

Another thing interesting to observe in the cat-bird is his way of hiding himself, when in plain sight all the time. He simply remains entirely motionless, and one may look directly at him, and not see him, so well does his plain dark dress harmonize with his usual surroundings. Often I come into the room and look about for him, in all his favorite places, — on the cornice, the desk, and before the glass; no bird to be seen. As I move about to look more closely, he will suddenly fly up almost from under my hand. Still as he can keep, his movements are rapid; he is deliberation itself in making up his mind to go anywhere, but once decided he goes like a flash.

When a new bird was introduced into the room, an English song thrush, twice as big as himself, the cat-bird was at first uncertain how to treat him; but in one day he learned that he could frighten him. The small, dark, impish-looking fellow, rushing madly at the big, honest, simple thrush, put him into an uncontrollable panic. As soon as this fact was established the cat-bird became a tyrant. He will not allow him to enjoy anything on the floor, drives him away from the bath, mocks his singing

with harsh notes, and assumes very saucy airs towards him.

The worst effect of the thrush's coming, however, was to show me a new trait of the cat-bird's character, — jealousy. The first day or two he sulked, would not go out of his cage, would not touch meat, and though he has gradually returned to his liberty and his meat, he still refuses, now after two months, to alight on my hands for his tid-bits, as he did before.

Nothing is more interesting than to note the variety the cat-bird will give to the cry which at a distance resembles the "mew" of a cat. He has many other notes and calls, besides his exquisite songs, but there is hardly a shade of emotion that he cannot express by the inflection he will give to that one cry. Whether he proclaims a melancholy word by softly breathing it from closed bill, or jerks it out with a snap at the end, as though he bit it off, when he is deprived of some cherished treasure, — as, for instance, a rubber band, — from one extreme to the other, with all the shades between, each expresses a meaning, and each is intelligible to a loving and observing student of his ways.

Olive Thorne Miller.

AROUND THE SPANISH COAST.

ON the 14th of April, four days' sail from Malta on the steamer Mizapore, we sighted the Pillars of Hercules, two lofty rocks, apparently some ten miles apart, — the gateway to a new world. The wind was west and the day showery. These historic monuments gained imperiousness from the thunderous clouds that concealed their summits, and left something of their majesty to the imagination. They frown at each other across the highway of commerce and dis-

covery, a symbol of Spanish and English distrust. In order to command the strait one power should hold both headlands. But since the English cannot be dislodged from Gibraltar, the Spaniards have seized the opposite rock, the high headland of Ceuta, the Punta de Africa, fortified it and garrisoned it, and converted it into an important military prison. Ceuta was the point from which the Moors embarked for the conquest of Spain, and the Spaniards now hold it

in terrorem over Morocco. But the Moors, who have little desire to reconstruct the world, do not fret over its occupation, as the Spaniards do over the sight of the English flag on Gibraltar.

The Mizapore had come from Sydney, and her passengers, with a sprinkling of travelers picked up at Bombay, returning East Indians, olive-skinned nurses with heavy silver anklets, and lithe Lascars, — just enough to add picturesqueness to the ship, — were mostly Australians, going “home” for the first time in their lives; loyally English, exceedingly curious to see the old country, but entirely un-English in manner and speech, having a provincial (or was it democratic?) manner, not agreeable, I noticed, to the real English on board, and wanting both the polish and the individual assertion, amounting almost to indifference to people not born on the great island, — the sort of bitter-sweet which makes the English traveler usually the most interesting of companions.

Statisticians could have proved that the death-rate was high on the Mizapore, for we had two funerals in our short passage. One was that of a returning Indian officer, who succumbed to consumption the night we left Malta, and the other that of a baby. Among the passengers was another Indian officer, who had been eager to join his wife and child at Malta and take them home. Mother and child were at the dock, but the child was ill, and the happy reunion was followed by a day of anxiety. On the second day, the body of the child, after a brief prayer, was pushed out of the same funeral opening, on the middle deck, where the dead officer had been launched, and two more were contributed to the myriads who make the smiling Mediterranean one of the most populous of graveyards.

The isolated rock of Gibraltar, presenting perpendicular points to the east and north about fourteen hundred feet

sheer above the sea, slopes away in a series of terraces to the west, where the straggling town lies, and helps, with the opposite coast of Algesiras, to form a small harbor, little protected by the low hills on the west of it, open to the southwest and the southeast, and swept by the current of air which draws over the flat land north of the rock, — the neutral ground between the rock and Spanish territory. The west wind was blowing freshly as we rounded into the bay, and the hundreds of vessels in the harbor were bobbing about like corks. It was no easy matter to get into one of the little boats that came off to take us to the landing, and we formed a very poor opinion of the harbor of Gibraltar as a place of shelter. Nor, although we were hospitably received, and given a ticket that permitted us to land and remain five days on the rock, with a warning not to be caught outside the gates at the sundown gun, could we get up much enthusiasm for the commonplace town. We endeavored to appreciate its military position and the labor that has been expended in cutting galleries and tunnels in the rock, and mounting big guns which peep out of embrasures and threaten Spain. I could not see that the strait was commanded against the passage of vessels; most of the armament is on the land side, and the rock is no doubt impregnable to any Spanish attempt, and a perpetual offense to Spanish pride. It looks insolent and dominating, both from land and sea. From a spacious chamber hewn out of the rock hundreds of feet above the water, on the north side; a chamber furnished with long, downslanting, wicked-looking guns, ready with a turn of their carriage wheels to poke their cold noses out of the embrasures; a chamber in which the officers of the establishment give lunches to their lady friends; a cool retreat, where the artillery of love is just now more dangerous than that of war, because love is a

repeating and revolving arm, that never needs to be reloaded, and is often dead-ly when it is empty, — from this banqueting hall, that might become lurid with smoke and saltpetre, we looked down upon the narrow neck of sandy flat that separates England from Spain. Immediately at the foot of the rock is the burial-ground of the English troops; beyond that, barracks, and then a line of British soldiers, slowly pacing forward and backward; beyond the soldiers, a strip of neutral sand, perhaps three hundred yards in width; and beyond that, a line of Spanish sentinels, also pacing forward and backward in hostile show, and behind them barracks again, and the town of San Roque on rising ground. And thus stand Spain and England, in this day of grace and Christianity, watching each other in mutual distrust, while their peoples meet in the friendship of trade and social intercourse.

The most prominent object in San Roque is the new Bull Ring, a vast stone structure like the Coliseum, — a sign of the progress in civilization of the people of the Peninsula.

There are several pleasant villas nestled among the rocks on the southeast exposure, and the Alameda runs along to the southeast from the main town through flowering gardens and sweet-scented trees, — a cheerful promenade and drive when wind and dust are laid. Beyond, dwelling in caves in the east end of the rock, is said to be a remnant of the old and very respectable colony of tailless and harmless apes, who obey a leader, and seem, having discarded the tail as vulgar, to be trying to develop into citizens and voters. They have only reached the bandit stage of civilization of the region, and rob the gardens by way of varying their diet of sweet roots and the fruit of the cactus. There seems to be here an opportunity of encouraging the development theory, and a tempting field for Positivist mis-

sionaries. Our scientific age is not living up to its opportunities. Why should we grope about in the past to prove that men once had tails, when we have here an almost brother, who shows by coming out of the tail period that he is waiting for the higher education? Why should we not take hold of him, — not by the organ we would once have taken hold of him, — and lift him up?

Such thoughts come to the perplexed traveler, as he sees and hears, in the narrow street by the hotel, another rudimentary institution, — the drum and fife corps of Old England, piping and pounding out that barbarous and soul-stirring music which inspires the courage of the living, drowns the cries of the wounded, and is a requiem for the dead. I have never heard the drum and fife played with such vigor, vim, exactness of time, and faith, and, let me add, with such pride. These stalwart musicians gloried in their profession, and their magnificent vaunting of the power of England and the advantage of the trade of war seemed to me irresistible as a recruiting argument. Certainly, I followed them about as long as I could, without enlisting, and was never tired of watching the drummers toss their sticks in air and catch them without missing a note, nor of feeling the thrill imparted by their vigor, nor of sympathizing with the swelling efforts of the fifers to split the ears of the town, nor of studying, as a scientific problem, the elevating effect upon the mind of well-regulated noise. This is, surely, the perfection of martial obstreperousness; and I scarcely wonder that soldiers, for a shilling a day and pretty girls for nothing, are willing to follow the English drum-beat round the world; and I do not wonder at all at the military prowess of the Briton. With such incentives, it would seem to be easy to kill a Frenchman, or an Egyptian, or a Chinaman, or to do anything except to sit on this sun and wind

beaten rock, and wait for the hidalgos to come and take it.

It seems, on the map, an easy voyage across the sunny strait to Tangier. The high coast of old Africa looks inviting, and the distance is not more than thirty miles. We went on board the steam-tug *Hercules* at noon. Getting on board was not agreeable, for the exposed harbor was exceedingly rough; all the vessels at anchor were as active as dancers in a jig, and the small boats bobbed about like chips on the heaving, chopping waves. The steam-tug, neither clean nor commodious, is a cattle and passenger boat. A deck passage for both is imperative, because the small cabin in the stern is a loathsome hole, in which the motion and smells forbid any human being to abide. The passengers stowed themselves about the deck seats under the bulwarks and on the hatchway, and a few of the first class on a platform raised above the engine. It was a choice assortment of traders and vagabonds, Moors, Jews, disconsolate women and children, and half a dozen English and Americans. In the teeth of a head wind we bore away for Point Tarifa, — a frontier fortress, which I suppose gave us the blessed word “tariff,” — now a city of crumbling walls, and the sweetest oranges and most gracious and complacent women in Spain, — according to the guide-book. The women wear the mantilla drawn over the head, so as to conceal all the face except one destructive eye, and the place is said to retain more Moorish characteristics than any other in Andalusia. In front of it is a fortified rocky island with a lighthouse. When we ran past this we were in the open strait, and nobody paid much attention to the scenery. The wind seemed to freshen, and when the boat struck the inward flowing current, which the captain said was seven knots an hour, she began to climb over the waves and sink between them, and bob about in a most

confusing manner. To meet the wind and the current, her nose was pointed straight out to the Atlantic, and for weary hours we appeared to be going to America, while we were actually drifting nearer the African coast. In this battle with waves and wind, the waves had the best of it, and every few moments spray and volumes of water dashed aboard, drenching us all, even the occupants of the upper platform. It was almost impossible to keep a seat, or even to hang on to the hatchway. Most of the passengers gave up all effort, and sprawled about on the deck in any position chance gave them. I was particularly interested in a Jewish family, a man and his wife and a boy and girl of twelve and fourteen, who had established themselves on the floor in front of the cabin hatchway. The children, rolled up in blankets and locked in each other's arms, seemed to be sleeping, regardless of the tumult. But the quiet did not long continue. Father and mother soon ceased to take the least interest in their offspring, and rocked about the deck in utter misery. The children began to moan and writhe and twist under their blankets, and then to howl and kick, until they had rid themselves of half their clothing. Deathly sick, and apparently enraged at such treatment, they kicked and screamed, but never unclasped themselves from each other's arms. It would have been pitiful, if the misery had not been so nearly universal. The sun shone in bright mockery of our calamity, the west wind blew with fresh inspiration, the salt water soaked and blinded us, and the nasty little tug plunged about like an unbroken colt. We were five hours on this voyage of thirty miles; and when the vessel at last floated in calm water, behind the breakwater in the harbor of Tangier, it seemed as if an age separated us from Europe.

The harbor is shallow, and is open to the northeast. We anchored some

distance from the shore, and were at once surrounded (who does not recall the familiar oriental scene?) by a fleet of clumsy boats, and the usual hordes of eager, excited boatmen swarmed on board, — Moors in gowns and turbans, — who seized upon our baggage as if we had been captives, and fought for the possession of our persons. Amid pulling, hauling, shouting, screaming, swearing, and wild gesticulation, we found ourselves transferred to a small boat, and on the way to the landing. Boats were dashing about in all directions, with frantic splashing of oars and reckless steering; collisions were imminent; everybody was shouting as if crazy; and in all the tumult there was laughing, chaffing, and abundant good humor. Half-way to shore our boat stuck in the sand, and overboard went the chattering crew, pushing, pulling, and howling, till we reached the landing pier, when there was another scramble out of the boat and a rush along the shaky scaffolding. The most helpful people these, — the whole population is eager to take a hand in disposing of us; and the moment we touch Africa a couple of dozen of men and boys have seized upon our trunks, bags, and bundles, and have rushed away with them through the gate and into the city. It looks like a robbery; in New York it would be; but this is not a civilized land, and we shall find every piece of baggage at our hotel, with a man guarding it, recounting the exhausting labor of carrying it, and demanding four times the pay he expects to get.

The hurry is over, the tumult subsides, and as we walk leisurely on there begins to fall upon us the peace of the Orient. At the gate sit, in monumental calm, four officers of the customs, in spotless white raiment of silk and linen, who gravely return our salute. We ascend through a straight street, roughly paved and not too clean, lined with shops displaying the tempting stuffs of

Eastern ingenuity, — the shops of workers in metal, leather, slippers, horse furniture, and bricabrac, — and emerge, by the gate into the market-place under the wall, into a scene wholly oriental: groups of camels squatting in the dust, moving their ungainly necks in a serpent-like undulation, or standing, weary, in their patient ugliness; donkeys loaded with sticks, grass, and vegetables; on mats spread on the ground heaps of wheat, beans, salads, oranges, and all sorts of grimy provisions; water-sellers; money-changers, with piles of debased copper, and scales to weigh it; half-naked children tumbling about in the dirt, negroes, stately Moors in tattered gowns, wild-looking camel drivers, women enveloped in single pieces of white cloth, draped about the body and drawn over the head. We make our way, amid this swarm, up a hill gullied by the water, through a narrow lane thick-set with gigantic aloes and cacti, to the hotel *Ville de France*, — a spacious and very comfortable French house, backed and flanked by splendid gardens of flowers and fruit.

Outside and above the town, higher than any part of it except the castle hill, which is on the sea-bluff on the right entrance of the harbor, the hotel occupies a commanding position, and offers a lovely prospect. On its left, toward the north, the ground slopes gently up to a wide grassy plain, the level of the sea-bluff, along which are the picturesque cottages and plantations of the foreign embassies, lying amid gardens in the full sun, but fanned by the ocean breeze. From a window in one side of the room I occupied, I looked over the garden, blooming with roses, geraniums, acacias, oranges, to the sandy curve of the harbor and the blue-green of its shallow water, and the opening into a plain in the direction of Tetuan; and from a window on the other side, over the white town to the blue sea and the dim mountain coast of Spain. No

lovelier and more restful prospect exists. When the traveler reaches the hotel of M. Brugeaud, opens the windows to let in the odors of the garden, and gazes out on the smiling prospect of land and sea, he feels that he has come to a place of rest. It is one of the few spots in the world where the wanderer loses his unrest and all desire to go further. The town, which is shabby enough as we walk through it, is picturesque from this point. It shines like silver, under the sun; all the whitewashed, flat-roofed houses contrasting with the blue water beyond; a couple of mosque towers, green, looking as if tiled, but probably painted; and flags of all nations flying here and there on roofs that climb above their humbler neighbors.

Sunday is the best market-day. When I awoke at dawn I heard the throb of the darabuka down in the place below, and the innumerable hum of traffic; and when I looked out I saw that the Soko was swarming like an ant-hill. When we descended into the motley throng, the business of the day was in full blast. The beggars followed us about; the snake-charmers and story-tellers had already formed rings of delighted spectators: women clad in coarse white stuff, with children slung on their backs; stately, handsome Moorish merchants in cool, gauzy robes; comely urchins in rags begging and offering to act as guides; sellers of unattractive goods crying their merchandise; camels roaring, and donkeys braying, and dervishes posturing, — the picture shifted like the bits in a kaleidoscope. Here was a fantastic dervish arrogating to himself the title of Sheriff of Beggars, with a variegated turban, his dress thickly hung with ornaments, and four rings on each finger. Here were the unpleasant Riffs from the country, men in dirty embroidered robes, with the head all shaved except one long curl on one side, — a lock left for Lord Mahomet to pull the wearer up to heaven. The high civilization

and lack of self-consciousness of these people are shown by the fact that everybody may wear any dress he chooses, or none, and attract no attention.

In the town it was Sunday, also, and just as lively. The Jews form a considerable portion of the population, and are in appearance the most decent and thrifty. We were admitted to several Jewish houses, built with open courts, in the Moorish style, which were exceedingly neat and comfortable. The women, who have a reputation for beauty, are of light complexion, — much lighter than the men, — and many of them have fine eyes, and all the national fondness for jewelry. Notwithstanding their wealth and orderly behavior, the Jews are liked by nobody, and the Moorish merchants, who are no more scrupulous than other traders, always regard the Jew as dishonest. In no oriental community does the Jew rise above this prejudice.

On a street corner was a roulette table in full operation, whirled by an honest man from Malaga, who coveted our good opinion, without expecting us to join his game; supposing that, as foreigners, we looked down, as he did, upon these ignoble surroundings.

"You ought to be very good here," I said, "with three Sabbaths, — the Moslem Friday, the Jewish Saturday, and the Christian Sunday."

"Oh, yes," replied the devout Spaniard, giving the wheel a whirl; "but Moors no keep Sunday. And" (said suddenly, as if it were a new thought) "Christians no keep it, neither! Jews *must* keep it; 'bliged by their law."

We left this introducer of Christian ways whirling his wheel and gathering in the stray coppers. How much sin it is to gamble with the Moorish copper is a question. Having need to fill my pocket with it to satisfy the beggars, I received from a money-changer a large bowlful of it in exchange for a *peseta*, a silver piece worth twenty cents.

Tangier, for climate, scenery, novel entertainment, is a delightful winter residence. In two weeks, at any rate, we did not tire of it, and every day became more in love with the easy terms of existence there. The broken country in the direction of Cape Sportel is inviting both to the foot-pad and the horseman, and the embassies, when they are not paying their annual visit to Morocco, the capital, must offer some good society. We went one day to the plantation of the American consul, some two miles out on the road to Cape Sportel, which is laid out on one side of a glen; sheltered from the prevailing wind, but open to the ocean breezes. Here in a pretty oriental cottage, with an extensive garden, blooming the winter through with flowers of every sort, fragrant with the orange, the banana, the pepper, and the acacia trees, one might forget that snow and ice and "blizzards" and politics and all the discomforts of civilization in the temperate zone exist.

Tangier, notwithstanding its openness to the world, is still a place of civility and repose. Oriental costume is the rule; the streets are dirty, the people are amiable, the oranges are sweet, the climate is lovely. The *laissez-aller* of the town is attractive, and the shopmen and beggars have something of the politeness of the grave Moors. I used to be attended often in my strolls by a charming boy, in a ragged gown, handsome, and with the breeding of a prince. He had picked up a little French and a little English, broken fragments, which were melodious in his mouth, and he aspired to be a guide and earn a few daily coppers. He assumed an air of protection, and kept off the more clamorous beggars and the rabble of urchins that are willing to accompany the stranger all day in his walks. His gracious, deferential, and superior manner was guided by a sure instinct, which enabled him to keep the narrow line between haughtiness and servility, and to remain

near me without compromising his dignity, when he was bluntly told that his company was no longer wanted.

"You know Mark Twal?" he asked, by way of scraping acquaintance, on his first appearance.

"Yes, I know Mark Twain very well. Do you?"

"Yaas; he friend to me. I guide to him. He vely good man, Mark Twal."

"Why, you young rascal, you were n't born when he was in Tangier, sixteen years ago."

"Oh, yaas, born enough. Me know him. He vely good man."

"What makes you think him a good man?"

"Oh, he vely good man; plenty backsheesh. You go castle?" And the handsome boy made a dive, and routed the increasing throng of beggars; and then returned to my side, with the easy but high-bred manner of an established friendship, and strolled along with the air of a citizen of the place pointing out the objects of interest to a stranger.

To reach Cadiz from Tangier, it is usually necessary to go to Gibraltar, thus making two voyages on the strait. We thought ourselves fortunate, therefore, when a Spanish steamer came into port, one evening, bound for Cadiz. Passage was taken, and we were on board at seven o'clock in the morning. The steamer was a small tug-propeller, with a weak engine, an inclination to roll and pitch simultaneously, with that peculiar corkscrew motion that landmen loathe, and absolutely no accommodation for passengers except a chance to lie on deck, or sit on the hatchway and hang on with both hands. It was a charming day; the wind west, the sky blue, with scattered white clouds sailing in it, and the coasts of Africa and Europe in sharp outline. When we got away into the strait, and began to feel the long swell of the Atlantic, nothing could be more inviting than the fair, indented Spanish coast, — the blue water lapping the white

sand ridges, the shining cities and towers, the rolling hills behind; and yet, as we turned to look upon receding Africa, the green bluffs and white houses of Tangier, the mass of mountains rising into the snowy heights of the Atlas, we felt reluctance to leave it. Our reluctance was indulged. The dirty little tug, discouraged by the Atlantic waves, had no heart to drive on, but staggered about like a footman in a plowed field, unable to make more than five miles an hour. All day long we loafed along the charming coast of Spain, the sport of the waves, which tossed us and flung us; laughed at by the merry breeze, which dashed us with spray; cheered by the sun and the blue sky; wearied beyond endurance with trying to keep our seats on the slanting hatchway; diverted by the historic pageant, points, bays, watch-towers, and towns famous in wars and adventure. And we had time to study the shore; for "passing a given point" was not the forte of the little Pablo. It was often a matter of doubt whether we, or some town or point of which we were abreast, were going ahead. In this way we loitered along the low sandy lines of Cape Trafalgar, where the dashing Nelson, at a quarter past one o'clock on the 21st of October, 1805, received his death-wound. Inland a few miles is the Laguna de Janda, near which, in 711, Tarik, in a single battle, won Spain for the Moslems. All this coast has been fought over. Further along to the west is the knoll of Barrosa, where the allied English and Spaniards barely escaped defeat in 1811. We are long in sight of San Fernandino, which we mistake for Cadiz, — a gay-looking city, straggling along the shore, distinguished by a great observatory, the southernmost on the continent of Europe. Abreast of it is La Isla de Leon, an island which masqueraded under half a dozen classic names, and is believed to be the place where the fat cattle which Hercules stole were fed. A different

breed of bulls is bred on it now, for the ring. The island gets its name from the Ponce de Leon family, to whom it was for a time granted in the fifteenth century. The marshes here are celebrated for the production of salt and delicious small crabs, — a most obliging animal, which grows its claws again after the epicures have torn them off and cast the crab adrift.

We stayed here, loitering over the waves, long enough for a crab to grow new claws. Cadiz was at last in sight, brilliant white over the blue sea, conspicuous with its hundred *miradores*. We thought our long agony was over. We drew near to Cadiz, we sailed along it, we kept on and on and sailed by it, and appeared to be making for another city across the bay, which we began to think must be the real Cadiz. But the fact was that we were beating entirely around the city to get into the channel that enters the harbor on the west side. For Cadiz is on a rocky peninsula, the shape of a ham, curving out into the ocean, and its harbor is on the narrow isthmus. This peninsula rises from ten to fifty feet above the sea, and white Cadiz, lapped by the blue sea on every side, is like the diamond setting of a ring in turquoise. Nothing certainly could be more brilliant than the coast picture as we saw it that afternoon: the white, jutting city with its strong walls and bastions, the dancing, sparkling sea flecked with lanteen sails leaning from the breeze, and the white sand of the curving shore twinkling in the sun. It was all life and motion.

There were ten hours of pitch and toss before the sluggish little tug anchored in the inner harbor, within the breakwater behind the town; and we lay there an hour longer, waiting the pleasure of the lazy officials. At six o'clock a sail-boat came off, with a health officer and an inspector, and after we were found to be in good health we embarked on the boat and sailed about the

harbor for half an hour longer, tacking back and forth, before we could make the landing. Besides our company of four, the only other passengers were a Jew commercial traveler and a Tangier Moor with a box of live chickens. We made friends with the customs officer, gave him an exact list of our luggage, hand-bags and all, explained that we had only the ordinary baggage of travelers, and thought our troubles were over when we stepped ashore. Desperately tired, and hungry after fasting all day, we inquired for hotel porters, and thanked the officer for his courtesy. The dock loafers picked up our luggage and carried it across the quay a few steps, and deposited it in a musty shed with grated windows. We followed and entered, when the polite official informed us that we could go now. "It is finish."

"What is finish?" we asked, in astonishment.

"Finish, the baggage; you can't have it till morning."

"Can't have it? We must have it. We cannot go to the hotel without it."

"Can't help that; too late; inspector gone home."

"That's not our fault," we said; "you kept us waiting in the harbor an hour; and we must have our hand-bags at least, — our night-clothes and brushes and combs. You can see there is nothing else in the bags. This is simply barbarous."

"You can have them in the morning."

"But can't we take out what we absolutely need from the bags?"

"Nothing;" and the official turned abruptly away, and left us amid a pushing, jeering crowd of Spanish spectators, who were bent on exhibiting the native courtesy to strangers. I inquired for the American consul, and went in search of him, leaving the ladies seated on their baggage in the musty room, near a grated window. The crowd increased about the door and windows,

and during the hour I was absent the ladies were the objects of the most insulting remarks. I found that the customs officials had a reputation for extreme incivility and no disposition to oblige travelers. The consul was prompt in his offers of assistance, and set out at once to see what he could do, but had little hope of extricating us from our difficulties that night. But when I returned, the appeal to the consul had had some effect, for we were permitted to take a hand-bag each and depart. It was nearly nine o'clock before we reached our hotel. To make the vexatious story short, it occupied us all the morning to get our handful of baggage free. The inspector did not appear till ten o'clock, and I owed our late deliverance to a young English resident of the town, who dispensed the necessary coin to the officials and various impudent hangers-on, who put in preposterous claims, and got our baggage away to the railway station. "Your troubles have just begun," said our young friend; "the Spaniards hate all strangers, and you will find little civility."

This little experience of our entry into Spain was so contrary to my preconceived notions of the behavior of the "politest nation in Europe" that I have departed from my usual habit in regard to such annoyances of travel, and set it down. We learned afterwards that the self-conscious and provincial Spaniard has a peculiar way of showing his superior breeding.

Cadiz, though old, looks modern in its complete suit of whitewash, which is spread over every building, from basement to summit. Its narrow streets, flanked by high buildings, are clean, and it is well lighted and paved and pleasing to the eye. But it does not attract the sight-seer. We saw enough of it from the high old tower La Torre de la Vigia, whence we looked upon the entire town, smokeless, dustless, whitewashed, with its flat roofs and picturesque look-

out towers. Indeed, the peculiarity of the city is in these towers, or miradores, of which there are hundreds rising from the lofty roofs all around, each one with a little turret on the side. In the days of her commercial prosperity the merchants of Cadiz used to ascend these to look out for their laden galleons returning from the West Indies. They have the air now of being unused, and merely ornamental; the merchants of Cadiz have little to expect from the Indies, and I doubt if they often climb into the miradores to see the sunsets.

When the traveler has walked in the spick-span-clean streets, shaded by tall balconied houses in endless perspective, peeped into the *patios*, the centre courts of the houses, where flowers and fountains suggest family groups and the guitar, and strolled about the sea ramparts to inhale the sea breeze, he will have little to detain him in Cadiz. It boasts two cathedrals, both despoiled, and both renovated and unattractive. An idle man might sit a good while on the sea wall and angle for red mullet with a long cane, and enjoy it, watching meantime his fellow fishers the gulls. We went to the suppressed Capuchin convent to see the last picture Murillo painted, — the admirably composed and harmoniously colored Marriage of St. Catherine. The artist was on a scaffold finishing this picture — that was in 1682

— when he fell and received injuries from which he died shortly after in Seville. In the same chapel is another work of this master, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, — a charming piece.

We left Cadiz without reluctance, yet I confess I look back upon it with some longing; it is so white and shining and historically resplendent. I wish the Romans or the Phœnicians were still there, or even the Moors. I cannot be reconciled that this sea-blown, picturesque town is not more attractive. We went out by rail through interminable salt marshes, where the salt is stacked up like the white tents of encamping soldiers; keeping at first by the sea, and then still over level and barren plains, to ground slightly rolling, past Jerez, with its great whitewashed sheds, which are the famous *botegas*, or wine vaults, where the sherry is manipulated and refined; and so on, approaching the Guadalquivir over land as flat as a floor and extensive as a Western prairie, and as treeless, we came at evening to the last station before reaching Seville, eight miles distant, the poetically named Two Sisters, embowered in great orange gardens. The night was mild; we could see faintly the twinkle of dark shining leaves and golden fruit, and all the air was heavy with the perfume of the blossoms. It was the odor of the Spain of our fancy.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. McMASTER gives notice of the school to which he belongs when he entitles his history of the United States *A History of the People of the United States*.¹ The late Mr. J. R. Green was not precisely a pioneer, but his brilliant

history was so conspicuous an example of a mode of treatment which commends itself to the minds of men educated under democratic principles that it has served to stimulate other writers, and to make historical students take

¹ *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By JOHN

BACH McMASTER. In five volumes. Volume I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.