

by his antagonist. Then a desperate battle ensued; but the agile *picadore* succeeded in re-entering the arena, hotly followed by the animal, which received a savage wound in the shoulder from another *picadore* who now relieved the first.

Then followed another desperate attack, a yellow mantle was then thrown over the bull's head by the second *picadore*, which was quickly rent in twain, and the fight with the mounted man commenced. It is needless to enter into all the details of this barbarous amusement. We have merely entered the amphitheatre because Don Gomez was there, and a natural desire to witness what he was pleased to admire, having manifested itself, we could only gaze at the inhuman spectacle with the assembled thousands, and like them even murmur our approval or our disapprobation, for there is something in the Spanish national amusement which forces one to almost sympathize with what is cruel and savage, causing him to experience a barbarous delight in witnessing the dying struggles of the unfortunate horses, and even, it is affirmed, shouting and applauding over the dying *picadore*!

It may be there still remains in even the civilized mind, something of the savage ferocity of our pagan forefathers, which the strange fascination of the bull fight with its bloody arena, arouses into life, with all its attendant horrors, only to be quelled when the carcass of the bull is dragged out by the long team of mules with their tinkling bells.

(To be continued.)

THE TAKING OF TROY BY NIGHT.

Being the song of a Trojan Maid in the Hecuba of Euripides.

Iliou! no longer now
 "The invisible" art thou!
 Gathering as a cloud, the foe
 Round about thy bulwarks go.
 Thou art fallen! and strange powers
 Spoil thee of thy crown of towers,
 While, for ever, as a pall,
 Mournfully thy riven wall
 Thickening clouds of smoke enfold.
 Thee no more may I behold!

Of that night's dread hour I tell,
 When entrancing slumber fell,
 On our hero, newly ceased
 From the choral dance and feast.
 On its rest was hung the spear,
 Lost in dreams, he did not hear,
 Through the streets of Troy, the rude
 Sailor rabble-shout renewed!

Gazing on the mirror's gold,
 I unbound my tresses fold.
 When, throughout the silent streets,
 Suddenly the cry repeats,
 "Sons of the Hellenes, when
 Conquerors of Troy, again
 Sail ye homewards?" Tremblingly
 Then to Artemis I fly.
 Thin-clad, as a Dorian maid,
 By the altar thus I prayed.

Forsaken, friendless, and forlorn!
 Condemned to exile and to scorn!
 Helen, to the furies' hate
 Thee, in prayer, I execrate!
 Gods of Troy, for Troy avenge her!
 Doomed to each fell demon's anger,
 Helpless, hopeless, grant her never
 Father land or friend for ever!

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