

The Highland Park News

Will be issued MONTHLY from its office in the Post Office building, where all editorial and other business will be transacted, and where all communications should be addressed.

HIGHLAND PARK TIME TABLE.

Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Yearly Fare, \$85 100 Rides, \$23.50 30 Rides, \$13.80.

TRAINS STOPPING AT HIGHLAND PARK

| Leave Chicago. | Arr. High'd Park. | Leave High'd Park. | Arr. Chicago. |
|------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Kinzie St. 8.00 A. M. | 9.07 A. M. | 3.18 A. M. | 5.00 A. M. Kinzie St. |
| " 9.30 " | 10.25 " | 6.00 " | 7.15 " Wells St. |
| " 1.00 P. M. | 2.15 P. M. | 6.44 " | 7.55 " " |
| Wells St. 4.10 " | 5.17 " | 7.17 " | 8.25 " " |
| Kinzie St. 5.00 " | 5.54 " | 8.03 " | 9.00 " " |
| Wells St. 5.30 " | 6.49 " | 9.29 " | 10.30 " Kinzie St. |
| " 6.20 " | 7.30 " | 2.25 P. M. | 3.40 P. M. " |
| " 9.00 " | 10.15 " | 3.12 " | 4.00 " " |
| " 11.25 A. M. | 12.35 " | 1.12 " | 2.20 " Wells St. |
| Kinzie St. 11.00 P. M. | 12.47 " | 6.27 " | 7.30 " Kinzie St. |

*Sunday Trains.

For the Highland Park News.

SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

BY WILLIAM W. EVERTS, JR.

The animal nature of man asserts itself in a universal craving for sights of cruelty, suffering and blood. From the gladiatorial shows of Rome to the pugilistic ring and cock pit of London or Chicago, all manner of device has been studied to satisfy this desire. A long standing custom of the kind, originating with the Moors, is the bull fight, prevalent in Spain, and wherever Spaniards settle. It is as common in Cuba and South America, and was in California, as it is in the Mother Country. It compares favorably both with the Roman and American substitute. With the former since the gladiators are freemen, who have chosen their profession, and not captive warriors or helpless women, thrown into the arena to be mercilessly devoured by famished wild beasts. The coliseum awakened and instilled a taste for human blood, became a human slaughter house, whereas the Spanish arena, except in the needless slaughter of horses, is meant for excitement, does not furnish more than a spectacle of fearful danger, without the horrors of death. It is less debasing than our sports, since it represents the ancient combat of man and beast, and the wonderful superiority of the skill of the one, to the huge strength of the other, even while charged with fury, not content with the tearing of two animals, nor the murder of two men.

To test the daring of a bull they have led him into a ring with a tiger, and again with an elephant. The former little creature crouched tremblingly at the onset of the horrid gladiator, and suffered itself to be ridden in the air and gored in the sand. The peaceable lord of the jungle was aroused by the well meant thrust of the bull in his impenetrable hide, and lowered his trunk with such velocity as to break the bellow's back. In California they used to match grizzlies with them. If the bear succeeded in evading the first furious plunge of the bull and seize any part of its foe between its jaws, the fight was over. Grizzly liked to tear off the nasal appendage as a trophy. With such furious monsters the Spanish terrorists are wont to engage in combat. The bulls are from purest stock, bred wild, in walled pastures away from the sight of men until the day of combat. The fighters are accustomed to the amusement from youth. Indeed they belong to a caste, to be sure an outcast class of society, and are born of fighting blood. Nevertheless it is sad, to think that they are bound to this calling by a social law, that forbids them to rise through marriage, or other intercourse. Though universal favorites in the ring they are despised in other circles. Whatever may be the general estimation of the amusement, and certainly there are more and more Spaniards who blush for it, the Amphitheatre was crowded at Madrid on the occasion of my visit, the exhibition was inaugurated by the city authorities, and its object was

no less than the support of the hospitals, that since the revolution had fallen into their hands, from the care of the clergy. It was placarded on every street corner, *grancorrida d'toros*. Eight bulls of finest breed from Cordora and Seville, and handsomely decorated by different noble ladies, who wished to contribute rosettes of steaming ribbons, and flags as their interest in the charity, were to be killed by four bands of fighters under most accomplished leaders, relieved if necessary by death or other accident by extra gladiators. All Madrid was in motion that Thursday, and all in one direction, across Prado park, past the Arch of Triumph to the Coliseum. Every carriage, wagon, or cart, in the city was in use. Horses three abreast, or even tandem, gayly trapped were galloping like Neapolitans.

All classes of society were pouring into the various entrances to the arena. Taking one of the few tickets left I made my way readily to my number inside. The view before me even then repaid my coming. It is no common sight a sea of twelve thousand faces in an edifice so vast, that God alone, could roof it with his eternal blue arch. The proportions of the Amphitheatre was colossal, truly Roman. Nearly every seat was taken. Thousands preferred to sit and scorch rather than miss the show. The seats were taxed according to the protection and place. Stone and wooden tiers of seats descended from the high, round wall steeply to the arena, so that all can see a necessity in spectacular performances. The arena is a large empty space, with openings on separate sides for horses and bulls to enter or be dragged out. The whole is surrounded by a six feet fence with an inside step two feet from the ground, on which the fighters plant their feet when hard pressed, and leap over into another circle among enthusiastic amateurs, and now the ring is cleared of stragglers by mounted knights, dressed in leggings, pumps and cocked hats, velvet mantles hanging from their shoulders. After the Alguazil, yellow dressed clowns had petitioned the presidency and received the ribbon bound keys of the toril, the interest began. Then the gladiators marched across the ring in procession, led by the four magnificently costumed espadas, closed by the eight heavy horsemen, called picaderes. "The picaderes are protected from the horns of the bull by leather breeches, and well seated in high front and high back saddles. Their only weapon is defensive; indeed until the close of the fight all the men are compelled to await the attack of the bull, and their instruments are meant rather to harass and enrage than weaken their foe. The stalwart equestrian carries at his side a lengthy, wooden spear, tipped with an iron point. With this he attempts to hold off the attack, planting it in the shoulders of the brute. By the way every blow must be directed at the shoulders, otherwise there would be vociferous cries of foul play, and probably the penalty of imprisonment. Alike bitter denunciation is showered upon the fighter whoever he may be who shrinks from meeting the wild beast. Before the horsemen march the Chulos, as light and agile as the others were strong. It is their part to fling their gay colored mantles before the bull, weary him in idle pursuit as they leap over the fence, or bear him from the fallen horseman, and dodge him as he bounds after their flaunting colors. Another set, dressed like the Chulos in tights and silk armor that an infant might pierce with a pin, appear later in the game with darts which they must bury in the bull's shoulder, while yet furious to infuriate. Last of all when the bull has wearied of chasing men and goring horses to death, the sound of the cornet summons the espada or swordman, to finish the act by killing the prey. He is always noted for his prowess, skill and power, as his is the most dangerous task. His rich costume is half hidden beneath embroidery of gold and silver. He wears the brightest mantle, and the biggest braid and longest cue beneath his velvet cap.

As this they have thrown their outer cloaks upon the fence, and assumed their position in the field. All eyes centre on the gate swinging open, with the dark entrance to the stalls. Suddenly breathless suspense, bursts into a mighty shout of welcome to the magnificent brown that dashes into the centre of the arena. Dazzled by the

light, confused by the sound, he paws the ground and whisks his tail, and snuffs the air, till, attracted by a daring Chulo, he breaks after him, hooks the mantle from his grasp and gores the hated fabric in the sand beneath his feet. Another he chases to the fence, and leaps after a third over, it to the consternation of those in the lobby. Let into the arena again, one of the picadores drives up his unconscious, blindfolded steed, and receives a fierce onset so successfully as to save his horse. But tormented by the wound inflicted in the shoulder, the bull renews its attack and, before the combatant prepare, has lifted horse and rider into the air, and carried them many yards on his horns. So firm was the horseman's hold however, that coming to earth again, he still sat upon him. The blood was quenched, while the bull was diverted to other parts, and the poor horse was ready to withstand another onslaught.

The other picadore was not as fortunate, for his horse received such a plunge, that it was thrown over backwards on its rider, dead. The chulos were there in an instant and prevented a second attack, by flaunting their bright mantles in the very eyes of the brute. Fatal as it was to the horse, the fall was unusually propitious for the man, since, though it was with difficulty they succeeded in releasing his limbs from under the dead steed, the animal's body proved a perfect barricade. Still the horses were driven before the furious beast to be torn to pieces. One is driven off, dragging his entrails ten feet behind him, another tracking the sand with blotches of blood, another sinks beneath the weight of its rider, is stripped of its saddle, and left to be gored again, and then to die. Though attracting little attention from those accustomed to it, it was most affecting to one on first observation to see the noble form stretched on the arena, suffering unuttered pain, save as the gaping wounds, dumb mouths, might speak, and thus dying to make a Spaniard's holiday. At length this single rampant monster has slain five. Its blood thirst is not appeased, but despite the clamors of the crowd, the horses are withheld, for the charitable purpose of the exhibition forbade a wholesale slaughter. That this day's list of thirteen horses killed was moderate, may be known from the fact that during the preceding tournament thirty-two horses were sacrificed. Now that the horses are removed, there is a cry for panderillas, and in spring four youths in gala dress armed with pretty darts. Attracting the monster's attention, and meeting it on its charge, they extend their arms between its horns, thrust their arms into its bloody shoulder and in the same instant dodge aside as it plunges bellowing past. Within a few moments the furious creature is dangling half a dozen barbed shafts from its back, and redoubly tormented, chases wildly after its foes. At length weary, with running and loss of blood, they cannot so easily arouse him. And yet his energy is far from spent for when the cornet sounds again and the espada tosses him a scarlet red mantle, he dashes after it around, and around the brave gladiator, until the welkin rings with the shouts of the thrilled spectators. Now he must die. Withdrawing a long slender blade from beneath his mantle, the hero points it at the bull's head. But a pace separates the two. The bull is armed with two terrific horns, nerved by the strength of seven winters, and aroused by the sight of color and the smell of blood; the man is unprotected save by a piece of floating color and armed by a sword almost invisible. Who shall conquer in the final conflict. The charge is made and the bull sinks at the feet of his conqueror, the steel buried to the hilt in his heart, the most amazing exhibition of the superiority of skill to brute force, of mind to instinct, of man to beast.

The people of Highland Park should not forget the fairs soon to be held in Lake County. The first is to come off at Libertyville, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 10th, 11th and 12th of the present month. The second will take place at Waukegan, beginning with September 28th and continuing through the entire week. We hope our people will visit both fairs and do all they can to add to the attraction of these most useful and interesting occasions. The distance is not great and the ride itself will be delightful.