

for with them it furnished a means of finding favor with the fair, who attended the spectacle, and was, besides, a miniature of those scenes of strife and warfare in which they were constantly engaged. They, doubtless, introduced the mode of fighting the bull on horseback and with the lance; for they were a nation of cavaliers, who did every thing in the saddle, and even conquered Spain at a gallop. Thus improved, the bull-fight, with many other usages, was transmitted by the Moors to their christian conquerors, who also inherited many beautiful ballads, on the subject*. These are still preserved in the Castilian, and form part of the spoil which the exiles left behind them when they returned to Africa.

Even in the last century the *Fiestas Reales* were still given in Spain on all great occasions, such as the birth, marriage, or coronation of a prince. In Madrid these feasts always took place in the Plaza Mayor, an extensive quadrangle, four hundred and fifty by three hundred and fifty feet, which stands in the centre of the city. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded by uniform ranges of houses five and six stories high, with wide balconies and an arcade below which runs round the whole interior. At each of the corners, and midway between them, are

* Poesias Escogidas Romancero.

arched portals which communicate with the streets without, whilst within the arcade furnishes a covered walk round the area, which serves as a market-place. The buildings around the Plaza Mayor consist of the royal bakery and of one hundred and thirty-six dwelling-houses, which contain a population of three thousand persons. When the royal feasts took place, the front apartments of these houses were let out by their occupants, and were thronged with people to their very roofs. Below wooden benches were erected for the population, and the royal halberdiers, with their steel-headed battle-axes, formed a barrier to protect them from the fury of the bull. The royal family drove into the Plaza in splendid carriages of state, and being attended by the first cavaliers and most distinguished beauties of the court, took their station in the gilded balconies of the Panaderia; whilst all the surrounding houses were hung with curtains of variegated silk, intermingled with fans and handkerchiefs set in motion by the hand of beauty.

When all was ready, the cavaliers selected for the combat made their appearance in gala-coaches, attended by their sponsors, who were usually the first grandees of Spain; for, in the days of chivalry, to fight the bull was the peculiar privilege of gentle blood. They were followed by companies of horse-

men dressed in the Moorish garb, who led the horses of their masters. These having mounted and received their lances, went beneath the royal balcony to salute the king, and each took care, doubtless, to catch the approving or cautionary glance of his mistress. The arena being cleared by the alguazils, the king waved his handkerchief; warlike music repeated the signal, and a bull was let in. The cavaliers approached him one by one with lances in rest, and their ardor was shared by their proud-spirited horses. Sometimes the bull would receive the spear deep into his neck, at others he would shiver it to pieces, and overturn everything in his course.



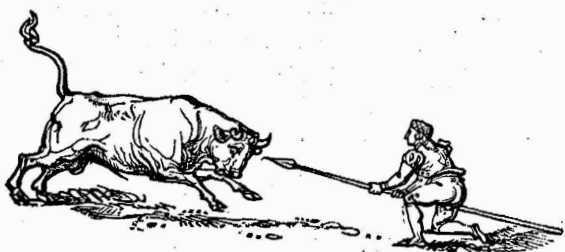
Bull-fight on horseback.

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There were on these occasions several modes of combat. Dogs were occasionally introduced to meet the bull; and though often tossed and mangled, it was more frequent for them to succeed in seizing his nose and holding him motionless to the ground. Another manner was much more harmless. The skins of different animals, blown into whimsical figures, were placed in the arena; and it was often found that the bull had less dread of an armed antagonist than of these immoveable objects, which awaited his attack without any sign of fear. There was, however, one mode more cruel and dangerous than all. A man dressed in fantastic colors to attract attention placed himself in front of the portal by which the bull was to enter. He held in both hands an iron spear, one end of which was fixed in the ground, whilst the point inclined upwards in the direction of the portal. The combatant crouched closely behind this spear, which served the double purpose of weapon and defence. Thus prepared, he awaited the career of the bull, who, on the opening of the portal, made at once towards the only object which stood in the way of his fury. If the career of the bull were direct, the spear entered deep into his forehead, and he remained nailed to the earth. If, on the contrary, the hold of the combatant became unsteady through fear, or the bull glanced to either side, he would pass the point of

the weapon with a grazed face or the loss of an eye, and dart with fury upon his unprotected victim, toss him high into the air, and moisten the arena with his blood.



Bull-fight on foot.

The bull-fight has been several times abolished in Spain; once in 1567, by an edict of Pope Pius V., which was revoked in 1576 by Clement VIII. In the present century it was again abolished by Godoy; but is now re-established, and will doubtless long continue to form the favorite amusement of the Spanish people. It is true, they are no longer the splendid spectacles which they once were. We look in vain for gilded balconies thronged with the wealthy and the beautiful, and for that soul-inspiring enthusiasm which has died with the days of chivalry. But though princes and nobles no longer descend into the arena, their places are filled with equal courage, and perhaps greater skill, by butchers from

Andalusia, who become toreros by profession. The toreros of modern times no longer contend from a thirst after honorable distinction, or a desire to win the approving smile of beauty; but for money, to be spent in brothels and taverns, where such as escape the dangers of the arena often end their lives in brawls by the knives of their companions. X.

At Madrid the bull-fight now takes place in an edifice called the Plaza de Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of a circular form, and not elliptical, like the Roman amphitheatres. The extreme diameter of the outer walls is three hundred and thirty feet, of the arena two hundred and twenty. It is capable of containing eleven thousand spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars which sustain the two covered galleries and the roof are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and which is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round. Beneath this last gallery there is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the

complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good idea of a Roman amphitheatre.

The portion of the Plaza allotted to the bulls, horses, and toreros is of very simple construction. The arena is enclosed by a barrier six feet high, surrounded by a circular lobby, into which the combatants escape when too warmly pursued. This lobby is pierced by four sets of folding-doors communicating from the arena to the different apartments beneath the amphitheatre. One of these is the toril, where the bulls are enclosed preparatory to the combat. The folding door opening into the arena in front of that of the toril gives admittance to the alguazils, who act as marshals; a third to the horses and picadores; whilst through a fourth are dragged away the carcasses of the victims.

In summer the bull-feast usually takes place in the morning of a week-day. In winter it is given on Sunday afternoon. The winter feasts are called *Corridas de Novillos*, because young bulls only are then brought forward. The style of the handbill issued on these occasions is singularly indicative of that propensity to be pompous and bombastic which the Spaniards ridicule in the Portuguese, and for which they are themselves equally remarkable. It begins thus: "The king our master, whom may God preserve, has been pleased to name this day

for the fifth course of novillos, granted by his majesty for the benefit of his royal hospitals and the gratification of his vassals. His excellency the corregidor of this very heroic city will preside over the Plaza. The function to commence with two valiant novillos, which will be attacked by the intrepid amateurs Bernardo Bermudez and Ramon de Rosa."

This modest invitation was always sufficient to bring together several thousand motley Madrileños and Madrileñas. Few or none of the Spanish gentry were present on these occasions, and the boxes of the upper row were almost entirely deserted. I do not know, however, whether they continue to avoid the Plaza in summer, when the number of muertos—bulls which are to die in the arena—instead of two, is increased to six, and when a hotter sun maddens the victims into deadlier fury. The second row was usually better filled, but the company by no means select. The well-dressed persons were chiefly strangers belonging to the different legations, intermingled with officers, royalist volunteers, shopkeepers, and women, congregated together, or else singly with small children by the hand, and not a few suckling their infants. Here and there, too, one might see a dirty priest, who, having chanted himself hoarse in the morning, comes with his snuff or cigarillo to pass more con-

genially the evening of the sabbath. But the uncovered benches of the *patio* were ever filled to overflowing. They were the favorite resort of the populace; and no vagabond ever remained away who could muster the two reals demanded for admission, whether by stealing or starvation. Here the *canalla* are in all their glory. Whilst the contest lasts, they encourage or reprove the combatants, applaud or bellow at the bull, then shout, swear, and whistle during the period of the interlude. It is they, in fact, who give a tone and character to the whole entertainment.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having at length arrived, the corregidor takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with *su Magestad*—the host—ready to administer the sacrament to the dying toreros. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two alguazils enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. These noble animals are richly caparisoned, with powerful bits, peaked saddles, and broad stirrups, after the manner of the East. The alguazils have their black wands of office, and are dressed in cloak, buskin, slashed

sleeves, ruffs, and plumed hat—the ancient Spanish costume. Having rode round the lists, to clear them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the canalla who have been wrestling and rolling in the dust, they meet each other in the centre, and then ride to the box of the corregidor, before which they make an obeisance, to signify that every thing is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the corregidor throws down the key of the toril, waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre sounds a march. The folding gates are thrown open at the left, and the *chulos* enter, escorting the two picadores.

The *chulos* or cheats are dressed as majos—some in black, some in green, and some in crimson. They are all well-made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight dress, ornamented with bunches of riband at the knees, the shoes, and in the hair. Beside a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each *chulo* wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow. This serves to irritate the bull, and to divert his attention.

The picadores wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold; large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribands, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin; and buckskin.

pantaloons lined with plates of armor to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn, to prevent it from penetrating far. The lance of the picador serves to turn the bull off, but does him little injury; indeed it may rather be looked on as a defensive than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the picador, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The picadores enter the lists mounted on jaded beasts, which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin. When brought into the lists, they are half hidden under huge Moorish saddles, which rise before and behind, near a foot from the back, in order to strengthen the seat of the picador. If the animal has a good eye remaining, it is covered with a pocket-handkerchief. The attire of the picador is usually soiled by frequent rolling in the dust. Indeed, as he poises his lance and kicks his limping beast forward, by dint of spurs, to pay his devoirs to the corregidor, his whole appearance offers a striking contrast to the gallant bearing of the alguazil.

The winter feast always commenced with *novillos embolados*, whose horns were covered with balls,

and who overturned the picadores and their horses without doing them much injury. This contest is sustained, usually, by novices, whose clumsy efforts to turn aside the bull give infinite amusement to the audience, and prepare them to estimate the excellence of the veteran picadores, who come afterwards to contend with the muertos. Indeed, to appreciate correctly the difficulty of any task, we should not only see it well, but ill executed. The novillos and the novices who contended with them, having left the lists, two old toreros ride through the portal, and are greeted with the applause of the multitude, to whom they have been rendered familiar by many a feat of skill and courage, and by many a scene of danger.

To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain. On the occasion to which I allude, the bull, though he bore the name of novillo, was a sturdy beast, that might have counted a lustrum. Though not large, his conformation could scarce have been more powerful. He was rather lightly built behind, widening, however, in span towards the shoulders, which served as foundation to a thick neck and short head, armed with a pair of horns, which were not long, but stout and well pointed. His coat was of a rusty brown, darkening into

black towards the neck and shoulders, where it became thick and curly, like the mane of a lion.

This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the toril to the arena. The chulos having taken their stand with the two picadores drawn up behind them, the signal was given, and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and we now first discovered the bull, such as I have described him, endeavouring to force his way through the iron grate which separated him from the toril. The poor animal had been tormented by separation from his herd, by confinement, by tortures to which his lacerated ears bore testimony, and by desires which had been pampered, but not gratified. At this moment a prick from a torero in the lobby caused him to turn about, when he discovered an open passage into the lists, and rushed at once madly in, hoping, doubtless, that he had at last found an open road to conduct him to the fertile marshes of the Guadiana, where he had so long reigned lord of the herd.

This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career; his tail writhing furiously, his head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open and fiery, and eyes glaring fiercely through the matted

curls of his forehead; whilst the red riband, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape was illusory; he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistlings, and the waving of garments. But though astonished, he is not terrified. He glances his bewildered eye about the arena, in search of some enemy upon whom to wreak his fury*.

No sooner did the bull in question discover the chulos, fluttering their gay cloaks, and inviting him to victory by showing a disposition to fly before him, than he made after the nearest at the top of his speed. The chulo, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady, and, having with difficulty reached the barrier with-

* "Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow."

Childe Harold.

out being overtaken, he leaped over it into the lobby. The escape of the chulo was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk and nailed it to the boards.

Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the picador. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The picador is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and bullies, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character nor conduct of the bull in question; indeed, no sooner had he cleared his horns of the cloak of the ohulo, than he rushed towards the first picador. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and, shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This first effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by

the address of the picador. The bull was met by the lance just as he rose on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second picador, drawn up behind his comrade. This second attack was more successful. The lance of the picador was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, driving his horns into the flank and tossing his head, completely overturned both horse and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied. He darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled picador, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was painted upon every countenance. The men rose from their benches; some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, whilst such as had infants clasped them tighter. At this moment the chulos came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length raised from the dust, it

appeared that he had sustained no serious injury. The horse, being the more prominent object of the two, had attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the picador showed how narrow had been his escape.

Whilst this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful than before; probably through the fault of the horse, which, being imperfectly blinded, saw the approach of his antagonist, and retreated sidewise before him. The lance of his rider was forced in, and the bull, darting his horns into the side of the horse, held him securely to the barrier. The picador now abandoning his lance, caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without, was drawn over into the lobby. The chulos again diverted the attention of the bull. He released the horse, and the wounded beast, no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered sidewise towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcass of the horse, and carried away to deck out another for the same doom.

Meantime the second picador raised his horse from the ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a chulo, and commenced spurring the mangled beast around the arena. I felt more for this poor horse than I had for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was a beautifully formed animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardor; for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the picador, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn awhile over the dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favor. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end.

The lists were now cleared, and the bull, wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot

wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had rooted the ground awhile, he turned his nose high into the air, snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. The new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, he fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim.

By this time the picadores were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and being gored behind fell back upon his rider. The chulos with their cloaks most opportunely diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out, and with an agonized moan he commenced scratching

them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the chulos having laid aside their cloaks proceeded to arm themselves with banderillas—light darts which have a barbed point and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colors. The chief art in placing the banderilla is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the matador, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straightforward career of a claro*. The brave bull in

* A single instance may show the danger of attacking one of these treacherous bulls. El Sombrero—thus surnamed from having been once a maker of hats—was for some years the most noted matador in Spain. He was once dealing with a bull of this description, when the animal by an irregular career passed by his sword, caught him upon his horns, and, transfixing him, bore him bleeding round the arena. He at length was disengaged and taken off insensible. Nevertheless he recovered slowly, and, naturally enough, forswore his profession. But the taste for these sports, and perhaps extravagant habits not to be gratified by the narrow earnings of a hat-maker, drove him back at last to his old profession. He appeared again in the lists, but no longer with his former coolness and intrepidity. I saw him afterwards in Granada, attacking a bull of the same character as the one which had been so near destroying him. The eccentric charges of the

question was of this last description. With a dart, therefore, in each hand, one of the chulos, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and, directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever, rubbed his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper, until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of

animal and his own faltering thrusts rendered his situation most critical, and the audience called loudly for the other matador. This roused him, and a desperate though well-aimed thrust left him triumphant. I wondered more that he should have been able again to enter the arena, than that he should no longer do it with his former intrepidity.

the Plaza are inexorable. The corregidor is seen to wave his handkerchief, the trumpets blow a war-like blast, for the matador.

The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet was no other than the principal matador of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serves me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small regular features, a keen sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and to deal death. The dress of Romero was that of a majo, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery: his hair combed backwards, and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked-hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of a banner which was fastened to a short staff. The color of this banner was red, deepened here and there by the bloody stains of former combats.

Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force and despised his adversary; nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the corregidor, he took off his hat and made a low obeisance; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre.

This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the plating of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then, taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, displayed a long straight toledano, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

Meantime the chulos were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to excite his declining ferocity. In this way the bull was enticed towards the spot where the matador awaited him. The latter holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the matador held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest. The multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes are bent upon the glittering weapon. The bull makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the matador, but the sword which he held a moment before is no longer seen—it has entered full length beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

Having received his death blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the matador, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches mingled with the clang of trumpets to proclaim the triumph of the matador!

A few more impotent attacks of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood, which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his head becomes tremulous and unsteady: he bows to his fate, pauses a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn; then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over

the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony*.

At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where lay the carcasses of the two horses. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered. The canalla, too, who had jumped into the lists to sport with the novillos, unmindful that the animal which to-day furnished them with amusement would to-morrow supply them with food, now jumped upon him, greeted him with kicks, and even fastened upon his tail. Trumpets had announced the entry of the bull; trumpets are

* “ Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay—
 Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray;
 And now the matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand;
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!”

Childe Harold.

again heard at his departure. But who can recognise the proud beast which a few minutes before overturned every thing before him in the unresisting carcass which now sweeps the arena?

Scarcely had the gate closed, when the trumpets once more sounded, and a novillo embolado, or young bull with balls on the ends of his horns, was let into the lists to be baited by the ragged rabble. Now begins a most singular scene. The bull, taunted by the waving of jackets, cloaks, and mantas, pursues and tramples upon one, tosses another into the air, and dragging a third along by the cloak, at length escapes with a portion of the tatters hanging to his horns, to the infinite amusement of all except the sufferer, who, if he be not hurt, is beset and banged for his clumsiness by the ragged mantles of his companions.

I had seen enough of this, and was turning away in disgust to leave the amphitheatre, when I was met by the matador Romero, who had concealed his gala dress under a capa parda. He made at once towards a pretty girl in a black mantilla, who sat near me during the whole entertainment. The flourishes of her fan and the wanton glances of her rolling eye had long since proclaimed the courtesan. Having unfolded his cloak and made his obeisance, Romero presented her with a small iron barb strung with a red ribbon. The whole iron was

stained with blood, and the ribbon was the same fatal device which had fluttered from the neck of the last muerto.

“*Pan y toros!*—Bread and bulls!” exclaims the philosopher Jovillanos, like the Roman of old, in lamenting the fallen fortunes of his country. The Spaniards have still their bull-feast; but where shall we look for the spirit of the Cid?



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CHAPTER VIII.

NEW CASTILE.

The Paseo.—The Prado.—The Paseadores.—Madrilenio and Madrilenia.—Vehicles and Horsemen.—The Prado on a Feast-day.—San Anton.—Beggars.—Blind Men.—Lottery.—Hog Lottery.—An Execution.—La Plazuela de la Cebada.—Mode of Execution in Spain.—The Verdugo and the Multitude.—Delay.—The Criminals.—Conduct of the Crowd.

THE word *funcion* is applied by the Spaniards to all public amusements, such as plays, bull-fights, and public promenades. We have already spoken of the theatre and the bull-fights; it remains to take notice of the *Paseo*, or stated walk, which is daily taken in Madrid by the wealthy classes, and on Sundays and festivals by the whole population. There are several public promenades within and about the city, such as the Florida, which lies without the walls, along the sheltered banks of the Manzanares, and the Delicias, which, leaving the gate of Atocha, passes through a double row of trees until it reaches the canal of Manzanares and Xarama. This canal was commenced by Charles III. with a view to open a water communication between Madrid and Toledo. To effect this, it

was necessary to make the canal four leagues long; but the first half only has been completed, and at present, instead of being a source of utility and wealth, it only serves to keep up an expensive establishment, whither the royal family goes every year or two to be drawn along the canal in a gilded galley. This establishment is situated at the extremity of the Delicias, and bears the high-sounding name of Embarcadero. It has an imposing entrance or portal, surmounted by bales, barrels, cables, anchors, and all the other emblems of commerce. A number of royal marines are seen, with anchor buttons, standing sentry at the gate; nor does there want flag-staff, piles of shot, or pieces of ordnance to complete this mockery of a naval arsenal.

The principal promenade, however, is the Meadow, or Prado. This now delightful resort was, so late as the last century, nothing more than a broken and uneven waste, frequented by politicians or lovers for such deeds and consultations as required secrecy. Here, too, has been committed many an act of treachery, in the unsuspecting confidence inspired by the seclusion. For these reasons it is the spot where the Spanish dramatists and romance writers have frequently laid the scene of their inventions; and it may very well be that often they did no more than embellish incidents which

had actually occurred in the Prado. Charles III., the most beneficent of Spanish kings, with a view to reclaim this place from its state of prostitution, had it levelled at great expense, and planted with numerous rows of elms and chestnuts, which, being artificially watered, soon grew to a noble size. He likewise provided it with marble benches, enlivened it with many beautiful fountains, and, in short, converted it into the charming resort which is now the pride and pleasure of Madrid, and the admiration of all Europe.

The Prado begins at the neat gate of Recoletos, and takes its course southward, between monasteries and palaces, as far as the street of Alcala, which crosses it at right angles. The street of Alcala is the finest in Madrid; nay, I have even heard it called the finest in Europe. It has a gradual declivity from the Puerta del Sol, widening as it approaches the Prado. On either hand are churches, convents, public buildings, and palaces of the grandees and ambassadors. Crossing the Prado, it once more ascends, and is terminated by the triumphal arch of Alcala, erected to commemorate the happy arrival of Charles III. from his kingdom of Naples to receive the crown of Spain; a noble monument, finely situated on an eminence, and adorned with ten Ionic columns, after models left by Michael Angelo.

At the angle formed by the Prado and the street of Alcala is a large fountain entirely of marble. In the centre of the basin a rocky islet emerges out of the water, on which is a stately Cybele in a chariot drawn by lions. Hence to the street of San Geronimo, the Prado is enclosed on one side by gardens and palaces, on the other by the railing of the Retiro. The two avenues of noble trees, which run parallel to each other, enclose a wide place for walking, called the Saloon, and, immediately beside it, the road for carriages and horsemen. Here is a fountain surmounted by a colossal statue of Apollo, whilst below the Four Seasons are beautifully and appropriately characterized. Opposite is an unfinished monument to the Spaniards who were there massacred by the bloody order of Murat, on the famous Dos de Mayo.

Farther on is the finest fountain of Madrid. It represents Neptune riding over his watery dominion. His chariot is a conch-shell resting on water wheels, about the paddles of which the real element is thrown off by numerous jets, as though it were dashed from the sea. It is drawn by two sea-horses, that seem to dash impetuous through the waves.

Having passed the fountain of Neptune, the road makes an angle to the east, and brings you to the museum of statuary and painting, with its noble

colonnade following the course of the Prado. Next is the botanic garden, in which are collected all the vegetable productions of a kingdom upon which, but a few years ago, the sun never set. In summer a gratuitous course of lectures on botany is delivered here for the benefit of the public. The garden is surrounded by an open railing of iron, which gives passage to a thousand varied perfumes, and rather improves than conceals the beauties which lie within. Continuing along the Prado, you come at length to the gate of Atocha, where there is another fine fountain, enlivened by the amorous gambols of a triton and a nereid. Nor does the Prado end here, but, having made a second angle to the east, it terminates only at the convent of Our Lady of Atocha, for whose image the pious Ferdinand embroidered the famous votive petticoat during his exile and captivity. In this convent lie the bones of the good Las Casas, the apostle of South America, but without either monument or inscription to mark their resting-place.

The whole extent of the Prado falls little short of two miles. Hence it furnishes such a variety of promenades suited to every mood and every disposition.

But the Saloon, an umbrageous avenue of trees, is the great resort whither all the world throngs to see and to be seen. Here may be found every

variety of priest or friar, the long hat of the curate, and the longer beard of the capuchin. Here rank displays its stars, its crosses, and its ribands; the trooper rattles his sabre, curls his mustaches, and stares fearlessly around him; and here woman shines out in all her charms and coquetry. And here it may not be amiss to say something of the women of Madrid.

X

The *Madriñeña* is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, seen to advantage through the elastic folds of her *basquiña*. Her foot is, however, her chief care; for, not content with its natural smallness and beauty, she binds it with narrow bandages of linen, so as to reduce it to smaller dimensions, and to give it a finer form. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing; her step is short and quick, yet graceful; and the restless play of her hands and arms, as she adjusts her mantilla or flutters her fan, is but a just index to the impatient ardor of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed yet pensive eye upon the men that surround her; but if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with an inviting shake of her fan in token of recognition. Then, if you have a soul,

you lay it at once at her feet, are ready to become her slave for ever.

Nor are the men who have been formed and fashioned in such a school at all wanting in the graces. No one, indeed, can be more fitted for success in female intercourse than the Spaniard; for to the polite assiduities of the Frenchman he adds a fervor and passionate devotion that go straight to the heart of a lady. It is this show of good understanding between the youthful cavaliers and dames, the lively sallies and gallant assiduities, but, above all, the soul-subduing looks and winning salutations, that lend the chief charm to the concourse of the Prado.

On this promenade the women are generally dressed in the national costume. Indeed, though at balls and theatres the Parisian modes are adopted by the highest class, yet at the Paseo there is nothing but the fan, mantilla, and basquiña. The men too wear ample capas or cloaks, which they manage with great dexterity, and throw into a thousand graceful folds. Indeed in Spain the handling of the fan and the wearing of the mantilla with the women, and the graceful management of the capa among the men, are a kind of second nature which has grown up with them; nay, it is even said that a French woman, with all her elegance, cannot arrive at the graceful carriage of the mantilla, and that a

stranger who should cover himself with a cloak in order to pass for a native would thus be most easily recognised. The capa is worn in winter to keep out the cold, and not unfrequently in summer as a shelter from the sun. Indeed it may rather be looked on as a part than as an appendage of a true Spaniard. In cold weather it is worn with the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder; an important action in Spain, which is specially expressed by the word *embozarse*—to cover the mouth. At the theatre, or in mild weather, the cloak is more gracefully carried, by letting it hang entirely from the left shoulder, passing the right skirt across the left one, and gathering both up under the left arm, leaving the right free and unembarrassed. Such a dark combination of mantilla, basquiña, and capa produces, however, a monotony of coloring over the fashionable throng of the Prado. This was so striking to the French soldiers when they first came to Madrid, that they were used to say, that they had at length reached a truly catholic city, peopled only by monks and nuns*.

The Spaniard derives his capa from the romantic days of the nation, when the seclusion forced upon the fair by the jealousy of fathers and of husbands awakened ingenuity and gave a stimulus to intrigue.

* Rocca—Mémoires sur la Guerre d'Espagne.

Hence the advantage of a garment whose folds could conceal, not only the wearer, but even, upon emergency, his mistress. The capa, too, has often lent itself to the purposes of malevolence—has often covered the ruthless knife of the assassin. To such an extent, indeed, was this evil carried, that in the last century the use of the capa was forbidden, and patrols scoured the streets of the capital to make prisoners of such as wore it. But the Spaniard could not quit his cloak; a mutiny was the consequence, and the authorities were compelled to yield. It is still universally worn in Spain, and much might be said in favor of its convenience. But why should I make the apology of the capa, since it would be more reasonable to ask why it is not worn every where?

Those who make the Paseo in carriages drive up and down in double file between the streets of Alcala and San Geronimo, along the whole extent of the Saloon. The intermediate space between the two files is reserved for cavalry officers and young nobility, who take advantage of the assemblage, and the watchful presence of beauty, to show off the good qualities of a horse or their own graceful equitation. A company of lancers with gay pennons, or cuirassiers with glittering breastplates and Grecian helmets, are always in attendance to enforce the arrangements, without which there would

be nothing but confusion. The vehicles, to the number of several hundreds, are of every variety, among which are elegant carriages of the diplomatic corps of the most modern construction, with a liveried coachman and Swiss footman, flanked by a chasseur with a pair of epaulettes, a hunting-sword, and cocked hat surmounted with green feathers. Most of the carriages, however, are in the old Spanish style, not very different, indeed, from the first one used in Spain, by the good, or good-for-nothing queen Joana the Foolish. The body is square and formal, ornamented in a sort of Chinese taste, and is not unlike a tea-chest. This body is sustained by leathern straps, whose only spring is derived from their great length; for which purpose they are placed at such a distance from each other, that they scarce seem to be parts of the same vehicle. As these primitive carriages were built in remote ages, long before the invention of folding steps, the ascent and entrance to them is facilitated by a little three-legged stool, which dangles by a strap behind, and which, when the carriage stops, the footman hastens to place in readiness beside the door. This singular vehicle is usually drawn by a pair of fat and long-eared mules, with manes, hair, and tails fantastically cut, driven by a superannuated postilion, in formidable jack-boots and not less formidable cocked hat of

oil-cloth. When I looked at an equipage of this kind, I could scarce persuade myself that the coach, the mules, and the postilion had not existed always, and would not continue for ever to make each day the circuit of the Prado.

Such is the Saloon, and such the Prado. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the range of the eye from the fountain of Cybele, on the afternoon of a feast day. At your back is the gate of Recoletos, standing at the extremity of a double avenue of trees; on the right is a hill ascending by the street of Alcala towards the Gate of the Sun; on the left, the same street making a second ascent, and terminated by the noble arch of triumph. The whole road is thronged with soldiers in varied uniforms, and people in picturesque costumes, from the various provinces of Spain. The Saloon, too, is thronged to overflowing, whilst in the distance are partially discovered the museum and botanic garden through the vistas of the trees; and in the interval, Neptune, half concealed by the spray thrown up before him, is seen urging his watery steeds.

At such a moment the arrival of the king, surrounded by a pageantry scarce equalled by any court in Europe, serves to crown the splendor of the spectacle. His coming is first announced by drum and trumpet as he passes the various guard-

houses which lie in the way, and presently by the arrival of an avant-courier, who rides forward without looking to either side, in the road which his master is to follow. Next comes a squadron of young nobles of the body-guard, mounted on beautiful horses from the royal stables, which are chiefly of the cast of Aranjuez; and immediately after a gilded carriage drawn by six milk-white steeds, covered with plumes, and with manes and tails that are full and flowing. They are mounted and controlled by postilions, richly dressed in jockey suits of blue and gold. Within, the Catholic king is discovered seated on the right, conspicuous by his stars, his blue scarf, and the golden fleece which dangles from his neck. He glances round on the multitude with a look of mingled apathy and good humor, and salutes them mechanically by putting his hand up towards his nose and taking it down again, as though he were brushing the flies away. At his left is the queen, looking too good for this wicked world. Next comes Don Carlos, the heir apparent, drawn by six cream-colored horses, more beautiful than those of his brother. He grins horribly through his red mustaches, and frightens those whom he intended to flatter. Beside him is his wife, a large coarse woman, with heavy beetling eyebrows. In the third coach is Don Francisco and his wife, drawn by six noble blacks. In the

fourth the Portugueza with her young son Don Sebastien; after which come some four or five carriages, each drawn by six mules, and which contain the lords and ladies in attendance. The whole is numerously escorted by cavaliers of the body-guard, and grooms from the royal service. The arrival of the royal family, like the passing of the host or the tolling of the angelus, usually arrests every one in the situation in which it may find him. The line between the carriages is at once cleared, through the exertions of the cavalry, and the vehicles on either side pause until their majesties have passed. Those who are walking turn their faces towards the road; the gentlemen unroll the embozo of their cloaks, and take their hats off, whilst the women shake their fans in passing salutation.

In winter the Paseo takes place at noon, and continues until dinner. In spring and summer it commences at sunset, and is not entirely over until after midnight; for the Spaniards usually pass the siesta of the hot season in sleep, and then, having dressed themselves, they sally out in the evening fresh and buoyant. I was so unfortunate as to leave Madrid just at the close of winter, when returning vegetation denoted the approach of a happier season. Thus I missed the pleasure of passing a summer's evening on the Prado. But I heard much upon the subject; for Florencia, when she urged

my longer stay, drew a vivid picture of its attractions. It appears, that in that season the walks are carefully sprinkled in anticipation; and if it be a feast day, the fountains throw their waters higher. In the evening, chairs are placed in readiness, in which the ladies take their seats in circles, and hold their tertulias under the trees. Bare-headed boys circulate with lighted matches, for the accommodation of the smokers. Aguadores are at hand, with water that is fresh and sparkling. Half-naked Valencians offer oranges and pomegranates. Old women praise their *dulces*, or sweetmeats, for which the Madrileñas have quite a passion, whilst the waiters of a neighbouring *botilleria* bring ices and sherbets to refresh the palates of the thirsty. Children are heard on every side, collected in noisy groups, at their pleasant games and pastimes; whilst the humbler crowd seat themselves in circles under the trees, strum their guitars, and tune their voices, to make music for a light-heeled couple, who trip it gaily in the midst. Meantime, the falling waters of the neighbouring fountains impart a coolness to the air, which comes perfumed from the neighbouring botanic garden with the aromas of every clime, and burdened with the song of the nightingale.

Who can say enough in praise of the Paseo? It furnishes an amusement at once delightful and innocent, and from which not even the poorest are

excluded—a school where the public manners are softened and refined by social intercourse, and by mutual observation; where families meet families, and friends meet friends, as upon a neutral ground—inform themselves of each other's affairs, unrestrained by ceremonial, and keep intimacy alive, without the formalities of visiting. In these delightful associations, persons of every rank and of every calling forget their exclusive pretensions; whilst the softer sex, to whom belong the attributes of modesty and grace, banish indecorum, and shed a charm over the whole assemblage.

In addition to the stated daily Paseo upon the Prado, there are in the course of the year at Madrid several periodical ones; such as when the devout go on the day of San Blas to make their prayers at the hermitage of that illustrious saint and bishop. Another takes place on Saint Anthony's day, when all the world promenades in front of the convent of San Antonio-Escolapios, in the street of Hortaleza. I had the rare fortune to witness this spectacle, and, much as I had seen of Spain, it appeared to me most singular. It may, perhaps, appear still more so to the reader. The fact is, that Saint Anthony, though a very good man, was both poor and a laborer. Hence, when beatified by the father of the church, and pronounced to be actually in the

fruition of heaven, and in a situation to intercede for sinners, the stigma of his worldly humility still clung to him, so that he never became any more than a vulgar saint, the patron of the common people in Spain, to whom he is familiarly known by the nickname of Sant Anton. More especially is he the protector of farmers, horse-jockeys, muleteers, mules, and asses, cows, hogs, and horses. Nay, he is even the saint of the sinful sailor, who, when he has more wind than he wants, and a rough sea, begs Saint Anthony to take some of it back again; and if he has none at all, being a Spaniard and aware of the efficacy of a bribe, he says, "*Sopla! sopla! Sant Anton, y le dare un pez.*" "Blow! blow, Saint Anthony, and you shall have a fish!"

Saint Anthony's day, if I remember rightly, falls somewhere in the month of January. In Madrid it was a complete feast-day, though I believe a voluntary one; for in addition to the many prescribed feasts in Spain, upon which it is unlawful to do any labor, there are likewise several when the people might work if they would; but it is so much harder to work than to let it alone, that many follow the latter course by preference, or else fall into it whilst they are thinking about the matter. On the present occasion the streets of Hortaleza were early paraded by squadrons of filthy *cela-*

*dores**, who maintained order amongst the throng. It was not, however, until noon that the promenade of the wealthy commenced, and then carriages and horsemen were intermingled with the pedestrians, as we have seen upon the Prado.

Many of those who took part in this function came to procure a charm or receive a benediction; more to be amused by the spectacle. Having been drawn in by a current of devotees, I was forced to enter the church door, stumbling over two or three beggars that strewed the way, and found myself in a crowd consisting chiefly of females, who were kneeling before a table, at which presided a jolly friar, muttering a spell and crossing each with a bone of Saint Anthony. As each rose from her knees, she threw a piece of money into a box, and then passed to where a young Levite sold consecrated rosaries and charmed scapularies, to hang about the necks of children; also, a lame ballad in praise of Saint Anthony. Having gone through all the motions like the rest, I turned to look upon the massive walls around me, which, in addition to many gloomy paintings and statues, were everywhere hung with wax models of arms, legs, feet, or babies; votive offerings to procure alleviation of

* *Celadores*—*Gens d'armes*. We have to go to the French for the word; nor need we envy them the thing.

suffering in correspondent parts of the body—the cure of a sick child, or a happy delivery. These waxen offerings form no inconsiderable item of revenue to such convents as are noted for miracles; for when a good number are accumulated, they are melted down indiscriminately and made into candles, which are paid for at a good price on the occasion of a funeral mass, when the corpse is surrounded by wax tapers, in numbers proportionate to the rank and dignity of the deceased. It was here, too, if I mistake not, that I saw in a chapel the picture of a naval officer in sword, chapeau, and small clothes, represented as kneeling on the steps of the same altar, near which the picture was hanging. Getting behind a column, I copied the following inscription, which, for aught I know, may have been traced by one of the heroes of Trafalgar. “*El Capitan de navio de la real armada, Don Benito Vivero, hallandose afligido de una enfermedad nervosa, acudio al Senior y luego el alivole. Enero, 1818.*”—“Captain Vivero, commander of a ship of the line in the royal navy, being afflicted with a nervous disorder, sought succour of the Lord, and immediately found alleviation.”

This is in the interior of the convent. On the outside the beneficent influence of the saint was not confined to man, but extended to the whole brute family, of which he was the patron. Here a friar

of the order, more remarkable for being well fed than cleanly, and who had altogether the gross and sensual look of a man of this world, qualified with a good share of plebeian vulgarity, stood at a window with a small mop in his hand, with which he sprinkled holy water upon such as passed. A continuous string of horses, mules, and asses, defiled through the street, pausing in turn to receive the genial shower. Each rider brought a sack of barley, which the friar and his men lifted into the window, where it was moistened with the holy water, and well stirred with a relique of Saint Anthony. It was then returned: the friar received a peseta, which he put carefully into the sleeve of his frock, whilst the other party to the bargain trotted off with the barley, happy in the assurance that his cattle might now be cured of any malady, even though bewitched, by administering a handful of this consecrated grain. It was quite amusing to see the different moods in which the various animals received the wholesome application. A horse, as he was forced up to the window, would rear and plunge for fear of the friar; a mule would either kick or go sideways, or rub the legs of his rider against the wall, rather from perverseness than timidity; but Jack would busy himself in picking up the fallen grains of his predecessor, or hold his head down and take the sprinkling patiently. In-

deed, you may do any thing with an ass, provided you do not touch his ears; but this is a discovery which I made afterwards in Andalusia.

Most of the people who stood by were amused with this display of monkish jugglery. None, however, seemed more sensible to the ridicule of the scene than a noisy crew of boys, who had collected under the window. Grasping the iron rejas, they clambered up in order to see better, until the ill-natured friar lost at once his patience and self-possession, and drove them down by dashing holy water into their eyes. Thus the boys got for nothing, and a few hearty curses into the bargain, what the muleteers were buying with their pesetas. Nor were there wanting others who seemed scandalized and indignant that strangers should witness this scene. One haggard and proscribed-looking fellow, with a long beard and a tattered cloak, shrugged his shoulders and said to me with energy, "*Estas son tonterias Españolas.*" "These are Spanish fooleries!"

But the most singular appendage of this *funcion* of Saint Anthony was the host of beggars collected in front of the convent. On this occasion I recognised many whom I had seen at particular stands as I made my rambles over the city. Deceitful old men and helpless women, each hovering over an earthen dish of embers, obstructed the way,

so that it was difficult to enter the portal without treading upon them; an accident which they seemed to esteem fortunate, since it was sure to be followed by remuneration. They had forgotten all their every day supplications in the name of *Maria Santisima del Carmen!*—*La Virgen del Pilar!* or *Santiago Apostol!*—for now, adapting their song to the occasion, they begged only for the love of Saint Anthony. The generous received the thanks of the mendicant, who prayed “that all might go well with him, that he might have health in body and in soul, which are the true riches, and finally that he might be delivered from mortal sin.” The uncharitable were snarled at by some, and more skilfully reproached by others, who, wishing to make an impression upon those who came after, restrained their indignation, and prayed that God would bestow wealth and honors upon the churl, that he might have wherewith to give to the miserable.

There is, perhaps, nothing with which the stranger is more struck and more offended in Madrid than with the extent of mendicity. There are, indeed, abundance of hospitals and infirmaries, where the poor of the city might all be received and taken care of. But they are not subject to compulsion, and such is the charm of liberty that many prefer to roam about, and depend upon the casual cha-

rity of the wayfarer. Unfortunately the facility of gaining a subsistence in Spain by begging is so great, that, notwithstanding the national pride, many able-bodied men prefer it with all its degradation to the irksome task of daily labour. This facility comes in part from the practices of certain conscientious Christians, who give each day a portion of their abundance to the poor; some from a mistaken sense of piety, others through remorse for evil actions. The most prominent cause, however, of this evil is found in the distribution of food at the gates of churches and convents. No sight, indeed, can be more degrading than one which I have often witnessed at the gate of San Isidro, the church and college of the now re-established Jesuits. There, at the hour of noon, a familiar brings out a copper caldron filled with soup, which he serves round in equal portions to each of the hungry crew brought together by the occasion. Should a scramble take place for precedence, the familiar soon restores order by dashing the hot soup amongst them with his long iron ladle.

X

From all these reasons, Madrid abounds in beggars. There is not a frequented street or corner in the city but is the habitual stand of some particular occupant, and even the charms of the Paseo are too often qualified by their unwelcome intrusion. They enter boldly into every house where there is no

porter to stop them at the vestibule, and penetrate to the doors of the different habitations, where they make their presence known by a modest ring of the bell. Though often greeted at first with a scolding, they seldom go away empty-handed, especially if they happen to appeal to a woman; for the female heart is easily opened by a story of misfortune. I had occasion to see this in the house where I resided; for the daughter of my host, when she found her door thus besieged, would be exceedingly angry for a moment; but if a poor wretch stood his ground and grew eloquent, she would at length soften, the frown would vanish from her brow, and ejaculating "*Pobrecito!*" she would hurry away to bring some cold meat or a roll of bread. The successful beggar would then kiss the gift devoutly, and say with feeling, as he turned away, "*Dios se lo pagara!*"—"God will reward you!"

The churches, however, are the most frequented stands for the beggars. They collect in the morning about the doors and near the holy water, which they take from the basin and offer on the ends of their fingers, or with a brush made for the purpose, to such as come up to mass or to confession. These poor wretches have doubtless found from experience that the most pious are likewise the most charitable.

However one may be prejudiced against this

system of mendicity, it is impossible for him, if he have any compassion, to move untouched through the streets of Madrid—misery assumes so many and such painful aspects, and one is so often solicited by the old, the infirm, the macerated, nay, I had almost said, by the dying. In my winter-morning walks down the street of Alcala, to make a turn through the solitary alleys of the Prado, I used to see a poor emaciated wretch, who seemed to haunt the sunny side of the street, and seat himself upon the pavement, rather to be warmed after a long and chilly night, spent perhaps upon the stones of some court-yard, than to beg from the few who passed at that early hour. Though sinking rapidly into decay, he was yet a very young man, scarce turned of twenty; and whilst his red hair and fair complexion bespoke the native of Biscay or Asturias, the military trousers which he wore, unless the gift of some charitable trooper, showed that he had been a soldier. When any one passed, he would stretch out his hand and move his lips as if asking charity; but whether his voice were gone or that he was not used to beg, he never uttered more than an inarticulate rattle. I had several times intended to ask a story, which must doubtless have been a sad one; but ere I had done so, the poor fellow ceased to return to his usual stand. The last time I saw him he was crawling slowly down a cross

street, bent nearly double, and supporting his unsteady steps as he went, with a staff in either hand.

At the coming out of the theatre of Principe, a little girl, bareheaded and with naked feet, though in the midst of winter, was in the habit of patrolling the street through which the crowd passed. She usually finished her night's task by returning home through our street, begging as she went. Frequently, when I had just got into bed, and was yet shivering with cold, would I hear her shrill and piercing voice borne upon the keen wind, and only alternated by an occasional footfall, or by the cry of the *sereno* as he told the hours; "*A esta pobrecita para comprar zapatos; que no tiene padre ni madre!*"—"For this poor little creature to buy shoes; she has neither father nor mother!" Many were the contributions she thus raised upon the charitable, but the winter wore away and still she went about barefooted, and still she begged for money to buy shoes.

The road from the Gate of the Sun to the library was the habitual stand of a young man, a deaf mute, who sat cross-legged in a gray capote, with his hat before him and a bell in his hand. The sense of his misfortune, of his complete separation from the rest of the human family, seemed to have tinged his character with a degree of brutal ferocity; at

least such was the expression of his countenance. He took no notice of those who gave to him, but sat all day in one of the coldest streets of the city, ringing his bell and uttering sounds which, as he knew not how to modulate them so as to strike a tone of supplication, came harshly upon the ear, like nothing so much as the moans sent forth by the wounded victims of the arena.

A sturdy wretch, in the garb of Valencia, constantly infested the Calle Montera, placing himself along the narrow side-walk of flag-stones reserved for foot passengers. Here he would stretch himself on his side flat upon the cold pavement, with nothing between his head and the stones but a matted mass of uncombed hair and the tatters of a handkerchief. His body was rolled in a blanket, and a young child of a year or two, either his own or hired for the occasion, raised its filthy head beside him. But the most disgusting part of the picture was a diseased and nearly naked leg thrust out so as to cut off the passage of the walkers, and drive them into the middle of the street. The man was well made and able-bodied, and his sores were, doubtless, carefully kept from healing, for they constituted the stock in trade—the fortune of the mendicant. This miscreant was my greatest eyesore in Madrid: stretched out as I have described, the child was always crying, either from the intense

cold, or because its legs were pinched beneath the blanket; whilst he wretch himself shouted in an imperative tone and without the intervention of any saint; "*Me da usted una limosna!*"—which, taking the manner into consideration, amounted to "Give me alms, and be d—d to you!"

But the most singular instance of mendicity I have ever seen was furnished by a couple whom I one day met in the Red San Luis. The principal personage was a large blind man, whose eyelids were turned up and fiery, and who carried upon his shoulders a most singular being with an immense head and a pair of thin elastic legs, which were curled and twisted round the neck of his companion. The fellow overhead carried a bundle of ballads, which both were singing at the top of their lungs. Behind them came a patient ass, tied to the girdle of the blind man, and loaded with their effects, as though they were passing through on their way to some other place, or were coming to make some stay in the capital. They seemed to manage very well, by thus joining their fortunes; for whilst the blind man effected their locomotion, the cripple shaped their course, jesting with the other beggars and blind men whom they met, and holding out his hat to receive the offering of the charitable. Their bodies were indeed so twisted and entangled as to give at first the idea of a single being, forming a

combination almost as monstrous as the fabled one of the Centaur.

X
The most numerous class of mendicants in Madrid are the blind, and they are also the most worthy of pity, since their misfortune is always involuntary. For though we know on better authority than that of Don Guzman de Alfarache that beggars will sometimes deform their bodies and cultivate sores, yet is there no record of a single one who ever parted with his eyes. They endeavoured, too, to render themselves useful by hawking ballads about the streets, and crying the numbers of such lottery tickets as may yet be purchased. Nor are they so filthy as the rest of the beggarly brotherhood; since their misfortune, being such as to speak for itself, needs not the appendage of rags to excite pity. It was not the least amusing sight commanded from my balcony to look down upon the Puerta del Sol, and watch the blind men as they moved about with the most perfect confidence. When one of them wanted to pass from a particular spot to one of the eight streets which discharge themselves there, he would take his station at the corner, and having felt the angle of the building, and noticed, as it seemed to me, the bearing of the sun and the direction of the wind, he would set out and move onward with the utmost precision, his staff extended before him, and the fingers of his left hand bent wistfully,

as if the sensibility of the whole body were concentrated in their extremities. Once I saw two of them, who were going in opposite directions, knock their staves together, and meet in the middle. They knew each other at once, shook hands cordially, and had a long conversation, doubtless concerning the gains and adventures of the morning, for they are the most garrulous beings in all Spain. This over, they compared their reckonings, like two ships exchanging their longitudes at sea, and then went on, each arriving exactly at his respective destination.

Blindness is not peculiar to the lower classes in the central region of Spain. Many people in the middle and higher walks of life are thus afflicted, and the paseo is daily frequented by them leaning on the arm of a servant or a friend. I was so much struck with the number of the blind in Madrid, as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country. Indeed, though I was not in Madrid in the hot season, I frequently found inconvenience to my eyes, from walking along the sandy roads which surround the capital. Peyron, however, in his sprightly essays, attributes the evil to the intemperate use of bleeding among the Spaniards; a practice which is scarcely less prevalent now than in

the days of Dr. Sangrado, at least if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood; for every street in Spain has its barber, and every barber bleeds. Peyron tells us that it is quite common to hear a Spaniard say, when questioned concerning the health of a friend, "Pedro was a little unwell yesterday; but he has been bled four times, and is now better."

If rank and wealth cannot avert this affliction, neither can they avail when associated with youth and beauty. I chanced to meet one evening at a ball in Madrid a lovely girl, scarce ripened into womanhood, who was quite blind. She was somewhat under the middle size, with the form of a sylph, and features that the uncontrolled pencil of the painter could scarce have formed fairer. Her eyes, too, did not bear testimony to their own imperfection; but had only a pensive melancholy air, which they seemed to borrow from their half-closed lids and silken lashes. I had from the first been struck with the appearance of this young unfortunate; but when I knew her affliction, my interest was at once augmented. There was, indeed, something inexpressibly touching in her condition, as she wandered from room to room, leaning with confidence upon the arm of her mother. How truly hard to be thus cut off from so many sources of innocent enjoyment!—to be insensible to the bril-

liancy of the scene around her, to the looks of mingled solicitude and admiration directed towards her by the other sex, nay, perhaps, to be even unconscious of her own loveliness!

She could, however, at least hear the kind words addressed to her by her acquaintance. She could appreciate better than any other the excellence of the music. Nor did her misfortune exclude her from the dance; for whenever the formal movements of the quadrille were alternated by the more graceful waltz, she allowed herself to be conducted into the circle formed by those who had gathered round to admire the harmony of her execution. None, indeed, moved in the circling eddies with so rare a grace; and when, towards the conclusion, the time became more rapid, and the feet of the dancers moved quicker, none spurned the carpet with so true a step. There was a confiding helplessness about this lovely creature more truly feminine than anything I had yet seen in woman. The waltz, too, which she so beautifully executed, seemed to gain a new fascination, and now, if ever called upon to make its eulogy or to plead in its defence, I have a triumphant argument by saying, that it may be danced by a blind girl.

In speaking of the amusements of Madrid, gaming should not be forgotten, since it is there, as throughout the Peninsula, an all-pervading passion, which

extends to every age, sex, and condition. Indeed, so general is it, that it may be said to reach even the most destitute; for I scarcely ever went into the streets of Madrid without seeing groups of boys, beggars, and ragamuffins, collected in some sunny corner, each risking the few cuartos he possessed in the attempt to win those of his companions. The most common way of playing, however, is by means of the lottery, which here, as in many other European countries, is an appendage of the state. The principal lottery, called the *Loteria Moderna*, is divided into twenty-five thousand tickets, which are sold at two dollars each. One fourth of the net amount of fifty thousand dollars, produced by the sale of the tickets, is taken off by government to pay the expenses of the central administration, and of the numerous offices established, like the *estancos*, for the sale of tobacco, in every street of the capital, and in every town in the kingdom. The balance remaining after these disbursements forms an important item of the public revenue. There are eight hundred and thirty-seven prizes, the highest being of twelve thousand dollars. The *Loteria Moderna* draws at the end of each month; a circumstance which you never fail to be apprised of by the blind beggars, who assemble about the doors of the lottery offices, or at the principal corners, and fill the whole city with uproar. The cause of

this commotion is, that they learn from the keepers of the lottery what tickets are still for sale, and, selecting two or three at hazard, get them set down upon a scrap of paper, and having learned them by rote, go forth to cry them in the streets. Nor do they fail to mix in arguments of persuasion, when speaking of the numbers of their choice. "Twelve thousand dollars for two," say they; "it draws tomorrow, and the day after you may come with your stocking and carry away the money, taking care that it be not a Valencian stocking—*cuidado que no sea media de Valencia**!"

The eloquence and the wit of these blind men, though it may sometimes fail, is often effectual. I have frequently seen a man, after passing the lottery-office resolutely, pause to listen to the cry of the blind man, and seem to reason with himself. If he has gained before, and stopped playing 'on that very account, he asks himself why he may not be successful again. If, on the contrary, he has been uniformly unfortunate, he meditates a moment—takes the paper with the numbers, and gives the beggar a real; for this handling the paper and crying the numbers by the poor is thought to give luck: then swearing that it is the last time, he unfolds his cloak, takes out his purse, and enters the

* The reader will remember that the stocking of a Valencian peasant is without a foot.

office. In this way the winners and losers, from the most opposite motives, fall upon the same course. Now the whole population of Madrid may be divided into winners and losers. I saw something of the operation of this system in my own house; for Don Valentin, though strictly economical, nay, more than half a miser, was in the constant practice of setting aside a portion of the little gains of each month for the purchase of lottery-tickets. His manner of betting, too, was most extraordinary; for he always bought quarters, and would thus spread four dollars over eight tickets. It was impossible to convince him of the folly of this course, much less could he be persuaded to have nothing to do with the matter. He used always to answer, that he had no longer any hopes but in the lottery; and if Florencia asked him good humoredly for her dowry, he would pat her on the cheek—for, though ugly and one-eyed, he was yet affectionate—and say, “*En la loteria esta hija mia!*”—“It is in the lottery, my daughter!” Nor was the girl herself free from the general infection; for if she ever got any money, the first thing was to buy a pair of silk stockings or spangled shoes, and then the rest took the road to the lottery.

As for the drawing, it takes place in a large hall of the *Ayuntamiento*, dedicated on other occasions to the purposes of justice. At one end is a statue

covered with a dais, and flanked by a painting of the crucifixion. Here presides a counsellor of state, decorated with a variety of stars and crosses, and supported by other functionaries of inferior rank. The counsellor sits at the centre of a large table, and the officers of the lottery are placed round on either hand, with pens and paper. In front of this table, and in a conspicuous station near the edge of the platform, are two large globes, which contain, one the whole number of tickets, the other the different prizes. These globes hang upon pivots, and are easily made to vibrate, so as to mix the balls between each drawing. Near each globe a boy is stationed, dressed in uniform, and with long sleeves tied tightly about the wrist, so as to remove the possibility of any fraudulent substitution. When drawing, the boy who has the numbers takes out one at each rotation, and reads it off distinctly three times; the boy who has the other globe does the same, and the balls are then passed to the officers who stand behind, by whom they are again called off, and then strung upon iron rods. If the prizes be high, both balls are handed to the counsellor, who reads them off three times in a distinct voice. These precautions are rendered necessary by the suspicion of the people, who have little confidence in the honest intentions of government. It has been said that the unsold tickets too frequently

draw prizes; and I even heard that once such a number of prizes were drawn, that the avails of the tickets sold would not pay them, especially as the fourth part had been appropriated in anticipation by the government, which is often in distress for the smallest sums. In this critical state of affairs it was somehow contrived to overturn the globe and spill the remaining tickets, when the functionaries insisted that the whole lottery should be drawn over again. The high rank of the presiding dignitary renders this story improbable, so far, at least, as it charges him with dishonest intentions, but it at all events indicates the current of public opinion.

The portion of the room not occupied by the lottery was open for the admission of spectators, among whom I took a place on one occasion. Immediately in front of the dais was a small enclosure, separated from the rest by a light railing, and provided with benches, where the women were accommodated as in a public pound. They came in large numbers, composed for the most part of the loose, the old, and the ugly. In the rear was a promiscuous collection of men, some well dressed, more ragged, but nearly all with the wan and bloodless look of the gambler, if, indeed, you except the priests in their long hats and gloomy garments, who, secure against the griping hand of poverty,

seemed rather to play for amusement than as if engaged in a struggle for existence. Most of the spectators were furnished with paper and pencil, or an inkhorn hanging at the button, to take note of the numbers which were drawn. Nor should the provisions for maintaining order be forgotten. They consisted of a file of grenadiers of the *Guardias Españolas*, who stood like statues round the circuit of the hall, with shouldered arms and fixed bayonets.

When the drawing had commenced, it was a singular scene to watch the ever-varying countenances of the gamesters. On hearing the first three or four numbers of his ticket, the face of one of them would suddenly brighten; he would stretch his neck forward anxiously, and prick his ears with expectation. But if the result did not meet his hopes, if the last number were the wrong one, the expression changed, and he slunk back to hide his disappointment. If, however, the number were indeed perfect, fortune was now within his reach, and his hopes knew no bounds. Did the prize, after all, prove an inferior one, he bit his lips, and seemed vexed at the boy for having made so poor a selection.

As I turned to quit this authorised den of vice and wickedness, I paused a moment at the door, to carry away a distinct impression of the spectacle. What a singular combination! thought I, as my

eye wandered over the group, pausing now on the priests, the soldiers, the women, the well-dressed, the ragged, the officers of the lottery, the richly clad representative of royalty, until at last it fixed itself upon the image of him who was made from his cross to look down upon and sanction the scene—the martyred founder of Christianity!

It were a gratuitous task to say any thing of the vice of this system; of the loss of money and of time which it occasions, principally to those who can least afford to lose either; of the sustenance it gives to a vile and worthless crew of blood-suckers who prey upon the vitals of the community, or, worst of all, of the baneful effects it must necessarily produce upon the public morals. These are truths which are present to every mind.

But before quitting this subject it may be well to give some account of a minor lottery which exists in Madrid, and which may be considered a miniature of the *Loteria Moderna*, inasmuch as the tickets, instead of selling for two dollars, cost but as many cuartos. This is the Hog Lottery. It is held at one corner of the Puerta del Sol, opposite the church of Buen Suceso. There, a *memorialista* has his little pent-house, placed against the wall of the corner shop, and carries on the business of selling the tickets. As the *memorialista* is a very important personage in Spain, it may not be amiss

to say that his employment is to copy documents and write letters, or draw up petitions, with a due observance of the forms and compliments in use among his countrymen. As he is far too poorly paid to be at the expense of a regular office, he is content with a small wooden box, to which he bears the same relation that a tortoise does to its shell, which may be moved about with him at pleasure, and which he is allowed for a trifle to set down against a wall or in a court-yard. But the memorialistas are by no means such transitory beings as this facility of locomotion might imply. Indeed, to look on one of them seated in his little tenement, half hidden under an old cocked hat and black cloak as thin as a cobweb, and busily employed in forming antique characters upon Moorish paper, with a pen old enough to have served Cide Hamete Benengeli in writing the life and actions of Don Quixote, and ever and anon pausing and placing his pen over the right ear, whilst he warms his fingers or lights his cigarillo at the chafing-dish of charcoal beside him—when one sees this, I say, he can scarce believe that the memorialista has not been thus occupied for at least a century.

The most frequented stand of these humble scribes is in the rear of the *Casa de Correos*. Here they are ready throughout the day to do whatever may be required of them, more especially

to expound letters just received by the post, and to indite answers for such unlearned persons as can neither read nor write, a class sufficiently numerous in Spain. They also muster in force about the purlieus of the palace to draw up petitions for those who have business with the king, his ministers, or with the servants of his household. In truth, the memorialista is indispensable in Spain, for no business of any kind can be done there without the intervention of a memorial, or as it is more frequently called in the diminutive, with a view perhaps to show the modesty of the supplicant, a memorialito.

To return to the Gate of the Sun, whence we have so unwittingly wandered; the memorialista in question was, like the rest of his fraternity, a threadbare, half-starved man, who sat all day in his humble pent-house, selling the tickets of the hog-lottery. He always looked cold and torpid in the morning, thawing gradually towards noon, when the sun got from behind the portal of Buen Suceso. It was then, too, that the idle frequenters of the Gate of the Sun began to gather round him, either to take tickets or to praise the good qualities of the hog, who reposed upon straw in a second shed beside that of his master. This they might well do, for the animal was always a choice one. In fact, the breed of hogs in Spain is the finest in the world, unless, perhaps, their equals may be

found in Africa, whence they came, for aught I know, though Mahomet was no pork-eater at the time of the conquest. The hog chosen as a subject for the lottery was always black without any hair, and enormously fat, having dimples in every direction, such as are to be found about the neck and chin of many a "stout gentleman." His legs were short, thin, and sinewy, with a well-made head and curly tail.

The price of tickets in the hog-lottery is such as to exclude no one, however poor, so that even the mendicants can take a chance. This is especially the case with the blind men, who, as we have already seen, fare better in Spain than the rest of the beggarly fraternity. When one of these happened to pass through the Gate of the Sun, he almost always went towards the lottery, winding his way dexterously through the crowd until he reached the hog-pen. He would then feel round with his staff for the occupant, and when he had reconnoitred him sufficiently, straightway give him a poke under the shoulder, to try if he squealed well; for these poor fellows have a thousand ways of finding out things that we know nothing about. If the result answered his expectations, he came up behind and scratched him, tickled his ribs, and then twisted his tail until he squealed louder than ever. This done, to pacify the irri-

tated and now clamorous memorialista, he would go at once and select a number of tickets. When all are thus sold, the lottery draws with proper solemnity, and the successful player, well consoled for the jokes and gibes of the disappointed multitude, moves off in triumph with his prize.

I have been thus particular in describing these things, because any new information on the subject cannot be otherwise than well received in a land where lotteries come in for so large a share of the public approbation. We have already daily invitations, in lame prose and lamer poetry, to come at once and be wealthy; nay, fortune, in her gayest garb, is seen in every street, making public proffers of her favors. The system should be carried to perfection. There should be a hog lottery established at every corner, in order that the matter may be brought more completely home to the means and understanding of the vulgar.

There was yet another spectacle, which I witnessed in Madrid. It was one of deep and painful interest—the capital punishment of two noted robbers. The *Diario* of the morning on which it was to take place contained a short notice that the proper authorities would proceed to put to death two evil doers, each of whom was called by two or three different names, at ten o'clock, in the Place of Barley—Plazuela de la Cebada. I had already

been a spectator of a similar scene, and the feeling of oppression and abasement, of utter disgust, with which I came from it, was such as to make me form a tacit resolution never to be present at another. As I glanced over the *Diario* on the morning of the execution, the recollection of what I had seen and felt a few months before in Montpelier was still fresh in my memory; but when I turned to reflect that I was in a strange land, a land which I might never revisit, that a scene of such powerful excitement could not fail to elicit the unrestrained feelings of the multitude, and to bring the national character into strong relief, I made up my mind to be present on the occasion, and to overcome, or at least to stifle, my repugnance.

With this intention I went just before ten to the prison of the court, in the Plazuela de Santa Cruz, whence the criminals were to be marched to the place of execution. There was a company of Infantry of the Guard drawn up on the square before the prison, ready to act as an escort, and a crowd of people waiting without; but as there were no immediate indications of a movement, I struck at once into the street of Toledo, and directed my steps towards the Plazuela de la Cebada.

The Plazuela de la Cebada is, on ordinary occasions, one of the principal markets of Madrid. In the centre is a fountain in representation of