

so ugly a customer. The horse, in the present instance, was a poor hack of a thing. The Piccadore made an effort to turn the furious animal with the lance, or pole, but it was ineffectual; and before one could say "Jack Robinson," down went he and the poor Rosinante. The latter vainly strove to rise; the horns of the bull dug into its breast and sides, and soon its struggles were feeble and dying; but immediately upon the overthrow of the horse and rider, the footmen rushed to the spot to divert the bull from his prostrate foes; but he was too busy goring the poor horse to pay attention to them. They, however, assisted the rider to his feet, (no easy matter considering his cumbersome dress) and contrived to get him behind one of the fences. The bull seeming as though he never would tire of goring the poor horse, a footman or two advanced behind him, and drove two sharp pointed darts into his hanches. This gave a new direction to his rage. He was round in an instant, and after them. Again, others advanced behind him, and threw more darts. Some of these had fire-crackers attached to them. He would chase them, but there were still others to annoy him in rear. Finally, the poor creature knew not whom to chase. This sport continued until the spectators had enough of it, and the Alcalde gave the word for the Bull-Slayer to appear. This is the hero of the day! He advanced, sword in hand, and halting before the Alcalde's throne, bowed, and made an address; the purport of which was, that, with the sword he bore he would slay the furious bull. He then addressed himself to his work.

With the sword in one hand and a red cloak in the other, he approached the panting beast, waving the cloak before him to attract its attention. This was soon done, for the bull seemed to wish nothing more ardently than to close with any antagonist. Accordingly, he very soon made the fearful rush that distinguishes the attack of this animal. I thought all was over with the adventurous man,—but hesprang nimbly to one side, threw the cloak adroitly over the bull's head, and plunged the sword into his neck. It went home to the heart, for the poor animal recoiled as if shot, dropped on its knees, and almost immediately rolled upon its side in the death throes. Thunders of applause now rent the air. Bueno, bravo, bravissimo, Caballero! and Vivas! long continued resounded from every quarter. The ladies, young and old, shouted like the rest, and waved their handkerchiefs, and clapped their hands, until there walked not a prouder man on the face of the earth than the Bull-Slayer; and he looked every inch a hero as he held his victor glaive on high, red to the hilt with blood. After quiet had been restored, the gates were thrown open, and galloped in

three horses, harnessed abreast to a machine for drawing without the arena the carcass of the slain bull.

In a short time, again the trumpet sounded, and again rushed in a bull; again was the whole scene gone through with some variations. There were six fights altogether. No other horse was killed that day, but one or two had their sides perforated by the horns of the maddened animals. In one instance, the bowels protruded, and in this state was the poor horse ridden about the arena. A shocking sight it was, and I was scarcely affected after such barbarity, when I saw one of the matadores so hotly pursued by a bull as to be cut off from a place of shelter. He had about as narrow an escape from death as any man need be ambitious of. He fled before the bull like a deer. Well he knew that death was close behind him, and that his only chance of life was to clear the fence at a bound. As already mentioned, this was about seven feet high. Attention was riveted upon him; the bravest held their breath. Every one thought his course was run, but not so. He leaped for life, and it may be imagined, the leap would have done no discredit to the most accomplished vaulter. He reached the height of the fence and succeeded in getting over. 'Twas well for him he was quick as lightning, for the impatient horns, sharp as sword points, were not a foot behind him when he made the spring. How enraged the bull did look to be sure, on finding his intended victim beyond his reach!—He bellowed till the very air trembled with affliction. The description of a bull-fight in *Childe Harold*, is so admirable, that the Reader will re-peruse it, I'm sure, with pleasure, after the account I have given.

*The lists are opened, the spacious arena clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,  
No vacant space for lated wight is found:  
Here Dons, Graceros, but chiefly dames abound,  
Skill'd in the eagle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;  
None through their cold disdain are down'd to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.*

*Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,  
With milk white crest, gold spur, and light poised lance,  
Four Cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,  
And lowly bending, to the lists advance:  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers festly prance:  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear away.*

*And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay,*

*In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all about, the light-limb'd matadors  
Stand in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not before*