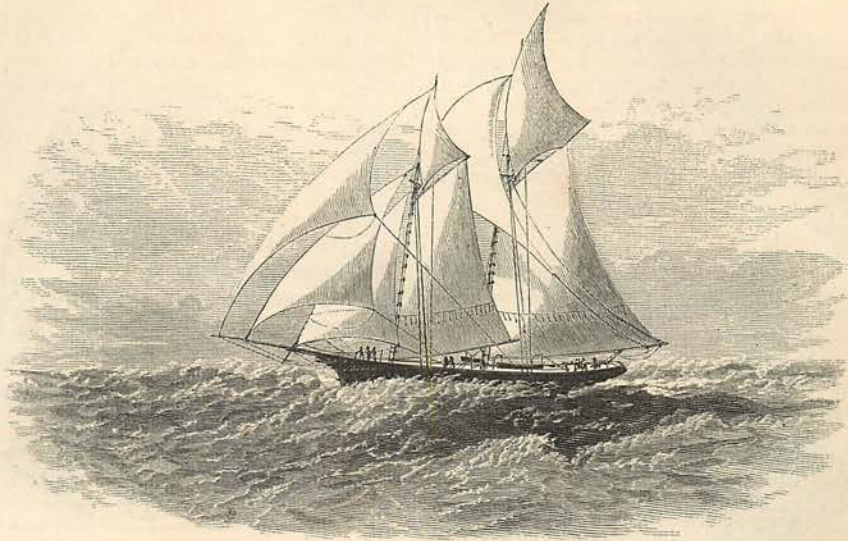


## A SUMMER CRUISE AMONG THE AZORES AND CANARY ISLANDS.



THE "RAMBLER."

IN a small insular sea-port the main interest of life, especially to the idle, transient visitor, is to watch the shipping, and great becomes the excitement on any unusual arrival. A marked day in the calendar of such visitors to the little capital of Fayal was the 11th of May, 1872, made so by the arrival of the American yacht *Rambler*, with a small party on board, including two ladies, perhaps the first who had crossed the Atlantic in a yacht.

The beautiful appearance of the little vessel herself as she came sailing in, looking like a great white bird, combined with the other circumstances of the case to render her an object of special interest; and it was not long after she anchored before numbers of visitors, natives of Fayal as well as foreigners, hastened to have a nearer view of her.

She sailed from Boston on the 28th of April, and although she had easterly winds all the way, ran out in twelve and a half days. On the 4th of May it blew so hard that she had been obliged to heave to under close reefs. Nevertheless the ladies of the party had been able to come on deck, and being good sailors, enjoyed the wild scene. The gale over, she met light southeast winds the rest of the voyage.

After hearing such glowing accounts of her sailing capacities, and seeing for ourselves the comfort of her internal arrangements, it can be imagined with what pleasure we accepted the owner's kind invitation to join his party in a trip to St. Michael's, and afterward to Teneriffe.

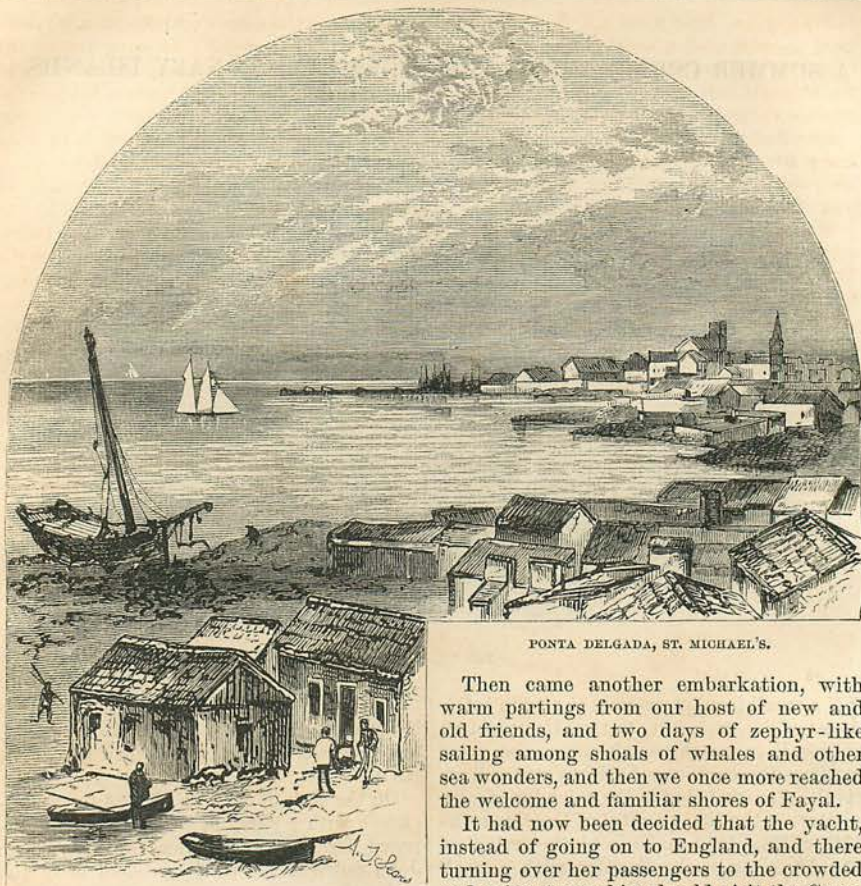
The excursions in the former island we had made before, and also those about Fayal, in which we subsequently joined the yacht party.

On the 20th of May we started for St. Michael's with a party of fourteen, all predisposed for enjoyment, from the grave Don John down to the restless school boys and girls, who were a constant source of anxiety to their parents and of hopeful anticipation to the sharks. Where we all bestowed ourselves is one of those mysteries which can only be solved by those country house-keepers who know that where there is a will there is sure to be a way.

To complete our enjoyment Don Samuel brought his inimitable bugle, and one of the ladies her guitar, to help out the young voices that made up our chorus. Who but a painter can properly depict an embarkation from Fayal? The motley crowd of idlers on the quay; the many friends and acquaintances coming to see us off, as is the custom here; the barge, with the Stars and Stripes at her stern, dancing on the swell, as each passenger watched a chance to spring from the slippery stone steps to the well-cushioned seats of the pretty *Briosa*; the reception on board the yacht, whose white wings were spread as she hung by a single line to the moorings; then the parting gun as the schooner swung off before the light breeze, amidst the cheers and wavings of the returning friends.

Twenty-six hours of light but favoring breezes brought us to St. Michael's, where





PONTA DELGADA, ST. MICHAEL'S.

we anchored on one of those bright days when the mountains seem higher and the sea bluer than the painter dares to make them. Here the landing was picturesque, friends coming off to welcome us, but kept at bay for a moment by the health officer, whose laws are more fixed than those of the Medes and Persians. The collector of customs, instead of restrictions, puts us on the footing of a vessel of war, and only overwhelms us with courtesies. A gay Portuguese yacht bears down upon us and boards us, and her owner insists upon taking us all to the shore, where friends escort us through the ancient square and around the town to the wonderful gardens, where the enterprising owner has acclimated nearly all the plants of the tropics, but where the masterpiece is his grotto filled with giant tree ferns.

Five days followed of diligent traveling by carriage, mule, and donkey, helped out by the yacht, which hovered along the rock-bound coast, and dropped us or took us on board without anchoring, storing our memories with rich pictures which it would take a volume to describe.

Then came another embarkation, with warm partings from our host of new and old friends, and two days of zephyr-like sailing among shoals of whales and other sea wonders, and then we once more reached the welcome and familiar shores of Fayal.

It had now been decided that the yacht, instead of going on to England, and there turning over her passengers to the crowded and noisy steam-ship, should visit the Canaries, and then return to America through the region of the trade-winds; and to encounter the heats of this tropical zone some new skylights must be made, which could nowhere be done better than by the skillful carpenters of Horta. This delay gave ample time for seeing the magnificent gardens of this fairy island, rich in orange-trees, magnolias, and all semi-tropical plants, including their crowning glory, the camellia japonica, here growing so large that you walk through arbors arching high above your head.

Would that we had time, space, and pencil to delineate the donkey rides to the Caldeira (caldron), the great central crater of the island, to Castello Branco (white castle), a splendid white rock off the southern coast, looking like a fortress, and connected by a narrow neck with the island, where its inhabitants used to intrench themselves against the Barbary corsairs, and where the water cisterns made for their use can still be seen. Best and most wonderful of all, the boat excursions to the caves in the black volcanic rock, where the surf of the Atlantic rolls in unceasing thunder, and which can only be entered at rare intervals.



Finally, on June 9 we left the Azores behind us, and took a southeast course to the Canaries—lands little known this side of the Atlantic, but yet fully repaying any little trouble there may be in visiting them.

Our destination was Teneriffe, which we knew from our geographies to be a mountain peak of some celebrity; beyond that it was a terra incognita to most of us.

We had light winds and fine weather, only once making a good day's run of 264 miles. The temperature was delightful. We had fore and aft awnings to protect us from the sun on deck, and wind-sails to ventilate the cabin below. The neat and finished appearance of the yacht, all the joiner-work of mahogany and black-walnut, simple and in good taste, seemed so different from the usual sea experiences of more or less dirt and discomfort. Below, our accommodations were luxury itself, the novel and most excellent feature being that the saloon and the largest state-rooms are in the centre of the vessel, where the minimum of motion is felt, instead of being nearer the stern. The ladies had

ornamented the saloon with English ivy, still growing, and tastefully twining round the mirrors. The large state-rooms, with broad beds instead of the usual narrow berths, the comfortable sofas and chairs, the marble basins, but beyond all the *liberal bath*, into which we let the sea-water without stint, formed exceptions to all our preconceived notions of sea life.

"What a contrast," said one of the party, as we were writing up our journals in the evening—"what a contrast is this old log, written sixty years since, to your rose-leaved albums!" He had in his hand an old-fashioned, weather-beaten copy-book, labeled "Voyage of the Schooner *Midas* in 1811." We had been enjoying the lovely sunset, and now the young moon was shedding a soft, weird light over the water and lighting up the white sails. The ladies had been playing on the guitar and singing. The yacht was gliding gently through a smooth sea, making a pleasant rippling sound most soothing to hear. Altogether it was the poetry of sailing. We might have expect-



THE POETRY OF SAILING.





VIEW OF THE PEAK FROM OROTAVA.

ed, like the lotus-eaters, to arrive next at a land where it was always afternoon. Our friend's remark, indeed, struck in strong contrast upon our luxurious senses, and we begged him to give us a few extracts from the moth-eaten, yellow-papered old log.

"You think," said he, "you are the first brave women who have floated over these summer seas in what you consider a little cockle-shell! Well, the *Rambler* is 240 tons; the little *Midas* was 80, being just one-third the size. The writer of this log was a mother going with her two boys to Marseilles to rejoin her husband, and this in midwinter. Listen!

"Left Boston Thursday, January 17, 1811; had fair winds and fine weather out of port, and every prospect of a short passage, but our flattering hopes were soon blasted. Shortly after clearing the capes the wind came out directly ahead and every rope became covered with ice. We continued much in the same situation until Monday, when a violent tempest arose, which lasted until Saturday. We were obliged to lie to forty-eight hours in the Gulf, with the wind blowing almost a hurricane. We found it difficult to keep in our beds, there was such a sea running. We lost many things off the deck, among them our quarter-board, part of our rail, and our bulwarks; the caboose and boats were stove, our anchor carried away, sails

torn, tiller broken, our sky-light thrown off and its glass shivered, letting torrents of rain into the cabin. We were unable to light a fire for several days. At last one morning, with much trouble, the kettle was boiled and breakfast preparing, when a sea boarded us, and we were at once engulfed in water. The captain and all hands were on deck in a moment. The man at the helm had been thrown over the side, and it was surprising he escaped. Indeed, from the dreadful crash and apparent alarm, all seemed lost. A few moments later a sailor came below for an axe. I eagerly asked what our situation was. "Bad enough," said he; "but if we ship another such sea it will be worse."

"I nearly fainted, but with the help of the boys recovered, and soon the whole scene changed, the storm suddenly lulled, the thunder and lightning ceased, and the sun came out in full splendor.

"February 5.—After continued head-winds, the wind changed in our favor, and blew a perfect hurricane, worse than the first gale. The vessel plunged at one time so deep as to carry away her jib-boom, and it was a question whether she would ever rise again. That was a dreadful moment! The man at the helm was up to his chin in water, and we were running eleven knots before the gale. The *Midas* is a remarkably good sea-boat, or we should never have weathered it.

"February 20.—Thirty-six days out! Yesterday we thought we saw land, but were disappointed. We have had constant rains; my state-room and the cabin have been so wet that for days together some one has had constantly to mop up the water. Some days we are compelled to live in darkness, or, rather, we have only the feeble glimmer of a lamp, which emits hardly a ray



of light. My boys behave better than their mother. I have been less seasick than I expected—only three weeks—but fainting, attended with nervous headache, has been my difficulty.

"February 26, 3 A.M.—I have just been awakened by the cheering cry of "Land ahead!" which proves to be Cape Spartel on one side and the Spanish coast on the other. Forty-one days out, inside the straits. The very air we breathe is enough to inspire us with new life and energy. I think I should be willing to come the distance I have, without any object, for the pleasure which I now experience. The water is so serene, the sky so clear, the landscape so enchanting! The shores of the Mediterranean exhibit a mixture of the sublime and picturesque which I had supposed to exist only in the imagination of the poet.

"March 6.—We are now thirty miles from our long-wished-for haven, and shall probably reach there this afternoon.

"7 A.M.—Off Toulon. Three large frigates are bearing down upon us.

"8 A.M.—A shot has just whistled across our decks. A boat from the frigate is approaching us.

"March 18.—At sea, on board H.M. frigate *Blossom*. Bound for Marseilles, from Port Mahon, where we had been carried back after our capture. At Marseilles Captain Steward promises to land us under a flag of truce."

"Table wanted for supper, ladies, if you please," broke in the smooth-voiced Rodrigo, our Spanish steward. And so we must bid adieu to our illustrious predecessor in yachting sixty years ago. No one could help drawing comparisons between the voyage of the *Midas* in 1811 and that of the *Rambler* in 1872; yet so difficult is it to realize what one does not see that when we "turned in," and drew the clean bedclothes comfortably about us, the sense of security was so great, and the motion so soft and lulling, that none of us kept awake long enough to remember



COSTUME OF PEASANT.

that the sea rippling so musically under our keel was the same that had swept wildly over the deck of the little *Midas*.

The next day, the seventh out, we sighted our goal. There were plainly two points of land running down into the sea, but their tops were lost in a bank of white clouds, which also obstinately concealed the peak. The wind was so light that we scarcely drifted, and we seemed not to approach the land at all.

Of course the whole party was on deck, eagerly watching the island in hopes of seeing the peak, which has been seen for over a hundred miles in clear weather.

"What is that delightful smell?" said one. "Can this soft land-breeze bring so far the odors of the gardens?"

"Yes, mum," said an ancient mariner who stood at the helm, and supposed the question addressed to him. "Off the coast of Java I've often smelled the flowers for hours before we could see the land, and I've heard tell that the big Chicago fire was smelled clear across the Atlantic."

The nautical professor, shocked at this breach of discipline in talking to the man at the helm, here frowned severely upon us, and punished us with a chapter of statistics upon ocean air currents and other phenomena more interesting to the *Journal of Sciences* than to us, but we managed to pick one or two grains of wheat out of his bushel of chaff. They were these: On the east side of the South Atlantic, nearly over to the coast of Africa, what seems to be sand often falls on the decks of ships; it was supposed to come



PEASANT SPINNING.





THE POSTIGO.

from the African deserts, but the microscope seems to prove that the supposed grains of sand are really minute insects brought on the upper currents of air from the Andes, where alone they have been found on the land. A still more surprising fact is well established. On the third day after the great Chicago fire a strong smell of smoke, accompanied by unusual haziness in the air, was observed by various persons on the Fayal mountains, and a few days later two whalers arrived from the westward, each separately having noted in his log similar phenomena, with the addition of a fall of ashes upon the deck. The distance from Chicago was between 2000 and 3000 miles, and the supposition is that the extreme heat carried up smoke and ashes into the upper currents of air from the west, which were borne along until the gale subsided, and then gradually dropped into the sea. Hurricanes blow a hundred miles an hour; it must have taken about forty miles an hour to bring these ashes from Chicago.

Our lecture might have lasted till midnight, but luckily the wind freshened, and soon brought us in sight of the cliffs of Anaga, the northeast point of Teneriffe, and we came near enough to see their bold, jagged outlines, apparently unrelieved by any vegetation, and looking wild and barren in the extreme.

Though only about twelve miles from the anchorage, it was too late to risk running into a strange port by night, so we stood off to the south till daylight. In the morning, a light breeze favoring us, we ran in, and anchored about half a mile from the coast.

Santa Cruz, the capital, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, lay spread

along the shore before us, its whitewashed houses gleaming brightly in the morning sunlight. One or two curious-looking towers rose above the roofs, which are flat, adding to the rather Moorish aspect of the place. To the northeast, and abutting immediately on the town, rise the Anaga Mountains, a wild mass of ragged peaks and deep valleys, or barrancos. They run from a backbone down to the sea in a succession of ridges, ending abruptly in cliffs some thousand feet high. The highest peaks, about ten miles inland, are three or four thousand feet high, and covered with woods. From the harbor they look like mere bushes, but are really luxuriant forests of laurel, giant heath, wild orange, and other tropical or semi-tropical trees. To the west the mountains are higher, but much more distant, and above them a mere speck was pointed out to us as the peak.

"That!" we exclaimed; "then the peak of Teneriffe is a humbug!"

"Ah!" said our informant; "recollect that those pine-covered heights, which cut off the view of it from this side, are themselves not less than 8000 feet high."

The harbor boasted a good many vessels, several steamers among them, these islands enjoying frequent and regular steam communication with various ports of Europe.

Three days take one to Cadiz, and eight to Liverpool. The yacht was attached to a buoy, of which there are three or four belonging to the government, and which are free to the first comer. All the ports of the islands are free ports—a remarkable



MILK VENDORS.





WATER-CARRIERS.

circumstance, considering they belong to Spain.

It was not our intention to make any stay in Santa Cruz, but to go immediately to Orotava, which we had heard of as the place to be visited. Accordingly a couple of vehicles were procured, which we recognized as American born, but which, after many breakdowns and repairs made here, deserve to be considered naturalized Spaniards. The horses and mules, too, harnessed to them, were not in appearance such as to inspire confidence of ever reaching our destination. We found them on trial, however, better than they looked.

We saw just enough of Santa Cruz to make out that the prevailing style of architecture was the Moorish hollow square, with the court-yard in the middle, usually ornamented with plants and shrubs, looking cool and pleasant as we glanced into them in passing. The roofs are generally flat terraces, used as promenades by the inhabitants. There is, however, a goodly sprinkling of the tiled roofs such as we saw in the Azores. The windows, especially those on the ground-floor (many houses here, even of well-circumstanced people, are only one story high), we found closed with wooden shutters, in which are cut little trap-doors, called *postigos*, from under which the inhabitants peeped at us in great curiosity as we passed.

Our road for the first three miles wound in many turns up the slope to the northwest

of the town. The country looked brown and parched as a desert, except where there was water, when the natural fertility of the volcanic soil showed itself. The road is finely graded and well macadamized, being composed wholly of hard volcanic rock, broken into small pieces, and ground smooth by the constant travel. As we rose the country improved in aspect, and after a steady climb of two hours we rattled into the old town of Laguna, a half-deserted-looking place, disfiguring rather than beautifying a broad, well-cultivated valley. It boasts a university and an unfinished cathedral as objects of interest. We, however, did not stop for them, but bounced rapidly through over the ill-paved streets, glad enough to come out on the smooth highway again beyond. This road runs from Santa Cruz to the port of Orotava, a distance of twenty-five miles, and connecting as it does the four larger towns of the island—Santa Cruz, Laguna, Orotava proper, and the Port, besides many smaller ones—it is the grand highway of all the traffic of the island. There is no want of objects of interest at every turn: the costumes of the peasants; the milk-girls with their baskets of shining cans on their heads; others carrying earthen vessels of water, for which they have sometimes to go a long distance; others with boxes composed of a succession of wooden trays, fastened together by a sort of frame, in which the live cochineal insect is carried from one place to another; animals, horses, donkeys,



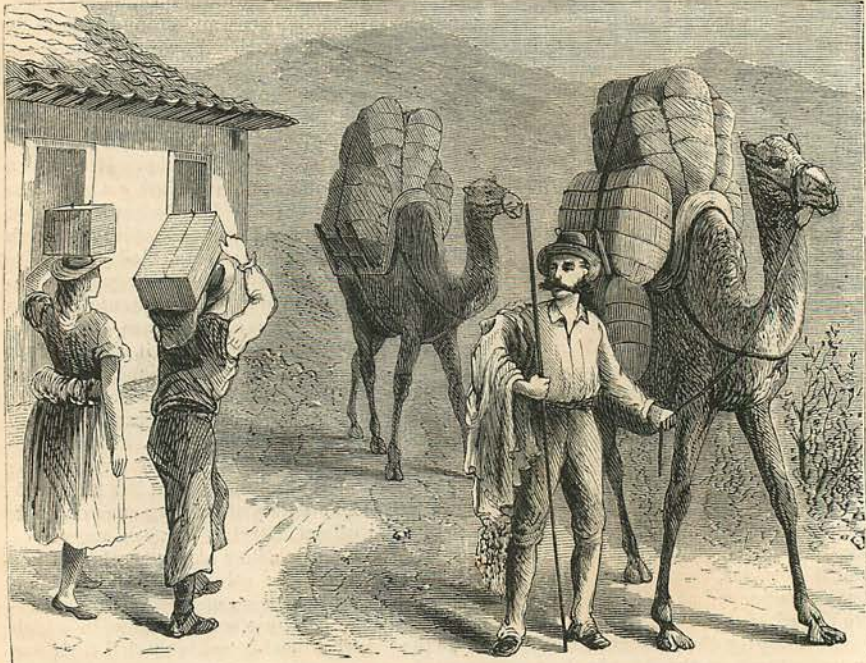
and mules, with peaked pack-saddles, with an occasion camel, are all objects to interest us, and tell us that we have passed from the prose of life into its romance and poetry.

After we passed Laguna the scenery constantly became more beautiful, and at last the peak condescendingly flung off its last white wrap and stood revealed, its great shining yellowish-white cone cutting a clear outline against the blue sky. We were now riding along the north coast, but at some distance from the sea, and about 2000 feet above it. The peak continued to rise before us till, at the little village of Sansal, where we were able to look down to the sea, and thence carry the eye over an almost uninterrupted sweep to the top of the peak, the view was magnificent beyond description. A little thin strip of white cloud hung across the top of Orotava Valley, into which we now began to look. Underneath spread the coast-line, headland after headland, till it tapered off in a fine blue point. Above rose the peak in all its mountain majesty, seeming close at hand in the wonderfully transparent atmosphere of these Fortunata. Fortunate isles indeed, in their fertile soil, unsurpassed climate, and grand scenery!

Another splendid sight was in store for us when we finally rounded into the valley. The peak was not so fine as we had come nearer to it, and more under the base of the intervening ridge, but a slope from the top of the island to the sea, fifteen miles wide,

lay before us, shut in on either side by high, almost perpendicular, walls, down one of which we were about to zigzag. Rather more than half-way down a belt of chestnut woods stretched nearly across the valley. Above them cultivation ceases; below, every corner is taken advantage of to the very sea. In the midst sits La Villa d'Orotava, like a queen, and down on the shore El Puerto nestles under some overhanging rocks. The glory of Orotava was in the days of the wine-making, when all this was one waving mass of vines. Then came the disease of the grape, which at the same time devastated Madeira and the Azores. The Canaries alone of the three groups have found a paying substitute in the cochineal insect. This creature is raised on a species of cactus, the *Opuntia tuna*, which is cultivated for that purpose with the greatest care and attention. Unfortunately it is not ornamental as well as useful—is exceedingly ugly, in short—and Orotava is sacrificed to it. But nature is here above degradation, and in spite of all that can be done by man, cactus, and cochineal, Orotava is and ever must be beautiful.

We drove down for an hour more through the valley, and reached the Port just at dark. Our party filled the little inn, which, luckily for us, was empty when we arrived. Our quarters were tolerable, and the food better than our previous conception of a Spanish fonda led us to expect. After removing dust, and dining, we went out for a stroll



CAMELS AND COCHINEAL CARRIERS.



by moonlight. Chance led us along the sea-shore to a curious little temple perched on a pile of rock. There are several of these cones about, apparently solid rock outside, but proving on investigation to be hollow, being the chimneys of ancient volcanoes. Unfortunately the inhabitants do not appreciate the interest they excite from a scientific point of view, and are rapidly quarrying them for building purposes.

On our return to the fonda the existence of an azotea, or flat roof, was mentioned, and upon inquiry we were ushered up a pitch-dark staircase, tripping confusedly over each other, without the slightest idea what was to come of it, when suddenly a door at the top was thrown open, and we stepped out into a flood of brilliant moonlight, the whole valley, surmounted by the peak, lying in glorious panorama about us. Perhaps the most beautiful sight of all was the long line of surf gleaming white in the moonlight, the waves seeming to break almost at our feet.

A night's rest prepared us for our excursion to the Villa or town of Orotava. But



ONE WITH A TEMPLE ON THE TOP, PUERTO OROTAVA.

first we rambled a little about the Port; its very sleepiness attracted us. Every thing says, in unmistakable language, the Port *was*. In the time of the grapes it was the chief sea-port of the island, driving a brisk trade in wine.

Then mounting our carriages—the same which had brought us from Santa Cruz, and which we kept for a moderate sum till our return—we drove up to the Villa. A town clinging to the side of a mountain, with the foundations of the houses in one street on a level with the roofs of those in the street below, can hardly help being picturesque, and the Villa at every turn discloses some new little odd bit exceedingly charming to an artistic eye. Tourists, almost as a matter of course, visit churches, and we found the one in the Villa the prettiest we had yet seen. After walking round the inside, and having all the saints exhibited and named to us by a zealous troop of boys, they opened a door leading to a flight of steps, and seeming very anxious to have us ascend, most of us complied, and were well rewarded for our trouble in mounting a great many steps by finding ourselves at the top of one of the towers with a succession of fine views all around us.

We next visited several private gardens, among them that of the Marquis of Sansal, where we saw the remains of the old dragon-tree (*Dracæna draco*), which was blown down some years since, and was considered by competent judges to be the oldest tree in the world.



DRAGON-TREE, AS IT WAS.





GUANCHE MUMMIES AT TACORONTE.

After a lunch at the fonda we started down again, taking the Botanic Garden in our way. This garden was originally instituted with the object of acclimating tropical plants, which were then to be taken to the more rigorous climates of Europe; but, owing to the failure of interest in it, and of funds to carry it on properly, there is little, with the exception of one or two rare plants, to interest the mass of visitors. It is now in charge of a Swiss, who, though competent and interested, can not, of course, work without money.

A little below the garden, on the way to the Port, we visited a private residence, La Paz. In itself it is a very pretty place, but the owner, in spite of the motto over the door, "*Hic est requies mea,*" never lives here, and the whole place, as far as the ornamental is concerned, is utterly abandoned. A few yards from the house there is a fine terrace walk on the very edge of the cliff, several hundred feet high, overhanging the sea, and commanding to the west a bird's-eye view of the Port. We sat there a long time, enjoying the fresh breeze and watching the sunset. The island of Palma, sixty miles distant, was clearly visible, and reminded us anew of our regret at not having time to visit it, so much did we hear about it in Tenerife. There is said to be a crater in it 5000 feet deep, the bottom of which is inaccessible from any side but one, where a deep ravine cuts its way to the sea. The peasantry have an amusing theory

that the upper cone of the peak of Tenerife, which is about 5000 feet high, was blown in a mass from that crater, and planted upside down on this island.

As night closed in we descended to our hotel and dined. Most of the evening was taken up making arrangements for a horse-back excursion next day—the roads being unfit for carriages—to the chestnut woods of Agua Mansa, half-way up the valley.

As it was a long ride, and we wished to picnic in the woods, we left early, first taking our carriages as far as Orotava, and then mounting our animals, a motley collection of mules and horses, each one proving a study in itself for its unusual qualities, physical and moral. For an hour or two we mounted steadily, in single file, over one of the most execrable bridle-paths conceivable. It had been our wish to mount to the Cañadas, or plain, out of which rises the peak proper, called El Teyde. The plain is an ancient crater, fifteen miles across, and now presents one vast level of white pumice-stone, only diversified by an occasional boulder of black lava or retama bushes (*Spartocytisus nubigenus*). Near the middle rises El Teyde, above which, from a second crater, rises the last cone or sugar-loaf, with yet a third crater in the top. This last one is still warm, and emits sulphurous vapors, although Tenerife has long been considered an extinct volcano.

Finding, however, that to mount to the Cañadas would take too long, we decided in favor of Agua Mansa, where we passed a very



SPANISH SEÑORITA.



pleasant day, returning to our head-quarters in the Port in the afternoon.

Several other most tempting excursions were proposed to us. We were told that we ought by all means to visit the towns of Icod and Garachico, further along the coast, the view of the peak from Icod being very fine, and Garachico being remarkable as the scene of the last volcanic eruption, about a hundred and fifty years ago. It was at that time a flourishing sea-port, with a large wine trade, and possessed a fine harbor. The town was built on a strip of level land underlying a high cliff. The lava burst from a cone above the cliff, and out of sight of the town, so that the first notice to the inhabitants must have been a double cataract of fire pouring over the cliff right upon their devoted heads. The port was almost entirely filled up, and Garachico has since lost all its trade, besides suffering from the incursions of the sea. To-day it is of no more importance than a fishing village. We were sorry not to go there, but want of time, added to the difficulties of getting there—as it can not be done in a carriage—decided us, and our return to Santa Cruz was fixed for the next morning.

We started early, as some of our party wished to stop on the way at the village of Tacoronte, and see a private collection of Guancho relics. The Guanches were the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands, and were a very remarkable people in some respects. The custom of embalming the dead prevailed among them, and several Guancho mummies form the objects of most interest in the Tacoronte collection.

We arrived in Santa Cruz early in the afternoon, and after dining took a short stroll through the town. At dark we came upon a very pretty little square, brightly lighted, although it would seem as if more than the gorgeous moonlight could not be needed, where a concourse of ladies and gentlemen were taking the air, and enjoying social intercourse under the trees—the ladies looking very foreign in their black lace mantillas. We sat and walked there till quite late, when we went on board the *Rambler* to sleep, finding her quarters incomparably more comfortable than any of the hotels.

The next day several shopping expeditions were made, as we all wished to carry away some memento of Teneriffe. We bought fans, mantillas, and guitars, among other things. By noon all were on board again, and all was ready for departure. The *Rambler* hoisted one white sail after another, swung off from her buoy, and the homeward voyage was fairly begun. As the shades of evening closed around us we saw the last of the yacht as she disappeared on the distant horizon, leaving only the remembrance of many pleasant hours spent on board of her,

and many delightful scenes connected with her flying visit to our shores.

NOTE ON COCHINEAL CULTURE, BY THE PROFESSOR.

The history of the introduction of cochineal into the Canaries is one of the most notable instances of a successful revolution in industry on record.

Thirty or forty years ago the culture of cochineal was a Mexican monopoly, jealously guarded by the government, and the export of the live insect prohibited under the severest penalties.

The value of the product was so concentrated that the captains of foreign ships of war were allowed to transport it as freight in their vessels on the same basis as bullion.

One enterprising man conceived the idea that the dry climate of the Canaries, and the decline of the grape culture, indicated that region as a suitable place for introducing it.

With great courage and perseverance he overcame the watchfulness of the Mexicans and the prejudices of the Canary Islanders, who at first vigorously opposed him, and in less than forty years he has changed the industry of this whole group of islands, inhabited by over 250,000 people, so that to-day the export of cochineal alone exceeds in value the whole exports of the islands at the time it was first introduced, notwithstanding the necessary decline in price caused by its increased production. It now sells for about sixty cents per pound, while in 1830 it was worth over \$2 per pound.

JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT!

"*Hélas! vous ne m'aimez pas.*"—PIRRO.

I know, Justine, you speak me fair  
As often as we meet;  
And 'tis a luxury, I swear,  
To hear a voice so sweet;  
And yet it does not please me quite,  
The civil way you've got;  
For me you're something too polite—  
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you never scold  
At aught that I may do:  
If I am passionate, or cold,  
'Tis all the same to you.

"A charming temper," say the men,  
"To smooth a husband's lot:"  
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then—  
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you wear a smile  
As beaming as the sun;  
But who supposes all the while  
It shines for only one?  
Though azure skies are fair to see,  
A transient cloudy spot  
In yours would promise more to me—  
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you make my name  
Your eulogistic theme,  
And say—if any chance to blame—  
You hold me in esteem.  
Such words, for all their kindly scope,  
Delight me not a jot;  
Just so you would have praised the Pope—  
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine—for I have heard  
What friendly voices tell—  
You do not blush to say the word,  
"You like me passing well;"  
And thus the fatal sound I hear  
That seals my lonely lot:  
There's nothing now to hope or fear—  
Justine, you love me not!

JOHN G. SAXE.