

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

toro—bravo! toro," and so forth, and the ladies awarded the courage of the poor brute with the approval he deserved, and shouted out, "Bravissimo!" at the top of the highest octave; but they were soon prepared for a different cry. The Picador put spurs to his horse, levelled his lance, and drove straight against his antagonist; the latter lowered his head, plunged forward, threw his tail into the air, and with one bound ripped with his horns the entrails out of the horse, flinging both him and his rider across the arena! All the host runs out to protect the fallen man; his leg is broken, and the dead horse is drawn out by mules from the arena. While the man remained down, the infuriated and angry beast made another charge to make his assurance doubly sure, but he was attracted off by a red cloak or capa, which was flourished in his face by a boy, who laughed as he did it. If he had not a little corner to run into for security, he might not have laughed so heartily and with such confidence, for such little "securities" are made in every arena, large enough for a man to enter, but not for a Toro. A fresh horse is brought forward, and a fresh horseman. Now there are no feints, everything goes on prosperously and earnestly. Another charge is made at the bull, he wheels round and avoids the lance, and the ladies very seriously and earnestly brand him with the name and stigma of coward ("cobardo" in the Spanish). The horseman pulls in his horse with all his might, like lightning turns to avoid a counter blow, and again "levels," but stirs not—he is drawing breath, and gulping in the air (a tolerably warm draught, too), and he awaits his enemy. The latter is in a corner, neither tired nor cowardly—his eyes are like the glow of red hot iron; he is covered with foam, and his head is down; but anon he waves his tail into the air, throws his horns up, and shakes the foundation of the building with a roar! Majestic brute!—savage, grand, and proud! He is but doing his duty, obeying the law of his being: are his tormentors doing theirs? What has man's intellect to do with this? Surely here man is "in harmony with death and desolation!"

The horse trembles, like an aspen leaf; he looks as if he had the ague; he cannot be brought forward, and his fore-legs are launched out stiff, to hold himself a-back against the will of his rider. The rider plunges the spurs an inch deep into his sides; the blood streams out, and the poor animal obeys the dreadful dictate of the spur. The rider dashes forward, and the spear is broken in the shoulder of the bull! Another spear is called for, but it is too late—horse and man are killed! A general murmur pervades the crowd; the horse is drawn out, and the rider is taken out to be attended to—not for this world, but for the grave, which his confidence and his buoyant spirits prevented him from anticipating, and obtuded every idea, save those of conquest and reputation. When the Toro seems strong and undismayed, there is no end to the number of his enemies on horseback; but when fatigued a little (which the present one did not seem), those on foot follow up the prolonged butchery, or what is termed in Spanish, "A corrida de toros a muerta." But out comes another rider, well proportioned, tall, handsome, and cavalier-like. A small black moustache is curled up at each end of the mouth; his cap sits aslant upon his tall forehead, and his eye, dark and flashing, seems to give us an anticipation of his success. The moment he entered, the ladies and gentlemen shouted out "valiente!" "bravo!" and a few whippers of ejaculation went round the fair sex, who have always a regard for the personification of chivalry, "Che hermosa caballero!" (What a beautiful gentleman.) Well, he was a splendid looking fellow, and put one in mind of the ancient chivalry of Spain, more like a Gid (a lord) than a man of ordinary bull-fighting pretensions. He spurs his horse, and makes a few flourishes and feints. The bull is in the corner well rested; the foam that hitherto oozed from his joints and covered his huge neck and shoulders, has disappeared; his head is slightly turned; but, heavens! what a look of disdain he gives! There is a fate in that single glance; there

is a certainty of what is to come. The people shout "Valiente, toro!" The rider is undismayed; there is confidence in him also. I believe he would prefer death to relinquishing his design. The man who was killed and taken out before his eyes was his elder, and only brother! A more proud, determined, or valiant-looking man I never saw in the presence of death or in the face of danger! He spurs his horse's flanks again—a larger horse than the one which preceded him—but he is likewise bandaged; no horse in the world can stand against the look of an Andalusian or a Salamanca toro. Another flourish of the lance and the bull is brought to his vantage-ground. Now for the aim—face to face they stand. It is hard to say which has the fieriest eye, the man or the monster. A half-charge is made for the purpose of following it up by a full one, and of putting the bull off his guard; but it is not effectual—before the rider can retreat for the length of the second, the bull rattles and thunders against the horse—the horse gets a side peep at his antagonist, and flies to one of the corners built in for the protection of a *Chulo*, but too small for his body; and his head being in, he fancies himself safe. Poor animal! death is upon him like a flash of lightning; the rider cannot turn him, and the bull makes a literal paste of him, and fills up the door of the *little corner* with a quivering and bleeding carcase. There is a general fear entertained for the man, and they all shout out "matalo! matalo!"—kill him! kill him! But the man dismounts unhurt and secures himself from a "double attack; the *prima espada* comes forward in his beautiful costume—a bright blue vest, embroidered with gold, crimson breeches, with broad gold stripes, crimson and blue cap and tassel, and gold-buckled slippers and white silk stockings. He has a keen Toledo in his hand, and is about saluting the audience, particularly some noble lady, who is the *lady patroness* of the *funcion*, when the dismounted rider, makes an address and begs permission to be the slayer of the slayer of his brother. There was eloquence in this appeal, and it was soon answered by the cries of "Si, señor," "Bravo!" "Valiente!" and so on; and the lady patroness smiled assent from her conspicuous box, articulating a compliment, *uno caballero! uno caballero!*—a gentleman! a gentleman! This was against precedent, but allowable under the circumstances. The bull gets a quarter of an hour's rest, and who should come in but the rider, in the costume of the *prima espada*—the first sword-bearer; he steps in buoyantly and confidently, bows to the galleries, flings his cap into the air, catching it on the point of his Toledo, and having uttered something, makes a salute and faces his antagonist on foot. He puts himself *en garde*, and then makes a feint, and the bull flies at him with all his force; but that hand is steady—there is nerve, and power, and confidence in the man—one moment and the keen Toledo, that glittered like a needle, is buried in the heart of his brother's murderer. Garlands are flung down; the man, flushed with success, retires from the applauses of the shouting multitude.

THE LATE KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

In a sitting of the French Senate, a petition was read from a private individual, praying that the mortal remains of King Louis Philippe might be removed to France Count de Beaumont, the reporter, observed that the committee was decidedly of opinion that a mere stranger was not entitled to a petition for such a result, and that a member of the Orleans family could alone make the request. Were such an application sent in, there was nothing to lead to the belief that it would not be accorded. When the late king died, the Emperor had declared—as was confirmed by a letter from the Minister of State, which the reporter had in his possession—that he should not oppose the translation of the body of Louis Philippe to Dreux. That decision was made known to the Orleans princes, who did not consider it advisable to profit by the authorization. In consequence, the committee proposed to the Senate to pass to the order of the day. That course was agreed to.

ENGLISH WORKMEN IN PARIS.

The Paris papers studiously avoided mention of the late visit of British workmen. The people with whom they came in contact were courteous, the museums and shows were thrown open to them, and the hotel-folk were not rapacious. And the men went merrily on their way back to England, having spent a pleasant week. But, although there was no direct contact between English and French workmen, I am strongly inclined to believe that this excursion will not be without a good result. In the first place, it is certain that the excursionists will, by a rapturous chronicle of their Parisian experiences, tempt others to follow their example. From the Black Country, from smoking Birmingham and Sheffield, from Glasgow, Newcastle, Preston, Bolton and Leeds, prosperous operatives will form themselves in groups, and put themselves under the auspices of professional excursion contrivers. During this first excursion much was seen, but much was left unseen. There is a special fascination in the first knowledge of Paris, that bewilders all who approach for the first time. It is not surprising, then, that bands of working men, who had never wandered far from their native cottages, were content, when they reached this city, to be in its bright ways, and to linger where the sun shone, and where the palaces stood against the cloudless sky. It is not well, however, to be "sipping only what is sweet." Pleasure takes a new zest, when accompanied by a sense of a duty fulfilled. I take this ground in venturing to offer advice to future excursionists of the working-class. I shall boldly suggest that when a second and third batch of British workmen shall visit Paris, they shall not keep on the broad and sunny walks of the capital, sipping only the sweets—seeing only what is fairest.

I have been much behind the scenes of this great capital. Those solemn men you have seen holding lanterns over the gutters in search of rags or bones, I have traced to their homes, met in their dark drinking-shops, watched at their strange and uncouth balls. I have talked with the Paris costermonger over his barrow, and have heard the story of his hardships and his wrongs. I have been in the workshops of our tributary friends of the Quarter St. Antoine, also, where I have watched wondrously skilled men singing over their work, as though to work from dawn to sundown were the happiest of lots, even under the surveillance of regiments quartered hard by, to punish indiscreet expressions of opinion. Aye, I have been with the paviors who paved these great streets, with the sewer-men who chased rats under them. There is a skeleton hanging somewhere in the neighbourhood of every great city, and I have heard the rattling of the bones more than once hereabouts. Now it is to the byways of this vast pleasure city that I would direct the footsteps of British workmen, who may chance to travel hither. I would lead them to places where they may hear something that may be of use to them. I would conduct them behind the *Chateau d'Eau*—to a certain court of justice among other places. Here they should see some six or seven men, seated at a semi-circular table, presiding at a court of justice. They should recognize in these judges an equal number of masters and workmen, but all decorated alike with a silver star suspended about their necks by a broad black riband. They would be surprised to discover that this was a self-constituted court of justice, where quarrels between employer and employed were arranged, with little or no expense, and with perfect satisfaction to both parties.—*London Review*.

"Why are you not dancing?" exclaimed a young lady (who could never give the proper air to any tune) to a couple who were standing for the space of five minutes, whilst she was endeavoring to hit upon the right notes of a late polka, and which she thought were correctly rendered. "O, I can't dance the variations," exclaimed one of the dancers (who was a wit in her way) "pray begin the polka." The dancing ceased, and the party disposed of themselves around a card table.

M. A.

The Weekly News.

The steamship *Savonia* has arrived with three days later news.

The Indian loan of £4,000,000 has been introduced.

Spain abandons her claims against Morocco to declare Tetuan the property of Spain, to render it impregnable and to colonize the territory.

The Pope had recovered sufficiently from his indisposition to celebrate on Saturday last the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's, a long and fatiguing service in honor of that apostle, the Patron of Rome.

The New Orleans *Delta* says that that the New York Marine Insurance policies cover losses by pirates, but not by privateers; therefore, if the Northern courts condemn Southern privateers as pirates, the insurance company will be liable.

"Malakoff" writes the New York *Times* from Paris, that the rebel Commissioners have offered the "crown" of the mixed kingdom of the South to young Bonaparte of Baltimore, now a Captain in the French army, and who, it will be recollected, is a graduate of West Point.

The Great Eastern after a passage of nine days, has lately placed on our shores some fifteen hundred soldiers, of the regular army of England, and it is said, that those are to be followed by some thousands, together with the requisite amount of guns, horses, tents, &c., for an army.

A company in London called the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, are erecting a tunnel in that city thirty inches in diameter, through which they intend to send parcels by exhausting the air in front of the cylinder containing them. The line is first to be put in operation between the general post-office and Bloomsbury.

The Kingston *Daily News* is responsible for the following:—An article of produce not embraced in the tariff of duties was entered at the Custom House on Saturday without an invoice. A young infant was deposited in the vestibule of the building by a little girl who immediately ran away. Observant eyes, however, saw the mother, Ellen Chambers, not far distant, and she was taken into custody.

The New Orleans *Delta*, of the 11th inst., says that further persistence of the Confederate States in the endeavor to obtain recognition of their nationality, is useless. It also says that the British Ministers had not the courage or inclination to apply to the Confederate States rules which they have uniformly applied to other nations. It adds: Too much importance has been assigned to the idea that France and England would break the blockade to get Southern products. The Editor, therefore, proposes the recall of the Southern Commissioners, and to refuse the recognition of resident consuls of all the powers which will not recognize similar officers of the Confederate States abroad.

HOME JOURNAL.—This paper is a credit to Canada. If it succeeds, which we trust it will, it will plainly indicate the progress of the Canadian mind. The ways of literature are the 'ways of pleasantness'—the bowers of philosophy and fancy. The proprietor deserves credit, for doing what few would venture to do, viz., of starting a literary paper in a country where none have hitherto been properly supported. The HOME JOURNAL is the only literary paper in Canada, and it has a good corps of contributors. We notice the names of the following gentlemen in the HOME JOURNAL, viz., McGee, Loveridge, McCarroll and Fenton,—the latter gentlemen hail from our own town, and is known to the readers of the *Wav'ly Magazine*,—there is a letter from his pen in No. 5, for which the Editor renders him his thanks in that number.

No Canadian household should be without this journal. The matter is above the standard of American literature, and what belongs to our country, should be patriotically supported. If the numbers are preserved, they will in a year hence make a handsome volume for Canadian Libraries, and one of sterling material to boot.—*Chatham Argus*.