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NO. I.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

LET us begin tranquilly. We are going to kill a good many old horses, whose four feet were in the grave before they entered the ring, and we are going to torture them in their last hours on the way to the bone-yard; we are going to bait, and worry, and weaken by loss of blood, and finally slaughter a number of noble bulls; perhaps we shall break some *picador* ribs; we are about to enter the region of chivalry, and engage in the pastime most characteristic of and most esteemed by the Spanish people; we promise gore and carnage enough farther on, and we may be pardoned for a gentle and gentleman-and-lady-like introduction to the noble sport.

One afternoon, in Seville, we learned that there was to be a *funcion* at the Bull Ring, given by amateurs, by a society of gentlemen Caballeros, whose object is the cultivation of horsemanship and the manly, national pastime. It was an entertainment given by the gentlemen of Seville to their lady friends, offering at the shrine of beauty the best fruit of a gallant civilization, and probably that which is most acceptable, just as the amateur Mendelssohn Society of New York gives its winter concerts to a refined and fashionable circle of friends. As admission was to be had only on special invitation of the members of the club, we had no expectation of participating, but we drove down to the amphitheater with a praiseworthy curiosity to see the beauty of Seville, in holiday attire, flock in to the spectacle.

The Bull Ring, which stands on the flat—all Seville is flat, and subject more or less to the overflow of the river—near the Guadalquivir, is an ample one, with a seating capacity of eleven thousand persons. It is built of stone, with wide interior corridors and entrance galleries to the different stories and private boxes, like the ancient Colosseum. Begun over

a century ago, it is still rough and unfinished, but it answers all the substantial purposes of its erection. The upper galleries and rows of benches on the shady side are set apart for the gentry; while the tiers near the ring and all the sunny side are given up to the lower orders and the rabble, the seats being much less in price than the others.

Carriages blocked the space in front of the entrance,—the most aristocratic of which were a sort of private and not much glorified omnibus, drawn by a team of gayly caparisoned mules,—and into the gates poured a stream, principally of ladies in full toilet. It was evidently an occasion of the highest fashion, and one that exhausted and put on view the entire beauty and gentility of Seville. The regular bull-fights of late years appear to have lost caste somewhat with the more refined circles of society, and the stranger might attend a dozen and not see a tithe of the dress and display, or women of the upper rank, that were forthcoming at this amateur performance. This rare opportunity to admire the beauty of Spain, which is becoming, so far as national peculiarities are concerned, somewhat traditional, made us anxious to be admitted.

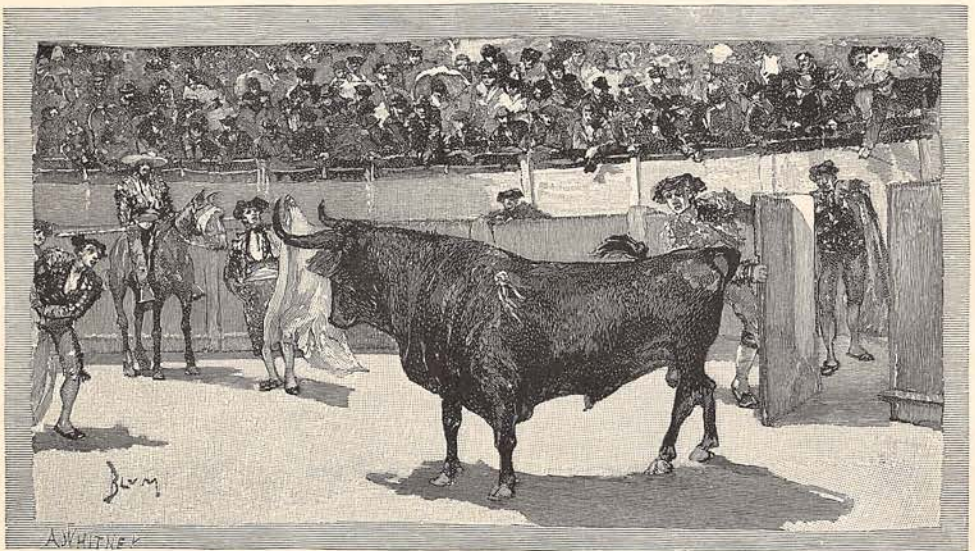
At length I plucked up courage and asked one of the gentlemen keeping the gate and taking tickets if there was any proper way by which a stranger could gain admittance. He replied, with great courtesy, that the only entrance would be by a member's ticket, but that, if I would wait a little till the rush was over, he would see what could be done. We amused ourselves with watching the gay throng trip past, in all the excitement of anticipation of the choice entertainment. At length the person upon whom my hopes depended beckoned to me, and said that he had

been fortunate enough to secure a member's ticket, which was quite at my service, and he was evidently very glad to be able to oblige a stranger. The ticket bore the name of Don somebody, with a long title, and was evidently a piece of paper to be respected. I was required to write my name on it as his guest. When I read the document, I found that it virtually entitled me to all the privileges of the club for fourteen days. I had heard so much of Spanish courtesy and generosity, and unfortunately seen so little of it in streets and highways of travel, that I was glad to have my faith restored by this act of hospitality. Thanking my temporary friend as profusely as I was able, I was about to pass into the arena, when an expression on his face arrested my attention, and a good providence led me to ask, "How much may I give you for this ticket?" "Four dollars," was the prompt reply. I said I thought that was very little for a piece of paper conveying such privileges, paid the vulgar silver, thanked him anew for his favor; to which he replied, in effect, that I needn't mention it, with a gracious air of presenting me with the entire Bull Ring, and I passed in among the select elect.

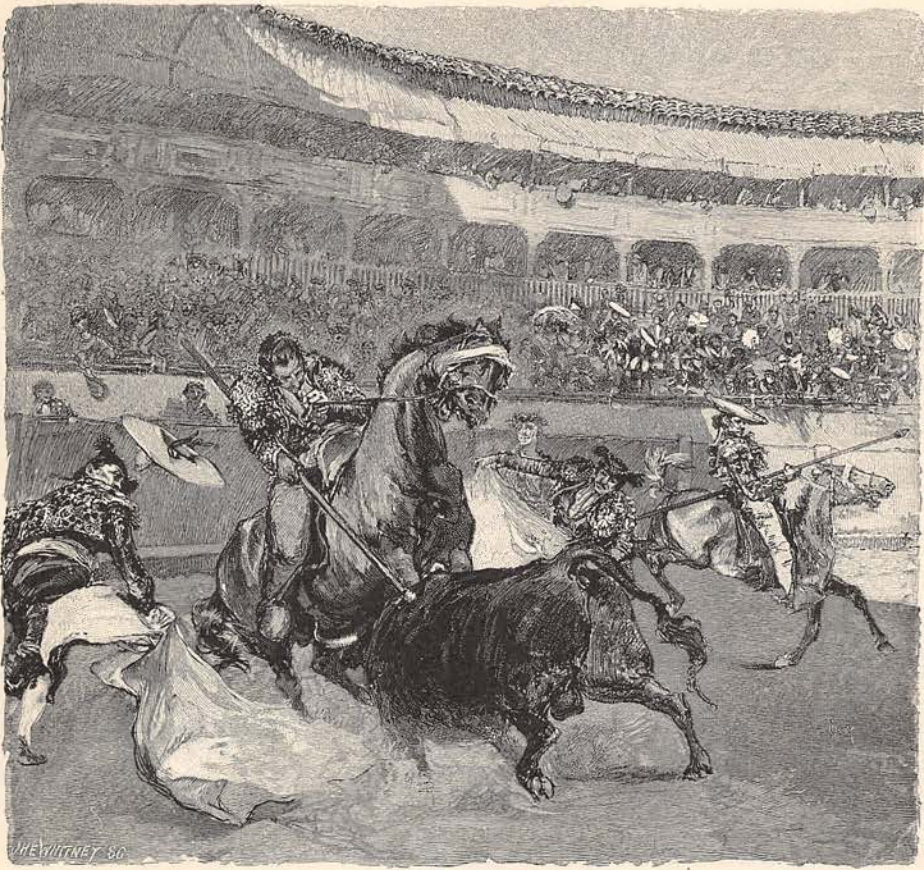
The ring had been contracted for action to about two-thirds of its usual size, and the greater part of the seats, including all on the sunny side, were vacant. But the audience was, nevertheless, large, all the balconies and boxes, and most of the benches on the gentry side, being full, and the spectacle was exceedingly brilliant. How could it be otherwise, with three thousand ladies in full drawing-room toilet? The ladies of Spain, except in

some remote towns in the mountain regions, have laid aside the national costume, and dress according to the dictates of Paris, preferring even the French fans to their own decorated with the incidents of the bull-fight and the serenade. In Seville, the black lace mantilla is still worn at church, and to some extent on the street; but the hat is the cover of the new fashion, more's the pity, and the high combs have gone altogether. I do not know why a woman, even a plain woman, should be so utterly fascinating in a mantilla, thrown over a high comb and falling gracefully over the shoulders, stepping daintily in high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, and moving her large fan with just that nonchalant air so accurately calculated to wound but not to kill. In the whole assembly I saw only one or two national costumes: the mantilla and the high comb, with the short petticoat, brilliant in color. Nothing could be more becoming, and it makes one doubt whether woman's strongest desire is to please, and whether it is not rather to follow the fashion, when we see a whole nation abandon such a charming attire.

But the white mantilla is *de rigueur* for a bull-fight, and every lady wore one. It was a little odd to see ladies in the open light of a brilliant, cloudless day, and in the gaze of the public, in full (as it is called) costume of the ball-room; but the creamy-white mantillas softened somewhat the too brilliant display, and threw over the whole the harmony of subdued splendor. What superb Spanish lace, blonde, soft, with a silken luster, falling in lovely folds that show its generous and exquisitely wrought figures, each leaf and stem and flower



ENTRANCE OF THE BULL.



THE ATTACK.

the creation of dainty fingers! Such work as this, of such a tone and fineness, in such large mantillas, sweeping from the head to the train, is scarcely to be found in the shops nowadays. These were heir-looms,—great-great-grandmother's lace, long yellowing, and growing rich in locked chests, worn only on state occasions, and now brought forth to make a bull's holiday.

We spent a good deal of the waiting time in scrutinizing the packed seats for beautiful women, and, I am sorry to say, with hardly a reward adequate to our anxiety. I am not sure how much the beauty of the women of Seville is traditional. They have good points. Graceful figures are not uncommon, and fine teeth; and dark, liquid, large eyes, which they use perpetually in *avillades* destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the most deadly weapon of coquetry, gives the *coup de grâce* to those whom the eyes have wounded. But the Seville women have usually sallow, pasty, dead complexions. Perhaps the beauty of the skin is destroyed by cosmetics, for there was not a lady at the bull-fight who was not

highly rouged and powdered. This gave an artificiality to their appearance *en masse*. Beauty of feature was very rare, and still rarer was that animation, that stamp of individual character, loveliness in the play of expression, and sprightliness, that charm in any assembly of American women. No, the handsome women in the ring were not numerous enough to make any impression on the general mass, and yet the total effect, with the blonde lace, the artificial color, the rich toilet, and the agitation of fans, was charming. The fan is the feature of Spanish life. It is, I believe, a well-known physiological fact that every Spanish girl is born with a fan in her hand. She learns to use it with effect before she can say "mamma." By the time she receives her first communion, it has become a fatal weapon in her hands, capable of expressing every shade of feeling, hope, tantalization. But ordinarily its use is excessively monotonous. It has, in fact, only three motions. It is opened with a languid backward flirt, it is moved twice gently to stir the air, it is closed with a slow, forward action,

and then the same process is exactly repeated, — open, two movements of fanning, shut; open, fan, shut,—hour after hour, until the beholder is driven half wild by the monotony of the performance. It is such a relief when there are three fanning movements between the opening and the shutting. In a public drawing-room, in the cars, in the street, in the bull-ring, this is the everlasting iteration of the fan. The effect produced when three thousand women are executing the monotonous maneuver is exasperating. This mechanical motion proceeds, of course, when the lady is in an attitude of mental and physical repose. When she is in conversation, and has an object, the fan has a hundred movements and varieties of expression, as the victim learns to his cost.

But let us not forget that this is a bull-fight, and the bull is probably waiting. The attention of the rustling, chattering, fanning audience is suddenly fixed upon the arena gate, which at the sound of a trumpet swings open to admit the procession of performers,—the *picadores* on horseback, the *chulos* or *banderilleros*, and *matador* on foot, and a gayly caparisoned team of mules with a drag of chains for removing the dead animals. We need not detain ourselves here with the details which will be necessary when we come to engage in a serious affair. The performers are all gentlemen, clad in the fantastic dress of the professionals. The procession makes the round of the arena under a shower of hand-clapping, salutes the president and the bevy of ladies in the central balcony, and withdraws, leaving only the *picadores*, or spearmen, and attendants in possession of the field of honor.

The trumpet sounds a second time, and the door of the *toril*, the dark cage on wheels in which the bull is confined, is opened, and the bull rushes out. He is also an amateur, a two-year-old, of good lineage like his tormentors, but of imperfect development. He has been exasperated by confinement in a dark box, and pricked into a rage by an ornamented rosette of ribbons, which is fastened between his shoulders by spikes that have drawn blood. Astonished at first by the glare of light and the noisy welcome of the assembly, he stands a moment confused, and then runs about the arena looking for some place of escape. He is a compact, clean-built, intrepid little fellow, and probably does not at first comprehend that this is a duel for life, without a single chance for himself. He does not yet know that he is to be stabbed and pricked and baited for an hour for the amusement of these gracious, applauding ladies, and then butchered, to give them a holiday sensation. He does not know how unequal the fight is to be,

until he learns by experience that he is deprived of his natural weapon of attack. But we feel a pity for him in advance, as we notice that the points of his horns have been sawn off, so that their thrusts will be harmless. After a circuit or two, he becomes aware that he is among enemies, and seeing the *picadores* advancing and menacing him with their spears, he makes a rush at one of them. The clumsy rider attempts a spear-thrust, but the bull disregards that and gets in under the flank of the horse and attempts to gore him. Alas, the blunt horns will not gore; the blinded beast is lifted a little off his hind legs by sheer force of the plucky little fighter, and then the bull turns away in disgust, pursued by the courageous *picadores*. Again and again he is nagged and pricked into a charge, but always with the same result. This sort of thing goes on till both the bull and the spectators are weary of it, and then the trumpet sounds and the merry *chulos* enter to assist the *picadores* in further worrying the bull. These light-clad skirmishers bear darts and long red cloaks. They surround the puzzled bull and torment him, shake their aggravating red cloaks in his face, and when he rushes at one of them, the athlete springs lightly aside and lets him toss the garment; or, if he pursues too closely, the man runs to the barrier and escapes through one of the many narrow openings. When this sport has continued some time, the *banderilleros* come into play. One of them advances with a long barbed arrow in each hand, holding it by the feathered end of the shaft. The little bull looks at him, standing still and wondering what new sort of enemy this is. The man, with watchful eye, comes nearer, in fact, close to him; the bull lowers his head and concludes to try a charge, but he has scarcely taken two steps when the *banderillero* plants the two cruel arrows on the top of his shoulders and springs lightly aside. The bull passes with the weapons sticking into his flesh, loosely swaying, and irritating him, and the blood flows down his shoulders. The crowd applaud the gallant young gentleman. This operation is repeated by a second *banderillero*, and when this sort of baiting ceases to be any longer amusing, the trumpet sounds again.

This is for the last act in this noble drama. The *picadores* withdraw, the arena is occupied by the skirmishing *chulos*. At a blast of the trumpet the *matador* enters, advances to the central balcony, makes an address, receives permission to dispatch the little beast, throws his cap over the barrier, and advances to his work. He carries in the left hand a small scarlet flag, and in the other, a long, slender Toledo blade. He must kill

the bull, but in only one way. The sword must enter in the back part of the neck just between the shoulder-blades, so as to pierce the heart. The blow must consequently be delivered when the bull is charging, head down. It requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and unshaken nerves to plant the sword exactly in this spot. The *matador* advances warily to play with the bull and study his nature; his assistants group themselves about at his command, to goad the bull into action by shaking their cloaks, or to protect the *matador* if the latter is hard pressed. The little bull is tired and bloody and hot, and has had enough of it. But the *matador* is tantalizing, the scarlet banner is irritating, the *chulos* are exasperating. After much irresolution, and turning his eyes to one tormentor and another, he decides to pay his attention to the man with the sword. He makes a rush at the red banner; it flirts in his face; the *matador* steps aside, and as he does so makes a thrust. The sword enters the beast only an inch or two, and in the wrong place. The bull canters away to the other side of the arena to get rid of his tormentors. They follow him and bait him. He turns again upon his cool pursuer. This time the sword is thrust into his neck and sticks there, while the bull runs and bellows at the hurt until he shakes out the weapon. The *matador* recovers it, and the sport continues. There is nothing very exciting about it, but the crowd apparently enjoy the torture of the animal. The *matador* is cool; he is practicing a noble art. After long maneuvering and feinting and false thrusting, he plants his sword in the fatal spot. The bull stops in his career, astonished. An attendant runs up and drives the sword in by a blow on the hilt; the bull falls on his knees, and "the arena swims around him." He tumbles over; the mule team gallops in and drags away his carcass; the hero advances to the central balcony and receives a tempest of applause and a shower of bouquets. He has done what man can do in this land of romance to commend himself to the favors of the gentler sex. Two other bulls are slain with exactly the same prolonged and ceremonious torture, and then the arena is cleared for another sort of performance.

Meantime, the fans flutter with a new meaning, the chatter is continuous, the brilliant behavior of the performers is discussed with earnestness, and boys make their way up and along the tiers of seats with great trays of costly and toothsome candies and sweetmeats, which are gratuitously distributed at the expense of the club.

The next performance is by the gentlemen riders. Sixteen of them, superbly mounted,

in morning costume, with tall hats, enter the ring and begin a series of pleasing evolutions. The performance has not the dash and danger of an Arab *jerced* nor the break-neck pace and skill of some of our Western and Indian horsemen, but it is better than most of the riding in our best circuses with trained horses, and is altogether a pleasing sight. The riders sit and manage their spirited horses perfectly, and their complicated evolutions, like the mazes of a dance, in time to the music of the band, are a charming exhibition of grace and skill.

This was followed by riding at the scarf. On a projecting arm in front of the president's stand were rolls of colored scarfs, the end of each roll hanging down with its fringe about six inches. The scarfs of blue, red, white, yellow, and green had been embroidered by the fair hands that were applauding the horsemen, and the capture of these was the prize of the riders. Each horseman carried a long wooden lance with a sharp point. They were drawn up in line on the opposite side of the arena. At a signal one advanced, and put his horse into a gallop around the circle; as he neared the balcony, the pace increased to a dead run. Just before the rider passed under the roll of scarfs, he raised his lance and thrust it at the six inches square of hanging silk. He had to estimate the height, to calculate exactly the distance from the balcony, and to hit this small object exactly while guiding his fiery horse at a prodigious pace. If the point of the lance caught the silk, the scarf unrolled and fluttered down, and another one was ready for the next trial. Opposite the balcony, by the side of the track, on a stand about eighteen inches high, lay a bouquet. When the rider had essayed at the scarf, he threw down his lance and, with the horse still at full speed, leaned from his saddle and attempted to snatch the bouquet. I could see how the riders could very well spear the silk and catch the flowers; but how, in all this excitement, with a plunging horse, they could keep on their tall hats, was a mystery to me. There were many rounds made without capturing a scarf. Whenever one was caught down, a footman picked it up and carried it to the winner, who decorated himself with it by passing it over his right shoulder and knotting it on his left hip. In time, the successful competitors presented a gay appearance, with scarfs of many colors. The game went on for nearly two hours, and almost at the last there were some unfortunate riders who had no scarf, while others were ornamented with a dozen of these tokens of affection. I fancied there were some heart-aches in the galleries on seeing so many of the embroidered decorations go to the wrong

men. But the supply held out, and when the trial was over every gallant had at least one. No doubt it was a happy night for the heroes who wore a dozen. But what their social rank would be, in comparison with the swordsman who killed the amateur bull, I cannot say.

The high and almost sacred rank the bull-fight holds in Spain may be inferred from the fact that all the important spectacles are on Sunday. As the great *funciones* had already

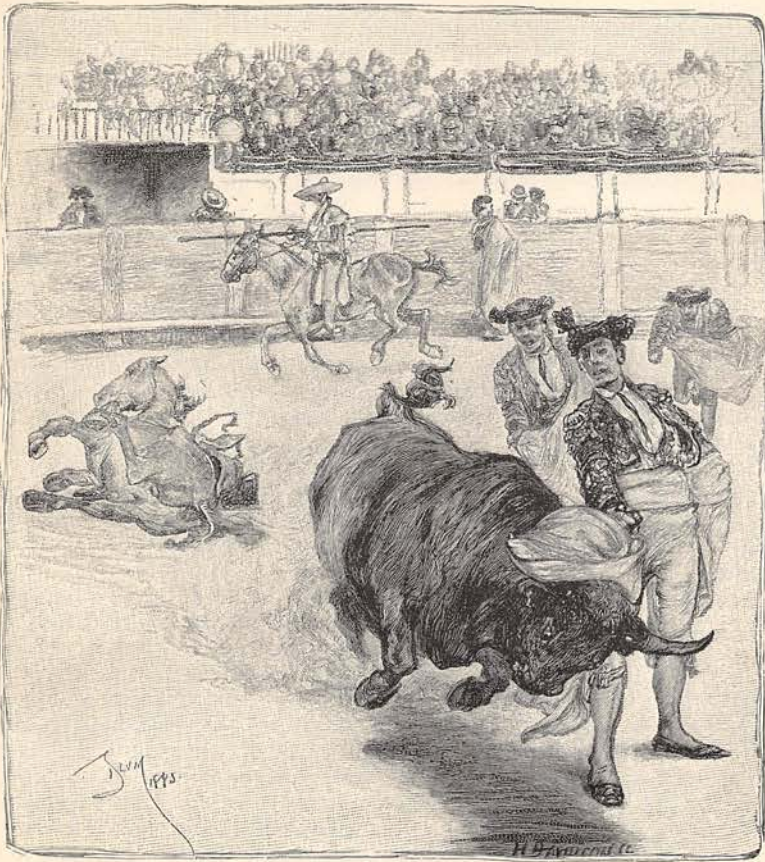
There are very few who attain great eminence in their profession, never more than three or four at a time in the whole kingdom; but for them there is profit as well as honor. These great men are the autocrats of the ring when they enter it. Each one has his own train of followers, *chulos* and *banderilleros*, who accompany him in his circuit of engagements, and who are paid as he dictates. A great favorite receives a thousand dollars for a



THE BANDERILLERO'S CHALLENGE.

taken place during the Easter holidays in Seville, we were obliged to go to Jerez on the thirtieth of April in order to witness a real engagement. Every town in Spain of any size has a large bull-ring, whatever other public buildings it may lack; and the erection of new ones recently proves that the sport has not declined in popular estimation, although a few fastidious persons are beginning to regard it as a barbarous and unseemly usage. And during some portion of the year, usually during the local fair, or on some high *fiesta* of the Church, there is in every bull-ring in the kingdom a great *funcion*. There are a few bull-fighters who have a national reputation, whose services are always in demand, and the local fights have to be postponed till one or more of them can be secured. Although it is said that the professional bull-fighter is very low caste in Spain, I think no one, not even the military hero, enjoys so much consideration with the masses as the successful and skillful *matador* of the ring. They are followed by the boys, they are the admiration of the rabble, they are smiled on by the gentle ladies in the boxes, they are dined by the local governors, and they move about in their own social circles with the port of conquerors who subdue hearts as easily as they slay bulls.

fight, and as he is crowded with engagements during the whole spring, summer, and autumn, he reaps a good harvest. Two fighters whom I saw, one of Seville and one of Granada, had accumulated large fortunes, owned many houses, and lived in considerable, showy ostentation. Bull-fights are very expensive entertainments, costing usually two thousand dollars and more, and the prices of admission are high compared with the wages paid in Spain; the artists must be well paid, and the animals cost much to breed. But there is no difficulty in filling a ring anywhere, for the fight is a passion with the people; children are taken early to the arena, and bred to love it—their common game is a “bull-fight”; and all Spaniards love to see a bull slain, for they seem to have an unconquerable hatred of the animal, and never see one in the field without attempting to irritate and insult him. Of the bulls that are bred for this pastime, only the noblest and fiercest are fit for the arena, and the breeders have methods of testing their courage and mettle. The lovers of the sport always post themselves as to the character of the bulls who are to perform, and the reputation of the fighting quality of the forthcoming bulls is an attraction only second to that of the famous artists who are to meet



AN ACT OF AUDACITY.

them in the arena; and the latter are esteemed as great actors are with us.

It was fair and horse-race week at Jerez, and the little "sherry" city was crowded with visitors. The culminating interest was in the bull-baiting on Sunday afternoon, and when we found our way to our seats in the vast edifice, at half-past three, it was already packed from the barrier-ring to the top of the walls. And such an assembly! I doubt if a Roman circus could ever have shown a more brutal one. Very few women were present, though there were many children; and there was a sprinkling of ladies in white mantillas in the grand balcony, where the town officials were seated. These functionaries had the air of the judges and important personages on the stand at an American horse-trot *funcion*. The occasion had been anticipated with great eagerness, because the bulls were from a famous Andalusian herd, and two fighters with a national reputation were to officiate: Antonio Carmona, called "El Gordito," of Seville, and Salvador Sanchez, called "Frasqueo," of Granada. These men are both in the first class

of the brotherhood, although two of the Madrid fighters are their acknowledged superiors.

I had imagined that a bull-fight, with all its cruelty and much to disgust, must be an exciting and gallant spectacle. I saw, in my mind, the trained spearmen on horseback dashing in full gallop at the bull, dexterously evading his enraged rush, and flying and charging about the arena, alternately pursuing and pursued. I saw the bull, always alert and bellicose, charging the footmen, who pricked and baited and enraged him with their scarlet mantles, who put their lives against his in a closed arena, and only saved themselves by the utmost address and skill. I had imagined, in short, a chivalrous performance.

We had not long to wait. The gate swung open, and the bull-fighting company entered in what was meant for a gorgeous procession. It had the cheap elements of a spectacular effect in a sawdust arena. The costumes, at least, were showy in spangles and in divers colors, as in the "grande entrée" of a circus, and some of them were rich; and scarlet cloaks and swords and plumes and the courtly,

high-stepping march of the fighters imitated, I supposed, the opening of a mediæval tournament. First came four *picadores*. These men wore broad-brimmed Thessalian hats and carried long spears; their bodies were thickly padded, their legs incased in iron and leather, the right one being most protected; they were rusty in appearance, and so encumbered were they with armor and wadding that they sat their horses insecurely. The poor beasts they rode were worthy of the occasion, thin Rosinantes, old, knock-kneed, stiff-legged, who stumbled along and with difficulty could be urged out of a walk. They were blindfolded. They would be dear purchases at two dollars and a half a head. When you speak to a Spaniard of the cruelty of torturing such poor beasts, he says, "Why, they are worth nothing!" These were followed by a band of foot-fighters, comely fellows in spangled jackets, plumed caps, waist sashes, short breeches, and stockings, bearing on the left arm red mantles. After them walked the two *matadores en grande tenue*, with conscious pride, and the procession closed with a team of six gaudily caparisoned mules. The procession marched up to the judges' stand and saluted; the president threw down the key of the *toril*, or bull-cell, to an attendant policeman, the round of the arena was made amid the roar of nine thousand spectators, and all passed out except the *picadores* and half a dozen of the footmen.

And now came the first moment of intense anxiety, the awaiting of the appearance of the bull. Would he be game or indifferent? would he be boldly savage or slyly murderous, a dangerous customer or a coward? Pending this issue, however, I was aware of a rising tumult on the opposite benches, an angry sort of roar and grumble that spread speedily over the whole house except in our immediate vicinity near the grand balcony; men rose gesticulating and sputtering wildly, and pointing in our direction, until nearly everybody was standing on the benches, half of them not comprehending what the matter was, and eager to see, but all roaring in tones that had no good nature in them. "They are all looking at you," said my companion; "I think it must be your hat." I was wearing, for protection against the sun, an India pith helmet, common enough all along the Mediterranean, but for some reason apparently offensive to these courteous provincials. The whole arena rose at me. It was some seconds before I could comprehend that I was the center of such polite attention. The hubbub increased; men shook their fists and howled, and began to move as if they would climb up to our tier. They demanded something

most vehemently, but whether it was my head or my hat I could not tell. I did not, however, rise to acknowledge the honor, but sat smiling, much as I suppose the *matador* smiles when the bull is about to charge him; and when the tumult was at its height there was a cry, "*El toro! El toro!*" and the crowd turned to a greater attraction.

The bull was in the ring. He was a noble animal, dun in color, handsomely marked, thin flanks, powerful shoulders, high-bred head with dilating nostrils, large, glaring eyes, and symmetrical polished horns. Affixed to the back of his neck was the variegated rosette, and blood trickled down his shoulders. He stood for a moment facing the nine thousand enemies who roared at him, and then dashed around the ring, head erect and lashing his tail, with blood and defiance in his eye. The *chulos* sought cover, and the *picadores* stood still, awaiting his attention. After his first course, the bull stood for a moment pawing the ground and bellowing, and then, catching sight of one of the weak, blindfolded horses, whose rider was urging him forward, he advanced to the attack, though not with any rush. As he came near, the *picador*, who was swaying clumsily on his horse, made a thrust at the bull with his spear and slightly turned his horse's head to the left. The horse stood still, and the bull inserted his horns under the animal's flank, slightly raising him from the ground. The footmen ran to the rescue with their distracting mantles, and the bull turned in pursuit of them. They nimbly skipped behind the shelters that are erected every few paces in the barrier, and the horse got away with his entrails trailing on the ground, his rider trying to spur him into a gallop. The crowd roared in great delight. The horse was good for sport as long as he could stand. (When the horse is not too weak to keep his feet, the wound is sewed up, that he may be gored again; for seeing the horses tortured is one of the chief delights of the ring.) After a brief interval, the bull was excited to attack another horse. This time the horse was lifted from the ground and thrown on his side, the man under him, and the bull drew back to give him a finishing stroke. The attendants again rushed in, distracted the attention of the bull, pulled the man from under the horse, got the horse up, lifted the *picador* to his feet (for encumbered as he was with armor and wadding he could not rise), and put him on the horse again. The bull, still full of fight, wheeled about in a rage at losing his assailants, who had quickly stepped behind their shelter, and advanced threateningly

toward another horse. The *picador* walked his horse to meet him. The same clumsy maneuvers occurred as before. But this time the bull not only overthrew the horse, but gored him severely, and then attacked the prostrate rider. The footmen rushed in just in time to save the man from being tossed. The horse lay dead, and the man was carried out of the ring. It was considered by this time a lively fight, and the *picadores* were reinforced by two more horsemen. The next horse assailed was gored so badly that, although he escaped, he was in a shocking condition; and after his cruel rider had spurred him a couple of times around the ring, he collapsed. The bull continued raging about, stopping occasionally to gore and toss the dead horses or chase the aggravating *chulos* to cover, and then sullenly advancing and ripping open another of the blindfolded steeds. When the trumpet sounded, he had virtually cleared the ring, and roamed around, its master. Six horses lay dead or dying in the sand.

In the second act the *chulos* and *banderilleros* had the field, to torture and bait the noble fighter, who was getting a little weakened by his extraordinary efforts, but still seemed to think he had a chance for his life. These fellows are light and nimble, costumed exactly like *Figaro*, in the "Barber's" opera, and skip about the arena with considerable agility. Their office is to tease the bull, to run toward him and irritate him by shaking their colored mantles in his face, to distract him to pursue first one and then another, and to elude him, when they are hard pressed, by dodging behind the shelters. The only danger they run is in slipping on the sod when the bull is in pursuit. After this game had gone on for some time, a *banderillero* stepped forward with a barbed arrow in each hand and faced the bull. His object was to plant an arrow in each shoulder. The two looked at each other warily. The bull was studying how he could kill the man. He pawed the ground, he lowered his head, and made a dash; the *banderillero* planted the arrows exactly in the shoulders, and skipped aside, just avoiding the points of the sharp horns. It was very neatly done; and the bull went roaring around the arena, bleeding and trying to shake himself free from the stinging barbs. This operation, after two or three failures, was repeated by another *banderillero*, and the bull was further dispirited by nagging until it was deemed time to kill him. The trumpet sounded for the third and last act.

Frascuolo entered. He was not by any means a bad-looking fellow, and, physically, he deserved a good deal of credit. He advanced straight across the arena with the

lordly strut of a great man, conscious of his merit and of deserving the thunderous applause that greeted him, to the president's box. There he made a grandiloquent speech, signifying his willingness to rid the earth of that pestilent bull. Permission was graciously accorded: we are nothing here if not courtly. Frascuelo pledged himself to do his duty, tossed his plumed hat over the barrier, and turned and addressed himself to the work. The bull had been meantime patiently waiting for the oratorical part of the performance to finish, and evidently not caring particularly for any more fighting that day.

Frascuolo carried in his right hand a long Toledo blade; in his left, a scarlet mantle a yard square. He wore a small wig of black hair, with a sort of chignon on the back of the head, and a short cue. His jacket and breeches were of light olive-green velvet. The open jacket and the front of his thighs were thickly crusted with silver spangles. His waist was girt with a red sash; his long stockings were pink, and his shoes were black. He was a cool-eyed, steady-nerved, well-made fellow, and he presented a pretty appearance as he advanced to his duel with the bull. His attendants, with the mantles, were disposed near at hand and under his orders, to excite the bull to the combat and to rescue the *matador* in case of extreme peril.

The two stood face to face; the man fresh and cool, the bull enraged, but weakened by the running and the nagging and loss of blood. The only stroke the *matador* is allowed to deliver is between the shoulders; in order to kill, he must pass the sword down close to the shoulder-blade into the heart. In order to reach this spot, the bull must have his head down, and consequently be charging. The combatants eye each other. Frascuelo shakes the scarlet before the bull's eyes. The bull paws the ground and looks wicked, but distrustful of the blade. Frascuelo comes nearer, never for a second losing the bull's eye. He insults him with the scarlet. The bull dashes at it. Frascuelo delivers a stroke as the bull comes on, flirts the banner in his eyes, and steps aside. The bull is wounded, but not in the vital spot, and speedily turns and faces his foe. Frascuelo coolly wipes the blade on the silk in his hand, and is ready for another turn. The same wary maneuvers follow, with the same result. Then a longer period of skirmishing follows, in which the attendants again nag and torment the now distracted and reluctant animal. In the third round, Frascuelo plants his sword in the right spot, half way to the hilt. The crowd rise and roar with delight. The bull goes bellowing around the arena in pain, blood running from his



TAKING OUT THE VICTIM.

mouth. As he passes near the barrier, the spectators lean over and, with one blow after another, thrust the sword in to the hilt. The bull falls on his knees and is done for. Frascuelo, still cool, gracious, dignified, advances to the grand balcony. He is greeted with a hurricane of hurrahs, and a shower of hats is thrown at him from the benches. These hats are not, however, gifts. Frascuelo goes around and picks each one up and restores it to its owner. Then the trumpet sounds, the mule team gallops in and drags away the bull and the carcasses of the horses, and the arena is ready for another fight.

The second fight was essentially a repetition of the first, only this bull was sullen and less enterprising than the first one, though equally strong and dangerous. In the second act, an incident occurred that sent a delightful thrill of horror through the spectators for a moment. One of the *chulos*, pursued by the bull, fell, and the brute's horns were just about entering his body when Frascuelo, who was in the arena, rushed forward with incredible swiftness and address and, blinding the bull with his cloak, diverted his attention and saved the man's life. It was the cleverest feat of the day.

The *matador* in this fight was El Gordito, a man of fame, but older than Frascuelo, and on this occasion he appeared to be a very clumsy swordsman. Although the bull was much fatigued when he took him, the fight was intolerably long. El Gordito made pass after pass, wounding the bull repeatedly, but never in the right spot. Twice he lost his sword, the bull carrying it away in his neck, and it was recovered and brought to the *matador* by his attendants. Once he thrust it so deeply into the shoulder that it was a long time before it was pulled out, and then by one of the spectators leaning over the barrier when the bull was sulking, and El Gordito had to be furnished with another sword. After twenty minutes of this clumsy work, the

crowd got very impatient, and did what is very seldom done in a bull-ring—they demanded the life of the bull. The signal of this act of mercy is the waving of a white handkerchief. Soon the whole arena was fluttering with these flags of truce. But the president would not heed them. He probably hesitated to disgrace so notorious a fighter. The farce went on. Again and again the crowd rose, waving handkerchiefs and demanding that the bull should be let go. But the president was inexorable. The fight went on, intolerably weary and monotonous. At the end of nearly three-quarters of an hour, El Gordito succeeded in planting his weapon in the right spot, though not delivering an immediate death-blow; but the bull, after some hesitation, sank on his knees, and an attendant crept up to his side and dispatched him with a butcher-knife.

We assisted at the killing of one bull more. It was always the same thing. Six bulls were slaughtered that day, but three were quite enough for us. I do not know how many horses bit the dust, but a good many,—I should think twenty-five dollars' worth, in all. Perhaps I should have got used to the cruelty, the disgusting sight of the gored horses, and the cheap barbarity, if I had staid through the entire performance; but I could not longer endure the weariness and monotony of the show, the tedious skirmishing between bulls that had to be all the time irritated up to the fighting point, and decrepit, blindfolded horses that could not see their danger, and nimble athletes that could easily skip to a place of safety. It would have been something like fair if the barriers had been closed and the fighters had owed their escape to speed and address. One's sympathy went always with the tormented bull, whose very bravery and courage insured his death, for there was no chance for him from the first moment. There were times when it

would have been a relief to see him dispatch one of his tormentors.

The profoundest impressions left with one were of the weary monotony of the show, and the utter tameness and cheapness of most of it, and the character of the spectators. There were a good many children in the crowd, having their worst passions cultivated by the brutal exhibition. It is an important part of the national education, and the fruits of it are plain to be seen. I am glad to record that a little girl, seated near us, who had enjoyed the grand entry and the excitement of the scene, was quite broken up by the disgusting details, and frequently hid her face on her father's shoulder, crying nervously at the distress of the poor horses. But the great, roaring crowd heartily gloated over all that was most revolting.

Long after we left the arena, there was ringing in my ears their barbaric clamor.

We went out from the blazing light and tumult of the ring, glad to escape from the demoniac performance, and sought refuge in an old church near by, to bathe our tired eyes and bruised nerves in its coolness and serenity. Here, at least, was some visible evidence that the Christian religion has still a foothold in Spain.

We tried to console ourselves for the part we had taken in the day's sport, by the thought that we had once for all discharged the traveler's duty in a study of the great national pastime—the pastime that royalty encourages by its presence, the pastime that reveals and molds the character of a once powerful people.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN ENGLAND.

MR. WINSLOW HOMER holds, as to time, an intermediate place between our elder and our younger painters. He cannot be classed with those who won their position and gained their chief honors before the War of the Rebellion; nor is he identified with the later generation which has so rapidly grown in numbers and in influence since the appear-

ance of a few clever Munich and Paris students on the Academy walls in 1877. And not only in time, but in the character of his work, he stands apart from both these well-known groups.

Mr. Homer was born in Boston in 1836. At the age of six his family removed to Cambridge, where country life fostered



A CHARCOAL SKETCH. BY WINSLOW HOMER.