

[For the Home Journal.]

FANCY.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

Fancy! raise thy pinched wing,  
Surely here you cannot stay,  
Do not strive my dear, to sing,  
I can have no holiday.  
I must work—I cannot play,  
You will only sorrow bring,  
I can have no holiday.

Fancy! do not shake your head,  
Swifly, pry thee, go away,  
To all joy my heart is dead,  
Hasten! hasten on I pray,  
I can have no holiday,  
Care corrodes my heart to lead,  
I must work; I never play.

Fancy! I'm a married man,  
Wedded to the "Curse of Love"  
She would quicken the "Curse"  
Would I take you to be wife,  
And escape this curking strife,  
She would tap me with her fan,  
Saying, "Sir, obey your wife."

Fancy! do not toss that curl,  
Coquettishly before my face,  
Pretty, airy, fairy girl,  
Snow-hills shining under lace,  
Every movement full of grace,—  
Do not think me quite a churl,  
If I fear thy lovely face.

Fancy! once I loved you true;  
Now you must be off, I say,  
Indeed I fear for weeks I'll rue  
This moment you have come my way,  
I tell you I've no holiday,  
I cannot hasten now to you,  
I must work, I cannot play.

Fancy! I'm no longer boy,  
Though I know that "Boy" means Bliss,  
I can never more enjoy  
The sweet pleasure of a kiss,  
I am bound—I tell you this,  
With you more I may not toy,  
"Business" will this hour miss.

Fancy! do not call me cold,  
Loved I once, and love I still;  
To strange idols I am sold,  
I have not my old free will,  
By the old deserted mill  
Where we met ere we were old,  
Tell I thee, I love thee still.

Fancy! ere you fly away  
Hear me dear! and grant me this,  
Bend thy sunny head I pray,  
Let me know a parting kiss,  
Thank you, love, it were a bliss  
As I go you, his way  
To dwell upon a thought like this.

[For the Home Journal.]

A VISIT TO SPAIN.

BY TH. FENTON.

The first sight of Spain gave me much of that delightful feeling that springs from novelty and the recollection of historical events. What a host of subjects suggest themselves to the memory as you see "renowned Spain" lift her huge sierras and her bold frontage over the light-blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea! Her ancient chivalry, Saragosa, the Alhambra, the Goths, the Moors, the Romans, and Viriatus, and also a thousand other subjects, fill the mind, and create a longing after some crumbling monuments that may operate as mute but eloquent attestation of all that was either beautiful or noble, illustrious or startling, in her ancient day—now forever gone from the present theatre of existence, and long mingled with the things that were; swallowed up in the unfathomable mysteries of the past eternity.

As regards the Alhambra, Washington Irving has given a true picture of what it is, and a beautiful idea of what it was, when the chieftain flew to battle, and the maiden "crowned at her feet the kneeling cavalier;" when Saracenic chivalry thundered over its vineyard grounds, and the Cid spurred his charger to the onset, and roused the martial spirit of his native land to feats of dashing enterprise and matchless prowess; when Valencia rang with the bugle of the hero, and saw her streets running with the mingled blood of conflicting races; but it is only the Alhambra, with a few interesting particulars peculiar to itself, its owners, and the enemies of the latter, that he writes of; it is not a history of concatenated events, embracing a long period, or different epochs, but in itself the nicest and most beautiful work on the Alhambra that has yet been seen.

The first thing of national importance, handed down from, and sanctified by, ancient custom, that I witnessed, was the bull fight. It

was not a morbid inquisitiveness that led me to *La Plaza de Toros*. I am averse to cruelty, and could not shout over the premeditated tortures inflicted on an unoffending brute, nor the retaliation that followed the premeditation in question. Algeciras was the place where this national butchery-scene was to be enacted, only a few miles by sea from Gibraltar. Officers of the garrison are to be seen there in numbers; people from all "parts unknown" seem to make visits whenever there is an arena, and there are many of such things in Spain. Officers from Malta also obtain leave of absence to enjoy the sports, and indeed there is a good deal of love-making within those walls! I believe British officers never learn Spanish for any other purpose than for turning it to some amorous advantage; for they are, without an exception, the greatest men for appreciating a "bright black eye," a ripe feminine lip, and the smiles of the "lovely and good," that I ever saw in my travels in the world. "Women and wine" seem to be their dreams by night as well as their thoughts by day, and every grace of form and movement that can be cultivated into the semblance of perfection, or perfection itself, is done so, in order to gain the admiration of their fair friends, and for the purpose, occasionally, of effecting by appearances of mien, dress and gesture what sincerity, candour and honor have very little to do with in effecting. But some ladies are also disposed to the same kind of conduct. In Spain they are not very sincere; all is parade, glitter and expression; the aim of the head, and not the heart, is the centre and inspiration of action in the majority of instances; and conquests alone, with the satisfaction of having made them to boast of the number accomplished, and to prove a certain kind of feminine resistlessness and potency, yield a satisfaction to ladies here which are the results of aims parentally taught from the cradle into womanhood. The lady is prized according to the number whom she captivates, and who have worshipped at the shrine of her loveliness. In Ireland, at one time, when a gentleman proposed marriage, the first enquiry of the lady was—"Has he shot his mark yet?" and "How many has he called out?" There is a certain fame and charm, it seems, in the fatality or management of superior attraction that has counted its hecatombs, and also in superior nerve that has perpetrated *fashionable murder*!

But we must not be too free with license. "There is reason in all things"—or there should be at least. Before expressing an opinion of the Spaniards, a person should study well the ancient and modern peculiarities of the country and people. It may be harsh to deal with the love of the horrible, witnessed in the *La Plaza de toros*, the arena of the bull fights—(by-the-by, a relic of the barbarism of the Romish Amphitheatre, where the eyes of many a gladiator "swam about him" in all the agony of mutilated nature, and whether it was introduced by the Romans when they invaded the Province of Andalusia, for the purpose of plundering its gold and silver mines, in the time of Julius Cæsar, or subsequently, I forget)—but nevertheless this must be noticed, and as I before said, we must consider many circumstances before we come to any conclusion about them, and even before giving an idea of a Spanish bull-fight.

First then the example was imported from the transcendent civilization of ancient Rome. And again, the tastes of a people greatly depend upon the influences of climate and hereditary organizations, whether those tastes are good or evil.

Spain is a mountainous country, and its people are quick, impulsive, and ever fond of amusements. In low flat countries people are generally indolent and sluggish; and those amusements which have become national through a series of years in Spain are those which the people delight in. The bull fight, looking at it as a system of cruelty, like the occurrences of the old Roman gladiatorial arena, and like the systems of the Greeks of old at their Olympian games, who used to take "the honors" for knocking down a bull with a blow of the cestus on the forehead, or pound each others' teeth out,

like Dares and Entellus, with the same kind of *humanizing* instrument,—looking at it as a system of cruelty, the only wonder is, that while we have not a vestige of the ancient practice, where the examples originated, it should exist in such an age as this, and lure to its dreadful haunts and terrific and inhuman scenes, not only the male portion of the country, but also the most educated and refined of the female!

At eight o'clock in the morning I started for the "Plaza de Toros,"—a beautiful summer morning! The sea was calm and blue; the air clear, balmy and wooing. Birds carolled as we left the shore of "Gib," and as we were moving on, the whole city (of 30,000 inhabitants) seemed to recede, while we only seemed to have been motionless. We could see the windows of the houses thrown up to catch the zephyry airs of the Medeterranean that came in lapses—girls were putting out their canaries in the sunshine, and everybody was a-stir. As we moved onward upon the glassy bosom of the water, sometimes rocked upon a diaphanous swell, the "Rock" had a very imposing appearance. It bore the appearance of a lion couchant, and the old Moorish Castle (now a jail for military delinquents) looked sombre with the spells of years, the changes of time and circumstances upon it. The signal battery, perched like a bird upon a steeple, looked exceedingly aerial, and seemed to have been a structure hanging in the air, or enthroned in clouds, for a vapour, like that of a boiling caldron, wreathed and curled from the massy rock between its foundation and its lowest rampart. The sun coming out with an intense glow, anon concealed by the exaltation of vapour, many of the objects which we were before contemplating; then seeing it fruitless to expatiate further upon the grim and savage grandeur of "Gibel Tarrick," we thought we might with better effect take a survey of our destination, Algeciras. It had a strange appearance: "distance lends enchantment to the view," and there it lay, like a grey depopulated village, that suffered, as it were, from the circumstances of war, or the pillage of the Roman heroes. The distance made it livelier and more romantic to the eye than it really is when you view it from its own suburbs. A dirty, straggling place it is, and its only recommendation is, it is perched upon a mountain, and overlooks the most beautiful sea in the world.

On landing, and on approaching the sombre-looking walls of the arena, crowds of men, women and children were to be seen, all dight in their most fashionable costumes for the most fashionable of national *funcions*—wedded to the affections in such a way that observance becomes the most national of habits, and the most venerated of customs and indulgences. "The fair and the gay," "the lovely and good," come in their most glossy paraphernalia, and their sweetest smiles; and I warrant you, many of them pawned many an article of household utility to possess a pin, a brooch and a bracelet for this auspicious ceremony. Trinkets have a great temptation for the Spanish maiden, and anything is sacrificed for a show.

The palcos or boxes were densely crowded; fans, glittering with ivory, pearl and gold figuring, waved about the whole scene. These are handled, or rather fingered, with great dexterity, sometimes suddenly snapping with only the application of finger and thumb, and sometimes unfolding like the tail of a pigeon that cleaves the air, and wheels desportingly around the brow of the rock that contains its delighted paramour. Pleasure seems here the business of life—pleasure of various kinds—courting and ogling, bull-beating, and the jingle of religious pomp, as it parades the thoroughfares of cities, dressing and dancing, masquerading, buffoonery and serenading, cards, smoking and plotting, night-walking and "sparking," every thing seems a pleasure; but behind the scenes can only be seen the reactions. Spaniards do not obtrude their griefs upon you; they are merry in your presence, and love to see their guests as happy as hospitality and human artifice can make them. Strange, good-hearted, prejudiced people; sorrowful and gay to the extremest extremity, hospitable, tender and

blood-thirsty; fond of the arts, of dressing, rongeing, and dancing particularly, but fond of poetry, painting and music, and all that gives a stimulus to the virtues also, all that gives elegance to the form and figure, that urges the passions, or soothes to elegant and voluptuous indolence the fatigued body, the surfeited intellect, and the propensities satiated and tired. In fact, it is a difficult matter to define the *morale* of a Spaniard; but "*telle est le vie*." Let us not smell of the oil lamp in the philosophy of the matter, but take things as they seem, and furnish a dish which is easily digested—something for an easy moment that will not require a great concentration of the mental powers to thoroughly and conveniently relish. Mysticism in prose is unbearable, and so much of it in poetry also, unless worked with a master genius, such as Shelly. But, hark! the trumpet sounds! the boxes are full to overflowing; this is the note of preparation; how it tingles through every vein! how expectation is on the tip-toe of realizing a stirring reality! There is a general rustling of black silk, a voluptuous movement of soft and graceful forms, a dazzling of black eyes and bewitching glances. A general murmur pervades the crowd, low and unintelligible. Here and there can be seen many British officers, many fashionable men from England, and a few British ladies. It resembles a theatre before the curtain rises, or at the expectation of its rising. The various functionaries are below for the encounter, and here are their names: the "light-limbed Matador," the "media espada," and the "prima espada." The first stands in the centre, to make his attack upon the monster, yet caged in the Toril; the Majos, stern-looking men, standing around the rails or enclosure, with fine costume, and legs encased in iron. The aguadors—water bearers.

The Chulos are young men who flutter gay coloured capas (cloaks), to attract the "lords of the lowing herds." The Pecadores, or Matadores, are invariably mounted: they are sheathed with armor, under which is a suit of buff or leather. The Pecadores are followed by a band of Toreros on foot, Chulos, Canderretos, &c., marshalling in two and two, and headed by the Picador—the first actor. Amaranth velvet, beautifully blue and gold, with bright red are prevailing colors of the dresses of these men. Some have gold buckles, knee buckles of blue (ultramarine), and white silk stockings. There are dagger-bearers also (banderejaros). There are others with small flags, the ends of which contain rockets, to madden the bull to his best *pluck*, and the rocket is attached to a spear, twenty of which might be seen sticking in the neck of the infuriated animal. Well, I shall not mention all the performers; suffice it to say, there they are, all dressed in gold and blue, ready for the butchery. Another note from the trumpet!

"The lists are open—the spacious area cleared—  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round:  
Long ere the first loud trumpet-note is heard,  
No vacant space for later weight is found."

The bull comes out at the second trumpet sound, from the Toril into the space below. The door seems opened from above, and out he bounds, waving his enormous tail, snuffing in the air by hogsheads at a draught. He is bewildered, but the moment he bounded from the cage must he not have thought he was once more with freedom and his liberty? once more out upon the mountains of Salamanca, snuffing the breeze of the hill-tops, leading on his herd, in the full liberty of life, and in the strength of his mighty form? What savage majesty! In all the range of my vision and experience, I never saw such a monster: an elephant in size, but more than an elephant in activity and proportion. The Picadore makes a feint at him—down goes his broad head for a full drive against his antagonist—the latter is on horse-back, and the horse's eyes are shrouded, for no horse can stand the glare of the monster's eyes: they are like balls of fire, and the foam of his mouth is like snow upon the ground. But the feint was made, and the animal's attention was drawn off by a cap having been flourished in his face. Some of the Chulos shouted out "¡Valiente!

(CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)