

grandeur and glory of continental history, in presence of its hoary monuments,—amidst scenes that conjured up thrilling memories of Charles I. at Whitehall, of Louis XVI. at Versailles and the Tuileries, and of Charles V. in the halls of the Escorial !

It was certainly a trip conducive both of pleasure and study. Mr. Masson took copious notes wherever he went. The few fragmentary passages taken from the narrative of his travels as published in the *Revue Canadienne* for 1868, make us regret that M. Masson has chosen to withhold from publication his observations in full. The reader, no doubt, will share in our disappointment, when he peruses the following spicy account of a bull fight at Madrid,—the first time such a scene was depicted by the pen of a French Canadian :

“ The arena where these exhibitions are held presents nothing remarkable to the eye. It is a vast rotunda, with seats fashioned in a circle and rising tier above tier, in the style of the ancient amphitheatres, and calculated to accommodate about 15,000 spectators.

“ Within this enclosure take place those famous bull fights, relics of barbarism, introduced into Spain by the early Romans and called by the old chroniclers “*Panem et Circencus*.” This passtime is more than a passion,—it is second nature. It has attractions for all,—for the Queen on her throne, and the mendicant in his hut ; for the savage and truculent nature, as well as for the delicate senora fresh from her convent home. Far from recoiling from the brutal spectacle with just terror and indignation, they hail it with shouts of joy and approval. High-born dames are the first to give the signal for applause by waving aloft their scented handkerchiefs, a movement which always evokes thunders of *vivas* prolonged and repeated.

“ The doors are flung open at last and the impatient, surging mob, rush forward, crushing and trampling each other down in their mad haste to secure those seats that command the best view of the box where the signal is given for the combat to begin. The crowd is not kept long waiting. A dainty little gloved and perfumed hand gives the sign for the bloody struggle to commence. On the instant, through a small opening into the ring, dashes a furious bull, with short, but stout and pointed horns. The sudden glare of light and the deafening noises seem to discompose the