

not a little; they were awe-struck at his bravery and they dared not harm one so far superior to them.

He remained a prisoner for several weeks at Big Bear's camp. During his there he noticed that the Indians manifested great fear whenever there was any rumour of the approach of the troops. They had the greatest dread of the sound of cannons; some were seen cowering down while others took to flight when the ominous firing was heard. Father Legoff was released when Big Bear surrendered. The war had already lasted too long, and had cost the Government several millions of dollars. But what was this in comparison to the losses religion and civilization had to sustain!

Flourishing missions devastated, chapels and mission houses ruined; the Indians more than ever embittered towards the whites, unwrought the life work of many a poor missionary. Nothing daunted, these devoted men redoubled their exertions, and though it is but a few years since the uprising, they are even now beginning to see their districts reassume their former appearance. It is to be hoped that the good Father will have success in his present undertaking, and that he will sufficiently recuperate his shattered strength so that he may yet devote himself for many years to the laborious but glorious work of the conversion and civilization of the Indians.

### MEXICAN FUN.



HE above title seems about as good as any for this fragment of a letter written by an ex-Ottawa student, at present residing in the City of Mexico. The whole letter is addressed to some friends who kindly

share it with the OWL. The portion we print is devoted to the great national sport of the bull-fight, and was deemed of particular interest for those whose nervous system can better stand the shock of dangerous pastimes.—[EDS.]

This amusement is carried on in the Plaza de Toros a large affair resembling the ancient circus in Rome, where the gladiators used to make "sport for a Roman holiday." The bull-fight opens with the entrance of the *aguacil* who is mounted on horseback. He is dressed in black velvet, wears a long white feather in his cap, and rides up to the judge who hands him a large key. With this the graceful *aguacil* opens the gates. Then follows the grand entry. To the sound of lively music come the *Amadrilla* i. e. all who take part in the fight. The procession is headed by the first *Espada* or swordsman, then the second and third followed by the *Banderilleros* two by two. Then the *Picadores* on horseback followed by the *Monos Sabios* or wise monkeys as

they call the servants; lastly the mules that drag the dead bulls away.

At the sound of the Judge's horn, the bull rushes in and the *toreros* commence *capeando*, that is playing and attracting and dodging the beast with their *capas*, or cloaks. When they have got the bull fairly excited, the *Banderilleros* throw *banderillos* into him—these are long sticks prettily trimmed with colored tissue paper, having at the end a large piece of iron, barbed like a fish hook. These cause the bull great pain and drive him into a fury. When the judge considers that they have thrown enough of these sticks, he blows the horn, as the signal for the *Picadores* to commence their part of the sport. The bull rushes at their horses, and the riders defend them with lances, which they drive into the bull, but he eventually gets near enough to the horse to harm him, and fearful is the encounter. The horse is generally badly torn, and of course falls. The *Picador* escapes by jumping the fence, and the bull goes on wreaking his vengeance on the poor horse who is severely injured and then only is he led away to be sewed up and gotten into condition for another encounter. It is very interesting to observe the tricks by which the bull's attention is withdrawn from the horse, the tricks of course always succeeding. The bull has the privilege of harming two or three horses, before the