

As he passes, from the seats, boxes, and galleries, the spectators, carried away by enthusiasm, throw him handfuls of cigars, purses, canes, hats,—every thing, in fact, upon which they can lay their hands. In a few moments the fortunate *torero* has his arms filled with things, calls to his assistance the *capadores*, throws back the hats to their owners, thanks them, responds as best he can to the salutations/praises, and glorious titles which are showered upon him from all sides, and finally arrives under the royal box. Then all eyes turn toward the king, who puts his hand into his pocket, draws out a cigar-case full of bank-notes, and throws it down; the *torero* catches it in the air, and the multitude burst out into applause. Meanwhile the band plays a funeral air for the bull; a door opens, four immense mules, ornamented with plumes, bows, and yellow and red ribbons, driven by a body of *chulos* who shout and crack their whips, enter on a gallop, drag away, one after the other, the dead horses and then the bull, which is instantly carried into a neighboring little square, near the circus, where it is waited for by a troop of ragamuffins, who dip their fingers into the blood; then it is skinned, cut up, and sold. When the arena is cleared the trumpets sound, a drum is beaten, another bull dashes out of the cage, attacks the *picadores*, tears open the bellies of the horses, offers its neck to the *banderillas*, is killed by the *espada*; and so six bulls present themselves in the arena, one after the other, without any interruption.

How many shocks, how many shudders, how many chills at the heart, and rushes of blood to the head you feel during that spectacle! How many sudden pallors. But you, stranger, you alone, grow pale; the boy who sits beside you laughs; the girl in front

of you is wild with joy ; the lady whom you see in the neighboring box says she never enjoyed herself so much before ! What shouts ! What exclamations ! That is the place to learn the language ! The bull appears, is judged by a thousand voices : " What a handsome head ! What eyes ! He will draw blood ! He is worth a fortune ! " They call out phrases of love. " He has killed a horse : Bueno ! See how much he has dragged from the belly ! " A *picador* misses his aim and awkwardly wounds the bull, or hesitates to confront it ; then comes a deluge of opprobrious epithets : " Lazy creature ! Impostor ! Assassin ! Go and hide yourself ! Let yourself be killed ! " All rise to their feet, point their fingers at him, shake their fists, throw orange-peel and the stubs of cigars in his face, and threaten him with a stick. When the *espada* kills the bull at the first blow, then follow the words of a lover, wild with delight, and the gestures of madmen : " Come here, angel ! God bless you, Frascuelo ! " They throw him kisses, call him, and stretch out their hands as if to embrace him. What a profusion of epithets, bon-mots, and proverbs ! How much fire ! How much life !

But I have said nothing save of the doings of the bull ; in an entire *corrida* a thousand accidents occur. During that day a bull drove his head under the belly of the horse, raised horse and rider, and carried them in triumph across the arena, and threw them on to the ground like a bundle of rags. Another bull killed four horses in a few moments ; a third used a *picador* so badly that he fell, struck his head against the barrier, fainted, and was carried away. But not even for this, or yet for serious wounds, or even the death of a *torero* is the spec-

tacle interrupted ; the programme says so ; if one dies there is another ready to take his place. The bull does not always attack ; there are some cowardly ones, who go toward the *picador*, stop, and, after a moment of hesitation, run off ; others, after the first assault, make no second one ; others, mild and good tempered, do not respond to the provocations, allow the *picador* to get on to them, permit the lances to be planted in their necks, retreat, and shake their heads as if to say : "I do not wish to!" fly, and then turn suddenly to look with astonishment at the band of *capeadores* who are following him, as if to ask : "What do you wish of me? What have I done to you? Why do you wish to kill me?" Then the crowd break out into imprecations against the bull, against the impresario, against the *toreros* ; and then, first, the dilettanti of the *Toril*, then the spectators on the sunny part, then the gentlemen on the shady side, then the ladies, and finally, all the spectators of the circus cry out in one voice : "*Banderillas de fuego!*" The cry is directed to the alcade ; the *banderillas* of fire serve to infuriate the bull. They are *banderillas* furnished with a cracker, which lights at the moment it penetrates the flesh, and burns the wound, causing atrocious pain, which stuns and irritates the animal to the point of changing him from a coward into a brave creature, and from a quiet one into a fury. The permission of the alcade is necessary in order to use the *banderillas de fuego* ; if the alcade hesitates to give it, all the spectators rise to their feet, and there is a wonderful sight. One sees ten thousand handkerchiefs waving like the banners of ten regiments of lancers, and they form from the boxes of the arena, all around, a white billowy stratum under which the crowd almost disappears : and ten

thousand voices cry : "*Fuego! fuego! fuego!*" Then the alcade yields ; but if he is persistent in his "no," the handkerchiefs disappear, fists and sticks are raised, and curses break out : "Don't be a fool! Don't spoil our fun! *Las banderillas al alcade. Fuego al alcade!*"

The agony of the bull is tremendous. Sometimes the *torero* does not aim well, and the sword goes in up to the hilt, but not in the direction of the heart. Then the bull begins to run around the arena with the sword sticking in his flesh, uttering terrible bellows, shaking and twisting himself in a thousand ways, to free himself from that torture ; and, in that impetuous course, sometimes the sword flies away ; sometimes, it is driven further in, and causes death. Often the *espada* is obliged to give him a second thrust, not infrequently a third, occasionally a fourth. The bull bleeds profusely ; all the capas of the *capeadores* are covered with blood, the *espada* is splattered, the barrier besprinkled, and the indignant spectators overwhelming the *torero* with reproaches. Sometimes the bull is seriously wounded, falls to the ground, but does not die, and lies there immovable, with its head high, and menacing, as if to say : "Come on, assassins, if you have courage!" Then the combat is finished ; the agony must be shortened ; a mysterious man bestrides the barrier, advances cautiously, places himself behind the bull, and, at the proper moment, gives him a blow from a dagger on his head, which penetrates to the brain, and kills him. Often even this blow does not succeed : the mysterious man gives two, three, four ; then the indignation of the people breaks loose like a tempest ; they call him a brute, a coward, an infamous creature, wish his death, and, if they had

him in their hands, they would strangle him like a dog. At other times the bull, wounded mortally, staggers a little before falling, slowly withdraws from the spot where he was struck to go and die in peace in a quiet corner; all the *toreros* follow him slowly, count his steps, and measure the progress of his final agony; a profound silence accompanies his last moments, and his death has something solemn and majestic about it. There are unconquerable bulls, who will not bow their heads save in drawing their last breath; bulls which, while shedding torrents of blood through their mouths, still threaten; bulls which, pierced by ten blows of the sword, beaten and bloodless, again raise their necks with a superb movement, which makes the body of their tormentors recede half way across the arena; bulls which suffer an agony more frightful than their first fury: they lacerate the dead horses, break the barriers, paw furiously the *capas* scattered over the arena, leap into the walk, run around with their heads held high, looking at the spectators with an air of defiance, then fall, rise again, and die bel-
lowing.

The agony of the horses, of shorter duration, is more painful still. Some have a leg broken; others are pierced through the neck; others are instantly killed, by a blow in the chest, without shedding a drop of blood; others, seized by fear, take to flight, rushing straight on before them, and hitting their heads with a terrible shock against the barriers, then fall dead; others struggle for a long time, in a pool of blood, before dying; others, wounded, bleeding, maimed, gallop around in a frenzy, run toward the bull, fall down as if dead, rise and fight again until they are carried away torn to pieces, but living.

Then the intestines are replaced, the belly sewed up, and they serve again ; others, frightened, at the approach of the bull, tremble all over, paw the ground, recoil, neigh, and do not wish to die ; these are the ones which arouse the most pity. Sometimes a single bull kills five ; sometimes, in one *corrida*, twenty die, all the *picadores* are covered with blood, the arena is scattered with smoking intestines, and the bulls are tired of killing.

Even the *toreros*, have their disagreeable moments. The *picadores* sometimes, instead of falling under the horse, fall between the horse and the bull ; then the latter precipitates himself upon them to kill them ; the crowd utter a shriek, but a courageous *capeador* flings his *capa* over the brute's eyes, and, imperilling his life, saves that of his companion. Often, instead of dashing at the *muleta*, the bull rushes at the *espada*, grazes him, strikes him, follows him, and forces him to throw away his sword, and save himself, pale and trembling, on the other side of the barrier. Sometimes he strikes him with his head, and knocks him down ; the *espada* disappears in a cloud of dust ; the crowd cry : " He is dead ! " the bull passes, and the *espada* is saved. Sometimes the bull raises him with his head, and throws him to one side. Not infrequently the bull will not let him take aim with the sword ; the *matador* does not succeed in hitting in front ; and, as he is not allowed to wound him, according to the law, except in a given place, in a certain way, he tries in vain for a long time, and, growing weary, gets confused, and runs the risk of being killed a hundred times. Meantime, the crowd shrieks, whistles, and insults him ; until the poor man, made desperate, resolves to slay, or die, and gives a blow at random, which

is either successful, and he is raised to heaven, or, failing; he is vituperated, derided, showered with orange-peel, even if he be the bravest, most intrepid, and renowned *torero* of Spain.

In the crowd, too, during the spectacle, many accidents occur. From time to time a dispute arises among two of the spectators. Pressed together as the people are, some blow of a stick hits the neighbors; the neighbors seize their canes and begin beating too. The circle of beaters enlarges, the quarrel extends throughout the rows of seats; in a few moments, there are hats in the air, cravattes in pieces, bloody faces, deafening cries, all the spectators on their feet, the guards in motion, and the *toreros*, from actors become spectators. At other times, a group of young men will turn, for a joke, all in one direction and cry:

"There he is!"—

"Who?"

No one; but meanwhile the spectators rise, the farthest off jump on to their chairs, the ladies lean out of the boxes, and in a moment the whole circus is in disorder. Then the group of young men break into a laugh; their neighbors, in order not to appear like fools, do the same, and the laughter extends through box and gallery, and ten thousand persons join in it. Sometimes, a stranger, who sees the bull-fight for the first time, faints away; the news spreads like lightning, every one rises, every one looks, every one shouts, and the greatest tumult is made. Often it is a facetious person who salutes his friend on the opposite side of the theatre in a voice which is like a clap of thunder. That great crowd is stirred in a few moments by a thousand conflicting emotions; it passes from terror to enthu-

siasm, from enthusiasm to pity, from pity to anger, from anger to joy, astonishment, and incontrollable gayety in ceaseless rotation.

The impression, in fine, that this spectacle leaves upon the mind is indescribable; it is a mixture of sensations in which it is impossible to comprehend anything clearly. One does not know what to think of it. At certain moments, you are horrified and would like to fly from the circus, and you swear never to return there again; at others, you are astonished, carried away, almost intoxicated, and do not wish the spectacle ever to end. Now you feel ill; now, even you, like your neighbors, break out into a laugh, a shout, or applause; the blood makes you shudder, but the marvellous courage of the men rouses you; the danger tightens your heart-strings, but you exult in the victory; little by little the fever which moves the crowd takes possession of you; you no longer recognize yourself, you have become another personality. You, too, have attacks of anger, ferocity and enthusiasm; you feel yourself vigorous and bold; the combat fires your blood; the glancing of the sword makes you shiver; and then those thousands of voices, that uproar, that music, that bellowing, that blood, those profound silences, sudden bursts of applause, that vast space, that light, those colors, that indescribable something so grand, strong, cruel, and magnificent, bewilders, stuns and excites you.

It is a beautiful sight to see the people leave the circus; there are ten torrents which pour out of the ten doors, and spread, in a few moments, through the suburb of Salamanca, the Prado, the boulevards of *Recoletos*, and the street *Alcalá*; thousands of carriages are waiting in the vicinity of the building;

for an hour, from every direction in which one looks, nothing is to be seen but a crowd, as far as the eye can reach, and all quiet. Their emotions have exhausted them all; only the sound of their footsteps is to be heard, and it seems as if the multitude wished to vanish secretly; a species of sadness underlies all the noisy joy of a short time before. I, for my part, on coming out of that circus for the first time, had hardly strength enough to stand; my head whirled like a top, my ears buzzed; I saw bulls' horns on every side, with blood-shot eyes, dead horses, and the gleaming of swords. I took the shortest road home, and as soon as I reached there, I jumped into bed and fell into a heavy sleep. The following morning the landlady came in great haste to ask:

"Well? how did you like it. Were you amused? Are you going again? What do you say to it?"

"I do not know," I replied. "It seems as if I had been dreaming; I will talk to you of it later; I must think it over."

Saturday came, the day before the second bull-fight.

"Are you going?" asked the landlady.

"No!" I responded, thinking of something else. I went out, passed through the street of Alcalà, found myself, without being aware of it, before the shop where the tickets are sold; there was a crowd of people; I said to myself:

"Shall I go?—Yes?—No?"

"Do you wish a ticket?" asked a boy; "a seat in the shade, number six, near the barrier; fifteen reales?"

And I replied, "Here!"

But in order to understand thoroughly the nature

of this spectacle, it is necessary to know something of its history. . When the first bull-fight took place, there is no means of ascertaining with any certainty ; tradition narrates, however, that it was the *Cid Campeador* who was the first cavalier to descend with the lance into the arena, and kill, on horseback, the formidable animal. From that time to this, young nobles dedicated themselves with great ardor to this exercise ; at all the solemn festivals there were bull-fights, and only to the nobility alone was conceded the honor of fighting ; kings themselves went into the arena ; during all the mediæval ages this was the favorite spectacle of the courts, and the favorite exercise of warriors, not alone among the Spanish, but also among the Arabs, both of whom vied with each other in the bull-arena, as they would on the field of battle. Isabella the Catholic wished to prohibit bull-fighting, because, having seen it once, she was horrified thereat ; but the numerous and powerful partisans of the spectacle dissuaded her from carrying this intention into effect. After Isabella, the bull-fights increased. Charles V himself killed a bull in the largest square in Valladolid. Ferdinand Pizzaro, the celebrated conqueror of Peru, was a valiant *torero* ; the King Don Sebastian of Portugal won more than one laurel in the arena ; Philip III had the circus of Madrid ornamented ; Philip IV fought there ; Charles II protected the art ; under the reign of Philip V several circuses were built by the order of the government. But the honor of acting as *torero* belonged exclusively to the nobility ; no one did this except on horseback, and with beautiful horses, and yet no blood save that of the bull was shed. Only toward the middle of the last century did the art extend to the common people, and

the *toreros* (really called artists of the profession, who fought on horseback and on foot) begin to exist. The famous Francisco Romero de Ronda perfected the art of fighting on foot, introduced the custom of killing the bull, face to face, with the sword and *muleta*, and made the rules and regulations for the art. From that time to the present the spectacle became a national one, and the people rushed to it with enthusiasm. The King Charles III prohibited it; but his prohibition only served to convert the popular enthusiasm, as a Spanish chronicler declares, into a *perfect epidemic*. King Ferdinand VII, a passionate admirer of bulls, instituted a school for the art at Seville. Isabella II was more enthusiastic on the subject than Ferdinand VII; Amadeus I was not less so than Isabella II. And now there is more bull-fighting than ever in Spain; more than one hundred great landowners raise bulls for this purpose; Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Cadiz, Valencia, Jerez, and Porto di Santo Maria have first-class bull-circuses; and there are no less than fifty little circuses capable of holding from three to nine thousand spectators. In every village where there is no circus the *corridos* are held in the squares. At Madrid they take place every Sunday, in the other cities as often as possible; and everywhere there is an immense concourse of people from the neighboring cities, villages, country, mountains, islands, and even from out of the country. Not all Spaniards are wild about this spectacle, it is true; many never attend it; not a few disapprove of it, condemn it, and would like to have it banished from Spain; some journalists raise a protest against it from time to time; some deputies, the day after the killing of a *torero*, talk of a petition to the government; but

all these enemies are timid and weak. On the other hand, apologies are written for the bull-fights, new circuses are built, the old ones are repaired, and they deride strangers who cry out against Spanish barbarity.

It is not only during the summer that the bull-fights are held, nor is the spectacle always equal. During the winter there is a representation every Sunday in the circus at Madrid; they are not the handsome and fiery bulls of the summer, nor the great artists whom Spain admires, that take part at this season; but only small bulls of little spirit, and *toreros* who are not yet proficient in the art. Yet there is a spectacle by some means or other, and although the king does not attend it, nor the flower of the citizens, as during the summer, the circus is always filled with people. Little blood is shed; only two bulls are killed; the affair ends with fireworks; and is an amusement, as the impassionate admirers say, fit for servants and children. There is an episode, however, in the winter spectacles, which is quite entertaining. When the *toreros* have killed the *toros de muerte*, the arena remains at the disposal of the dilettanti, and people leap into in on all sides. In a moment there are a hundred workmen, students, and ragamuffins, some with a cloak in their hands, some with a shawl, others with any kind of a rag, gathered on the left and the right of the *toril*, ready to receive the bull. The door opens, a bull with his horns bound up, dashes into the arena, and then begins an indescribable kind of hurly-burly; the crowd surround him, follow him, draw him here and there, *capea* him with their cloaks and shawls, and provoke and torment him in a thousand ways, until the poor animal, not being able to bear it any

longer, is allowed to leave the arena, and another takes his place.

It is incredible the audacity with which those boys dash under him, pull him by the tail, jump on to his back, and incredible the agility with which they avoid the blows. Sometimes, the bull turning suddenly, hits some one, knocks him down, throws him into the air, or raises him, on his horns; at times he overturns a half dozen, and bull and man disappear in a cloud of dust, and the spectator fears for an instant that some one has been killed. Not the slightest danger of it. The intrepid *capeadores*, with bruised bones and dusty faces, shrug their shoulders and begin again. Nor is this the finest episode of the winter's spectacle. Sometimes, instead of the *toreros*, the *toreras* (women) confront the bull; women who are dressed like tight-rope dancers, with faces, before which, not the angels, but Lucifer himself would

"Make a shield for his eyes with his wings."

The *picadoras* are mounted on mules; the *espada* (the one whom I saw was an old woman of sixty, called la Martina, an Asturian, known in all the circuses of Spain), the *espada* on foot, with a rapier and *muleta*, like the most intrepid *matador* of the stronger sex; all the *cuadrilla* accompanied by a body of *chulos* with great wigs and humps. Those poor unfortunate women risk their lives for forty lire. A bull, the day I was present, broke the arm of one of the *banderillera*, and so tore the shirt of another, that she was left in the middle of the arena with scarcely clothing enough to cover her decently.

After the women, the wild animals. At different

times they made the bull-fight with bears and tigers. A few years ago one of these combats took place in the circus at Madrid. The one which Count Duke d'Olivares ordered, to celebrate the birthday (if I remember rightly) of Don Baltasar Carlos of Austria, prince of the Asturias, is noted. The bull fought with the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and conquered them all. Also in a combat, of a few years ago, the tiger and the lion had the worst of it. Both of them dashed impetuously on to the bull, but before they succeeded in getting their teeth into his neck, they fell to the ground in a pool of blood, pierced by his terrible horns. Only one elephant, an enormous elephant, who still lives in the gardens of the *Recoletos*, carried off the victory. The bull attacked him; the latter did nothing but put his head on to its back and press, and this pressure was so delicate that the unfortunate assaulter was crushed like a croquette. But it is pleasant to imagine what dexterity, courage, and imperturbable tranquility of mind is needed by the man who confronts with a sword, the animal which kills a lion, attacks an elephant, and which crushes, breaks, overturns, and covers with blood every thing that it touches. And there are men who confront them every day.

The *toreros* are not merely artists, as any one might suppose, who are to be classed with jugglers, etc., and for whom the people entertain no other feeling than that of admiration. The *torero* is respected even outside the circus, enjoys the protection of the young aristocracy, goes to the theatre in a box, frequents the finest cafés of Madrid, and is saluted in the streets with a low bow by persons of taste. The illustrious *espada*, like Frascuelo, Lagar-

tijo, and Cayetano, earn the delightful sum of ten thousand francs a year, own villas and houses, live in sumptuous apartments, dress superbly, spend loads of crowns on their silvered and gilded dresses, travel like princes, and smoke Havana cigars. Their dress, outside the circus, is very curious; it consists of an Orsini hat of black velvet, a tight-fitting jacket, which is left unbuttoned and does not reach the trousers, waistcoat open to the waist, which displays a very fine white shirt, no cravatte, a sash of red or blue silk around the hips, a pair of breeches fitting the legs like the stockings of the ballet dancers, a pair of morocco shoes ornamented with embroidery, a little braid of hair hanging down the back; then gold buttons, chains, diamonds, rings, trinkets, in fact, an entire jewelry establishment on their persons. Many of them keep saddle horses, some carriages, and when they are not fighting, they are always wandering around the Prado, Puerta del Sol, in the gardens of Recoletos, with their wives or sweethearts who are superbly dressed, and regard them with amorous pride. Their names, faces, and gestures are more noted by the people than those of the commanders of the army or the ministers of State. *Toreros* in comedy, *toreros* in ballads, *toreros* in pictures, *toreros* in the shop windows, statues representing *toreros*, fans with the portraits of *toreros*, handkerchiefs with figures of *toreros* are to be seen over and over again on all sides. The profession of *torero* is the most lucrative and the most honored one to which the courageous sons of the people can aspire. Many, in fact, dedicate themselves to it. But very few are successful; the majority of them remain mediocre *capeadores*; few reach the point of being *banderilleros* of note,

fewer still celebrated *picadores*; and only the chosen few of nature and fortune become great *espadas*; one must come into the world with that talent; one is born an *espada* as one is born a poet. Very few are killed by the bull, one could count the number on his fingers for a length of time; the maimed and wounded and those reduced to a state where they can no longer fight are innumerable. One sees them throughout the city with sticks and crutches, some without arms, others without legs. The famous *Tato*, who was the first of the contemporaneous *toreros*, lost a leg; during the few months that I was in Spain, a *banderillero* was half killed at Seville, a *picador* was seriously wounded at Madrid, *Lagartijo* was hurt, and three amateur *capeadores* were killed in one village. There is scarcely a *torero* who has not shed some blood in the arena.

Before leaving Madrid I wished to talk with the celebrated Frascuelo, the prince of the *espadas*, the idol of the people of Madrid, the glory of the art. A Genoese, the captain of a ship, who knew him, took it upon himself to make the presentation. We settled the day and met in the imperial café of the *Puerta del Sol*. I feel like laughing when I think of the emotion I experienced in seeing him appear in the distance, and come toward us. He was dressed very richly, loaded with trinkets, and gleaming like a general in full uniform; he crossed the café, a thousand heads turned to look at him, at my friend and me; I felt myself growing pale!

"Here is Signor Salvador Sanchez," said the captain (Frascuela is a surname), and then presenting me to Frascuela, he said:

"This is Signor so-and-so, one of your admirers."

The illustrious *matador* bowed, I did the same,

and then we sat down and began to converse. What a strange man! To hear him talk one would say that he had not the heart to stick a pin through a fly. He is a young fellow of twenty about of medium height, quick, dark, handsome, with a firm eye, and the smile of an absent-minded man. I asked him a thousand questions about his art and his life; he spoke in monosyllables, so that I was obliged to draw him out word by word through a series of questions. He replied to the compliments with a modest glance at his feet. I asked him if he had ever been wounded; he touched his knee, hip, shoulder, chest, and said: "Here, here, here, and here," smiling all the time with the simplicity of a child. He wrote down the address of his house, asked me to call and see him, gave me a cigar, and went away. Three days later, at the bull-fight, I was in a place near the barrier; he passed before me to pick up the cigars which the spectators had thrown him. I flung him one of those cigars from Milan, wrapped in straw; he took it, looked at it, smiled, and tried to discover who had thrown it: I made him a sign, and he exclaimed:

"Ah! the Italian."

I seem to see him yet; he wore an ash-colored costume, covered with gold embroidery, and one hand was stained with blood . . .

Now for a final opinion on the subject of the bull-fights! Are they or are they not a barbarous thing, unworthy of a civilized people? Are they, or are they not a spectacle which ruins the heart? Now for an honest opinion! An honest opinion? I do not wish, in replying in a certain way, to draw down upon my devoted head a shower of invectives, and, in another, be hauled over the coals, so I am bound

to confess that I went to the circus every Sunday. I have described the affair, and the reader knows as much about it as I do, let him decide therefore, and allow me the privilege of keeping silent about the matter.

I saw at Madrid the famous funeral ceremony which is celebrated every year on the second of May, in honor of the Spaniards who died fighting, or were killed by the arms of the French soldiers, seventy-five years ago, on that tremendous day which filled Europe with horror, and caused the outbreak of the War of the Independence.

At dawn the cannon sounded, and in all the parish churches of Madrid, and before an altar erected beside the monument, they began to celebrate mass, which was kept up until evening. The ceremony consists in a solemn procession which generally starts in the neighborhood of the royal palace, assists at a sermon in the church of St. Isidore, where the bones of the dead reposed until 1840, and then proceeds to the monument to hear mass.

In all the streets through which the procession was to pass, were stationed battalions of volunteers, regiments of infantry, squadrons of cuirassiers, civil guards on foot, the artillery, and cadets. On every side drums and trumpets sounded and the bands played; in the distance one could see above the crowd, the continuous waving of generals' hats, adjutants' plumes, banners, and swords; from all the different streets came the carriages of the Senate and Cortes, as large as triumphal chariots, gilded down to the wheels, lined with velvet and silk, overloaded with fringes and bows, and drawn by superb, plumed

horses. The windows of all the houses were ornamented with tapestries and flowers ; all the population of Madrid was in motion.

I saw the procession pass through the street Alcala. First came the huntsmen of the civil militia on horseback ; then the boys belonging to all the colleges, asylums, and charitable institutions of Madrid, two by two, in thousands ; then the invalids of the service, some with crutches, some with bound heads, others supported by their comrades, others still, decrepid and almost carried ; then soldiers and generals in old uniforms, their breasts covered with trinkets and ribbons, wearing long swords and plumed hats ; then a crowd of officers of all the corps, gleaming in gold and silver, and dressed in a thousand colors ; these followed by other employés of the State, the deputies from the provinces, members of Congress and senators. Then came the heralds of the municipality and chambers, with ample velvet togas and silver maces ; then all the municipal employés, the Alcalds of Madrid, clothed in black, with medals at their necks ; at last, the king, dressed as a general, on foot, accompanied by the Syndic, captain-general of the provinces, generals, ministers, deputies, ordinance officers, and aides-de-camp, all with uncovered heads. The procession was closed by the hundred mounted guards, gleaming like warriors of the mediæval ages, the royal guards on foot, with great fur caps in the style of the Napoleonic guards, red swallow-tail coats, white trousers, two large shoulder belts crossed on the breast, leggings reaching their knees, swords, bows, cordons, clasps, and trinkets ; then more volunteers, infantry soldiers, the artillery, and people. All walked with slow, measured pace, the bands

played, and the bells rang ; the populace was silent, and that gathering of children, mendicants, priests, magistrates, mutilated veterans, and grandees of Spain, presented a lovely and magnificent appearance, which inspired at the same time a feeling of tenderness and reverence.

The procession emerged upon the Prado, and proceeded toward the Monument. The avenues, fields, and gardens were full of people. The ladies were standing up in their carriages, on chairs and the stone seats, with children in their arms ; there were people in the trees and on the roofs ; at every step there were banners, funeral inscriptions, lists of the victims of the second of May, poems fastened to the stalks of plants, newspapers edged with black, prints representing episodes of the massacre, garlands, crucifixes, small tables upon which were placed vases for alms, lighted candles, portraits, statuettes, and playthings for children with the picture of the monument. Everywhere souvenirs of 1808, signs of mourning, rejoicing, and war. The men were all dressed in black ; the women in holiday costume, with long trains and veils ; there were crowds of peasants from all the villages, in their festival dress, and in the midst of all this crowd rose the deafening cries of water-venders, guards, and officers.

The Monument of the second of May, which rises on the spot where the greater number of Spaniards were shot, although its artistic value does not equal its fame, is, to make use of an ordinary but significant expression, imposing. It is simple, bare, and even heavy, and lacking in grace when compared with others ; but it arrests one's attention even if one does not know what it is ; for at first

sight one understands that some extraordinary event must have occurred in that place. Above an octagonal granite base of four steps, rises a grand sarcophagus, square in form, covered with inscriptions, coats of arms, and a bas-relief which represents the two Spanish officers killed on the second of May in the defence of the Artillery Park. On the sarcophagus rises a pedestal in doric style, upon which are four statuettes that symbolize love of country, valor, constancy, and virtue. In the midst of the statues rises a tall obelisk, upon which is written in characters of gold: *Dos de Mayo*. Around the monument extends a circular garden, intersected by eight avenues that converge toward the centre; every avenue is flanked by cypresses and the garden is enclosed by an iron railing, surrounded in its turn by marble steps. That group of cypresses, that enclosed and solitary garden in the centre of the gayest promenade of Madrid, is like a picture of the dead in the midst of the joys of life. One cannot pass without giving it a glance; one cannot look at it without thinking; at night, when the moonlight falls on it, it seems like a fantastic apparition, and casts around it an air of sad solemnity.

The king arrived, mass was celebrated, all the regiments filed past, and the ceremony terminated. This is the way in which the anniversary of the second of May has been observed from 1814 up to the present time, with a dignity, an affection, and a veneration that not only do honor to the Spanish people, but to the human heart. It is the only national festival in Spain; it is the only day of the year in which all party hatreds are set aside, and all hearts unite in a common sentiment. Nor is there, in this feel-

ing, as might be supposed, any bitterness toward France. Spain has cast all the blame of the war and the massacre upon Napoleon and Murat, who were the causes of it; the French are amicably received like all other strangers; the unhappy days of May are only spoken of to render honor to the dead and the country; everything, in this ceremony, is both noble and grand, and before that monument Spain has none but words of pardon and peace.

THE COCK FIGHTS.

Another thing to be seen at Madrid are the cock-fights.

I read one day in the *Correspondencia* the following announcement:

"En la funcion que se celebrará mañana en el circo de Gallos de Recoletos, habrá, entre otras, dos peleas en las que figurarán gallos de los conocidos aficionados Francisco Calderon y Don Josè Diez, por lo que se espera será muy animada la diversion."

The spectacle began at noon, and I attended it. I was struck by the originality and grace of the theatre. It resembles a chiosk on the hillside of a garden; but it is large enough to hold nearly one thousand people. The form is perfectly cylindrical. In the centre rises a species of circular box, rather more than three hands high, covered with a green carpet, and enclosed by a railing the height of those of balconies; it is the battlefield of the cocks. Between the iron rods of the railing extends a fine network of wire, which precludes the escape of the combatants. Around this kind of cage, the floor of which is the size of a large dining-table, runs a row of arm-chairs, and behind these, a little higher, a second;

both covered with red cloth. On several of the former is written in large letters : *Presidente—Secretario*—and other titles of personages who compose the tribunal of the spectacle. Beyond the arm-chairs rise seats in the shape of an amphitheatre, back to the walls, in which opens a gallery, supported by ten slender columns. The light falls from above. The bright red of the chairs, the flowers painted on the walls, the columns, the light, and air, in one word, the theatre has something novel and picturesque about it which pleases and enlivens one. At first sight, it seems as if in that place one ought rather to listen to gay and lovely music than to witness the combat of beasts.

When I entered, there were a hundred persons present. What kind of people are these? I asked of myself. And really the audience of the cock-circus resembles that of no other theatre; it is a mixture, *sui generis*, which is only to be seen at Madrid. There are no women, boys, soldiers, nor workmen, because it is a work-day and an inconvenient hour; yet, nevertheless, one notices there a greater variety of aspects, dresses, and attitudes than in any other public gathering. They are all people who have nothing to do the entire day long; they are comedians, with long hair and bald heads; *toreros* (Calderon, the famous *picador*, was there) with their red sashes around their waists; students, bearing on their faces the traces of a night passed at gambling; cock merchants, elegant young men, old gentlemen amateurs, dressed in black, with black gloves and large cravats. These surround the cage. Farther on are *rari nantes*, some English, some block-heads, of the kind which are seen everywhere, servants of the circus, a courtesan, and a civil guard. Between the foreigners and the guard, are the others

—gentlemen, *toreros*, shopkeepers, and comedians, all of whom know each other, and discuss, in one voice, among themselves, the quality of the cocks which have been announced in the programme of the spectacle, the wagers of the preceding day, the accidents of the combat, the claws, feathers, spurs, wings, beaks, and wounds, making use of the very rich terminology of the art, and citing rules, examples, cocks of former times, famous struggles, winnings, and losses.

The spectacle began at the appointed hour. A man presented himself in the middle of the circus with a paper in his hand, and when he began to read all were silent. He read a series of numbers that indicated the weight of the different pairs of cocks which were to fight, because none of the pairs are allowed to outweigh a standard determined upon by the cock-fighting code. The chatting began again, then suddenly ceased. Another man with two boxes in his arms came forward, opened a gate in the railing, mounted the platform, and fastened the boxes to the two ends of the scales hanging from the ceiling. Two witnesses convinced themselves that the weight was nearly equal, all sat down, the president took his place, the secretary cried, *Silencio!*—the weigher and another servant each took a box, and placing them at the opposite gates on the railing, opened them together. The cocks came out, the gates were closed, and the spectators preserved a profound silence for some moments.

They were two *Andalusian cocks of English breed*, to make use of the curious definition given me by one of the spectators. They were tall, slender, straight as arrows, with a long and very flexible neck, completely without feathers behind, and from

the chest up ; they had no crest, a small head, and a pair of eyes which revealed their warlike character. The spectators look at them without a word. The *aficionados* (amateurs) in those few moments judge from the color, shape, and movements of the two which one will probably be the victor ; then offer their wagers. It is a judgment, as any one can understand, which is very uncertain at best ; but it is just this uncertainty which gives life to the affair ; suddenly the silence is broken by a burst of shouts :

Un duro (a crown) for the right one ! A crown for the left one ! Done ! Three crowns for the dark one ! Four crowns for the gray one ! Una onza (eighty lire) for the little one ! Done ! etc.

They are all shouting, waving their hands, motioning to each other with their sticks, bets are exchanged in every direction, and in a few moments there are a thousand lire at stake.

The two cocks do not look at each other from the beginning. One is turned in one direction, the other in another ; they crow, stretching out their necks toward the spectators, as if they were asking, "What do you wish ?" Little by little, without giving any signs of having seen each other, they approach ; it seems as if each wished to take the other by surprise. Suddenly, as quickly as a flash, they take a leap with outstretched wings, strike in the air, and fall back, shedding a cloud of feathers around them. After the first blow, they stop, and plant themselves opposite each other, with their necks outstretched and their beaks nearly touching, looking fixedly at each other, and quite motionless, as if they wished to poison one another with their eyes. Then they dash at each other again violently, after which the assaults succeed each other without any

interruption. They wound with their claws, spurs, and beaks ; they clasp each other with their wings, so that they look like one cock with two heads ; they each dash under the other's breast, beat against the iron railing, chase each other, fall, slip, and fly ; little by little, the blows fall more thickly, more feathers fly from their heads, their necks become flame-color, and they lose blood. Then they begin beating each other with their heads, around the eyes, in the eyes ; they tear each other's flesh with the fury of two demoniacs who are afraid of being separated ; it seems as if they knew that one of them must die ; they utter no sound, not even a groan ; nothing is heard but the noise of rustling wings, of breaking feathers, of beaks which are hitting the bone ; and there is not an instant's truce ; it is a fury which ends only in death.

The spectators follow intently all these movements with their eyes, they count the fallen feathers, number the wounds, and the shouting becomes more exciting, and the wagers larger :

Five crowns for the little one ! Eight crowns for the gray one ! Twenty crowns for the dark one ! Done ! Done !

At a certain point, one of the two cocks makes a movement that betrays the inferiority of his strength, and begins to give signs of weariness. While still holding out, the blows of the beak become fewer, its clawings weaker, and its leaps lower ; it seems to understand that it must die ; it does not fight to kill, but not to be killed ; it recedes, flees, falls, rises, returns only to fall again, and totters as if seized with giddiness. Then the spectacle becomes horrible. In the presence of the enemy, who is surrendering, the victor grows more ferocious ; its peckings fall

thick and fast and pitilessly into the eyes of its victim, with the regularity of a sewing-machine ; its neck stretches out and acts with the vigor of a spring ; its beak seizes the flesh, twists and tears it ; then penetrates the wound, and works itself therein, as if searching for its most hidden fibre ; then gives blow upon blow on the head, as if to open the cranium and extract the brain. There are no words which can describe the horror of that continuous, indefatigable, inexorable pecking. The victim defends itself, escapes, makes the circuit of the cage, with its adversary behind, beside, and upon it, as inseparable as a shadow, with its head bowed over that of the fugitive, like a confessor, always pecking, piercing, and lacerating. There is something of the convict, keeper, and executioner about it ; it appears to be saying something in the ear of its victim, and seems to accompany every blow with an insult. There, take that, suffer, die, no ! live, take this, and this, and this ! A little of its sanguinary rage takes possession of you ; that cowardly cruelty awakens in you a mania for revenge ; you would gladly strangle it with your hands, or crush it with your feet. The conquered cock, all covered with blood, featherless and tottering, attempts an assault from time to time, gives several pecks, flees, and dashes itself against the iron railing to seek a mode of escape.

Those who are betting grow more excited and shout louder. They can no longer bet on the struggle, so they bet on the agony :

Five crowns that it does not make three more attacks ! Three crowns that it does not make five ! Four crowns that it does not make two ! Done ! Done !

At this point I heard a voice which made me shudder : *Es ciego* (it is blind).

I approached the railing, looked at the conquered cock, and turned away my face with horror. It no longer had any skin or eyes, its neck was only a bloody bone, the head was a skull, the wings, reduced to two or three feathers, dragged like two rags; it seemed impossible that, in such a state, it could live and move, for it no longer had any form. Yet those remains, that monster, that skeleton dripping with blood, still defended itself, struggled in the dark, shaking its broken wings like two stumps, stretching out its fleshless neck, moving its skull here and there like a new-born dog, and was so repulsive and horrible that I half closed my eyes so to see it indistinctly. And the victor continued to peck at the wounds, to dig out the eyes, and to hit the bare cranium; it was no longer a conflict, it was a torment; it seemed as if the creature wished to pick its victim to pieces without killing it; at times, when the poor thing remained motionless for a moment, the victor looked down at it with the attention of an anatomist; at times moved off and looked down with the indifference of a grave digger, then dashed at it again with the avidity of a vampire, pecked at it, sucked it, and tortured it with fresh vigor. Finally, the dying creature, stopping suddenly, dropped its head as if overcome by sleep, and its executioner, looking at it attentively, desisted from its attacks.

Then the shouting was redoubled; they could no longer bet on the convulsions of the death agony, so they took wagers on the symptoms of death: *Five crowns that it never raises its head! Two crowns that it does raise it! Three crowns that it raises it twice! Done! Done!*

The dying cock slowly raised its head; the brutal

victor, quite ready, overwhelmed it with a shower of blows. The shouts burst out again; the victim made another slight movement, was hit again, shook itself, received another blow still, blood issued from its mouth, it tottered and fell. The cowardly victor began to crow. A servant comes and carries both of them away.

All the spectators rose and began a noisy conversation; the winners laughing loudly, the losers swearing; both parties discussing the merits of the cocks and the incidents of the fight. *A good fight! Good cocks! Bad cocks! They are worth nothing! You do not understand it, sir! Good! Bad!*

Be seated, gentlemen! shouted the president; all sat down and another fight began.

I gave a glance at the battle-field, and went out. Some may not believe it, but that spectacle caused me more horror than the first bull-fight. I had no idea of such ferocious cruelty. I did not believe, before seeing it, that a creature, after having rendered another powerless, could torture, martyrize and torment it in such a manner, with the fury of hate, and the enjoyment of revenge. I could not believe that the fury of any brute creature could reach a point attained by the most desperate human wickedness. To-day still, and a long time has elapsed since then, every time I recall that spectacle, I involuntarily turn my head to one side, as if to escape the horrible sight of the dying cock, and I never happen to place my hand on a railing without dropping my eyes with the idea of seeing the ground scattered with feathers and blood. Should you go to Spain, take my advice:

“Be content, humane people, with the sight of the bulls.”

THE CONVENT OF THE ESCURIAL.

Before leaving for Andalusia I went to see the famous convent of the Escorial, the leviathan of architecture, the eighth marvel of the world, the greatest mass of granite which exists on earth, and if you wish other grandiose denominations, imagine what you choose, but you will not find any which has not yet been applied to it. I left Madrid early in the morning. The village of the Escorial, which gave the name to the convent, is eight leagues from the city, a short distance from the Guadarrama, and the road crosses an arid and depopulated country, shut in on the horizon by mountains covered with snow. When I reached the station of the Escorial, a fine, cold rain was falling, which made one shiver. From the station to the village there is an ascent of half a mile. I took an omnibus, and a few moments later was landed in a solitary street, flanked on the left by the convent, on the right by the houses of the village, and shut in at the end by the mountain. At first sight one grasps nothing clearly; one expected to see an edifice, but sees a city, and does not know whether he be inside or outside of the convent. On every side those walls are seen; one goes on and finds himself in a square, looks around and sees streets, which one scarcely enters before the convent surrounds him, and he has lost the points of the compass, and no longer knows which way to turn.

The first feeling is that of sadness; the whole building is of dirt-colored stone, and striped with white between the stones; the roofs are covered with strips of lead. It looks like an edifice built of earth. The walls are very high and bare, and con-