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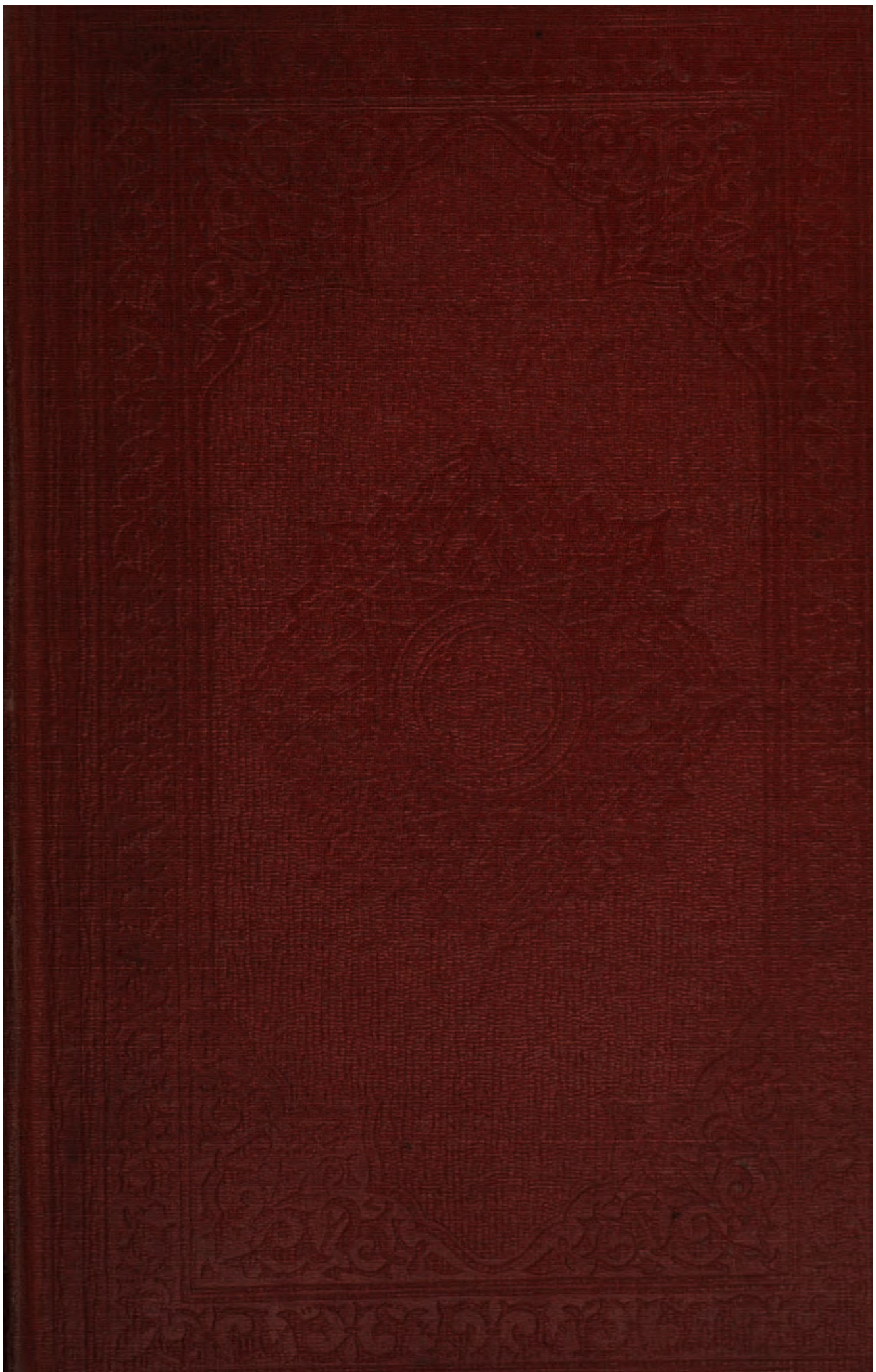
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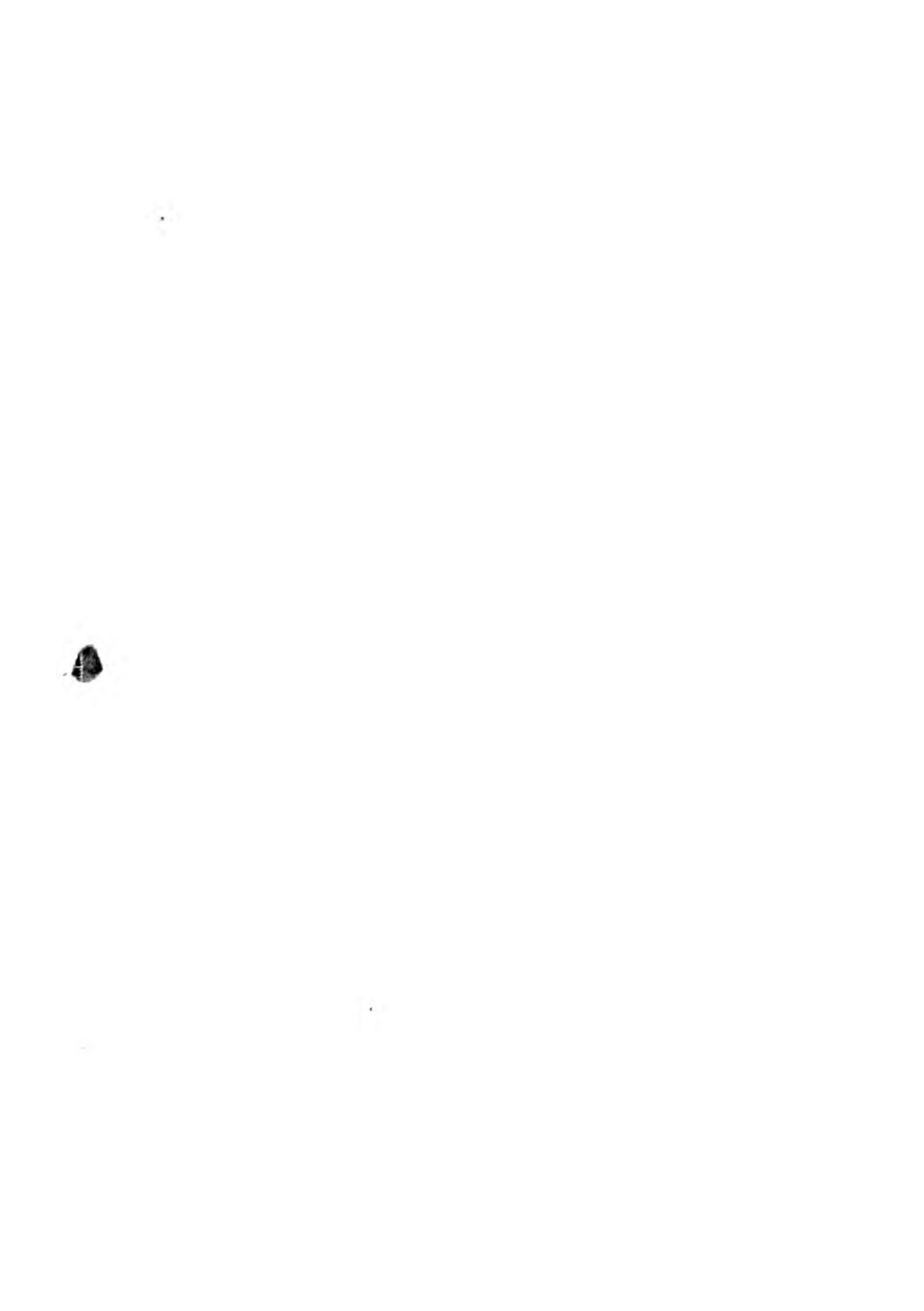
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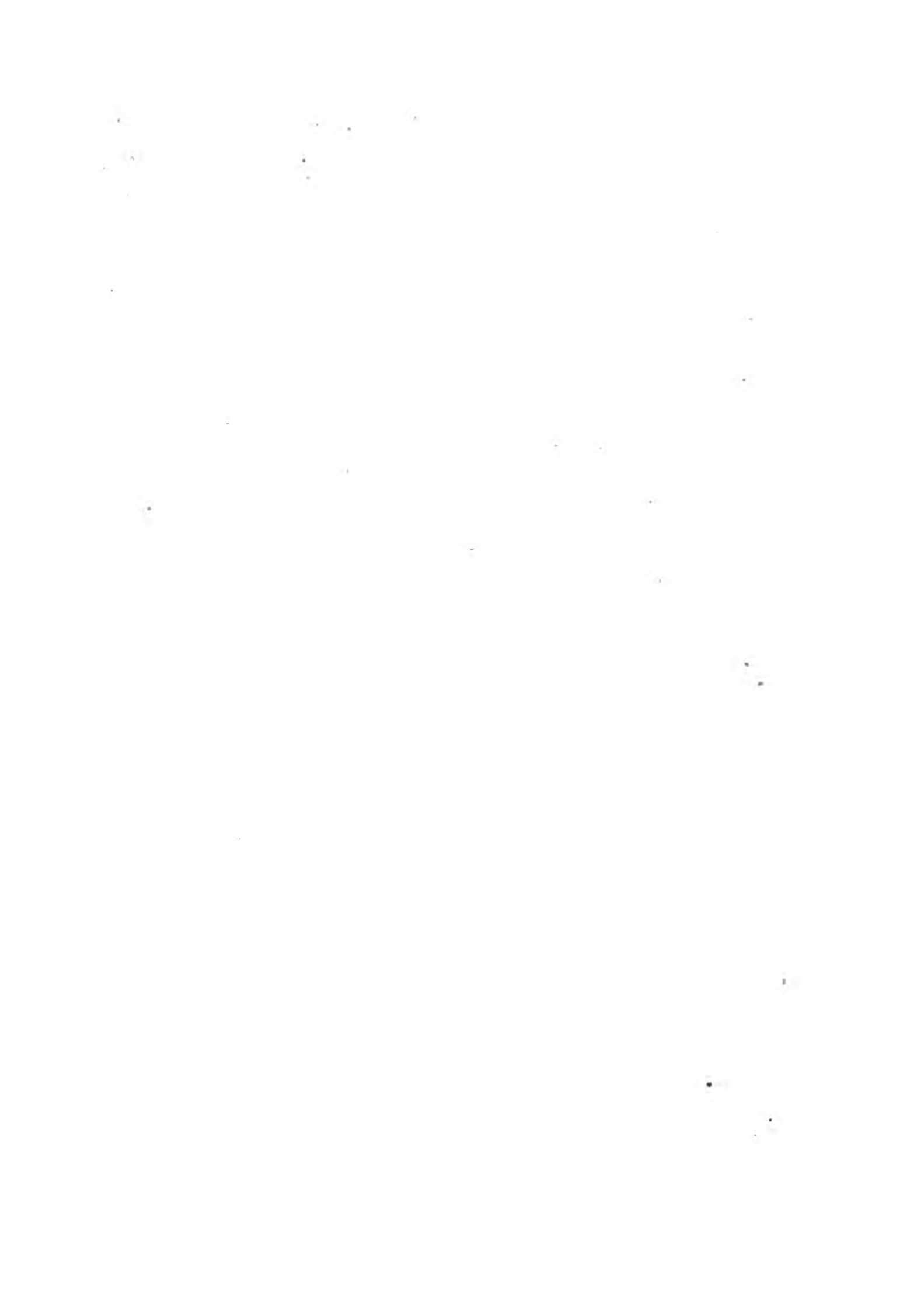


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SIXTEEN YEARS
OF
AN ARTIST'S LIFE

IN
Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands.

BY
MRS. ELIZABETH MURRAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1859.

(The right of Translation is reserved.)

203. a. 164.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY R. BORN, GLOUCESTER STREET,
REGENT'S PARK.



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SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE

IN

MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Farewell to England—Trip to Gibraltar and Cadiz Proposed—
The "Royal Tar" in Deshabille—An Accommodating
Stewardess—The Artist at Sea—An *Atelier* on Shipboard—
The Sultan of Morocco Supplies me with a Model—Change of
Mind—I Resolve to Make Acquaintance with the Moors—A
Peep at Gibraltar—The Silent City—Tangier from the Sea—
Professional Rivalry—When Jew Meets Jew—I am Plumped
Down in Morocco.

A VAGABOND from a baby, I left England at
eighteen. I was perfectly independent, having
neither master nor money. My pencil was both to
me, being at the same time my strength, my

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comfort, and my intense delight. The month of November had come round, with its fogs, its colds, its white roads, its tarnished bricks, and its blue noses; and as nothing was to be done anywhere in the light of day, the imagination found pleasure in dwelling on the sunny places for which the Royal Tar was bound. I had seen its advertisement. Spain and Gibraltar were two of the temptations held out to those who were anxious to exchange the gloom of England, in the early winter months, for the light and sunshine of the lands washed by the Mediterranean. With such inducements to stir him up, with such prospects before him, who would not be a vagabond in November?

My resolution was quickly taken, and I lost no time in engaging a berth on board the Royal Tar. When I went on board, the decks were all washed; at any rate, they were still wet. The cabin was full of fog, and appeared cheerless and deserted, the servants and officers of the ship being all ashore, engaged doubtless in their own concerns, and making the most of their last night in England with their several friends and acquaintances. I was as yet the only solitary passenger in the ship, having come on board before the usual time. How shall I describe the oppression of that evening? Even now, after the

lapse of a considerable period, I can still realize the melancholy loneliness of my position at the time. As I have already said, the dense fog had penetrated into the cabin, and hung gloomily round a flagging lamp, which had been lighted a week before, and now only served to make darkness visible. Everything was out of place, and stowed away for some necessary scrubbing, previous to the departure of the vessel. I was not able to resist the melancholy influence of the scene of disorder and gloom on which my eyes rested ;—so different from the bright visions which fancy had been painting in such vivid colours during the past few days. The reaction after the feverish excitement consequent on the resolution I had taken, and on the preparation necessary to carry it into effect, came upon me like a sudden chill, and the spirit that had buoyed me up fell at once to zero. Perplexed and disappointed, I threw myself upon a bed, and, like a petted child, fairly wept myself to sleep.

“Isn’t you going to get up to breakfast, miss?” said a cockney voice.

“I’m soaking wet,” I replied; “can’t I go somewhere else?”

“No, miss, you can’t,” said the voice; “and you’d better make yourself easy as you is; there

is many that would be glad of sich a place, and even to give a few pounds extra, and make friends of the stewardess for hern."

The sun and the sea were now fairly in my berth, and we were tossing about in the British Channel. The cabin, so deserted before, now presented all the usual indications of that bustle and confusion which are unavoidable at the commencement of a long journey by sea. There was scarcely room either to sit or stand, for every inch of space that could be turned to account was occupied, and trunks, bundles, dogs, bird-cages, and children were huddled together in one mass of apparently inextricable confusion. But, with care and patience, it was not long before everything found its proper place. The trunks were stowed away; the bundles were hidden out of sight; the birdcages were hung up, or otherwise disposed of; the dogs soon made themselves at home, and went roaming about the ship; the children rushed on deck, screaming with delight, and were not long before they had formed many new acquaintances. In a word, the celerity with which chaos was reduced to order was one of those marvels that often perplex landsmen on board a ship, the secret of which still remains to be discovered.

Being now fairly launched on our voyage, things

went on, I daresay, much after the fashion of most trips of the kind. Everything, however, was so fresh and novel to me, and my imagination so disposed to paint every object in its fairest hues, that I should doubtless have been indignant with the person who had said so at the time. But so it ever is. There is perhaps no period in which Fancy is more busy, adorning the visions of hope in its richest and most varied colours, than when proceeding to visit those lands—particularly those southern lands—which are associated with so much that is grand in history and romantic in story. I was fully conscious of its influence. Everything was an incident, and the most trifling events were invested with more than their ordinary degree of interest. The porpoises appeared to leap higher, the stars to shine brighter, the phosphorescent light to be more brilliant, the passengers to be more agreeable, and even those sea odours (for everything must have its foil) not to be quite so abominable and repulsive. Ah! at that moment the future was bright as the dawn of day,

For life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

Among the passengers on board, my attention was particularly attracted to one individual who, in

the narrow world of the ship, was, more or less, the "observed of all observers." His fine figure, Moorish features, and flowing dress singled him out from his fellow-travellers, in a scene where everything was essentially and unmistakably English. As an artist, my first impulse was to add his imposing figure to the number of my sketches from life ; and as soon as he was informed of my desire, he politely consented to grant me a sitting. It was indeed a bright idea for all parties, for we were just entering the Bay of Biscay, and as it happened at the time to be as calm as Lake Como, it did not promise much to interest or amuse those who were anxious to witness it in some of its grander and more restless moments. Every passenger who could leave his bed felt some interest in the proposed sketch ; and all were eager in the offer of their services to rig up an *atelier*.

When the captain shortly after came on deck, with his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, and his face shining like a winter apple, he was rather astonished at the unexpected evidence of our suddenly awakened zeal and activity on which his eyes rested, and he was at a loss to conceive what use we intended to make of the ropes, pieces of wood, and other odds and ends we had borrowed from one or other on board. When he

was informed of our design, he testified his approval of it by at once giving me access to, and free use of, an infinitely better provided *atelier* than any that the most skilful even of us could have hoped to construct with such materials as we had been able to collect. To the intense disgust of the stewardess, he at once unlocked and ushered us into the State cabin, a spacious and richly furnished apartment, with luxurious ottomans, dazzling mirrors, the softest velvet, and finery of every description, the whole, in its solitary grandeur, contrasting so strongly with the comparative plainness of the other parts of the ship, which was crowded to suffocation.

Our model, with his flowing robes, on being shown in, seemed as highly pleased as any of the party, and the State cabin immediately became the centre of attraction to all in the ship. The general curiosity extended even to the steersman at his important post, and the attention of that functionary was not so entirely absorbed by the care requisite in the direction of the vessel, but that he ventured occasionally to look down upon us and to watch our proceedings. Our Moorish friend, however, no way abashed by the attention and curiosity of which he was the object, sat down with the composure and self-possession peculiar

to his race, and with a due sense of the dignity that pertained to his office, for he had been to England on a special mission, entrusted with a present of Barb horses, rich stuffs, &c., from His Shereefian Highness the Sultan of Morocco, Protector of the Faithful, to the Sultana of England. He was a very animated sitter, and as the sketch progressed, he related many wonderful narratives of his race and country. My own curiosity was so strongly excited by all he told us, that before the sketch was finished, I had determined to extend my trip, and to make Cadiz and Gibraltar stepping-stones only to the romantic shores of Western Barbary.

Having at length arrived at Gibraltar, a locality now so well known that any description would be superfluous, we started for the opposite coast by the little *courrier* boat which plies between the two shores, with despatches for Her Majesty's Government in England, and with supplies for Her Majesty's troops at Gibraltar. The time from leaving Gibraltar, with its Highland regiments and bristling cannon, its British ships and English sailors, with its chandler's stores kept by Brown and Johnson, and its *magazins* of French millinery, and, in addition to these, its English prejudices, gossip, scandal, bustle, and life—the time, we say, from leaving all these and arriving at Tangier, the

Silent City, Protected of the Lord, is so short that one is hardly prepared for a scene so entirely new in all its aspects. A new world is literally disclosed to the traveller, and as the strange pictures of a life which is as yet so foreign to all his sympathies pass before him, new and vivid sensations are awakened, and the circle of his experience is greatly enlarged.

Tangier, from the sea, looks like a City of the Dead, a vast cemetery, a Kensal Green laid bare on the slope of a hill. The houses are square white blocks, without windows or chimneys, or anything to break the monotony of the four sides. Here and there, the eye rests upon a mosque, or upon some fragments of fortification, vestiges of what, in the time of our Charles II., counted among the foreign possessions of the English crown. We had soon an opportunity of witnessing some of the more striking scenes which greet the visitor on his approach to this strange land. As we drew near to the shore, a squabble and fight took place between two vagabond Jews, who, in the rivalry of their profession, had plunged into the water to carry me ashore. In their zeal to secure the prize of which they were emulous, each one for himself, the two sons of Abraham quarrelled, and lost no time in proceeding to a liberal

interchange of blows and scratches. But this was not all. The hands were not their only weapons of offence. Another unruly member was called in to add its zest to the bitterness of the fray, and the achievements of the tongue afforded by far the greatest amusement to the stranger who was the object of this pretty quarrel, which seemed to have been got up for the express purpose of giving her an insight into one of the varieties of low life in Morocco. Oh! the eloquence of their mutual abuse, as the two poured out, from the abundance of the heart, curses on their respective great-grandfathers. Nor was I allowed to escape without my share of what they were so liberally bestowing upon each other. As I could not be divided between the two rivals, as one must win me and for the time wear me, the rejected suitor for the honour of carrying me ashore, gave vent to his disappointment in a volley of curses against me and my progenitors, while I was carried to the beach in the arms of his triumphant rival. But, alas, for the reputation of Jewish gallantry, how did the fellow treat me as soon as he had discharged the duty for which he considered himself engaged? Before I was aware of what he was about to do, or could anticipate the fate reserved for me, he plumped me down on my hands and face in the sand; and after thus

pleasantly introducing me to the Moorish territory, he held out his hand and patiently waited for his "gratification."

The primitive aspect of everything around took me quite by surprise, and I recalled successively scenes from the Arabian Nights and from the Bible. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had gone back two thousand years, that I was in a country where civilization had stagnated for ages past, where commercial intercourse had left no stamp on the features of society, and where no innovations from Europe had yet crossed the Straits of Gibraltar to supersede those old manners and customs by which life in eastern countries is so strongly contrasted with that of more western lands. Indeed, we must go back to the times of Saxon heathendom before we can find a parallel in our annals to the state of things existing at the present day on the shores of Barbary. Although enjoying constant communication with foreigners, and only eight leagues from Europe, the people of Tangier retain the same prejudices, the same aversion to mental advancement, as have ever characterised them for ages past, and they still continue to act upon their old creed, "What was good for our fathers is good for us."

CHAPTER II.

What is Good for our Fathers is Good for Us—How the True Believer gets to Heaven—Elegant Figures and Female Curiosity—How the Nazarene Woman Suffers for her Faith—The Sultan's Captain of Tangier—A Motley Crowd, and Life in the Streets—Her Britannic Majesty's Diplomatic Agent—The Call to Prayer—Jew and Christian near the Mosque—The Moorish Merchant and his Wares—Travellers see Strange Things—A Patent for Superseding Soap, Water, and Towel—A Jewish Bride, and Entertainment in Honour of the Betrothed—A Discordant Concert—How they Pay the Piper—A Moorish Dance.

WHEN I got up from the sand, on which I had been so unceremoniously plumped down, I found myself surrounded by a motley audience, a posse of lusty Riffians. Their looks were fierce, and their heads completely shaven, with the exception of the long plaited tail of hair which hung down over the shoulder, and which, as they devoutly believe, serves for the Good Angel to take them to heaven

by. Their dark skins contrasted brilliantly with their white *haikhs*.

What appeared great balls of dirty clothes now came tumbling about me, and had it not been for the red slippers which terminated the mass, I should never have imagined the possibility of their being human creatures. The first idea suggested to my mind was that, on being disencumbered of the garments in which they were invested, the objects within must be disclosed in the form of porpoises, barrels of flesh, or any hideous thing, difficult to recognise as really women. Such, however, they were, for out of each bundle peered an eye upon me, twinkling with all the curiosity with which the sex in every land is charged. While gazing with wonder and humiliation at these monsters—at these women, if I must call them so—I suddenly felt something wet upon my face. I had undergone one of those acts of humiliation to which these people think it proper to subject those of the Christian faith. On looking up, I met the grin of a shiny, frizzly black slave, her mouth, which was on the full stretch, disclosing a matchless set of teeth. My appearance was too much for her. “A Nazarene woman, covered with little rags,” she said. Nor was she altogether wrong in her description, for my gloves, collar, hat, shoes, stockings,

ribbons, &c., were certainly all little rags compared with the one great garment that covers the Moorish women, or the scanty cloth that served in her almost nude state.

A very grand colossal figure now greeted me in a few words of English, which did not appear to have any particular bearing upon the surrounding circumstances. His fair face, freckled and sun-burnt, and his soft blue eyes, might have been supposed to indicate an individual of European origin, were it not for the turban that he wore. His ponderous body was enveloped in a gorgeous, "many-coloured dress of scarlet, green, and gold, showing beautifully through a cream-coloured semi-transparent *haikh*, which was carefully arranged so as to display, rather than conceal, the splendid dress beneath. This magnificently-dressed Moor was Hadj Mohammed Balga, and the office which he held was that of Captain of the Sultan's port of Tangier.

But the crowd now began to thicken, and I was completely hemmed in by turbaned Moors, bearded Jews, clamorous dogs, patient donkeys, and stately camels. I was perfectly at a loss as to the means by which I should succeed in escaping from the importunate curiosity of the motley crowd by which I was surrounded. Fortunately, at this

juncture, I had the pleasure of meeting Her Britannic Majesty's diplomatic agent, who, having come to Tangier on a visit to his family, had hastened down to escort me to his house. But I was not yet to be permitted to escape from the curious throng who pressed upon our steps. Their number rather increased than diminished as we proceeded on our way, and their wonder seemed rather to grow than to be satiated by the food with which they fed their eyes. It was consequently with considerable difficulty that we made our way through the narrow streets, or, as I imagined them at the time to be, back lanes, for being as yet a perfect stranger to the peculiar features of Moorish towns, I thought that Mr. D. H., in order to escape our persevering tormentors, was taking me by a short cut to his residence. I was not yet accustomed to the narrow lanes and monotonous white walls that intersect all Mohammedan towns; besides, I was bewildered by the novelty of the spectacle that met my eyes in whatever direction I turned them. With the eye of an artist, I singled out the beautiful little fountains sending forth their refreshing streams of sparkling water, and the elegant little alcoves which afforded so welcome a shelter from the oppressive heat of the noonday sun. I cannot say,

however, that my ear was agreeably impressed with the sound of the language, its harsh and guttural pronunciation being anything but musical.

At this moment, my attention, ever on the alert, was attracted by a strange sound that came swelling on the air. As it seemed to proceed from above, the knowledge I had previously acquired by conversation and reading enabled me at once to apprehend what it was. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture. It was the Mueddin, the well-known Mohammedan call to prayer. How solemnly it sounded from the minarets of the mosques all over the city, summoning the faithful to their devotions, and proclaiming in the ears of all men the unity of God, and that Mohammed is his prophet! In all Mohammedan countries, this sacred call, which no one can listen to without some degree of emotion, supersedes the use of the bells by which the Christian world is invited to the house of prayer, and which are an abomination to the true believer. The moment the Mueddin is heard, every Moor, far and near, wherever he may happen to be when the sound first strikes his ear, or however engaged at the time, throws himself prostrate on the ground, it may be in his chamber, in his shop, in the bazaar, in the street, or on the housetop; it may be when alone, or when engaged in conversation with his



friends and family ; it matters not how or where engaged, at the solemn summons every face is instantaneously turned to the east, the head is bowed to the dust, and the incense of prayer is offered to the one God.

At the corner of one of the mosques, was a poor half-naked maniac, or "Santo," shrieking most dolefully for his wife, who, I was informed, had died some years previously of cholera. On seeing us approach, the poor creature ran away and hid himself from our sight, again giving utterance to his hideous howl. Often has my rest been disturbed by his insane raving, and I have started up in the dead of night, awakened by his melancholy wailing cry, "Yanassee ! ah, Yanassee !"

I had already become acquainted with much that was novel and peculiar in the customs of Moham-medan countries, and that even before I had reached the house beneath whose hospitable roof I was to find rest after the fatigues of my long voyage. So different, indeed, is everything that surrounds the stranger from all the modes of life to which he has previously been accustomed in England, or in any part of Europe, even in those regions which are nearest to the coast of Barbary, that it only requires one to open his eyes and to be ordinarily observant, to acquire much interesting knowledge,

and much agreeable food for future reflection. I was yet to learn more before I could be said to have fairly terminated my journey.

As we passed the mosque, I observed that the Jewish porters who were carrying my luggage put it all down in the road as soon as they came near its sacred precincts, and proceeded to take off their slippers, this being one of the indignities to which they are subjected on every occasion when the path they are pursuing brings them near a Moorish temple. Although the door of the sacred edifice was open, my companion counselled me not to stop before it, or exhibit any outward signs of my very natural curiosity, as the Moors were more than usually jealous of any observation on the part of the Christians, and were unnecessarily prompt in taking offence if they thought their proceedings were too narrowly watched. Indeed, it appears that they are altogether more exclusive than their brethren in any part of the east, and under the influence of their narrow-minded bigotry will not suffer any Christian to enter their mosques, the slightest infraction of their will in this respect being punished with the severest penalties.

I obtained a glimpse, however, as I passed, of the large court, or body, of the building, and observed that it shone brilliantly with the many-

coloured mosaics of the glazed and painted tiles with which it was paved. In the midst was a fountain at which some Moors were performing their ablutions, while others were squatted about, bowing their heads to the "Holy Caaba."

But in Morocco, if the sight is entranced with ever recurring novelties and with much that is dazzling and beautiful, the other senses are compelled, in obedience apparently to the law of compensation, to endure much that is offensive beyond all expression, for while the ear is frequently startled by the most hideous and appalling sounds, the sense of smell is overwhelmed by indescribably abominable odours, that certainly do not come from Araby the Blest. But use, we all know, is second nature, and the inhabitants have not only learnt to endure them with patience, but would probably lament their absence, if by any extraordinary interruption to the usual course of things their olfactory nerves were deprived of their usual stimulant at the seasonable time. Even Europeans must learn to endure what cannot be cured, and if they can never become reconciled to these odours, nor, like the natives, associate them with their reminiscences of the past, they at least learn, in the language of the poet, to "suffer and be still."

But to return from this digression. When prayer

is over, the Moor resumes his usual occupation ; he unlocks his box in the wall—for such is his shop—and jumps in among his merchandize, sits cross-legged in the midst of the articles in which he deals, offers them for sale, and endeavours to attract customers. His stock cannot be described, in honest truth, as very tempting in its nature. It probably consists of heaps of musty raisins, coarse sugar plentifully mingled with flies, stale leathery figs, snuff, and several other odds and ends, mixed up together without any attempt at regularity or order. There are probably also several large jars of rancid butter, the presence of which is announced by the odour with which it greets the approaching passenger, even before he has come within sight of the shop. But the article is popular, notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, its staleness, and bears many visible signs of the estimation in which it is held, and the demand which it has excited, in the numerous mould-like marks of the merchant's fingers intersecting it in all directions, and duly increasing as his patrons become more numerous.

It is an old saying, that travellers see strange things, and those that only open their eyes may witness not only many novelties, but also the novel uses to which familiar things may be applied. A carrotty cat, for example, sits at the merchant's side, and

appears to be in the enjoyment of that state of perfectly satisfied repose which can neither be called sleeping nor waking, and which individuals of the feline tribe appear to appreciate so much. This cat answers the purpose of soap, water, and towel to the Moor, who carefully wipes his hands on her back between each dispensation of butter to his waiting customers. He is not quite so successful in a labour which he undertakes himself, that, namely, of endeavouring, with a wand which he waves about incessantly, to keep off the flies that are fascinated in countless numbers by the sweets of which he disposes. Some dead rats may also be lying about; and probably some other animals, in the last stage of existence, too weak even to make their way across the street, may be drawing their last breath in the establishment over which he presides.

But there are now fresh objects in the street, to which our observation must in due course be turned. A drove of camels, under the care of a half naked Arab driver, is approaching in one direction, sniffing the air, as they come on, with a solemn mixture of patient stupidity and apparent pride, and gracefully arching their long necks over you as they proceed on their way. Disentangling yourself with some difficulty from them, you find

yourself in an instant in another predicament, for a sudden roaring noise assails your ears, warning you to move on, and before you can step aside, you are nearly run down by two turbaned porters carrying a crushing load which is supported between them on a long pole.

My attention was next attracted to a procession which happened, fortunately, while I had an opportunity of seeing it, to be coming along the narrow street; and I heard the shrill, tremulous yelling with which the Hebrew women conduct a bride to the house of her betrothed. The latter appeared to be as rigid as a corpse, as, amid the clashing of cymbals and the shouts of her friends, she was borne along to her destination. In conformity with the requirements of her religion, her eyes were closed, and her face was so highly painted with white and scarlet as entirely to outrage the modesty of nature. So utterly inanimate and motionless did she remain during her progress through the crowd that she might have been readily taken for one of the Spanish painted wooden figures of Montañes. Otherwise, she was one mass of expensive glitter and display. Her eyes, too, although shut, appeared unnaturally large and distended, from the custom of staining them copiously with *al cohol*. Her hair was hidden by a magnificent

tiara of pearls and emeralds, and by a rich and many-coloured silk handkerchief. Large hoops of gold, adorned with precious stones, formed a very remarkable ornament for the ear, although they can scarcely be denominated ear-rings, for they are larger than bracelets, being about six inches in diameter, and as thick as the little finger. These, partially supported by fine gold chains attached to the head-dress, are passed through the fleshy part of the ear, leaving only a thin shred of flesh round the gold. A star of jewels, in front of each, is so disposed as to appear in all its lustre on the side next to the face. From her neck is suspended a profusion of antique chains and pendants of pearls and emeralds, of extraordinary size, but roughly cut and polished. The bodice she wears is composed of cloth of gold, gorgeous in appearance, and disposed about her person in what we should term a voluptuously loose manner, the skirt appended to it being of brilliant scarlet cloth, richly braided with gold. Her naked ankles were weighed down by ponderous and roughly chased anklets, and a clumsy pair of gold embroidered scarlet slippers, of Morocco leather, covered the fore part of her feet.

Such is a faithful picture of this automaton beauty, and of her rich, but not very graceful,

toilet, as amid the lurid blaze of the torches, and the frantic yells and shouts of the rabble collected about her, she was conveyed to the habitation of her future husband. We followed her to the door ; and having then taken a last look of this half-animated bride, we turned aside towards a neighbouring house, in which we expected to have the pleasure of seeing the pretty wife of the Hebrew interpreter to the British Mission.

The house was very unostentatious, even mean, in appearance, at least on the outside ; and on his first entrance the visitor is met by a dead wall, so managed in all Moorish and Jewish houses as most effectually to prevent the passers by from gratifying their curiosity by gazing into the Patio, or central court, which is the usual rendezvous of the family circle. But in proportion to the plain and unattractive appearance of these houses on the exterior, are they rich and costly within. The Jew in Morocco may not choose to exhibit the full extent of his riches and possessions to the subjects of the Protector of the Faithful, for the consequence might be that, unless he enjoyed the protection of some very powerful patron, he would have to pay dear for his inconsiderate ostentation. The Patio of the house to which we were now introduced, was beautifully paved with glazed tiles,

in a manner similar to that of which I had obtained a hasty glimpse in the Mosque. The patterns in which the tiles were disposed were beautiful, varied, and richly coloured, and their peculiar glaze gave an air of agreeable freshness and cleanliness to this central court. The stairs and walls were all of the same Mosaic; and any one who has once visited Pompeii would be struck with the similarity of the Moorish buildings to those of that ancient city. All round the Patio was a light and graceful colonnade, supported by slender pillars and exquisitely proportioned arches of a horse-shoe form. The whole had a very fairy-like appearance, and bore a most striking resemblance to some small and isolated portion of the Alhambra of the Caliphate in Granada.

Preparations were now in the course of being made for an entertainment in honour of the approaching marriage; and these appeared to be on a pretty extensive scale; for as the bride was a relation of the family, they were naturally anxious to celebrate the occasion in a becoming style. An ample feast, consisting of tea, sweetmeats, wine, Rosolio, chicken, fish, and porter, was accordingly laid out for the visitors, and, on their arrival at the proper time, had all due honour done to it. Some professional musicians had also been engaged for the

amusement of the marriage guests. Their orchestra consisted of an abominable violin—on which one of them scratched away with commendable perseverance—a tambourine, which another enthusiastically thumped and rattled, and other rude instruments, which were distributed among the remainder of this band of musical artists. The concert was certainly as varied as the rivalry of many discordant sounds could make it; and as there was no cessation in the succession of these sweet sounds, some one striking in with a nasal song at every pause of the instrumentalists, the noise was incessant, and I could only conclude that they had entered into it for the night.

After the refreshments, there was also a display of the Terpsichorean art as practised in this clime, which, if not very pleasing to the beholder, was at least interesting to me in consequence of its novelty. The performer was a young Jewess, who was pushed into the middle of the room by her friends, to all appearance not without some reluctance, as it was only after a considerable amount of blushing, resistance, and struggling, that she could be induced to begin. And when at last she did throw off her bashfulness, whether real or assumed, of what an extraordinary spectacle was I compelled to be a spectator; such a one as certainly I had

never before been favoured with an opportunity of witnessing. The successive movements in which the young lady made an exhibition of her skill could scarcely be described as dancing in the ordinary sense of the word. Never moving out of a space of not more than half a yard square, she kept up a wriggling motion of the hips, and with her eyes all the time directed to the ground, incessantly waved about a silk handkerchief, which she held fast in both her hands. Another circumstance that struck me as very peculiar was that the visitors and others who were thronging around, and who gazed with admiration on the dancer, in order to shew how much they appreciated what they probably regarded as the grace and elegance of her movements, continually advanced towards her and touched her forehead with small silver coins. Then, in order to stimulate and maintain the energy of the flagging musicians, they threw these coins down on the ground, and they were then considered the perquisites of those who contributed so materially to the pleasures of so joyful an occasion. It being clearly, therefore, of the greatest importance to the musicians that the energy of the dancer should not be allowed to flag, they continued to scratch and rattle and thump away with increasing enthusiasm,

creating a din such as no words of mine can adequately describe, but which, under the influence of the highly colouring power of imagination, they fondly flattered themselves was most exquisite music.

CHAPTER III.

Theories of Beauty—Size, the Measure of Female Loveliness—The Servant of Servants—Jews and Jewesses—How Dark Eyes are made Darker—Freedom of Action of the Moorish Women—What sort of animal is a Nazarene Woman?—I take Tea with a Lady—A Moorish Household—Legitimate Shoots and Superfluous Offshoots—Saracenic Decorations—The Secrets of the Toilet.

WHEN the dance was ended, the lady of the house was formally presented to her guests. She had considerable pretensions to beauty, her face, in particular, being what I can only describe in adequate terms as magnificently handsome. But although my attention was particularly attracted to the human countenance divine, its form, its features, and expression, I was soon able to discover that the natives of this sunny clime have a much more ample standard of beauty than any by which the

taste, the judgment, and the senses of Europeans are directed; and I also found that the lady who presided over the establishment in which we were now favoured with the spectacle of so much that was new, instructive, and amusing, and to whom we had been properly introduced, afforded in her own person a most adequate exemplification of what true beauty, as it appears to the eyes of the enlightened inhabitants of Morocco and of other lands which are under the influence of Eastern habits of thought and feeling, really is. What, then, was that standard of taste, as regards beauty, by which we were to be enabled to appreciate the surpassing loveliness of our hostess? Was it Platonic or Aristotelic? Was it Jeffreyan or Ruskinian? Was it material or ideal? Did it trace the line of beauty in regular features, or did it look for the soul that mantles in the expressive face, the eloquence that speaks in the intelligent eye? Oh, no, ye philosophers, and poets, and artists of the West, all these are merely fanciful theories, which have no foundation in fact, which are not accordant with that great standard, the nature of things. Learn, then, from the shores of Northern Africa what genuine beauty is, and henceforth bestow your admiration only where it is due. Beauty, then, is size, magnitude, amplitude

—let me not mince matters, but say the word at once, excessive fatness. The lady whom, being now enlightened, we looked upon as the very *beau ideal* of Moorish beauty, was perfectly ungainly in appearance, and of the most unwieldy proportions; but these were the qualities that made her the Cynosure of all eyes, the points of attraction which rendered her irresistible, and which excited tender feelings in the hearts of her admirers. The gentle lover's admiration, in Morocco, increases with the size of his mistress, and his devotion becomes unlimited along with her proportions. Benighted Europeans appear to have some anticipation of the truth when they occasionally speak of a young lady who is not quite Sylph-like in form as making a good armful. The perfect Moorish standard of female beauty is considered to be attained when a woman is a load for a camel. Our Hebrew Venus had certainly reached that standard, for her arms hung down with fat, and her fingers, which were loaded with rings, had swollen over them, so that if not quite a load for two camels, she was assuredly more than enough for one.

The Jews in Morocco exhibit all the traces of the melancholy condition to which they are reduced; and oppression has left its visible stamp on their countenances and in their character. Being ruled

with a rod of iron by the faithful followers of the prophet, they are obsequious and cringing in their conduct and demeanour towards those whom they regard as their masters. Indispensable as the Jew is to the state, and valuable as the services which he can often render undoubtedly are, no injustice is considered too great if its object be one of that humbled and submissive race. The servant of servants must submit to continued degradation, and endure all the afflictions of his unhappy lot, even the most undeserved, without repining. If there were no other cause to keep the Jews distinct and separate as a people from the nations among whom they dwell, the very persecution to which they are so generally subjected is sufficient to account, without considering at present any other influences, for the isolation in which they dwell, and must tend to bind more indissolubly to one another.

It is sometimes said that the Jew has none of the higher aspirations that inspire men of nobler character, that the great object of life with him is merely to amass money, and that so completely has this master passion degraded his character, that so long as gold shines in the distance to tempt him, he will even lick the dust to obtain it. There is doubtless too much truth in this assertion, but is it to be wondered at that things are so, when we remember that all the

higher objects of ambition, and all the more honourable means of acquiring distinction, are systematically held back from this deeply injured people. There are not wanting many facts to prove that when a wider sphere of action has been opened up for their admission, they have shown themselves quite as capable of being inspired by an honourable ambition, and of exerting themselves with success to obtain an acknowledged position, as the individuals of any other nation or class of people.

Even in Morocco, where their condition is so melancholy, and their sphere of action so circumscribed, many of the cleverest and most intelligent artizans are Jews. As petty merchants, goldsmiths, interpreters, and servants, they show themselves capable of acting as intelligent men of business, as ingenious artizans, as useful attendants upon travellers, and as trustworthy subordinates. The Hebrew will readily resort to any kind of occupation, no matter what it is, by which a good living can be made or money amassed; and by the force of application, by the exercise of a quick intelligence, he will soon make himself master of its various details, and even attain to some superiority in their practical application. Many of them in this country are excellent linguists; and it is by no means uncommon to meet with a little, ragged,

dirty boy who can speak French, Spanish, Arabic, Hebrew, and frequently English, and who would be regarded as a most wonderful phenomenon in England. My own native servant could express herself in any of these languages, while my English maid could never be said to have succeeded in mastering her own.

The Barbary Jews are much more rigid in the observance of their religious obligations than their brethren in the more civilised parts of the world are ; and what with the exactions of their Mohammedan rulers, and their own voluntary sacrifices on behalf of their faith, they lead but a sorry life, and the sad expression of the countenances of the poor children of Israel impresses this fact very strongly upon the stranger.

The Jews in Barbary are the descendants of those who, three hundred years ago, were banished from Spain and found a refuge on these shores. As a race, the men are generally abject and mean in appearance, but by no means destitute of intellect ; but the Jewesses, especially when young, are most classically beautiful. Their features are almost invariably finely chiselled, and their black eyes, which are not piercing as in Spain, but pearly and melting, are full of repose. The first impression, perhaps, on observing them, is that the pupils are un-

naturally large and distended ; but this appearance, which is considered to add to their beauty, is produced by art, as one can easily detect on approaching the ladies nearer, and by observing them more closely. The cohol-stained eyelid at once discovered the secret as to the means by which this highly-prized mark of beauty is produced. The operation is performed by drawing a small silver instrument like a bodkin, which has been previously dipped in the appropriate liquid, over the edges of the eyelids on the inner sides. The sensation caused by this operation, which is effected with the eyelids closed, is said to be very agreeable and refreshing ; and when the complexion and the eyes are dark, it undoubtedly produces an appearance of beauty, and if the reality is already there, increases and heightens its effect. The operation, however, is seldom successful when it is tried as an experiment on English ladies, their ruddy complexions, light eyes, and fair hair forming an *ensemble* which is not capable of the slightest improvement by such means. The application altogether, in such cases, produces a very disagreeable effect ; and the countenance, instead of being rendered more beautiful and expressive, assumes a remarkably coarse and dirty appearance.

Animal beauty, however, is all that the Jewess of Barbary possesses. Physically, she is a beautiful creature, but she is nothing more. Her intellect is without cultivation; she is a stranger to refinement; no expression animates her otherwise fine countenance; and she is totally without any distinct character of her own. However beautiful and attractive she may be in appearance, one turns away without interest or emotion from a being who can hardly be said to have a soul, or whose better part, at least, in consequence of the circumstances under the influence of which she has been reared, has been lulled into something like an almost unending sleep.

Mohammedan countries are perhaps the only ones where a woman can be said to possess, in some respects at least, any advantages of liberty over men. The Christian woman is unrestrained in her movements, and can freely enter the houses and harems, where she is known, when she pleases; and the Moorish woman, wrapped up in the ample folds of her garments, and so disguised as to baffle every prying eye, can roam about the town in whatever direction she may choose, without incurring the slightest risk of being recognised. During the nine years which I resided in Tangier, I had many opportunities of visiting the Moorish women, and of

closely observing their character. I found them generally to be idle, good-natured, gossiping and frivolous—possessing, in fact, all those small peculiarities of character that distinguish women in our own Christian country. The superintendence of their domestic affairs formed their gravest and most important occupation. Surrounding themselves with a hideous posse of black slaves, each one with her own progeny around her, the wife reigns supreme over her sooty circle, and lords it most superbly in their midst. If she wishes to bestow her attention on some more light and elegant occupation, she resorts to embroidery, a never-failing refuge for her unoccupied hands in her many idle hours during the long, hot, and sunny day. I remember one monstrous creature—a Moorish beauty—the wife of an official, who, on receiving me, felt my clothes and counted my fingers to see if a Nazarene woman was in all points made like herself. My gloves next attracted her attention, and she proceeded to examine them, although, from some cause, she shrank from them at first with fear. She was, as is usual here, very beautiful down to the chin, and her complexion was as fair as that of an English matron. Her black languishing eyes, like those of the Jewesses, were stained with *al cohol*; and besides the extreme whiteness of her skin, she pos-

sessed that peculiarly marble-like quality which is only obtained by the frequent use of the bath. Her hair was flowing down in rich luxuriance over her shoulders, and the head and face altogether presented an appearance of remarkable beauty. But the extraordinary size of her body, which was quite overwhelming, I found rather difficult to recognize as any recommendation in the way of beauty, according to my European standard, which I do not find myself quite prepared to dispense with.

In Morocco, the Moorish maiden, on her betrothal, undergoes a regular course of fattening, which is continuously carried on till her marriage, and which is conducted on the same principle as that on which our farmers fatten fowls. While undergoing the process, she sits all day in a dimly-lighted room, and is stuffed incessantly with *Enscupoo*, a preparation of flour, which is the national dish of Morocco, in addition to which she drinks copiously of water. While undergoing this regimen she is dressed lightly, and in order to prevent any exertion or exercise on her part, she wears a gigantic pair of silver anklets, of great weight, the presence of which renders rest more desirable than the slightest locomotion. This process continues for some time, and the indolence of the mind being added to that

of the body, she is sure, ere long, to arrive at the orthodox amplitude.

This lady introduced me to all her lord's legitimate children, while the superfluous little offshoots were collecting about to stare and gape at my novel appearance. We were assembled in the Patio, or inner court, common to all Moorish houses; a gallery ran all around, which was supported by elegant pillars; and the centre was open to the sky. Large doors, opening from the four sides, gave us an insight into long narrow passages, which served for rooms, but can scarcely be called so. There were, besides, innumerable little alcoves and oddly-shaped recesses, all ornamented with the most elegant Saracenic decorations, and all paved with the same brilliant and many-coloured tiles which I had seen in the Jewish houses and the Moorish mosque. Beckoning me to follow her upstairs, the lady conducted me through several beautiful indented Moorish arches, all most richly adorned with Arabesque mouldings, while the passages through which I was led were bordered with extracts from the Koran. We passed through a spacious pair of folding doors, with heavy bolts, but not suspended, as our doors are, upon hinges; they are made to move easily, however, by having the jambs formed at each end into an axle or pivot, the upper, which is

the longest, being received into a corresponding locket on the lintel, whilst the other falls into a cavity of like fashion in the threshold. The material of these doors was composed of very handsome wood, and they were richly carved with intersecting geometrical figures. The floor of the room into which the folding doors opened was strewn with mats and rich Rabat carpets, while several coloured leather slippers were scattered about. Heaps of embroidered satin, velvet, and leather cushions, filled the recesses at each end of the room, which were separated from the body of the apartment by the usual indented Moorish arches. I was informed that these were the family bed-rooms. Desirous of displaying to me the riches of her toilet, she then led me to a richly-painted and gilded box of cedar-wood, and proudly exhibited to me her various robes and garments, which were all highly scented with the perfume of the wood with which they were kept in contact. The richest ornament in the way of carving, gilding, and embroidery was introduced in every place where it could be exhibited with due regard to effect and display. The whole of the residence of this lady was tastefully decorated with carved geometrical figures, interlacing each other in all directions, and similar to those which we see

and admire in the palace of the Alhambra, at Granada.

During the operation of inspecting the apartments of the family and the wardrobe of the lady, in which we were engaged with no slight degree of interest to myself, and apparently with great gratification to her who exhibited all these riches, one of the crew of black slaves to whom I have already alluded, brought in tea, which she placed on a tiny table of mother-of-pearl, of octagon shape, very elegantly formed, and about six inches from the floor. A round tray of brilliantly-polished brass, engraved with devices similar to those I had observed on the walls, supported the various articles of the tea-service. In the process of preparing the tea, the first operation was to turn over the contents of the sugar-basin into the tea-pot, in which there was a very weak infusion of the cheering draught. The cups were then filled with the insipid beverage, which we had to gulp down, cupful after cupful, in succession. Between each, however, the lady, eager more completely to gratify her own curiosity respecting my costume, which was as strange to her as hers was to me, entered into a new survey of my apparel, the use of many parts of which she seemed at a loss to understand, and particularly

puzzled herself, when trying on my gloves, by placing each on the wrong hand.

I was also fortunate enough in having an opportunity of witnessing the process of a lady's toilet, and of closely watching the various means by which the Moorish beauty endeavours by art to heighten the charms which nature may have given her. As great rejoicings were going on at this time in a neighbouring house, on account of the birth of a son to a rich official, and my hostess had been invited to take part in them; and as it was now nearly time for her to set off to the house of joy, she proceeded to prepare her toilet, not at all abashed by my presence in her chamber, or by the curiosity with which I regarded the process. The first thing she did was to paint her face with a white creamy mixture, then to connect the eyebrows by a thick black daub of about half an inch in width, the thickest part coming over the nose. The eyes, also, had an extra tint of *al cohol*, and the cheeks were painted with two triangular patches of pure scarlet, which, from its coarse colour, and the extreme abruptness of its edges, communicated to them the appearance of a badly-painted mask. An artificial mole or two having been added to complete the adornment of the visage, the face was considered perfect, and regarded with considerable

satisfaction. Happening to hold up a rose which I held in my hand, its hue absolutely appeared pale beside the highly-coloured cheek of the lady.

After regarding herself in a French circular hand-glass with all the delight with which the most self-satisfied northern beauty can linger on her charms, she turned quickly to me, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, asked me if ever the English ladies were got up so well. What could I say to her? Should I conceal the truth, or honestly tell her my opinion? This was one of those dilemmas in which it is exceedingly difficult to avoid throwing in a little flattery, even though that agreeable commodity be as little justified by truth as it can well be. Alas, although moralists, with their scholastic pedantry, will say, *Dicatur veritas, ruat cœlum*, circumstances will occasionally occur in every-day life, in which we find it convenient to forget that our moral code has such strict maxims. Besides, as they are generally in Latin, ladies, unless they are blue-stockings—and *they* are not asked for their opinion of beauty—are not expected to understand them. I may whisper my opinion, however, to the reader; and when I tell him or her that it amounted to this, that a more repulsive bedaubed figure than that which she presented cannot be imagined, I am sure he will be inclined to treat me with indulgence

when I acknowledge to him that I did *not* tell the lady herself so.

To continue my description of her toilet, her head-dress was costly and magnificent beyond all description. It consisted, in the first place, of the richest jewels, the favourite emeralds and pearls predominating among them. They arose in glittering succession, one above another, until, in consequence of the manner in which they were arranged, they assumed the appearance of a magnificent bishop's mitre. The adornment of the head was completed by a knotted silk handkerchief, with which it was surmounted. But with all the richness and splendour of the ornaments, there was such an utter absence of taste in the manner in which they were disposed, that the head and face formed altogether a most grotesque and barbarous spectacle. The remainder of her person was no less profusely covered with sparkling gems. Strings of gorgeous pearls, and antique chains of massive gold, were suspended from her neck. A crimson caftan, or dress, much of the shape of an English gentleman's dressing-gown, was taken from the chest of drawers, and tried on. But its colour suggested a serious objection to it. The unavoidable consideration that it would emulate the rich and glowing scarlet of the cheeks induced the lady to discard it without

hesitation, and to seek for a more suitable substitute.

The momentous question of what she should wear, therefore, again became the subject of deliberation, and after many *pros* for this, and many *cons* against that, a decision was at length, with some difficulty, arrived at. A pale blue caftan, embroidered with silver, carried the day. Having found a way for her ample proportions into the selected garment, a somewhat shorter one, of crape-like material, which spangled all over, was thrown over it. Her bodice, which was worn open, was richly embroidered with gold; and one of those superb striped scarfs, which are generally worn in this country, was tied round her not very slender waist. The sleeves of the dress were wide and flowing, leaving the arms, except where they were covered with the peculiar bracelets worn here, quite exposed and bare. These bracelets, which are extremely heavy and massive, consist of a solid gold band, with silver and gold projections; and they have been adopted even by some of our own fair countrywomen who have visited Morocco. Her fingers were painted with little sprigs in bright orange henna, as were also her feet, which, to match her hands, were stained with ornaments of the same bright colour. The latter, considering

the immense proportions of the other parts of her body, were unnaturally diminutive, perhaps appearing by contrast even more so than they really were. They must have been very much impeded, however, in the process of locomotion, by the ponderous anklets of chased silver, with the burden of which most Moorish women are oppressed. The red slippers which, with one exception, terminate our description of her attire, were made to match in richness of material and ornament the other parts of her dress, being elaborately adorned with embroidery of silver thread and silks of varied colour. All these particular portions of her toilet having been carefully adjusted, a large clear muslin scarf was thrown over her shoulders; and as it retained all its crispness, it produced a remarkably angular effect in the appearance of her immense proportions.

It will be seen from this minute description, that the toilet of a Moorish lady must be a matter of serious consideration; and when there is so much gold and jewels, embroidery and lace-work, as in the present case, it becomes almost a question of art to settle how it all ought to be arranged so as to produce the greatest effect. With my European ideas, I might probably have criticized unfavourably some of the arrangements, and might have imagined

that it was in my power to give the whole a more advantageous disposition, by a more careful consideration of the manner in which colours should be matched, and jewels displayed; but, as the lady seemed perfectly satisfied with the effect of her own handiwork, and appeared to think that her charms could not be more effectively exhibited, it was not my province to disturb her equanimity by any ideas of mine, which she would probably have scouted as unreasonable and absurd.

The French mirror in which she surveyed herself no doubt told a flattering tale, and was implicitly believed; for mirrors are defective only when they exaggerate defects, as flatterers are false only when they happen, by misadventure, to speak the truth. A German mirror of peculiar construction hung beside the French one. Being composed of various pieces of glass, so arranged as to reproduce the likeness of the object reflected in it, it multiplied, to her intense gratification, her pleasing image at least fifty-fold. After surveying herself in both for some minutes, she gave vent to an expressive sigh of self-satisfied vanity, and turned to me with the hope, doubtless, of meeting a sympathetic gaze of admiration in my eyes.

One touch of lemon to heighten the crimson bloom on the cheeks, and the most secret lore of

the toilet can do nothing more to add to the effect of her personal charms. She is now ready to take her departure for the house where the important entertainment is to be given. She beckons to me to follow her, and with nothing left visible but one eye, which might be anybody's, for she has enveloped herself, for her passage through the streets, in the ample folds of the large Moorish *Haikh*, she proceeds to thread her way through some narrow and very dirty lanes.

CHAPTER IV.

A Moorish Entertainment—Professional Musicians—A New School for Scandal—The Santa—Curiosity Excited by my Appearance—Sensation Produced by the Toy Devil—I Become Acquainted with Several Moorish Families—The Sultana of England—Strange Examination—Ignorance of Everything Pertaining to England.

WHEN we had proceeded some distance, the sounds of the Tomtom coming upon our ears indicated that the scene of rejoicing was close at hand. My companion stopped at a house with a mean little door, through which, having entered, she led the way in to a large open Patio, shaded on one side by a trellis of cane-work, supporting heavy bunches of luscious grapes. In the midst of the court grew, in full vigour, a verdant fig-tree, spreading abroad its expansive branches, and affording an agreeable shelter from the oppressive rays of the noonday sun.

The vine and the fig-tree are invariably found in the Moorish Patio ; the family grow up under their shade ; the little ones sport with the thoughtless glee of childhood among the foliage ; and the graver elders pass the greater part of their time there in more serious conversation, and sometimes, doubtless, in mere trifling gossip. They dwell under their own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make them afraid.

There was a perfect uproar of voices as we entered ; the mirth was, as Burns would describe it, fast and furious. What a monotonous and discordant din the Tomtom keeps up ! What screams of delight, what shrill whistlings, what piercing yells, what bursts of laughter, and yet — you will not believe it, you self-satisfied gentlemen of Europe, who consider your presence so indispensable at such gatherings—there was not a man in the party. All the countenances and all the toilets were feminine. There was not a bearded visage, not a turbaned head, in the group. The whole getting up of these female guests, the crimsoning of the cheeks, the staining of the hands, eyes, and feet, the display of costly jewelry, and the selection of embroidered robes, had been the work of so much time, thought, and labour, with no other end in view than that of attracting the admiration—or if, in your charity, you

choose rather to think so—the envy of each other. About thirty or forty women, in all, were sitting along the sides of the square court. As all were dressed much after the same fashion, the long description I have already given of the lady with whom I came will apply equally well to the others. It would be impossible to describe the ludicrous effect of so many not very expressive faces, all painted alike, with the same bright crimson hue, which contrasted strongly with the accompanying daubing of white.

In the midst of the assembly sat two or three old hags, the professional musicians engaged for the occasion, who, if they beat any harmony out of their Tomtoms, the instrument which they professed, most effectually drowned it in the noise. Story-tellers were there to amuse the guests by their long-winded narratives of heroic exploits, unmerited suffering, unsympathetic fathers, love suffering and at last triumphant, and the other stock subjects which are laid up as materials for telling fictions, as old scenes are stored up in a theatre to afford original decorations for new dramas. A Moorish Sheridan might probably have gleaned abundant materials for a new *School for Scandal*, for the commodity was there, and its eager tittle tattle was mellifluously whispered into many a willing ear.

My entrance into their midst, which was quite unexpected, was the signal for the expression of undisguised astonishment among what I may term the rabble in the middle of the party; but whatever sensation my appearance might create for a moment in the more select portion of this assembly, viz., the painted and jewelled ladies, they did not consider it becoming their dignity, or consistent with the rules of etiquette—which has its code here as elsewhere—to make any display of their surprise or emotion. However, an expression of eager curiosity, and anxious looks of enquiry, were plainly visible through the transparent gauze scarfs which fell down over every face. One poor demented woman, or Santa, who had come to countenance the festivities by her presence, and who had a weak turn for such jollifications, made her way to me with a patronising air, and expressed her wish and intention to befriend me. She insisted on my taking off my hat, and other parts of my dress, in order that she might examine them; but as there was no saying where her curiosity would stop, I was determined not to yield to her wishes, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and by the display of some resolution, that I could keep my clothes upon my back. The irrepressible curiosity of the crowd to see whether a Nazarene



woman was made of the same flesh and blood as themselves, was added to the intrusive officiousness of the maniac, whose hands were still itching to seize and appropriate some portion of my dress.

It was altogether a strange scene, and notwithstanding the rather disagreeable circumstances with which it was attended, I could not help regarding all that passed before me with the greatest interest. In addition to the ludicrous absurdities of human nature, I was surrounded by much that was exquisite in art, graceful in form, and even beautiful in nature. The appearance of the mosaic pavement, as, chequered by the rays of the sun which fell upon it, it shone through the fig-leaves and the cane-work trellis, was exceedingly brilliant. Then, there were the rich and variegated colours of the magnificent flowers which were disposed about the Patio, as the heliotrope and the jasmin, the odours of which, in the sultry heat of the afternoon sun, were so oppressive as to produce a kind of languid faintness. To these was added the sweet and powerful scent of the datura, which, as evening drew on, filled the surrounding air with its delightful fragrance. It was altogether one of those attractive spots, in which, but for the company with which the place was filled, one would delight to linger and to meditate.

But, as time wore on, nature became exhausted, and the noise and mirth began somewhat to abate. The din of the Tomtom even was no longer heard so incessantly, and the musical enthusiasm of the professional who handled it evidently began to abate. Indeed, I continued myself to be the only object that had still attraction enough to excite some curiosity, and but for my presence, the wearied guests would probably have been dispersing to their several homes by this time. Longing eyes, however, were still cast on me, my clothes continuing to be the principal object to which their attention was directed. As their incessant curiosity was rather troublesome, I fortunately thought of a method by which I could both deliver myself from the persecution to which I was subjected, and do something to re-awake the flagging spirit of enjoyment. I had brought with me, in the expectation of finding an opportunity to introduce it, and knowing that it would contribute greatly to their amusement, one of those little toys so well known to children in France and England. To their eyes it was at first only a plain little box ; but when I opened the lid, and out flew a little black frizzly devil, with horns and a tail, and a scarlet and white mouth, the sensation produced could only be compared to the effect of a spark of fire falling

into a barrel of gunpowder. All order was instantaneously lost; they shouted and screamed like maniacs; they pressed close to each other, and huddled together in apparent terror. Had Milton's Satan appeared bodily among them, he could not have been received with more awe than that which was for a short time evoked by the unexpected appearance of my little toy-devil. It is impossible to describe the excessively ludicrous appearance of all these fat women, bedizened with gold and paint, and glittering with costly jewels, endeavouring to press themselves together into the smallest possible space, in order to get out of the way of the "gin" which was the object of their terror. It was only after the lapse of a little time, and by degrees, that their agitation calmed down. First one raised her head, and gave a timorous and distrustful peep. Then another, and another, until several eyes were doubtingly cast upon the toy. But when I held it out to them, that they might examine it closely, a herd of frightened deer could not have started off with more alarm. However, by coaxing and persuasion, they at last ventured to look upon it with less fear and suspicion. If familiarity did not quite breed contempt, it at least inspired confidence. At last they even ventured to touch it, to handle it, to pass it from one to another, to turn

it over and over. They were now completely like a parcel of overgrown children. How they struggled and scrambled to get it into their hands! Their exclamations of terror were succeeded by shouts of admiration and delight. The complete childishness of their character was more clearly displayed by their next suggestion. What was inside, was now the question. It must be broken open in order that the mystery might be disclosed. This was no sooner said than done; and when the external parts were removed, and lo, only a small piece of twisted wire was found within, it would be impossible to describe the look of blank disappointment which was apparent in every face. The poor little devil had lost all his terrors; completely crestfallen, he was thrown carelessly into a corner of the apartment, where he lay neglected for the rest of the evening.

The introduction of this toy, however, was of great service to me. It acquired for me the confidence of these Moorish ladies; and I became a great favourite henceforth with several of them. The intimacy thus arising gave me many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the inner life and domestic regulations of families in this country, which, without so simple a mode of introduction, I might never have obtained. I was

asked to their houses, and used frequently to go and see them, when I was always able to supply them with amusement, by the exhibition of some European wonder, or by the display of some acquirement never possessed by women in Mohammedan countries.

I eagerly availed myself, of course, of the opportunity of taking sketches of all that I saw, and of thus preserving the impression of scenes and faces which might otherwise have slipped from memory, or have left only a shadowy recollection behind. In painting the portraits of these ladies, and in sketching the scenes of their domestic life, I at once found an ample source of amusement for myself, and contributed to their gratification, at the same time, as usual, exciting their wonder, and evoking many curious questions. But they were most particularly anxious to know all about my condition in my own country, and they would keep up an unintermitting series of questions in order to draw me out on that subject. Assuming that I must have left a husband behind in England, they were very anxious to know how many wives he had besides myself. How were our children tended and brought up? Were they fed on the milk of pigs? Judging of beauty by their own standard, they inquired if the English ladies were fat, as fat as

they were, and what was the process by which they were fattened? Were they very beautiful, and did they paint themselves with crimson and white, as the ladies of Morocco did? They were also very curious to know all about the Sultana of England, and such questions as, Was she beautiful? how did she dress? and did she go about with both eyes visible? had each to be answered by me in turn.

CHAPTER V.

The Streets of Tangier—Show and Glitter Within Contrasted with the Plainness and Squalor Without—The Generation of Pestilence—How the Young Idea is Taught to Shoot—Early Manifestations of Intolerance—Entomological Investigations—A Moorish Market Place—A Picturesque Scene—The Evening Gun—Strange Bedfellows—The Closing of the Gates—How the Jew Puts Money in his Purse—Fatima Selling Butter, and Leila Eggs—Some People Sharp Enough with One Eye—The Cemetery of Tangier—Small Talk and Serious Talk with the Departed—The Funeral of a Moor.

ON leaving the Moorish houses and passing into the streets, one cannot but be struck by the contrast presented between the show, the glitter, and the elegance within, and the plainness, dirtiness, and even squalor, of all that one sees without. The streets in Tangier scarcely deserve the name, for they are merely narrow lanes, with nothing in the way of architectural display on which the eye can

rest with pleasure. A high white wall, singularly bare and monotonous in appearance, runs along on both sides, completely concealing the houses behind. At every step we are compelled to turn aside with disgust from the most disagreeable and forbidding objects ; here from a heap of foul refuse, and there from the decomposed bodies of dogs and other animals, all festering in the sun, and almost sickening one by their loathsome appearance. The Moors appear to have no idea of any effective way of keeping their towns clean ; the streets are seldom swept ; and the stagnating air is purified only when a strong and penetrating east wind disperses the ill-odoured and poisonous miasma which has been floating in the atmosphere for days and weeks. It is only some very particular occasion that can rouse the authorities from their inertness, and stir them up to provide a remedy for so disgraceful a state of things. If an epidemic should happen to be raging in the immediate vicinity, and to be threatening themselves with the scourge that shall certainly lay many of their townsmen low, they then become sensible of the necessity of exertion, and set about removing those hotbeds of corruption which generate or attract the most deadly forms of disease. But even in so serious a case, their sluggish apathy is only roused to action by



the intervention of a foreign stimulus ; and it is not until the consuls of the European powers have urged and re-urged the matter upon them that they can be induced to set about taking the necessary steps for the cleansing of their town.

As I was passing along the street, I observed a tiny door standing open, and as I approached, a din of childish voices issuing from it told me what was going on within. It was a school for Moorish children, a perfect Babel, to all appearance, for a more stunning noise never saluted my ears from any dame's school in an English village, where, to speak the truth, they are often noisy enough. As I was anxious to see all that I could in this country, and among other things to learn something of their method of instructing the young, I looked into the place. A group of young children, exceedingly dirty in appearance, was collected round their pedagogue, who was instructing them in the precepts of their sacred book, the Koran. They were seated on the floor ; and such an amusing sight they presented, all bobbing their little shaven heads up and down, and touching their knees with their faces regularly at certain intervals, as uniformly as if wound up and kept going by clockwork, that I could scarcely help betraying my presence and my feelings by a hearty laugh. I

was observed at last, however, and the effect was instantaneous. They all suddenly pulled up at once, and fixing their little eyes upon me, began to manifest the feelings with which I was regarded by them, by making all sorts of wry, contemptuous, and ill-natured faces at me. The master neither checked them in this strange manifestation of their breeding, nor made any attempt to do so. He probably rather thought it a very natural and commendable display of the irrepressible aversion which the sight of one who rejects the Prophet should excite in their young hearts. He himself gaped with undisguised amazement at the unbelieving Nazarene, at the strange woman, who, with uncovered face, ventured to look boldly on so many "lords of the creation." Their feelings at length found vent in a general shout of execration. "The Jew to the dog, and the Christian to the fire," they all exclaimed at once; and having received this characteristic blessing, I turned my back upon them, and proceeded on my way.

I now went on until I reached the gate of the town, passing, on my way, several Moors here and there squatted on the ground, and, as we occasionally see in Spain and Portugal, deeply engaged in entomological investigations. Not being anxious to stay long near such votaries of science, I hastened

on, and soon found myself in the Sokko, or Moorish market-place, which is situated outside the town, just beyond the gate. I had fortunately visited this place at a favourable time to see a good deal of the people, for I was always anxious to observe and to sketch everything striking in costume and appearance. At the period of my visit, it happened to be the evening preceding market day, and the villagers from the surrounding neighbourhood were crowding in with their wares. A more varied and picturesque sight could not well be imagined, as party after party, in their many and brilliantly coloured costumes, arrived upon the ground, and began to pitch their black horse-hair tents. As daylight declined and the evening gloom set in, the scene became still more interesting and romantic. The various fires being lighted, the flames burned brightly up, and threw their lurid reflection upon the dark figures of the Moors moving about with their horses, and the Riffians with their one lock of hair, and their long straight dagger at their sides. There was something of witch-like gloom in the scene, as they moved to and fro, in dark mysterious masses, sometimes in and sometimes out of the fiery glare.

Looking out towards the sea, the rock of Gibraltar loomed dimly at a distance on the horizon.

Suddenly a flash of light illuminates the darkness, and the long boom of the evening gun by which it is followed is heard distinctly by us across the Straits. Gibel Moosa, the opposite and African pillar of Hercules, was still tipped with a rosy ethereal hue. On the calm waters of this usually stormy, though narrow, sea, there was not a single ripple, and the dark fragments of the fortifications, which in the time of our Charles II. were mounted by English soldiers, filled up the intermediate space, and in a jagged, desolate outline, cut darkly along the sea. In the inland distance I could just perceive a long line of camels, looking afar off like specks on the horizon, as they were observed, by the trembling lights, winding their way along the zig-zag paths of the hill towards the general market. It was a strange sight, when they came to rest and to pitch their tents, to see the children and the horses, the donkeys, the camels, and the chickens, all nestling together for the night. The women now set about preparing their evening meal, while their turbaned husbands were busily engaged in unpacking their wares, or in looking after their animals. We could have lingered for a long time in the midst of this motley and busy scene, which presented so much that was novel and interesting in aspect to us. But we were compelled reluctantly

to turn our backs upon it. At a certain hour every night, the white flag is hoisted for evening prayer, and if anyone, either of the Faithful or of the Unbelievers, was not in the town at the time, he was remorselessly shut out for the night. We therefore made all haste back, in order that we might get through the Cazyold gate in good time, and thus escape so awkward a dilemma. Unfortunately, at this hour the gate is usually crowded with horses, waiting just inside, until the popular farrier of the place, whose forge is always blazing, can despatch them in all points fitted for their journey. As we were entering, in addition to the accumulation of these animals of the equine tribe, a long line of camels were hurrying out, and it appeared likely to prove a problem of some difficulty how we should find our way in. As it was a matter of necessity, we must, however, make the attempt, and the consequence was that we all got jammed up together in one mass of confusion, and felt at a loss how we should now be able to extricate ourselves. Besides, barb horses are not the animals to stand the like of this with the most exemplary patience. One, on which a companion rode, got exceedingly restive, and during the disturbance which he caused, the lady had the misfortune to get her bonnet knocked off.

But perseverance at last gained its end; and after a certain amount, more certainly than was agreeable, of pushing and scrambling, we finally managed to get through, and were rejoiced to find ourselves on the right side of the gate.

The first rays of sunlight on the morrow woke up the varied multitude to the real business of the day. Here were people from all parts of the empire,—blacks from the interior, Riffians from the frontiers, Arabs from the desert, the Jews of the cities, and numbers of Berbers, the most ancient race of the country. All the individuals of this strange assemblage of tribes were driving a busy traffic, eager to make the most of their wares, and to dispose of them to the greatest advantage. Here, as in every other land where any of the race have found a settlement, the Jews were pushing a thriving trade. Anxious only to exchange their goods for hard cash, they were not at all scrupulous about the means by which their end was to be gained. If they did occasionally cheat a little, where was the harm, when the victim of their wily art, their fawning look, and their deceptive tongue was only a persecuting follower of the false prophet on the one hand, or a vile dog of a Nazarene on the other? There they are, jostling about in all directions—when

they purchase, bantering Hadj Mohammed out of his last farthing of profit, and when they sell, laying it on the Christian rebel against God, and on the English contemner of His people, in the same proportion that they have already skinned the Faithful.

The Moors, as they sit squatted on the ground, have a very earthy look, and even a strange earthy sort of smell, and their *gilabs* also being very much of the colour of the earth, it is difficult to distinguish them at a short distance from big grubs that have sprung up on the spot, with which a person of short sight, or of a lively imagination, may very easily confound them.

The market is abundantly provided with the usual produce displayed on such occasions at home. Here sits Fatima or Leila, presiding over a numerous collection of meagre fowls, or disposing to her customers of butter, eggs, millet, and vegetables of all descriptions. It was really something new to find myself engaged in striking a bargain with a young lady enjoying one of these romantic names, usually associated with the enticing fictions of the Arabian Night or the high-wrought poetry of Byron. With all the mystery attending the appearance of one who peers at you only with one eye, while she carefully con-

ceals all the rest of her visage in the folds of her *haikh*, after the foresaid Fatima or Leila has sold us a dozen eggs or a pound of butter, we do not feel quite so disposed to think of these ladies only as the inmates of luxurious harems, where they repose all day on the softest couches, breathing only an atmosphere pervaded with the most fragrant perfumes, holding the amber-mouthed narghil to their lips, and constantly fanned by the black slaves who are ever at their beck. A little acquaintance with Moorish and Eastern life soon dispels much of the romance with which ignorance associates it.

How strange are the associations of real life! I had only to turn in one direction from this scene of active barter, and within the distance of a stone's throw I beheld the Moorish cemetery. It is a melancholy and deserted looking place. The last homes of the departed are indicated, as in our own churchyards, by small mounds of earth, the graves of the more wealthy being encircled by a low white wall. The dead are all buried with their heads towards Mecca, the sacred city, which no Christian is allowed to enter, which is the resort of so many Mohammedan pilgrims during life, and where are the three things held most holy in the estimation of a follower of the prophet,

viz., the well *Zemzem*, the *Kaaba*, or house of God, and the Black Stone. The repulsive melancholy of this gloomy cemetery was scarcely dispelled by a few feeble flowers, almost gasping for life, and by one or two withering fig-trees, blasted by the easterly winds that tell so severely on all kinds of vegetation in this part of the world.

On the following day, however, which was Friday, the Moorish Sabbath, the place presented an entirely different, although I can scarcely call it a more pleasing, appearance. It was occupied by crowds of women, all dressed in white, and in such a locality looking like so many ghosts, or at least like what we consider ghosts in England. In all the agony of bereavement, some were beating their breasts, and invoking the departed in piercing tones of anguish, while others, prostrated beside graves which had evidently not been long closed over the dead, called in the most endearing terms that the glowing imaginations of these children of the sun can suggest on the lost friend or relative to wait for them. Another brings fresh flowers to adorn the grave of a departed husband, and while she lingers at the sad spot where her heart lies buried, she tells him that life is now a burden to her, that the world can no longer attract her by its pleasures, and that her most

anxious desire and prayer now is, that she may soon be permitted to join him beyond the grave.

What an imposing and thoughtful scene is that of the burial of Ophelia, when the Prince of Denmark soliloquizes on the strange destiny of man, and traces the dust of him that kept the world in awe, until, in imagination, he finds it stopping a beer-barrel! And yet the scene, with all its profound emotion and its varied suggestiveness, has also its ludicrous features, when, in admirable fidelity to the strangely mingled web of human life, the two gravediggers interpose with their coarse jests and shallow reflections during the profound meditations of Hamlet. I could not help thinking on this scene of our immortal dramatist, as here, in actual life, I beheld a spectacle and listened to remarks which, if not precisely similar, afforded at least, in many respects, a good parallel. In the midst of the lamentations of woe, and the outpourings of grief in which the heart, doubtless, had its share, I heard the most absurd and ridiculous remarks addressed to the dear departed, apparently under the influence of the most unhesitating belief that he still continued to feel a warm interest in all that pertained, not only to the life, but even to the town and the society he had left. A woman is sitting at one grave, and with the

most matter-of-fact and serious countenance in the world, is informing the defunct of all the gossip of Tangier during the past week, of all the scandal and slander that have been circulating there from mouth to mouth, and of all the domestic annals, the quarrels, the reconciliations, the jealousies, and the envies that the most untiring zeal could treasure up in the interchange of such agreeable small-talk. Such is the strange motley in which human life here, as everywhere else, invests itself.

But if I felt inclined to indulge in a series of the usual moral reflections after witnessing so unusual a spectacle, I was not allowed to lengthen them out to any immoderate extent. I was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a funeral procession, the vicinity of which was announced by the monotonous chant of the mourners, and by the hurried, heavy sound of many feet. The corpse, muffled in a Haikh, was borne along in a rough trough, carried on the shoulders of four men, who at every few paces were relieved by others, anxious to obtain the promised blessing of the Prophet, and to expedite the arrival of the deceased at his newly-dug grave, where the angel of death is believed to be waiting for him, in order that his examination may be begun, and the judgment

which is to decide his final fate pronounced. On their way to the grave, all who take part in the funeral ceremony join in singing verses from the Koran ; and on their arrival in the burial-ground, a short prayer is offered up. The corpse is then put into the grave without a coffin, and placed a little on one side, so that the face may look towards Mecca, the right hand being put to the ear of the same side, so as to appear to lean upon it. A little earth is thrown over the body, and the crowd return to the house of the deceased to compliment the relatives. During the ceremony, the women of the family assemble, and continue uninterruptedly to make the most unearthly yellings and hideous outcries, as indeed they have been doing ever since the time of the death. In this exhausting exercise of their lungs, they persevere for no less than eight long days; and as they are, on all other occasions, totally excluded from the public society of men, they eagerly seize on these solemnities for display, and vie with each other in the intensity and duration of their unearthly yells.

CHAPTER VI.

The Three Sabbaths—Forms of Piety Dependent on Latitude—Unseasonable Devotion—The Mueddin at Dinner-time—The Jews are Prophets out of their own Country—A Successful Rival to the Gipsies—English Consuls in Morocco—How I LOCATED in Tangier—My Moorish Home—Ottomans and Packing Cases—The Castle of Tangier—A Horticultural Sinecurist—The Minarets—Story of a Clock.

THERE are no fewer than three Sabbaths in the week, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, and the Christian, occurring on three successive days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. This variety is unavoidably the source of much inconvenience to the Christian part of the population. Most of the domestics are either Jews or Moors, both being extremely strict in the regular observance of the external acts enjoined by their religious faith. There is none of that easy accommodation to change

of place and circumstances which leads so many who are Christians, at least by name and profession, to conform, like a celebrated Duchess of no very remote period, their faith to their latitude—Presbyterians in the north, Episcopalians in the south, and possibly at Rome doing as Rome does. The Jew and the Moor, in whatever condition of life, have none of this supple compliance. The former would not, on any account, touch fire from sunset on Friday until the same hour on Saturday, even if his own grandmother were ignited. Our Moorish cook would prostrate himself at the sound of the Mueddin from the mosques, leaving the dinner he was preparing to take its chance, and not interrupting his prayers for one moment, even though the roast should incur the risk of being reduced to a cinder. Our Jewish servants, too, would occasionally be found missing from the table when we had seated ourselves for dinner. The viands were, of course, suffering from the unaccountable delay, and the bell would be sharply rung, waking every echo in the house; but all in vain, Moses did not answer the clamorous summons. A search would, of course, be instituted for the absent one, and he would probably be discovered, after some time, in a remote corner of the house, his pudding laid on the floor, and he quietly and composedly

saying his prayers, with his hands stretched out before him like a book.

The Jews in Tangier possess a remarkable power of insight into the future, and often give utterance to prophecies, which, so far as I know, seldom fail in being ultimately realised. This is a statement which can be amply confirmed by many Europeans who have resided in Tangier, and who are acquainted with its Jewish population. Those who are sceptical in matters of this nature will probably be inclined to say that such marvellous stories are all very interesting and amusing, that the credulous narrator has obtained his information from some second party, that second from a third, and so on, until the origin of the wonderful narrative of the realised prophecy is lost in the haze of a distant and uncertain obscurity. I can fortunately, to a certain extent, prove the truth of the statement I have made by immediate reference to the first person, not going beyond him even to a second—that first person being myself. I occasionally made the remark to some Jews who had travelled in Europe that their love of country must be very strong to make them prefer such a little dirty town as Tangier to any other more promising and agreeable place where they might settle and find a wider sphere for their commercial activity. “Ah! you

dislike Tangier," they replied; "well, we can tell you that it will be your own future home for years to come."

I had no intention myself at the time of remaining in Tangier. I knew of no circumstance on which so unequivocal a prophecy could be founded—and yet it was fulfilled to the letter, for in less than a year I was married in Tangier, was compelled to reconcile myself to the place, however much I had previously disliked it, and had to turn a Moorish house into an English home, my husband, who had been appointed British Consul some years before, being already resident there.

The British Government, which provides a most comfortable residence for Her Majesty's diplomatic agent, does not extend the same privilege, however desirable and even necessary it may be, to his subordinate officer. He is therefore obliged to find a house for himself, and to put up with the most convenient one he can find. Now, although a Moorish house, as I have already described, may look exceedingly picturesque, there are many changes that must be made before it can be rendered habitable for Europeans, or comfortable, according to English notions; and the additions and alterations that must be made necessarily entail considerable expense. But it does not do

for a subaltern officer to grumble, even though his wife may assume the privilege of making it known that she has a grievance. The only course for us, therefore, was to make the best of things as they were, and to become reconciled to what could not be avoided or mended. If the apartments, therefore, in our house could scarcely be called rooms, and if we had no windows, we had at any rate the most elegant and graceful Saracenic arches, beautiful shaded alcoves, and a roof, supported by finely-proportioned columns, which protected us from the direct influence of the burning midday sunbeams. There was not much furniture, either, when, as the Americans say, I first *located*; but all wants were gradually supplied, and my little doll's house soon became an object of attraction to the frequent visitors from Gibraltar. The columns in the Patio were soon wreathed round with fresco-painted flowers and birds. Many of the walls were adorned in the same style of ornament, and quaint stands of arms, the workmanship of Fez, were attached to them. Rabat carpets, with their showy colours, and gold-embroidered cushions of velvet and leather, were strewed about in all directions. Packing-cases were ingeniously turned into ottomans, or "menteras," lies, as the servant called them. And, lastly, there was a fair collec-

tion of casts on brackets, the whole forming a strange *tout ensemble* to the eye of a stranger.

I remember an English gentleman, distinguished both for high diplomatic and literary acquirements, coming to see us one evening, and he was highly pleased with the effect of these arrangements. The lights shone through the tiny Saracenic apertures, and the moonbeams fell coldly on the variegated Mosaic of the pavement, just tipping with bright sparkles the Moorish arms as they hung on the wall. The presence of our tall Moorish soldier, in his white turban and flowing *haikh*, added greatly to the beauty of the scene, and we cannot wonder that all were struck with its elegance and romance.

Rich ornament and tasteful display abound in the interior of all Moorish buildings of any pretensions. In this respect, the Castle of Tangier, the architecture of which is very beautiful, is not far behind the Alhambra of Granada, however inferior it may be to it in size. On one occasion, we were anxious to enter by the garden gate, which bore many a rude impression of hands that had previously been dipped in red ochre, here considered an effectual preservative against the sinister influence of the "evil eye." After prolonged kicking and continued knocking with a sharp



stone, calling loudly at the same time for Seidj Mohammed, that gentleman at length made his rather tardy appearance, and we were admitted within the precincts. Seidj Mohammed was the gardener of the establishment, a post in which, like his other colleagues of the same profession in Tangier, he may be said to have enjoyed a complete sinecure, for, with the exception of a few cabbages and potatoes, there was nothing to cultivate. In this glowing climate, many of our most beautiful flowers grow in abundance in the fields and by the roadsides. The rose and the jasmin, the cactus and the geranium, and a hundred more of nature's most beautiful productions, are as plentiful as weeds, and struggled in luxurious entanglement over the canework trellises which supported masses of heavy grapes, and through which the sunbeams shone, and chequered with light and shade the path below.

We went along an avenue which was terminated by a beautiful alcove, serving as a summer receiving room on state occasions, when it is fitted up with the rich carpets of Rabat, luxurious cushions, and a divan, upon which the great man who rules in Tangier sits in stupid dignity, counting his beads and sometimes drinking tea. On entering the main building by a gloomy staircase,

we find our way to a number of quaint and beautiful apartments, with odd little entrances, all of which are shown to visitors. The ladies' apartments, now deserted by such occupants as once gave them all their brilliancy and cheerfulness, and tenanted only by wild pigeons, are pleasing little prisons, entered from a square court open to the sky, in the centre of which are the remains of a fountain. It is surrounded by long narrow passages, lighted only from the doorways, the massive doors of which have elaborately-carved panels, over which are small apertures of delicate tracery. Here and there, amidst the gloom of these ill-lighted passages and apartments, a brilliant distant view of the sun-lighted scenery without can be obtained through some hole or cranny of the ruined fragment, while from the gardens, the orange, the citron, and the clematis send up their rich odours in refreshing contrast to the damp and musty smell of the deserted palace. The effect of the whole was rich beyond description, and it was only increased by the softening effects of time, by which the work of man and the growth of nature seemed as if tempered into one harmonious whole.

Three tall minarets rise over the town of Tangier, airy and light in their proportions, and as they are covered with the showy many-coloured

glazed tiles, so much in use here, they form a curious contrast with the flat white roofs of the houses where the Moorish women are walking. Bells are never heard in Tangier, or in any Mohammedan town, being an abomination to the Mussulman ; but clocks are permitted, and there is an old story current in Tangier respecting one, which is so well related by Mr. Drummond, in his work on Western Barbary, that I am induced to insert it here :—

“ The clock of the ‘ Jamaa Kibur,’ the great mosque at Tangier being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it ; none, however, of the “ Faithful ” were competent to the task, nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their opinion with great pomp and authority ; among the rest one man gravely declared that a *Jin*, or evil genius, had in all probability taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed, sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils ; yet all in vain, the clock continued dumb.

“ A Christian clockmaker, ‘ a cursed Nazarene,’ was now their sole resource, and such a one fortunately was sojourning in Tangier, ‘ the City protected of the Lord.’ He was from Genoa, and, of

course, a most pious Christian; how, then, were they, the faithful followers of the Prophet, to manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the Tower, and it was, of course, a thing impossible to allow the Kaffir to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious step.

"The timekeeper, Moakkeed, reported the difficulty to the Kady; and so perplexed the grey-bearded dealer in law and justice by the intricacy of the case, that, after several hours of deep thought, the judge confessed he could not come to a decision, and proposed to report upon the subject to the Kaid, advising that a meeting of the local authorities should be called. 'For in truth,' said the Kady, 'I perceive that the urgency of this matter is great. Yes! I myself will expound our dilemma to the Kaid.'

"The Kaid entered feelingly into all the difficulty of the case, and forthwith summoned the other authorities to his porch, where various propositions were put forward by the learned members of the Council.

"One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that

part of the pavement on which the Kaffir trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed.

“The Christian was now sent for, and told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the Jamaa.

“‘That I won’t,’ said the stout little watchmaker; ‘I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most “Holy Virgin,” and here he crossed himself devoutly, and I won’t take them off in the house of your prophet.’

“They cursed in their hearts the watchmaker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Oolma had met early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet so far from having got over the difficulty, they were in fact exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey-bearded Nureddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The Kaid and the Kady nodded their assent.

“‘If,’ said the venerable priest, ‘the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do not they enter with their shoes on?’

“‘You speak truly,’ was the general reply.

“‘And does the donkey,’ resumed the Nureddin,

'believe in the one God, or in Mahommed the Prophet of God?'

"'No, in truth,' all replied.

"'Then,' said the Nureddin, 'let the Christian go in shod as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey.'

"The argument of the Nureddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Mahomedan temple, mended the clock—not indeed at all like a donkey—but as such, in the opinion of the faithful, came out again; and the great mosque of Tangier has never since needed another visit of the donkey to its clock."

CHAPTER VII.

Differences between France and Morocco—Marshal Bugeaud and Mulai Mohammed—The Battle of Isly—Defeat of the Moors—The Sultan's Umbrella—Threatened Bombardment of Tangier—The Sultan would do it Himself for a Consideration—The Moorish Authorities Refuse to let the Christians go—Riffian Disturbances and the Town Plundered—My House Converted into a Store-house—Zebry's Honesty and Jewish Gratitude—I Place Myself under the Protection of the British Flag—The Bombardment—How Moorish Artillerymen serve their Guns—Gallic Parade of Valour—Arrival of Mr. Drummond Hay—Failure of his Mission to Obtain a Peaceful Settlement—More Fright than Bloodshed—The Moors Defend Mogador with Spirit—Mercantile Vice-Consuls—Change in the Consular System.

IN the summer of 1844, the long-pending differences between France and Morocco were brought to a crisis by the battle of Isly, the result of which proved unfavorable to the arms of Morocco. On this occasion the troops of the Sultan were commanded by His Shereefian Majesty's eldest son,

Mulai Mohammed, who was most signally defeated by the French troops under the command of Marshal Bugeaud. From an eye-witness of the battle, I heard that it was of very short duration, its issue, so unfavourable to Morocco, being in a great measure to be attributed to the overweening presumption of the Moorish troops, who thought that no band of unbelievers, however numerous, however well-disciplined, could long withstand their impetuous charge. Consisting for the most part of cavalry, ignorantly despising the foe by whom they were opposed, and invoking the name of the Prophet as the infallible herald of victory, they made a terrific onslaught on the French lines. But the troops of France were under the command of a bold and able General, who had so disposed the various corps of his army, as at once to meet the impending shock of the advancing horsemen, and to drive them back in disorder on their own camp. As the Moslems bore down upon what appeared to them to be the serried lines of French infantry, the latter opened up and disclosed the formidable artillery to which they had served as a mask, and which at once poured in such a tremendous charge of grape, that the cavaliers of the Sultan of Morocco, struck with panic, at once turned tail and fled with even greater precipitation than they had previously advanced.

They never ventured to rally ; *sauve qui peut* was the order of the day ; they were completely defeated and dispersed.

The Moorish camp and all that it contained fell into the hands of the victors, who, doubtless, with the license which is permitted to French soldiers on such occasions, and with the dexterity which a pretty abundant practice has given them in appropriating plunder, made a rich harvest of booty. The greatest prize of all, the magnificent tent and the gorgeous umbrella of Mulai Mohammed, came as trophies of victory, into the hands of the Marshal, who also obtained, as a mark of his sovereign's gratitude for so signal a service, his dukedom and title from this battle-field. The umbrella, I think, is now displayed among other trophies of the well-tried valour of the French army, in the church of the "Invalides" at Paris, where, if I am not mistaken, I had the pleasure of seeing it.

The French Government not being disposed to lose the advantage of the victory they had obtained, and being anxious to improve the occasion by instilling a wholesome and wide-spread dread of their power into the minds of their restless, quarrelsome, and uncivilized neighbours, gave orders to His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville to bombard the Sultan's two principal ports of Tangier and

Mogador. This was by no means a wise course to pursue, and if the French had been more intimately acquainted with the state of things in Morocco, they would have hesitated before adopting a policy the wisdom of which was so doubtful. It is well known to everyone who has resided in Morocco, that the Sultans, who generally remain in the interior, are quite indifferent to what takes place in their out-ports. In fact, there is an amusing anecdote current among those who are well acquainted with the affairs of this country, which is understood to be a faithful exponent of their views and feelings on the subject. One of them, on being threatened, on some particular occasion, with the destruction of a port, coolly inquired what would be the cost of such a proceeding, for however much it might amount to, he would undertake to do it himself for half the sum.

The utmost exertions were made, in the present case, by the diplomatists of foreign powers, to induce the French Government to rescind or to defer the execution of its purpose. Three weeks were passed by all who had any interest in the state of affairs, and in the fate of the town, in a state of the greatest anxiety, in a daily alternation of hope and fear. European residents of course were anxious to make their escape as speedily as possible from a

town threatened with bombardment; but, as the Moorish authorities thought that the French would not attack them as long as there were any Christians in the town, they were very unwilling to allow any to take their departure. In fact they appeared to be in a state of childish terror, and completely at a loss how to act. My husband, however, at length, by means of persevering representations and remonstrances, obtained the necessary permission for the embarkation of all foreign subjects, and he himself, with some two or three hundred refugees, embarked for Gibraltar, where he landed with his numerous escort, to the intense horror and vexation of the then governor, Sir Robert Wilson.

I was one of the last persons who left the town, and well do I remember that day. Tangier was in a state of great disturbance and alarm. The news of the threatened attack had been carried into the interior, and for some time previously, thousands of Riffians, and other wild inhabitants of the inland districts of the country, had been flocking into the town. It must not be imagined, however, that the object of these worthies was to defend the place and to fight the Nazarenes. Their intention was to assist in the pillage of the town, the authorities of which they fearlessly set at defiance, and in which there was no one with power, means, or influence to main-

tain order. Indeed, all who were charged with the administration of affairs in the place were in a state of pitiable confusion, utterly at a loss how to act, not knowing where to find the means of defence against the apprehended danger, and without those definite instructions which are necessary to subordinate officers in a situation where so great a responsibility rests on their shoulders. In such a state of things, the consequences might have been anticipated, and a short time was sufficient to prove that our worst forebodings of license and disorder were something more than the imaginary fears of timorous minds, ready to take alarm at the slightest movement, and to exaggerate any merely temporary disturbance. The Riffians soon showed all the symptoms of an outbreak of their fierce and restless passions. They had come for plunder, and they would have it, before the town was battered into pieces over their heads, and its stores of wealth became the prey of the detested Nazarene. They gave way to their eager passion for plunder, broke out into tumult, forced their way into private houses, and loaded themselves with booty. Not content with appropriating the property of others, they shamefully abused all who fell in their way, and many poor women unfortunately became the victims of their unbridled passions.

The consular residences, with one exception, were fortunately respected; but this was owing to the peculiar manner in which these houses were constructed, to the strength which enabled them to resist any means of attack that these vagabonds could employ, and to the presence of the usual military guards. My own house being well protected by the sentinel that kept watch over it, and presenting in appearance nothing that could excite the cupidity of the plunderers, being a Moorish building, and anything but attractive in its exterior, was chosen by our Jewish neighbours as a safe depôt for their property during their flight to Gibraltar. My delightful little dwelling was transformed into a perfect store-house of all sorts of goods. Chests, of solid make and antique appearance, some bound with massive brass-work, in Gothic patterns, over a ground of blue and red leather, were shoved into any safe spot that could contain them. Little boxes, with arched lids, so unusually heavy for their size that they must have contained gold to a considerable amount, were brought cautiously in, and concealed with equal care. These chests and boxes were conveyed to my house in such numbers that one room became at last quite filled with them, and they were piled, one over the other, up to the ceiling. When they were all arranged in regular rows

along the sides of the apartment, their appearance reminded me of that of the numerous coffins in the dismal and gloomy vaults which are generally found under country churches, and by which, when a child, I was strangely fascinated.

But these tempting depositories of the wealth of the rich Jewish trader were not the only objects that were brought to our residence for safety, and over which I was, in some sort, for the time, constituted *custos*. I had also to find room for the most common articles of domestic use, which, though of no great value in themselves, were doubtless prized by the poor creatures whose property they were, and who possibly might not be able to replace them, if lost, without considerable difficulty. One poor woman brought her old kettle, another, an equally venerable pan, and a third, some other similar article of domestic use, upon all of which, as the owners themselves highly valued them, they entertained no doubt that the Riffians also would look with covetous eyes.

On our return home, after the bombardment, we were of course anxious to get rid of our piled-up burdens, and the owners were equally eager to regain possession of their various treasures, the brass-bound trunks, the little arched boxes, the pots and the pans. Our old guard, Zebry, had fortunately

proved faithful, notwithstanding the situation of temptation in which he was placed; for, on the occasion of such an event as a bombardment, he might have appropriated property to a considerable amount, and of great value to himself, escaping even the imputation of dishonesty in his own person. With no probable reason, however, to apprehend the punishment with which the deed of crime is generally followed, he had touched nothing, and even the grasping Jews, ever ready to suspect that some hand is fumbling about their pocket, or that some midnight burglar is making off with their strong box, declared that not a single article of the property that had been left to the faithful fellow's charge, was missing. Yet this selfish and greedy race of men, true to their well-known character, made him no acknowledgement of the service for which they were indebted to him. To many, he had been the trusty guardian of all that they possessed in the world; and yet they had the incredible meanness and selfishness to let him go unrewarded.

“Oh, father Abraham, what thy followers are!”

This is rather a digression, however, and we must return to the course of our narrative. Things now wore such a threatening aspect in Tangier, about to run the gauntlet of a bombardment, that,

so far as regarded those not immediately concerned in the matter, discretion became the better part of valour, and we had prepared to take refuge in the *Hecla*, by which we were to be conveyed to Gibraltar. A lieutenant of that war-vessel had come to our house, in order to accompany us down to the beach, where we found a boat, with an armed crew, awaiting us. Stepping in, we were soon rowed out to the welcome ship, and I can scarcely describe the emotion which I experienced on finding myself under the shelter of our protecting flag. The sense of perfect security was so delightful, after all the agitation, the uncertainty, and the fears to which we had been exposed for several days previous, that we found it difficult for some time to realize all the advantages of the change in our position.

Though thus assured, however, as to our personal safety, there was still much to keep us in a state of constant excitement and ever-anxious curiosity. We were safely housed in our wooden castle, looking upon the place where my home had now for a considerable time been established, as a town devoted to destruction, or, at any rate, to some dreadful fate. We had gone to Gibraltar before the bombardment took place, and had returned to Tangier on the night of the 6th of August, when all preparations had been made for commencing the work of destruc-

tion, and had just time to change our quarters from the Hecla to the Albion, 90 guns, before the French began to pour in their tremendous broadsides. On board of this magnificent ship, we had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Commander Lockyer, in company with whom we witnessed that dreadful, yet magnificent, spectacle, on which so many anxious and curious eyes were fixed that morning.

The French line-of-battle-ships took up their several positions in a very cool and orderly manner, each vessel being towed by a steamer to the particular post it was to occupy. Strangely enough, the Moors permitted them to do so without interruption, not firing a single shot, although they might have caused the French ships considerable annoyance in the execution of a preliminary movement of so important a nature. The Moors, indeed, appeared to be in no hurry to begin the fray, and after the French had poured in the fire of their guns upon them, their conduct led one to the conclusion that they had no great stomach for the fight, and that even before the battle could be said to have fairly commenced, they had had enough of that villainous saltpetre which was so unpleasant to Shakespeare's fop. The very wise and prudent maxim :—

“That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,”

was practically improved, as dissenting preachers say, by them; for; without fighting at all, the greatest number deferred the exhibition of their valour to another occasion. It is said, indeed, that the lower batteries of the fortifications were fired upon the French; but, as the precaution of loading them before the commencement of hostilities had been taken, they only required to have the match applied, even though by an artilleryman who was ready to take to his heels directly afterwards. It is generally believed, however, that the cannon of these valiant Moors became too hot after the first discharge, and the prudential reasons which forbade them being loaded a second time, also suggested the propriety of losing no time in seeking safety by flight. If they evinced no remarkable patriotic devotion, and if they were more than usually hasty in carrying the foregoing resolution into effect, perhaps they really took the wisest course, after all, for the fire that was poured upon the devoted town, and all within its walls, from the many broadsides of the French ships of war was so tremendous, so uninterrupted, so destructive, that they must at once have seen, if any of them thought proper to look around at such a moment, that resistance was hopeless, that defeat was inevitable.

But the French were not permitted to have it all

their own way, and did not escape without suffering considerable loss and annoyance from one point, the only place where anything like serious opposition was offered to them. Two casemated guns, situated in the upper part of the town, fired down upon them at regular intervals throughout the day, and caused a considerable loss of life on the crowded decks of many of the ships. It was only after the lapse of some time, and after having done much damage to the ships as well as their crews, that these two formidable guns were silenced. This was the only incident, in the course of the fight, that did any credit to the valour or naval strategy of the Moors. The firing continued altogether for about three hours, during which, many lives were sacrificed, much property destroyed, and many parts of the town laid in ruins. The French ships, having thus effectually accomplished their task, withdrew to their former anchorage, their officers and crews rejoicing in the triumph they had obtained, to add to the glory and honour of the French arms.

One little incident afforded me some amusement, on board the Albion, during the fray. In the heat of the conflict, or at least of the firing, for it was mostly all on one side, a small French gun-brig arrived from Cadiz, came on with every stitch of canvas spread, and was so eager to get into the

midst of the *melee*, that even while it was still a far way out of range, it began to fire away at one of the northern batteries. We could distinctly see the balls dropping short of the mark against which they were directed. This unnecessary and useless parade of Gallic pugnacity and zeal was at any rate characteristic, and I could compare the little gun-brig, so eager to dash into the heat of battle, to nothing more appropriate than a fussy little Bantam-cock, stretching its neck to crow triumphantly over imaginary victories.

The bombardment was just over, when an English steamer was seen coming round from the westward, which proved to be the "Vesuvius," with Mr. Drummond Hay on board. He was now on his return from the court of Morocco, whither he had gone with the view of endeavouring to restore kindly feelings between the two contending powers. Mr. Hay was in the full belief that he had been successful in bringing his benevolent mission to a successful issue, when, to his great chagrin, he found that he had arrived too late, that the melancholy destruction of life and property he had hoped to prevent, was already accomplished, and that all his exertions, both mental and physical, had been expended to no purpose. There can be no doubt that he felt acutely on account of the unsuccessful result of a task on

which he had set his heart, and which affords so striking a testimony to the humanity of his disposition, and his aversion to bringing such differences to the arbitrement of the sword as long as there is any hope of being able to solve them by more peaceful means. Mr. Drummond Hay died some months afterwards, and his death was, without doubt, brought on by over-exertion and anxiety in the zealous performance of his public and official duties, hastened, as we believe, by the fatigue he had undergone in his endeavours to bring the unhappy differences of France and Morocco to a peaceful solution, his failure in which cherished object was the source of so much disappointment and chagrin to him.

Communication was re-opened with the ill-fated town at an early hour on the morning following the bombardment; and several English surgeons, from the vessels of war in the bay, proceeded on shore with their surgical instruments in their hands, on the charitable mission of attending to the wounded, and, as far as possible, of alleviating their sufferings. To their great surprise, however, and, we doubt not, to their gratification also, there were only two or three slight cases that required their attention. The inhabitants had acted with the same prudence as the artillerymen; who, after firing their cannon, provided for their safety by flight. During the

bombardment—doubtless at its very commencement—Tangier had been evacuated, and the French fire having been directed chiefly against the fortifications, as little loss of life had been inflicted on the peaceful citizens as on the prudent soldiers.

The French fleet soon afterwards left Tangier and sailed for Mogador, with the intention of reducing to submission and destroying that port. But if they had imagined that their task was likely to be as easily and speedily accomplished in this case as in the preceding one, they were doomed to a bitter disappointment. Everything here was in a state of adequate preparation for their reception. The batteries, which were well manned, and more skilfully served than at Algiers, began to fire on the French ships as they came within range of their cannon. The small island which is situated in front of Mogador, and which was the residence of some hundreds of state prisoners, was the centre from which the French met with the most determined opposition. These men fought most desperately, offering the most unshaken resistance to every attack made upon them, until at length, exhausted by fatigue and long-continued exertion, they were overpowered by a storming-party under the personal direction of the Prince de Joinville, and nearly two hundred were made prisoners of war and conveyed to Algeria.

The town of Mogador underwent the usual fate of towns that have gone through such a fearful ordeal. The sufferings and the alarm to which the inhabitants were exposed by the bombardment itself were almost light, compared with the merciless treatment to which they were subjected by the Kabyles, who plundered and destroyed their property, and ill-used them in the most cruel manner.

Among those who escaped the dreadful fate that threatened them on this unfortunate occasion, were our Vice-Consul and his family. It was only by a miracle, under Providence, that they succeeded in effecting their deliverance from the miserable lot that had already fallen upon so many others. But the wife of that gentleman was fortunately not only a woman of great spirit, of fearless character, and, on occasions of difficulty or danger, displaying a presence of mind which very few are able to emulate, she was also well acquainted with the country, and had an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the people. These qualifications, which are of such inestimable service to anyone who is compelled to settle in these lands, she had acquired by carefully observing everything that came under her notice during a long residence in the country.

Our Vice-Consul, at the time of which I speak, was a merchant, and according to the usual Moor-

ish custom and policy, was indebted to the Sultan for import and export duties. Not being permitted by the local authorities to quit the town when the threatened bombardment was about to take place, he was of course exposed to dangers of which those who had fled and found refuge in the ships knew nothing. This is an important fact, and requires particular notice, for a case of this kind shows the great impolicy of permitting consular officers to embark in the enterprizes of trade. In an uncivilised country like Morocco, where the people are ignorant and prejudiced, and where they are quick to notice any little thing that appears to derogate from the power or dignity of an office that is invested with any responsibility, the fact that consular officers are engaged in the ordinary affairs of business greatly interferes with their authority, and is often the cause of much of the inefficiency with which they have been occasionally blamed. The representatives of foreign governments must assume an independent bearing, and be prepared to carry things with a high hand, or they will find it difficult to execute the simplest instructions of their superiors at home. This, I learn, has been so thoroughly understood by our present energetic *Chargé d'affaires*, that, by his suggestion, the whole consular system in Morocco, has been subjected to thorough revision, and

we now possess an independent body of officers, who will be able to assist him efficiently in carrying out the stipulations of a new commercial treaty, which, after difficulties that only those who know something of the country can sufficiently apprehend, he has been fortunate enough to extract from the Sultan Mulai Abderachman.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Tangier—Ordered to the Canary Islands—A Touch of Sentiment on Leaving Familiar Scenes—Set Sail at Tangier for Cadiz—La Taza di Plata—The Bay of Cadiz—Marketing at Sea—Appearance of the Town from the Ship—The Fortifications—Gay and Busy Aspect of the Streets—The Balconies and Their Occupants—One Advantage of Narrow Streets—Shopkeepers of all Nations—Smith and Jones in Cadiz—Calesas and Mules—The Attraction of the Cigar—The Naval Arsenal—The Cathedral—The Deserted Bull-ring—The Old Capuchin Convent—Murillo's Last Work—The Melancholy Death of the Great Painter—The Society of Cadiz—Its Devotion to Business—Termination of Our Short Visit—The Crowded Steamer for Seville—Spanish Ladies Travel with all their Finery—Bonnets on the Back of the Head—The Ladies' Cigarette—Coarse Appearance of Old Spanish Women—Showy Dress and Dark Complexions of the Men—Theatrical Appearance of the Children—The Captain's Comforter—The Guadalquivir—The Uninteresting Scenery on its Banks—Its Many Windings—Pictures of Bull-fights—Strange Preparations for Breakfast—The Captain's Opinion of English Sailors.

WE passed altogether nine years in Tangier, and long before that period had expired, we began to feel that the time, which was to give us an oppor-

tunity of change from its now familiar sights, was approaching with laggard steps. However pleasing and striking it may be to read in books of the splendours of Moorish costume, of the flash of the Moorish sabre, or of the varieties of Moorish life, the reality generally turns out very different from our preconceptions; and even if it quite came up to them, we should return, after having once sated our curiosity, to the old and familiar associations of home with new zest and pleasure. We had now, however, been so long fixed in this silent city that we began almost to consider it as a prison to which we were condemned for the expiation of some unknown offence; and although we could still fix our gaze on the graceful Saracenic architecture, and on the rich blossomings of nature in the gorgeous flowers of this sunny clime, these were now regarded with a languid and weary glance; they had lost all their power of entrancement; and amid downy cushions, and trellised balconies, and painted walls, we had almost resigned ourselves to the hopeless dulness of despair, when, Allah-il-Allah, the sound of deliverance came, and the captives were allowed to go free. In other and more prosaic words, instructions arrived from the Foreign Office, directing my husband to proceed without delay as Consul to the Canary Islands.

In such circumstances, most individuals are generally conscious of some revulsion of feeling. If the day that had been so anxiously looked for was now come, we at the same time felt that we could not break up all the associations that time had twined around our hearts in this place without a certain degree of regret that the parting hour had arrived. We had formed many valued friendships, and had been so happy as to fall in with what young ladies term many sympathetic hearts, and we now experienced that the ties of friendship, extending perhaps over years, were not to be burst asunder without a pang. Besides, there was my cherished home, which I had made, in some sort, a temple of art, bestowing no little care in training the richly-coloured flowers to run along its balconies, and in adorning its walls with the works of my pencil—how was I to bid farewell to it, and cast no lingering, longing look behind? But sentiment is so entwined with all the scenes of human life, and forms so large and so delightful a share of the existence of all superior minds, that we should regret if we also had not felt some degree of its weakness, causing us to look back with tender regret upon a past we must now for ever leave behind, and to look forward, with refreshed and renewed hope, to a future which every

imagination, save the most sickly, paints with some bright colour, and which is a stage onward in that ever-ascending course of existence which is so beautifully depicted by Longfellow in his "Excelsior."

Ah! what a strangely-mingled yarn is that which composes the web of human life! How the Real and the Ideal, as the German writers on Art say, run into, unite with, and intersect each other at all points! Here am I speaking, like a boarding school young lady, of sad regrets and tender longings, and of rainbow-coloured hopes, at the very time that I had to be thinking about the disposal of my goods and chattels. This is something like throwing the glowing conceptions of a Raphael and the most humbly familiar scenes of a Dutch painting on the same canvas. However, I soon managed to dispose of everything with which it was necessary or advisable to part, and set about the disagreeable, but unavoidable, task of packing up for our removal. The packing-cases, of which I have already spoken, were again put to their legitimate, and, compared with the purpose which in my rooms they had served as ottomans, "base uses," as Hamlet says to Horatio. Their change of destination reminded me of the melancholy descent which time gradually brings on the beautiful steed, which,

from ambling in parks, or in fashionable promenades, with youth and beauty on its back, falls step by step, till it drags a pedlar's cart over the muddy and ruddy roads. But why should I moralize on packing-cases? Few will consider them so worthy a theme, even for my crude reflections, as the stone in which Shakspeare found sermons, or the dead ass from which Sterne extracted sentiment. The packing-cases were once more in that station which it was some impropriety for them ever to have abandoned, and we, having bid farewell to Tangier, were on the way to Cadiz, *en route* to the Fortunate Islands.

It is unnecessary to describe the voyage, for, in the case of landsmen, the particulars of a passage by sea are more a record of *désagremens* than of any pleasurable sensations. Poets may describe, in glowing language, the magnificent expanse of the ocean, its waves trembling in the sunlight, and its richly-laden argosies; and painters may transfer to their canvas its storm-tost billows, its lone islands, and its driving wrecks, but one day's experience of the reality is sufficient to make any one of opinion that it can be seen to greatest advantage from the shore, and that poets and artists may best derive conceptions of its grandeur and its beauty from that prolific source whence many trustworthy per-

sons draw their facts, namely, the imagination. Throwing the veil of silence, therefore, over what is by no means the most agreeable thing to remember, we deem it sufficient to say that in due time we arrived at Cadiz.

Cadiz, which is called by the Spaniards "La Taza di Plata," or the Silver Cup, presented to us, at first sight, a most agreeable contrast when compared with Tangier. Where can a more beautiful and animating sight be seen than that which the bay, with its clear blue waters, over which the song of the mariner from numberless boats reaches our ears, spreads out before us? Here vessels of all nations are seen under their respective flags; and in all directions round our ship, the water is dotted with tiny white sails, which glitter in the sunlight, as they skim over the surface of the bay. Other boats, laden with their rich provision of grapes, melons, and other fruits of the finest kind and the richest colours, have drawn near to us, and their owners are offering them for sale. There is such a din and clatter of voices all around, and such eagerness to dispose of their perishable commodity to the best advantage, that one could almost imagine he was in the midst of a fair or market at sea. Then, turning towards the town, how inviting is the aspect under which it appears!

Its white towers and houses, contrasted with the soft deep azure of the sea, along which they are built, are so dazzling that the eye, unaccustomed to their brilliance, cannot continue to gaze long upon them.

To a person who is entirely uninitiated in all the mysteries of defence, who has never read Vauban, and who never intends to do so, Cadiz appears to be protected by a formidable line of fortifications. At least, from the sea it appears to have its batteries, its casemates, its crenellated battlements in all directions. Fortunately, they were only objects of curiosity or admiration to us ; and, after we had landed, we made our way, through the gate, into the town, without any opposition for which we were not prepared. We found its internal appearance to correspond, in many respects, with its external aspect. Everywhere there was bustle, mirth, activity, and gaiety. The narrow streets, with their lofty and picturesque houses, were filled with an ever-changing crowd of passengers, passing and repassing, some intent on business, some on pleasure, but few presenting that concentrated aspect of care, that wrinkle across the brow, which is so frequently met with in the crowded streets of the busy parts of London, and, indeed, in most English commercial

towns. Mules and their owners are pushing about everywhere, before, behind, and between, without the slightest respect of persons, or regard to the dress which may be injured.

The appearance of the houses also is very gay and attractive. Exceedingly high, as they generally are, they are covered, from over the shop-front on the ground floor to the very top, with green balconies, every balcony having its flowers, its singing birds, and its bright eyes; of the latter, some gazing down on the crowds below, others sending those expressive and furtive glances which indicate that a flirtation is commencing or going on with some one in an opposite window. This window is so conveniently near, that, when events have progressed so far, the parties can even shake hands across the narrow street, and thus find new means for the transmission of sentiment. Sometimes music becomes the interpreter of the devotion of hearts, and expressive Spanish airs, accompanied by the tones of the guitar, are, in every street, in the course of being sung to, or at, some fair unseen, who, in an opposite window, is interpreting, or responding to, sounds, the origin and purport of which she has doubtless some reason to know pretty well.

Shops of all classes line the streets; and the

from its old purpose, and is transformed into a school where the young receive the benefits of education. Its once extensive and blooming gardens are now a wilderness, untended and uncared for, with here and there a stately palm towering up among its weeds. But the chief object of interest within the walls of the convent is the painting that adorns the altar, the last great effort of Murillo, who fell from the scaffold on which he stood while engaged in this magnificent work of his pencil, and was so severely injured that he died shortly after at Seville, where he first saw the light, and whither he was carried to die. This noble work of art, which is associated with a circumstance of so melancholy a character, represents the marriage of St. Catherine with the Church, and exhibits some of those finer *traits* for which the paintings of this artist are remarkable.

Although there is a good deal of pleasant society to be met with in Cadiz, it is chiefly by the constant movement, variety, and activity of its out-of-door life that it is distinguished. Business reigns supreme everywhere, and there are few individuals in the town who are not more or less immediately interested in its affairs. Every street is a line of shops, and with the sole exception of the narrow causeway that communicates with the

mainland, barter is the order of the day in every direction. There are none of those lonely and quiet streets, the abode of a respectable class of society in easy circumstances, and which often display considerable elegance and neatness in the appearance of their houses and gardens, such as are to be found in every provincial town in England. The most congenial amusement in Cadiz is to walk up one street and down another, watching the ever-varying crowd, as, with all the restless variety of figures in a kaleidoscope, it presents to the curious looker-on its constantly-changing spectacle of life and movement.

But whatever pleasure there may be in regarding a scene of so much activity, its very variety soon becomes monotonous, and we are prepared to welcome any change that will introduce us to a different, or to a more quiet, locality. We were, therefore, by no means disappointed when we found ourselves ready to bid farewell to Cadiz. We accordingly went on board the steamer for Seville, which was so crowded with passengers that it looked like a hive of bees, or like a Sunday Richmond steamer on the Thames. There was a considerable number of ladies among our fellow-passengers; and as Spanish ladies generally do on such occasions, they had all arrayed themselves

in their finest dresses. Some wore the beautiful and becoming lace mantilla; others had arrayed themselves in many-coloured garments, and by no means improved their appearance by the awkward-looking and over-trimmed bonnets which they wore. It has often been remarked, indeed, that the Spanish woman always puts her bonnet either too much off or too much on her head. This, however, is probably unavoidable, for nature has so liberally bestowed upon them the most luxurious abundance of beautiful dark hair, that it is impossible to confine it within the limits of any ordinary-sized bonnet. The fans, as usual, were prominently displayed, and were kept in a state of constant motion. Some ladies beguiled the time by smoking the little white-paper Spanish cigarettes, one, as I understood, having despatched no fewer than five before breakfast.

Several old hags, too, of most repulsive appearance, such as we see only in these exceedingly warm southern countries, joined the company already on board. They were by no means the most agreeable objects to look upon, and I can scarcely suppose I shall find it a more agreeable task to describe them. They were extremely coarse and masculine in appearance. Their faces, the skin of which was like leather, and crossed in

all directions by innumerable deep wrinkles, might more readily have been taken for those of the sterner and rougher sex, the grizzly beard which covered their chins, and the dark moustache which shaded their upper lip, as well as their remarkably gruff voices, almost changing any doubt we might have on the matter into certainty. However, as we knew beforehand what we had to anticipate in the appearance of Spanish women of the humbler classes who have attained a certain period of life, in many cases not a very advanced one, and as we saw that they wore unmistakably feminine habiliments, we had no alternative but to dispel our doubts, and to admit that they could lay claim to all the privileges—beauty always excepted—of the softer and fairer sex. The few remaining hairs that they had were so tightly drawn up from the forehead to the top of their heads, that their faces appeared to be in the most disagreeable and painful state of tension, as if an effort had been made to draw them too up to the same unnatural elevation. The hair, thus collected on the summit of their craniums, terminated in a sort of knot, round which a piece of greasy tape was tied, which looked like a little grey sprig fastened on their heads as an ornament. They were surrounded by a number of children; they carried in their hands

their baskets and bird-cages; and they made the usual display of their Spanish crockery.

The men whom we saw on board had rich dark olive complexions, and were arrayed in a very becoming costume. Round their waists they wore shawls of China crape, showily adorned with many an embroidered blue rose and yellow tulip, and I was particularly struck with the white boots in which they strode the deck. Judging by their appearance, I took them to be boatmen; yet their dress, including even the foresaid boots, was in all respects well made and scrupulously clean. There were other men who wore embroidered jackets, baskets of flowers being worked upon them, while the sleeves were ornamented with patches of velvet. On their breasts they had showy rosettes, from which were suspended silver tags, that sparkled and glittered in the sun.

Many of the little children that came on board were most fantastically and showily dressed. They were equipped as if they were intended rather to figure in the *ballet* at the Opera House, or to represent popular angels in the theatre, the wings only being wanting, than to take their passage on a steamer, where there is so much that renders a coarser and more substantial equipment advisable.

The passengers being now all on board, and the bell

that announced the time of departure having been rung, the captain, who had unfortunately caught a severe cold, and had turned his ample beard to some serviceable purpose by tucking it into his coat and wearing it like a comforter, gave the word of command, and the "Pensamiento" paddled away across the bay.

The scenery at first, if not remarkably beautiful, was interesting, and even presented some points worthy of admiration. In the distance appeared the Ronda hills; and between the contrasting features of sea and land, together with the animated crowd of passengers of whom we formed a part, everything seemed promising, sparkling at once with the light of hope and in the rays of the sun; but it was not long that we were to be delighted with this fair prospect, seeing that we were now approaching the entrance of the far-famed Guadalquiver, which is the beginning of a panorama of river scenery that has no pretensions to beauty, but is remarkable only for its extreme dulness and monotony, relieved solely by the windings of the river, which twists and turns like a ravelled ball of cotton. So frequent and sharp are the bends which it takes, now in a forward, and then in a backward direction, that in two hours after entering it, the steamer is nearer to Cadiz in such a straight line as the bird would fly, than it was during the first

half hour or so after we had left the open sea. We had passed a little becalmed sailing boat, the only novel incident of the voyage, about three quarters of an hour before ; and now, such is the deceptive appearance produced by the unexpected windings of the river, it seems to be several miles in advance of us. The Forth near Stirling presents, in many respects, very similar features, the castle-rock, with its palace and its embattled walls appearing at one moment right in front of the spectator, and in another, as if at the command of some all-potent magician, it is as far behind him.

As there was now little or nothing to be seen on deck, we proceeded below to the cabin, which we found to be only a poor substitute even for the sameness and monotony of the dreary Guadalquiver. We could scarcely find a spot on which to rest ourselves, most of the horse-hair sofas being already occupied by several unfortunate passengers, who were apparently suffering all the unpitied pangs of sea-sickness even on the river. Fortunately I cast my eyes on a series of pictures representing the bull-fights of Seville, and I was able to pass the time without weariness in examining them, for every stage of these cruel and barbarous entertainments was so faithfully and accurately represented, that even the individual who had never witnessed

the reality, might be enabled to form a sufficiently correct conception of the various parts of the spectacle, which is said to be so fascinating to almost all Spaniards without exception. The odd spaces on the walls of the cabin were filled up with gaudy coloured prints, representing the successive events in the conquest of Mexico; but none of them presented anything particularly worthy of notice.

In the meantime, from the preparations that were making, we began to see that breakfast was "looming in the distance,"—a most agreeable diversion it would prove, after the weary and monotonous time we had been passing, every source of amusement having now been exhausted. We watched all the processes of preparation with an interest that only those who have themselves been in similar circumstances can appreciate. Nothing escaped our attentive observation, not even the little plates of pickles with which the table was dotted, the jugs of cold water, of which there was an abundant supply, nor the provision of tooth-picks which, somewhat to our astonishment, were interspersed among the other articles with which the table was covered. When all was ready, the captain, of whom we had seen very little, made his appearance, and took his seat at the head of the table; but we were the only passengers who were in a

condition to join him in the discussion of the "bifteck," the enjoyment of the cold water, or the use of the tooth-picks with which we had been so charitably served. None of the other passengers made their appearance at the table, many of them being probably too ill, and to others the cost of breakfast making too serious a demand on their pockets. The captain, we soon discovered, was not of a very sociable turn; but as even the bear has its foible, and may be deluded into affability, at least for a time, so we had no doubt of being able, by a little art, to draw out the captain, to make him more conversible, and to obtain some information from him. Accordingly, a well put in inquiry after his cold, and some quiet attention to the history of it, how it had been caught, how much he suffered from it, what means he took to cure it, and when he hoped to get rid of it, and by managing, along with this, to draw out some additional particulars regarding himself, gradually wheedled him into some sociable conversation, in the course of which he informed us that river navigation was not to his taste, and that he preferred the sea, to which our remarks were thus gradually led. One piece of information he gave us was that the Spaniards are the most careful and prudent sailors in the



world, and that they never, when it can be avoided, expose their vessels to the same risks into which the seamen of other maritime nations so frequently run, to the imminent danger of their own lives, and the probable loss of the cargo which is committed to their charge. In support of his statement, he instanced the case of an English ship of war which he had himself seen at the Cape, from which it set sail at the same time as the Spanish vessel in which he himself was; and although, according to all the signs so well understood by seamen, there was every appearance of the approach of a heavy storm, Jack Tar, with that foolhardiness which he so often displays, would take no warning, would have all his sails set, and would not take in a single one. Our captain would not, on any account, trust his life in an English ship, where there was so much of what he considered thoughtless and imprudent daring; for, on so uncertain and unstable an element as the sea, no amount of care was more than sufficient; there was no fear of being beyond measure prudent; whereas, as far as both the mercantile and war vessels of the British marine were concerned, his decided opinion was, that Englishmen are, in plain terms, mad, and how so many escaped the fate which they provoked by their short-sighted folly,

how a much greater number of vessels were not lost, he was at a loss to tell, and as it was, about seven English ships to one Spanish, he assured us, were annually lost.

“But how is it,” I said, “that you always have English engineers on board your steamers?”

“We have not a sufficient number of Spanish ones,” was his reply; after which, lighting his cigar, he again went on deck, to take note of the progress of his vessel.

CHAPTER IX.

A Conversation with the Scotch Engineer—Scotch and Spanish Engineers—Mrs. Dolores McFarlane—Sprigs of the Thistle and Olive—An Obliging Offer—Distant View of Seville—The Giralda—Land at the Public Promenade—Las Delicias—Our Luggage Examined by Custom-House Officers, Priests, Beggars, and Boys—The Annoyances of Landing in a Strange Town—Services offered to “Milor” Smith—Marshalled through the Streets by a *Cicerone*—The Many-Coloured Awnings—The Calle del Sol—The “Refresco” Booths—Their Gaudy Appearance—The Numerous Customers—Estimation in which the English are held—English Money highly valued—Seville by Night—Brilliant Appearance of the Illuminated Patio—Family Reunions—The Guitar, Castanet, and Seguidilla—The Architecture of Seville—Strange Union of Different Styles—Irregularity of the Streets and Houses—The Hotel Full—Put ourselves under the Direction of the Steward—Taken to a Sorry Boarding House—Good Accommodation according to Spanish Ideas—The Miseries of a Night.

As we proceeded up the river, I perceived in the midst of the passengers, all now assembled on deck, an individual whom I had not before noticed,

and who had now probably made his appearance for the first time from those lower regions where the movements of the engine are directed. It was quite impossible to mistake that honest, homely face. Deeply begrimed as it was by repeated layers of coal-dust, I at once saw that it was no dark olive complexion that was concealed beneath, but as the light blue eyes and the sandy hair also led me to imagine, a countenance of unmistakably northern origin. Assuming the privilege of compatriotship in a foreign land, I at once walked up to this individual, and addressing him in English without any hesitation, said:—

“Good morning.”

“I hope I see you well,” he replied, in a voice which was as decidedly of the broadest Scotch as if he had spent the last twenty years of his life in the lowlands of Scotland, instead of on the steamers and in the towns of Andalusia.

But I must formally introduce my readers to Mr. Alexander McFarlane, the engineer of the vessel, for such were the unequivocally pure Caledonian names, Christian and surname, by which he was known.

“And how do you like this life, Mr. McFarlane?” I asked.

“Oh,” he replied, “pretty well; I’ve got used to it now.”

In the course of conversation I also learned that he was a Benedick, for in the belief that it was not good for engineers to be alone, he had done the Andalusian fair the honour of selecting one from among them as the mistress of his heart and home. Accordingly, some former Inez or Dolores was now, by the magic wand of matrimony, transformed into Mrs. Alexander McFarlane—a process similar to that by which the maid of Greece became Mrs. Black, the wife of a Scottish husband also.

“And have you any family, Mr. McFarlane?”

I very naturally asked.

“Oh, yes, I’ve got some youngsters,” he replied, and ye’ll soon see them, mem, for I daur say they’ll a’ come aboard, when we get to the landin’.

But as he did not seem much disposed to be communicative on the subject of his family, and I still felt some curiosity to know a little more about his position, I gave the conversation another direction, and asked him how he got on with the captain.

“Weel,” he said, “that jist where it is; him an’ me couldna agree at first about what was my duty, an’ what was his; but at last I tell’t him plainly in his ain lingo, for I can manage now to make mysel’ understood in it, that I expected to

have a clear understanding wi' him, and that naething else would do but that he must keep to *hisself*, and I would keep to myself."

"A very good resolution," I replied; but the captain," I added, "does not seem to like the English much, either. I have been asking him how it is that they always employ English engineers, and he says they are forced to do so because there are not enough of Spanish ones."

"It would ha' been truer if he had said nane at a'," was Mr. McFarlane's remark, uttered in a tone which indicated no small amount of contempt for Iberian talent in that line.

"What!" I said; "do you mean to say that there are no native Spanish engineers, men capable of keeping the machinery of the vessel in order, and of directing the engines when the steamer is on her passage?"

"Ah! there ye've hit the richt nail on the head. Doubtless, there are some that ca' themselves engineers, an' pretend to understand a' about the engines; but the fact is, there's not one of them that kens his business. Why, the captain once tried to get rid o' me an' the second engineer, him that was wi' me when we ran up the coast, an' in our place they got twa Spanish lubbers at half price."



“Indeed! and how did they get on?” I asked, rather interrupting the speaker.

“How did they get on? Ye may well ask that. Od, they went and burnt the bottoms out of the boilers on the very first voyage; and when they saw what a mess their fine new engineers had made, for a’ that’s new promises well, they were glad enough, I can assure *you*, mem, to get us back again.”

“And I hope you and the captain get on better together now,” I said.

“Oh yes, now, for says I to him, only on those terms do I come back to the steamer again, that you keep to your place an’ I keep to mine. I dinna interfere with you about the steering of the ship, and I dinna want to be interfered with about keeping the engines in order.”

“Well, as they sometimes say that Irishmen are never so good friends as just after they have had a good fight, I hope it will be the same with you and the captain, and that, for the time to come, everything will get on as smoothly and pleasantly as your own machinery just after you have given it a good oiling.”

“Much obliged to you, mem, for your kind wishes, but here we are now—ah! and here comes

my wife an' the bairns, bless their bonnie brown faces."

And, sure enough, at this very moment, a young Spanish woman, very pretty and very prepossessing, came on board to welcome Sandy home after his passage. This was Dolores McFarlane, the wife of the Scotch engineer, who hastened forward to meet her husband, followed by her three children, sprigs of the thistle of Scotland grafted on the olive of Spain. The latter, like the other Spanish children I had already noticed, were dressed in a very showy style, bordering on the theatrical, and, as they came pressing towards their father, were, each in its turn, lifted up in his grimy arms, while, in token of his joy at seeing them, he imprinted on their lips an affectionate kiss. Dolores herself, notwithstanding the fancy that had induced her to mate herself with a husband from Presbyterian Scotland, was in all respects, as far as visible appearances went, a genuine Spanish woman. In complexion, she was of that deep, rich and glowing olive, which is met nowhere in such perfection as in this land of guitars and bull-fights. The elegant lace mantilla, without which a woman scarcely ventures to show herself in the streets, hung gracefully over her shoulders. Her dark and luxuriant hair, the only



ornament of which was a bright carnation, was in matchless order, having evidently been arranged with that care which showed that she was quite sensible of its value as an adornment to her person. The everlasting fan, of course, was in her hand ; and as she kept moving it perpetually to and fro, the jewelled rings on her fingers sparkled with a brightness matched only by the incomparable lustre of her dark eyes.

We had no great difficulty in obtaining the acquaintance of Dolores, and in entering into conversation with her. She was far more communicative and chatty than her Scottish husband, and as well bred, as easy and graceful in all her motions, as any lady in Spain or out of it. It was really an amusing treat to observe the contrast between the Andalusian elegance of the wife and the heavy, uncouth, and awkward manners of her lord. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the former, as she professed her readiness to be of service to me in any way I might require, and even placed her babies at my "disposicion," an offer which of course, however agreeable, I found it not quite convenient to accept.

But all this time the steamer had been making progress, and was now drawing near to her destination. The outlines of the towers and steeples of

Seville, at first dim and indistinct, were now clearly perceptible in all their graceful proportions and rich architecture, as they rose into the blue unclouded atmosphere. The Moorish tower of the Giralda was also plainly in sight, rising high above all surrounding objects, the rich green foliage of the trees, from among which, in the distance, it seemed to shoot out, forming a pleasing contrast with its light and graceful Saracenic ornaments. It was evening when the steamer at last drew up alongside the public promenade, very appropriately called "Las Delicias;" for, after the oppressive heat, the monotonous languor of the day, who could imagine a change more welcome and agreeable than that from the sultry streets to the cool and shaded *allées* to which the inhabitants resort in crowds? Even at the landing place we obtained a foretaste of its delights; for, on stepping ashore from the steamer, we found ourselves under the cooling shade of the trees that grew along the banks of the river.

If we felt disposed, however, to give ourselves to those "delicias" which the name and the appearance of the promenade prepare us to expect, we were soon reminded that other matters had to be attended to before the *dolce far niente* of languid repose and grateful shade could be enjoyed. In the

first place, we had to run through the gauntlet of the Custom-House officers, to whose inspection our luggage had to be submitted. Our various boxes and trunks were opened in succession, and the contents leisurely turned out on the road to be roughly handled and examined, while priests and beggars, finely-dressed ladies and coarse countrywomen, with the usual proportion of children that never fail to swell a crowd, gathered around to gratify their curiosity and express their admiration. In the meantime, porters and *valets de place* crowd around us, clamorously and eagerly offering their services. Cards of hotels and boarding-houses are thrust into our hands on all sides; and some who are delighted to make a display of their knowledge of English requirements, and of the titles which are tagged to every English name on the Continent, express their willingness to take "Milor Smith" to the best hotel in the town. At length the tedious process of examination is finished, everything is huddled back, in some manner or other, into its place, our boxes are locked, and we are permitted to proceed. Our landing troubles being thus overcome, and our luggage deposited on the shoulders of some half-dozen porters, one of the professional "ciceroni," whose proffered services have been accepted, marshals us through the dust—which has been raised in clouds

by the restless crowd—onwards towards his favourite hotel. When we get into the streets of the town, we feel that the air is still hot and sultry, notwithstanding the awnings, composed of patches of cloth, linen, &c., of all sizes, shapes, and colours, which are extended from house to house, sheltering the passenger below, and the various articles exposed in the shops, from the direct rays of the southern sun.

As we proceeded onwards, we kept our eyes open, determined to see and learn all we could during the short time we were to be in Spain. We were now in the street known as the "Calle del Sol," on either side of which we observed the shops for the sale of various kinds of leather work, and for those rich ornamental trappings with which the mules are so profusely adorned in Spain. But what strikes the visitor most is the showy booth standing out here and there in the road. In all directions we see them, variously ornamented according to the taste of their proprietors, who stand within selling the "refresco," of which they have several kinds, that which is the greatest favourite with the majority being called "agras." It is prepared from the juice of sour grapes, and forms a particularly agreeable and refreshing draught, especially in such sultry weather as is so common in Spain. When

this welcome "refresco" is to be had, it is advertised by means of bunches of unripe grapes suspended from the little stalactite ornaments of the projecting roof. And what a profusion of ornament is displayed about the stand on which the glasses are disposed! As our theatrical managers say on the announcement of a new play, "no expense is spared" in rendering them as attractive as possible, so that the patronage may be the more uninterrupted. In the first place, they were gaily painted with the gaudiest looking flowers, or were adorned with carving in arabesque patterns; and then bouquets of real flowers, glass vessels with gold fish, fine towels, jars of water, and glasses of gigantic dimensions were disposed upon their surface.

The proprietors of these attractive booths appeared to be carrying on a prosperous trade, as the demand for refrescos scarcely ever abated for a moment. Lounging about on forms were countrymen and gaily dressed girls, all eager for the cooling draught, and no less anxious to get a sight of the foreign visitors, whom they hail with the words, "Mascara, Ingles!" or "Mascara, Frances," according to the idea they have formed as to their nationality. I am sorry to say that the expressions with which they welcomed the appearance of the "Ingleses" among them said little for their politeness, and were

by no means complimentary to us. Presuming upon that ignorance of the Spanish language which they had previously remarked in most of the English who had already honoured them with a visit, the coarsest applications, even such as "Bruto," were freely bestowed upon us. The greater number of Spaniards have no grateful remembrance of the English blood and treasure that have been so freely expended for them ; and perhaps few of them now know that, had it not been for the efforts of heretical England, their country might have remained much longer under the galling yoke of France than it actually did. The only thing English that Spaniards can now appreciate, is English money, for which they will cringe and fawn to any extent, but which will never gain their friendship or their good word.

Night was coming on as we passed through the streets on the way to an hotel, and we could not but remark how much it increased the beauty and interest of the scene, on which we lingered to gaze, and from which we could not withhold our expressions of delighted admiration. The marble courts of the houses—the patios—in which the family reside as long as the fine summer weather makes the open air more agreeable than the shelter of a roof, are all lighted up, the light casting its reflection on the sparkling fountain in the centre, which sends its

silvery shower over the light flowers around it. Large shrubs of myrtle and box, of oleander and orange, are arranged with considerable taste about the patio, adding to the elegance of its appearance, and diffusing all around their rich and pleasant odours. Carpets are spread upon the ground, and the inmates recline on sofas and ottomans in the midst, enjoying the cool shade and the subdued light of the suspended lamps, and listening perhaps to the tones of the piano, which some member of the family is playing. But there are also sounds more closely associated with Spain, for from many such family reunions, the music of the guitar and the regulated rattle of the castanet, accompanying the *seguidilla*, reach the ear, harmonized by distance into melody. Painting, too, adds its beauty to a scene which nature, music, and song, have already contributed to make so interesting. The dry atmosphere of Spain permits the productions of its artists to be suspended along the walls of the patio as safely as in an apartment; and the eye can gaze here upon the copy of a Murillo, or upon some original of the modern Spanish school of art.

Except during the warm months of summer, the family reside in the upper apartments, and the patio is deserted. But as soon as the heat will warrant the change, the migration from the upper

story to the ground floor takes place; and the furniture is all moved down either to the patio, or to the rooms leading immediately out of it. For those who can sympathize with the inhabitants of southern climes in their love of the *dolce far niente*, it is difficult to conceive a more delightful existence than that which the family lead in these fairy-like courts, with their marble pillars, their niches, and their fountains. As the entrances to patios are all open, and the doors are formed of open iron work, the above-mentioned details of the familiar life within are all visible from the street; and when the lounge turns into them, instead of the hot atmosphere in which he has been panting, a refreshing air, cooled by the sparkling water of the fountains, blows softly upon him; the eye looks down with pleasure on the well watered marble floor instead of the dusty street; and the orange and other perfumes, which are diffused around, are inhaled with a sensation of inexpressible delight.

The general style of building is much after the Moorish fashion, the architecture being light and graceful, and evidently a remnant of the times when the Moslem held dominion in these parts. The cross, however, having long supplanted the crescent, a strange mingling of different styles is perceptible in the architecture of the town, and may be observed

even in fragments which still remain of buildings erected by the Moors. The streets and houses consequently present an appearance of great irregularity; it is difficult to say to what style some of the principal edifices belong; and the aspect of Seville may be described as altogether *sui generis*, for I have never seen any other place at all resembling it. There are undoubtedly many fine buildings in the town, but they are too confined; the space around them, as is the case also with many of our cathedrals, being so limited, that there is no point from which they can be seen to advantage.

But while we are thus arrested in our way by the street and house scenes of this Spanish town, we are forgetting how much we stand in need of rest, and that we still have to engage our apartments in the hotel. Unfortunately, the one to which we desired to go was found, when we reached it, to be quite full, and unable to provide accommodation for a single additional inmate. This was a dilemma which we had not anticipated, and our disappointment was accordingly great. What were we now to do? We were unfortunately in a condition somewhat resembling that of the drowning mariner who is ready to catch at a straw; and in an evil hour we listened to the advice of the steward of the steamer, who had accompanied us on shore. Being

paid by some of the inferior boarding houses to take passengers to them, he of course recommended one of these places to us, expatiating eloquently upon the comforts we should find there, and assuring us that all who had ever followed his advice, and had gone to the house in question, had never regretted it. As we had now no alternative, we placed ourselves under his guidance, and most unwillingly directed our steps to the hotel which enjoyed the benefit of his patronage.

On at last arriving at one of the elegant ironwork gates which, when open, admit us to the patio, we found that the house was really good-looking and inviting as far as the exterior was concerned. Making our way into the patio, we perceived a group of women seated and reclining about it. On enquiring if we could have the accommodation we required, they began to consult together in Spanish; but in consequence of some intelligible signal from the steward, to the effect that I understood the language, they lowered the tone of their voice, descending to a mysterious and confidential whisper, which they kept up for about twenty minutes. The *tête-à-tête* ended at last, however, and we were informed that, with some reluctance, but being desirous of accommodating us, they had consented to give us one room. Those who have any expe-

rimental knowledge of the climate of Spain, of the apartments in its inferior hotels, and of the habits of the people, will be able to form some estimation of the boon which was conferred upon us in the allotment of a single room to three persons. But as we could get nothing better, we were forced to be content. Shall we ever forget the miseries of that night, the close room and the heated atmosphere, but, above all, those lively accompaniments that murder sleep in the inns of Spain. If asked to recount the dire experiences of that night, in what more appropriate language could we couch our reply than that with which the pious *Æneas*” replied to the Carthagenian Queen when, on the opposite coast, she asked him to recount the fates he had undergone.

Yes, well might we exclaim :—

“*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*”

However, the roughest night will come to an end, and however slowly, to one who is suffering the purgatorial penance of a Spanish bed, daylight may be in “gilding the top of yon high eastern hill,” or, to speak more prosaically, in making our bedpost visible, it did at last show itself, and never was the sound of trickling water a herald of greater joy to the ears of the thirsty pilgrim in the desert than was the first flush of daylight to us,

poor mortals, on whom so many—and—(if I knew their Latin or scientific appellations, I would name them) had been battenning throughout the whole night. Oh, with what eagerness we rushed out to drink in the fresh air, to cool our distempered blood, to soothe our irritated temper! We walked about the streets of Seville with a sense of indescribable delight. We were not so much taken up with noticing the novel aspect of the city in the early morning, as in enjoying the delightful sense of having our lungs invigorated with fresh air, whilst we felt beyond expression grateful that we had got out of the clutches of last night's tormentors.

CHAPTER X.

A Spanish Family Scene—Music hath Charms—A Spanish woman *en Deshabille*—A Novel Breakfast Scene—Doña Dolores—Spanish Names—Lady Oracle—A Simple Toilet—The Marine Officer at Ease in His Inn—His Politeness to His Fellow-guests—The Favoured Boarder—Don Fernando, the Government Employé—Promotion to Brevet Rank—La Consula Inglesa—Ignorance regarding England—Ludicrous Questions—The Padre forms a Good Opinion of Me—The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Chief Rabbi—Marriage of the Clergy—The Numerous Nephews and Nieces of Spanish Churchmen—Englishmen after Dinner—Sweatmeats and Scratching—Another *Salle-à-Manger* Proposed—Heat of the Weather—Dinner interrupted by a Storm—The Patio Deluged—The Company Retire to my Bedroom—Garlic and Tobacco-Smoke—A Happy Deliverance—Spanish Gipsies—Departure of my Fellow-Lodgers—Doña Dolores and Aña Bolena—The Boarding-Houses of Seville—John Bull Abroad.

IN due time, under the influence of this beneficent *hygiène*, which, after all, is more effective than any in the pharmacopœia, we recovered our spirits; our roughened tempers were smoothed over; hope whis-

pered its flattering tale, that even after such a night might come a better day; and under the combined influence of air and exercise, we began to feel the cravings of appetite, and had no difficulty in deciding that we were quite ready for breakfast. We accordingly returned to our hotel or boarding house about nine o'clock, with the intention of getting through with this great preliminary of the day, before we began to think of its more important occupations or pleasures. On inquiring where we were to have breakfast, we were shown into a miserable den, with no legitimate or independent entrance, as every way by which it could be approached led through some other room or passage, all of which, like the one to which we were now introduced, were anything but prepossessing in appearance, presenting to the eye confused masses of litter. In a place where every idea of order seemed to be quite strange to the inmates, we had no reason to be surprised when we found that confusion might truly be said to have done his masterpiece, for every article was lying about pell-mell, and if anything really was in its right place, it was only by a mistake or a miracle that it was so.

So this is the breakfast-room, we said to each other, in undisguised astonishment. And let the reader only picture to his imagination the spectacle

which presented itself to our eyes, and he will not wonder that we could scarcely give credence to the testimony of our senses. In the first place, as before remarked, nothing was in its right place. Heaps of litter were piled on the floor, and the chairs were occupied in such a way as to show they were not intended for sitting upon. The table on which the breakfast-things were to be laid, was not yet cleared of those instruments of torture to a Spanish child, and to a good many children elsewhere, soap and water; and of course it was all bespattered with the soapy liquid in which the young martyr had been undergoing the process of purification. By the time we made our appearance, the suffering young lady had fortunately recovered from the effects of the operation; and, after the purgatory through which she had passed, was happy in the enjoyment which follows it. She was now outside on the balcony, with her feet thrust through the interstices of its iron rails, and with the exception of a fan, which in Spanish life may be said to be indispensable in every stage of the toilet, and at every period of life, and which, with the ready facility of childish imitation, she had already learned to flirt about, she was perfectly naked. The hostess, at the same time, was vainly endeavouring to pacify another olive sprig, which was nearly in the same nude state, and was

seated on a small Spanish chair that stood about eight inches from the ground. Probably, knowing that music has charms to soothe the rudest heart, that listening oaks have been delighted by its harmony, and that even savage animals were charmed by the sweet sounds of Orpheus' lyre, she was shrieking out a Spanish song by couplets, with the hope of appeasing the little fury before her; but the cure did not prove infallible, for at the very moment when we thought the loudest bawl that could have proceeded from the most distended mouth that ever yawned in a child's face had been uttered, it was sure to be followed by a louder still, until the cries appeared as if they would stretch out in uninterrupted succession to "the crack of doom."

The hostess was not a very inviting object to look upon. A ragged, limp black shawl hung draggling over her shoulders, beneath which two protruding sharp points were disclosed. These were the whalebones of the torn body of her dress, which was generally left open, *al fresco*. Her *coiffure* was in a strangely unfinished state. Her hair was hanging in rich profusion over her shoulders, and while adorned with a bunch of white jasmin on one side, a toothpick, worked in and out like a darning needle, set it off very becom-

ingly on the other. She wore no stockings, and her shoes, which were very much in keeping with the remainder of her costume, sat loosely on her feet as she shuffled lazily about. Behind her was the open window, where the naked child was disporting itself on the balcony, in the frames of which the various letters that had come to her by post from her different "huespedes," or guests, were deposited.

After waiting with patience until something like order was restored, the table cleared, and the necessary preparations for our morning meal made, we at last had the happiness of hearing the announcement that breakfast was ready. On taking our places, we found that the party assembled consisted altogether of some half dozen persons. The one who took her seat at the head of the table was such an ugly woman that it would have been difficult to find her match anywhere but in Spain. Her name, we learned, was Doña Dolores, or, at all events, that was the name by which she went, for surnames are not often used in Spain. In addressing letters, however, they make up for their neglect on other occasions by putting two, three, or more, for Spaniards are known to delight in almost as many different names as in other parts of Europe are bestowed on the scions of

royalty. Doña Dolores was a perfect Lady Oracle ; no dog dared to bark when she spoke ; and when she opened her mouth, every other sound was immediately hushed. Her voice was sepulchral in its tone ; the sound seemed to proceed from the depths of some internal cavernous chamber ; and her laugh was like that which we might imagine to come from a grinning death's head, if it could be tickled by any strange fancy. She addressed everybody by turns, and never ceased talking, laughing, and eating, the whole time of breakfast. Occasionally, by placing her elbows on the table, she was enabled to bring her knife and fork to a level with her eyes, a movement which, though not in itself very graceful, seemed to increase the animation of her demonstrative powers.

As usual with Spanish women, the eyes and hair of Doña Dolores were faultless. She was remarkable also for the simplicity of her attire, which, when at home, consisted only of a single robe, left undone at the waist, and hanging down in straight folds from her throat to her feet. The dress certainly had strings by which it might have been tightened about her ; but she never gave herself the trouble of fastening them, and the consequence was that they were always hanging down about her feet, and, whatever she did,

or wherever she went, were constantly in her way, particularly when she moved quickly.

The individual who sat next to Dolores was a marine officer. He wore no coat, and his waistcoat, which was of a showy mixture, but very shabby, was fastened only by one button. His shirt sleeves were constantly tucked up to his shoulders, and he sat at table with his cap on his head. By way of politeness, he offered the solitary egg he had on his plate to all the company in turn, who, while declining it, returned some suitable compliment in acknowledgment of his kindness.

Next to this officer was a man of very effeminate appearance, in snow-white trowsers, polished boots, and a dress coat with gilt buttons. He wore a diamond pin, and one of his fingers was adorned with a ring to match. During the early part of the meal, his principal occupation was to bully the servants, all the time twisting the ends of his moustaches into points so sharp that they seemed almost to vanish into thin air. He had a separate edition of all the dishes that were supplied, and those which were placed before him were not only served up on articles of a different pattern, but were apparently altogether more savoury, being composed either of other or of

better ingredients. The favour accorded to him seemed to have some interested motive in view, for whenever any new boarder, in his simplicity and inexperience, ventured to make a remark at all derogatory to the entertainment, the favoured guest invariably took the part of the establishment, defending with all the eloquence of which he was master both its accommodation and its *cuisine*.

A small, lean, and hungry-looking man came next. This was Don Fernando, a government *employé*, who had come from Granada to Seville on the strength of his appointment, and left his wife and children behind on the insecurity of it. On week days he made no pretensions to dress, his ordinary garb having evidently done good service in its time. If a young Englishman had been in our party, he would probably have had no hesitation in declaring him to be seedy. On Sundays, however, he became a completely new man, wearing white trowsers, and invariably appearing in full dress at breakfast.

Every individual of this little party was known by some title more or less characteristic of his calling, generally receiving, in military phraseology, brevet rank. Thus the marine officer, who wore his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, was *el Señor Capitan*; the gentleman who appeared every day

in spotless whites was *el Coronel*, and I was distinguished as *la Consula Inglesa*. They were all anxious to know something about England, their ignorance of every thing regarding it being so great as to be scarcely credible. They were particularly anxious to be informed about our religion and habits. On no subject had they more erroneous, and even absurd, ideas; and the questions they put to me, in order to elicit the desired information, were often irresistibly ludicrous.

A priest who was occasionally present with us at dinner was charged with the salvation of my soul. He said he could cry to think that one so much better informed than the women of his own country, should be doomed to the loss of Heaven for refusing to believe only one or two of the doctrines of his church. The worthy Padre was not very well up himself in theology; and, among other questions, he once inquired whether, in the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the chief Rabbi would baptize the royal children. He did not understand how we could permit the clergy to marry; the idea seemed altogether to tickle him; and when we referred to a bishop with a wife, sons, and daughters, his gravity was fairly upset, and he shook with laughter, although he avowed he could scarcely believe it, it was so absurd. Some of the party ventured to

remark that it was not so bad, after all, and that if the Spanish clergy married also, they might probably have fewer nephews and nieces than at present they professed to have. The idea was eagerly caught at by the others; and as this is evidently a sore point with the priesthood, the Padre was glad to change the subject. It was far more agreeable to him to dwell on the supposed weak points of the English character, of which he had some very original ideas of his own. He understood, among other things, that the English always got drunk after dinner, and that, in consequence of this national failing, no agreement made after three o'clock was valid. Doña Dolores, for a wonder, had been silent during all this conversation; but had not been neglecting herself, for she had been eating the *dulces* abundantly all the time. She strongly pressed me to partake of some, making the very pertinent remark that the eating of sweetmeats, like scratching, only required a commencement; cigars, in the meantime, were brought in, and the subject we had been discussing, as is generally the case in such conversations, ended in smoke.

The weather, at this time, was so insupportably warm, and the atmosphere so close and sultry, that it was with difficulty one could breathe, even in the open air. What then must it have been to break-

fast in such a *salle à manger* with so many persons; and after the meal was over, to sit talking in the same apartment, now filled with the fumes of tobacco smoke? Such *désagréables*, if they can possibly be avoided, one does not like to undergo a second time. I therefore earnestly entreated my fellow lodgers to accede to my wish to have our dinner in the patio. The proposition gave rise to much discussion; many objections were offered; it would be so much extra trouble to carry all the dishes up and down stairs. I was not to be turned from my point, however, and after an animated debate, in which both sides of the question were defended with great warmth, my proposal was acceded to. I need not say how agreeable was the change in almost every respect, particularly in being surrounded by an atmosphere in which we could breathe freely, and, sultry as it was, incur no danger of suffocation.

But if I now indulged in the expectation that all would go on smoothly, I was doomed to a great disappointment. If the weather here has not the proverbial uncertainty that it has in England, it at least occasionally baffles all our prognostications; and having no Zadkiel, no Moore, no weather prophet among us, we could scarcely anticipate that the pure unclouded atmosphere, all effulgent with the dazzling rays of a southern sun, would

so suddenly be overcast, and pour down such a deluge of rain upon our heads as it unfortunately did. The second day after the change which had been made in compliance with my persuasions, we were sitting at dinner, some enjoying and some enduring such good things as the hostess had been pleased to place before us, when a big drop of rain came down through the open roof, the precursor of a disastrous storm immediately to follow. A bright and rapid flash of lightning illuminated the twilight gloom that had suddenly descended upon us, succeeded immediately by the terrific crash and rumbling of the thunder. Another heavy drop falls upon the heated marble, another and another, and then such a merciless down-pouring of the liquid element, that in two minutes the patio was deluged, the dinner was floating about, and we were drenched to the very skin. Every guest had to run into any corner he could find, in order to escape the "pitiless pelting" of the rain, leaving the tables, chairs, &c., to be the victims of its fury. The servants rushed down to lend their assistance in removing within the various articles that were now getting a more thorough cleansing than they had probably ever undergone before; but, on witnessing the almost unexampled violence of the storm, and on hearing the terrific peals of the thunder, they were

seized with such a panic that they were completely taken aback, and looked bewildered and alarmed around them. In the meantime, the rain was pouring over them; the articles that still remained on the table were reduced to sop; and in consequence of the court declining down to a plug in the centre, which at the moment was unfortunately firmly inserted in the opening, the water lodged there, quickly increased in quantity, and threatened, ere long, to overflow, not only the patio, but the lower rooms of the house. A ragged boy, who represented every domestic by turns, tucked up his trowsers, and splashed into the ever-increasing pond. Holding a scarlet umbrella over his head with one hand, he fumbled and groped about, elbow deep, with the other, in order to find the plug, an operation which afforded him so much pleasure, that he seemed to be in no haste to bring it to an end by the discovery of the article of which he was in search.

In the meantime, unpromising as the appearance of things was, and notwithstanding the damage the various articles of furniture in the patio had suffered, the guests were determined not to lose their dinner. The dinner table, accordingly, was removed from the open court to the first place of shelter that could be found within doors, and this,

as ill luck would have it, happened to be my bedroom, which was entered immediately from the patio. Here, the whole company, not very much to my satisfaction, made themselves quite at home; and with such articles as could be collected from the ruins of the feast, the dinner proceeded. None were in quite such exuberant spirits as they had been before this unhappy event, and as the servants, during the confusion, had found the wine agreeable to their own taste, and had indulged freely in it, there was no artificial stimulus to sharpen their wit and to add to their hilarity. I was thoroughly vexed at the turn things had taken. I thought of the odour of garlic with which the room, even to the very curtains of the bed, was sure to be thoroughly seasoned. Next day, I threw myself on the sofa, probably not in the best of humours, and, it may be, in my vexation, exaggerating the disagreeable condition of my unventilated room, when, to add to all my other horrors, cigars were brought in, and all began to smoke. Even Dolores smoked the cigarita, adding her share to the repulsive fumes of tobacco with which my unfortunate chamber was soon perfectly reeking.

How I rejoiced when at last they began to stir! They had sat for a long time, and I was almost despairing of having the pleasure of seeing them

take their departure at any reasonable hour ; but as it began to get dark, they prepared to go. When they went out, I followed them into the patio. The inequality of the marble court had left some parts high and dry, while in others a number of little ponds had been formed. In one of these the young lady, whom I had seen *en deshabelle* in the balcony in the morning, but who had now added a frock to her rather imperfect toilet, was still luxuriating with all the pleasure which children take in water when it is forbidden. From motives of cleanliness, or perhaps, more probably, of convenience, she had hitched this garment up to her waist, and tied it in a knot behind, leaving her fine little limbs full liberty of action. Stepping out of the pool of water, she next dipped a toe into the muddy puddle, and painted houses with it all over the variegated marble, her movements, in all respects, being exactly those of a self-willed child amusing itself in its own way anywhere else.

To our lounging fellow-lodgers, the sudden storm and its accompanying circumstances formed an interesting episode in the day's entertainment. It provided them with a subject of conversation for the day, and, I doubt not, was the first thing alluded to on the following morning. How they all lived, what was their occupation or profession,

I cannot say ; nor did any of them appear to have any fixed pursuit, for, with the exception of the Government *employé*, they all lounged about from morning till night, smoking almost the whole time, except when their meals gave them other occupation, and talking to each other, or to the gipsies who came in at all hours. The professed business of the latter was to sell certain showy dresses which they called English, while, at the same time, they related all the scandal and the small-talk they had been able to collect in their peregrinations about the town.

It was no matter of regret to me that this strange society was very soon broken up. Some of the courtesy guests, as they are styled, had become dissatisfied with the fare that was laid before them, and they consulted together about changing their domicile with as much mystery and importance as if they were conspiring against the Government. They had not the honesty, however, to make known their true reason to the hostess on quitting her house, but took their departure, one framing one untruth, in the way of excuse, and another another. As far as I was concerned, I was rejoiced at the welcome riddance. Only one, besides ourselves, was left behind—the gentleman in the whites. Even though the place was not altogether the most desirable to myself,

I had one temptation to remain, and that was, a certain room in the house that possessed an admirable light for painting. Besides, the hostess showed a disposition to oblige me by doing all she could to procure me suitable models, and, in such circumstances, I did not like to desert her altogether.

On finding her house so entirely abandoned, the remarks of the hostess on her former guests were as depreciatory of their characters as they had previously been laudatory. The titles with which she had been accustomed to salute them on meeting were now changed into epithets anything but complimentary. "El capitán," she said, "no era una persona fina"—the captain was no gentleman—and as to Doña Dolores, she was "una muger mas mala que hay en el mundo; en fin, una Aña Bolena"—the worst woman in the world; in fact, an Anne Boleyn. By some strange association, this unfortunate lady, in the eyes of the Spaniards, is regarded as the very acme of human depravity. To say that any woman is an "Aña Bolena" is to represent her as the worst character in the world. The only persons, the hostess said, who were fit to live in her house were "el Señor Coronel" and myself, a piece of flattery which my worthy hostess no doubt calculated on producing

a pleasing impression on my susceptible mind, that would be returned some way in benefit to herself. I was also informed that the colonel was in the artillery, but had been on leave of absence for the last three years, rather a long furlough. As Doña Dolores asserted, he was also the *novio*, or sweetheart, of a quaint unmarried lady of forty. The real attraction, however, to the house, in his eyes, was that he was never required to pay for anything, discharging his debts only with fair promises, but never giving any money, or, as Dolores said, "Nada de esta," nothing of this, rubbing her forefinger and thumb together, with some mysterious meaning which I had great difficulty in apprehending. His *liaison* with the maid of forty also accounted, as I was informed, for the spotless whites, which "el Señor Coronel" had so much delight in displaying himself to the best advantage.

My experience of life in the boarding-houses of Seville, was by no means of a very gratifying description, and I was informed that they cannot generally be recommended as desirable residences for visitors. With good letters of recommendation, admission may be obtained to some where the mode of living is superior, the society more select, and greater comfort attainable ; but as a general

rule, the traveller may be safely advised to be always on his guard against the inducements and persuasions that are employed to tempt him into a *casa di pupilos*, as such houses of entertainment are termed. The hotels, on the contrary, may be spoken favourably of. In construction they are well adapted to the climate, and if the traveller will only not be so unreasonable as to expect everything in a foreign country to be the same as in England, he may find himself exceedingly comfortable in them, and pass the time with great pleasure and profit to himself.

Seville does not present the same busy aspect as that which we had observed in Cadiz. Here no one appears to have anything to do, and an idle listlessness hangs constantly about the people. In the absence of any more important occupation, they lounge about, smoking their cigars. While drinking their refrescoes, they criticise the appearance, dress, manners, or country of the passer-by in the streets. The visitors are the only individuals who seem to have any motive for proceeding from one part of the town to another. Their curiosity to see all that is to be seen really gives them an employment far more serious than any which most of these listless Sevillians can be supposed to have. The traveller who visits Seville,

if an Englishman, is almost sure to be found sketching or drawing under a broiling sun, buried in "Murray," or gaping up at the Giralda. In fact, John Bull, however commendable he may be for his patience and sobriety of deportment at home, seldom takes things very coolly abroad. He is generally easily distinguished by his *outré* dress and his English tongue, for he seldom knows any foreign "lingo" more than just enough to be able to babble in it like a baby only beginning to talk. He also moves about with the greatest rapidity, making a toil of a pleasure, in order that he may cram into the space of a single day as many sights as he possibly can for his money.

CHAPTER XI.

The Sights of Seville—The Cathedral—The Paintings of Murillo—“The Guardian Angel”—Painted Figures of Wood—The Madonna of Montañes—Careless Deportment of the Spaniards in the Cathedral—Country People Telling their Beads—Beggars—Mendicant Priests—The Coro—The Retablo—High Mass—The Devotion of the Senses—Englishmen in the Cathedral—San Cristofar with the Infant Saviour—Tomb of Saint Ferdinand—Monument to the Son of Columbus—Relics—Cross Made of the First Gold Brought from America—The Custodia—Picture of the Descent from the Cross—The Admiration with which it inspired Murillo—The Two Keys—The Priestly Vestments—Extraordinary Religious Ceremony—Rev. Mr. Dubarry’s Account of it—Origin of the Custom—An Archbishop Appeals to the Pope against Dancing in the Church—The Pope Witnesses and Approves of the Ceremony.

BUT we must rather commend than blame our countryman, if he goes heartily to work in Seville, for there is so much to see that he may probably find it advisable to make the most of the time which he has at his disposal. First, standing side by side with

the "Wonder of the Moslem," there is the "Glory of the Christian"—the Cathedral. Probably, the beholder, who has just come forth from the intensely sunny courts in which the orange trees are glistening with their golden fruit, and the snowy blossoms and richly-coloured flowers are sparkling in the light, may not at once be able to appreciate its unequalled beauty and grandeur. There is such a contrast between the dark mysterious gloom of the Christian temple and the gaudy, though graceful, scene on which he has been feasting his eyes, that the more lasting and solid beauties of the great edifice are slowly developed to his mind. Gradually, however, from the gloom by which he is surrounded, the massive columns come forth, and take form and shape. The Gothic roof, the glorious "retablo," the gorgeous railings that separate the high altar from the body of the church, are all developed one after the other, as the eye becomes accustomed to the subdued light. Some of the finest pictures of Murillo, as the "Guardian Angel" and San Antonio, are the property of this church, the walls of which they decorate. But the light, or rather the gloom, is not favourable for their inspection, and both pictures require to be placed in a more suitable light before they can be appreciated as they merit.

The gloom which impresses the mind with a religious awe, when gazing at the magnificent architecture of this wondrous pile, is not adapted to the inspection of the minuter beauties of detail which the painter depicts on the canvas.

There is however one work of art in the cathedral, which is much improved by the dim light in which it is seen, or rather by the darkness which prevents its defects from being distinctly perceived. It is one of those painted wooden statues, such as can be found only in Spain. Need I name the lovely Madonna of Montañez? The face is exquisitely beautiful, with that sweet charm of expression which excites a feeling of marvel as to the means by which the artist could evolve it from such material. The general appearance is unfortunately somewhat marred by the inevitable shine of the paint. There was also something about it, by which its beauty was anything but improved, which conveyed the impression that the face of the Madonna had just been washed with yellow soap. Nothing, however, can excel the perfect carving of the hands, which are exceedingly beautiful in form. Altogether, the figure is one of those marvels of art which are sometimes produced from the most common materials; and even as it stands in its

shady niche, it attracts the gaze of the most unconcerned beholder, being resplendent with the precious gems which are studded all over it. On the marble pavement immediately before the figure, a bloody stain is thrown by the splendid painted window, which reflects many a bright tint from pillar to pillar, and along the walls of the cathedral.

In this magnificent temple, where everything is so grand and massive, with its silent side chapels, so richly and elegantly decorated, where all is calculated to impress the mind of the worshipper, and even the passing visitor, with solemnity and awe, how grating to the feelings, how melancholy it is to observe the usual deportment of the Spaniards, even when on their knees in the posture of prayer! Ladies, too, may be remarked, sitting on the floor in all directions, looking carelessly about them, keeping their fans in constant motion, gazing at the stranger, and surveying him from head to foot. There are also numbers of country people. They have come in with their baskets, their bundles, their wares, their live stock, or whatever they were carrying; and having deposited them on the marble pavement, are telling their beads and staring about them as curiously and carelessly as any one else. Beggars of all sorts abound,

and perseveringly urge on you their demand for alms at the most inconvenient moments. One will thrust out a deformed limb as his claim on your compassion, and beg and pray with a pertinacity that nothing can overcome, until you either yield to his entreaties, or seek to escape the affliction by removing to another spot, where a second will probably soon take the place of the one you have just left. Often, too, while I have been gazing at a Murillo, rapt in admiration of its matchless beauty, a priest has come up and interrupted my study; and, after some general remarks on the subject of art, for the most part only a prelude to the true object he has in view in accosting you, he appears in his true character as a suppliant, and urges on you, with as much pertinacity as the professional beggar, the claims of himself, his convent, his order, or his church.

It is impossible to avoid observing that the general effect of the cathedral, as a whole, is much injured by the "Coro," which is so situated as to intercept the view of the fine high altar, and to prevent it from being seen to advantage. At the back of the altar is the celebrated Gothic "retablo," which, by all who are capable of appreciating the skill displayed in its workmanship, is considered unrivalled for beauty of execution.

Hundreds of wax candles are constantly burning before it, the light of which, illuminating only the more immediate space in the vast cathedral, leaves all the rest in still profounder gloom. The deep notes of the organ are now heard swelling through the church. The ceremonies of the mass are being performed at the high altar; the officiating priests, in their gorgeous robes, are moving about; the acolytes are waving the censers, and the incense, in white clouds, is ascending to the gorgeously-carved roof. Crowning the altar, the crimson velvet banner, with the crucifix emblazoned upon it, is displayed in all its magnificence. It is altogether a grand and impressive scene, and we cannot wonder that even those careless and indifferent worshippers, who were gazing so curiously about them, are now impressed with such feelings of solemnity that they are kneeling and praying with apparent devotion. The appeal to the devotion of the Spaniard, on such occasions, is made through the senses; and when all the practised art of Rome is brought to bear, in order to make the display as perfect as possible, we cannot wonder that it is generally successful in assuring at least a devout exterior in the worshippers. On looking around, we perceive among the crowd two or three Englishmen. It would be surprising, indeed, if



we did not, for what spot is there on the Continent, from Archangel to Cape Matapan, or from the Point of Lisbon to the Bosphorus, where their Britanic visages are not beheld—easily distinguished from the native countenances around them by their fair and fresh-coloured complexions? Here there are, at this time, several of them, some mingling with the crowd near the altar, others meditating, or noting down their observations, in the more silent and retired recesses, but the majority walking about without any other consideration than that of “doing” the cathedral as quickly as they can, and then taking their departure to “do” some other equally remarkable sight. Strongly convinced of their superiority to every other nation, they regard with contempt every custom that differs from their own acquired habits, neither can nor will accommodate themselves to the manners of the people among whom they are, and when they take their departure, generally leave behind them much dislike and a considerable amount of money, which it is considered quite fair to extract from them by doubtful dealing when it cannot otherwise be obtained by the honest processes of trade.

This magnificent temple of the Christian had, I confess, attractions for me which never seemed to diminish. Time after time I returned, always

finding some new object that was worthy of observation—something to which I should have been glad if I had been able to devote days of study. On my next visit I remarked, near the Sacristia, the gigantic figure of San Cristofar, with the infant Saviour on his shoulders. By Roman Catholics, who look upon him and his burden with a believing heart, he is regarded as their infallible protector against accidents by fire, and to all he appears as the representative of Christian humility. Proceeding further on, I saw behind the retablo of the high altar the tombs of Saint Ferdinand, who rescued the city of Seville from the hands of the Moslem in 1252; of his son, Alfonso el Sabio (Alphonso the Wise); and of the mistress of Peter the Cruel, Maria de Padilla. But I looked with far greater interest on a stone near the grand entrance of the church, which recorded the name of Fernando, the son of Christopher Columbus, whose ashes lie beneath. Ships, in appearance resembling the Chinese junks of the present day, and representing such as carried his father and Vasco de Gama to the hitherto undiscovered shores of the New World, are graven upon it. "A Castella y Leon nuevo mundo diò Colon," is the inscription upon it.

As a matter of course, the church has also its relics, by the exhibition of which the priests at once



stimulate the faith and reward the devotion of their credulous flock. These are to be seen in the Sacristy, and some of them are of so much interest to the well-informed man of the world, the student of history, or the follower of art, that we cannot pass them by without at least recording their names. There is first the splendid cross, made of the first gold that was brought from America, which was presented as an offering by Columbus himself. Then there is the magnificent silver *custodia* in which the Host is deposited, and which is carried on Holy Thursday in the procession that passes on that day through the city. It is a splendid work of art, and is greatly esteemed, not only for its finished beauty, but also on account of the hands by which it was moulded—those of Juan de Arfe, who is of so much repute in Spain for his talent and skill, and whose handiwork adorns so many of the churches of that country. Merely naming in passing the gigantic candlestick, “el Senabrario,” it would be tedious even to refer hastily to all the chalices and reliquaries, the material of which is in itself so valuable, but is excelled by the workmanship.

I looked with particular interest, in the same room in which the preceding objects are displayed to visitors, on the splendid picture before which it is related that Murillo used to prostrate himself for

hours. It represents the "Descent from the Cross." The great painter is said to have been so completely fascinated by it, that he would gaze upon its unrivalled beauties until his imagination became exalted ; he forgot that it was a representation, thought that he saw the real scene before him, and, with every sense enthralled, waited until the Saviour should actually be taken down from the cross. So complete was the state of fascination into which he was thrown that it was usually some time before he awoke from it as from a dream. The objects, however, which are regarded with the deepest interest by the people in general, are the two keys which, according to tradition, were presented to Saint Ferdinand when Seville was surrendered to him by the Moors. The one presented by the Moorish chief is of iron, with an inscription in Arabic, the meaning of which is, " May Allah rule through his faithful followers over the city of Seville." The other, a silver key, is said to have been presented by the Jews to Saint Ferdinand after the conquest of the city, the inscription on it being in Spanish, " Dio abrira, rey entrera," " God will open, the king shall enter."

Even the very vestments of the priests are made an exhibition of, and so far as regards their splendour, their value, their profusion of costly adornment,

they may well be looked at with amazement. One can scarcely help asking himself the question what purpose is served by so much gorgeous display in the service of Him who is to be worshipped by his sincere followers in spirit and in truth. In comparison with these priestly vestments, the robes of sovereigns even are poor and paltry, for the eye is literally dazzled, when gazing upon them, by their incredible splendour and richness of decoration. It is almost melancholy to think of the time, which might have been so much better employed, that must have been expended upon them, of the wealth, which might have been applied to purposes far more accordant with the simple and benign spirit of Christianity, that must have been required to produce robes so costly in material and in ornament. Among those shown to me were some made of the richest crimson or white satin, profusely ornamented with the most gorgeous embroidery in gold, which were altogether of unmatched beauty. I also noticed that miniatures in ivory were let in down the front. There was one in particular, only worn at the festival of the Immaculate Conception, and more beautiful than any that I had yet seen, which completely dazzled the eyes with its brilliancy.

During the last three days of the Carnival, and

also on the occasion of some of the solemn festivals of the Roman Catholic Church, such as those of the "Corpus" and La Purisima Concepcion de Nuestra Señora de España y de sus Indias," a very extraordinary part of the religious ceremony celebrated in the cathedral of Seville, and which, I believe, is permitted, or at least practised, nowhere else, is the dancing before the High Altar. This remarkable act of divine service, which is so opposed to all the ideas of ecclesiastical propriety we are now taught to entertain, and which many Roman Catholics even, I doubt not, would find it difficult to reconcile to their sense of what devotion ought to be, is performed by ten boys who are known by the name of "Seisas" in Seville. This strange ceremony is described so faithfully, and with so much graphic power, in the Rev. Mr. Dubarry's account of Seville, that instead of depicting it in my own imperfect language, I shall take the liberty of quoting the passage at length from an authority who is in every respect to be relied on :—

"Scenic ingenuity seems in this to have been strained quite as far as propriety can countenance; over night the bells all over the city tune up; the Giralda sparkles with lights, being illuminated on this occasion; and fitful bursts of noise announce the approaching jubilee.

“On entering the cathedral in the morning, we saw that the lofty piers surrounding the Coro were hung with crimson velvet, and that the clergy were officiating in cerulean blue, the Queen of Heaven’s own color, and, as it has been stated, made use of only in Seville.

“The mass and sermon of the morning were followed by a gorgeous spectacle in the evening. At the top of the Retablo was a magnificent silver crown; just under it, and literally crowned by it, was a precious box, called a Viril, in which was deposited the Host. This was the climax, and was surrounded by a silver halo; immediately under it stood an enchanting figure of the Virgin, and on each side of her, a little lower, were the silver figures of San Isidro and San Leandro. Beneath these were the reliqua, Columbus’s Cross, and a multitude of sacred odds and ends. Rows of enormous candles were burning before all this splendour. I accompanied Padre Teofilo in the evening to the ceremony; the enormous organ pealed forth directly the archbishop entered the cathedral. He immediately came up to the “Altar Mayor,” and bowing before it, retired to his chair in the Coro. Then the archbishop, followed by his clergy, came from the Coro into the Presbiterio, or chapel of the High Altar, and took up his position on his knees in one corner of the chapel, whilst in the opposite

were arranged musicians. Before the altar were placed the choristers, dressed in silk stockings, blue silk or satin breeches, with vests of the same, and hats or caps adorned with large feathers. The music struck up; the boys, wearing the costume of Phillip III., chanted antiphonally a hymn to the Virgin; they then began to dance, singing at the same time; at last, putting the plumed caps on their heads, they accompanied themselves with their castanets.

“During the whole of this ceremony, the archbishop, habited as a cardinal, was upon his knees looking up at the viril containing the Host, whilst a gauze curtain, fitted to the rim of the crown, was being gradually drawn over that which hundreds present regarded as nothing more nor less than Deity itself. The archbishop's countenance all this time appeared most grave.

“The ceremony concludes with the blessing from the archbishop.

“This extraordinary fashion of dancing before the altar was continued every evening of the octave; on endeavouring to find its origin, all I could learn was that it was introduced before the time of Isabella and Ferdinand. The custom originated at the Feast of Corpus; but, as whatever Urban the IV. conceded to that Festival, Sixtus the

IV. allowed to that of the Conception, this famous dance went along with other things.

“At one time it was a sort of Saturnalia, and the dance was continued out of doors by all the worst characters of Seville, including the gipsies and muleteers.”

Like all other remarkable customs and ceremonies of the past, the origin of which is known to us only by tradition, there is another version regarding the occasion of the preceding practice. It is carried back to the time of the Moors. We are informed that while engaged in the subjugation of Spain, the triumphant Paynim had appeared before Seville, and, after a resolute resistance, conquered it. Even in the midst of the humiliation and sorrow of the inhabitants at the downfall of their native city, some pious youths, unable to endure the idea that the sacred symbols of their faith, and the vessels of the sanctuary, should fall into the hands of the unbelievers, determined to carry them off, and conceal them until the return of better times should give them the opportunity of replacing them once more within the sacred precincts of the consecrated building. A plan, of the success of which they felt confident, was speedily devised, and, as the result showed, successfully executed. In the midst of an entertainment, apparently under the influence

only of the exuberance of spirit characteristic of their period of life, they danced into the church, and, by the celerity of their movements, so deceived the eyes of their enemies that they were enabled to conceal the Host and the sacred vessels beneath their garments, and to convey them away, thus preventing their falling into the hands of the unbelievers.

It appears, however, that even in Seville itself, there were some who could not reconcile the act of dancing, in a building consecrated to Divine service, with their notions of religious propriety. One of the Archbishops of Seville, in particular, is said to have been greatly scandalized by such an exhibition in the solemn festivals of his church, and he determined to employ all the personal influence he possessed, aided by the co-operation of others whose opinions corresponded with his own, to obtain the abolition of dancing as a part of Divine service. But unfortunately he did not permanently succeed in the design on which he had set his heart. The great influence on the one side was balanced by influence equally great on the other ; and another dignitary of the Church, anxious to keep up the ancient usage, appealed directly to the Pope. Not content, however, with the representations which he made to the Holy See, he thought



he should be more secure of winning the Head of the Church to his party, by making him an ocular witness of the dance in question, thus enabling His Holiness to obtain the conviction of his eyes to its becoming sanctity. The ten Seisas were accordingly sent to Rome. They performed the dance in the sacred presence of the Holy Father. He was graciously pleased, in his infallible judgment, to consider it a beautiful and becoming act of piety, by no means inconsistent with the spirit of religion, and a perfectly appropriate expression of the devotion that was felt and manifested in the latitude of Seville. His sanction therefore was granted, and Seville was allowed still to rejoice in its Seisas and its Terpsichorean ritual, one of those strange conditions which are so frequently associated with grants and permits of all kinds in earlier periods of European history, being annexed, viz., that they were to continue the ceremony only "as long as their present suits of clothes lasted." It required no Jesuitical ingenuity to make a condition like this a perpetual permission, as probably it was intended to be. A patch of the old garment is to be seen to this day in some part of the uniform of the dancing Seisas, entitling them to assert that the original clothes are still in being and in use.

The famous Moorish tower, called the Giralda,

forms the belfry to the cathedral. To one like myself, so recently arrived from Morocco, it revived all the Mohammedan associations of the time in which it was built. As I raised my eyes upwards along its walls, so richly adorned with arabesque, I almost expected to see the white flag displayed from its summit, to hear the familiar sound of the Mueddin, calling the faithful to prayer, followed by its repetition from many another minaret. But the evening wore on, and no Mueddin came from above upon the listening ear. I remembered I was in a Christian country, one of the most faithful and devoted to the See of Rome. As the sun sank beneath the western horizon, and everything seemed gradually to melt into obscurity, the grand Christian temple before me was gradually involved in gloom and mystery; a feeling of calm repose came over the mind; and I felt all the influence of a sweet and resigned melancholy, which those who are not disposed to analyse their passing emotions may easily confound with a more genuine feeling of devotion.

The Giralda, the Maravilla de Seville, is the work of Moslem and Christian conjointly, for both had a share in its construction, although it is doubtless, in the main, of Moorish origin. When the time came that the Moors, after long ruling in Spain,

were to be driven from the land which they had come almost to regard as their own, and which they had covered with so many monuments of their skill, they were unwilling that the tower should fall into the hands of the Spaniards, or that the bells of the Christian, an abomination in their ears, should ever sound from its walls. On surrendering the city, therefore, to the triumphant Spaniard, they contended for the right of destroying both it and the mosque which they had built on the site of the ancient Cathedral of Seville. But the Infante was as anxious for the preservation of the Giralda as the Moors were for its destruction. He would not hear, therefore, of such a proposal; and by his angry menace of putting every Moor to the sword, if they should attempt to injure it, he succeeded in saving this beautiful specimen of Moorish architecture from being levelled with the ground.

No description can do justice to its perfect beauty as a work of art. The mere mention of the name by which it is so generally known, the *Maravilla de Seville*, conveys more to the mind than the most laboured and minute description. How graceful and beautiful it appears, as it rises in the clear atmosphere, with its countless Moorish windows and its rich arabesque tracery, looking so delicate in the distance! The most apparent defect

in the structure—for what are we, if not a little critical?—is the somewhat incongruous mixture of the two kinds of architecture, which, however effective the tower may be as a whole, somewhat injures it in detail. In carrying the eye along the Giralda from the bottom to the very summit, while we are delighted with the unequalled effect of the entire structure, we become aware, one after another, of these inconsistencies of style, the crowning one of all being the stupendous bronze figure of Faith which surmounts a globe at the top, forming a weathercock to a Moorish tower.

When I had sufficiently gratified my curiosity by examining the Giralda in its external aspect, I was next equally anxious to obtain admission to its interior—a wish which I lost as little time as possible in satisfying. Immediately on entering, the first thing that meets the eye is a shrine to the virgin, who sits in her dark niche, and is an object of great apparent devotion to the Roman Catholics who visit the tower. But I am anxious to ascend the succession of inclined planes by which, instead of stairs, the summit is reached, and I take little notice of the figure as I pass, or of the sleepers who have unaccountably selected such a place as the scene of their slumbers. As we ascend, the most beautiful views are seen through the windows in the thick

walls, the scenes of nature, outside, appearing like splendid pictures set in arabesque frames. An artist might luxuriate here for days and weeks, and find an inexhaustible series of striking points on which to employ his pencil. The prospect from the summit also is magnificent, the whole of the city of Seville, and its surrounding neighbourhood, lying extended in one charming scene within the vision of the beholder. It is impossible, however, to trace the line of the various streets from the summit, as, being of the true Moorish fashion, they are so narrow that they would be considered lanes by all who are not accustomed to the cities of Northern Africa and of the East.

I had the pleasure of meeting here with an old friend of mine, a very pretty little girl, a native of Seville, whom I had formerly found useful as a model in my occupation as an artist. She had sat to me as a Bolera, and is really a professional dancer in the theatre. Her home is situated in the lower part of the tower, and she is generally to be found lounging about it, or somewhere in its precincts. As I have already intimated, she was an old acquaintance of mine. Many years previous to this visit, I had been in Seville, and had then met her for the first time. Pretty as she still is, she was even much prettier as a child, and I felt great

interest in her. I found, however, that she was very ignorant, having never been taught either to read or write, and I asked her mother why she did not send her to school. Her reply was that she did not send her to school because she derived no benefit from it, seeming to have neither the disposition nor the ability to learn any of the usual subjects of youthful instruction. In fact, she seemed to have no talent for anything but dancing.

On returning, one evening, to visit the Giralda—for I was so entranced with the beauty of its architecture that I never wearied of studying its details, of examining it in all lights, and of noting its various effects from different positions—I was struck with a change in its appearance which I had not observed before. It was one of those splendid evenings which we witness only in the south, when the atmosphere appears coloured with the richest rosy and golden tints, and yet loses none of its crystal-like transparency. I was wandering about in the enjoyment of that indescribably pleasing languor which few can resist the influence of in these warm climates, when the sultry heat of the day is succeeded by the refreshing air of evening. I happened suddenly to turn round and direct my eyes to the Giralda, when—oh, the loveliness of that sight! can I ever forget it?—the whole tower,

from top to bottom, appeared bathed in rosy light. The rich tracery of its arabesque, looking like the finest lacework, reflected the same soft hue; and as the Maravilla rose clearly and sharply defined in the beautiful light, how much more exquisite did it appear as contrasted with the cerulean blue of that matchless southern sky! A scene of more effulgent beauty I had never gazed upon. Never, even in imagination, which can paint the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces in the richest hues it pleases to select, had I beheld a sight that more completely realized the most magnificent scenes of Eastern fiction. I rejoiced that, as an artist, I had been enabled so to cultivate the taste for beauty that I could derive more unalloyed and exalted pleasure from the contemplation of such a spectacle than the majority of ordinary sight-seers.

No one can remain in Seville, for however short a time, without paying a visit to the Museo. This fine old building was once a convent, but is now a receptacle for the Fine Arts, and contains several of the most beautiful paintings of the most distinguished artists of Spain. Here, in particular, are many of the masterpieces of the great Murillo, one room being dedicated entirely to the works that have come from his easel, and that bear the

finishing touch of his master-hand. In Seville there is a considerable number of his works; but unfortunately they are generally so disposed, that it is impossible to get a favourable view of them. In the Museo, I very much regret to say, they are in exactly the same position as in the other collections. It is impossible to see them in such a way that we can be perfectly satisfied we have beheld them in the light most favourable to the display of their various details of beauty. How many an exquisite touch of that delicate hand escapes our observation in consequence of the light in which the painting is hung!

The Santo Tomas de Villanueva is perhaps the gem of the collection. It differs in one respect from the other works of this artist in so far as the principal figure, that of the benevolent bishop, has a more patrician appearance than that which Murillo generally gives to his figures. Indeed it might easily be mistaken for one of the figures of Velasquez, even by one well acquainted with the works and the style of Murillo. All his Madonnas are beautiful; but notwithstanding the prices paid for them, and the admiration they excite, they are not the spiritual creations of the Italian school, and do not produce the same effect on the mind of the beholder. The Madonnas of the Museo are a

refinement on the gipsy of the Triana. They are of the earth, and not of heaven. The angels are in a higher and purer style, and appear more spiritual than their queen. The San Antonio, to which I next turned, is a truly charming painting. No one can gaze without emotion on the wonderful figure of the infant Christ, represented sitting on the scarlet-edged book. What more can one say than that it is surpassingly lovely, and that the group of angels, forming a ring in the heavens, are almost equally beautiful? There is a remarkable picture known as *La Virgen de la Servietta*, so denominated from having been painted on a dinner napkin belonging to the convent. No one can mistake this painting, all the well-known characteristics of Murillo's style being so distinctly embodied in the work. Its fine colouring, life, richness, and energy stamp the painting with the unmistakable character of the master by whose pencil it was produced. At the same time, all the defects to which we have already referred as distinguishing his Madonnas, appear as plainly in the one before us. *La Virgen de la Servietta* seems to have more of the earthly mother than of the heavenly goddess about her. Any one who gazes with an unprejudiced eye upon the painting will be forced to admit that there is a want of that religious feeling, that

spiritual sentiment which ought ever to be seen in the visage of the Madonna. The child also is not quite what we expect to find in a figure of the infant Saviour. The painting itself is excellent. The child is almost a real live flesh and blood one, and seems nearly jumping into the arms of the beholder; but it is not the kind of child that our imagination delights to represent as the type of Our Saviour. The Assumption, also by Murillo, is very beautiful, but apparently unfinished. It is an exceedingly large picture. The virgin is dressed in blue and white, the orthodox colours of her garments, as she is generally represented by painters, before the birth of our Saviour. The details of the painting are exactly similar to those which have been depicted time after time in a subject that has been so frequently handled. Yet, although this is by no means one of Murillo's most popular works, there is a lofty dignity in it, an inspiring elevation of sentiment, to which he has seldom attained in paintings that enjoy a higher reputation.

Some magnificent works by Zurburan, Roclas, and other eminent painters, are exhibited on the same walls. On each side of the altar are the two famous painted statues of St. Jerome, by Torregiano, and of St. Dominick by Montañes. The former is

in terra-cotta, and the latter in wood. Their workmanship is undoubtedly admirable, the most exquisite skill being displayed in the execution; but notwithstanding all the excellencies that practised eyes may find in them, I never could reconcile myself to what I can only term painted wooden figures. These were nothing more to me. Besides, there is a coarseness, arising partly from the glaring shine of the paint, and partly from the nature of the material which is employed, that is altogether fatal to their value as works of art. How different it is with marble, in which even the delicate texture of the human skin, and the semi-transparency of the flesh, can be effectively represented. But Montañes had a particular predilection for these wooden figures, and was highly pleased with all the works which he had himself produced in that material. He is said to have been so well satisfied with a beautifully-carved crucifix, on which he had bestowed all his skill and delicacy of touch, that he delighted in gazing upon it, and was accustomed to seize every opportunity of obtaining a sight of it, standing at the corners of the streets when he expected that it would be carried past by the monks and priests in those religious processions which are constantly taking place in all Catholic towns.

The hospital of La Caridad contains some very

valuable paintings, among which two very celebrated pictures by Murillo are the most worthy of notice. The subject of the first is, Moses striking the Rock, and that of the second, The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. These are works which may be long and closely studied by artists from other lands, and from which many valuable hints may be obtained; but unfortunately they are hung in so unfavourable a light that many of those beauties of detail on which the connoisseur would delight to look are completely lost. It is really vexing to think how often we see, both in Spain and elsewhere, such a disposition of even the most magnificent and valuable works of art, that it is altogether impossible for the casual visitor, who can only give them a hasty glance, or at best study them superficially in a few flying visits, to form anything like a correct or satisfactory idea of their merits of design and execution. In the same collection there is a very remarkable picture, the production of Valdez, one of the distinguished painters who were contemporaries of Murillo. It is of a very singular character, and it is impossible to pass it by without being arrested at once by the strange title of the painting and the original manner in which it is executed. The picture to which I allude commonly goes by the name, "Ni mas ni menos," Neither more nor less,

being the words written on a pair of scales which are introduced in the painting. It represents, in the first place, two corpses, the one being that of a Knight of the order of St. Iago, and the other, that of a Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church. Both are painted in the costumes of their respective offices, lying extended in their coffins. As they are represented in an advanced stage of decomposition, the most minute details of such a state being faithfully rendered, it is impossible to describe the painful and repulsive feeling with which one regards a scene so loathsome, one in which Art may certainly show its power, but can never produce, even by its utmost efforts, any pleasing effect. How can the mind derive pleasure from the contemplation of all that is most loathsome, as connected with the grave, after the body has rested there some considerable time? In the painting before us, no detail of this kind is omitted; everything that is known, or can be imagined, as a symbol of the triumph of the grave over man's material part is rendered with conscientious fidelity, with photographic minuteness and distinctness of outline. Reptiles, and worms, and innumerable other loathsome creatures are crawling about the bodies, as closely resembling the dread reality as we can well imagine, and so repulsive that the spectator,

almost sickened by the unwelcome sight, turns away in irrepressible disgust. A pair of scales, intended to represent justice, with the words from which the painting derives its name engraved on them, is suspended over the bodies, the whole conveying a meaning which is apparent enough, and reading a terrible lesson to the pride of mankind. It is impossible to conceive how any artist could deliberately select such a subject for the exercise of his pencil, and follow it out, apparently with zeal and pleasure, in all its loathsome details. It may be said that it was the taste of the day; but it would be more becoming in the artist who is truly sensible of the dignity of his art, and even of the responsibility with which the employment of his talent is attended, to resist with all his power and influence an inclination which temporarily carries the public mind towards such abhorrent subjects. The true province of art is to please, to instruct, to purify the feelings, to elevate the sentiments. With such noble objects in view, the true artist may be said to exercise a kind of priesthood, the ministrations of which cannot be recommended by the selection of subjects which have nothing grand or even mysterious about them, but are simply disgusting and repulsive. I should be inclined to come to the conclusion, that the man who can derive satisfaction

from the contemplation of paintings like these, must be more distinguished by the strength of his stomach than by delicacy of taste or a true love of Art.

The figures of boys, of which there are several from the pencil of Murillo, are not generally considered of very pleasing appearance, however faithfully, correctly, and naturally they may be represented on the canvas. This, in connection with the repulsive subjects of Valdez, gave rise to a well-known joke concerning the two great artists, of whom it was very truly said that each, in his own peculiar way, could surpass the other in the most correct and faithful representation of those peculiar subjects in which a minute knowledge of entomology is required.

“ I can't go near your boys,” was the exclamation of Valdez to Murillo one day when the two celebrated painters were together.

“ And I am obliged to hold my nose when I look at your pictures,” was the *quid pro quo* with which Murillo replied to the injurious observation.

There is no place more favourable than Seville for the study of the Spanish school of art, which possesses many peculiar excellencies of its own, being distinguished by much originality of conception and execution. It is true that at some periods it

may have been inspired by the more beautiful paintings of the schools of Italy and of the Netherlands, and may have imitated them to a considerable extent. Still, its productions generally afford sufficient evidence that it is, in most respects, a distinct manifestation of the national genius, being marked by many of the most distinguishing national characteristics. Perhaps the most flourishing periods of Spanish art were the first half and the middle of the seventeenth century, when a school that had every right to be considered national produced some of those magnificent paintings which have contributed to establish and extend the reputation of the artists of Spain. The school of Seville is considered the most famous in the history of Spanish art. It attained to its highest excellence in Zurbaran and Murillo, several of whose finest paintings we have had so many opportunities of remarking during our short residence in the city.

The Alcazar, if not the most magnificent sight in Seville, has certainly an undisputed right to take the second place on the list of its architectural ornaments. It is, undoubtedly, not so grand and imposing as the cathedral, with which it is almost in immediate proximity, the distance between the two not being more than a stone's throw. It forms, in every respect, as complete a contrast to it

as can well be imagined. If the cathedral is massive and magnificent, often mysterious and gloomy, and altogether a noble example of Gothic architecture, the Alcazar is, of all places, the most light, airy, and graceful, with its innumerable elegant and slender columns, its sparkling Mosaics, and its enchanting arabesques. For some time it was left to neglect, and its delicate workmanship was fast disappearing before the destructive influence of time and the elements, but it is now once more happily restored to its pristine splendour. I should utterly despair of being able to describe it with any success, for the beautiful details of which the whole work is made up are innumerable, the spectator being perfectly dazzled by all that meets his eyes, in whatever direction he may turn them. Some imperfect idea of its appearance may be formed by one who has seen the Crystal Palace ; but of the almost incredible gorgeousness and splendour of the Alcazar as a whole, of the wonderful details of its architecture, which only a minute examination can discover, and of the exquisite tracery with which every part is so profusely adorned, even that beautiful imitation can give only a very unsatisfactory idea.

Although the architecture of the Alcazar is Moorish or Saracenic, it was erected under the

auspices of a Spanish monarch. When Pedro the Cruel, who is known to have entertained a great admiration for the elegant architecture of his Moorish neighbours, as well as for everything that appertained to that people, had resolved to build a splendid palace for himself at Seville, instead of entrusting the work to any of his own subjects, he sent to Granada for the ablest architects that could be discovered, and by them the famed Alcazar was erected. If this magnificent structure is, in one point of view, a monument of the munificence of its founder, in another it reminds us of some of those abhorrent deeds of cruelty from which he obtained the descriptive epithet which is now generally affixed to his name. Some of the darkest deeds of cruelty that stain the records of Spain were committed, in obedience to the order of Pedro, within the Alcazar; and the delicate tracery on which we now gaze with so much admiration has often been stained with the blood of his foulest and most merciless murders. When one stands contemplating the endless beauties of this fairy palace, what a revulsion of feeling is at once produced when the spectator suddenly recalls to mind that the tyrant's own brother, the master of Santiago, and many other victims of his cruelty, were murdered within these very walls! If these stones could speak, what a record of man's de-

pravity, of the mercilessness of man to man, would they unfold!

The surrounding gardens present nothing particularly worthy of our admiration, and can scarcely be said to reward one for the trouble of visiting them. They are arranged in the Moorish manner, their disposition being exceedingly stiff and formal, presenting a complete contrast to the unfettered freedom of nature. The walks are long, straight, and regular; and the boxwood that borders them is cut, by the skill of the gardener, into an endless variety of monstrous shapes, which never, by any chance, resemble anything in nature. There are long avenues in the Cinque-Cento style, with the constant box-borders, forming green walls on either side, cut and clipped into numberless new devices, but still as remote from the resemblance of everything natural as they can possibly be. Charles V. is commemorated by one of these quaint devices in one part of the garden, his heraldic bearing having been cut in green box, and being now shown as one of the greatest ornaments and curiosities of the place. There are also certain little hidden fountains about the grounds, against which the visitor should be on his guard, if he is not desirous of feeling their cooling effects before he sees them. They are concealed in various out-of-the-way spots in the

garden, and being fed with water from invisible springs among the gravel paths, may unexpectedly direct their liquid streams upon the innocent visitor who is walking carelessly about, anticipating no such cool salutation.

The part of Seville in which the Alcazar is situated is by far the finest part of the town, the houses and streets being more handsome than in any other neighbourhood. But, as almost every one must have remarked in visiting many other cities, superiority in appearance does not render a place the most interesting and attractive. It very often happens that those streets and buildings which are associated with the romantic chronicles of a former period, or where the great government and ecclesiastical edifices are situated, are in the oldest and most squalid quarters. This part of Seville, however, where the Alcazar is situated, is not altogether destitute of interest. There are, in particular, several remarkable edifices, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious stranger. La Fabrica de Tabacos is in the immediate vicinity of the Alcazar. Externally, notwithstanding the purpose to which, as indicated by its name, it is put, it is a spacious palace, within the precincts of which no fewer than three or four thousand men and women find daily employment in the manufacture of cigars and snuff. Another

fine edifice on this side of Seville is that known by the name of La Lonja, which contains all the Spanish archives relating to the affairs of South America. It possesses a very magnificent staircase, and is altogether a handsome building. Then there is the palace of St. Elmo, where the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier now have their residence, the principal attraction of which is its exquisite gardens, which are beautifully arranged and kept in fine order. Altogether, with such objects of attraction, in addition to the Roman tower, the origin of which is unknown, the Cathedral, the Giralda, the Plaza de Toros, and several fine churches, which are adorned with all that theatrical pomp in which the Spanish churchman so delights, the eastern part of the city is by far the most interesting to strangers, at least so far as regards architectural display, fine buildings, and those places that have been distinguished as the scenes of remarkable or important events in the history of the country.

The village of La Triana, on the western side of the river, forms a very miserable contrast with the fine buildings and churches, and the attractive gardens, with which the eastern side is adorned. The Triana is the quarter where the gipsies congregate, lounging about during the day, and seeking the shelter of their miserable roofs on the approach

of night. Though distinguished only by the depravity and profligacy of their character, it was among them that Murillo sought and found the types which he afterwards so often repeated in the figures of his Saints and Madonnas.

The pottery generally used in Seville is manufactured in this district, and provides employment for a considerable number of the poorer classes of the inhabitants. The saints in whose protection the city rejoices were potters by trade. Their names were Justina and Rufina, and they are said to have endured the sufferings and entered into the glory of martyrdom in the year 287. It is also a circumstance well worthy of observation, that if the famous picture of Murillo bears any resemblance at all to them, they must have been exact fac-similes of the gipsies that dwell in Seville at the present moment.

There is certainly no part of Seville in which the artist can find so much employment for his pencil. Countenances and figures are every moment coming under his observation, which he is tempted to commit immediately to his sketch-book. Expressive features, tawny complexions, and flashing dark eyes surround him on all sides, while the individuals to whom they belong are robed in costumes of different kinds, and of every variety of colour. If

the manifestations of a wild and independent character, restrained to some extent by the vicinity of more civilized society, with which it forms so remarkable a contrast, is sought by the wandering limner, let him come often among the gipsies of the Triana, and he will soon fill his portfolio with heads, every one of which is a study in itself. The gipsies, it is true, are not quite the most agreeable or the safest company; and the Sevillanos, in particular, by whom they are regarded with unqualified repugnance, have a very unfavourable opinion of them. The old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," may well be applied to them, for every evil deed that is committed in Seville or its neighbourhood is sure to be charged upon them, there being, doubtless, reasons for supposing that the accusation is not altogether without foundation. The temerity which, in the opinion of friends, I showed in venturing out alone among the gipsies, and in freely perambulating their village, was considered likely to lead to unpleasant consequences, and if I had listened to their timid suggestions, I should have remained in a less suspicious neighbourhood. However, I never met with anything to make me repent of my confidence; I found the gipsies always civil and obliging; my pencil was constantly employed in transferring the

features of those whose appearance struck me, to my sketch-book; and when the work was done, we always parted good friends.

Seville had always been to us a place in which we delighted. On previous occasions we had invariably left it with regret, which was alleviated only by the prospect of returning at some future time to revive our old associations, and to see the friends we had made. We had now to suffer all our former regrets over again in once more bidding adieu to it. We accordingly returned to Cadiz, whence we embarked for our new destination, the Canary Islands, where, almost with as much celerity as the scene is changed in a theatre—and what is life but a stage on which we play many parts?—our readers will next find us.

CHAPTER XII.

Life Abroad—No Place like Home—The Penny Post—The Times—The Ship from England—Removal to the Canaries—Distant view of the Peak of Teneriffe—Approach to the Island—Names of the Canary Islands—Santa Cruz—The Rocks of Paso Alto—Volcanic Origin of the Island—The Euphorbia Canariensis—The Young Woman of Santa Cruz—Her Apartment—How she passes the Evening—The Canary and its Cage—The Novio—The Patio in the Canaries—The Climate of Teneriffe—Itinerant Merchants—The Goods of France and England—French Cutlery from Sheffield—Boxes of “Real Dollars”—The Sale of Old Letters—The Fowl-woman’s Ring—A Vile Hag—Native Scenes.

It is scarcely possible to make those who live in England, enjoying all the pleasures and advantages of home, feel the various wants of which those living abroad are sensible, or to inspire them with any sympathy for those who are constantly uttering complaints, the justice of which they are unable to appreciate. No words, however, are more true

than those of the familiar ballad, "There's no place like home." Go where we will on the face of the wide earth, we shall still find that scarcely a day passes over our heads in which we do not catch ourselves giving expression to the feeling contained in these words. No matter how transparent may be the azure of the heavens, how rich and glowing the tints of the atmosphere, how unclouded the sun, how brilliant the flowers, how verdant the earth, and how crystalline the sea in other climes, the heart still turns with irresistible longing to the home of our childhood, to the old domestic hearth, the scene of our tenderest recollections, to the spreading oaks, the beeches, and the chestnuts of our country home; ay, and even should we have come forth from some crowded city, to "our street," however dingy may have been its houses, however dilapidated its pavement, and however confined the prospect we could obtain from our chamber window. Ah! yes, it is a strange, but invariable, law of our being, which, in after life, sanctifies the scenes of our giddy and thoughtless youth, and turns the eyes even of the dying patriarch, who, in a far distant land, is looking forward with the confidence of Christian faith to a better home, whose associations shall never be broken, back with tender recollection to his childhood's

home, so rich in memories of a mother's love and of a father's tender discipline.

But I must avoid falling into a sentimental strain, for however touching it may be, there is always a certain degree of weakness in it; and when too long indulged in, it makes one as unsteady in his thoughts as the intoxication produced by ardent spirits makes the drunkard on his legs. Perhaps some one, too, who has never been far beyond the bounds of his own village or city, or who at least has never crossed the seas and straits that separate our island from other lands, and who is fired with all the enthusiastic desire of youth to see strange countries beyond the sea, may stop and ask what it can be, when one is so happy as to have the privilege of beholding all the novel spectacles of those sunny lands where nature gives birth to so much that is grand and beautiful, that you can possibly miss in familiar, homely, everyday old England. Well, my reply to that question would be, The very things we miss most are the most familiar and the most homely. For instance, there's the "penny post," bringing us every morning, I may say every hour, the welcome letters of our friends, with the joyful information that they are quite well, with affectionate enquiries regarding our health, touching allusions to the state of the weather, accounts of

purchases that had been recently made,—the faithful impressions, moreover, of every change of feeling, the chronicles of every domestic ailment, of vapours, hysterics, toothache, headache, and heartache. These epistles penned by friendship, not to speak of the more tender communications of love in all shapes and guises, we must renounce in the distant isles of the sea. Then there is the broad sheet of the "Times," laid out on your breakfast-table as regularly as the clock strikes every morning at nine o'clock, and with its parliamentary debates, its police reports, its melancholy occurrences, its chronicles of fashion, its commercial intelligence, its marriages, divorces, and breaches of promise, forming such an excellent accompaniment to your hot roll, egg, and coffee. The "Times" comes to hand only at distant intervals when it gets so far beyond the domain of the inland post. Some may think that these and such as these are very little things, the want of which may easily be born. But it is of such "little things" that the enjoyment of life is made up. You will often hear one man say that he would rather go without his breakfast than his newspaper; another will take the shirt off his back to buy a book that few others would give a sixpence for; and a third would not exchange his pipe of

tobacco for the most tempting dishes that were ever laid before the nicest epicure.

Only those whose destiny has driven them far from home can at all realize the strong emotion with which every thing and every incident that reminds them of the scene they have left is regarded. A permanent residence in a foreign land, even though voluntary, is still expatriation, which always implies the snapping of many of the most tender ties by which the heart is bound to all that it best loves. How often have I stood on the shore of some country where all around me was strange and unsympathetic, and gazing out upon the sea, beheld the little speck that just dotted the horizon, and watched with the most anxious feelings its enlargement to the sight, until hull, and masts, and shrouds were all clearly revealed, and I saw with a thrill of inexpressible delight the well-known flag that told she was from England. In a place where the vessel with the English mail only comes once a month, her arrival is one of the most important events to the eager expectants of letters from home, and no one can tell the alternate hopes and fears, the suspense and dread, that have possessed our minds, or been subdued and controlled, during the last thirty days. When, however, that little dot is descried on the horizon, and the telescope brings

within our sight the banner under which the Royal Mail ship sails, all these anxious feelings are at once concentrated within a short space and upon one object, growing into intensity until she makes her way proudly into the port, sends the letter-bags on shore, the contents of which, whether of joy or woe, are so longed for by the commercial and professional residents, all of whom, though belonging to the most adventurous nation on earth, are yet almost ready to apply to England the words of the Italian who said that "out of Italy every place was exile."

Such were the feelings that had often been experienced by myself in the course of my long wanderings, and of my residence in various lands. I had long been a resident in Morocco, and had, in the course of time, become familiar with scenes and faces as different as can be well imagined from the familiar sights of England and its pleasant fireside homes. I had now, once again, to set up my *lares* in a strange place, in a remote group of islands, at some distance from the western side of Northern Africa.

When still at a great distance from the islands, the eyes of all on board the ship were eagerly bent in the direction in which we were given to understand the island of Teneriffe lay. When there were still

one hundred and twenty miles of ocean between us and the spot to which we were bound, eager looks were constantly on the watch, every one being anxious to catch the first sight of the well-known Peak of Teneriffe, and to announce it to his companions. At last, an exulting shout announces that it is in view, and immediately every eye is strained to bring it within reach of its vision. But there are few on board whose visual organs have been so trained by long practice as to enable them to see an object that has as yet been only barely discerned by the sailors who are accustomed to distinguish, with wonderful certainty, objects that are separated from them by an incredible space. Gradually, however, the Peak began to loom on the verge of the horizon, at first a dim and shadowy outline, which, in a short time, became so clearly defined that its sharp precipitous outline was seen ascending in the air to the height, as authorities tell us, of more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere is clear, soft, and grateful to the eye, pervaded by that mellow light in which every object of sight is seen with a distinctness of outline and a depth of colour that impress their image with such vividness on the mind that the imagination can at any time recall their principal features. He that has eyes to see,

and has once beheld the Peak of Teneriffe in all its glory, can never forget a spectacle which has nothing to match it in any other part of the world. In unspeakable grandeur it rises far above the clouds that one can sometimes see gathering in dark masses about its sides, while the atmosphere through which you gaze upon it is of that matchlessly beautiful ethereal tint which it defies all the skill of art, and all the means that art can employ, to imitate. It is indeed one of those exhibitions of the magnificence of nature before which we stand enthralled, which at first overawes the mind with a sense of the grandeur of Him by whose hand so wonderful a structure was piled above the clouds, and then exalts every feeling with that sense of devotion which so grand a testimony of the power and might of the Creator, as manifested in his works, is so well calculated to produce.

The Canary Islands, known also by the name of the Fortunate Islands, lie off the South Western extremity of Morocco, the nearest of them not being so much as fifty miles from the African continent. The one distinguished by the appellation of the Canary Island has given its name to the whole group, the names of the other six principal islands being Forteventura, the nearest to the mainland, Lancerota, Teneriffe, Gomera, Palma, and

Ferro, the place selected by the geographers of former times for a first meridian. The Canaries contain about 2,900 square miles, and have a population of about 180,000 inhabitants. Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe, is the principal town in the islands, and the residence of the Spanish Governor. Here, as the ship drew near to her destination, we found that we were to land, which, in one respect was unfortunate, for the side of the island on which the capital is built is by no means the one most calculated to give a favourable idea of it to those who visit it for the first time, and particularly to those who, having to make their residence in it, are anxious to find it in reality all that their highest anticipations had led them to look for. There is one unanswerable reason, however, for landing here—viz., that the anchorage at Santa Cruz is much superior to what it is at Orotava (Taora) in the north of the island, its former capital.

No one could employ an epithet which more precisely expresses the appearance of this little capital than that which the celebrated traveller Humboldt used in describing it. He says that it is a "neat town." It is so—neat and pretty, but exceedingly dusty and hot. The scenery around it is not only grand and

majestic in appearance ; but the light in which it is seen is most favourable, being of that subdued tint which, as contrasted with the more showy and glaring colours, is so pleasing to the eye. The island is evidently of volcanic origin, as the wild and irregular masses of rock which surround the town sufficiently testify. Few who have visited Santa Cruz will ever forget the desolate and savage appearance of the rocks of Paso Alto, which extend to the outskirts of the town. The dark bronze colour with which they are tinged is probably the result, in some measure at least, of the presence of the *Euphorbia Canariensis*, which abounds in great quantities in the neighbourhood.

The white-washed town of Santa Cruz, sparkling in the resplendent light of a noonday sun, contrasts pleasingly with these dark masses, as well as with the hard basalt and the soft pumice in the midst of which it is built. Though the capital of the islands and the residence of the Governor, it can make no pretensions to architectural beauty, every house, to all appearance, having been erected only to suit the taste, the caprice, the pocket, or the convenience of its owner, but with no regard to general effect, to the regular arrangement of the streets, or the *alignement* of the houses in them.

Where we can expect so little in the way of harmony, there is often the most striking, and indeed ludicrous, contrasts. Here a large wandering house, rising into the air, story after story, until it attains a considerable elevation, with its long rows of windows, as many as nine or ten being often seen in a single line, supported, one on each side, by two little cat-faced cottages, which are not possessed even of a second story, and have only two little windows, in the upper half of which panes of glass are inserted, but in the lower only wooden panels, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. When you happen to be passing one of these houses, a panel suddenly flies open, and a pair of dazzling black eyes are fixed with undisguised curiosity upon you. But although you have the conviction that the foresaid eyes are scanning your appearance most carefully, you are not favoured with a sight of the owner, for probably it is only the early part of the day yet, and she is in such a state of *deshabille* that she cannot venture to show herself, in return, to any eyes that may be as curious as her own. At night, however, you may be favoured with a sight of the lady, for by that time she has arrayed herself in a becoming manner, and, as we say at home, is now fit to be seen. She is probably an attractive young woman, with handsome features, dark

complexion, piercing eyes, and luxuriant hair, in which a sprig of jasmin or an orange-blossom has been arranged.

She will then be found enjoying herself in the cool of the evening, for the luxury of idleness is the pleasure in which, above all others, she delights. You can look into her room now, if you please, and observe all the arrangements of her little home, for the shutters are wide open, and will remain so for the night, at least until the hour for retiring to rest, which is an early one here. The first thing that you remark is most probably the little green canary bird in its handsome cage of canework. Did you ever see such a home for a canary before? It has its neat little turrets and its labyrinth of corridors. The cross, that never-failing ornament of their apartments, is suspended over it; and that faded garland of the most beautiful flowers, which was hung there, during the last festival, in revived freshness and fragrance, will remain above it until the flowers of next year blossom in all their loveliness again, and the old garland is replaced by a new one. Some prints, by no means in a superior style of art, but being gaudily coloured, more valued than if they were, are hung from nails in the wall. There are only two chairs, and these in rather a dilapidated condition, the seats having

long since disappeared, and two patches of cloth, generally of some gaudy colour, being nailed to the place where they once were. In the list of articles thus displayed for use and ornament, we might also mention the lady's shoe, only that, as she is in full dress at present, her toe is thrust into the tip of it.

The mistress of this simple apartment is leaning out of the window, not absolutely doing nothing, as our familiar idiom permits us to say, for she is looking with an eager expression, with all her soul in her eyes, down the street. On following the direction of her gaze, we discover that it is fixed on the trellised balcony at the further end of the street, but we cannot see anything to attract her attention there, for the balcony is empty. The house to which it belongs appears to be closely shut up, and so demurely innocent is the aspect of everything about the place, that you would no more expect to find any source of mischief there than in the most exclusive convent. One little circumstance only betrays that the house is not quite so desolate as a hasty judgment would lead you to suppose. Some light eddies of smoke, which will make their way almost through anything, are issuing through the crevices. Is it the smoke of a cigar? It resembles it very much.

If the last-mentioned circumstance has excited any suspicion in your mind as to the origin of the smoke which comes from the house, and the object of the gaze that is fixed upon it, take the opportunity of passing that way again when the light of day is fading, when the dusky shades of evening are beginning to fall upon the earth, and you will obtain a satisfactory explanation of the appearances that had excited your curiosity. The island beauty is then in all her glory. What exultation and pride there is in the expression of her features, in the glance of her eye! She looks at you with confidence now, and expects you to look at her in return, for she has got some one with her, who is of very decided opinion that she is well worth looking at, and has told her so time after time. Her Novio, or lover, is outside the window, and there he will remain for the next three hours, indulging with his ladylove in all the gentle dalliance, in all the speaking glances, in all the rapturous declarations which constitute the language of affection all over the world. In the mean time he smokes away, for nothing can be done here without the cigar, ticks away its ashes, smokes again, and through the haze of the light eddying smoke, sends soft glances to the lady at the window. It is not merely, however, in the flirtation itself that they

delight; that, no doubt, is the source of great pleasure, but it is the appearance of the thing, the importance it gives them in the eyes of the spectators. Their meeting is as deliberately prepared and conducted as if it was a matter of business, and the gentleman is no more forgetful of his comfort than of his pleasure during the time devoted to courtship, for he not unfrequently brings a three-legged stool with him, on which he can sit and smoke at leisure, converse, and dart soft glances towards the object of his admiration *pro tem*.

Here also, as in Morocco and Spain, in the centre of every house, is the open space called the Patio. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that in a climate such as that which the Canary Islands enjoy, such open courts are altogether necessary as means for securing a free ventilation. The average of the heat in the summer months does not exceed ninety degrees Fahrenheit; but the inhabitants greatly enjoy the cool and refreshing air, and they will resort to any means to secure an uninterrupted continuance of it, even although, in excluding the heat, they are so unfortunate as to exclude the light also. The Patio is certainly admirably adapted to the wants of the Moors, their peculiar habits and customs rendering it of more impor-

tance to them than to nations that have never adopted some of the peculiar usages of Mohammedan countries. Privacy is a matter of so much importance to the latter, that they cannot allow the use of such transparent and open sources of light and coolness as the windows to which we are accustomed. They are consequently under the necessity of diminishing to the utmost extent such apertures as may be deemed advantageous for the admission of air into the several apartments of their dwellings; and such as they allow are never so placed as to give immediate entrance to the direct rays of the sultry sun of Morocco, but are always in some shady place, or under the protection of overhanging roofs. In the circumstances, therefore, in which the Moors are placed, such a cool and open court as the Patio is absolutely necessary as a suitable resort for the females and children of their families during the oppressive heat of the day, and even during the sultry atmosphere of the evening.

As the Canary islanders are not Mohammedans, and they are exposed to the cooling breezes coming from the ocean, they cannot urge the same unanswerable argument for the use of the Patio. Still it serves very useful purposes to them also. In any country where the continuance of warm

weather can be depended on, it forms a pleasing place for social resort, where the family can work, converse, and take their meals. It is also the well-known rendezvous in which the ladies of the house can meet the itinerant vendors of female apparel, and bargain with them while the latter unfold before their admiring eyes the varied articles which are so displayed as to appear as tempting as possible. Then, hither also come the dealers in old silver, the wandering jewellers, with their glittering stock of gold and precious stones, the exhibition of which calls forth many an exclamation of admiration, many a longing gaze, many a secret thought of how well such and such an article would become me. Then appears perhaps the woman who deals in the goods and stuffs of Manchester, who, after walking frequently as many as five-and-twenty long and wearisome miles, is now, as we may well imagine, quite ready to avail herself of the seat which is obligingly offered for her acceptance, in order to rest her tired limbs. Her tongue, however, requiring no rest in the meantime, begins to move with alacrity, and to the curious inmates of the dwelling, who have gathered round her to hear all the news she has got to tell, she proceeds in the relation of more particulars in the way of the events that have happened in other parts of the island,

the chit-chat, the scandal, the reports, the births, marriages, and deaths, than could be well crammed into the columns of the *Times* newspaper. The fact that her information is all local, and is generally intermingled or wound up with abundant comments of her own, by no means the most charitable in their nature, deprives it of none of its zest to these simple and ingenuous minds.

When the goods in the basket are displayed before the many glistening eyes that are fixed upon them, abundant evidence is afforded that France and England are either allies or rivals in commerce, as they have so often been in war. Everything that is novel or beautiful in the way of ladies' apparel is sure to be the product of the prolific looms of one of these countries; and if an article is not English, you may be certain that it is French. The only unaccountable thing is, that the articles which one would expect to be announced as of English manufacture are represented to be French; and those which have been prepared by French hands are exhibited as the result of English art and ingenuity. The goods that have really come originally from Manchester have but recently arrived, as we are assured, from some celebrated French manufacturing town; and cutlery that has been shaped and sharpened by French hands is

lauded with as much confidence as the best production of the skill and experience of Sheffield. There is deception even in the combs with which they are to dress their heads, for while they have arrived as part of a very miscellaneous cargo from the shores of Gaul, the words, "English comb," are legibly stamped upon each. Then we have a tempting display of English perfumery, prepared in France, or of French Windsor soap and lavender-water, concluding with the last but not the least necessary article, viz., English papers of French pins, which, if they have the disadvantage, on account of having no points, of penetrating any article with difficulty, possess at any rate the counter-advantage that they will never draw a drop of blood, or call forth an exclamation of pain, by an unlucky prick. But the most remarkable thing about them is, that they are sold in boxes of "real dollars," a representation, I suppose, grounded on the fact that the small flat boxes in which they are contained are made in the semblance of some French coin.

In the immense store of articles of all shapes and kinds which the wandering merchant has been triumphantly displaying to the eager and longing gaze of her numerous spectators, we discover only one object of native production. It is certainly a strange thing to be offered for sale, being nothing

more nor less than a packet of well-fingered and greasy letters, from which those who are inclined to purchase are invited to select; and as curiosity is ever an all-powerful principle, and no less in these solitary islands than in places where the supply of news is more plentiful, they often meet with a pressing demand. While the audience (for the saleswoman not only displays her merchandize, but keeps up an uninterrupted flow of talk in its praise) are listening to her flattering representations of the value of her goods, and to her invitations not to lose so favourable an opportunity of providing themselves with articles of which they may stand in need, the fowl-woman has laid her plethoric and apoplectic brood on the ground, leaving them there, for they are safely tied by the legs, so that they cannot escape, to bang their aching heads on the hard stones, while she is using every exertion to strain a magic ring over her gigantic fingers, a task, to all appearance, which only a magician could accomplish. While she is torturing herself to get this talismanic object to its proper position, it suddenly opens into three separate rings, and while she is utterly at a loss in what manner to dispose of the superfluous two, she knows not how to release her suffering finger, which now begins to feel the effect of the strain put upon by the one in which it remains tightly imprisoned.



Next to her is a lovely little child, trembling under the influence of some of those unaccountable apprehensions that frequently torment children in the presence of older persons. She is exceedingly dirty, however, and has scarcely anything that can be called a garment to cover her little limbs. The only article in her possession which could be applied to such a purpose is a shawl, which, however, she had found other employment for, viz., by using it to conceal a fowl she carried under her arm, and which there was reason to suspect she had not obtained in a perfectly honest manner. The poor imprisoned fowl, however, has made its escape, having managed to break loose from her hold, and is now crowing over the poor, sickly, and suffering ones on the pavement. There is also an old hag, not of the most prepossessing appearance, the ostensible object of whose presence is that of endeavouring to dispose of a brooch, formed of some mean metal, but of a glittering and showy appearance, the value of which, in all probability, is not twopence. With chattering teeth and quaking frame, she is ready to pour into the ears of any who will listen to her such scandalous reports as she thinks may please them; and even the most trusting innocence is not safe from her polluting words, if she can only hope to gain a small coin to reward

her. But, fortunately, most are engrossed with the contents of the female pedlar's basket, which, like the cornucopia of some expert dealer in the art of legerdemain, seems to possess an endless variety of the most tempting stores, by which the eyes of old and young, of rich and poor, of those who can purchase, and of those who cannot, are irresistibly attracted.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Visit in Teneriffe—A Dilemma—Substitute for Bell and Knocker—Quien es?—A Rickety Staircase—A Lost Key—The Wrong one Found—Studies in Art—A Lesson of Patience—The Dark Apartment—A Drawing-Room in the Canaries—My Polite Reception—The Etiquette of Visits—Subjects of Conversation—Extravagant Professions of Friendship—The Garden on the Roof—View of the Bay of Santa Cruz—Leaky Housetops—Effects of a Sudden and Heavy Shower—The Public Promenade—The Plaza at Dusk—Talking and Flirting—The Marble Cross—Monument of the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin—The Plaza Suddenly Deserted—Service at Church—The Sermon—Description of the Church when Lighted up—Influence of the Roman Catholic Ritual—The Statue of the Virgin Arrayed in the Marchesa's cast-off Garments—The Sermon Criticised.

WISHING to pay a visit to the lady of the house, we had to make our way as successfully as we could through the compact crowd assembled before the house. We proceeded into the Patio, which presented the same attractive appearance, with the same soft cooling air, as those we have

already described in Morocco and Spain. In the centre was a shady group of trees, consisting of bananas and the richly-blossoming orange-tree. As we moved forward, we started a dozing pigeon, which immediately took flight and preceded us upstairs. We made our way up, and when we had got to the top, perceiving none of the usual means by which visitors are enabled to announce their presence in the different parts of Europe, we were at a loss how to apprise the inmates of the honour we intended them. What were we to do? We looked carefully about, but there was no bell, no knocker, none even of those rude pieces of notched iron of which one or two specimens still exist, or at least recently existed, in Edinburgh. We had no alternative, therefore, but to put our ingenuity to the test, and to apply some of those available articles, of which there were probably several within reach, to the purpose of a bell or knocker, for the people in this distant and primitive island are not particular, and anything that makes a noise, and can be heard with sufficient distinctness, will answer your purpose. We at length succeeded in arousing the attention of the inmates by banging as loudly as we could with our hands and with a piece of wood, and were at last responded to by a voice proceeding from one of the top galleries. Although we were very

well acquainted with the Spanish language, we had some difficulty, from the shrieking voice in which the words were uttered, in recognising them as *Quien es?* Who is it? On looking up, we perceived that the person from whom this inquiry had proceeded was not of a very prepossessing appearance, her clothes being tagged about her in that careless and unbecoming manner which indicated great slovenliness. However, on bawling up our query if the lady of the house was within, for the figure we had just beheld did not choose to descend in order to pass one or two words more conveniently, or as a mark of respect to her mistress's visitor, we were told to mount a flight of steps which we saw before us, and by which, as this uncivil Abigail would not descend to us, we had to mount up to her. The stairs, it must be confessed, did not appear to be in the most inviting condition; they had all the appearance of having done good service, of having been worn away by many feet, and of having borne the weight of many a heavy load. They gave painful evidence of the uncertainty of all earthly things; and, although they had never come down yet, they might while we were upon them. But it was useless to reason on probabilities or possibilities, for we had come for a certain purpose, we had announced ourselves, and we must either go up or ex-

pose ourselves to painful suspicions, being strangers, or to equally painful ridicule. Accordingly, we prepared to ascend, and made our way upwards, picking our steps with as much care as if we were crossing a shallow stream by means of a number of loose stones that rest upon no very secure foundation. Being almost out of breath when we got to the top, we were not sorry to be told that the key of the drawing-room was missing, for while the maid was either looking, or pretending to look for it, it gave us an opportunity of resting and recovering ourselves, and of looking round to observe the appearance and disposition of the place. We observed that the walls were adorned with some works of art—that is to say, of art in its more primitive and simple sense, when it delights in certain broadly-marked, typical figures, and in the most glaring and showy colours. If the pictures were not exactly such as would satisfy even a slightly critical taste, they had, at any rate, the advantage of providing some occupation for our eyes while the girl was searching for the key. We observed that the prints were three in number, two of them being illustrations of great events in the history of the Spanish Conquest, and the third a Scripture subject.

While we were deeply intent on the study of the

Conquest of Mexico and Peru, or of Moses in the Bulrushes, my ears were caught by a rather suspicious kind of sound, and on endeavouring to discover whence it proceeded, I saw certain indications which led me to conclude that the key was inside the lock, and that, by some mysterious agency from the inside, it was kept incessantly turning round and round, and dropping out, and being put in again, but never by any chance succeeding in opening the door. I was at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance. I began to fancy it might be a Canarian way of politely announcing to the stranger that the lady was not at home to visitors just at that moment, when I heard a voice from within exclaiming, "Eso no es la llave" or "This is not the key," and I thought the best thing I could do, as I had not yet finished the study of the forementioned prints, was to turn to them again, and to see if I could not discover some hidden beauties in them which had never yet been detected by the most knowing eyes. Accordingly, I resumed my study; but before I had got very deeply wrapt in it, a second key was found and applied, and on being turned in the lock, was seen to be the one desired, for the door opened with rather a startling bang, as if surprised at an operation to which it was not often subjected, and we were ushered into the room,

while, much to my surprise, it was in a state of utter darkness.

It was, I confess, with some timidity that I entered the unknown apartment in which I could not see a single step before me. I felt somewhat in the position of the sailor who is about to make his entrance into some unknown sea, to the navigation of which he is an utter stranger. There was this difference, however, in my case, that it was not for myself I was afraid, but for the injury I might very probably have the misfortune to commit. I imagined myself entering, without a guide and without a light, into one of those richly-furnished drawing rooms, where you may come upon a handsome vase of flowers, a crystal globe of gold fish, a statue of Parian marble, or some other rich and valuable work of art, and commit some irreparable damage by a wrongly directed footstep, or by sweeping something from the table with the arm which you hold out to direct your movements. I felt very thankful when, tardily as it was done, the little half inch of window was opened, and by the light which streamed in, I was able to take a survey of the room, the possible danger to the ornaments or furniture of which had so seriously alarmed me. To any one who could have seen me at the moment, I have no doubt I must have presented a picture of ridiculous astonish-

ment. The richly decorated room which, in imagination, I had so hastily painted, furnished and adorned, was almost as clear as a deserted race-course. It was one of those large old-fashioned Spanish drawing-rooms, which are so interesting on account of the recollections of the manners and customs of a life which has passed away that they excite, but which was entirely destitute of every other claim to admiration, for the furniture, either useful or ornamental, which it contained, might all have been comprised in a very short invoice. If we remember rightly, it included the following articles, none of them of a very costly description, but all carefully preserved as sacred heirlooms to go down from generation to generation, unchanged by the constant innovations of ever-varying fashion. First, there was a very spacious horse-hair sofa, very hard and very slippery, and altogether a most substantial piece of furniture compared with the more elegant and light productions of the upholstery art in modern times. In the centre of the apartment was a small round table, appearing by contrast with the space in which it was placed, if possible, even more diminutive than it really was. And, lastly, there were no fewer than two dozen chairs, six of which were placed at right angles with the sofa, and the remainder distributed, as conveniently and as neatly as they could be, about the room.

Such was the apartment into which, after so much trouble, and with so many doubts and fears, I was at last introduced, and in which the lady whom I was desirous of seeing soon made her appearance. I found her to be exceedingly courteous, quite *empressé* in manner, delighted to see me, exceedingly honoured by my visit. In a word, the excessive politeness with which she received me was what we should consider in England overdone. Considering her in the light of an actress, she might be said to have overstepped the modesty of nature, and her very expression indicated, as plainly as words could do, that the feeling uppermost in her mind was, how well she had played her part; for it must be remembered that the etiquette of a visit is so strictly arranged here, that it almost becomes a sort of dramatic entertainment rather than an outpouring of friendly feelings.

The lady visitor is always placed on the right hand of the mistress of the house, for that is the post of honour; and if the party should comprise any gentlemen, the chairs that are disposed at right angles with the sofa are allotted to them. The conversation may possibly, after the ice of a formal reception has been melted in the glow of warm and friendly feelings, take a more free and unconstrained direction; but there are certain, so to speak, stock subjects which must be regularly

disposed of, somewhat in the same way as in England we generally discuss the weather, the news of the day, or the state of our health, before subjects of a more miscellaneous and interesting nature can be fairly started. The lady of the Canaries proceeds, in the first place, to inform you of the number of her children, who, she assures you, are all your devoted servants; she expatiates on the excellencies of their several dispositions, and on their various acquired qualifications. This is a subject upon which many, it may be most, can dilate with considerable volubility, and not unfrequently to the no small tedium of the listener, whom the law of a rigorous etiquette requires to endure this infliction. She makes a loud profession also of her own devotion to you, will consider no sacrifice too great in order to oblige you, declares herself, in all things, your very humble servant, and if you are only civil in return, she assures you that everything that belongs to her is yours, her house, her children, her furniture, and her chickens. In fact, there is no limit to her devotion, or at any rate to her profession of it.

This is all very well, and if you receive it as sincerely meant, must inspire one with a very high idea of the Spanish lady of the Canaries; but a very short acquaintance is sufficient to enable us to set

a true value upon all such excessive protestations of friendship and devotion. It would be absurd to suppose that they are intended literally, and the lady herself who has been assuring you, with an appearance of so much sincerity, of her eager desire to be of service to you, would probably be the first to laugh in your face if you exhibited so much simplicity as to put faith in her assertions, and if you expected her actually to realise her words by her actions. The plain truth is, that it is not in the domestic circle, or in the privacy of her own home, that the Spanish lady is seen, in these islands, in perfection, or in her true character. It is in the public promenade, in places of display, that she appears in all her lustre; and although she may be still acting a part (for what is life in Spain, in the Canaries, or in England, but a scene where man plays many parts?) it is one which is more consonant to her innate disposition, which gratifies her love of display, which inspires her with the hope of conquest. There is no time or place in which one can behold her to greater advantage than in the Plaza at dusk, where she walks about as stately as a stage queen, playing with her fan, and darting expressive glances from behind it; or in the ball-room, where she reigns triumphantly over a circle of humble admirers;

or in the church, where she goes to say her prayers, to be looked at, and to look about her.

But this digression must not lead me to forget that I am still on a visit, that I have been introduced to a lady whose acquaintance I am anxious to make, because, among other reasons, I wish to have a good opportunity of learning something of the habits and life of the people. Having got over the formal introduction, and thrown aside some of the reserve with which a first meeting of strangers is generally attended, she made a proposition, to which I gladly assented, that we should go out to the roof of the house, both to see it and to enjoy the coolness of the evening air. When I stepped out upon it, I was quite astonished at the sight that met my eyes, being altogether unprepared to see it laid out with so much beauty and order. It was a perfect garden, fragrant with the odour of the finest geraniums; while fuschias and other beautiful flowers hung down over the house in a profusion of many-coloured garlands. It commanded also a most magnificent view, the bay, with its gently undulating billows tipped by the sun-light, extending out before us until it joined the ocean. Altogether, the flat roof is perhaps the most pleasant part of the house, an excellent resort for the family at certain hours, and in some conditions of the

weather even more agreeable than the patio. These flat roofs, however, even when constructed with the greatest care, have one great disadvantage, which invariably makes itself felt in the course of time, and that is, that they all leak to a considerable extent. During the great heat of the summer in the latitude of these islands, the various timbers that compose the roof, and the beams that support it, unavoidably shrink to a considerable extent; and when the first heavy rains that come after the uninterrupted drought of summer begin to pour down in torrents, the water soon oozes through the roof, ere long drenching it so entirely that it at last comes pouring down in a perfect flood into the bed-chambers and other apartments, sparing nothing that is left exposed to its fury, but soaking everything, clothes and stores of all kinds, before they can be rescued from the torrents that pour in upon them. When the rain reaches the passages, making its way in a flood from apartment to apartment throughout the house, there is only one method by which the inmates of the several houses can deliver themselves from, or at any rate diminish the disagreeable effects of so painful a visitation. They bore holes in the floor, from story to story, thus permitting the water to find its way as quickly as possible to the ground-

floor, and thence to the patio, where there are means by which it can sink into the earth, thence to be drawn up again into the atmosphere, and to descend, at some future period, in similar floods.

Besides the churches and their private houses, perhaps the most favourable place in the town of Santa Cruz to obtain a knowledge of the people is the Plaza, the great scene of public resort, where the inhabitants of all ranks and classes freely intermingle. In the cool of the evening, this open space is all alive with crowds of women in black, with black eyes, black hair, and black mantillas. The long and sultry day, during which they have been lounging about in their houses and idling away their time, is over now; and they are all deeply engaged in what constitutes one, or rather two, of the most important occupations of life with them, namely, talking and flirting. What an incessant movement of the never-absent fan is going on, as, like so many gigantic and frantic butterflies, they glitter and sparkle in the fair hands of their owners! The men, also, if they had any more serious occupation than the women throughout the day, have now for a time left it and all its cares behind, and are giving themselves up to the easy enjoyment of the hour, smoking their cigars, talking, laughing, sauntering, and looking about.

While we are observing the strangely varied and novel scene, we turn our eyes towards one end of the Plaza. There, rising above the dark mass of beauty which appears to be in a state of motion as restless as the sea, our eyes fall upon a simple marble cross, from which the cold and silvery light of the moon, which is now far up in the heavens, and smiling calmly down upon the dark groups below, is reflected in glittering streams of brilliance. At the other end of it is the monument of "The Apparition of the Blessed Virgin," as she appeared to the Guanche Kings.

But we cannot stay to examine these at present, for there is some other object of attraction to-night, and we must follow the crowd to see what it was. We had scarcely made up our minds, however, to rush with the multitude, before the immense extent of the Plaza, which only a few moments previously was as crowded with promenaders as it could well be, was entirely deserted. The inhabitants of a ruined house could not have more quickly forsaken its walls, or a colony of rats more hastily abandoned a sinking ship, than all the gay ladies and gentlemen of the islands, whom we had been regarding with so much curiosity, deserted the chosen scene of their evening's recreations, of their assignations and their rendezvous.

But so it was, as our eyes undoubtedly assured us ; for on looking around, we could not behold a single individual except ourselves, and the only things that told of the many human beings that had been there a moment before were a broken flower lying here and the end of a cigar on the ground there ; but, otherwise, the cold cross at one end of the Plaza, and the Apparition at the other, looked down mournfully on their own lengthened shadows on the stones, while everywhere else the calm moonlight threw its silver effulgence on a complete desert.

Being anxious to know what could be the cause of this sudden departure that had left us so solitary—the irresistible attraction that had carried away so many from the enjoyment of the cool atmosphere of evening, we followed the example of those who had proceeded before us, and soon made up to the more laggard stragglers, whom we still saw only a short way before us. Trusting to their guidance as likely to lead to an explanation of the unexpected phenomenon, we at last found ourselves before the portal of the church, and as it was brilliantly lighted up, we took the liberty of entering, and found it crowded to suffocation. We now obtained the explanation we desired, as to the reason why the Plaza had been so completely deserted.

It was the night on which a sermon was preached, and as religion, or at least its external observance, is a very important matter with the people of the Canary Islands, they could not miss the expected discourse on any account. As I did not feel quite so absorbing an interest in what the worthy clergyman might say, I found a greater source of pleasure in examining the church, and in noting the appearance of its architectural ornaments, the paintings, and the people. It was, as I have already observed, illuminated in the most dazzling manner, thousands of lighted tapers producing a perfect blaze of refulgence about the altar, while the magnificent Retablo, resplendent with the profusion of jewels with which it was adorned, reflected the rays of light in a stream of sparkling brilliance that completely dazzled the eye not accustomed, by constant repetition, to displays of such a description. Then, in addition, there was the usual amount of curious and elaborate carving, richly gilded, of pictures, some representing scriptural and some rather apocryphal subjects, and of statues, more or less beautiful, of the Madonna and the Infant Jesus.

One of the most prominent objects was the great cross in the midst, before which so many devout worshippers were accustomed to kneel with the

most expressive external signs of heart-felt devotion. Although there is, undoubtedly, much that savours of the idolatrous in the objects to which our attention is drawn in a Catholic church or cathedral, yet there is such a harmony and consistency of effect in the whole, so much of what, in ordinary language, we call "keeping," that the individual must be prejudiced, indeed, who is not more or less impressed by a scene which inspires sincere devotion in so many hearts, and which seeks to give a religious direction to our thoughts and feelings through the medium of what is considered, by many profound thinkers, the finest and loftiest sentiment in the heart of man, the love of art. Who can look, for example, on that beautiful statue representing the "Queen of Heaven," with those mild and loving eyes, with that soft and enchanting face, and with that glittering halo around her head, and not, even while refusing to accord to her that worship to which the Roman Catholics consider that she is entitled, feel drawn by the tenderest chords of sympathy to her whom Protestants allow to have been the "most highly favoured among women," the mother of our Lord, and the object of his pure and tender affection? But, alas, while we are, almost unconsciously, giving way to the emotions which the statue, as a work of art, and

as a faithful representation of a grand subject, produces in our mind, our flow of sympathy and devotion is interrupted by the ridiculous associations which this figure, as well as hundreds like it in Catholic churches in Spain and in the Spanish possessions, is so well calculated to produce by the manner in which it is arrayed, and its finer beauties, as a work of Christian art, so carefully concealed. Not to speak of the diamond rings with which her fingers are profusely adorned, what means that tawdry and spangled dress in which the figure is so oddly, so absurdly arrayed? If you ask one of the numerous Roman Catholics standing near you how so sacred an image came to be invested in such a garb, he will tell you, with a glance of undisguised admiration at the figure, that it was presented, as an act of becoming piety, by a defunct Marchesa, the said robe having constituted a portion of her cast-off apparel, which, after it had served her own purpose in the world, she at last dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, as a fitting adornment for her in the church; an act of Christian piety which you would honour yourself by imitating, as, in his own mind, your informant very probably thinks. Only think of it—the Queen of Heaven in the cast-off robes of the departed Marchesa!—One wonders how many masses for the repose of her

soul in another world her noble munificence in this would purchase. The general effect of churches where so much is exhibited in the way of display is very often the same. Almost overwhelming the spectator, at first sight, by their magnificence, and by their splendid and sensuous service awaking certain feelings that seem closely allied to true devotion, but really have little in common with it, they will not stand a careful and critical examination, and when we descend to the details of that which, as a whole, has impressed us, we find them, in many cases, bordering on the ridiculous.

But while we are following the course of our meditations, or making additional observations on the novel scene before us, the sermon has been delivered, and is now being wound up. Gradually sinking his voice, the preacher utters his last words, and the congregation prepare to take their departure. The church is emptied of its numerous audience almost as speedily as it had been filled by them an hour before, and they set off to their several homes, some in one direction, some in another. On their way, the most general subject of conversation is precisely the same as that which would be chosen by a congregation in any other part of the world, namely, the character of the

sermon they have just heard. It is most minutely criticized in all its parts, its several effective and defective portions duly recapitulated, and suggestions as to the course of thought and the mode of expression by which it might have been so very much improved confidently put forward. With all this apparent interest, however, regarding religious subjects, there is reason to fear that their piety consists rather more in externals than in the devotion of the heart, and that, as in some other countries we could name, where "our minister" and "his sermon" are never-failing subjects of pious conversation, it is only the outside of the platter that is cleansed, the purification of the inside, as it is not exposed to so much observation, being deferred to a more convenient period, when it may be thoroughly rubbed up and polished. Indeed, it may be said that in Spain generally, and in the Canary Islands, the religion which thinketh no evil, and which delights in doing good, is unfortunately at a very low ebb.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Santa Cruz—British Colours in the Church—The Foundering of the Fox—The Loss of Nelson's Arm—The Attack on Santa Cruz—General Gutierrez—Death of Captain Bowen—The Spanish General Determines to Surrender—Brave Conduct of the Spanish Sergeant—Unfortunate Position of the English Sailors—Captain Troubridge Takes Possession of the Dominican Monastery—Surrounded by a Superior Force of Spaniards—Protects his Soldiers by Placing the Prisoners in Front—His Proposal to Surrender the Monastery on certain conditions accepted by the Spaniards—Kindness of the Spanish Soldiers to the English Sailors—Supply them with Bread and Wine—Their Attention to the Wounded—Nelson's Appreciation of the Conduct of the Spaniards—He offers to carry their General's Despatch to Cadiz—Cowardly Conduct of Three Militia Officers—Subsequent Conscientious Conduct of one of them—The Drunken Irishman conveying the Orders of the General.

THE church, I had almost forgotten to say, contains one remarkably interesting object, particularly to all English visitors, viz., the British colours which were picked up immediately after that unfortunate

cutter, the Fox, went to the bottom, just before the town, with a crew of ninety-seven souls on board. These colours are most carefully preserved, having been kept in a glass case up to the present day. It may not be generally recollected that it was on the occasion of the engagement that took place before the town of Santa Cruz that Nelson lost his arm. The particulars of the battle, a very disastrous one, we may suppose to be very generally known, or the sources from which information may be obtained easily accessible, so that it would be quite superfluous to relate the particulars of the engagement to our readers. Indeed we should scarcely have considered it necessary to refer to it at all, had it not been for the circumstance that we are in possession of two very interesting anecdotes concerning it, which have never before been published, and which, we have every reason to believe, will prove interesting to our readers.

The circumstances of the first were the following:—The English fleet had made a serious attack on the town of Santa Cruz, and during the whole time that the fire of the vessels lasted, General Gutierrez and his staff remained stationed in the castle of San Cristoval, at the entrance of the mole. The Spanish commander had probably at no time very great hopes of being able to resist successfully

the attack of the English ; but when the emissaries whom he had sent forth to gain information had repeatedly brought him word that our troops had so far succeeded in their enterprise as to have penetrated a considerable distance towards the back part of the town, even so far as the Dominican monastery, the General gave up all hope of being able to make a successful defence, regarded the place as completely lost, and announced to those about him the intention to which he had now come, of at once surrendering the place into the hands of the English. This was by no means the most agreeable news to young and ardent soldiers, such as those of whom the staff was composed ; but what could they do now, when the General had declared with his own mouth his inability to maintain his position any longer in the face of such an attack as had been made upon it ?

While they were thus feeling all the disagreeable effects of a communication which deprived them of all their hopes, and would probably lead to their being surrendered and detained as prisoners of war, to their astonishment, one of their sergeants, named Manuel Cuera, stepped confidently and cheerfully up to the General, and with more familiarity than is usual when two soldiers are separated so far by their respective ranks, placing his hand upon the

shoulder of his commanding officer, he said, "No, your Excellency, you shall not give up the place, for we are not reduced to such a strait as that yet. I have been making some observations, and having just been round the sea-line, I have discovered that the greater number of the English boats, which were preparing to land their men for a final onset, have been stove in by the tremendous surf which is at present raging on the shore, and the men are now scattered about, in small detached portions, in different parts of the town, so that, if a well-directed attack is made upon them, they can neither assist each other to any purpose, nor offer a formidable resistance to our troops." This was good news for the General, whom it inspired with new courage, and who determined to make one great effort more before he gave up all for lost and suffered the ignominy of a defeat. He, therefore, assumed his usual courage, followed his sergeant's advice, and again commenced the engagement, which he continued till the affair was brought to a termination which was equally honourable to Englishmen and Spaniards.

There was unfortunately only one among the leading men of our countrymen who was acquainted with the topography of the place. This was Captain Bowen, a brave and able officer, from

whose knowledge of the island but little advantage was obtained, as, to our great loss, he was killed on the first steps of the mole. Owing to the dense darkness of the night and the unusual violence of the surf on the shore, the crews in the several boats were forced to land at different places; and being ignorant of the locality, with no one to guide them in the right direction, they were unable either to find their way to the appointed place of rendezvous, or to recognize each other and unite in one strong and compact body.

The Plaza had been appointed as the spot where all the boats' crews were to meet, if circumstances had allowed them to carry out their original instructions. In the meantime, Captain Troubridge, with the small detachment under his command, making his way through several of the back streets of the town, managed to get as far up as the place where the Dominican monastery is situated, and at once took possession of it. But he was not allowed to keep it long in his hands without resistance, for a large body of Spanish troops, with whom a considerable number of the militia were joined, completely invested the place, and rendered it exceedingly difficult for him to maintain himself in the position he had secured by his prudence and valour. He was determined not to yield however, even to

the superior numbers by whom he was surrounded, and, as a measure of precaution, justified by the emergencies of war, he formed in his front a line of those prisoners who had fallen into his power in the course of his advance to his present position. As a considerable number of these were among the more wealthy and influential inhabitants of the place, and as all were well known to the troops composing the militia force, who were, of course, natives of or residents in the island, the latter, unwilling to inflict any injury on their fellow-countrymen or fellow-townsmen, who were in the direct line of their fire, elevated their muskets to such a height in taking aim, that their first volley caused more alarm and damage among the feathered inhabitants of the tiles and belfries of the building, than among the troops who had found refuge beneath its roof.

In the meantime, Colonel M——, the commander of the Spanish troops, who was an Italian by birth, and who had never acquired the power of expressing himself in the Spanish language with any facility or fluency, continued to shout to his soldiers, “*Condanate vois a matar a la Santissima Trinite;*” but before their fire had continued for any length of time, or any serious injury had been inflicted on the English troops, Captain Troubridge, clearly per-

ceiving that there was no hope of his being able to maintain an effectual resistance against the overwhelming force of the Spaniards, and seeing that a longer continuance of the combat could only lead to a useless massacre of his men, whose lives were too valuable, in their present circumstances, to be lightly thrown away, sent one of his officers, in company with a gentleman of the name of Murphy, who had the misfortune of being taken prisoner by the English troops in their progress through the town, to make proposals to the officer in command of the Spaniards. The officer referred to was the bearer of a flag of truce; and, on being admitted to the presence of General Gutierrez, he made known to him the proposition of which he was the bearer; and which was to the effect that Captain Troubridge, if unmolested by the enemy, would make no further attempt either to injure or take possession of the place, and would peacefully re-embark his men; but if, on the contrary, any attempt should be made to interfere with them in any way, or to menace them with further injury, that he had it still in his power to inflict additional injury and punishment upon them, and would even set fire to the town of Santa Cruz, in order that he and the men under his command might succeed in fighting their way out of it during the confusion. With the

several minor conditions accompanying this proposition, of which it is unnecessary to make any particular mention, the offer of Captain Troubridge was accepted without any demur or hesitation by the Spaniards, who appear to have been ready to welcome with alacrity the prospect of a cessation of hostilities with as little loss of time as possible, so that it is impossible to say which party was most pleased by this unexpected change in the aspect of events. It is extremely gratifying to be able to say that the Spaniards fulfilled all the conditions to which their commanding officer had agreed in the most honourable manner, and even did more than we had any right to expect from them in the circumstances. Nothing could surpass the kindness and liberality which they evinced towards the English troops when they were preparing to return to their ships. Appearing almost to anticipate their wants, they supplied every man with the welcome present of a loaf of bread, and with what was probably more welcome still to soldiers in the circumstances in which they were placed, a bottle of wine. They also made a most favourable impression on the English soldiers by the exemplary care and attention which they bestowed on the wounded, doing everything in their power to alleviate their sufferings, and to make them as comfortable as men

in their condition could possibly be made. Nelson himself appears to have been quite sensible of the excellent dispositions and conduct of the soldiers to whom they had so recently been opposed as inveterate enemies; his generous heart derived great gratification from it; and in order to evince in some slight way his appreciation of their behaviour, which it would be well if soldiers, and particularly those of some continental powers, imitated more frequently, he made an offer of his services to General Gutierrez to convey his dispatch, containing an account of the affair, to the supreme government in Spain; an offer of which the General gladly availed himself. Nelson accordingly actually became the bearer of an enemy's dispatch, announcing the issue of a conflict in which he had himself born a part; and he of course faithfully performed the duty which he had undertaken, sending the dispatch ashore to the Spanish authorities under the protection of a flag of truce, as soon as he arrived before Cadiz. It would certainly be unjust and invidious to assert that the regular troops of Spain and the militia of the island did not, in general, in the course of this engagement, fight with a steadiness and valour worthy of their ancient reputation. The greater number distinguished themselves by a bravery that elicited applause even from the

lips of enemies ; but it is also an undoubted fact, however painful it may be to mention it, especially after recounting the commendable liberality and kindness of the Spaniards, that there were some who no less unworthily disgraced themselves by a cowardice of which it is with difficulty that any one can conceive a man to have been guilty. This was particularly the case among the militia officers as well as men. I have been informed, on undoubted authority, that at the very commencement of the action, three of these militia officers, who wore the garb and carried the arms, but had not the heart or spirit, of soldiers fighting for their country, left the posts which they had been appointed by the orders of their commander to guard, and endeavoured to make their escape from a conflict which they had not the courage to face. Being unable to procure a separate conveyance for each of them, and afraid, doubtless, of being discovered, in their unworthy evasion, by their General or comrades, if they lingered long in the neighbourhood of Santa Cruz, they laid hold of one unfortunate animal, on which the three despicable cowards mounted, and which, by dint of constant spurring and merciless beating, they compelled to carry them as far as Laguna, where they explained their unexpected appearance by assuring the Cabildo and the townspeople who had gathered

about them that all was over with the Spaniards, that their troops were completely defeated, and that Santa Cruz was entirely in the power of the victorious English. Having communicated this apparently true information to the alarmed islanders, they again made off with as much speed as before, dispersed in different directions, and never rested till they had safely reached their respective residences, where they repeated the same story of the defeat of the Spaniards, not forgetting to garnish it with some episodes of their own deeds of heroism.

A circumstance, however, is related regarding one of this valiant triumvirate which shows that however destitute of either that physical or moral courage which supports a man amid the dangers of battle, he was in some other respects a man of high feelings, and even possessed of a delicate sense of honour. He was known to be a very wealthy man, being in possession of an ample fortune, and having succeeded to a large entailed property. He had a younger brother, who, as is so often the case with those in similar circumstances, without any fortune of their own in which to trust, had adopted the profession of arms, and at this time happened to be serving in Spain. He was a young man of considerable talent, distinguished by ability as a soldier, and

had been often noticed with approbation by his superiors. Having greatly distinguished himself also by his faithful and able services against the unsettled and revolutionary provinces of Spain in South America, he was rewarded for them by being promoted to the rank of General.

The will by which the elder brother succeeded to the property, which had been so long in the possession of his family, contained one remarkable condition, on which alone it was to be held, and the violation of which was immediately to be followed by its resignation into the hands of one more worthy to be the possessor of it. With that high sense of honour and chivalry which distinguishes many old Spanish families, with that lofty estimation of those nobler characteristics that constitute the true soldier, and particularly courage and fidelity to his flag, a clause in the title deeds of the estate exacted that any one holding it who should ever be guilty of cowardice, or of any other dishonourable act unworthy of a Spaniard and of a true soldier, should immediately, as no longer a worthy member of a family that had ever been distinguished for its gallantry and devotion to the service of its king and country, forfeit the possession of the said property, delivering it up, with all the title deeds, papers, &c. into the hands of the next heir male, if he was one worthy to hold it.

The elder brother being, as we have already remarked, notwithstanding his unfortunate, or rather disgraceful, conduct at Santa Cruz, a man of a very honourable character, and scrupulously conscientious in his conduct, as soon as he observed or remembered this condition, nobly determined at once to comply with it, and to yield up to his more fortunate and chivalrous younger brother that property which he no longer considered himself fit to hold in his possession. With as little delay therefore, as possible, he wrote to his brother, who was then serving in Spain, informing him of this clause in the will, and of the consequences which it necessarily entailed on himself, acknowledging that he did not consider himself one into whose hands his ancestors would have been willing that the property they had acquired and enlarged by their swords should fall; he announced his readiness to execute all the deeds necessary for the conveyance of the property, and to make it over unreservedly to him. The younger brother, on receiving this letter, instead of accepting the ample means that, by the provisions of the will, had so justly fallen into his hands, seemed determined to vie with his senior in the generosity of his conduct. He replied in rather a jocular manner to the proposal thus unexpectedly made, saying in his answer to his

brother, that if, as he acknowledged, he was a coward, there was no use of his making a fool of himself also. If, therefore, he would only hold his tongue, no one need now know anything of the unfortunate affair in which he certainly had not greatly distinguished himself, and if he would only follow his advice, the best thing he could do would be to say nothing more about the matter, and to keep the estates. Accordingly, having done all that in the circumstances justice or honour required him to do, and appreciating the good and generous feeling of his younger brother, he wisely and prudently followed his advice, remained in his position as proprietor of the estate, which at his death he left to his direct descendants, his grandson being in the possession of it at the present day.

The second story I have to relate is the following:—A native of the Emerald Isle, of the name of O'Rooney, who was understood to fill the situation of clerk in a large mercantile firm, went over to the side of the Spaniards at the commencement of the action. Like all renegades, being very anxious to distinguish himself by his devotion to the new side which he had adopted, he went to General Gutierrez, and made an offer of his services to him, expressing his willingness to be employed in any way that would be likely

to prove useful to the Spanish cause. The General accepted the proffer, and at once entrusted to him the performance of a very important duty, viz., that of carrying an order to the commander of the fort at Paso Alto. This commission the worthy O'Rooney proceeded to execute, mounting on horseback in order to accomplish it with greater speed. But he, unfortunately for his employers, happened at the moment to be in a condition which was by no means unusual with him, for like too many of his thoughtless countrymen, he had a little partiality for stronger drink than could do him any good. Being therefore, in plain terms, very tipsy, and not caring how he went, or whom he met, for a good authority has told us, in *Tam o'Shanter*, of the inspiring effects of John Barleycorn :—

“ Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'd face the devil,”

so Mr. O'Rooney thought proper not to go by the safest road for him, but by the shortest, a rather unfortunate choice. The shortest road happened to be the Marina, which was in the possession of the English troops, and where many of our men at the time were scattered about. As a man in his senses might have anticipated, he was speedily observed and challenged; but so com-

pletely was he stupefied by the drink which he had taken, that he made no attempt at concealment or prevarication, but at once told them, in plain English, the errand on which he was sent. In those days, and in such circumstances, soldiers were very speedy in their decisions and actions; and the marine who had challenged O'Rooney at once bayoneted him, while his comrade rifled his pockets and appropriated his clothes.

Captain Bowen, as I have previously stated, was killed at an early period of the day, just at the moment of his landing at the mole. The death which deprived the English navy of the services of this excellent officer was a very frightful one, a discharge of grape-shot having torn part of his stomach away. His sword was lost for the time; but his watch and a pair of pistols, which he carried on his person, were secured, having been obtained for a sum of money by the lawyer Saraté, from the individual who found them. Many years after this attack—indeed, after the recollection of it had passed away from the minds of Englishmen, Lieutenant Herbert of the navy, who was a nephew of Captain Bowen, being very anxious to secure these articles for the family of the deceased hero, urgently requested an Englishman to use every exertion to trace them

to their possessors at that time, and if possible to purchase them as memorials which would be very highly valued by all the relations. The individual accordingly undertook the commission; but after the lapse of so long a time, it was not a task that could be easily accomplished, to trace out the articles that had been the property of an English captain who had met his death amid all the confusion and uncertainty that ever attends war. However, being gifted with great perseverance, he did not lose the hope of discovering some of them; he made inquiries at all times and in all places; and at last, after a search which had been continued at intervals for some years, he learned that the watch of the deceased Captain had passed, in the course of events, through several hands, and having been finally stolen, was now believed to be irretrievably lost. He obtained the same information with regard to one of the pistols; but the other was fortunately at hand, and on being produced was found to be a good, plain, sensible weapon, with the name of Captain Bowen inscribed on the barrel. The gentleman who was commissioned to purchase it was so foolish as to communicate to the person in whose possession it was, the great anxiety of Captain Bowen's family to obtain any article which had formerly belonged

to him. The consequence was what might have been anticipated. The Spaniard determined not to part with it on easy terms, as he felt pretty sure that, whatever amount he asked, he had a good chance of obtaining. He was disappointed, however, in his anticipation, for on stating that four doubloons, or fourteen pounds, was the smallest sum he would accept for it, he was at once made to understand that no such sum would be given. Rather than submit to such a barefaced attempt at extortion, the article, valuable as it undoubtedly was to the family, would be sacrificed by them; and as the Spaniard refused to make any abatement in the price demanded, no more was heard of the pistol.

CHAPTER XV.

Santa Cruz—The Government Employé—His appearance on Sunday—Mendicancy in Teneriffe—Jocular Beggars—The Population of Santa Cruz—Hospitals—The Theatre—The Philharmonic Society—Reading and Billiard Rooms—Santa Cruz from the Sea—The Roadstead—Variety of the Scene—A Visit to the Country—Preparations for the Journey—Stay at Matanza—My Host and Hostess—The Blue Blood of Matanza—Household Treasures—The *Chambre-à-Coucher* of a Teneriffe Lady—Strange Household Ornament—A Dangerous Staircase—A Tormenting Boy—Antonio's Amusement—The Oppression of Extreme Friendship—The Martyrdom of an Artist—A Favourable Diversion of the Enemy—Useless Hints—The Fate of my Paint-box—Antonio Poisoned—A False Alarm.

SANTA Cruz does not contain anything which is of remarkable interest to the visitor. He may probably be pleased by the novelty of a place, the general appearance of which differs so much from all that he has been accustomed to at home. Inspired by the pure and invigorating atmosphere,

he will be prepared to look upon almost every object, however common, with some degree of pleasure. and churches, and places, and people. that possess in themselves no great attraction, will be regarded with curiosity and delight. He notes down all the objects that pass before him in the street. the long-necked camels as they sail lazily along, the soldier lounging about with his hands in his pockets and his cigar in his mouth, the priest in his long black robe, his demure face, with his breviary under his arm, and the *employé* moving about among the crowd with as lofty an air of authority as if all the power and all the offices of Government were concentrated in his own person.

The foresaid Government *employé* is, in many respects, one of the greatest annoyances of Spain and of all her possessions. If there is any day of the week on which he is particularly worth seeing, it is Sunday, for he then becomes doubly important, just as about a great deal, is dressed in his "Sunday's best," is, for a wonder, clean shaved, goes about paying ceremonious visits to his acquaintances, and carries with him a complete budget of all the last news, and even later than that, by no means a rare qualification in Santa Cruz. In his right hand he pompously carries a large stick, with a prodigious knob, and with tassels. This is a

badge of that authority which it is his greatest delight to display. His left hand is thrown back behind his waist, and is resplendent with diamonds which are worn over the gloves; and he is well bespangled with those tawdry decorations which are so much valued in most foreign countries, and which are frequently bestowed in Spain on individuals whose merits it would require a most microscopic vision to discover. It is needless to say that he is regarded with great awe, for where is there a little capital like Santa Cruz that does not regard its Jacks in office as the very impersonation of all earthly authority?

Santa Cruz is unfortunately overspread with its fair share of that plague of clamorous beggars with which larger capitals abound; nor are they less squalid, less repulsive, or less idle than the same class is elsewhere. They seek to make gain of their real or assumed ills; every species of physical deformity represents the capital by which they make their living, for it must be observed that mendicancy is a popular and recognized profession in the Canary Islands, and seems to be practised with as much ease and impudence of manner as it is, or once was, in Ireland itself. The mendicant's cloak sits gracefully on the shoulders of these beggars of Teneriffe, who will approach and

endeavour to excite your compassion and get your purse strings by the easy and jocular means which they make known their wants or hint at their misfortunes, throwing in an occasional dose of the most pleasing flattery, which is expected to melt the heart of some anticipated donor. It is, in any rate, to throw him off his guard. For there can be little doubt that those who exercise such a profession become in time the dupes of their own practices, and are often so foolish as to imagine that the shallow flattery, the true nature and object of which is as transparent as day-light to the person to whom it is directed, is accepted almost as gospel by him. If they should happen to fail in exciting your compassion, and in persuading you to make them a liberal present, they are quite as ready to turn round upon you, and from the abundance of their heart to pour forth an incessant stream of the vilest abuse, seasoned with a considerable amount of blasphemy, in the hope that by thus assailing you, they may succeed in bullying you out of the "courtes" which their softest persuasions could not induce you to bestow. Well do they know, too, whom they may assail with the best prospect of obtaining something. Notwithstanding his magnificent air and the rich display of his jewels, they

will not trouble the government *employé*, for they know they would get more blows than halfpence from him. They therefore allow him to pass by unmolested; but let a fair, shining, red face, hot and perspiring, surmounted by a straw hat with a black ribbon, appear in their neighbourhood, and the owner of these national characteristics will at once be surrounded, and pestered, and flattered, and menaced, until he has put his hands into his pockets, and satisfied their clamorous demands.

The population of Santa Cruz amounts to about 10,000 souls. The town possesses two hospitals, one for the use of civilians, and the other for the military; both are attended by able physicians, and are said to be well conducted, the sick being, in every respect, most carefully looked after. For the amusement of the population, there is a very handsome and commodious theatre, in which amateur performances are frequently given with considerable success, several of the best Spanish plays being put upon the stage in a manner deserving of great commendation. Music and dancing are of course two of the chief sources of pleasure to the inhabitants, there being a Philharmonic society to provide them with a supply of the former, and two or three casinos in which they can exercise the latter. There are also reading and billiard rooms,

the former, I am sorry to say, not being in the enjoyment of very extensive patronage; but the latter are frequented by considerable numbers, who find in such an amusement a more agreeable way of passing the time than in reading. The town contains several fine buildings, some of them of considerable architectural merit, and very imposing in appearance. The spiritual necessities of the population are provided for by handsome churches, while an excellent and commodious market furnishes a constant supply of all that is necessary for their temporal and material wants.

When Santa Cruz is viewed from the sea, it presents a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. The spacious roadstead is all around you, sparkling like a mirror in the rays of the meridian sun, while innumerable small vessels, with their latteen sails, appear to glide smoothly over the calm surface of the waters. There are many merchant vessels, under the flags of different nations, some preparing to sail to distant parts, and some that have just brought to the island the produce of other climes. Puffing steamers are darting about in all directions, their dark and heavy clouds of smoke ascending into and disappearing in the pure atmosphere. The town itself, all the houses being uniformly painted in white, has a gay and pleasing ap-

pearance from the roadstead, while the spires of the several churches, rising here and there above the houses by which they are surrounded, glitter in the sunbeams. Variety is given to the scene, while the dazzled eye is at the same time relieved, by the green range of hills which form a background to the town, while, carrying the gaze from summit to summit, the eye at last rests, with a wonder that never diminishes, on that majestic peak which has nothing to parallel it in any other part of the world.

However, except to gratify the curiosity which everyone, I suppose, feels on a first visit to a strange place, there is not generally much in towns that proves so attractive to me as to induce me to linger longer within their boundaries than I can help. I have no inclination for noise and bustle, for the din of commerce, for the restlessness of a community devoted to the constant movement of trade. I love repose and quiet hours, a book to read, and time to meditate upon it. Give me my pencil or easel, and let me be engaged in some sketch, in some painting on which I have set my heart, and I seek not "the busy haunts of men." The quiet repose of the country, just at such a distance from the town that it is easy to supply my ever-recurring wants of one kind or another, is what I prefer, and in such a residence I can spend my

days in comfort and happiness, in the enjoyment of my own humble pursuits.

I was, therefore, prepared to seize the first opportunity that presented itself for leaving the hot and dusty little town of Santa Cruz. I was equally glad to be delivered from the unendurable pest of its gossip-loving community, who, in their friendly anxiety to keep me *au courant* of all the paltry scandal, tittle-tattle, and small-talk of the place, scarcely allowed me a moment for my own reflections. It was with delight that I set off for the country, where I had made arrangements to pass a few months, and where I hoped to pass a pleasant time. It was an excellent opportunity for gathering additional information regarding the people of the islands, and for obtaining an intimate knowledge of the life, feelings, and habits of the peasantry.

My preparations accordingly were soon made, and the only place I left with sincere regret, even for a comparatively short time, was my own home in the town, the British Consulate. I had prepared to start my country establishment on a very economical and primitive style, a knife and fork, a straw mattress, a variety of my most interesting and favourite books, and my indispensable drawing-materials, comprised almost the whole stock of necessaries with which I considered it of any use to

burden myself. On starting from Santa Cruz, I was accompanied only by my boy and a single servant, the claims of business requiring my husband's presence in town; but he proposed joining me at the very earliest moment when his pressing official duties would allow him. It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I bade him farewell for a time; but as I proceeded on my journey, and became elated by the invigorating air of the country, and by the sight of new and cheering scenes, I felt inclined at once to indulge in the unalloyed enjoyment of the present, and to look forward to the future with the most delightful anticipations.

The first place at which I stopped in the course of my journey was named Matanza. Although there is nothing remarkable in the locality itself, it possesses a melancholy interest in relation to the history of the Guanches. It was here that one of those most fearful slaughters by which the Spaniards made themselves the objects of so much dread to the Aborigines took place. The scenery is among the finest in Teneriffe, but it is awful to think, as we cannot help thinking when actually on the spot, of the human blood with which it has been drenched. It is one of the most quiet and solitary places in the island. Indeed, this was the inestimable charm by

which I was drawn to it, and as I believed at the time that there was no one to visit or to be visited by, I was desirous of remaining a short time in the neighbourhood; but I am sorry to say that I soon found I was pleasing myself with a delusion, for I was condemned to learn that even into such a spot as this what are termed the polite usages of civilised society had penetrated, and of course were duly followed. The principal lady of the village, hearing of my arrival, visited me, and invited me to her house, an invitation which, however unwelcome, I had no alternative but to accept.

This lady was a very important personage in her own estimation. Like the distinguished Roman who preferred to be the first man in his own village rather than the second even in the capital of the world, she chose rather to be the one great lady of Matanza than to be lost in a *coterie* of aspiring dames at Santa Cruz. Hers was the only blue blood of the village—a distinction not to be railed at. Her garments also were made to keep the inhabitants of the village in constant recollection of her superior rank. She wore a veil (*mantilla*) as a distinguishing badge in Matanza. She possessed everything that she considered requisite for human happiness, and, indeed, so varied and abundant, according to her own account, was the stock of

articles belonging to her, that it would be more difficult to enumerate what she had not than what she had. Among her very miscellaneous treasures, I was duly informed that she had ten gowns, two snuff-boxes of English manufacture, pledges as I understood, a valuable camel which, even when blindfolded, turned the mill that ground the wheat and *gofio*, and a litter of pigs which were allowed to run wild, and managed, in the enjoyment of their liberty, to pick up such a living that they grew fat upon it. She also rejoiced in the possession of a goat that made itself useful in the same capacity as the wolf that brought up Romulus and Remus, and performed the duty of nurse to her children. Her favourite cat was a rather pugnacious animal, although she quite approved of its conduct in fighting the dog that "ate our soap, and almost everything else belonging to us."

I was also introduced to her bed-room, but I am sorry to say I cannot say much in its praise. Such a reeking den for a lady's bed-chamber I had never been in before, and hope I shall never see its like again. The bed appeared to be of such a giddy height that I cannot imagine by what means she got into it, unless by a run and jump from the other end of the room. I remarked, however, that it had lace pillows.

I was utterly at a loss to account for one of the objects, in the possession of which she apparently delighted ; and I presume the reader will find some difficulty in imagining what it was, for it is very seldom one hears of such an article being selected as the ornament of a dwelling-house. The object to which I allude was neither more nor less than a tombstone,—whose it was meant to be I am unable to say. It was deposited, not in the securest manner, on the staircase—if that could be called a staircase—in which every other step at least was wanting. The position of the tombstone was altogether a very insecure one, for it trembled at every step. To this danger was added that of the staircase itself, for the process of its ascent and descent was by no means an easy one, and often indeed rather critical. In going downstairs, if you wished to avoid the not very pleasant alternative of falling through some hiatus, you found it necessary to use the rail on one side, and the wall on the other, as crutches, and to swing yourself over each yawning abyss as it came in your way. Such, however, was the dilapidated condition of everything that I am at a loss to account for the fact that both tombstone and staircase certainly did maintain their very insecure position, and although always threatening the inmates with danger, fortunately never inflicted any.

The lady also enumerated, among her most valuable possessions, a husband and child. The former was churchwarden, at least he acted as such when any repairs were necessary in the church, or while they were going on. But if he exercised the powers of his office in such matters away from home, the baby, Antonio, was undoubtedly the master, the tyrant of the domestic circle. In his mother's eyes he was of course a jewel, a treasure, a beauty, a wonderful baby! and the pure and beautiful flower, viz., the lily, that was the emblem of the saint after whom he was named was also his. But no other agreed with her in her favourable opinion, for if the beautiful lily, by a sort of personification, may be also termed "gentle," he was certainly neither beautiful nor gentle, but a spoiled, ill-shaped, bandy, dirty little brat, screaming with all his might from night to morning, and from morning to night, and as he was regularly kissed, and hugged, and petted for doing so, he did not choose to discontinue this agreeable exercise of his lungs. His amusements were of the oddest kinds; and they were generally either dirty, or dangerous, or mischievous. Sometimes he would be rolling about among the camel's feet, and sometimes disporting in a tub of flour, which he shook about in all directions, so that it was not very desirable to

get into his immediate vicinity. Then he would take to biting the cat's ears as an agreeable variation in his frolics, and if I would only allow him to tear up a sketch or two, he became quite amiable. One of his favourite amusements, however, was a rather critical one, but it must be confessed that he did it to perfection. It consisted in rolling down the staircase, turning over and over in his way to the bottom, until he came plump down on the tombstone; an exercise in which he so much delighted that he repeated it times innumerable, testifying the delight which he took in his own performance by the most deafening shouts and screams.

It is impossible to give a faithful description of the perfect purgatory in which I existed during the time I was domiciled with this family. I do not know which—father, mother, or child—was the greatest torment to me. I scarcely ever had a single moment that I could call my own, and such was their restless curiosity that whatever I did, or wherever I was, they were sure to find me out, and to pester me with the most foolish questions and remarks. If, for instance, I was employed in sketching, the father was sure to be standing near me, with his precious treasure in his arms, right between me and the light; or the mother would be

in another part of the room, handling my pictures with her dirty fingers, or picking my collar, or dragging Antonio over it, to be kissed for screaming, a process which was often repeated. The young gentleman, however, did not choose to be comforted by such means, being determined to have his favourite roll downstairs, and he would kick and scream until he was permitted to have his own way in the matter.

The annoyance from one or the other, I may say, was almost continuous. The only diversion in my favour was when my maid happened to go to my box in order to turn over a dress or two, when my room was cleared as if by magic. The mother and the father went away after the maid, and the baby screaming after them, all eager to have a peep at the inside of my box, and to examine my wearing apparel. The deliverance, however, was a very short one, for in a minute or two afterwards the lady would enter my room, all smiles and gaiety, with my last new dress thrown over her substantial person, a feat which, had I not been an eyewitness of it, I should scarcely have considered capable of accomplishment. She had effected it, however, by leaving here and there a hook undone. Then again, there was the everlasting annoyance of that precious Antonio—how I wished he had been

with his patron saint!—whose ingenuity in finding out means of annoying me was quite wonderful. While his worthy parents were intent on the examination of the contents of my box, he seated himself before it, and having got hold of the key, he amused himself by turning it round and round, until he made such a mess of the lock that it defied human power, except by violent means, to get it out again. I found it impossible to deliver myself from these repeated annoyances, which, however trifling singly, had altogether a power like that of drops of water on the stone which in the course of time they corrode and waste away. It was in vain that I desired my servant, who knew what I meant, to be quiet, as I could not endure such a turmoil, hoping that the remark would be taken as a hint by the family. It was all to no purpose that I scolded my innocent boy for the intolerable noise made by the other. None of my hints were understood, or, at any rate, none of them were taken, for the din continued to be as incessant and as wearing as ever, and I could reasonably hope for no deliverance until I had left the place.

It was utterly impossible for me, by any ordinary human foresight, to guard against the disasters that were constantly occurring. The most trifling incident, with which neither I nor any one in the house

had any connection, would lead to some unexpected annoyance. If a horse happened to pass the house, away they all rushed to the window to see who it was, upsetting in their haste my precious colour-box. No more disastrous mishap could occur to me, for if any colours were lost, they could not be replaced for love or money in Teneriffe, and I had to send all the way to England for them. My box, at this time, was already at a painfully low ebb; and my feelings may be imagined when occasionally I saw the colours all scattered about, and Antonio, like a little dog bent on mischief, delighting in their overthrow. Some, to my great vexation, fell down, through the holes in the floor, into the granary below, where the chance of again finding them all safe and entire was extremely little. All, of course, were eager in the search for them, and occasionally imagined they had been successful in the discovery of some useful colour, raising hopes in my mind that were doomed to a bitter disappointment, when I perceived that that which was offered to me as a piece of ultra-marine, was, in fact, only a piece of dirt. Finding that the search was continued to no purpose, we would sulkily discontinue it, when the blessed Antonio, the very God of Mischief in some mythology, would probably be found in a temper of unusual amiability, his mouth

coloured with emerald green, which he had been sucking with all the delight that boys in England have in besmearing themselves with Everton toffee.

But this discovery did not end the mischief; it only gave it a new direction. Loud were the cries and bitter the lamentations of the mother, for she was sure that her precious one was poisoned, that nothing could save him. The father, of course, like all people who are wise after the event, and who can truly prophesy when the future is past, was always sure that it would be so; but still, in order that it might not be, he adopted the strange remedy of almost choking the boy by unmercifully stuffing a coarse towel down his throat. This, of course, silenced the young vixen for the time, but he made up for his inability to scream by kicking, and tearing, and scratching all and everything within his reach. In such circumstances as these, he was generally pacified by being shown the tombstone, or by being allowed to roll downstairs upon it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Impression produced by the Peak—The Grandeur of Nature contrasted with the Degradation of Man—Great number of Beggars—The Cry for Cuartos—Rhyming Mendicants—The Decline of Teneriffe—Destruction of the Vines—Public Burdens—Miserable Condition of the Poorer Inhabitants—Immense Number of Government Employés—Expensive Military Staff—The Governor—Extent of the Civil Department of Government—Dependence in Spain on Government Employment—The Pretendientes—Aversion to Commercial Situations—Caste in Modern Society—The Islands Drained of their Means by the Extravagance of the Spanish Home Government—Demoralizing Influence of the Spanish Authorities—Extortion from the Poor—Uncertain Situation of the Employés—Intrigue for Office—Leave Matanza—Our Retinue—Amusement on the Road—Improvisation—Arrive at Santa Ursula—Difficulties about Breakfast—The Everlasting No—A Sudden Resolution and Unexpected Eruption—We Forage for Ourselves—The Young Lady without a Novio—Our Journey Resumed.

IF there were so many *desagrees* to render my existence anything but pleasing within doors, and to interfere with my favourite pursuits, there was

in the external aspect of the place much that compensated for the many little persecutions I had to endure. The surrounding scenery was surpassingly grand and beautiful, and I often lingered at the window, or wandered about the neighbourhood, looking upon such a picture of natural beauty as could scarcely be surpassed in any other part of the world. I may say this with the more confidence when I call to mind that the Peak of Teneriffe is the grandest feature in a scene where there is much that is impressive. Perhaps there is no other place in the island from which a more favourable view of the cloud-piercing mass can be obtained than that from which we daily had the happiness of contemplating it at Matanza. The distance at which we were from the Peak lent even a greater enchantment to the scene. It was so great as to be quite sufficient to throw over it that indescribable atmospheric charm, that soft blending of the various opposite tints of nature, which is diminished or altogether lost on a nearer approach. The spectacle excited in my mind a sort of mysterious awe, for as the gigantic Peak ascended in the atmosphere until its summit was lost in the clouds that had gathered round its higher parts, I felt almost inclined to regard it as a sort of Jacob's ladder by which angels could ascend and descend from earth to heaven.

It is the misfortune of this country, however, that so much that is grand, beautiful, magnificent in nature, is associated with all that is mean, contemptible, and repulsive in man. What a saddening and humiliating spectacle it is to behold the abject and crouching misery of human beings side by side with, or in the midst of, a scene where nature has raised her most glorious altar to elevate the soul to him who is her author and maker. What language can I use in which to describe the unutterably low, degraded, humbled condition in which I found so many individuals of what I must now consider a generally abject race. The number of beggars is very great in comparison with that of the whole population of the islands; and in what other part of the world can such abject, whining, miserable suppliants be found? I have seen four-and-twenty old, middle-aged, and young, all sitting in a row, and on inquiry, accepting their own account, I learned that the younger ones had no parents, neither father nor mother, to educate or to provide for them, while the elder all had countless progenies. They were all, more or less, the inheritors of some species of disease, the effects of which on their persons, if available for exciting the pity or charity of the passers by, were exhibited in the most loathsome and repulsive forms. Nowhere

had I beheld a more miserable set of human beings all marked by misfortune for her own, clamorously whining and praying for a few cuartos—cuartos to buy bread—cuartos for *chochos*—cuartos to purchase cigars. From morning to night their cry was, "cuartos, cuartos, cuartos."

There was one poor, little, desolate thing upon whom I looked with feelings of profound melancholy, for in her sad, hopeless countenance, and in her starved, shrivelled appearance, she bore all the marks of a misery which those who have been born under happier stars can scarcely realize. She did not join the eager and clamorous demand for cuartos with which we were assailed by most or all of the others. She was either so reduced by a life of continued illness, exposure, and suffering, or she was of so timid and gentle a character, that she was unable to press her wants upon the benevolent passenger with the same energy and perseverance that her professional companions were accustomed to throw into their demands for charity. Apparently despairing of pity from any human source, she gathered up her little shrivelled limbs, and seemed to shrink into herself, clinging at the same time to the cold stone wall of the burial-ground as one who had nothing else on which to support herself in this world. Who

could help regarding her with a feeling of profound melancholy, and thinking with sorrow of the sad and miserable fate that, in all probability, was marked out for one who had been so early initiated into the worst ills and trials of life? I scarcely knew whether to be sorry or glad when I was informed, a short time after, that she had been caught felling wood in the neighbourhood, an act for which she was sentenced to imprisonment for a short period. If, I thought, she is provided for, so far as regards her material wants, during the time she is in prison, what may be her spiritual loss when one considers the contamination to which she will unavoidably be exposed in associating with those whom age has only hardened in vice and crime? The other mendicants, however miserable might be their external appearance, did not exhibit the same heart-rending appearance as the one to whom we have now alluded. The miseries through which they had passed had hardened them, and the greater their want and hunger the greater the audacity with which they demanded alms from those near them. There was no lack of light-hearted merriment among them, a perfect fire of witty and sarcastic remarks being kept up when the interval of a few moments' leisure from begging gave them the opportunity. In this respect they

bore some resemblance to the equally miserable and equally light-hearted beggars one frequently meets with in Ireland. They have other talents also which are not so common with any of the members of their class in northern countries. I had been listening to some words which one of them was singing, and as I admired the sentiment, I made the remark, "That is a fine chaunt!"—"Oh, if you like it," one of them without hesitation replied, "we will put it into rhyme." I was rather astonished at the proposal; but they did what they promised.

The general condition of the island of Teneriffe is not nearly so prosperous and promising as it once was. It was once far more wealthy than it is at the present day. Various causes may probably be assigned for the flight of its riches; but the principal was undoubtedly the destruction of the vines, which constituted the main resource of the inhabitants. When the gains they had been accustomed to derive from the cultivation of the vine had passed away, Government still continued to treat them as if no change had taken place in their condition. None of their burdens were alleviated, and they were compelled to pay the same amount of contributions to the Spanish officials as before the period of their adversity.

The taxes levied upon the poor people are very heavy, considering the limited means they have of meeting them; and when one remembers that whether the earth produces its fruits in abundance, or disappoints them by its sterility, the same sums are still exacted from them, such treatment can scarcely be denominated anything but a shameless robbery. They may toil and slave to the utmost limits of their strength, and yet, the soil not yielding to them of her abundance, they have no means to meet the burdens imposed upon them, and they must either endeavour to make up the amount demanded by selling their little property, or go to prison, a fearful alternative to them, as it would be their complete ruin. But as the useless Government *employés*, who weigh like an incubus on the industry of the people, must be paid, all these considerations are unheeded, and every year adds to the number of the sufferers from a system so ruinous and exacting.

Again, although the number of troops in the island is only small, an expensive military staff is maintained. Although the only military force, as I understand, consists of a weak battalion of militia, and a few artillerymen, a body of superior officers is kept up at Santa Cruz for their superintendence, as large as the military staff of the garrison of

Gibraltar. The highest in rank in the island is the civil governor, who resides at the capital. He is at the head of a whole host of departments, the advantage of which, in so small a population, unless it be to provide situations for dependents, it is difficult to conjecture. There is an immense number of clerks for the performance of duties which, if any due proportion between requirements and the provision necessary for them were established, might easily be discharged by the clerks of any respectable mercantile firm. Indeed, the latter might very well undertake them with the assurance that they would have a large margin of time for their amusement, or, if so inclined, for their improvement. But the misfortune is that so many of the inhabitants of Spain look to Government for employment. Instead of youths being brought up in some mercantile firm in which, with care and prudence, they might ultimately acquire a far more ample competency than any they can expect from Government, they are allowed to hang on idling, wasting their best days, until, by great interest or influence, they obtain some place under Government in which they may idle away their time, under the rather sarcastic appellation of *employés*. While the aspirants for such offices are only looking forward with hope to the loaves and

fishes of the State, they are termed "Prendientes," and as their number is very great, so eager a rivalry is excited among them that situations with an emolument of no more than six or eight dollars a month are eagerly sought for and accepted by persons of considerable respectability. It is to accommodate these that every land which is under the Government of Spain is oppressed by a disproportionately large official establishment. And the number never diminishes. For every name that is knocked off the list of *prendientes*, there is one, it may be two, to supply the place. And it will continue the same as long as Spanish society is influenced by such sentiments as now prevail among a large portion of the people. Trade is not respectable enough for them, and they even hesitate to let it be known publicly that they are connected with any commercial speculation. They would consider themselves degraded past all redemption, unfit to shew their faces again in what they consider respectable society, if they ventured to turn their hands to any honest occupation by which they might, if they acted with prudence, assure for themselves a far more ample provision than any they could get under Government. But they would lose caste, and rather than that, they will

cringe and fawn upon the men in office, from whom appointments and promotions are to be obtained.

But it is not only unnecessary outlay in the provinces for their own purposes, and for their own necessary expenditure, that presses heavily upon the tax-payers, but they must also provide for the never-ending wants of their extravagant rulers in Spain. The resources of the island are annually drained of large sums, which are sent to the mother country to meet the various exigencies of the State, to provide for the extravagance of the chief officers of Government, and to pay the salaries of exiled military officers, which are made payable from the provincial funds. It is thus that large sums of money that might at least be useful in carrying on the many public improvements of which the islands stand so much in need are extracted for the benefit of others. The consequence is that there is nothing like public spirit; the inhabitants of the island have not the means of carrying out any great object; there is a total want of that mutual confidence without which no benefit can be secured; the Government treats them as children who cannot be safely allowed to do anything for themselves, and will interfere in all their concerns; and the people, in general, destitute of that spirit of association, the advantages of which are so well

understood in other countries, and in many cases so profitably acted upon, are unable to initiate any comprehensive scheme by which the condition of the islands and of their population may be improved.

We can scarcely feel surprised that so wretched a system is productive of the most unhappy results on the character of the people. If they are tricky, grasping, and rapacious, who can blame them, when the government, which should protect and cherish them, so unmercifully robs them of their little acquisitions. If the various dealers with whom you are brought into contact will do all they can to cheat you to any amount, of a large sum if they can, of a small if nothing more is in their power, they are only imitating, on a smaller scale, the conduct of those official authorities whom they are expected to reverence and honour. I have seen a poor miserable wretch, whose appearance excited a feeling of the greatest pity, who, with the hope of providing for her few and simple wants, was accustomed to toil five-and-twenty miles every day, bent down by the weight of her basket of wares, and whose only resting-place for the night was under any gateway before which she happened to stop; what could any government expect or desire to extract from such an unfortunate being? And yet,

so clamorous are the wants of the legions of *employés*, that even she must be taxed at the rate of £3 annually. No one need be surprised that a poor creature, whose education has been entirely neglected, whose moral training has been of the most dubious character, and who has nothing but the most mischievous examples before her eyes, in the conduct of those above her, should have recourse to all the deceptive arts of a petty system of cheating. Where such evil influences are universally felt, we cannot expect a poor woman in her condition to be beyond their reach, especially when one considers that, in the honest exercise of her daily drudgery, she could never succeed in making up the sum demanded by an exacting government.

Nor are the *employés* themselves, who are the source of so much evil to the islands, in a very enviable position. In a country where all kinds of underhand influences are constantly at work, their situation is a very precarious one. They may be turned adrift at any moment by the first successful intrigue of an opposite party in the government, and they are at once deprived of their only means of making a livelihood. Cheap as the means of living in Spain and its dependencies are, they cannot, even with the utmost prudence, save anything from their small salary, or lay up any provision for the

future. Whether the emoluments of the several officials amount to six dollars, or to six hundred, the sum, in any case, is no more than sufficient to support them in their several positions, and in many cases cannot even do that. These are some of the circumstances that, in addition to their own grasping dispositions, drive them to a disgraceful system of speculation, of oppression, and of robbery, which has long been the disgrace of Spanish officials. They are constantly endeavouring to make provision for a period which, they know, may come, when they shall be driven from their present offices, and be forced to live on the plunder which they have amassed from the poor people. The individuals established in their place will continue to pursue the same system; those who have been ousted will carry on similar intrigues with the hope of being again reinstated; and, in all probability, in the numberless official changes constantly taking place in Spain, their expectations will, ere long, be realized. Thus, every man preys upon his neighbour; one class endeavours to build its fortunes on the ruins and miseries of another; and from the highest official in the island down to the poor woman with the basket on her head, there is a complicated ramification of chicanery and fraud.

The time at last came when we had appointed to

leave Matanza, and we were not sorry to do so, for the household with which we had been domiciled was far from an agreeable one. We were soon on our feet in the morning, a jolly party, delighting in the preparations that were making for our departure. The stately camel, with its long legs, and its nose high in the air, was already at the door; and while they were loading it with article after article, it stood a perfect pattern of exemplary patience, and withal very stately and majestic in its bearing. We had also donkeys, and horses, and drivers, and riders, and formed, in our own small party, a perfect miniature caravan. All were in the highest spirits; the road was before us; and as there is always something inspiring in the prospect of a journey, especially by land, when there is none of that abominable sea-sickness to dread, I looked forward to it with unmingled delight, for, on the one hand, I was happy at my deliverance from companions not the most agreeable, and always very troublesome, and, on the other, I knew I should have an opportunity of witnessing scenery which I was anxious to see. It is true that the morning was anything but agreeable; the ground was wet, and the rain was still falling; while the wind blew in gusts right in our faces. As we were determined, however, to enjoy our journey as

heartily as we could, we did not allow such slight circumstances to exercise any depressing influence on our spirits, and we set off with as much alacrity and pleasure as if it had been one of the finest days of the year, with a brilliant sun and an unclouded atmosphere above our heads.

The camel-driver was as merry as the rest, and volunteered his services to keep up the spirit of the party by a song, or rather by what I may term a sort of chanted improvisation, for it was evidently the result of the inspiration of the moment, the individuals and circumstances of the party being alluded to, and even the events of the journey furnishing our unexpected improvisatore with matter. The composition was in rhyme, and was occasionally taken up by our several attendants, natives of the island, as the spirit of improvisation descended like Elijah's mantle upon them. It was altogether a strange production, and I listened to it, as the several singers took up the theme, with very great interest. There was often a spirit of sly wit and humour in what they said, which of course was only imperfectly understood by me, not being sufficiently familiar with the local events and characters alluded to. It was certainly one of the strangest and most amusing medleys I had ever listened to, as the reader also will doubtless suppose when I

mention a few of the various subjects that were successively introduced. The "English" prices (the charges, I suppose, which it is considered proper to lay upon Englishmen, who are generally supposed to have most money, and to be the least capable of all men of taking care of it), which had been perseveringly demanded, and in our case as perseveringly resisted—the musical donkeys—the "novios," or sweethearts of the women servants, on whom such personal compliments as the taste or the ability of the improvisatore was able to bestow were freely lavished, every incident that happened in the course of our journey, every name that could in any way be considered as connected with any individual or circumstance of the party, and every scene that attracted our attention, were all brought in, with more or less success, to keep up the spirit of an entertainment which was at once harmless, interesting, and exciting. I felt greatly pleased by all I saw and heard; and if we may judge of the effect produced on the natives of our party by the peals of laughter with which the road, during almost the whole of our journey, rang, the willing improvisatori had no reason to repent of the endeavours which they had made to amuse their companions.

Exercise, mirth, and the fresh morning air soon

made us all feel that it was desirable to recruit the energies of nature. We therefore made arrangements to stop at Santa Ursula, about six miles from Mantanza, where we proposed to breakfast. As we had not thought it necessary to bring a provision of eatables with us, thinking that they would easily be procured at the several stations on our journey, we unfortunately soon found ourselves in a rather unexpected predicament. On going up to the first house in the village which we reached, we asked if they could provide us with all that was necessary for breakfast. The answer was a most discouraging negative. But as they were either unable or unwilling to let us have a complete breakfast, we determined to try if we could get some of the more essential portions of it.

“Can you oblige us with a loaf of bread,” I asked.

“No,” was the ungracious answer of the person addressed, who did not deign even to lift up her head when speaking to me.

“Perhaps you could let us have some eggs?”

“No.”

“We could even do with a little milk. Will you let us have some?”

“No.”

This obliging “negative” then shut the door in

our faces, and we looked at each other for a moment in dismay. We had not anticipated such a miserable reception during the first part of our joyous journey, and our exuberant spirits fell almost to zero, for we acknowledged to each other that we were so vulgar as to be terribly hungry. However, as we all, without much consideration, came to the conclusion that we were not likely to get our breakfast without asking for it, and that it would be absurd to allow ourselves to be discouraged by a first rebuff, we approached a second house, and made our presence known to the inmates. Our hopes of a successful issue to our application did not rise much when, in answer to our summons, a sulky-looking woman came to the door, and looked rather curiously and suspiciously at us. She had a dropsical-looking child in her arms, which was very fractious and troublesome, and the fact that her efforts to pacify it did not seem likely to be very successful by no means added to her good nature. When we spoke to her, she gave a most determined stare, beginning at our faces, and gradually carrying her examination down to our feet, and then back to our faces again.

“Will you be so kind as to allow us to breakfast here?” I said.

“No!” she exclaimed with a loud voice in reply.

“Perhaps you could favour us with a loaf of bread?”

“No!” she again said sharply.

“A few eggs, if you could favour us with them, would be very acceptable, and you may put your own price upon them.”

“No!” She was angry now.

“If you have no eggs, perhaps you could let us have a little milk?”

“No!” She was in a downright passion.

“This is what Carlyle would call the region of the Everlasting No,” I said to myself, as I turned away hopeless and dispirited.

It soon appeared that I was by no means hasty in coming to this conclusion, for after applying in desperation at every house in the village, the same discouraging negative was the only answer we got to our supplication. However, we had become excited by this time by what we considered the merciless barbarity of these unfeeling savages, and we determined to take the law—not of life and death, but of barter—into our own hands. Each cold and unsympathetic “No” had worked us into a state of greater fury, and the last fell upon us like the last spark that kindles up into the resistless conflagration. But what else could we do? It was impossible to go without our breakfast. We were

compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances to have recourse to violence. We all rushed, therefore, *en masse* into the house where we had received our last refusal. It was tenanted by an old woman, who, on witnessing this lawless invasion of her peaceful dwelling by such a hungry host, stood silent and aghast. Those who recollect the scenes described by Tennyson, in his poem of the Sleeping Beauty, will be able to form some conception of the picture that presented itself to our eyes. The poor woman stood with her arm extended, the pinch of snuff that was on its way to her expectant nose, arrested in its course. The baby, probably her grandchild, with the beautiful, dewy, scarlet blush of sleep on one side of its cheek, the glistening diamonds in its eyes, was staring straight forward, as if at nothing. The house-dog stood with his ears erect, such a picture of unfeigned astonishment at this daring irruption in his very teeth that he actually forgot to bark. Even the black cat, notwithstanding the intense selfishness of her race, which forbids all human or feline sympathy, and which is alarmed by no danger that does not threaten herself, stood with her tail exalted, and her round green eyes looking fixedly on the intruders, as if under the influence of such curiosity as she could feel to know what it was all about. The

young girl appeared to be petrified as she was in the act of taking the bread which she had been a moment before preparing, out of the oven. Even the very poultry that had been collected safely under the mill seemed to be arrested, in the process of gratifying their never-failing appetite, with something liker astonishment than I ever supposed it possible they could feel. There was only one creature, brute or human, that remained calm and self-possessed, pursuing its usual avocation without a moment's interruption, while every other living thing appeared as it were spell-bound by so unusual an invasion of their generally quiet sanctuary. This was the blindfolded camel, which kept continuously at its unvarying round of toil, unaware of, or unmoved by, the state of amazement and dread into which all its companions had been thrown, and unweariedly keeping up its perpetual grinding at the mill.

Like half-starved soldiers on a march, who cannot afford to be nice about the means by which they obtain what is necessary for their eager appetites, we simultaneously resolved not to let so good an opportunity of providing ourselves with such articles of food as we could appropriate slip away without availing ourselves of it. So, seeing some loaves which had not long been taken from the

oven, we made a sudden attack upon them, and obtained secure possession of them before the enemy had time to recover presence of mind and prevent us. At the same time, that we might not be accused of appropriating what was not our own without making a fair return, we produced a handful of cuartos. It was with some difficulty, on the sight of the money, that the old lady recovered her usual presence of mind, and it was not till she had raised the arrested pinch of snuff to her nose, and inhaled its aromatic odour, that she was able to exclaim "Benedita sea," an expression of thanks which we appropriated to ourselves. However, as she was evidently still in a state of considerable perturbation, we thought it better not to force our conversation upon her for the present, but to give her time to compose herself after so stirring an event in her otherwise calm existence. We therefore turned to the young lady, who had hitherto only been a quiet spectator of events, and addressing ourselves to her, asked her about that never-failing object of every young island beauty's interest, her novio.—Novio! She had no novio. Who had any right to suppose that she either had or cared for any novio. If she could have understood me, I might have used such language as sailors are accustomed to employ when they wish to indicate that

anything is too absurd or incredible for such knowing ones as they are to believe, "Tell that to the marines;" but still, wishing to be polite, (although, after the manner in which we had intruded, much could not be expected from us in that way) or to show that we did not place perfectly implicit reliance on the assurance of the young lady, we directed the conversation into another channel, and asked her about her usual occupation, her work in the dairy, the quantity and quality of the milk she got, and how it was disposed of. On these subjects we found her more disposed to be communicative; she brought some of that day's milk to show us, and when we asked if she would sell us some, as it would be so refreshing to us on our long journey in such sultry weather, she at once agreed to let us have as much as we required, with any other articles they had that might be necessary. We were, of course, greatly obliged by this offer, and were only too happy to accept it; and after a little more conversation with the old lady, who in the meantime had completely recovered her presence of mind and her loquacity, we took our departure, with the expression of many thanks for the abundant supply that had been provided for us. Our conduct in this affair may be considered rather doubtful as to its propriety; but our plea of necessity must be taken

into consideration. Besides, we were very irritated, and not unjustly, I think, by the ungracious reception we had met at first, and the peremptory noes with which all our requests were answered. Still, with all these allowances, we must admit we rather took the law into our own hands. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, on one occasion, when he thought he had reason to complain of the conduct of his kinsman, Rob Roy, said that it was what he would call "on the north side o' freendly ;" so, if we stood before the Bailie's bar in the Saltmarket, we are inclined to imagine that, after a patient hearing of our case, he would pronounce it to be a little to the north side of what he, cousin of the great Highland riever as he was, would consider strictly honest and just.

CHAPTER XVII.

Valley of Orotava—Its Beautiful Appearance—Roman Catholic Festivals—The Amusements of our Guides—Peasant Girls—Their Conversation with the Camel-Driver—Bencomo, the Guanche King—Our Journey Resumed—A Second Meeting and Conversation with the Peasant Girls—The Mysterious Songster—The Ventriloquist—Our Destination Reached—The Alameda—Preparations for the Festival of San Isidro—The Beggars again—Assailed by Twenty-four—Accosted by Two Gentlemen—Our kind Reception by an Unkown Lady—An Early Stroll through the Village—Its Antique and Romantic Appearance—The Dragon Tree of Orotava—Oracular Powers Attributed to it—How it Indicates the Productiveness of the Following Harvest—Its Measurement.

WE are now once more upon the road, and in excellent spirits, for our difficulty has been overcome, our appetites have been satisfied, and we have an ample store with us in provision for their return. The sun is now shining out gloriously, and every object of nature, mountain and valley, tree and flower, is bathed in the effluence of that refulgent

light which gives beauty to the morning. We gaze with renewed feelings of delight on the running streams, whose waters are as clear as crystal, and whose trickle over the polished stones in their bed is so pleasing and refreshing to the traveller in the hot days of summer.

We knew there was some splendid scenery in store for us, the first we should approach being the lovely valley of Orotava. The effect was almost magical when, through an opening to which a turn of the road brought us, it burst upon us, for the first time, in all its splendour. From all that had been previously told me of the surpassing beauty of this island valley, I had been led to expect a spectacle of great natural loveliness; but when the reality was at once spread out before me, resembling a scene in a theatre, but much more beautiful, I found that my anticipations had fallen far short of all that I now beheld. I can venture upon no description of it, for words, at any time, can only give a very imperfect and confused idea of the grander and more beautiful scenes of nature. Every single detail may be accurately enough described, but the composition, the general effect, the unity of the whole, no language can render. Suffice it, then, to say that here we beheld such wealth of verdure and foliage as none but an

almost tropical valley can display. Every tiny wild-flower was spangled and glittering with the rain-drops that had fallen in the early morning. The birds were carolling in the air, and their brilliant plumage was sparkling in the sun as they flew past us from branch to branch. The sunshine after the rain had also brought forth an innumerable multitude of creeping things to participate in the universal joy of nature during the short existence that was allotted to them; and could we have shaken off the aversion with which most, except professed entomologists, regard such creatures, we should doubtless have been able to discover much that was exquisitely beautiful in their structure also. The very horses seemed to enter into the spirit of delighted enjoyment of which nature is so prodigal on such a day. Their repeated neighs, as we passed on through the lovely scenery, and as the cool breeze which tempered the heat played about us, seemed to indicate that they were not deprived of their share of that general exuberance of happiness of which all nature, and particularly all living things, seemed to be sensible.

Turning our eyes up towards the mountain, we beheld a long train of animals threading the steep and tortuous path which many feet and repeated journeys had worn in its side. Their progress was

slow, and we could clearly distinguish all their movements, as well as those of the men under whose charge they were, whose joyful songs fell melodiously upon our ears, melted into harmony by the distance. We could also distinguish the shining white houses of a distant village, which seemed to be situated almost immediately beneath an overhanging precipice. From the tower of the church the bells were ringing merrily, in anticipation of the morrow, which we understood to be one of those festivals which afford the laborious village population an opportunity of displaying themselves in their gayest costumes, and of enjoying themselves, after the church services of the morning, with the joyous music and the gay dance of the afternoon and evening.

While in Spain and France they have, perhaps, too many of these days, some of them in honour of Saints, whose claims to such a distinction it would be difficult to discover, what a pity it is that such an agreeable remnant of the times of our forefathers has so entirely disappeared from England. With the exception of Christmas and Good Friday, and in many cases even these are grudgingly allowed, our peasantry have no festivals, no holidays, but one unvaried round of labour from the beginning to the close of the year. Not to

Speak of higher and more benevolent considerations, is such a system as this the most profitable in the end, even in a worldly sense? Is there not a great deal of wisdom in the old schoolboy proverb, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy? Existence must have its sunshine as well as its clouds; and such festivals, occasionally recurring, making even his period of toil a pleasure to the labourer, would, in all probability, result in greater profits, in better returns, to his employer also. It is a pity so few are prepared to accept so simple a view of a very simple matter.

We had a very distinct and satisfactory view of the Peak. Indeed, the atmospheric condition of the day was in every respect remarkably favourable for seeing it well. The greater part of it was covered with a mantle of snow, and the degree of moisture which still remained in the atmosphere had the effect of bringing it apparently very near to us. In fact, being so prominent an object, it appeared even nearer than many of the intermediate hills. There was nothing to interfere with the perfect transparency of the atmosphere, and the few feathery clouds that appeared floating about the sides of the precipitous rock only made the purity of the air more apparent by the contrast with that matchless ethereal tint which was diffused

over all nature. We remained on the spot to contemplate at our leisure a scene which was so novel and striking, at least to me, while the servants were sent on before, "to take off the flies," as the camel-driver observed.

In the meantime, our guides, not at all fatigued after the long distance they had already come, set off to seek for amusement in a way peculiar to themselves. Disdaining the ordinary beaten path, they started up among the rocks, and with the agility of mountain goats, leaped in and out and over what appeared to my unaccustomed eyes the most impossible places. They managed to do this by planting their staffs in the ground, and then taking a vigorous spring, the length of which quite astonished me. This practice, I believe, has come down to them from the Guanches, the early inhabitants of the islands.

While we were thus scattered about, each one enjoying himself in his own way, some rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed peasant girls rushed past us in their gay and parti-coloured garments. Turning round to look at them, I saw that the camel-driver had already been attracted by their pretty, cheerful faces, and was endeavouring to get into conversation with them.

"Why are you running so fast?" I heard him ask.

“To shake out the fleas,” was their quick reply, an answer which at once amused and amazed me. And then, thinking that question for question was only fair play, they smilingly asked, “Have you got a cuarto amongst you?” and without waiting for an answer, they again started off with the speed of frightened antelopes, making the valley ring and ring again with their reiterated peals of laughter. I may say I enjoyed their mirth as much as they appeared to do themselves; for, with a bright sun overhead, with a fine open country before you, with a pure atmosphere to breathe, and with all your cares left behind, it is easy to get up a good laugh, and to feel on good terms with everything and everybody.

We had now reached the crest of the hill that overhangs the valley of Orotava, where the cave of the last Guanche king, Bencomo, is situated. It is a spot famous in the history of these islands, but is now inaccessible. Although, therefore, the cave itself was beyond our reach, we had a most magnificent prospect from the height on which we stood, for it commands the whole valley of Orotava, including scenery which excels where there is so much that is beautiful. The valley is bounded by the Teguaya hills, on which the forces of the Guanche kings were encamped on the night previous to the

battle which resulted in the subjugation of the island. The fate of the Guanches, in the resolute contest which they maintained against the Spanish invaders of their native island, is little known and less cared for in Europe, where few have ever heard even the name of the early inhabitants of the Canaries ; but here, on the very spot where a contest of so much importance to them was for ever decided, I could not help regarding the scene with a feeling of painful interest, as my thoughts dwelt on the strange races, some of them so gentle, that were doomed to fall before the destroying sword of the Spaniard, both in the old and the new world.

From the elevation on which I stood, I could see the expanse of the sea stretching out like a polished mirror before my eyes, the purity and brilliancy of its blue depths almost rivalling the transparent azure of the ethereal vault above. Several headlands extended out into the ocean, over which hung the palm trees with their green foliage, every leaf and branch of which was seen clearly defined in that unclouded atmosphere. The valley of Orotava itself, with its own unrivalled beauties, occasionally withdrew my gaze from the ocean, for however frequently one may look upon it, it is so constantly appearing in some new

aspect, discovering some beauty, not observed before, that one returns to look upon it with undiminished delight. I often wondered with what feelings the Spaniards must have gazed upon a scene that was so soon to be deluged with blood, and upon the magnificent peak that rose to heaven before them, an eternal monument, as it were, to bear testimony against the cruelties and the crimes by which they secured their conquest. How puny, how despicable appears that ambition of man which can attain its unworthy ends only by wading to them through bloodshed and crime, compared, on the one hand, even with the calm magnificence of material nature, or, on the other, with the sublime devotion of the benefactor, who recoils not even before self-sacrifice that he may confer benefits upon, and improve the condition of, his fellow-men.

I could have lingered for a long time on this spot, contemplating every aspect under which it appeared, and indulging in the meditations it was so well calculated to excite. But it was now time to move on again. Our party was all collected, and ready to continue the journey. The guides were at the head, anxious once more to be on the road. So, with one last lingering look, I tore myself away, and joining my companions, we all

set off again together. We had not proceeded far, before, as we wound round the descent, we came upon a brilliant group of girls, dressed as usual in their bright-coloured robes. But, as we drew near to them, we began to suspect that they were the same whom we had passed a short time before, and with whom our guide had had so short and lively a conversation. Our suspicion was soon confirmed, for the guide had recognised them at once, and he was as ready as before to have a little sharp repartee with them.

"Well," he said, "have you shaken out your fleas yet?"

"Haven't you found them on the road?" asked the girl, laughing heartily.

"We'll be sure to look for them when we pass that way again," said the guide.

"They'll stay till you come. But where are your cuartos?"

"Where you can't get them."

"How long is it since you washed your face?" said one of the girls.

"The bark, you know, preserves the tree," replied the guide.

"You might have a fine crop of potatoes there, if you'd only sow them."

This was a hard hit at the guide, and they

would, doubtless, have continued in the same strain of merry banter, keeping up a volley of rather equivocal compliments; but at this moment their attention was attracted by the clear and beautiful notes of a singing bird, which appeared to be pouring forth its joyful song high up in the air, immediately above our heads. The girls looked up, they looked around in all directions, but they could see no bird, and the song also had suddenly stopped.

“Well,” said one of the girls, “that’s strange; but where can the bird be?”

“Perhaps he’s whistling for you. Look up again—you may find him this time.”

She looked up. At that moment the notes of the supposed songster swelled out clearly and distinctly, and we all shouted out, “There’s the bird again!”

Every one again looked up and around, but still no bird was to be seen. I began to feel rather mystified myself, when, happening to cast my eyes upon the camel-driver, he gave me a look of intelligence, and I understood the innocent deception of which we had all been made the victims. By a species of ventriloquism he could perfectly imitate the song of various birds, the sound appearing to come from the air, from the

trees, or from the cottage eaves, according to his pleasure.

One of the girls happening to put the question, —“How long will you take to get to Puerto at this pace?” I was reminded that we had no longer time for trifling on the road, and that it was necessary to make greater speed. We accordingly quickened our pace; but the girls, who had now thrown aside the timidity of the morning, were anxious to accompany us part of the way, a proposal to which we had no objection, as their gay and merry conversation lightened the toils of our journey, which were now beginning to tell upon us. One cannot keep up throughout a long journey the light and elastic spirits with which he started, especially when the atmosphere has begun to get sultry, and the rays of an almost tropical sun are beating upon your head. However, we managed to get on very well, and even to enjoy ourselves with considerable spirit. Our peasant girls proved to be light-hearted and merry companions, and were now as communicative as they had formerly been shy. Our greatest torments were the flies, against which we had no protection, and which kept incessantly attacking us with their merciless stings. However, our troubles in this way were soon brought to an end, for, after what I considered a remarkably

pleasant journey, we reached our destination, and the camel kneeling down in the Alameda of Orotava, I once more found myself in safety on my own feet.

But, unfortunately, just at the moment we supposed we were about to enjoy the repose necessary after the fatigues of our journey, we found ourselves in rather an awkward situation. We were ourselves perfectly ignorant of our destination, and did not know where or how to proceed. We knew that it was somewhere near the Alameda, but that not being a sufficiently definite direction, our knowledge so far did not avail us. Our servants, having been very much tormented by the flies on the road, had dropped behind with the key, and we had now no alternative but to wait patiently until they chose to make their appearance. In the meantime we drew near to the Alameda, where we seated ourselves, determined to wait with as much patience as, in the circumstances, we could command. For my part, I made myself as happy as I could. I had before me, what was always a source of pure and unalloyed pleasure, scenery which was at once novel and beautiful. Besides, in our immediate neighbourhood, workmen were busily engaged in the preparations that were necessary for the coming festival of San Isidro. Triumphal arches, in

honour of the saint, had been erected in different situations, and in a half-dreaming, half-waking state, I sat shaping strange patterns out of the twisted branches and leaves of the palm trees of which they were constructed.

After our fatiguing journey, we could not be expected to have a very aristocratic appearance. Our long line of dusty, foot-sore animals extended along the road, wearily browsing the grass at the side, and both the riders and myself had more of the shabby than of the genteel in our aspect, for, not choosing to imitate the Spanish custom of dressing for the road, we had equipped ourselves in what we considered suitable, but certainly not very fine, habiliments. Nevertheless, we were found out and assailed by those torments of Spain, so often alluded to, the beggars, who are certainly as numerous and as troublesome on its roads, and in its towns and villages, as certain nameless little animals are in the beds of its inns. Here we were again surrounded by twenty-four, all in a row, who whined out, in a drawling tone of voice, their oily compliments, their benedictions, and their prayers for cuartos. Some of them even tried to touch our feelings, and to spirit our cuartos out of our pockets, by jesting and laughing, but we were proof against their wily and blandishing tongues.

"Do you know who I am, and do you know this?" said the camel-driver, shaking his whip at the unruly mob.

"You may be a marquis for what I know," said one. "Give me a cigar."

"Come and take it," he said; and one was approaching with the expectation of touching his cigar, when two gentlemen appeared suddenly in view coming up the road, and notwithstanding their crutches and their lame limbs, the idle vagabonds decamped with as much speed as so many hares before the hounds.

In the mean time the two gentlemen came up, and approaching us politely, one of them said, "May I ask you what you are waiting for? You are probably strangers come to honour our *fête*. If we can be of any service to you, pray command us."

"We are waiting for our servants, who have hired a house for us, and have got the key," was our answer.

"Where is the house?" one said.

"We know not, except that it is near the Plaza."

"It must be this one," they said, pointing to one, "if so, you will have an excellent view of the Fiesta, and if you will wait, we will go and get it opened for you."

The two gentlemen accordingly went away in the direction of the house, but were back again almost instantly, bringing with them a lady who welcomed us with all the graceful courtesy and kindness peculiar to the old Spanish aristocracy of this part of the island. She kissed me on both sides of the face, conducted me to her domicile, and begged me to feel quite at home, for they would all be delighted to assist me in making my visit as entertaining as possible. This kind reception was followed up with an offer of the finest fruits, flowers, and wines of the island, which were brought in on a tray. I felt quite at home at once among people disposed to be so kind, and we were all becoming uncommonly friendly together, as if there were no such things as Spanish etiquette or English *hauteur* in the world. We were also quite delighted with the house, when at last our tardy servants arrived, and seeing how we were engaged, said with dismay:—

“Pero, señora, si esta no es la casa.”—“But, señora, if this is not the house.”

This was rather an uncomfortable reflection, and we were at a loss what to say or to do, till we were reassured by a voice, exclaiming:—

“But, señora, don't go, for the other is much worse.”

In the meantime, we learned who the two gentlemen who had been so friendly to us on our arrival were. The first was one of the principal magistrates of the island, who, in the exercise of his usual authority, was superintending the arrangements that were making for the festival which was to take place on the morrow, a circumstance which accounted for the immediate disappearance of the beggars as soon as he had made his appearance. The other was a descendant of one of the Spanish conquerors that took possession of Teneriffe, and therefore might be considered one of the *noblesse* or aristocracy of the island. We found them both extremely obliging, and they expressed their anxious desire to assist us in making the period of our sojourn among them as pleasant and entertaining as possible. We of course professed our gratitude for the offer of their services, and said we should be happy to avail ourselves of them when necessary. In the meantime we required rest after the fatigues of our day's journey, during which we had by no means husbanded our strength. We were happy, therefore, when we found ourselves alone, delivered from the presence of strangers, and from the trammels of etiquette.

Next morning we got up at an early hour, notwithstanding our exertions of the previous day, for

we were anxious to have a quiet look at the village and the surrounding country before we should be disturbed, or have our attention distracted by the festival. We found, on looking about us, that the villa in which we had taken up our residence was very antique in appearance. The village itself, too, was a quaint and old-fashioned assemblage of houses, more remarkable, we should suppose, for its romantic aspect than for its convenience as a place of residence, for it was built on the side of a hill, and its streets appeared to us to be almost perpendicular. A mountain stream was dashing and bubbling down one of the sides, as we sometimes see in Granada. The houses had, as usual in Spain, convenient balconies, which were adorned with fine carving, but generally, with the houses to which they belonged, were crumbling away through age, most of them having been built so long ago as to deserve the epithet of ancient. The houses had their large marble courts, surrounded with colonnades, within which grew groups of clustering bananas and the fragrant orange. The village bore the appearance of once having been the residence of some of the richest of the aristocracy of the island, but everything now looks dilapidated and deserted. There is an air about the place which seems to say that its day is gone, and that if it

still has anything of which it can be proud, it is only of the past.

The object of the greatest interest in the place is the celebrated Dragon Tree of Orotava, which we were not long in finding out. There is something grand and imposing about its appearance as it towers aloft like some ancient mighty giant. The sight of it carries one's thoughts back to those distant times when history becomes merged in fable, of which we say that there were giants in the earth in those days, this being one of their memorials in the way of trees. When one looked upon its old and gnarled branches, which have outlasted the storms of centuries, he was reminded of those mythical ages when the Gods of Olympus held feast in the Islands of the Blest. The convulsions and the blasts of four thousand years have expended their rage on that time-honoured trunk in vain, for there it still stands, in all its ancient strength, as firmly as it did in those days when the sleepless serpent watched the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides.

The aboriginal Guanches, centuries ago, held it in great veneration on account of the immense age that, even in their time, was ascribed to it by traditional record. In 1494, when the victorious Spaniards penetrated into this district, called at that time by the natives Atanpalata, a name which

has since been softened down to Orotava, they found this gigantic specimen of the Dragon tree (*Dracæna Draco*) in perfect preservation, flourishing with as much vigour and freshness as in the days of its youth. More than three and a-half centuries have now elapsed since that period, and the noble tree, which has outlived so many generations of human beings that have been merry under its branches, is still alive and clothed with verdant foliage. The beautiful garden to which it gives so great an attraction is the property of the Marquis of Sauzal. Still, though the venerable trunk has victoriously defied so many winds and storms, it bears marks of the furious attacks that have been made upon it by the raging elements. Its most serious wound was inflicted about forty years ago. At that time the island was devastated by a tremendous tempest, and the ancient tree that had battled so many a breeze, was very much injured, one half of it being destroyed. It was thus laid open to the insidious attacks of the rains of succeeding winters which, penetrating its hollow trunk, have caused the fall of many of its finest branches, and now threaten the final destruction of this venerable relic of by-gone ages. Baron Humboldt, in the account of his visit to Teneriffe in 1801, gives a description of this famous Dragon tree.

It is no matter of wonder that a simple and artless race of people like the Guanches regarded this ancient tree with a species of superstitious awe. They firmly believed in certain oracular powers which tradition had ascribed to it, as, for instance, that it always predicts with infallible certainty the kind of weather that may be expected during the following winter. The oracles of Greece, in ancient times, were never frequented by greater numbers of anxious inquirers into the future than was the prophetic Dragon tree of Orotava. It was only necessary to mark on what side of the tree the blossoms appeared; and in order to make that observation, the husbandmen were accustomed to come annually from all parts of the island, and according to the signs, as they understood them, they used to regulate the time of their sowing, and the extent of the ground sown with the different kinds of grain. They believed that the indications given by the tree were infallible, and that all they had to do was to interpret them correctly. As they thought, experience and observation had established, by the soundest Baconian reasoning, that certain appearances were invariably followed by certain states of the weather, and it would therefore be folly in them not to trust what was approved by the wisdom and sanctified by the faith of their ancestors. If, for

instance, it happened to be the southern side of the dragon tree that bore flowers, that was a token which might be perfectly relied on that the winds in the ensuing winter would generally blow from the same quarter, and the season consequently be a droughty one. On the other hand, if the northern side of the branches displayed the greatest profusion of blossoms, the season would as certainly be rainy. By these indications they were directed in their agricultural operations. This implicit confidence in the prophecy of the Dragon Tree may not now have such a firm hold of the minds of the people as it once had, although it has not yet by any means entirely disappeared; but, a very short time ago, the faith in its predictions was almost universal, as the crowds who flocked to observe its blossoming indicated.

By a careful measurement taken in 1843, the girth of this remarkable tree was ascertained to be fifty-two feet, near the ground; its height up to the lowermost branches was sixteen and a-half feet, and from them to the topmost extremity forty-nine feet more; its complete height being sixty-five and a-half feet. Although the *Dracæna Draco*, is found in great numbers in the Canary Islands, it is not considered to be indigenous either to them or to the neighbour-

ing coast of Africa. The general opinion appears to be, that it is of East Indian origin, and it has been a subject of much and frequent discussion among naturalists, how it came to be so abundant in these remote and solitary islands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Villagers of Orotava—San Isidro, the Patron Saint—
 The Chapel of San Isidro Labrador—San Isidro's Wife, Santa
 Catalina—Procession and Festival in Honour of the
 Saint—History of San Isidro's Canonization—Angels Assist
 him in his Agricultural Labours—His Wonderful Miracle—
 The Medicinal Properties of the Stream he had made to Flow
 from the Ground—Philip II. cured by it—The Saint's In-
 fluence over Pedro Isidro a Católica cured of an Illness—
 Amongst those of a Pious Maid of Honour—An Unruly
 Member of the Church—San Isidro's Honours in Madrid—His
 Just Punishment of his Unruly Wife—The Pious Occupation
 of the Holy—She crosses the Manzanares on her Mantilla—
 The Coronation of the Festival—The Peasantry Represented
 by Twelve Children—The Lottery for Young Oxen—The
 Snowy Customs of the People—The Jesuit's College—De-
 stroyed and Rebuilding Nunnery by Fire—The Holy Sis-
 terna and the Possession of the College—Indifferent
 Character of the Brotherhood—Tragic Incidents.

THE village of Orotava is essentially agricultural,
 as all the inhabitants are engaged in the cultiva-

tion of their several plots of ground, some larger and some smaller, but there is nothing that deserves the name of trade. The patron saint of Orotava, San Isidro, is an agricultural saint, and, as before mentioned, we had arrived on the day preceding the eve, or vespers, of the Fiesta de San Isidro.

At the eastern approach to the village, a small chapel is dedicated to San Isidro Labrador. It contains a diminutive image of the saint, and another of his wife, who is also canonized under the name of Santa Maria de la Cabeza. The festival of the saint is celebrated with great rejoicing by all who follow the occupation over which he throws the shield of his protection. His image is carried about in solemn procession; and in order to indicate his agricultural character, it is preceded by a yoke of oxen, while he bears in one hand an emblematic goad, and in the other a bundle of ears of corn. His good lady is most elaborately dressed in antique rustic attire, and carries in one hand an "alcuza," the peculiar small tin vessel used in Spain for holding oil—of the signification of which I shall have a few more words to say anon.

The attraction which these two paltry-dressed images have for the people is scarcely credible. They flock in multitudes from all parts of Teneriffe to do them honour. We do not, however, suppose

that it is from motives of devotion that they are induced to assemble in such numbers in honour of the saint and his good wife. We rather suspect it is what we may term, in opposition to the devotional or ecclesiastical, the profane part of the Fiesta, the mirth, the dance, and the feasting, that is the main motive in drawing so many people together from a distance to participate in the devotions and amusements that are equally celebrated in the saint's honour.

The history of the canonization of this worthy pair is to the following effect. Isidro appears to have flourished some time during the tenth century, and was in a very humble way of life, being engaged as a farm labourer or agricultural servant at Caravanchel, near Madrid. He was noted for his many virtues, but particularly for the great charity which he so liberally bestowed on all that were in poverty or suffering. He was also remarkable for his devoted piety, being so conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties that he never went forth to his day's work until he had attended mass, and scrupulously performed those other religious duties of which those destined to be canonized were never known to be forgetful. But, alas, the future saint's very virtues were turned into grounds of accusation against him. He must be prepared for the honours

that awaited him by undergoing the sufferings that made him worthy of them. Evil, malicious, and railing tongues waxed loud in their eager desire to injure his unspotted reputation. They represented him to his master as an idle skulking fellow, who used religion only as a cloak with which to conceal his aversion to honest labour. His master wisely determined to inquire into his conduct himself, before giving implicit credence to all that was said against him, and the investigation which he set afoot proved in the most satisfactory way that he was no loser by his servant's attention to his religious duties, for the clearest evidence was afforded him that while the saintly ploughman was at his morning's devotions, angels came down from heaven and drove the plough so effectually for him that he was never behind in his day's work. If the inhabitants of Orotava would only keep this circumstance in mind, they might obtain a day's festival and holiday for the agricultural angels as well as for the agricultural saint.

Isidro's employer in a short time had the happiness of obtaining still further proof of the angelic favour in which his labourer was held. One very hot day, he was traversing his estate, observing how his men were working, and how his crops were getting on, when he was nearly suffocated with

thirst, which is no slight affliction under the summer's sun on the drougthy plains of Castile. His suffering from this cause being quite apparent, Isidro took pity on him, and moved, probably, by some angelic impulse, proceeded to work a miracle to relieve him. He struck a particular spot of ground with a rustic implement which he held in his hand, and immediately a streamlet of pure water burst from the earth, and the master was rejoiced to assuage his thirst at this improvised fountain. The spring continued to flow ever afterwards, and experience showed that its waters were possessed of wondrous healing and medicinal virtues, that it was, in fact, a miraculous stream, all the virtues of which ought to be attributed to the pious labourer who had been the instrument of making it flow from the parched and arid ground. Its medicinal properties were not lessened by the lapse of time; its virtues were preserved unimpaired for ages; all classes of the people experienced the benefit of its healing stream, and it is even believed that, by the use of it, the children of King Philip II. were cured of a dangerous illness with which they had been attacked. Other historians, however, whom we are bound to consider quite as worthy of credit in a matter of so much importance, deny that this cure was effected by the waters. Accord-

ing to their account, the children recovered from their dangerous illness at the very moment that the king's mother, the Consort of the Emperor Charles V. commanded that the remains of the saint, who had died in the year 973 in the full odour of sanctity, should be exhumed from their original place of sepulture, and conveyed to a stately mausoleum in Madrid. At the same time, in order to perpetuate the memory of the miraculous spring, she employed workmen to build a chapel, which should stand as a memorial of the devotion of the saint and the virtues of the stream which he had made to flow from the dry ground.

It must not be supposed that San Isidro was deprived of his miraculous powers by his death. Historians, whom we must suppose to be the most credible in such matters, if we are to judge them by their own faith in the marvels of saintly biography, assure us that he still continued to do a little business in the world he had left. One of the stories told—or, we should rather say, one of the historical statements made regarding him—has reference to a personage no less important than Isabel la Catolica. Having been cured of an illness by the blessed intervention of San Isidro, in testimony of her grateful acknowledgement of the benefit she had received through his intercession,

she proceeded to his tomb to pour out the grateful feelings of her heart in prayer. One of the maids of honour, in order to testify the respect in which she held the saint, thought proper to kiss his feet, and while doing so, bit off his second toe to keep as a relic. Her tongue was forthwith deprived of its usual power of utterance, and she could not articulate a single word. Probably, feeling that she had done wrong in taking such a liberty with a toe so sacred, she at once ejected the precious mouthful, and, by a second miracle, mercifully recovered her powers of speech, the restored elasticity of her tongue enabling her to give utterance to all her thoughts and impressions with even more than her pristine fluency.

San Isidro soon acquired a high reputation as a saint. His name was in every mouth; his miracles were bruited abroad; and his canonization was altogether considered an honour very worthily bestowed, for to whom could it be regarded as more justly due? Remembering also the condition from which he had sprung, and the circumstances of the first miracle he had wrought, he was appointed the patron saint of all husbandmen. But his reputation was more than a merely provincial one; his name and his deeds had also reached Madrid, and were held in such honour there, that even that capital

city of the great Spanish monarchy was placed under his peculiar protection, and his festival is annually commemorated there likewise with honours that any saint may well appreciate. Notwithstanding all this posthumous fame, however, and all the honours that were so freely lavished on him after his death, and notwithstanding all those virtues that threw around him the odour of so much sanctity, the saint was not exempted from those domestic grievances and troubles which have often beset so many better, or, we should rather say, worse men than himself, for wicked gossip tells us that he was not quite happy with his wife. She was an exceedingly virtuous and discreet young woman, as we are assured on the very best authority, but somehow, notwithstanding all her good qualities, and the mutual love that undoubtedly existed between them, the green-eyed monster that made the Moor of Venice so miserable also disturbed the sleep of the Spanish saint. The truth appears to be, his wife was young, buxom, and beautiful, for saints are quite as susceptible as other men to all the tender influences, and he could not help noticing that, after nightfall, she was in the constant habit of leaving his house, going out alone, in great silence and with many precautions, and returning, after the lapse of some time, in an equally mysteri-

ous manner. Not being able to endure the torturing agitation that this discovery caused him, and anxious either to confirm or to dismiss a suspicion that was so derogatory to his wife's fair name, he took the precaution that other men usually take in similar cases, and which was also taken by Othello, that universal type of all jealous men; he had all the movements of his wife observed, the only difference being, that he undertook the painful duty himself, being too anxious to discover the truth, to entrust it to another. Such a course may not be considered quite becoming in a saint of his quality; but imagining ourselves in his circumstances, the saintship of course excluded, we must make all due allowance for him, considering that a man can't very well be jealous and attentive to all the punctilios of etiquette at the same time.

On a certain night in particular, he happened to be awake just as she was stealing out in secrecy and silence, and the opportunity being as favourable as he could desire for his purpose, he went out after her. Dark as it was, he observed that she carried in her hand the "alcuza" of oil which was reserved for household use. He followed her until she reached the banks of the Manzanares, where he was astonished beyond all expression at seeing her take the Spanish mantilla which hung sus-

pended over her head, and, spreading it on the waters, seat herself therein. The mantilla floated like a boat, and conveyed her gently and smoothly over to the other side of the river ; * a feat for which she was afterwards canonized in Spain, but would certainly have been carbonized in England at the period she performed it. On landing on the opposite bank, she proceeded to the shrine of an adjacent place of worship, and having replenished with oil from her alcuza the lamp that was attached to it, and then saying her prayers, like a good Catholic as she was, she returned home in the same manner as that in which she had come. She was met on the way by her saintly husband, who was now thoroughly ashamed of himself, and who acknowledged his weakness, at the same time asking her forgiveness, and promising most faithfully never again to entertain any doubt of her integrity, although she continued, as before, to pay her nocturnal visits to the other side of the water. The remainder of their life was fortunately passed in such happiness and mutual confidence as became their character. The good woman enjoyed perfect liberty to supply all the lamps before church

* The Manzanares is occasionally so dry in the summer season that the worthy inhabitants of Madrid regularly water the bed of the river during the dog days.

shrines in the capital if she felt so inclined, and their reputation became so high, and spread so far, that it even reached the Pope in St. Peter's chair, who gave the necessary directions that their names should be inscribed as saints in the calendars of the Romish Church.

San Isidro's day properly falls on the 15th of May ; but as the Feast of Pentecost happens in the same month, an arrangement is made by which it is celebrated during the Whitsuntide holidays. This change is made with the considerate intention of not depriving the labouring population too frequently of the pittance they are able to acquire by their toil. Besides, the festival is thus made to take place at a season of the year when the beneficent results of agricultural toil are probably seen to the greatest advantage. The husbandman is thus also more forcibly reminded of the intercession which, as he is taught to believe, his patron saint is constantly using on his behalf, for by this season of the year many of his most important agricultural operations have been brought to a successful termination ; the crops of barley and rye are already partly housed ; those of wheat and maize are fast advancing towards maturity ; their fruit trees will soon be ready to part with their ripe produce, and the generous fruit of the vine to be gathered for the vintage.

This is the very time, too, to behold the valley of Orotava in all its unrivalled beauty. The atmosphere is unclouded, the air is genial, and the rich perfumes of the nearly matured fruits and flowers are diffused abroad. The houses, the trees, the balconies, are covered with garlands of flowers, of unrivalled beauty and brilliancy of colour. The sight is so enchanting that I could almost imagine myself in some happy valley, where the ills and sorrows of mankind can never intrude. Then there are the numerous flocks of birds, mostly strange to me, circling in the air overhead, their brilliant plumage glancing so brightly in the sun, and some of them, the canaries, the goldfinches, and the sweet capirotes pouring forth from morning till dusk their joyous and melodious notes, the purest incense that can ascend to heaven. One cannot but feel that he must fail in describing such a scene; but he would linger in it for ever, anxiously wishing that no untimely frost may ever silence the rich notes of these happy songsters.

On Whitsun-eve, then, at the Vespers of our Saint's day, all the gentry of the valley appear to take their part both in the sacred and secular celebration of the occasion. The rejoicings begin at Orotava, where palm-branches, pine, and laurel trees, are planted all the way from the Hermitage

of San Isidro to the entrance of the town, while garlands of flowers are wreathed, amidst brilliantly lighted lanterns, around numerous poles, each of which is surmounted by a fluttering banner. The whole extent of the Plaza is decked out in a similar manner. At the end of a splendid avenue of flowers, and lights, and banners, an immense triumphal arch, formed of bright coloured cloth extended over a framework of wood, terminates the view. At night, when the whole is brilliantly illuminated, the appearance is really magnificent.

The streets also present an aspect of unusual animation, being lined with tents and stalls for the sale of sweetmeats, ices, and liqueurs. Every available article that can add to the *éclat* of the occasion has been called into requisition. All those tempting cakes, on which children so eagerly fix their eyes, and particularly the *turon* of the island, are distributed for sale in tents, and on stalls along the footway, the dealers proclaiming vociferously the excellent qualities of the various articles of which they dispose. They are generally surrounded by a numerous and attentive auditory, the crowd being composed partly of country people, who have come into town in their brightest holiday dresses, with the determination of enjoying themselves, partly of nursemaids and their little charges, whose

appetites are of the most accommodating description, and the remainder the usual miscellaneous assemblage that is collected together on such festive occasions.

Amid the shouting and yelling of the crowd may be heard the sound of the tambourine and the music of the guitar. Numbers are singing, or, we should rather say, bawling out with the loudest and hoarsest of voices their favourite songs, to which they keep time by striking together two pieces of hollow cane. Some of the airs to which these songs are sung are very ancient, having been adapted to Spanish words by the first European settlers after the conquest of the island. As sung by the untutored voices of the peasantry, they still exhibit much of the simple and barbarous character of their Guanche origin. When, in some lonely country district, one hears them sung in the silence of the night, he could almost imagine that one of the original inhabitants of the island had returned to solace himself with its ancient airs amid the scenes which were once familiar to him.

As night draws on, the multitude of pleasure-seekers, instead of diminishing, increases, and "all the world," high and low, may be said to be in the streets. The commotion is usually very great, for all are hastening to some favourite centre of attrac-

2.11. The greatest number, perhaps, assemble around the two gum grubs which are paraded through the streets in the midst of great shouting and enthusiasm. These Babilonagian figures are about fifteen feet high, constructed of wicker-work, their movements originated and directed by men placed in their interior. In order to exhibit their immense size to the greater advantage, they are attended by two dwarfs dressed in antique garb, who are led along by their side.

Perhaps the most interesting sight of all is that of the four little children, allegorically dressed as the seasons, who are carried round the town in a triumphal car, splendidly gilt, and profusely adorned with flowers. At certain places where stoppages are made in the principal streets, they stand up before the multitude of applauding listeners and recite verses suited to the occasion. The secular part of the festival concludes with a display of fireworks, which, notwithstanding the limited nature of the means at their command, is regarded with as much unalloyed satisfaction as if the grandest spectacles that London or Paris could exhibit had been presented to their admiring gaze.

On the following morning, Whit Sunday, the religious portion of the Fiesta is celebrated. The assembled clergy of the town, the authorities,

attended by a detachment of militia, and preceded by bands of music, all the gentry of the district, and numbers of visitors from the different islands, go in solemn procession from the suppressed Monastery of St. Augustine to the little chapel before spoken of, and from thence bring the images of San Isidro and his wife with great solemnity. All the individuals who take part in the procession are in their gala-dresses, and accompanied by a great mob, whose demeanour is at once respectful and enthusiastic. They proceed by a long and devious route, now up and now down the exceedingly steep streets of the little town, their destination being the Church of St. Augustine, from which they at first set out.

Having reached that sacred building, the statues of the saint and his wife are solemnly placed in the niches appropriated to them. High Mass is then said; sacred music is sung; and an eloquent sermon preached in eulogy of the venerated San Isidro. When the congregation is dismissed, the procession is again formed, and, amid the heart-rousing strains of martial music, the images are re-conducted to their usual domicile, where they are allowed to remain until the revolution of another year again brings them forth to receive the honours so lavishly paid them by the superstitious multitude.

By this time the day is already far advanced; and as there is still an important ceremony to be celebrated before the festival is concluded, the people consider it necessary to prepare themselves for it by hurrying home in order to despatch a hasty dinner. That finished, they once more proceed in crowds to the Plaza, and observe with great delight the proceedings by which the occasion is wound up. Twelve young children, six of each sex, all belonging to some of the principal families of the island, are dressed, as suits the nature of the festivities, in the costume of the native peasantry, the more indigent individuals of whom are not forgotten on an occasion that is celebrated by all with so much joy. A lottery for a yoke of strong young oxen is set a-going, a gratuitous chance of winning the valuable prize being given to those who are not in circumstances to purchase a ticket for themselves. The happy winner of course imputes the success of the event that inspires him with so much joy to the great patron, San Isidro, who is thanked as gratefully and sincerely as if he had appeared in person and bestowed the gift with his own hands. The allotment of the prize to the winner is the signal for a discharge of rockets, and the flight of one or two balloons, whose progress in the upper regions of

the air is marked with great interest as long as they remain in sight. In the next place a beautiful milk-white lamb, which has been fattened for the occasion, and which is produced adorned with ribbons and flowers of every colour, its soft wool also being curled into ringlets, is brought forward to be raffled for by the twelve little representatives of the peasantry, who are afterwards dismissed to their several homes as happy and pleased as a most abundant supply of sweetmeats can make them. The short remainder of the day is spent by the grown-up people in promenading about. I was quite astonished at the luxury of dress which was displayed by many of the ladies in so quiet and secluded a valley; and as they mingled freely with the peasantry in their showy costumes, a very fine effect was produced. Gradually, as the night wore on, the multitude began to disperse; all the necessary preparations were made for their departure; and soon the brilliant lights of the pitch pine-torches showed that they were slowly wending their way to their mountain homes in various parts of the neighbourhood, and throughout the island.

There is something extremely pleasing in these festivals in continental countries and in the colonies which belong to them. The orderly demeanour of

the crowd assembled, the delight which they evidently take in all the festivities, and the perfect faith with which they seem to regard the religious part of the proceedings, are circumstances which one invariably observes with the greatest delight. The number of children also who generally take part in the processions, with their white dresses and their gay fluttering ribands, give a freshness and simplicity to the festivals to which, I am sorry to say, we are altogether unaccustomed in England. As I have before had occasion to remark, it is by no means the least advantage of these frequent holidays that the working-classes are enabled to enjoy so many occasional seasons of rest from their daily labour, all classes of society at the same time mingling together on a footing of perfect equality, and all apparently disposed to enjoy the pleasures of the day to the utmost in their power. England once allowed similar occasions of rejoicing to the multitude; and while it has undoubtedly been for her advantage that she has got rid of the system to which they more immediately owe their origin, it is certainly to be lamented that some substitute has not been found by which her labouring classes might occasionally have an opportunity of relaxing their overstrained energies in the enjoyment of more frequent holidays, in which they might find many

sources of pleasure without having recourse to the baneful excitement of intoxicating drinks.

As I have already observed, there is a ruinous appearance about this old village in which I had taken up my residence for a time. Many of the houses seem to be crumbling almost into pieces. There are churches and convents, all of which wear the garb of age, and in their structure and their ornaments speak of a bygone day. The houses and the convents all have their gardens, and the effect produced by the mingling of the trees, flowers, and verdure with the old houses is remarkably interesting. Here the orange tree is blooming in all its beauty; there are groups of spreading bananas and stately palms. The fuschia, the geranium, and the heliotrope are matted and tangled about the balconies, while various other flowers grow up in wonderful luxuriance in all directions, overleap garden walls, and spread even to the street, over which they diffuse their rich and mingled perfumes.

There are several very fine churches and a Jesuit's college, the gateway of which is a very beautiful piece of workmanship. According to the historic records of the island, the Jesuits came to Teneriffe in the year 1660, when some members

of the society landed as missionaries. Their college, however, was not erected till some time afterwards. In the year 1679, one of their more distinguished members, Father Luis de Anchieta, obtained great influence over a certain Dr. Juan de Llarena, and prevailed so far with him that he induced him to bequeath his entire property for the purpose of building this college. According to the more popular version, however, he is said to have left a will by which he gave directions that the property should be disposed of after his death. However that may be, it is certain that with the above sum, and with the aid of other donations made by individuals who were favourable to such a scheme, the building was commenced in the time of Charles II. of Spain, under the licence of that prince. This was in 1696; but the edifice was never completed. The part that was finished, however, was devoted to the purpose for which it was intended, and the small brotherhood, consisting only of four individuals, took up their residence in the apartments intended for their use.

Devoting themselves to the education of the young, whom it has ever been the policy of their order to draw within the sphere of their influence, they almost immediately opened a Grammar School. The number of pupils whom they had under their

care was sixty or seventy. They also had a higher course for more advanced students, to whom they regularly delivered a series of theological and philological lectures. These Jesuits continued to reside here, discharging these useful duties till the year 1715, when they were unexpectedly compelled to seek a new residence.

The circumstances attending their removal from the building which had furnished them with a refuge for so long a period afford a curious illustration of the manners of the time, at least in these remote islands, where, it may be, things were done that even then would not have been tolerated within the circle of any European society. The Jesuit brothers were actually ejected *vi et armis* by a holy sisterhood of nuns who were settled in their vicinity. The nunnery had the misfortune to be destroyed by fire, and the *religieuses*, seeing themselves without a home, and not being disposed either to trust to charity or to encamp in the open air, even in that climate, looked with an air of envy on the strong walls and well-provided establishment of the four Jesuit brothers. An evil thought entered into their minds; they took counsel together, and speedily came to the determination that as the poor

brothers were so few in number, and otherwise quite unprotected, they would pounce down upon them, wicked sisters, like the wolf on the fold, and thus provide themselves, without much trouble, with a home where they might eat good dinners and perform their religious duties in comfort. They accordingly proceeded in a body to the college, and made such a vigorous attack upon it that the feeble band of Jesuits was compelled to give way, and to seek for quarters elsewhere. The belligerent nuns retained possession of their conquest for a period of two years, when it was again given up to the Jesuits, who gladly returned to their old domicile. They were no sooner settled in it than they again commenced the work of building, with the view of extending it to the proportions that had been originally designed. It was also intended that a church should be attached to the college, but, while it remained unbuilt, divine service was performed in a small oratory belonging to the establishment.

But little progress had been made in the work of building, which they had recommenced with some vigour, when an event occurred that baffled all their schemes. This was the general suppression of the brotherhood. The feeling against the order of Jesuits had gained ground during the

last century, had made itself felt even in high places, and the decree that carried forth the sentence of their dissolution was followed by the banishment of many of the members of the body. Of course this event put a final stop to the work, and the four *religieux* had again to bid farewell to the walls they had raised. The edifice has since that time been employed for various public purposes. It has been successively used as a district gaol, as a school-house, and more recently as a place of deposit for the municipal records, together with the official registers of tributes or quit rents, payable on numerous private estates, and of mortgages on property. On the 2nd of June, 1841, the greater part of the building, together with the obnoxious archives which it contained, was destroyed by fire.

None of the Jesuits belonging to this college ever rose to any eminence, nor has it been remarked that any of them were distinguished by the talents which have been attributed to the order in general. There is reason to fear, however, that, small as their body was, they had, during the period of their existence in the island, acquired a distinction that was not quite consistent with their name and profession, and many stories were circulated, tending to shew that their charac-

ter was not quite immaculate. It is said that their first venerable rector, Father Andrade, a Portuguese by birth, had his face cruelly slashed with a knife by a lady of Orotava. The cause of this act was not discovered; but by the party who favoured the Jesuits, the blame of it was made to rest on her who had been the assailant. The public, however, took a different view of the matter, and found an explanation of the disreputable affair in the misconduct of the Jesuit. They had unfortunately other instances of a total disregard of moral rectitude, on the part of these venerable fathers, to confirm them in this belief. One of them was stabbed to death by an injured husband, who had discovered him in an intrigue with his wife, whom the holy brother had seduced from the path of rectitude, the narrowness of which the sacred order did not always find quite convenient.

END OF VOL. I.

ARTIST'S LIFE

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