on horseback, the celebrated picture *de las Meninas*, that of the *Weavers*, that of the *Revellers*, that of the *Forge of Vulcan*, that of the *Surrender of Breda*, huge canvases full of figures, some of whose slightest points, once seen, one remembers distinctly, such as a motion or a shadow on a face, just like living persons, met at present; people with whom one seems to have talked, of whom one thinks a long time afterward as of acquaintances of some unknown period; people who inspire gaiety, and rouse with admiration a smile, and make one almost experience a feeling of regret that one can only enjoy them with the eyes, that one cannot mingle with them, or attain a little of that exuberant life. It is not the effect of the favorable anticipation to which the name of the great artist gives rise, one need not be a connoiseur of art to enjoy them; the poor woman and the boy stop before those pictures, clap their hands, and laugh. It is nature depicted with a surprising fidelity; one forgets the painter, does not think of the art, nor does he discover the aim, but exclaims: "It is true! it is thus! It is the image I had in my mind!" One would say that Velasquez had put none of his ideas into it, that he had allowed his hand to do as it chose, and that the hand had done nothing but fasten upon the canvas the lines and colors of an optical camera, which reproduced the real personages whom he was depicting. More than sixty of his pictures are in the gallery at Madrid, and if one saw them hastily but once, not one of them would be forgotten. It is the case with the pictures of Velasquez as it is with the romance of Alessandro Manzoni, which, after reading it ten times, becomes so interlaced and confused with our particular recollections, that we seem to

have *lived through* it. Thus the personages in the pictures of Velasquez mingle in the crowd of the friends and acquaintances (absent and present) of our entire life, and present themselves to our minds, and hold converse with us, without our even remembering that we have seen them painted.

Now let us talk of Murillo in the gentlest tone of voice that is possible. In art Velasquez is an eagle; Murillo an angel. We admire the former and adore the latter. His canvases make him known as if he had lived with us. He was handsome, good, and pious; many knew not where to touch him; around his crown of glory he bore one of love. He was born to paint the sky. Fate had given him a peaceful and serene genius, which bore him heavenward on the wings of a placid inspiration; and yet his most admirable pictures breathe an air of modest sweetness, which inspires sympathy and affection even before wonder. A simple and noble elegance of outline, an expression full of vivacity and grace, an ineffable harmony of color are the points which strike one at first sight, but the longer one looks at them, the more one discovers in them, and astonishment is transformed, little by little, into a sweet feeling of gladness. His saints have a benign expression that cheers and consoles one; his angels, whom he groups with a marvellous mastery, make one's life tremble with the desire to kiss them; his virgins, clothed in white and enveloped in their blue mantles, with their great black eyes, their folded hands, so willowy, slight, and aerial in appearance, make one's heart tremble with sweetness and one's eyes fill with tears. He combines the truth of Velasquez with the vigorous effects of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant

vivacity of Rubens. Spain gave him the name of the *Painter of the Conceptions*, because he was insuperable in the art of representing this divine idea. There are four great *Conceptions* in the Madrid gallery. I passed half days before those four pictures, quite motionless and almost in a state of ecstasy. I was most completely carried away by that one in which only a part of the figure is given, with the arms folded over the breast and the half-moon across the waist. Many place this one after the others. I trembled in hearing this said, because I was seized with inexplicable passion for that face. More than once in looking at it, I felt the tears coursing down my cheeks. Standing before that picture my heart softened, and my mind rose to a height which it had never attained before. It was not the enthusiasm of faith; it was a desire, a limitless aspiration toward faith, a hope which gave me glimpses of a nobler, richer, more beautiful life than I had hitherto led; it was a new feeling of prayerfulness, a desire to love, to do good, to suffer for others, to expiate, and ennoble my mind and heart. I have never been so near believing as at that time; I have never been so good and full of affection, and I fancy that my soul never shone more clearly in my face than then.

The Virgin of Sorrows, St. Anna teaching the Virgin to read, The Crucifixion of Christ, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Holy Family, the Virgin of the Rosary, and *the infant Jesus*, are all admirable and beautiful pictures of a soft and quiet coloring which goes to the soul. One ought to see on Sunday the boys, girls, and women of the people before those figures, see how their faces brighten, and hear the sweet words which issue

from their lips. Murillo is a saint to them; they utter his name with a smile, as if to say: "He belongs to us!" and in doing so look at you as if to impose an act of reverence upon you. The artists do not all hold the same opinion regarding him; but they love him above every one else, and do not succeed in separating this love from their admiration. Murillo is not only a great painter, but has a great soul; is more than a glory; is, in fact, an object of affection for Spain; he is more than a sovereign master of the beautiful, he is a benefactor, one who inspires good actions, and a lovely image which is once found in his canvases, is borne in one's heart throughout life, with a feeling of gratitude and religious devotion. He is one of those men of whom an indescribable prophetic sentiment tells us that we shall see them again; that the meeting with them is due to us like some prize; that they cannot have disappeared forever, they are still in some place; that their life has only been like a flash of inextinguishable light, which must appear once more in all its splendor to the eyes of mortals! One may call these ideas the errors of fancy!—but they are cherished errors!

After the works of these four great masters, one may admire the pictures of Joanes, an artist thoroughly Italian in style, whose correct drawing and nobility of his character made him worthy of the title, though given sotto voce, of the Spanish Raphael. Not in art, but in life, he resembled Fra Angelico (whose study was an oratory where he fasted and did penance), and he, too, before beginning work, went to take the communion. Then there are the pictures of Alonzo Cano; those of Pacheco (Murillo's master); those of Pareja, a slave of Velasquez; of

Navarrate the Mute ; of Menendez, a great flower-painter ; of Herrera, Coello, Carbajal, Collantes, and Rizzi. There is little work of Zurbaran, one of the greatest Spanish painters, who is worthy of a place beside the three first. The corridors, ante-chambers, and passage-rooms are full of the pictures of other artists, inferior to those already mentioned, but still admirable for different merits. But this is not the only picture-gallery of Madrid ; there are a hundred pictures in the Academy of San Fernando, in the ministry of the *Fomento*, and in other private galleries. It would require months and months to see every thing well ; and would it not take the same length of time to describe them, even if one had sufficient talent to do so ? One of the most powerful writers of France, who was a passionate admirer of painting and a great master of description, when he was put to the test, became frightened, and not knowing any other way of evading the difficulty, said there would be too much to say on the subject ; so if he considered it best to be silent, it seems as if I may have said too much already. It is one of the most dolorous consequences of a charming journey, this finding one's mind full of beautiful images, and the heart a tumult of intense emotions, and only being able to give expression to so small a portion of them ! With what profound disdain I could tear up these pages when I think of those pictures ! Oh, Murillo ; oh, Velasquez ; oh, poor pen of mine !

A few days after I had arrived at Madrid, I saw, for the first time, coming out from Alcalá into the square of the *Puerta del Sol*, King Amadeus, and I experienced as great a pleasure in this as if I had met again one of my intimate friends. It is a curious sensation that of finding one's self in a country

where the only person one knows is the king. One has almost the desire to rush after him, crying :

"Your majesty! it is I. I have come."

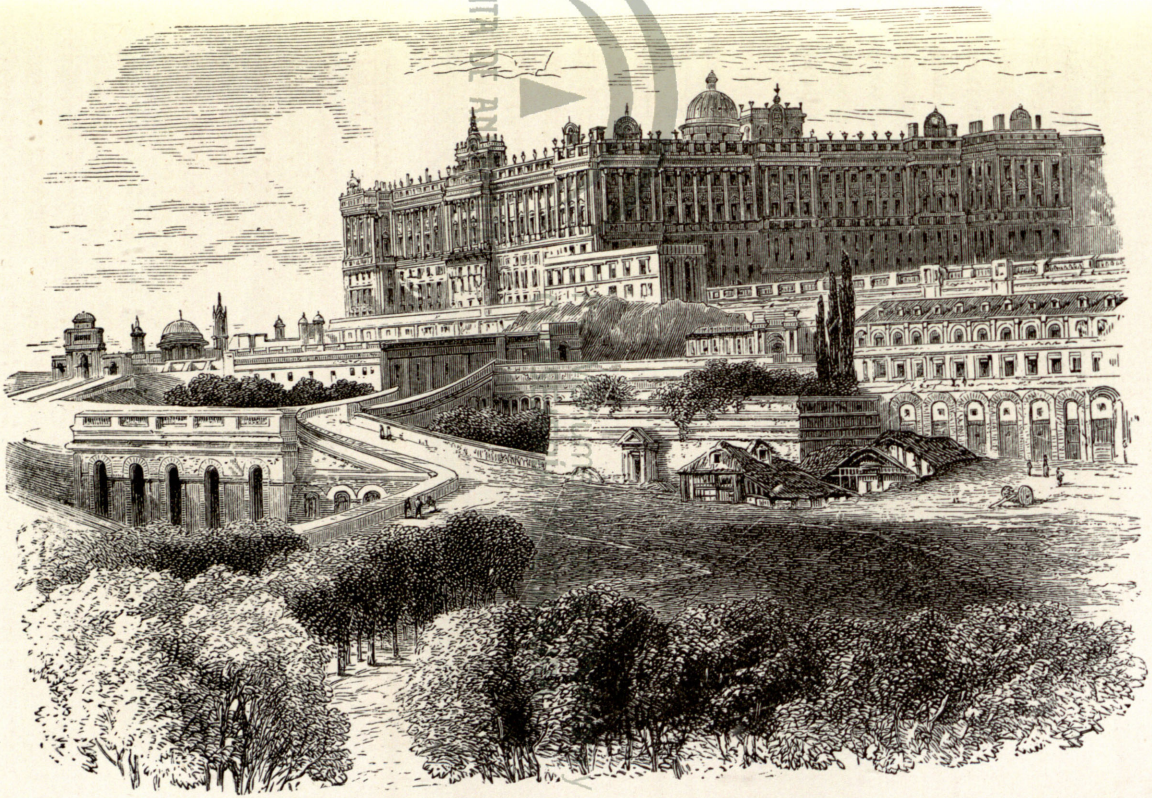
Don Amadeus followed at Madrid the habits of his father. He rose at daybreak and went to take a walk in the gardens of the Moro, which extend between the royal palace and the Manzanares, or betook himself to the museum, traversing the city on foot accompanied only by an aide-de-camp. *Las criados* (maid-servants) on returning home quite breathless with their full baskets, related to their sleepy mistresses that they had met him, that he had passed so near that they could have touched him, and the republican house-keepers would say : *Asi debe hacer;* and the Carlists, with a grimace, murmuring : *Que clase de rey !* (What kind of a king is he!) or, as I once heard : He is determined that some one shall shoot him! On returning to the palace he received the captain-general and the governor of Madrid, who, in accordance with an old custom, were obliged to present themselves to the king every day to ask him if he had no order to give to the army or the police. Then followed the ministers. Besides seeing them all once a week in council, Amadeus received one of them every day. When the minister had taken his departure, the audience began. Don Amadeus gave an audience of one hour at least, and sometimes two, every day. The demands were innumerable, and the object of the demands easy to imagine : assistance, pension, employment, privileges, and crosses ; the king received all.

The queen, too, received, although not every day, on account of the uncertain state of her health. All the works of benevolence fell to her lot. She re-

ceived, in the presence of a major-domo and a lady-in-waiting, at the same hour as the king, all sorts of people,—ladies, workmen, and women of the people, listening with pity to the long stories of poverty and suffering. She distributed more than one hundred thousand lire a month in charity, without counting extra donations to alms-houses, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions; some of these she founded herself. On the bank of the Manzanares, in sight of the royal palace, in an open and cheerful locality, one sees a little house painted in bright colors, surrounded by a garden, from which, in passing, one hears the laughter, shouts, and cries of children. The queen had it built as a resort for the little children of the laundresses, who, while their mothers were working, used to be left in the street exposed to a thousand dangers. There are to be found teachers, wet-nurses, and servants, who provide for all the needs of the children; it is a mingling of alms-house and school. The expenditures for the construction of the house and for its maintenance were met with the twenty-five thousand francs a month which the State had assigned to the Duke of Puglia. The queen also founded a hospital for foundlings; a house or species of college for the children of the tobacco-workers; and a distribution of soup, meat, and bread for all the poor of the city. She went several times quite unexpectedly to assist in the distribution, in order to assure herself that no abuse was made of it, and having discovered some roguery, she provided against any repetition of the offense. Besides this, the Sisters of Charity received from her every month the sum of thirty thousand lire for the assistance of those families who could not take advantage of the soup kitchen

on account of their social position. It was difficult to obtain any knowledge of the queen's private acts of benevolence because she was not accustomed to mention them to any one. Little was known also of her habits, because she did everything without ostentation, and with a reserve which would have appeared almost excessive even in a lady in private life. Not even the court ladies knew that she went to hear the sermon at San Luis de Frances, but a lady saw her for the first time, by chance, among her neighbors. In her dress there was nothing that distinguished her as queen, not even on the days when the court dinners were given. Queen Isabella wore a great mantle with the arms of Castile, a diadem, ornaments, and the ensignia of royalty; Donna Victoria, nothing. She generally dressed herself in the colors of the Spanish flag, and with a simplicity which announced the right to the crown much more effectively than splendor and pomp would have done. But Spanish gold had nothing to do with this simplicity, for all her personal expenses and those of her children and maids were paid with her own money.

When the Bourbons were reigning, the entire palace was occupied. The king lived in the portion on the left toward the Square of the Orient; Isabella, in the part which looks on one side into the Square of the Orient, and, on the other, into the Square of the Armory; Montpensier was in the part opposite that of the queen; and the princes each had an apartment toward the Garden del Moro. At the time King Amadeus resided there, a great portion of the immense edifice remained empty. He had only three small rooms,—a study, a sleeping-room, and dressing-room. The sleeping-room opened



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

upon a long hall which led to the two little rooms of the princes, near which was the apartment of the queen, who would never be separated from her children. Then there was a drawing-room for receptions. All this portion of the palace which served as a dwelling for the entire royal family, was formerly occupied by Queen Isabella alone. When she learned that Don Amadeus and Donna Victoria had been contented with so small a space, she is said to have exclaimed, with surprise :

" Poor young people ; they cannot move there ! "

The king and the queen used to dine with a major-domo and a lady-in-waiting. After dinner the king smoked a Virginia cigar (if the detractors of this prince of cigars would like to know the fact), and then went into his study to occupy himself with the affairs of state. He used to take many notes, and often consulted with the queen, especially when it was a question of making peace between the ministers, or of soothing the different opinions of the heads of the parties. He read a great number of magazines of every kind, anonymous letters which threatened his death, those which offered him advice, satirical poems, projects for a social renovation, and, in fact, every thing that was sent him. About three o'clock he left the palace on horseback, the trumpets of the guards sounded, and a servant in scarlet livery followed at the distance of fifty paces. To see him, one would have said that he did not know he was king ; he looked at the children who passed, the signs over the shops, the soldiers, the diligences, and the fountains, with an almost childish expression of curiosity. He traversed the entire street Alcalà as slowly as an unknown citizen who was thinking of his own affairs, and betook himself to the Prado

to enjoy his portion of the sunshine and air. The ministers cried out against it; the bourbon party, who were accustomed to the imposing cortege of Isabella, said that he dragged the majesty of the throne of San Fernando through the streets; even the servant who followed him looked around with a mortified air, as if to say: "Just see what madness!" But despite of what was said, the king could not assume the habit of being afraid. And the Spaniards, it is only fair to say, did him justice, and whatever might have been the opinion which they held concerning his mind, conduct, and style of government, they never failed to add: "As far as courag is concerned, there is nothing to be said."

Every Sunday there was a court dinner. The generals, deputies, professors, academicians, and men noted in science and literature were invited. The queen talked with all of them about every thing, with a security and grace which quite surpassed their expectations, despite all they had already known of her intellect and culture. The people, naturally, in talking of what she knew, were inclined to exaggeration, and spoke of Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, astronomy, and mathematics. But it is true that she conversed very skillfully about things quite foreign to the usual course of feminine studies, and not in that vague and flippant style which is customary to those who know nothing beyond a few titles and names. She had studied most thoroughly the Spanish language, and spoke it like her own. The history, literature, and customs of her new country were familiar to her; nothing was lacking to make her genuinely Spanish but the desire to remain in Spain. The *liberals* grumbled, the bourbon party said: "She is not our queen;" but all of them nourished a profound feeling

of respect for her. The most furious newspapers only said she was the *wife* of Don Amadeus, instead of saying the queen. The most violent of the republican deputies, in making allusion to her in one of his speeches at the Cortes, could not do less than proclaim her illustrious and virtuous. She was the only person in the household whom no one allowed himself to parody by speech or with the pen. She was like a figure left in white in the midst of a picture of wretched caricatures.

As to the king, it seems as if the Spanish press enjoyed a limitless freedom regarding him. Under the safeguard of the appellative of Savoyard, foreigner, young courtier, the journals adverse to the dynasty said, in substance, whatsoever they chose, and said such charming things! This one quite took it to heart because the king *was ugly in face and profile;* that one was annoyed because he had such a stilted gait; a third found fault with his manner of returning a salute; and various other trifles which could hardly be credited. Notwithstanding this, however, the people in Madrid felt for him if not the enthusiasm of the *Stefani Telegraphic Agency*, at least a very lively sympathy. The simplicity of his habits, and his goodness of heart, were proverbial even among children. It was known that he retained no feeling of rancor toward any one, not even toward those who had behaved badly to him; that he had never been guilty of a discourteous act to any one; and that he had never allowed a bitter word to escape his lips against his enemies. To any one who would speak of the personal dangers he ran, any good man of the people would reply most disdainfully that the Spanish respect those who have faith in them. His most acrimonious enemies

spoke of him with anger, but not with hatred; even those who did not raise their hats when meeting him in the street felt their heart-strings tighten in seeing that others did not do it either, and they could not conceal a feeling of sadness. There are pictures of fallen kings over which is drawn a black curtain; others which are covered with a white veil that makes them appear more beautiful and more worthy of veneration; over this one Spain has stretched the white veil. And who knows whether on some future day the sight of this image will not draw from the breast of every honest Spaniard a secret sigh, like the recollection of a dear one who has been offended, or of the peaceful, benignant voice which says in a tone of sad reproach: "Yet—thou hast done wrong!"

One Sunday the king held a review of all the *voluntarios de la libertad*, who are a sort of Italian national guard, with this difference, that those lend their aid spontaneously, and these never render it, even by force. The *voluntarios* were to draw themselves up in line along the avenues of the Prado, and an immense crowd was awaiting them. When I arrived there were three or four batallions already assembled. The first was a batallion of veterans, men in the fifties, and not a few of them very old, dressed in black, wearing the cap à la Ros, with galloons above galoons, crosses above crosses, as neat and gleaming as the scholars of an academy, and in the proud flashing of their eyes they might have been mistaken for the grenadiers of the Old Guard. Then followed another batallion with another uniform: gray trousers, open jacket, folded back on the breast with a large display of a very red cloth; instead of the Ros caps there were hats with

blue feathers, and bayonets fastened on to their muskets. Then a batallion with a different uniform, and Ros caps instead of the other kind. No more display of red cloth, but with green in its stead; trousers of other colors, and daggers instead of bayonets. A fourth batallion has a fourth uniform,—plumes, colors, arms, and every thing quite different. Other batallions arrive in other dresses. Some wear the Prussian helmet, others the helmet without the point; some carry bayonets, some straight daggers, some curved ones, and others still serpentine ones; here, there are soldiers with cordons; there, are some without; further on, there are cordons again; then there are belts, epaulettes, cravats, plumes, and every thing changes at every instant. They are all gay and splendid uniforms of a hundred colors, with trinkets which hang, gleam, and wave. Every batallion has a different-shaped banner, covered with embroidery, ribbons, and fringes; among others, one sees militia dressed like peasants, with any kind of a stripe sewed in long stitches on to a pair of torn trousers; some are without cravats, others with black ones, open waistcoat and embroidered shirt; there are boys of fifteen and twelve fully armed among the lines; there are vivandiers with short skirts and red trousers, and baskets full of cigars and oranges. In front of the batallions is a continual running to and fro of mounted officers. Every major wears on his head, on his breast, or on his saddle some ornament of his own invention. One sees galloons, on the arms, shoulders, around the neck, of silver, gold, and wool, together with medallions and crosses so thickly scattered as to hide half the breast, placed one above the other, and above and below the belt; there are

gloves of all the colors of the rainbow, sabres, swords, small swords, large swords, pistols, and revolvers ; a mixture, in fine, of all kinds of uniforms, arms, and armies, a variety sufficient to weary ten ministerial commissioners for the modification of dress, and a confusion in which one loses his head. I do not remember whether there were twelve or fourteen batallions ; each one choosing its own uniform, was obliged to appear as different as possible from the others. They were commanded by the Syndic, who also wore a fantastic uniform. At the hour fixed, a sudden rushing backward and forward of the officers of the staff, and a noisy blast of the trumpets announced the arrival of the king. Don Amadeus, in fact, arrived on horseback from the street Alcalà ; he was dressed as captain-general, with high boots, white breeches, and full-dress uniform. Behind him was a body of generals, aides-de-camp, scarlet-liveried servants, lanciers, cuirassiers, and guards. After he had passed the entire line of soldiers, from the Prado to the Atocha church, amidst a dense and silent crowd, he returned in the direction of the street Alcalà. At this point there was an immense multitude, which swayed to and fro with the noise of the sea. The king and his staff moved off, and took their stand in front of the church of San José, with their backs to the façade, and the cavalry, with great trouble, succeeded in clearing a space so that the batallions could file by.

They passed in platoons. As they moved on, at a sign from the commander, they cried : " *Viva el Rey ! Viva Don Amadeo primero ?* "

The first officer who uttered the cry had an unfortunate idea. The *viva* shouted spontaneously

by the first became a duty for all the others, and was the cause of the public's taking the greater or less force and harmony of the voices as a sign of political demonstration. Some of the platoons gave such a short and weak cheer that it seemed like the voice of a parcel of sick men who were calling for help; then the crowd broke out into a laugh. Other platoons shouted at the top of their lungs, and their cry was taken also as a demonstration hostile to the dynasty. There were several rumors afloat in the tightly-packed crowd around me. One person said: "Now such and such a batallion is coming, they are republicans; you will see that they will not cheer." The batallion did not cheer; the spectators coughed. Another said: "It is a shame, a lack of good breeding; Don Amadeus pleases me little, but I keep quiet and respect him."

There were some disputes. A young fellow cried, *Viva*, in a falsetto voice; a *caballero* called him impertinent; the former resented this; both raised their hands to strike, and a third divided them. Between the batallions passed citizens on horseback; some of them did not raise their hats, and did not even look at the king; then one heard different voices in the crowd, crying, Well done! or, What ill breeding! Others, who would have saluted him, did not dare do so; and they passed with bowed heads and blushing faces. Others, on the other hand, disgusted by the spectacle, braved the anger of the rest, and made a courageous demonstration in favor of Amadeus; by passing, hat in hand, looking, now respectfully at the king, now proudly at the crowd, for the space of ten paces. The king sat motionless until the procession was over, with an unchanging expression of serene haughtiness. So ended the review.

This national militia, although less disorganized and worn out than ours, is really only a mask; the ludicrous has gnawed at its roots; but, as a diversion on fête days, although the number of volunteers has greatly diminished (once it amounted to thirty thousand), it is always a spectacle which outdoes all the *flag-poles and red rags of Signor Ottino.*

THE BULL-FIGHTS.

On the thirty-first day of March, the spectacle of the bull-fights was inaugurated. We will discuss the matter at our leisure, for the subject is worthy of it. Let any one who has read Baretti's description of them, consider that he has read nothing. Baretti only saw the fights at Lisbon, and these are child's play in comparison with those at Madrid, which is the seat of the art. Here are the great artists, the superb spectacles, the spectators who are experts, and the judges who bestow the glory upon the victorious *toreros.* The circus at Madrid is the Theatre La Scala for the art of bull-fighting.

The inauguration of the bull-fights at Madrid is decidedly more important than a change in the ministry. A month beforehand a notice of it is scattered all over Spain; from Cadiz to Barcelona, from Bilbao to Almeria, in the palaces of the grandees, n the hovels ot the poor, they talk of the artists and the pedigree of the bulls; and they institute fights for pleasure between the provinces and the capital. He who is short of money begins to lay aside, so that he may procure a fine place in the circus on the solemn day. Fathers and mothers promise their studious children to take them there; lovers

give the same promise to their sweethearts; the newspapers assure the world that there will be a fine *season*; the chosen *toreros*, who are already to be seen in the streets, are pointed out. Then there are rumors that the bulls have arrived; some have seen them, and others solicit permission to visit them. There are bulls from the pastures of the Duke of Veragua, the Marquis de la Merced, and her Excellency, the widow of Villaseca, which are enormous and formidable. The subscription office is opened; a crowd of diletantti, servants of the noble families, brokers, and friends commissioned by the absent, flock thither; the impresario has taken in fifty thousand lire on the first day, thirty on the second, and, in a week, one hundred thousand. Frascuelo, the famous *matador*, has arrived, together with Cuco, and Calderon; in fact, they are all here. Three days more! A thousand people talk of nothing else; there are ladies who dream of the circus; ministers who no longer have any head for their affairs; old dilettanti who can hardly contain themselves; workmen, and poor people, who do not smoke any more *cigarritos*, in order to have a few sous for the day of the spectacle. Finally, the day before arrives: Saturday morning, ere it is dawn, they begin to sell tickets in a room on the ground-floor in the street Alcalà; and a crowd has gathered even before the opening of the doors; they shout, push, aud beat each other; twenty civil guards, with revolvers at their belts, have the greatest difficulty in maintaining order; until night there is an incessant coming and going. The longed-for day arrives; the spectacle begins at three o'clock. At noon people commence moving from all parts of the town toward the circus, which is at the end of the

suburb of Salamanaca, beyond the Prado, outside of the gate of the Alcalà; all the streets leading to it are filled with a procession of people; around the edifice there is a perfect hive; a body of soldiers and volunteers arrive, preceded by bands of music; a crowd of water- and orange-venders fill the air with their cries; the ticket-speculators run here and there, called by a thousand voices; unfortunate he who has not got one—he will pay double, triple, quadruple for it! What difference does it make? Fifty, and even eighty francs, were paid for a ticket! The king is expected, and they say the queen is coming too; the carriages of the great people begin to arrive: the Duke Fernan Nunez, Duke di Abrantes, Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, a crowd of the grandees of Spain, the goddesses of the aristocracy, ministers, generals, and ambassadors, all that is beautiful, splendid, and powerful in the great city. They enter the circus by many doors; but before getting in one is fairly deafened by the noise.

I entered; the circus is immense. Seen from the exterior, there is nothing noticeable about it, for it is a round building, very low, without windows, and painted yellow; but upon entering one experiences a feeling of surprise. It is a circus for a nation; it holds ten thousand spectators, and a regiment of cavalry could hold a tournament therein. The arena is circular, very large, and must make ten of our equestrian circuses; it is surrounded by a modern barrier, almost as high as a man's neck, furnished on the inside with a small elevation a few feet from the ground, upon which the *toreros* place their feet in order to jump over it when pursued by the bull. This barrier is followed by another higher still, because the bull often leaps the first. Between this

and the first, which runs around the arena, there is a walk, rather more than a metre in width, in which the *toreros* come and go before the fight, and where stand the servants of the circus, the carpenters ready to repair any damage done by the bull, the guard, orange-venders, the dilettanti who enjoy the friendship of the impresario, and the great personages who are allowed to break through the rules. Beyond the second barrier, rise tons of stone seats; beyond these, boxes; under the boxes rises a gallery, occupied by three rows of benches. The boxes are large enough to hold two or three families each. The king's box is a great drawing-room. Beside that of the king is one for the municipality, in which the Syndic or his representative presides at the spectacle. There is the box for the ministers, governors, and ambassadors,—each family has one; the young bloods, as Giusti would say, have one together; then there are the boxes to rent, which cost a fortune. All the places on the stone rows are numbered; each person has his own ticket, and the entrance is effected without any confusion. The circus is divided into two parts, that where the sun strikes, and that in the shade; in the latter one pays more, the other is occupied by the common people. The arena has four roads, almost equidistant from each other: the one through which the *toreros* enter, that for the bulls, that for the horses, and that for the heralds of the spectacle, which is under the king's box. Above the door, where the bulls enter, rises a sort of balcony called the *Toril*, and any one is fortunate who obtains a place here! On this balcony, upon a bench, stand those who, at a sign from the box of the municipality, sound the trumpet and drum to announce the exit of the bull. Opposite

the *Toril*, on the other side of the arena, on the stone terrace, is the band. This whole terrace of seats is divided into compartments, each one having its own entrance. Before the spectacle begins the people are permitted to enter the arena and circulate through all the recesses of the building. They go to see the horses, kept in a court-yard, destined for the greater part, poor brutes, to die; then to visit the dark enclosures, in which are fastened the bulls, that are afterward passed from one to the other, until they reach a corridor, through which they dart into the arena; and then to look at the infirmary, whither the wounded *toreros* are carried. Once there was a chapel, in which mass was celebrated during the fights, and the *toreros* went there to pray before confronting the bull. One can also go near the principal door of entrance, where are displayed the *banderillas* which will be struck into the bulls' necks, and where one sees a crowd of old *toreros*, some lame, some without an arm, some with crutches, and the young *toreros*, who are not yet admitted to the honors of the Madrid Circus. Then to buy a paper, the *Buletin de los Toros*, which promises marvels for the day's doings, then to procure from the custodians a programme and a printed sheet, divided into columns, on which to note the blows of the lance, the thrusts, the falls, and the wounds; then wander through interminable corridors and stairways among a crowd who come and go, ascend and descend, shouting and making noise enough to shake the building and finally one returns to his place.

The circus is very full, and offers a sight of which it is impossible, for any one who has not seen it, to form an idea. There is a sea of heads, hats, fans,

hands moving in the air. On the shady side, where the nicer people are, all is black. On the sunny side, where the lower classes sit, there are a thousand bright colors from dresses, parasols, and paper-fans, making it look like an immense masquerade. There is not place for a child; the crowd is as compact as a phalanx; no one can get out, and it is with difficulty that an arm can be moved. It is not as buzzing a noise like that of other theatres; it is totally different; it is an agitation, a life quite peculiar to the circus. Every one is shouting, calling, and greeting his friends with a frantic joy. The children and women shriek, the gravest men behave like the younger ones; the youths, in groups of twenty and thirty, screaming together, and beating with their canes on the steps, announce to the representative of the municipality that the hour has arrived. In the boxes there is a commotion like that of the upper gallery of a ordinary theatre; to the deafening cries of the crowd are added the shouts of a hundred venders, who throw oranges around on all sides. The band begins to play, the bulls bellow, the crowd gathered outside becomes noisy, and it is really a spectacle which makes one giddy, so that before the struggle begins one is weary, intoxicated, and fairly out of one's mind.

Suddenly a cry is heard: "The king!" The king has arrived; has come in a carriage drawn by four white horses, mounted by servants dressed in the picturesque Andalusian costume; the glass doors of the king's box open, and his majesty enters with a crowd of ministers, generals, and major-domos. The queen is not there; that was foreseen, for every one knows she has a horror of this spectacle. Oh! but the king would not miss it; he has always come,

and they say he is wild about it. The hour has arrived, and the affair has begun. I shall always remember the chill that I felt in my veins at that point.

The trumpet sounds; four guards of the circus, on horseback, wearing hats with plumes à la Henry IV, a small black mantle, waistcoats, high boots, and swords, enter through the door under the royal box, and slowly make the circuit of the arena; the people disperse, every one going to his own seat. The four horsemen place themselves, two by two, before the door, still closed, which faces the king's box. The ten thousand spectators fasten their eyes upon that point, and a general silence ensues. From here enter the *cuadrilla* and all the *toreros* in full dress, to present themselves to the king and the people. The band strikes up, the door opens, one hears a burst of applause, and the *toreros* advance. First come the three *espadas*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, and Cayetano, the three famous ones, dressed in the costume of Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," in silk, satin, and velvet, orange, blue, and carnation. They are covered with embroideries, galloons, fringes, filagrees, spangles, and trinkets of gold and silver, which almost hide their dress; they are enveloped in ample yellow and red capes, and wear white stockings, silken girders, a bunch of braids on the nape of the neck, and a fur cap. After them come the *banderilleros* and *capeadores*, a band, covered like their predecessors, with gold and silver; then come the *picadores* on horseback, two by two, holding great lances and wearing a gray hat, very low and broad-brimmed, an embroidered jacket, a pair of breeches of yellow buffalo-skin, quilted and lined with strips of iron; then the *chulos*, or servants,

dressed in holiday costume. All majestically cross the arena toward the king's box. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined. There are all the colors of a garden, all the splendors of a royal court, all the gayety of a troup of maskers, and all the imposing effect of a band of warriors; in closing the eyes one sees nothing but a gleam of gold and silver. They are very handsome men: the *picadores* tall and sinewy as athletes; the others slender, quick, superbly formed, with dark faces and large proud eyes; figures like the ancient gladiators, dressed with the pomp of Asiatic princes.

The whole *cuadrilla* stops before the king's box and salutes him; the alcade makes a sign that they may begin; the key of the *toril* where the bulls are kept is dropped from the box into the arena; a guard of the circus picks it up and places himself before the door ready to open it. The body of *toreros* separates; the *espadas* jump over the barrier; the *capeadores* scatter through the arena, waving their red and yellow *capas;* some of the *picadores* retire to await their turn; the others put spurs to their horses, and go to take their places on the left of the *toril*, at a distance of twenty feet one from the other, with their backs to the barrier and their lances in their rest. It is a moment of agitation and inexpressible anxiety; every eye is fastened upon the door through which the bull will enter; every heart is beating; a profound silence reigns throughout the circus; nothing is heard but the bellowing of the bull, who advances from enclosure to enclosure, in the darkness of his vast prison, almost crying: "Blood! blood!" The horses tremble, the *picadores* turn pale; another instant—the trumpet sounds, the door opens, and an enormous bull dashes into the

arena; a tremendous shout bursts at this moment from ten thousand breasts to greet him, and the massacre begins.

Ah! it is well to have strong nerves; for, despite the fact, one becomes as pale as a ghost!

I do not remember, save confusedly, what happened during the first few moments; I do not know where my head was. The bull dashed toward the first *picador*, then retreated, continued his course, and dashed against the second; whether a struggle ensued I do not recollect; a moment afterward the bull dashed toward the third, then ran into the middle of the arena, and stopped and looked around him.

All that portion of the arena which the bull had passed was streaked with blood; the first horse lay on the ground, his body torn open, the bowels scattered; the second, with the breast opened by a broad wound, from which blood issued in floods, went staggering here and there; the third, which had been thrown down, tried to rise; the *chulos* hastened forward, raised the *picadores*, took off the saddle and bridle from the dead horse, and tried to put the wounded one on his feet; and a horrible shout resounded on all sides. This is the way the spectacle generally begins. The first to receive the attack of the bull are the *picadores*, who await it, with a firm footing, and plant their lances between the heart and the neck of the animal, as he bends to strike the horse with his horns. The lance, be it noted, has only a small point, which can only open a slight wound, and the *picadores* are obliged, by the strength of their arm, to hold the bull off, and save their horses. For this, a steady eye, an arm of bronze, and an intrepid heart, are necessary; they do

not always succeed; in fact, they rarely do; the bull plants his horns in the horse's belly, and the *picadore* falls to the ground. Then the *capeadores* hasten forward, and while the bull is extracting his horns from the bowels of this poor victim, they wave the *capas* across his eyes, attract his attention, and make him follow them, and so save the fallen horseman, whom the *chulos* assist into his saddle, if the horse can still stand, or to carry to the infirmary, if he has broken his head.

The bull, standing in the centre of the arena, with bleeding horns, looked around him as if to say: "Have you had enough?" A band of *capeadores* ran toward him, surrounded him, and began provoking him, teazing him, and making him run here and there, shaking their *capas* in his eyes, passing them over his head, attracting him, and flying from him with rapid turns, to come back and torment him, and flee from him again; and the bull to follow them one after the other, as far as the barrier, and then to butt against the partitions, to kick, and caper, bellow, rebury his horns, in passing, in the belly of the dead horses, try to leap into the walk, and to run around the arena. Meanwhile, the other *picadores* entered, to take the places of those whose horses had been killed, and stationed themselves, quite a distance from one another, on the side of the *toril*, their lances in rest, waiting for the bull to attack them. The *capeadores* dexterously drew him to that side; the bull, at the sight of the first horse, dashed toward him with lowered head. But this time his assault failed; the lance of the *picador* fastened itself into his shoulder, and kept him back; the bull resisted, struggled, used all his strength, but in vain; the *picador* held him firmly, the bull retreated,

the horse was saved, and a loud burst of applause greeted the hero. The other *picador* was less fortunate: the bull attacked him; he did not succeed in planting his lance, the formidable horns penetrated the belly of the horse, with the rapidity of a sword, struggled in the wound, were withdrawn, and the intestines of the poor animal fell out, and kept dangling like a bag nearly to the ground; the *picador* remained in his saddle. Here a horrible sight was witnessed. Instead of dismounting, on seeing that the wound was not mortal, he gave spurs to the horse, and went and placed himself on the other side to await a second attack. The horse crossed the arena, with the intestines hanging and hitting its legs with every step; the bull followed it for a moment, and then stopped. At that point the blast of a trumpet was heard; it was the signal for the *picadores* to retire, a door opened, and they galloped off one after the other; two horses were killed, and, here and there, were streaks and splashes of blood, which two *chulos* covered with earth.

After the *picadores* came the *banderilleros*. For the profane this is the part of the spectacle most amusing, because least cruel. The *banderillas* are arrows, two palms in length, ornamented with colored paper, furnished with a metallic point, made in such a way that, once stuck in the flesh, they cannot be detached, and the bull, struggling and shaking himself, only drives them farther in. The *banderillero* takes two of the darts, one in each hand, and goes and takes his stand about fifteen paces from the bull; then raising his arms, and shouting, he provokes him to the assault. The bull dashes toward him; the *banderillero*, in his turn, runs toward the bull; the latter lowers its head to run its horns into his

body, and the man plants the *banderillas* in its neck, one here and one there, and, with a rapid whirl, saves himself. If he bends, if his foot slips, if he hesitates an instant, he will be pierced like a toad. The bull bellows, snorts, leaps, and begins following the *capeadores* with a terrible fury; in a moment all have sprung into the walk; the arena is empty; the wild beast, with foaming nostrils, bloodthirsty eyes, neck streaked with blood, stamps the ground, struggles, strikes the barrier, demands revenge, wishes to kill, and is thirsting for a massacre; no one attempts to confront him; the spectators fill the air with cries.

"Forward! courage!"

The other *banderillero* advances, plants his arrow, then a third, then once more the first. That day eight were planted; when the poor brute felt the last two, he uttered a long bellow, agonized and horrible, and dashed after one of his enemies, followed him to the barrier, took the leap with him, and fell into the walk; the ten thousand spectators arose to their feet in an instant, crying: "He has killed him!" But the *banderillero* had escaped. The bull ran backward and forward between the two barriers, under a shower of blows with sticks and fists, until he reached an open door which led into the arena; the door was closed behind as he passed through it. Then all the *banderilleros* and all the *capeadores* dashed toward him again; one, passing behind him, pulled his tail, and disappeared like lightning; another, rushing past him, dropped his *capa* around his horns; a third had the audacity to go and take off with one hand the little silk ribbon which was attached to the mane; a fourth, bolder than all, planted a pole in the ground while the bull was running, and

took a leap, passing over him and falling on the other side, throwing the pole between the legs of the astonished animal. All this was done with the rapidity of magicians and the grace of ballet-dancers, just as if they were playing with a lamb. Meanwhile the immense crowd made the circus resound with laughter, applause, and cries of joy, surprise, and terror.

Another trumpet sounds; the *banderilleros* have finished: now comes the *espada's* turn. It is the solemn moment, the crisis of the drama; the crowd becomes silent, the ladies lean out of their boxes, the king rises to his feet. Frascuelo, holding in one hand his sword and the *muleta*, which is a piece of red stuff attached to a little stick, enters the arena, presents himself before the royal box, raises his cap, and consecrates to the king, in pronouncing some poetical phrase, the bull which he is going to kill, then throws his cap up into the air, as if to say: "I will conquer or die!" and, followed by the superb cortege of *capeadores*, he moves with resolute step toward the bull. Here follows a genuine hand-to-hand struggle, worthy of a canto by Homer. On one side the animal, with its terrible horns, its enormous strength, its thirst for blood, maddened by pain, blinded by fury, surly, bleeding, and frightful; on the other, a youth of twenty, dressed like a ballet-dancer, alone, without any means of defense save the light sword in his hand. But he has ten thousand glances fastened upon him! The king is preparing a gift! His sweetheart is up there in a box with her eyes fixed upon him! A thousand ladies tremble for his life! The bull stops and looks at him; he looks at the bull, and waves his red cloth before him; the bull dashes under it, the *espada*

steps aside, the terrible horns graze his hip, hit the cloth, and strike empty space. A thunder of applause bursts from all the seats, boxes, and galleries. The ladies look on with opera-glasses, and cry: "He has not paled!" Then follows a silence; not a voice nor a whisper is heard. The audacious *torero* waves the *muleta* several times before the eyes of the infuriated animal, passes it over his head, between his horns, around his neck; makes him recede, advance, turn, jump; provokes attacks ten times, and ten times by a slight movement escapes death. He lets his *muleta* fall, picks it up under the eyes of the bull, laughs in his face, provokes him, insults him, and amuses himself. Suddenly he stops, puts himself on his guard, raises the sword, takes aim; the bull looks at him; another instant, and they will dash at each other; one of the two must die. Ten thousand glances run with the rapidity of lightning from the point of the sword to end of the horns; ten thousand hearts beat with anxiety and terror; every face is motionless; not a breath is heard; the immense crowd seem petrified,—another instant,—the moment has arrived! The bull dashes forward; the man raises the sword; one single loud cry, followed by a burst of tempestuous applause, which breaks out on every side; the sword has been buried up to its hilt in the neck of the bull; the bull staggers, and, emitting a torrent of blood from its mouth, falls as if struck by lightning. The man has conquered! Then ensues an indescribable tumult; the multitude seem crazed; all rise to their feet, waving their hands and uttering loud shouts; the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, clap their hands, shake their fans; the band plays; the victorious *espada* approaches the barrier, and makes the circuit of the arena.