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being held, and in the larger church a military band was taking part in the music, but people were walking in and out all the time. At the door were some cripples begging for alms. From the churches I went to a neat public garden, where a considerable number of people of both sexes were sitting on the benches or walking about chatting. Among them were groups of pretty, lively, tastefully-dressed children. Many of the ladies were blondes in complexion, with light flaxen hair, but the majority of both sexes, being of mixed Spanish and Guanche blood, were nearly as dark as quadroons in South Africa. I did not see a single negro in Santa Cruz. In reply to a question the guide informed me that there was a public library maintained by the municipality, but upon going to the building we found the door locked, so I was unable to gratify my curiosity concerning its contents. The guide knew nothing about it beyond its existence, but maintained the dignity of his character and the pride of his calling by repeating more than once "strangers not go there." It was evidently out of his list of "show places." One is not justified in writing much about a town after a stay of only four or five hours in it, so I shall merely add that the impression which Santa Cruz left upon me was of a pleasing nature. Neatness and good order were observable wherever I went.

Having taken coal on board, at half-past twelve the steamer's anchor was raised, and we were again speeding our way northward, in a few hours losing sight of the island and its majestic peak.

At dawn of the third day after leaving Tenerife we were at the mouth of the Tagus, and a pilot came on board. The scene as we ascended the river was very beautiful. Lisbon, built on the slope of a range of hills along the northern bank, is seen to the greatest advantage, and as we passed up some gentlemen on board who had long resided there pointed out the principal places of interest. At half past seven we dropped anchor, and a few minutes later I was on my way to the shore. There was not time, however, to see much, for in five hours we were steaming away again, so I could do nothing more than peer into a few superb churches, walk through a large market, inspect a couple of bookstores, pace up and down some of the streets, admiring the handsome buildings and the tessellated sidewalks, and take a hasty look at the deceptive pavement of a square which, though perfectly flat and smooth, by an arrangement of colour is made to resemble the rolling waves of the sea.

Six months later, when returning to South

Africa, I visited this city again, and had a better opportunity of sight-seeing, as my health was greatly improved and I could spend several hours longer on shore. On this occasion I looked into the church of St. Roque, and inspected in it the beautiful chapel of St. John. I then went into the Star convent—no longer used as such,—and afterwards examined the large English church and spent half an hour in the cemetery adjoining it, which is kept in excellent order. Later in the day I visited the celebrated reservoir of water, and went up to its roof, from which a good view is to be had. The reservoir and watercourse were originally constructed by the Moors, when they occupied Portugal, but the stonework fell into decay, and nearly the whole was rebuilt in the sixteenth century. From the reservoir I went to a small public garden called the Jardim de S. Pedro d'Alcantara, where I was informed there was a bust of Bartholomeo Dias, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, but by this time darkness was setting in, and though I saw a good many busts I missed the one I was in search of. There was another place I should dearly have liked to visit—the Torre do Tombo, where the archives of the kingdom are kept,—but I would have needed weeks, not hours, in that building, and it was then already time to go on board the steamer.

At the beautiful capital of Portugal it is impossible for a stranger not to muse upon the past glory of the little kingdom, and to inquire into the causes of its decay. The reason is not far to seek. In the enterprising time of Prince Henry the Navigator the blood of the people was pure, for the Caucasian there had never crossed his stock with the Moorish invaders, as had been done in other parts of the peninsula. Then came the discovery of the ocean route to India, and the equipment of great trading fleets by the Portuguese kings, who kept the lucrative traffic of the East as a monopoly in their own hands. The country was drained of its workmen, and to cultivate the land in the southern provinces slaves were introduced. The Moors had been expelled, but now Africans of a lower type were brought from the coast of Guinea and placed as permanent residents on the large estates in the south. In course of time a mixture of races took place, and degeneration went on until energy and enterprise completely disappeared. The upper classes throughout Portugal and the peasantry of the northern provinces at the present day are as intelligent as any people in Europe, but they are weighed down and lost in the mass of the inhabitants of mixed blood. Here is surely a lesson, and