

The ground with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,  
 Least aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :  
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more  
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed.  
 Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed—

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 eyes' dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed ; away,  
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :  
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display  
 The skill that yet may check his mad career .  
 With well-timed croupe, the nimble couriers rear ;  
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;  
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :  
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;  
 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak  
 his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart, nor lance avail,  
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;  
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,  
 Vain are his weapons, valner is his force.  
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;  
 Another, hideous sight ! unseem'd appears,  
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source,  
 Though death-struck still his feeble frame he rears,  
 Staggering, but stemming al, his lord unharmed he  
 bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,  
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brass,  
 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 !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,  
 Sheathed in his form, the deadly weapon lies,  
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :  
 Slowly he falls, amid triumphant cries,  
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.  
 The decorated car appears—on high  
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—  
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,  
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

This savage amusement, if it can properly be  
 called an amusement, is indulged in by no people  
 but the *Spaniards*. With them, however, it is a  
 passion. With this remark, I dismiss the subject,  
 and revert to other topics.

One who has never been over the con-  
 tinent of Europe, or in countries that are not  
 British, can form no idea of the petty vexations  
 and annoyances to which a tourist or a traveller  
 is subjected by the police and military regula-  
 tions of those countries. A stranger dare

not move out of a town, or into one, with-  
 out having his passport *viséd*, (as the term is,) *that is*, looked at, and endorsed by some official.  
 An example of this occurred to me after one of  
 my numerous visits to Algeziras. I had made  
 an appointment at the Rock for nine o'clock  
 in the morning, and rose early to meet it. On reach-  
 ing the landing place, to cross the Bay, as I was  
 about to step into the boat, a Spanish officer re-  
 quested to see my passport. It was all in form,  
 having been endorsed by the Spanish Consul at  
 Gibraltar, to go to and return from Algeziras,  
 but the gentleman took exception to it. He  
 said, the signature of the General was necessary,  
 "la firma du Général," and would not permit me  
 or my friend to depart without it. It was ex-  
 ceedingly vexatious, but some information as to  
 the proceedings of the sort of gentry I had to  
 deal with, convinced me there was little use in  
 arguing the point. Accordingly, my friend and  
 I were to be seen trudging up the hilly and  
 crooked streets, to obtain "la firma" in question.  
 Arrived at the Governor's, His Excellency was  
 not yet out of bed,—and we were told he did not  
 usually make his appearance before nine. Being  
 all anxiety to get back to the Rock by that hour,  
 I made another effort to get away, by proceeding  
 to the police office, to obtain what would satisfy  
 the officer at the landing place. There, we were  
 told the signature of the British Vice-Consul was  
 all that was necessary. Having obtained that, it  
 was a second time presented to the man clad in  
 a little brief authority, but nothing would do for  
 him but "la firma du Général," so we were com-  
 pelled to wait till it could be obtained. At nine  
 o'clock we retraced our steps to the office of the  
 "Comandancia General," and were furnished  
 with a permit to depart, of which the following  
 is a copy :

"Comandancia General del Campo de Gibralt-  
 ar. Los Puestos militares permitirán pasar á  
 Gibraltar a Don Diego Holmes, por solo el día  
 de la fecha, y con condicion de ser reconocido  
 por el resguardo á su ida y regreso.

"Algeziras, 28 de Junio, 18

"O. DONELL.

"Pago diez y ocho rs. vn. en virtud de Real Orden  
 de 27 de Mayo de 1819."

My companion was furnished with a similar  
 permit, and each of us had to pay eighteen rials  
 therefor. The secret was now out, the cause of  
 the detention was, to fleece "los Ingleses." The  
 fact being, that Spanish officers, civil and mili-  
 tary, are so badly paid, that an occasion is never  
 lost to compel the payment of fees.

The civility and politeness of the Continental  
 people are in strange, and to a Briton, displac-  
 ing contrast with the manners of our people. An