bacon, a large kind of pea, some other vegetables, with portions of sausage.

Leaving Navalmoral for Calçada de Oropessa, four leagues, we passed over an immense sandy plain, with the Sierra Morena on our left. Some part of the route was over a high road, extremely sandy, and in bad repair; and here I met the only coach which I had yet seen travelling; it was of clumsy make, and drawn slowly by mules.

There is a magnificent chateau at Calçada

de Oropessa, the property of the Duke de Treias, but now apparently deserted, having ben converted by the French into barracks; there were likewise some very fine churches and convents.

In going from hence to Alcanizo, three leagues, the route continued over sandy plains, without any regular road, and high mountains on the right, which the postillion mentioned as the Sierra de Guadalupe. Afterwards to Cabira, three leagues, over the same bleak country surrounded by mountains.

On approaching Talavera la Reina, which stands in a plain, with mountains to the right and left, the country was better cultivated, but bare of trees, except low olive woods, through which the route lies before reaching the city.

TALAVERA LA REINA

Is built on a flat narrow piece of ground, surrounded with olive trees; to the right, at a small distance, is the Tagus, and on each side of the city, the ground is high.

Talavera appeared to stand very low, and the domes and spires seen rising

above the olive trees, the whole nearly built of red brick, unlike other Spanish towns, described by me, generally of stone.

On entering the city, which bears marks of its former magnificence, I was surprised at the destruction visited by the French, on the churches, convents, houses and public edifices. The streets are narrow, but the houses of good size, with an iron balcony to almost every window.

Talavera some time since, must have been a city of consequence, as a great high road leads from it all the way to Madrid, passing through a fine avenue of trees as you quit the city, some of which had been a good deal injured by the French.

On entering Talavera from Lisbon, several churches had merely the walls remaining; convents and houses were equally demolished, but in leaving the city for Madrid there was less appearance of destruction.

The accommodation offered me at the post-house here, was very indifferent; the

room was on the ground floor, and was nearly full of loaves of bread, which the post-master would have disposed of elsewhere for my convenience.

Having, however, a letter of introduction to a merchant in Talavera, I alighted at his house, in which I had an excellent bed and hospitable entertainment.

He likewise lent me two horses, one of which was ridden by a friend of his, (who accompanied me), who had been on the field during the conflict which took place with the French, in July, 1809.

On leaving the city to visit the field of battle, we immediately entered a large extent of wood, consisting almost entirely of low olive trees, which grew on the narrow and low piece of ground, to the left of the city, entering from Lisbon; and farther on we had olive trees on each side of us.

The French advanced through those on our right, and on the left were olive woods in the rear of the Spanish guard, and some portion of the British troops; and the main body of the latter were, as I

understood, posted on some high ground immediately before us, but on our left.

No traces were to be seen of the battle, except a small redoubt, which, unless pointed out, might have escaped observation.

Beyond, on the left behind the high ground, on which the main body of the British took up their position, was an old farm house, to which some of the wounded were conveyed, and it served at that time for an hospital, but the greater part of the wounded were sent into Talavera.

Nothing could exceed the attention of the merchant, with whom I remained till the following morning; he not only gave me an exceedingly comfortable bed room, but provided dinner for me, on my return to his house, the lower part of which was appropriated as a large shop for articles of wearing apparel, but the rooms above, were particularly well furnished, in comparison of what I had hitherto experienced.

I left Talavera on the morning of the 20th of April, the road from which to Sotocochinez, (two leagues), a single post-

house, led through an avenue of elms, with olive woods and high grounds to the left, and two leagues beyond the latter place, arrived at El Bravo, a small village, with scarcely four cottages remaining, the rest had been completely destroyed by the French.

At Maqueda, three leagues beyond, the French had irreparably damaged the churches, the houses indeed were so completely demolished, that they reminded me of the ruins of Pompeii. Here stands a curious old Moorish castle, built in a square form, having a tower at each corner, the walls have turrets, not however square at their top, but pointed, or as if covered with a cap.

The road to Maqueda is as wide as the "routes royales" of France, but in bad repair, and I met scarcely any object.

The post-house at the above place, was a mere hut, the apartments neither floored nor paved, and the only inmate was an old woman sitting near some wet straw, which was burning as fuel, and the smoke from which was almost suffocating.

The horses from hence, were miserably

bad, in their appearance starved, lame and diseased, they appeared to share in the misery of Maqueda.

The road from hence to St. Cruz del Retamar was over excessively bad pavement, that, however, immediately through Maqueda, was even worse, and appeared to have been purposely damaged during the late war.

The route to Valmasad, (three leagues), was broad, but excessively bad, having great holes in the centre, and at the bottom of the hills, wide streams of water up to the horses knees ; the road gave the idea of having been abandoned entirely.

On leaving St. Cruz, the postillion mentioned that robberies had of late been frequent on this road, and that a coach, (in all probability the one which I had met), had been stopped and plundered by two men on horseback, armed with carbines, swords and pistols. The road favoured an attack of this sort, as here were woods of olive trees on each side, and being continually up and down hill, the view between the hills was confined to a small distance.

The coach was robbed at the bottom of a hill, where there was a bridge, under the arch of which these fellows concealed themselves until the near approach of the carriage, when they sallied out, and effected their purpose. It rained excessively hard, and the water running in places across the road, formed deep and wide gullies ; but the horses were excellent, and we got over the ground at a great rate.

The country, however, was well cultivated, but the road to Navalcarnero, two leagues, still very bad; on some light fallow ground I observed the dotterell, (birds of the plover kind), running close on the side of the highway.

Navalcarnero is a fine village, and the approach to Madrid was perceptible from the high state of cultivation, and the number of persons whom I met on the road. Throughout the whole of this distance, for the most part the country is extremely bare of trees, very little wood, except small patches, here and there, and some few olive trees.

About Talavera the wood was more abundant than elsewhere, but the olive

trees were not luxuriant in their growth, but with round bushy heads, as if they had been trimmed for the wood.

The country was extremely well cultivated about Mostoles, (two leagues distant), and shortly after leaving Navalcarnero, we crossed the Guadiana over a handsome stone bridge, of seven arches.

MOSTOLES.

The last post before reaching Madrid, and but three leagues from the capital. I met near this, eleven men riding in company, each wrapped in a large brown cloak, and carrying a gun slung to his saddle, the barrel of the gun hanging down, and the muzzle fitting into a socket of leather, not unlike that in which a man with a wooden leg, rests his substitute for a limb when on horseback.

In this part of Spain, this mode of carrying a gun is generally adopted, no part being seen but the end of the barrel, which rests parallel with the leg.

The postillion's, neither in Spain nor Portugal, have any regular uniform, as in France, Italy, &c.; but are equipped in a

jacket and small clothes of a dark brown cloth, black leather gaiters as high as the knee, and wooden boxes affixed, (as stirrups), to their saddles. Some of them wore a sheepskin jacket, while others had theirs decorated with some pieces of cloth of a different colour, in a style somewhat similar to that worn by Pantaloon on the stage.

Semple mentions that the form of the Spanish stirrup was taken from the Moors when they were in the country, and at this present time the Moors are said to ride with stirrups of a like description.

MADRID.

I arrived in the capital at about half past eight o'clock in the evening, the lamps were then lighted, and I was struck with the loftiness of the houses, and the regularity of the buildings; more so, perhaps, from those at Lisbon, (except immediately in the city), being low and irregular, and the streets dirty and narrow.

The tranquillity of Madrid is remarkable, even the noise of the postillion's whip appeared to sound like the report of a gun,

and there is less bustle than in almost any of the large towns of France or Italy.

There is however a grandeur about this capital, equal to any which I had seen. The city stands in a plain, bare of trees, and seen at the distance of a few miles; one hardly can credit it to be the capital of Spain. The country around is sandy, and in dry weather, when walking in the streets, the dust is very unpleasant to the eyes.

The sun was excessively powerful in the month of May, and the Spaniards have a proverb, that "in February, a dog seeks the shade."

The nights were comparatively cold, but the brightness of the moon extremely beautiful, more so than can be supposed by those who have not witnessed it; and any one may read with perfect ease, without artificial light.

Numbers of quails are kept in cages, hung up at the windows of the houses, the note of these birds is particularly cheerful, and appears some little interruption to the stillness which prevails over the city, soon after night has commenced.

During the day the streets are very quiet, few persons being seen abroad before the evening, when scarcely any one, either on foot, or in a carriage, omits frequenting the Prado, which may be compared to the Boulevards of Paris, having an avenue of elm trees on each side, with a drive for carriages, and the centre, a sort of Mall for pedestrians, and likewise a drive, as in Hyde park.

The carriages are however of an inferior description, very heavy, inelegantly built, shabby in appearance, and either drawn by small horses, or by two mules, one of them ridden by a postillion.

The royal family constantly frequented the Prado, their carriages sometimes were drawn by very fine horses, at others, by mules.

There are handsome fountains on the Prado, well supplied, but the elms have an excavation round the roots, for the purpose of being watered, otherwise they would die during the hot weather, when for months they would possibly not be refreshed by rain.

On the Prado, (as Semple mentions),

you hear the cry of "fire and water," the former is carried about in some convenient manner for lighting cigars, and the latter, in porous jars, to allay thirst, and sold for about a halfpenny the glass.

Women of every description who walk on the Prado, appear in the same costume, not unlike a black silk domino, the upper part of which is known as the mantilla, and the lower part, (or petticoat), basquina. They rarely wear anything on their head except a black veil, thrown over their hair and parted on the forehead.

They are fond of gay coloured shoes, green and yellow I observed frequently, and white open silk stockings.

They invariably carry a fan, and the daughters, or young ladies generally, for the most part, walk before their mammas or chaperons, not at their side, as is the custom with us.

The women being all dressed nearly alike, renders it difficult for a stranger to discern either the station in life, or the character of a female; but when they are at home, the black dress, already noticed, is laid aside, like a cloak or pelisse.

The Spaniards, for the most part, wear moustache, no national costume is now adopted; they dress like the generality of persons on the continent, although they appeared less attentive to appearance, than either the French or Italians.

The women at Madrid appeared to me by no means handsome, much less so than the Italians, although subsequently, at Toledo, I saw some very handsome. Their complexions are particularly sallow, their hair and eyes jet black, with beautiful teeth.

The Spaniards are not less fond of smoking tobacco, than the Germans are, in the cafés at Madrid, small earthen pots like salt cellars, are on nearly every table, for the purpose of lighting the cigar, which is cut into shreds folded up in white paper in form of a match, very narrow, and smoked in this manner.

The air of Madrid, although said proverbially, "not to put out a candle," will destroy life; there being a remarkable keenness in the atmosphere, and I heard of a young man who was an invalid for months, in consequence of having

thrown open his window immediately on rising.

Laborde mentions that a sensation of shivering is frequently experienced at Madrid, which both myself and two other Englishmen were sensible of, as we returned from Aranjuez one afternoon.

The nightingale sang delightfully at Madrid, particularly so in the gardens of the present Lord Cowley, (then Sir Henry Wellesley), our ambassador, with whom I had the honour of dining.

The streets of Madrid abound with beggars, who exhibit a most horrid and disgusting appearance, for where charity is greatest, there mendicity is most common; I one day observed a woman seated on a donkey, attended by a man who asked relief; the most prominent part of her face was the forehead, the nose and lips having from disease entirely disappeared.

Butchers carry their meat about on horseback, having a sort of wooden saddle, with several hooks fixed into it, to which they affix the meat; I saw nearly the whole of a sheep, (the head excepted), dangling about a horse, accompanied with a rider.

VARIOUS PLACES, WORTH VISITING IN MADRID.

The King's Palace is a magnificent stone building, the chapel highly ornamented, and on a Sunday there is no difficulty of gaining admission, when the royal family are at prayers, but it requires considerable interest to see the interior of the palace, the stone staircase of which is extremely fine.

I had an opportunity of seeing Ferdinand VII. several times, in the chapel, his appearance is by no means prepossessing.

In the Academy royal of arts, are some fine paintings by Murillo, Velasquez, and other eminent artists.

The Museum of the Prado contains some fine pictures, and is open, (like the Louvre), to the public, on certain days.

In the Museum of artillery, (formerly the palace of the Prince of Peace), are suites of apartments, with various models of every description of cannon and small

arms, foundries, and machinery, of different methods of encampment, and fortification; some thrown up with bags, and covered with sand or faggots. Likewise of tents, with horses picketed, and surrounded by *chevaux de frise;* the models of cannon, field pieces and mortars, both of modern and earlier date, are also exhibited.

I observed a field-piece, resembling a musket, but of heavier calibre, mounted on a pair of high but light wheels, which a man might easily wheel before him, and discharge.

A model was given of the sword manufactory of Toledo, also an admirable one of Cadiz, in which every street, alley, and dwelling, was minutely given; this plan occupied large space.

There was a curious representation of Ceuta, in Africa, (about sixteen miles across, from Gibraltar, where persons were frequently banished for various offences), built on a fortification, the streets excessively narrow, and straggling, another likewise of Gibraltar.

THEATRES.

The two principal of which, are the Principe and Cruz. The women sit apart from the men, none of the latter being permitted to enter in that portion of the house appropriated to them, and the ground floor, or pit, appeared equally reserved for the men.

The bull fights are by far the greater attraction in this capital, the theatres being but little frequented, and in the whole tier of boxes, I have sometimes seen but one or two parties.

During my residence at Madrid, the Constitution having been signed and the Inquisition abolished, the monks were ridiculed on the stage, the devil was represented under this disguise, and the intrigues, deception, and villany frequently practised by the order was unmasked to the public.

THE BULL FIGHTS

Have been so frequently described, and the outline so generally known, that it might be tedious to give a detail of them.

Could they be divested of barbarity it would be worth the journey to Madrid for the purpose of being a spectator at these national entertainments; since the courage, dexterity, and address of the bull fighters surpass imagination, and there is great theatrical splendour combined with considerable risk of human life.

The horses used on these occasions are such as are nearly unserviceable, and on which the fury of the enraged animal is vented to effect the escape of his real persecutors. I saw myself five horses dead in the arena at one time, killed by a single bull; the applause on this occasion was deafening, and in which females of a superior class, and extreme mildness of deportment, joined enthusiastically.

There is medical aid close at hand in a place appointed for the purpose for any of the bull fighters who might receive injury; while the miserable horses, torn and mangled in a most dreadful manner, are urged towards the bull, so long as their speed or powers of motion remain unimpaired.

On the whole, Madrid as a capital offers perhaps as little amusement, as any city of

France or Italy, (Rome excepted;) for where the heat of the sun precludes much going out during the day, persons who are in the habit of being a good deal in the open air find it difficult to accommodate their habits to confinement within doors.

PROCESSION.

On the second of May, the anniversary of the Spaniards rising against the French in *Madrid*, when numbers of the former were put to death for insurrection on the Prado, a chapel or altar in the form of a Pyramid was erected on the spot, where many Spaniards had been shot, and to this place there was an immense procession, all the monks from the different convents, the officers of law, the State and military walking two and two, formed an immense line on their way to the chapel to hear mass performed.

The principal street at Madrid, "La puerta del Sole," has every morning a great assemblage of persons meeting there as on an exchange, otherwise very few

people are seen about, especially women, before the hour of going to the Prado.

The Bolero was frequently danced on the stage, by a male and female, each with castanets, making great use of their arms, approaching each other, advancing and withdrawing one foot, at the same time the one dancing round the other.

THE ESCURIAL.

I went with three other persons to visit the above celebrated edifice, distant about 32 ~~28~~ miles from the capital; we hired a clumsy sort of carriage, something between a coach and a waggon, painted dark blue, and drawn by six mules, which were four hours in performing the distance. The road is extremely dreary, amidst mountains and barren heath, immediately however before arriving we passed by some meadows and a park for hunting.

"*Escurial*, in Arabic, signifies a place "full of rocks, the situation is said to have "been chosen for the sake of obtaining "stone. It was built by Philip the Second, "to commemorate the battle of St. Quentin,

"1557; the building was began in 1562, "and completed in twenty-two years. The "number of windows in the west front is "200, in the east 366."

The building is a long square, 640 feet by 580; at each angle is a square tower 200 feet high.

The orders employed, Doric and Ionic.

The pile of building is enormous, and contains within the walls both a palace and a convent, with a magnificent church, which, although of inferior dimensions, reminded me of St. Peter's at Rome.

The gardens, fish ponds, cellars and kitchen are of proportionate size.

The monks appeared to live luxuriously; they were clad in white (the order of St. Lawrence), looked the picture of health and good cheer, some of them were angling in the fish ponds, the cellar was of great extent, the wine kept in very large red earthen jars, standing in a row (like vats) against the wall, and near them places for icing wine in hot weather.

In the church, under the seats for the monks, pieces of flat cork were placed to prevent their feet being cold.

The country around is bleak and rocky, but the gardens of the Escurial are laid out like a terrace, scarcely any high shrubs but box, clipped or cut out in various figures.

The collection of paintings in the Escurial is valuable, many of them by the first Italian artists, others by the most celebrated of Spain.

The Library is of considerable magnitude, and contains scarce and valued MSS.

In one of the towers, were several small bells, having wires attached to them, and affixed to the keys of a piano-forte, on which a person belonging to the convent, played several pieces of music.

On the chimnies of the convent some storks had built their nests, out of which the bills of the young ones projected like spikes.

The houses, (built in modern times), for the accommodation of the attendants on the court, consist of a long and regular range of white building, not unlike barracks, but the apartments seemed unfurnished, there being neither glass nor shutters to the windows.

ARANJUEZ,

A royal palace, is about twenty-five miles from Madrid, over an excellent road through avenues of trees, as in the "routes royales" of France.

The gardens are exceedingly beautiful, laid out in long vistas under lofty trees, many of them elms in most luxuriant foliage, various statues, finely sculptured in white marble, and forming groups, fountains in the walks, and nightingales in full song. Not far off, were fine avenues of elms, a capital road between them, so that during hot weather, the royal family could ride or drive.

The Caza del Labrador, (labourer's cottage), is a small palace situated in a garden, laid out in the English style, amongst delightful avenues of poplar trees.

The exterior of this palace is ornamented with marble statues, the inside with floors of marble and mosaic, the walls hung with silks, on which were embroidered the Prado, the palace at Aranjuez, &c.

In the larger palace, (that of Aranjuez), are some fine pictures, and an apartment entirely fitted up with china of a white colour, for the walls; the frames of the mirrors, the lamp, chandeliers, &c., were all of that material. The inn was rather better than that near Escurial, but the accommodation very indifferent.

TOLEDO

Is about thirty miles from Madrid, the route appeared little frequented, but the country around well cultivated.

It was formerly the Moorish capital, and the city is built like those of Africa, with narrow winding streets; there are likewise many remains of Moorish architecture; the bridge, many parts of the wall which surrounds the city, arches, &c. were built by those people.

The cathedral is a noble pile of gothic building, and reminded me of York Minster. The choir has black oaken seats, (as at Winchester), and the wood work is admirably carved, representing the conquest of Grenada from the Moors.

I had heard much of the great bell,

but its magnitude did not answer the ideas which I had formed.

The Alcazar is a magnificent stone building, said to have been erected in the time of Charles I.; in the interior is a court, surrounded by cloisters, supported by arches and a double row of pillars, one above the other.

It was used at one time as a silk manufactory, and subsequently the French almost destroyed the interior by fire.

Many of the houses have small latticed windows, and in various parts of the city are minarets built by the Moors; one of our party who had been in Andalusia, perceived great resemblance between this city and some of the towns in that province.

In the great square, (named since the constitution), Piazza de la Constitucion, the houses were ornamented with iron balconies the whole extent of the building, and with window shutters of a dark oak colour, which had a singular effect when closed.

The remains of the antient Moorish wall, with its towers, was in some places

but little impaired; likewise the bridge across the Tagus is in high preservation, constructed with one large arch, and two smaller, and the Moorish minarets are every where visible.

I saw more handsome women in Toledo, than at Madrid; the theatre is miserably poor, but the Boraccia was danced by a female, (representing one in the state of intoxication), which was most indelicate.

THE SWORD MANUFACTORY

Is a building of no great size, and but few hands were then employed. Formerly the blades from hence were highly considered, and the method of fabrication was this.

A small piece of Biscay steel was placed lengthways between two pieces of iron, thus, (iron / steel / iron) the iron eight or ten inches long, the metal, red hot, was gradually beaten out with hammers, until the blade was formed.

The mode of tempering was not explained, but the edge is proved by forcibly striking it against a piece of flat iron, laid on a cushion, after which the blade is gra-

dually bent, all the way up from the hilt to the point, over a piece of wood; the manufacturer afterwards looking along the back to observe if it remain perfectly straight, not in the least bent; the point is then fixed against a piece of lead fastened in the wall, and bent each way, when, if the blade neither break nor appear crooked by the trial, it is considered as perfect.

The streets of Toledo are paved, and the city bears the remains of former magnificence.

Both here and throughout Spain generally, persons retire to sleep after an early dinner; to disturb them during that period, would not be less contrary to custom, than if in England a visit were made at midnight.

DEPARTURE FROM MADRID.

There were two other modes of travelling to Bayonne, besides that of riding post.

Either with a courier in a small carriage carrying four persons, and taking the mail for France; or with a Vettorino, in a clumsy coach drawn by mules, travelling at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a

day, starting at day break to arrive before evening at the end of the day's journey, there being after dark still greater dread of robbers.

This mode of getting through a hundred leagues, nearly four hundred miles, would be excessively tedious, possibly with passengers whose society might be disagreeable, not to mention the length of time, ten, twelve, or more days on the road, subject to bad inns, and a variety of inconvenience.

Although the weather was tremendously hot I preferred riding post, and being provided with a saddle and bridle, pistols in the holsters, and not much baggage, I started for Bayonne on the morning of the 22nd May.

As in Portugal, the postillion's saddle has a groove in front, on which he straps the portmanteau of the traveller, and rides with it before him, nor does the weight thrown so immediately on the horses' shoulders appear to impede their gallop.

Route from Madrid to Bayonne.

From Madrid.

	Spanish Leagues.
To Alococendas . . .	3
St. Augustin . . .	3½
Cabanillas	3
Changed horses between these posts.	
Buitrago	4
Somo Sierra . . .	3
Cartdlego	3
Tresmillo	2½
Onrabia	3
Aranda de Duero . .	3
Gumiel de Izan . .	2
Bahabon	2
Lerma	3
Madrigalego . . .	2½
Sarracin	3
Burgos	2
Quintanapala . . .	3
Castil de Peonis . .	3
Briviesca	2
Cubo	3
Leagues	53½

	Spanish. Leagues
From Cubo to Ameyugo .	3
Miranda de Ebro .	2½
Puebla	3
Vittoria	3
Changed horses between	
Salinas de Leniz . .	4
Mondragon . . .	2½
Vergara	2
Villareal	2½
Villafranca . . .	3
Tolosa . , ...	3
Andoasin	2
Artigazzaga . . .	2
Oyazun	2½
Irun	2½
FRANCE	
Oxunia	2½
St. Jean de Luz . .	3
Uriarte	2
Bayonne	2
From Madrid to Bayonne . .	100½

From *Madrid* to *Burgos* there is little variety, but the road is perhaps one of the finest on the continent, passing through a wild and dreary country, either amongst plains of an immense extent well cultivated, or over mountains, with miserable villages

at long intervals from each other; the houses reminded me of those in Switzerland, being built very low and of rude construction. I perceived (as in Italy) that the farther I travelled northward, the more cultivations and habitations increased, likewise more appearance of animal life, for nearer Madrid we rode for many miles on the high road, meeting scarcely animals of any description.

At the post-house at *Buitrago* I missed a small portmanteau or valise, in which I carried some few necessaries and gold to the amount of about £30., of which, unless I had returned to Madrid, I should have been unable on the route to Bayonne to have obtained a farther supply.

I recovered it by great good fortune; I first started to ride back myself, thinking it might be left at the last post-house, but my saddle turning round, from being loosely girthed, I dismounted to arrange it, but the horse kicked so viciously on my attempting to replace it, that I was obliged to lead him back from whence I had set out.

I then started again from *Buitagro* with

another postillion on the same route back, and we rode at full gallop, fearing some person might find it on the road (supposing it to have been dropped) before our arrival. The postillion inquired of those on the road if they had seen the object of our search, when two men who were lying under some bushes at some distance from the high way, on being hailed, greatly to my delight, held up the portmanteau to our view.

I consider that the former postillion had purposely thrown it down, with the intention of regaining it on his return.

I rode without stopping, except to change horses, to Aranda del Duero (28 leagues, 112 miles); the heat during the day over the vast unshaded plains of Castille was intense, a clear blue sky without a cloud, which added to the exertion of riding rapidly on a hard road caused extreme thirst, and fearful of drinking when over heated, I found great comfort in holding cold water in my mouth and then ejecting it.

The horses (from there being a great high road) were less accustomed to the

saddle, and frequently intolerably rough in their paces.

Burgos and *Vittoria*, through which I passed, offered little worth seeing, except their cathedrals, and those cities like other Spanish towns had an iron balcony at every window.

On the route I passed carriages of rude construction, drawn slowly by mules, going from or to France.

These were the carriages of Vettorino, before alluded to.

Both at *Burgos* and *Vittoria* the inns were very superior to those which I had hitherto frequented, especially the latter, where I found a good "table d'hôte," and comfortable accommodation in other respects. This being the great high road from France to *Madrid*, is a good deal frequented.

The country about *Vittoria* is extremely mountainous, the road very stony and full of ruts, but about *Vergera* the scenery is beautiful; great variety, much water and abundance of trees, the country frequently rising in the form of low mountains, which are covered with verdure.

The country is well cultivated, the houses are well built, many of them with the projecting Spanish roof, and there are plenty of cattle in the fields.

The inhabitants, both with regard to clothing and an appearance of health, were very superior. I observed women in charge of cows and horses, and peasants cultivating their gardens.

At *Villareal*, and *Tolosa*, the daughters of the post-masters were beautiful, and of manners and address above their class in life; in short, it appeared as if the country I had now arrived at was far superior to any thing I had seen since leaving *Lisbon*.

I met numbers of persons riding on horseback, the women wore bonnets as their walking dress, which marked the difference between this part of the country and Madrid, where women wear only a black silk veil, or occasionally the mantilla thrown over the head.

On entering *France* a narrow stream is crossed, the line of demarcation.

At *Irun*, the last Spanish town, it is necessary to state in writing the sum

which the traveller has in his possession, in Spanish coin, that it may be known what is the amount which he takes out of the kingdom.

The baggage and passport are examined on entering France.

I arrived at *Bayonne* on Thursday, at one o'clock in the day, having quitted *Madrid* on Monday; most heartily glad to find myself in France, which I considered as home compared with Spain, where hospitality by no means abounds, robbers in the country, and the postillions brutal in manner and savage in appearance.

To the best of my recollection it was on leaving *Aranda de Duero* that the postillion suddenly galloped away as hard as his horse could go; I fancied the animal was running away with his rider, who, so soon as he could get breath, mentioned having observed two men lying with guns near the road.

Several times, indeed, the postillions exclaimed "Ha y ladrones," "*there* are robbers," before coming close to persons on the high road, who by allowing us to pass unmolested, must be considered as having

been mistaken for persons of the description alluded to.

The route from Lisbon to Bayonne (with the exception of Madrid) offers by no means sufficient recompense for the privation which the traveller must undergo;—and such accommodation as he must submit to from Lisbon nearly to Badajoz (the Alentejo) is worse, perhaps, than on any other part of the continent.

OUTLINE OF MY ROUTE FROM MADRID.

Monday, 22nd May, I rode from Madrid to Aranda (28 leagues), where I rested two hours.

From Aranda to Burgos, 14½ leagues, where I arrived the 23rd, at eleven o'clock at night.

From Burgos to Vittoria . . .	19½ leagues.
At 3 o'clock, P.M. on the 24th, Wednesday,	
I reached Toloso	17 do.
Thence to Bayonne	18 do.

Where I arrived Thursday at 1 o'clock, P.M.

Having ridden during a burning sun 100½ leagues in three days and a half, travelling almost night and day, rather than remain at inns, totally devoid of any thing like comfort and swarming with insects.

On Friday the 26th of May, in the morning, I left Bayonne in the cabriolet of a diligence, and arrived (without stopping) at Bordeaux, on Sunday morning at seven o'clock ; forty-eight hours.

Soon after leaving Bayonne, the diligence had no less than ten horses in a line, two of them in the shafts, the country being a deep sand, "Les Landes," and here and there the road was repaired with boards, said to have been so done for Napoleon when he went to Vittoria.

The horses in the diligence over this sand, travelled at a foot pace like a waggon. I remained at Bordeaux until Tuesday, June 13th, when I left it with the courier about eight o'clock in the morning.

The carriage was drawn by post-horses, and would hold two persons comfortably, but a bar was placed across, and another bench behind the first, and the roads being bad, and the springs rough, (only two wheels), the motion was very unpleasant, and we were a good deal crowded by two additional passengers.

Arrived in this conveyance at Nantes,

without resting, on Thursday morning at seven o'clock; forty-eight hours.

We passed through La Rochelle, which, like Rochfort, is strongly fortified.

I left Nantes at five o'clock of the evening of my arrival, (Thursday), and reached Rennes on Friday morning at eight o'clock; (twenty-seven hours).

There is, comparatively, little worth seeing in the French towns through which I passed, and I was desirous of arriving in England.

On Friday, at twelve o'clock, four hours after my arrival at Rennes, I took a place in the cabriolet of the diligence, and arrived at Caen, on Saturday 17th, at five o'clock P. M.; seventeen hours.

On Monday, the 19th June, at two o'clock P. M., in the same manner, (in a small and vile diligence, as they usually are out of the direct roads), and got to Rouen, at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning; eighteen hours.

Having arrived at Rouen at eight o'clock in the morning, I quitted it at ten, on the same morning, and arrived at Dieppe, same day, at four o'clock in the afternoon,

Tuesday; and again, at ten o'clock on Tuesday night, I left Dieppe in a small carriage drawn by two horses, and arrived next morning at Abbeville, which I left the same morning, Wednesday, in the malleposte, the French mail coach; and was at Calais, the next morning, Thursday, between four and five o'clock in the morning.

On Thursday evening I left Calais in the Defence, sailing packet, and landed at Dover, on Friday, June 23rd.

My reason for travelling so far overland, from Bayonne to Calais, was from aversion to the sea; there were no steam packets at that time.

In looking back at my tour, I consider myself fortunate in not having met with accident of any kind during the journey, and that of seventy-three horses, not one of them fell with me, although the route was occasionally bad, and I frequently rode after dark.

APPENDIX.

In travelling from Lisbon to Madrid there is scarcely any object worthy of notice, with the exception of Merida.

That part of Portugal through which I passed, offered to view more trees and underwood, and appeared less bleak than Spain, where for days together no trees are seen, but immense plains, cross roads adapted for horses only, and the view bounded by high mountains. Few persons are to be met with on the roads, I observed no one travelling, only two carriages, one in Portugal, journeying at a foot-pace, guarded by soldiers, and the other in Spain.

Except a variety of birds, particularly of the hawk kind and storks, I saw but little animal life, and should doubt there being much to interest the botanist.

The honesty, however, amongst the inhabitants is praiseworthy; part of my travelling equipment might have been easily withdrawn, but I lost nothing; whereas either

in France, or Italy, the case would have been different.

Between Lisbon and Madrid, I rode thirty-four horses, all of which were excellent. None fell, or went badly, but always much delay at the post-houses, for if the horses were not at grass, time was lost in shifting my saddle, &c.

I experienced no attempts to impose at any of the post-houses, on the contrary, frequent refusal to accept any remuneration for refreshment, &c.

BULL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

M. Fonsaney, the author of a work entitled "Travels and Adventures in Spain," gives some animated descriptions of the favourite sports of the Spanish people—the bull fights—which take place in the presence of the King and a countless number of his subjects. The author, after describing the amphitheatre of Aranjuez, in which there was an exhibition on the 5th of June, 1830, proceeds to notice the arrival of the King and Queen, and the Infantas of both sexes—the magnificence of the costume of the toreros, the men appointed to attack the bulls—and the general excitement observable in the throng. All being in readiness, the toreros, twenty in number, reached the foot of the Royal Stand, with their heads uncovered. Our author then continues:—

"Those who were on foot bent one of their knees to the ground. The King made a sign to them to rise and repair to their post. In an instant the cloaks flew, and the magnificence of their elegant dresses of majos, covered with precious stones, and gold and silver spangles, which shone with

brilliancy in the sun, was displayed. They were like a small army, taking up a position and preparing for the fight, in expectation of the enemy. Three of the picadores went out of the arena, to form, as it were, the cavalry in reserve. The other two, Sevilla and Pinto, on receiving their lances, went and stationed themselves along the barrier, at some distance from the gate of the toril, or stable, where the bulls are kept. The King threw down the key of the gate. One of the alguazils took it, and brought it to the mayoral, or keeper of the bulls, after which he galloped out of the enclosure, amidst the laughter and hissings of the people. The drums then beat again. This was a solemn and terrible signal. It is so particularly for the picador, who, with the lance in readiness, and at a few paces from the gate of the toril, is to bear the first shock. He is yet neither heated nor excited by the danger already passed, as he will be by and by. At this trying moment, when life itself is at stake, he has not yet thrown down the dice. I have heard the brave

Ortis, an old picador, who has, perhaps, attacked 10,000 bulls, and who has not a single rib that has not been broken by falls and horn-thrusts, affirm that he had never stood thus, waiting for the appearance of the first bull, without being seized with a momentary shivering and covered with a cold sweat.

"The gates of the toril were thrown open, and a magnificent bull of Colmenar, covered with black and white patches, came into the arena. He looked at the first picador with an uncertain stare, scratching the ground with his fore-hoof, as if inclined to attack his enemy, and then capered off. His mettle was at once set down by the spectators. 'No vale nada!' was vociferated from all parts,—'The dogs, the dogs! it is a cow or a goat!' The judgment thus passed at the very outset proved correct. One of the chulos having tried to bring him back towards the picadores, was pursued by the animal himself, and the torero having jumped over the barrier, the bull followed, jumping over it also, thus displaying his agility in taking a leap. But he had only got

into the place between the double enclosure, which runs round the place, and he came back into the arena through one of the gates which was opened for him. The spectators continued hissing him, and calling him names, and insisting that the dogs should be set at him. All at once, however, accepting the challenge offered him by one of the chulos, he crossed the whole of the arena at full speed, and when at the foot of the inner enclosure, behind which the torero had taken refûge, by an extraordinary exertion he leaped over. Loud cries issued from the spot at the same instant. He had not, as the time before, got into the intervening space, but had passed over the double enclosure, and got into the tendido, just in the very thickest part of the spectators. The confusion became general, and a desperate clamour was set up. The people, like a great wave violently impelled by the wind, came inundating the gradas cubiertas, and scrambling up the balustrade which separated it. But neither there nor in the stands did any one think himself safe, and a rush soon followed at the

narrow places of issue. The bull seemed himself as greatly frightened as the crowd. He had crossed the space which had been opened for him, and got into the orchestra. There, finding the steps irregular, he stopped short on a platform, casting around him a stupid glance. The poor beast was more intent on escape than mischief. The musicians had precipitately vacated their seats, throwing away their instruments, which were scattered about pell-mell with upset chairs. After passing over some of these, and breaking down some wooden balustrades, the bull continued his march in the tendido. The army of toreros having rallied, and placed themselves in ambuscade, waited for him. Not being able to oppose any defence to their attacks, amidst the many impediments by which he was surrounded, he soon fell under the sword thrusts and dagger-blows which were showered on him. As soon as it was known that the bull was killed, confidence returned, and the retrograde movement stopped. The crowd gradually returned; every one took possession, not of his own seat, but that which was found vacant.

"The sport was resumed. Another animal, of the Andalusian breed, with open and high horns, made his appearance. The chulos were exerting themselves to get him off the picador Pinto, who, with his horse, had been knocked down by the animal, and was trampled upon. The horse was killed by a single thrust of the horn, which entered the heart. One of the picadores succeeded in inducing the bull to give him chase. Pinto was then raised: he was but slightly hurt, so that he soon reappeared in the arena, mounted on another horse. His reappearance elicited great applause. Another picador was by this time unhorsed. His horse, thrown down by a horn-thrust in the belly, rose again, and was galloping round the arena with his bowels hanging down and dragging in the dust, and trod upon by the poor beast in such a way, that part of them were flung among the spectators. While galloping thus the bull came towards him, and receiving him on his horns, threw him off at ten paces' distance, where the horse remained motionless. There was already

blood enough in the arena, and in proportion as it flowed the people's excitement increased. An absolute fever was taking possession of them, 'Bravo toro! buen toro!' were exclamations heard on every side, accompanied with enthusiastic applause. The bull attacked Pinto's second horse. The rider's lance was broken on the collar-bone of the assailant, who furiously thrust the whole of one of his horns into the horse's breast, and was pushing on with all his might, as if he wished to bury therein his whole head. The young matador Montes, seeing that there was danger, came on, and held out his cloak to the bull, in order to attract his attention, and give time to the picador to disengage himself. Montes was driven to a space in which his movements could not be sufficiently free; but the bull, attracted at length by him, withdrew his horn from the breast of the horse, which immediately fell back on its rider. The latter was saved, and Montes, whose only object was to save him, was now thinking of placing himself for safety behind the barrier. As he was stepping on the plank placed there for the purpose of facilitating

the escape of the toreros, he trod on his cloak, which he was dragging along, and was compelled to stop short. The bull made no spring, but having gone forward only one step, lowered his head, and then raised it rapidly. Montes was caught, and he fell. One of the horns had penetrated deeply into his left breast. This was a terrible—nay, an atrocious spectacle. One cry alone was heard among the crowd, and then a deep silence followed. The spectators rose in a mass, and looked on with frightful curiosity. The bull, however, had not quitted his victim. When he saw Montes stretched on the ground, he came and smelt him, and finding that he was not dead, retreated a few paces, then advanced again, took him over his horns, and tossed him five or six times in the air. All the toreros had come round them, making the most desperate efforts to save what remained of the life of their comrade, who already had the appearance of a miserable remnant of man. The bull being at length attracted by the sight of the scarlet cloak of one of the capeadores, ran to the other side of the

arena after the new adversary, leaving Montes stretched out motionless, with his clothes torn to rags. He was taken away, dead to all appearance, but not a tear was shed on his account!

"The bull had pierced the bellies of two other horses, and notwithstanding the deep wounds which the picadores had inflicted on him, and the blood he had lost, he was far from weakened, but, on the contrary, seemed to gain new energy. To the great discontent of the spectators, who testified their disapprobation in a violent manner, a troop of banderilleros had proceeded to place on the neck of the animal several pair of banderilleras. A new matador, Jose Miranda, of former celebrity, now took the place of Montes, after going through the customary ceremonies. Miranda saw it was a matter of life and death—a duel which must prove fatal to one of the parties. Facing the animal, he looked into his eyes, and seemed to be surveyed by his opponent with equal curiosity. Miranda then made a movement, as if going to advance. The bull came upon him with his head lowered,

but only caught the red mantle. In a moment he stepped back, and a pause of some seconds followed, during which the most profound silence reigned among the crowd. Miranda bent himself a little, lowering at the same time the muleta: he raised his arm so as to bring the elbow towards the breast, holding his sword inclined above the head of the bull. The latter suddenly sprang on the matador, but he was himself pierced, and mortally struck. The arm of Miranda having passed between the two horns, he drove the sword as far as the hilt into the hinder part of the neck. The blow was given in a masterly manner. The bull reeled, took a few backward steps, convulsively shaking his head, as if to throw off the weapon which had traversed him, then fell down, and remained motionless.

"A sudden and universal explosion of 'Viva' and applause now burst forth. The women then leaned forward, and agitated their fans; white handkerchiefs were waved in the stands, in the gradas cubiertas, and in the tendido; the whole circus was, in fact, covered with them.

The fortunate and triumphant matador traversed the arena, and proceeded to depose at the foot of the King's stand the sword and the muleta. The elegant and rich equipage drawn by mules, was then brought into the arena, and the remains of the horses and bulls were taken out in it at full gallop. The sport was resumed."

THE END.