

sat on him in triumph and combed him in places where he had not been wounded. He always forgot that I had come behind him, and laced his tough hide with my stock whip. He bore no malice but took his fruit like a good child. I think he was almost as proud of himself as we were. Certainly we were proud of him. As for me, had I not ridden desperate miles after him : had I not interviewed outraged owners of other bulls and broken fences ; had I not played the diplomat or the bully according to the treatment which seemed indicated ? He was, properly speaking, my bull—I did not care if I had to spend three days mending our home gates and others' alien fences.

Yes, it was a fine thing to gallop through that warm bright Californian air after El Toro, with the brown hills on either side and the patches of green vineyard brightening daily. It was freedom after the toil of axle-greasing and trying to cut the tough knots of vine stumps : better than grooming horses and milking cows. It made me think once more of the great Australian plains, and of the Texas Prairie and the round-up. Ay de mi, I remember it now, sometimes, and I wish I was on horseback, swinging my whip and uttering diabolical yells, significant of the freedom of the spirit, as I rushed after the spirit of El Toro. For my pet, my brindled fighter, my own El Toro whom I combed so delicately with a bent nail, for whom I gathered buckets of bruised but fat Californian pears, is no more.

They told me when I visited Los Guilucos seven years ago that he became difficult, morose, hard to handle, and they sold him. They sold this joyous incarnation of the spirit of battle and the pure joy of life for a mean thirteen dollars ! When I think of it I almost fall to tears. So might some coward son of the seas sell a battle-ship for ten pounds because it was not suitable for a ferry-boat or a river yacht. I would rather a thousand times have paid the thirteen dollars myself, and have taken him out to fight his last Armageddon and then have shot him in the lonely hills from which all other bulls had fled. These mean-souled, conscienceless, money-makers who could not understand so brave, so fine a spirit, sold him to a Santa Rosa butcher ! Shame on them, I am sorry I ever revisited the Valley of the Seven Moons to hear such lamentable news. It made me unhappy then, makes me unhappy now. My only consolation is that once and twice and thrice and yet again I gave El Toro the chance of finding happiness in the conflict. And when I left Los Guilucos, before I returned to England I sat upon his huge shoulders and scratched him most thoroughly, while ever and again I offered him a juicy and unbruised pear. On that occasion I pulled him the best fruit and left windfalls for the ranging greedy hogs. And as I fed and scratched him as he lay on his hunkers in great content, and made pleasant noises as he remembered the day before. On that day, owing to the kindly feeling of me, his true and real friend, he had had a great time three miles towards Glenallen, where he had beaten a newly imported bull out of all sense of self-importance. He was pleased with himself, pleased with me, pleased with the world.

## Small Exhibitions

BY

M. E. POUNTNEY.

The American Art Association has opened its yearly exhibition at the club-house, Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and once more we are allowed to view American Art *en masse*. The person who trusts to his catalogue to tell him what to admire is deserving of pity, but it is annoying to have no catalogue at all in an exhibition where the artists are more or less unknown outside their own circle. There was a whisper that lists would be forthcoming later on, and it is to be hoped it is a true one and that the necessity of running from the pictures to the written list which hangs between the two rooms, will be done away with.

The impression of last year's exhibition was renewed by this year's. American Art students are gradually feeling their way, and now and then a gleam of genius smiles from their midst with a promise for the future. There is nothing particularly striking, but the average is a fair one. "A Breezy Day at St. Ives," by Mr. Lever, is vigorous and strong. The boats lie well in the water and there is wind on the sea. A "Rough Sea," by Mr. Lionel Walden, is good in a different way, and a lonely "Sea Shore," by Mr. Leonard, is poetic if somewhat hackneyed. There are several bright landscapes treated in a stereotyped way and with no marked insight into Nature or Art. The portraits and figure studies do not come up to those of last year. There is a good likeness of the Rev. Mr. Beach, and one or two effective women's heads. Mr. Frieska shows his "Lady with a Shawl" and a nude study. He still plays with pink and brown at the expense of his artistic growth. Mr. Spicer Simpson has a charming pastel with a foreground of good decorative quality. Mr. Armfield's "Devon Valley" is a pleasing study, also in pastel, and in a corner of the second room is a morphia-inspired portrait of a man, laughing out of a shadowy background, by Mr. Pulonieski. Some of the black and white work is good, and there are one or two decorative pictures that please the eye by their graceful lines.

## Nabuchadnosor

Senseless the eyes : the brow bereft of sense

Hunger is on the throne of pride ; and naught

Fills the grey battlefield of ancient thought,

The market places of intelligence,

Save need and greed ; whose royal words incense

The jealous God of Israel is distraught.

No jewels in the casket nobly wrought.

The shrine is grand ; the god is ravished thence.

On clawing hands and hardened knees the King

Exists, no more ; is it a little thing ?

King Demos, hear my parable ! We pass,

We poets, see you grovel at our feet,

Despise our love, and tender flesh, and wheat.

Clamour for lust, and carrion, and grass.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.