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have all immense fortunes, and liberally expend their ample means. To keep pace with them is a tax upon the often limited dollars of a new comer. But no people could be more generous, polite and fascinating. Every man we have met here, whether standing behind the counter, or wearing the silk hat which is a fashionable necessity, we have found interesting, intelligent, agreeable and fascinating. No man apparently thinks it irksome to help the stranger, and we have experienced marked kindness on every hand. You shake hands with somebody at least a hundred times a day and over, and then find yours held for an hour at a time. This embarrasses nobody, even if it takes five minutes for you to think out something to say, and during your whole colloquy with him, your new friend looks pleasantly into your face with his honest, deep, generous black eyes, as though he had known you for a quarter century, and valued you for your worth. Judged by our northern standards, the morals of Venezuela, like those of all southern people, are somewhat loose. With us in Canada, Sunday is a day of rest. In Caracas it is a day of sport, and bull-fights take place upon it only. These fights are on the largest scales when brought off in behalf of some public charity. On Sunday last fifteen fine bulls were killed in the ring, and thousands of luxuriantly dressed women enjoyed the proceedings of five long hours. It is only at charity fights, however, that the better class of women are found. Last Sunday many, many gallons of bulls' blood were drawn from the wretched animals before the eyes of these women, and no native Venezuelan thought of dissent. The immense hippodrome was surrounded by men and women in full dress and brilliant coloring, and all were bent on enjoyment as Spaniards only can find it. Before them is an empty sanded court, circular in form, and one hundred

and fifty feet in diameter. Tier upon tier of faces rise up on all sides. A bugle sounds, and there enter the torturers, headed by the matador, who is the hero of the day, and whose task is to kill the bulls, when they have sufficiently afforded the desired sport. These people are uniformed in gray silks and velvets, slashed doublets, with embroidery of gold or silver lace, and wearing helmets or turbans sparkling with jewels, for like some of our pugilists, these men acquire large fortunes. After walking around the ring in dumb show, they arrange themselves at different points, awaiting the first bull to be let out of a side stall at the sound of the bugle. The scene and its storied associations is at this moment soul-stirring, spite of the cruelty and gore which you know must follow. The destined victim is stabbed with a barb of steel as he rushes from his stall, and that barb remains in his flank, tantalizing him with pain, and the gaudy streamers as its end. The poor animal, frightened at the crowd and maddened with irritation, rushes at a red mantle waved before its eyes by one of the torturers. The man throws the red mantle to one side, and jumps adroitly from it, as the bull rushes at the moving cloth and is furious to find it but an unresisting sheet of the hated color. For fully fifteen minutes the torture goes on, and a dozen other barbs are thrust into the bleeding animal, and the miserable brute often turns somersaults in its distress. Finally the matador approaches with his sword, and playing his weapon on the very horns of his victim, deludes it with tricks and wily motion, until in its blind fury it rushes at its persecutor, and the steel is forced into heart or spine, as opportunity offers, and the gory mass falls to the ground, to be dragged from the arena even before life is quite extinct. Meanwhile the applause is quite frantic, and my sorrow and disgust are complete. It is little to the purpose