

"brute; but he instantly recovers from the distraction, and with head down makes straight for his adversary and victim.

"A picador, mounted on an old nag, here makes a feint at the enraged beast with his lance. The latter accepts the challenge—lashes his flanks with his long tail, tears up the earth with his horns and precipitates himself on the foe. It not unfrequently happens that horse and rider bite the dust at the first onset. It is then that all the dexterity, coolness, and agility of the *banderilleros* are needed to extricate the helpless *picador* from his perilous position and to distract the attention of the infuriated animal from his prostrate body, whilst the luckless horse is quickly disembowelled. A couple more, perhaps, share the same fate. Then are heard loud acclamations of joy and astounding noises of every kind. "Bravo,—bravo toro!" are shouted by countless throats. It may be that all this time the poor unhorsed picador is suffering intensely from a broken limb, and momentarily exposed to the same fate as the beast he bestrode. But who cares! He is replaced, as one bull *hors de combat* is replaced by another.

"The Spaniards treat with great severity any infractions of fair play noticed on the part of the *torcadores* in these contests. Should one of them take any undue advantage of his bovine adversary, by attacking him from behind or by surprise, he is stormed with hisses, or, if seen on the streets, stoned by the mob. It were better he had come off with a broken arm or leg or even run the risk of being impaled by his formidable opponent in the ring.

"Accidents rarely happen, but, as a means of precaution, a chaplain and a doctor are always on hand,—the latter, with a full supply of lint, bandages, instruments, etc. . One of the natives who was seated beside me could not understand the repugnance shown by strangers for the national sport. "It is," said he, "far from being as revolting as slugging matches in England or the obscene exhibitions presented in Paris." He may have been right, but as I had not the advantage to be versed in aught that related to boxing or cock-fighting, I remained silent and left, with a heavy heart, a spectacle which I vowed never more to look upon.

"There is something in the sight of blood revolting to human nature, and how a Christian people can delight in it is beyond comprehension. Yet, we must not overdraw the picture or indulge in