

climax of the *fun* (?) is reached. A third blowing of the horn and the *espada* comes forward, wearing a bright red *capa*. With his sword he plays gracefully with the *capa*, waving it before the bull, and when he has the animal directly in front of him, he stabs him and if he does it well, the spectators get noisily excited, and throw their hats, cigars, money, (!) and sometimes even their coats into the ring. The dead bull is drawn away and another comes out (do you think one would satisfy them ?) and so on until the *six* bulls have been killed.

There is a very difficult thing they sometimes do—in a bull fight—they call it the *salto de la garrocha*, which consists in putting a long pole on the oneseide of the bull and jumping over him, as in pole-vaulting. Last year a young *torero*, only twenty-three years of age, who was celebrated for this *salto*, while performing this feat one Sunday fell on the horns of the bull and was torn to pieces, before the sight of the multitude powerless to help him. Poor fellow, what a death, and still—no less than soldiers who deem it glorious to die fighting—these *toreros* are proud to lose their lives on these unjustifiable fields.

The *toreros* dress very handsomely. They wear close fitting knickerbockers of silk or satin, pale blue, pink or lilac, sometimes bright red. The jacket is very short, and of the same color, and fully open in front, showing the shirt. The waist is encircled with a broad band of silk. The whole outfit, especially the jacket, is literally covered with gold lace. The hat is small and roundish, with two large tassels at the side. To complete this toilet, they wear light stockings and low shoes, and the large beautiful *capa*, which is of a different color from the rest

of the costume, and is elegantly trimmed, indeed, it can hardly be called a garment, it seems more like a banner, at least it is flourished a good deal, and if the bull could "say his say" he would vote it a nuisance.

The great Mexican bull fighter "first in the hearts of his countrymen" at the present time is one Ponciano Diaz. He is quite a young man and a good fellow—an exception to the general rule, for these heroes usually belong to the desperados, you would call them a "hard set." The Mexicans rave over this Ponciano. He does a wonderful thing that no other *torero* can do; that is he drives *banderellos* into the bull with his mouth as well as with his hands. This is wonderful and the public who are so fond of him always cry out: "No! No! Ponciano!" when he goes to perform this dangerous feat. Luis Mazzantani, one of the best bull-fighters in Spain, when in Mexico not long ago tried hard to persuade Ponciano to return with him to Madrid to teach the fighting fraternity there this accomplishment. Taking him all in all and looking through Mexican eyes, this Mazzantani is also a splendid *torero* and a very handsome man. He looks grand when he stands up so bravely in front of the bull, he seems really to magnetize the animal, I have seen him pat the bull between the horns. This Mazzantani like Ponciano is a decided exception to the average bull fighter—they both go into good society. The former is really accomplished—he plays and sings well, speaks several languages—writes poetry and is a very good actor—so from a mundane point of view—why he is just right.

R. T.

City of Mexico,  
15 Feb. 1889.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,  
Golden and snowy and red in vain;  
Robins call robins through sad showers:  
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.  
For April sobs while these are so glad  
April weeps while these are so gay,—  
Weeps like a tired child who had,  
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

H. H.