





*Wood engraving.*

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*West. engr.*

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sation of pleasure in the minds of spectators of sensibility.

But another act is preparing. When it is judged that the bull is sufficiently tormented by the horse-men, they retire, and deliver him to the barbarous *teasings* of those on foot. These go before the animal, and, at the moment he rushes upon them, plunge in his neck, by two and two, a species of arrows, called *banderillas*, terminating in a barb, and ornamented with little streamers of coloured paper, (Plate X. No. 6, and Plate XI. No. 7.) The fury of the bull increases, he roars, is agitated, and his vain efforts serve only to render his pains more poignant. This last torture shows the agility of his new tormentors in a favourable light. At first you tremble for them when you see them brave, so near, the horns of this dreadful animal; but their experienced hands are so sure when they strike, they escape the danger so easily, that after a few rounds their dexterous manœuvres appear nothing more than a light episode of the tragedy, of which the following is the denouement.

When the vigour of the bull appears nearly exhausted, when the blood that flows from twenty wounds down his neck, moistening his huge flanks, and the impatience of the people calls for another victim, the president then gives the signal of death, which is announced by the flourish of trumpets. The *matador* advances and reigns alone in the arena; (Plate XI. No. 8.) in one hand

he holds a long sword, and in the other a kind of banner which he waves before his adversary. They are now face to face; they stop, they look at one another. The *matador* several times deceives the impetuosity of the bull; and the suspended pleasure of the spectators becomes more lively. Sometimes the bull remains stationary; tears the ground with his hoofs, and seems meditating vengeance. The bull in this situation, the *matador* calculating his movements, and divining his purposes, form a picture which a masterly pencil could not disdain. The spectators respect this mute scene by a profound silence. The *matador* at last strikes the mortal blow, (Plate XII. No. 9.) and if the animal falls instantly, thousands of cries celebrate the triumph of the conqueror: but if the bull survives, the murmurs are no less tumultuous. The *torreador*, whose glory was about to be raised to the skies, is now no more than a bungling butcher. He soon takes revenge, and his blind fury carries him often so far as to make you tremble for his life. At last he strikes a more decided blow, the animal vomits streams of blood, struggles with death, totters, falls, (Plate XII. No. 10.) and his conqueror is inebriated with applause. Three mules, ornamented with bells and streamers, finish the scene. (Plate XIII. No. 11.) The bull is fastened by those horns that showed his valour; the furious and noble animal is ignominiously dragged out of



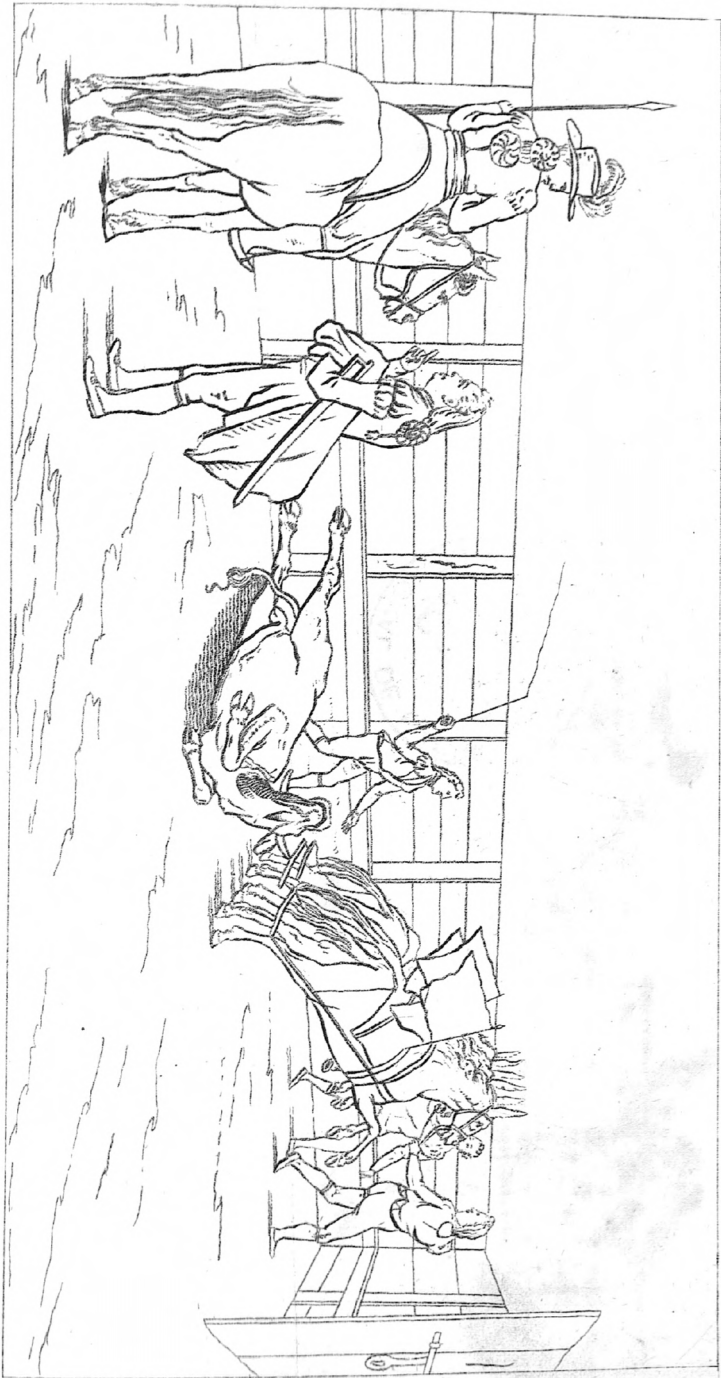






*Fig. 234. Aps. 7808 for Anokkadeh, Persia.*





PL. VIII. Col. II. Page. 354. N. 11.





*Fight of 'Kip' 'Koo' for 'Koo' 'Koo' 'Koo'.*

1895





the arena, and leaves no traces behind him but his blood and a slight remembrance, which is soon obliterated by the appearance of his successor.

Each of the days appropriated to these festivals, (at least at Madrid) six are immolated in the morning and twelve in the afternoon. The last are delivered exclusively to the *matador*, without any assistance from the *picadores*, and he shows his ingenuity in varying the pleasures of the spectators. Sometimes he makes them fight with some intrepid stranger, who attacks them mounted on another bull; sometimes they are made to meet bears. The points of their horns are covered with a round substance, which diminishes the danger of their blows. In this state, the bull, which is called *embolado*, loses the power of piercing and tearing. The amateurs descend in crowds to torment him, each in his own way, and often pay for their cruel sport with violent contusions; but the bull always falls by the hand of the *matador*.

The few spectators who do not partake in this general rage, regret that this unhappy animal does not purchase at least his life, at the expense of such torments and such efforts of courage, and would willingly assist him to escape his persecutors. With these spectators disgust succeeds to compassion, and ennui to disgust. This series of uniform scenes causes the interest which this en-

tainment promised at the beginning to become languid. It recalls to memory what Pliny the younger says, in speaking of the games of the circus; *Nihil novum, nihil varium, nihil quod non semel spectâsse sufficiat*. But as for the connoisseurs who have thoroughly studied all the arts of the bull, the resources of his address and his fury, the different ways of provoking him, of deceiving him, of tormenting him—(and this is in some provinces a study from infancy)—for the connoisseurs, I say, none of these scenes resemble one another, and they pity the poor observers who do not know how to distinguish all these varieties.

A master worthy to compose a didactic poem on this subject, apparently so steril and yet so fruitful, the famous torreador *Pepebillo*\*, published in 1796 a treatise entitled *La Tauromaquia, o arte de Torrear, a piè y a caballo*; a very useful work, as is said in the title, for the torreadors by profession, and for the amateurs, unique in its kind, and acceptable to the public. It may be said of this work that the author thoroughly understands his subject.

Indeed, in this as well as in any other career, party spirit distributes reputations, questions or exaggerates success. During my first residence in Madrid, the amateurs were divided between

\* He died four years ago, and, it may be said, on the bed of honour. He fell a victim to a bull which he was going to immolate; this is the second in thirty years.

two famous matadors, *Costillares* and *Romero*, as elsewhere between two celebrated actors. Each party was as loud in its praises, as positive in its decisions, as ever with us were the *Gluckists* and the *Piccinists*. It will be believed with difficulty that the art of killing a bull, which seems to be exclusively the business of a butcher, should be gravely discussed and exalted with transport, not only by the people, but by men of sense, by women of delicacy. But let us not from this draw any unfavourable induction of the Spaniards. Notwithstanding their ungovernable taste for the bull-fight, notwithstanding the barbarous pleasure they enjoy in seeing the blood of these innocent and courageous animals, they are no less susceptible of all the feelings of goodness and humanity. On their return from these entertainments, they relish not the less the tranquillity of home, the overflowing of friendship, and the delights of love; and their courage is not become more ferocious. In the century when single combats and assassinations were more frequent, they were no more attached to this spectacle than at present. Their manners are softened without this passion being diminished, which is still in its greatest fervour. The day of a bull-fight is a day of solemnity for all the canton. The people come from ten and twelve leagues distance. The artisan who can with difficulty earn enough for his subsistence, has always sufficient to pay for the bull-fight. Woe be to the chastity of a young girl whose poverty ex-

cludes her ! The man who pays for her admittance will be her first seducer.

Under Charles III the government had felt the inconvenience of this kind of phrensy, as a source of the irregularities and dissipation of a people whom he wished to recall to industry ; and as an injury to agriculture, by depriving it yearly of so many valuable instruments of cultivation. The king had personally an aversion to the bull-fights, and made successive attempts to wean the nation from them. His minister Florida Blanca entered into his views. They began to reduce the number of these fights in the country towns. At Madrid none but debilitated bulls were suffered to be baited ; and this entertainment began to lose its principal attraction ; but it was foreseen it would be revived under the reign of Charles IV.

There is in Spain another entertainment which is a feeble image of the true bull-fight. It is called *fiesta de novillos*. There the young bull, destined not to die, but to grow up for pleasures less innocent, tries his growing horns in the dangerous business for which he is reserved, and is delivered up to the provocations of a crowd of amateurs unexperienced as himself. The prince and the princess of Asturias not daring openly to oppose the taste of the old Charles III, took the liberty of being present, as by stealth, at these parodies of the grand scene ; and from thence it was conjectured they would patronize them. The beginning of their reign justified this conjecture. For a long

while none of the festivals called *fiestas reales* had been given them by the court of Madrid. There were bull-fights for which the *plaza mayor* served as a stage. The military attendants of the king were present to preserve order. His halberdeers on foot formed the interior circle of the scene; and their long arms presented were the only barriers to the curvettings of the bulls. There had been only one of these fêtes during the last reign, and they were thought abolished. But the crowning of the new king furnished an occasion to revive them. From that time the bull-fights are again come into favour, and permission has been granted to those towns that wished to reestablish them with an intention of applying the profits to charitable purposes. Those in the capital are become worthy of exciting the enthusiasm that began to diminish. Since 1789 more animating and more sanguinary fêtes have been given than for many years before, and more than once a single bull has remained in the arena after having ripped open the bellies of all the horses, and wounded most of the combatants.

There are then still in Spain two institutions\*, of which the Spaniards are very tenacious; two institutions between which there is more than one point of contact.

Both inspire a kind of terror in those who defend them.

\* One of the two exists no more, as has been said in a preceding note. When may we say as much of the other?

(Note to the edition of 1805.)

Both are barbarous ; one with respect to morals, and the other with respect to opinions.

Neither ought to have any apologists but executioners, and yet christian charity is the motive and excuse for both. By one, faith is armed with rigour against incredulity ; and from the produce of the other, charity is enabled to assist the unfortunate.

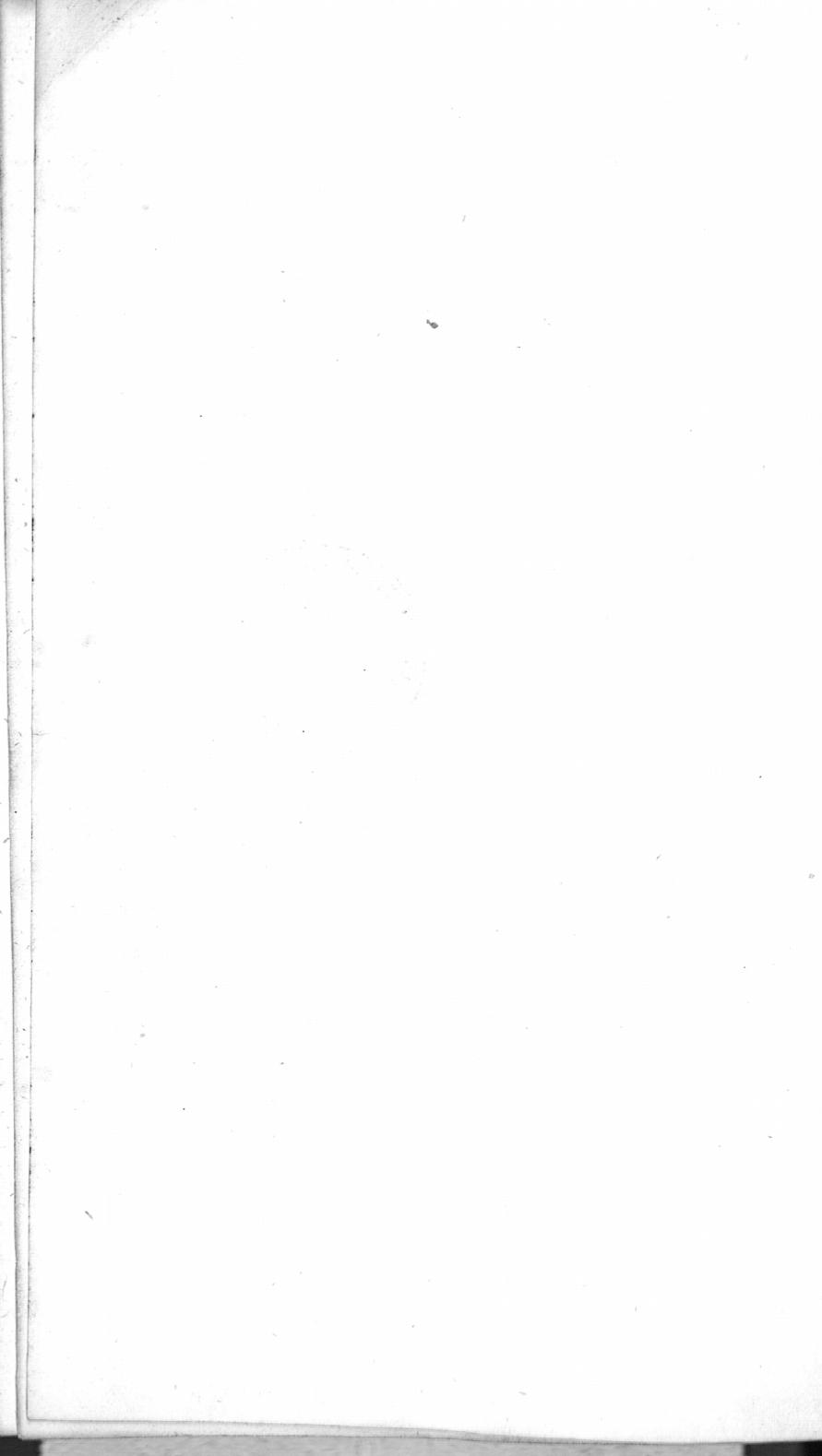
One operates as a check to the improvement of agriculture, and the other is the greatest obstacle to sound philosophy.

Is it necessary to say that one is the Inquisition, and the other the bull-fights ?

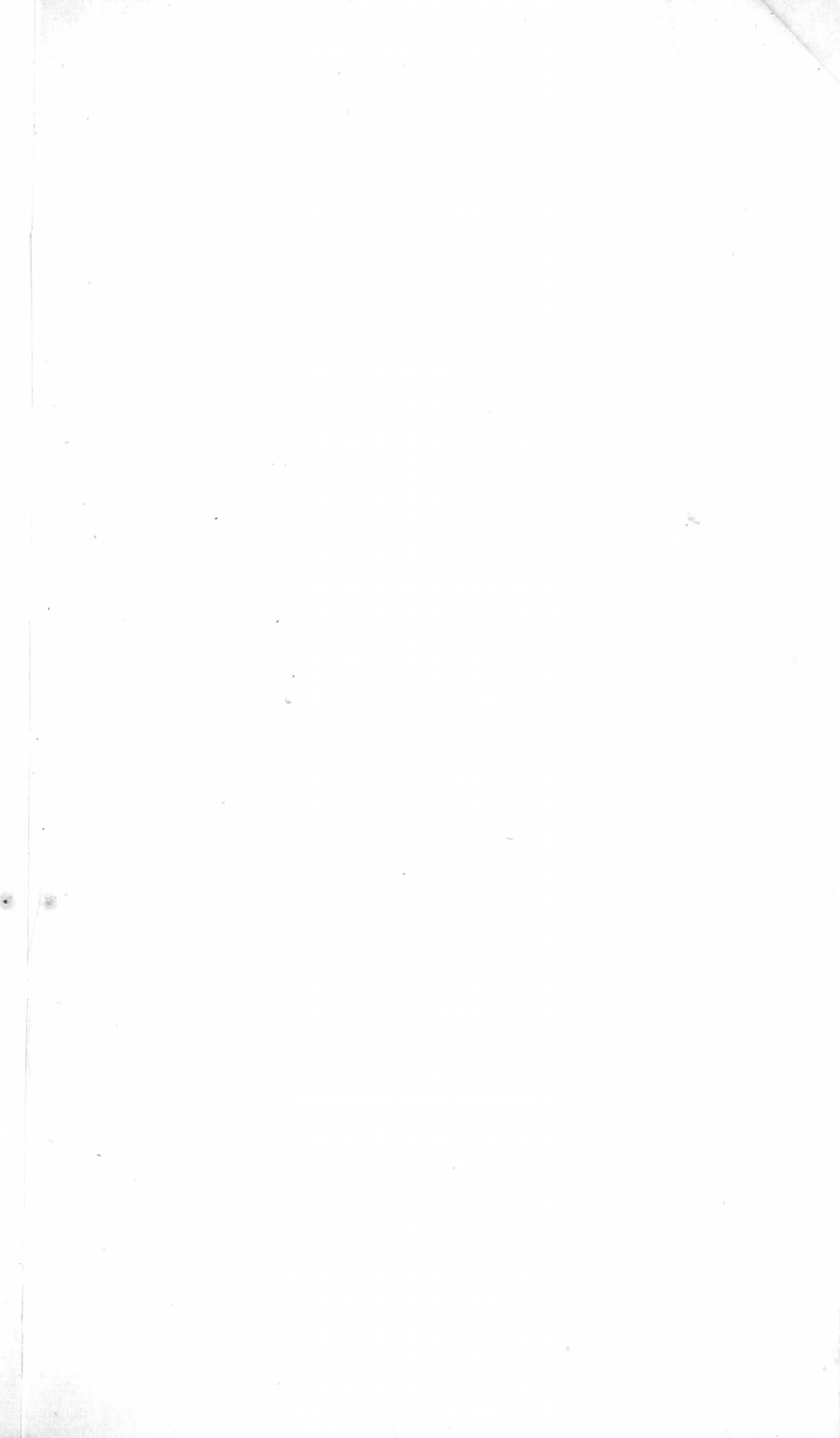
I shall thus conclude my observations concerning the manners and taste of the Spanish nation, and of my long residence in Madrid. After this impartial view of the customs, the pleasures, and the resources of this capital, it will easily be granted, that when a foreigner has acquired the language, which is not difficult, if he wishes to introduce himself in the Spanish circles, which are very accessible ; when he is familiarised with the manners of the country, which have their singularities, but are in no way disgusting ; or if he has nothing to solicit at Madrid but the good graces of some amiable Spanish lady, he may pass his time as agreeably in this capital as in any other place in Europe.

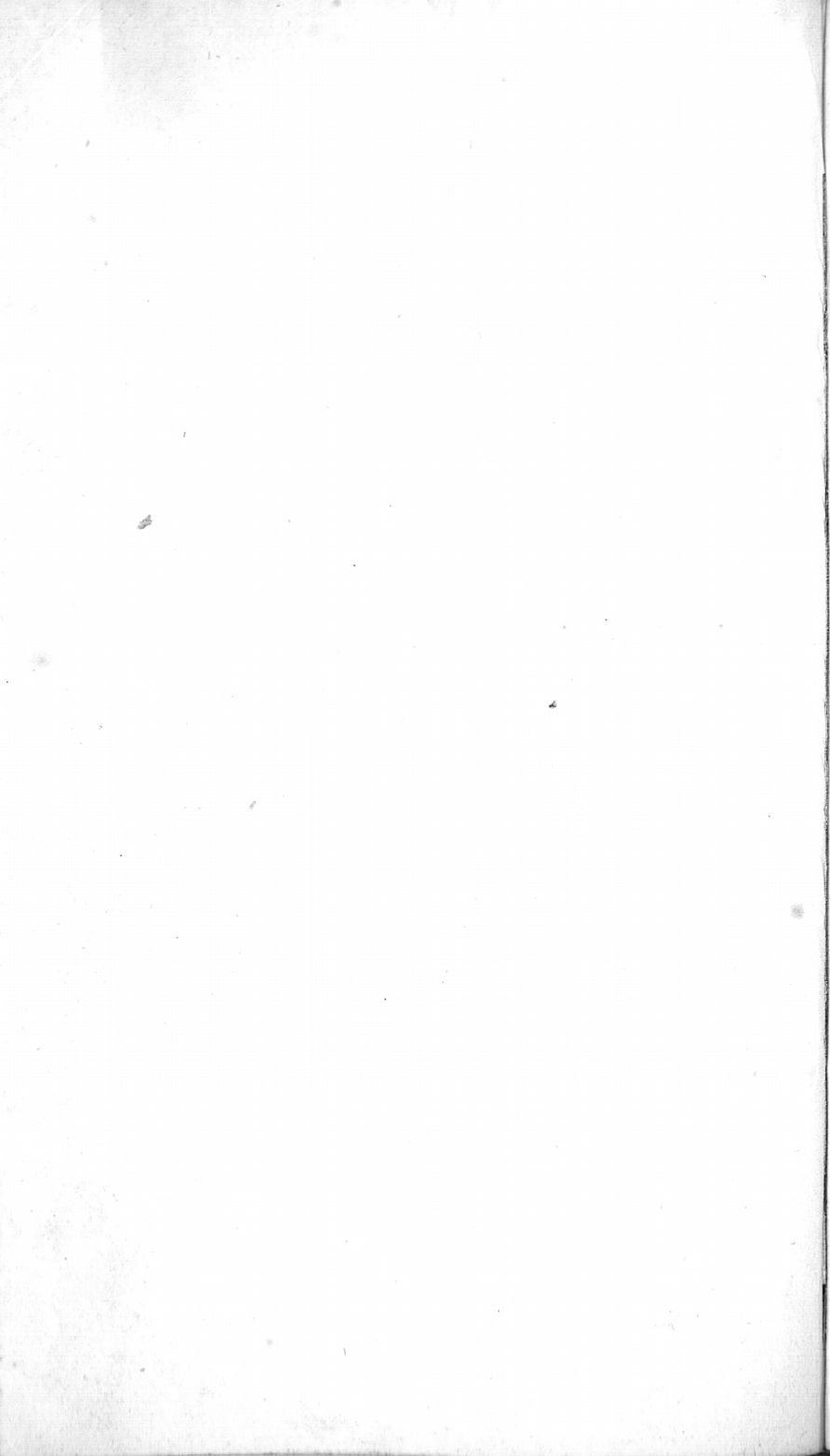
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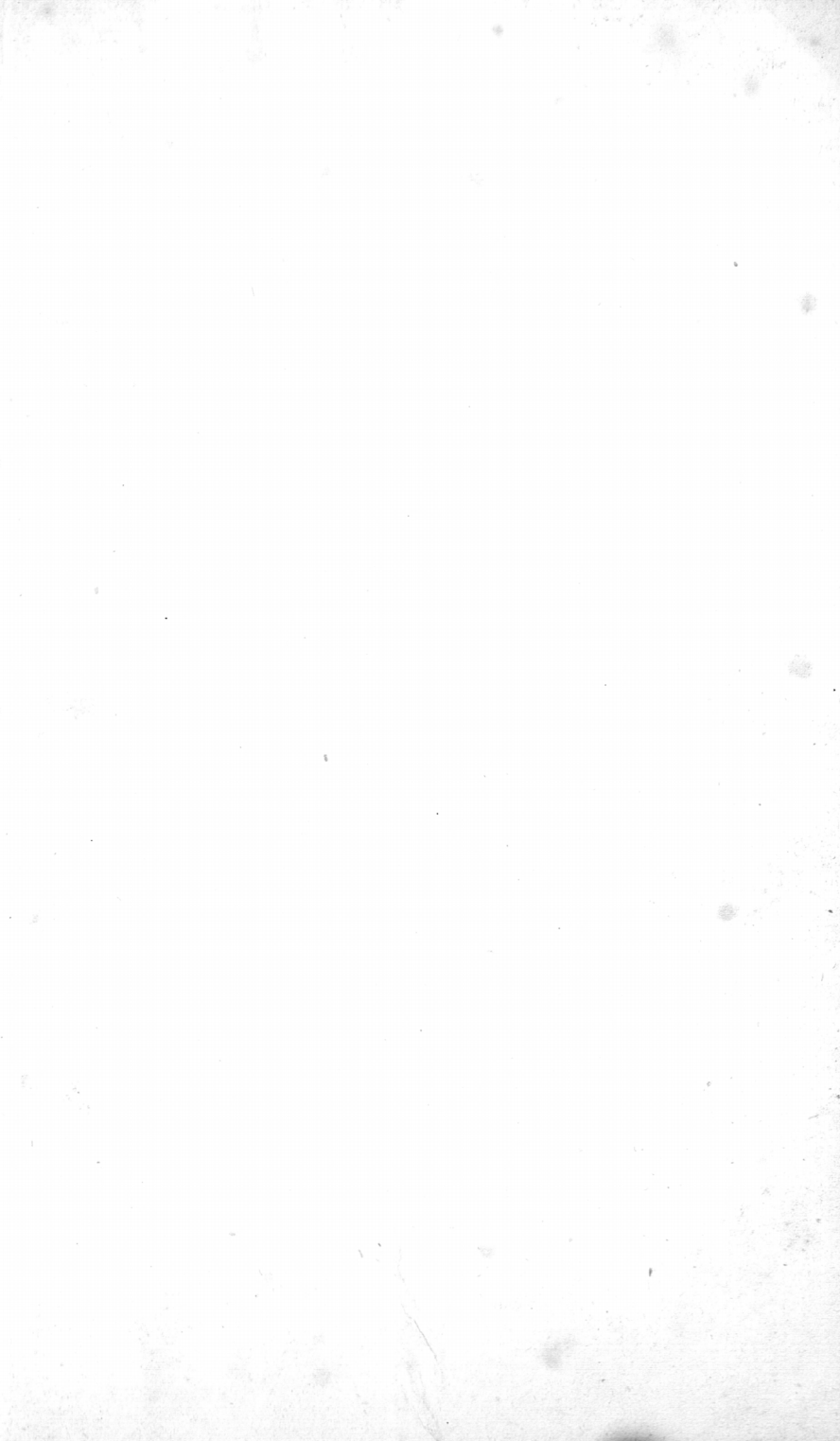














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