

LARD—As the Bailie of Balmahapple said to the prating packman of Pitmiddden, "let us see some o' your goods, honest freend, and give us less o' your gab!"

MAJOR—You *are* a strange customer, after all, Bonniebraes! but your bark is worse than your bite! In compliance with the request which you make, somewhat unconvincingly, I shall give you a specimen of Mr. Bridge's yarn-spinning. Here is a peep at a place rendered somewhat famous in Toronto of late, in connection with a relative of the peripatetic Jew!

"Ashore at Santa Cruz. The population of the city is reckoned at six or eight thousand. The streets are clean, and the houses built in the Spanish fashion. Camels are frequent in the streets.

The landing at the Mole is generally bad, as Nelson found to his cost. It is easy to perceive that, even in ordinary times, the landing of a large party, though unopposed, must be a work of considerable difficulty. How much more arduous, then, was the enterprise of the great Naval Hero, who made his attack in darkness, and in the face of a well-manned battery, which swept away all who gained foothold on the shore! The latter obstacle might have been overcome by English valor, under Nelson's guidance; but night, and the heavy surf, were the enemies that gave him his first and only defeat. The little fort, under whose guns he was carried by his stepson, after the loss of his arm, derived its chief interest, in my eyes, from that circumstance. The glory of the great Admiral sheds a lustre even upon the spot where success deserted him. In the Cathedral of Santa Cruz are to be seen two English flags, which were taken on that occasion, and are still pointed out with pride by the inhabitants. I saw them five years ago, when they hung from the walls, tattered and covered with dust; they are now enclosed in glass cases, to which the stranger's attention is eagerly directed by the boys who swarm around him. The defeat of Nelson took place on the anniversary of the patron-saint of Santa Cruz; a coincidence which has added not a little to the saint's reputation. It was by no means his first warlike exploit; for he is said to have come to the assistance of the inhabitants, and routed the Moors, when pressing the city hard, in the olden time.

We wandered about the city until evening, and then walked in the Plaza. Here the ladies and gentlemen of the city promenade for an hour or two, occasionally seating themselves on the stone-benches which skirt the square. Like other Spanish ladies, the lovely brunettes of Santa Cruz generally wear the mantilla, so much more becoming than the bonnet. There are just enough of bonnets worn by foreigners, and travelled Spanish dames, to show what deformities they are, when contrasted with the graceful veil. This head-dress could only be used in a climate like that of Teneriffe, where there are no extremes of heat or cold. It is a proverb that there is no winter and no summer here. So equable and moderate is the temperature, that, we were assured, a person might, without inconvenience, wear either thick or thin clothing, all the year round. With such a climate, and with a fertile soil, it would seem that this

must be almost a Paradise. There is a great obstruction, however, to the welfare of the inhabitants, in the want of water. It rains so seldom that the ground is almost burnt up, and many cattle actually perish from thirst. It is said that no less than thirty thousand persons have emigrated from the island, within three years.

The productions of Teneriffe, for export, are wine and barilla. Of the first, the greater part is sent to England, Russia and the United States. About thirty thousand pipes are made annually, of which two thirds are exported. Little or no wine is produced on the southern slope of the island. The hills around Santa Cruz are little more than rugged peaks of naked rock. The scenery is wild and bold, but sterile; and scattered around are stupendous hills of lava, the products of former volcanic eruptions, but which have, for ages, been cold and wave-washed."

DOCTOR—Did your friend Bridge touch at Cape Castle? That spot, hallowed as it is by associations of one of England's sweetest poets, has more interest in my eyes than all the rest of Africa put together.

MAJOR—Mr. B. did visit the locality to which you refer, and gives us the following account of the hopeless *Crysta's* resting place:

"I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burialplace of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small, white marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) has been erected to her memory.

"If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared a y thing about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband.—All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental."

LARD—Pair lassie! Mony a sair heart she wad hae had in life, if she could hae foreseen that "ten red tiles," blistered by the sun o-negro land, were to cover her remains, instead o' the dewy primroses and gowans she loved sae weel!

DOCTOR—A truce to sentiment. Bonniebraes, have you been taking a look at Nick-inson's company of comedians?

LARD—Hoot awa, man! Div ye forget that I am a ruling elder! Na, na! I never saw a play but ane, and that was Allan Ramsay's *Patie and Roger*. I hae cause to mind the backsliding weel, as it cost me a red face on the cutty stool. I believe that a' the young lassies belonging to the ten contiguous parishes attended to witness the clapper-clawing I got on that memorable occasion!

MAJOR—What is your opinion of the afore-said troupe, Doctor?