CHAPTER VIII.

Peculiarities of the Spaniards.

Aspect of Spanish People—Spectacles in Squares and Streets—Spanish Politeness—Amusements—Morals—Lotteries—Women—Guardias Civiles—Religion, Catholic and Protestant.

HOWEVER long the visit, unless the traveler becomes a resident, mastering the language, and associating with the people, he must be at a disadvantage when he attempts to describe individual character or social condition. Yet foreign residents often hold diverse opinions of the same things. The system adopted by me in studying the people of a country, is to read what travelers and standard authors have written; to observe all classes attentively; to converse with all who are accessible; to communicate with foreign residents, consuls, merchants, students; to ask questions, comparing the answers; and finally to submit the conclusions to intelligent natives who understand English, and to foreigners of different nationalities who have long lived in the country.

The aspect of the people of Spain differs in different parts as the inhabitants had a diverse ancestry. The climate of the north is cold, scenery stern, conditions of life hard; that of the south is mild, its fruits and prospects those of perpetual summer, its life in the open air and its costumes picturesque. But all classes have intermarried, and removals to common centers have increased, until now in the streets of the cities every variety that could result from the admixture of the original population with the Goths, Moors, Romans, Greeks, and Phœnicians appears.

While two thirds of the people have the Spanish type, one in three looks as much like an Englishman or an American as the majority of the natives of those countries, having the lighter complexion and even the same general expression of countenance.

As the Spaniards make greater use of promenades, ride,

walk, and sit in public more than any other people, the spectacles in the squares and streets are always pleasing; not less so is village life where there is more regard for ease and less care for mere show. I did not expect to see many instances in the capital and larger cities, of the picturesque national dresses, and was agreeably surprised. Though many of the upper classes wear high hats like Englishmen or Frenchmen, and ladies have laid aside veils and mantillas, the cloak without the cape is still much used by gentlemen who, for the most part, have renounced the gay colors.

The middle classes, especially persons somewhat advanced in years, wear the cloak and cape, with red, and other bright velvet linings.

Spaniards are very polite; even beggars salute one another as though they were grandees. But though the grandiloquent style in which they accost one another provokes a smile, the manner in which "General," "Colonel," "Squire," "Major," "Judge," "Doctor," "Professor," and degrees of all kinds are sought and used, and even inscribed on visiting cards in the United States, should prevent us from thinking meanly of the Spaniards for a manifestation of a weakness of human nature which no form of government or religion has yet been able to eradicate or materially diminish.

We did not find the custom of taking off the hat in entering banks, offices, and stores as universal as represented. In many places, perhaps under the influence of foreign trade, we were embarrassed, not by the excess, but by the lack of such politeness as is common even in America. Still even in this day it is not an easy or brief task to equal Spaniards in greeting, for they are never in a hurry.

Much of this politeness is superficial. The offers made are expected to be declined, and a writer in praising Spanish courtesy is obliged to say that "Spaniards, although they seldom bid a foreigner [as guest], will accept his bidding."

When they address the man by his last name he is *Senor*, as Senor de Garcia; if the Christian name is used *Don* is employed, as Don Ferdinand Garcia. Formerly *Don* was equivalent to *Sir* as used in England, as Sir William Jones; now it is applied to everyone, and there is an old proverb that Don

without din (money) does not amount to anything. The Spaniards hate abruptness, address each other as *Caballero*, and abound in such phrases as "Please tell me," "Be so kind." Those who neglect these things give offense. Beggars that swarm everywhere are refused in a manner which illustrates the superficial character of many of the phrases in use. When they become annoying the Spaniard says, "My brother, will you excuse me, for God's sake?" or he tells him that God will take care of him, and he may say this while he is anathematizing him to his companion.

Amusements consist largely of music, dancing, and festivals.

> "There ne'er was born a Spanish woman yet,
> But she was born to dance."

Everyone dances, and the music is chiefly adapted to it. The guitar is the most popular instrument. Castanets and tambourines are used in some parts of the country, and in churches on special occasions. In southern Spain one could rarely pass out of hearing of the tones of the guitar in the evenings. The lower classes could be seen dancing without reserve.

The Spaniards turn everything into an occasion for a holiday, and each holiday into a festival. Every place has its saint, processions, and pilgrimages, almost all degenerating into picnics. The catalogue for the year of such days is almost as appalling as in Russia, interfering with business and reducing the legitimate income of the nation, as well as increasing its expenditures to an almost unsupportable extent.

The people are the most persistent and excessive smokers. Little boys of eight or ten years of age smoke, and in all places except the church men were always indulging. They pay no regard to the presence of women. Few apartments on the trains, even *first*-class, are reserved for the use of non-smokers; but everywhere fumes arise. The Spaniard smokes while he is shaving, when he is in the opera, and when in his place in the Cortes. Upon health the effect is bad. It is very difficult to find Spaniards who do not complain of some malady. Dyspepsia and nervous diseases, including spasmodic affections, are common.

The standard of morals is not high. By this it is not intended to indorse the extravagant imputations upon the women, nor to imply that every Spaniard is untruthful, unclean, or dishonest. Spaniards are not especially intemperate in the use of alcohol, and drunkenness, though seen, is not frequent. We looked for it in places and at times which would certainly have revealed much were it general. They eat and drink less than any other nation in Europe. But they are devoted to lotteries, and next to beggars, the venders of lottery tickets are the greatest nuisances encountered. Of this business the government has a monopoly. The report of the United States consul at Madrid speaks of the evil effects of the institution, and in showing the final results to the government, he says that this method of raising money is alike paltry and pernicious. It is the working classes who are most injured, for by it their heads are filled with ideas of suddenly accumulating riches.

Bribery is general; most public officials being so dishonest that it is a common saying that anything can be done by bribery, and nothing in the regular way. Mayors of cities grow rich in a year. One, at least, of the most important cities is utterly destitute of credit. Spaniards so distrust each other that money is not forthcoming for great public works. The English manage the waterworks, the street cars, and almost everything else. It has been remarked that a distinction must be made between the Spaniard in his individual and in his collective capacity, and still more in an official one; "to him as an individual you may trust your life, fair fame, and purse, but in his corporate capacity, either business or official, as he trusts nobody, he has been willing to float down the turbid stream like the rest."

In southern Spain women are spoken of in a manner which shows how low the standard of virtue is. Foundling asylums are numerous, and, as in Russia, no questions are asked when those "conceived in sin and born in iniquity" are presented for admission. A Spaniard, not a Protestant, who abominated the whole system remarked to me that the proper inscription for those buildings is, "Violations of the Seventh Commandment Made Easy."

The disposition of the average Spaniard is fiery and vindic-

tive. The long knife is quickly drawn. A courteous request, couched in flattering words, "especially a silver key" proportioned in weight to the social standing of the person to whom it is applied, will secure anything within his power to bestow; but it is in vain to attempt either to drive or to hurry a Spaniard. Their great word is "*mañana*," "to-morrow, to-morrow."

Violence, robbery, and insecurity of life and property have given place to comparative security. Besides the local police and ordinary means of preserving order, there is a body of men, consisting of twenty thousand foot, and five thousand horse guards, called Guardias Civiles, to distinguish them from military and naval guards. They are recruited from long-service men in the army, and from the military college, where are educated for the force the orphan children of such guards as have died in the discharge of their duty. They are assigned in couples to every town and village, and in small barracks along the highroads in larger numbers throughout all Spain. The uniform is dark blue, with light yellow belts. Two meet every train at every station, and the law requires them in patrolling the roads to walk at least twelve paces apart, so as not to be surprised simultaneously. The cavalry carry swords, revolvers, and short guns; the foot soldiers Remington rifles with bayonets, and sometimes other weapons. The men must be five feet eight inches high, and every member of the force is able to read and write. We saw hundreds of them, everywhere picturesque and noble figures. They have destroyed the organized robbers that made travel dangerous, and are in readiness to check the slightest disturbance. Yet in many places the knife is a too convenient weapon. It is not an uncommon thing in Malaga, in street fights, for men to draw long, murderous knives, and begin to cut each other to pieces. The police, when there is a fight of that kind, keep out of the way; for when the Spaniards are heated with passion or wine, they are liable to turn upon the officers of the law and make an end of them quickly.

Lack of suitable institutions for paupers accounts for the horrible cases which constantly offend the eye. It should be remembered that if all such cases detained in institutions in

the United States were turned into the streets, our own country would present a similar appearance. In the treatment of lunacy Spain is behind other nations. The number of ascertained lunatics is small. While the climate tends to develop fierce, warlike, and excitable natures, it also produces an indolence which, together with practical philosophy of postponement, causes speculations, ambitions, political passions "to effervesce like champagne and then collapse." Many of the inmates of such asylums as exist are criminals, who should be punished; and many wandering beggars are lunatics who should be placed under restraint. Though still behind other countries, the people of Spain are certainly improving.

A Roman priest of high standing wrote that, "owing to the national temper of Spain, Catholicism in that country became the most intolerant and cruel form that Christianity has ever assumed." It is certainly at the present time more superstitious and severe toward dissenters than in any other European country.

Notwithstanding this, priests as a class are notoriously frivolous and profligate. The hardest things we heard said of them came from Catholics, nor would any Protestant dare to speak publicly of them so disparagingly as do their own people. The wife of a foreign consul, herself a Catholic, declared that "there were but three or four priests in the entire Church in that city to whom an honest woman could confess." The people consider the confessional, chiefly frequented by women, as an organized institution for the pollution of the family.

Not until 1868 did religious freedom, guaranteed in theory, become anything more than an unfulfilled promise. At that time the Protestant world was roused to hope and ardor by the reports from Spain. Various Churches at once sent missionaries, and volunteers were not wanting who of their own motion, or under the direction of self-originated committees, hastened into the field—a few with, but most without, a knowledge of the language. In various sections they were welcomed with every manifestation of interest. The promise, however, was not sustained. The burial of the

dead and visitation of the sick constantly appealed in behalf of the established Church. Though a man had determined to become a Protestant, his wife, mother, and sister would resist it to the last. Horror of being refused burial in consecrated ground was constantly before the sick; the taunt of changing religion on every lip; and a variety of petty persecutions began, especially in the towns, villages, and country districts.

Those who crowded to hear evangelical preachers, regarding them as symbols of a revolt against monarchy, and who at first were prone to say, "Why, I believe as you say; put my name down to join your church; I am with you," when they heard of conversion, and were solemnly warned that no priest could absolve them, but God only, lost interest in the movement, and speedily fell away. All the middle classes, and those of the higher who began to show any interest in Protestantism, experienced the force of social odium. So hostile is the atmosphere that those who attempt to move in society in Spain must not avow themselves Protestants.

Here is an instance. An English lady, residing in one of the chief cities in southern Spain, her husband having a large business there, was in the habit of giving receptions, which were numerously attended by the *élite*. She was not a Romanist, but had not affiliated herself with the Protestant church in the place. During her absence in England in the summer, it was rumored, though falsely, that she intended to connect herself with the Protestant church on her return in the autumn. When she came back, knowing nothing of this rumor, she issued cards for a reception as before, and not one Spaniard of the many invited attended.

Protestant congregations for worship are small, the largest scarcely numbering one hundred and fifty, including all the children in the schools, most of them being much smaller than that. Yet, from the point of view of a lover of liberty for both Catholic and Protestant, there are several things which more than justify the effort. To have seen a Protestant school in the house in which Philip II lived while the Escorial was building; to have heard the singing of Protestant hymns in the city in which thousands were con-

demned "to the pleasant death of the stake;" to have listened to plain Protestant preaching within fifteen minutes' walk of the very spot where the Inquisition was established; to have tracts on "the way of salvation" thrust into one's hands in a street along which wild huzzas of fiendish joy filled the air when a woman was brought forth to be burned for her allegiance to Christ, and to hear a Gospel sermon where first the pagan, afterward the Mohammedan, then the Catholic declared that nothing other than what he believed should be taught or believed—surely this, to everyone who, whatever his creed may be, rejoices in human progress, is something worth tossing to and fro upon stormy seas, and traveling weary miles on land to do, to see, to hear, and to feel!

CHAPTER IX.

The Bullfights of Spain.

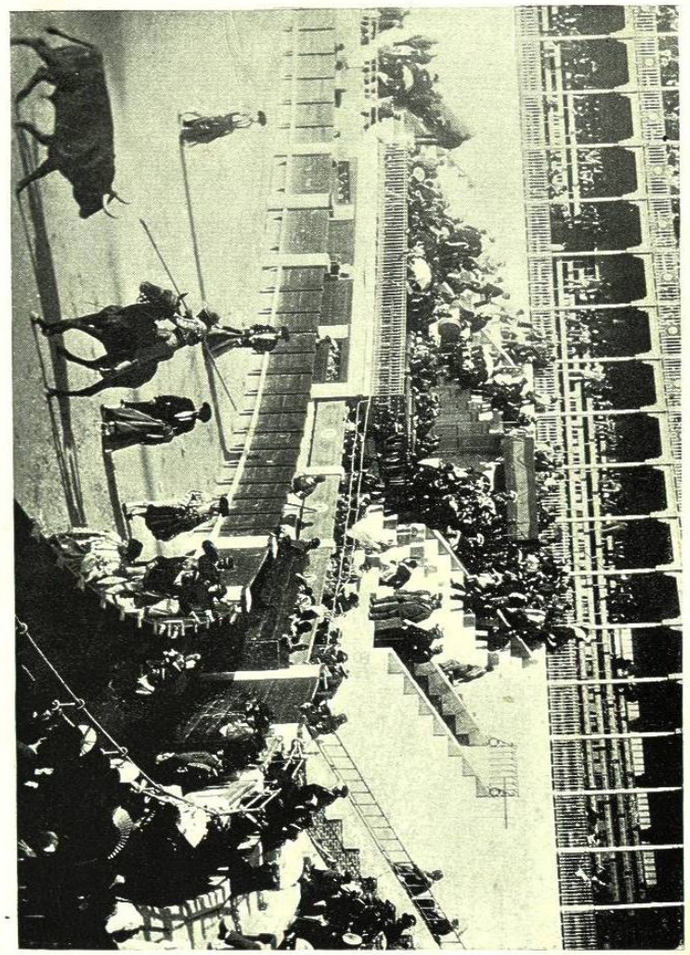
Popularity of Bullfights—Cost—Description—Attempts to Suppress—Attitude of the Church.

BULLFIGHTS were never more popular than they are to-day, and for twenty years have been increasing in influence, extravagance, and numbers attending. The theater occupies a secondary place, not only in the feelings of the lower, but in the sentiments of the upper classes. Not that the people of Spain love the theater less, but they love the bullfights far more.

Barcelona has opera houses and theaters, one of which holds four thousand persons, and disputes with three or four other cities for the honor of having the largest in Europe. But the bull ring is twice as large as the theater, and Barcelona is proud of its fights, equal to those of any city in Spain, except Valencia and Madrid. At Madrid the bull ring will seat twelve thousand seven hundred persons, and is a wonderful structure, to explore which consumed an afternoon. It is built in the style of an ancient Roman circus, and in it the most famous fights take place. The highest salaries are paid, "and the most distinguished professionals employed." The bulls are specially bred in the finest pastures.

On Easter Sunday, a few minutes after the gorgeous pageants in the churches and cathedrals are at an end, the season commences. The succeeding Sundays are *bull* days until the heat of *dog* days enervates man and beast. There is a second season in the autumn. Performances begin about half past four in the afternoon, and last two or three hours; a good seat costs one dollar and a half.

The ring of Malaga is of extraordinary size and located in the best part of the city. At Salamanca, where the University is practically in a state of collapse, the ring is very prosperous.



Preliminary Skirmish in a Bullfight.

The bullfights of Valencia are famous, and as is generally the case the ring belongs to the trustees of the hospital. It seats fifteen thousand eight hundred and fifty-one persons. Well has it been remarked that it is in harmony with reason that the trustees of the hospitals should own these buildings, for the fever excited in the people and the accidents furnish patients as well as funds. The fights in Valencia are considered by many second only to those of Madrid.

Seville is called the *alma mater* of the ring, because in the opinion of those who have investigated the matter, the bull ring, though based on Roman institutions, as it now is "is indubitably a thing devised by the Moors of Spain, for those in Africa have neither the sport, the ring, nor the recollection." At Seville the ring is of stone, occupies a conspicuous place on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and will seat eleven thousand.

Near Cordova, in the famous pastures, we saw thousands of bulls, and as the country is without fences, except here and there a wall to keep together those that have been selected for the approaching fights, the scene resembled the Western plains before the buffalo had been exterminated.

Each exhibition costs from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The day before the spectacle the bulls are brought to the town, causing intense excitement. The people dress in their best, and all classes are so wrought up that they can hardly contain themselves. Formerly only gentlemen fought; now none but professionals. Seville and the whole of southern Spain were in a state of ferment at the time of our visit, preparing for a bullfight of extraordinary magnificence, the proceeds to be given to the widow of a man who had been killed in the ring some time before. It was expected that she would receive at least ten thousand dollars. We saw the bulls in special cars, drawn by horses and guarded by officials.

The bullfight is always the same. The opening is announced with pomp. The president takes his seat in a box in the center, and the performers pass before him in procession. These consist of picadors, who carry spears, ride on horses, advance and receive the bull's attack, for before they can attack him he rushes upon them. The chulos fol-

low the picadors; they are apprentices who divert the bull from the picadors. Then come the banderilleras, who are on foot and carry darts, which they plant, if possible, in the neck of the bull. In the third act the espada comes forward to slay the bull with the sword. During the two or three hours of performance from six to eight bulls are killed. Men, women, and children yell and utter every possible form of praise or blame for man and brute. Several horses are killed, and the scene, as they leap about the ring after being gored by the bulls, is unfit for description. When a bull is killed he is dragged off by mules, glittering with flags and tinkling bells. Slow bulls are beaten, abused, and anathematized by the spectators; "such animals as show the white feather are loathed as depriving the public of their just rights, and are beaten as they pass within reach by sticks carried by the people;" but a "murderous bull, who gores horses, upsets men, and clears the plaza, becomes a universal favorite. Long life is wished to him by those who know he must be killed within ten minutes. . . . The horsemen often show marvelous skill in managing to place their horses as a rampart between them and the bull." When deadly struggles take place, every expression of anxiety, fear, eagerness, horror, and delight is visible. These feelings reach the highest pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging to the fatal struggle, crimson streams of blood streaking his foaming body, flies from the infuriated bull.

When the horses are dead they are dragged off, and when the picador is wounded he is carried out and forgotten, new gladiators appearing. A gentleman informed me that he had seen twelve dead horses hauled away from the scene after having been butchered in a hideous manner.

The bull is one of the most terrible animals when roused. Sometimes wild beasts are brought to contend with him, and within the last twenty-five years a bull slew successively a lion brought from Africa and a tiger brought from India to fight with him. On another occasion this bull encountered a lion and a tiger at the same time and disabled both. As he was then believed to be unconquerable, an elephant was brought upon the scene. This ponderous animal simply pressed upon the spine of the hero of so many conflicts and crushed him

into an incoherent mass. That elephant was kept in Madrid and exhibited until his death.

This fiendish cruelty is defended by the Spaniards and their sympathizers. The horses, they say, are old animals of no account. They have to be blinded, otherwise they would not face the bull. If they are only wounded the gash is sewed up and stopped with tow, and they are still forced to fight. The Spaniards say that the bull is a tame, almost a domestic, animal, and would never fight at all unless roused by the sight of blood, and to use these old horses for that purpose is not to be condemned. They charge against other nations similar things, speaking contemptuously of the Protestants who object to their fights, and yet play the salmon and chase the hare and the fox.

When the intelligence and sensibility of the horse and his services to mankind are taken into the account, whatever may be said for or against hunting or fishing, that the cases are not parallel is clear. The Spaniards also contend that the effects produced upon them are not the same as upon people not accustomed to such scenes. That is the same as to affirm that the effect of a brutal prize fight would be different upon persons who never saw it from that produced upon those who are in the habit of witnessing such spectacles. What blunts the sensibilities to such sights as Spanish bullfights is brutalizing and degrading. Several American ladies and gentlemen concluded to go to a bullfight, notwithstanding it was upon the Sabbath. Having sophisticated their consciences, they went, and one said to another: "Now, you are here on Sunday; whatever sin there is in it you have committed, and had better fix your eyes on everything and see it through."

In less than fifteen minutes after it began the spectacle was too horrible to be endured, so that all the ladies save one were made ill, and she could not turn her eyes from the horrible sight. One of the gentlemen fainted and fell to the floor. A Frenchman sitting near them also fell in a swoon. The entire party, in less than half an hour, were compelled to retreat. This was at a fight given in honor of the King of Portugal, at that time visiting Madrid.

It is the conduct of many Americans and Englishmen that

gives the defenders of bullfights their strongest practical point. They go to the disgusting exhibitions, and often develop a mania which leads them to boast "that they went every Sunday while they were in Spain." We saw members of Christian churches who expressed great disappointment at the postponement of a bullfight which they had expected to attend; and a young lady gave us an account of the conduct of her minister, from Scotland, who went to a bullfight on Sunday, "*just to see what the customs of the country were.*"

The attitude of Roman Catholicism is theoretically one of condemnation, but practically bullfights are encouraged by the Church, which in many places has a strong, though indirect, interest in the profits.

At the bull ring at Madrid a chapel is attached to the ring in which the bullfighters, before entering the arena, meet and have a short religious service, a priest being in readiness. In ancient times those killed on the spot were denied burial rites on the ground that they died without confessing; but a priest is "now in attendance with *Su Magestad* (the sacred Host), ready to give always spiritual assistance to a dying combatant."

Queen Isabella was opposed to the fights, though they were far less cruel then than now, and had a direct influence upon the breed of horses and the development among gentlemen of courage and dexterity with the lance. The pope issued edicts against them, yet they persisted, and under the despotism of fashion the bullfight was "stripped of its chivalrous character and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bullfighters, just as did our rings and tournaments of chivalry into those of ruffian pugilists."

In 1868 a bill was brought into the Cortes to abolish bullfights, but the sympathies of almost the entire people being with the spectacle, the bill was rejected.

CHAPTER X.

To "Afric's Sunny Fountains."

Voyage to Tangier—Views along the Route—Arrival—Street Scenes—A Moorish School.

ON the afternoon of Christmas we sailed through the Bay of Malaga into the Mediterranean. Our vessel had a truly African name, the *Mogador*, named after a part of the city of Morocco. No quieter sea ever reflected a more golden sunset than did the Mediterranean that evening. But the promise to the eye, like many to the ear, was broken to the heart, for when the day was done the winds began their revels, which soon plunged men, women, and children into one common gulf of nausea and despondency. Through the short, choppy waves the *Mogador* swiftly pushed, and wretched as we were, it was a pleasure to pass everything that rode the waves that night. A little after ten o'clock the storm subsided, the clouds disappeared, and the rugged mountains of the African coast stood forth in the starlight like stupendous battlements as we anchored in the harbor of Ceuta. This is the "Botany Bay" of Spain.

The town, like ancient Rome, stands on seven hills, and its name is said to be a corruption of *septem*. The ancients called it Abyla, and one of its mountains formed one of the Pillars of Hercules. The numerous fortifications on adjacent hills, and the towering masses of mountains, were startling exhibitions of power.

The next day we sailed over the same route which the Moors took when they set forth to conquer Spain, and anchored in the harbor of Algeciras, the point at which they landed. It was in this harbor that we obtained our first view of the Rock of Gibraltar. After a brief stay at this place, of no importance now, though once the Moor's key to Spain, and the scene of the greatest crusade of the fourteenth century, we resumed our course through the Straits of Gibraltar. Gibraltar, with its forts, its town, and the harbor filled with ship-