

favourite negresses gazed at us from side rooms. The viands were, bread soup, larded mutton, partridges, fish, with abundance of oil and haricot beans ; olios, honey and cheese, and dolces, or preserves, so sweet that the flavour of the fruit was not perceived ; but between the tropics it is difficult to preserve fruit, unless a superabundance of sugar is employed. After many courses of savoury food, but far too rich for my taste, though corrected with bumpers of excellent French claret, the company adjourned to a music-room, where one of the señoritas sang and played on the guitar and organ. Portfolios of engravings were examined ; and finally the eyelids betokened that it was time to retire for the siesta, previous to the drive on the Pasao, or to the walk on the Alemada, or public promenade, on the wall overlooking the man-of-war harbour.

A song of the Havannah begins thus :—

“ Muchacha, se te casar es,
Casa te con un Catalon,
Que, si no tiene dinero,
Se meterá a Mussulman.”

Girl ! if you marry,
Marry a Catalanian,
Who, if he has no money,
Will become a pirate (*to procure it for you*).

It was really difficult to get away from the Havannah, for if one is well introduced, there are so many attractive donnas trying to persuade one to linger, that it is no easy matter to summon up resolution to take out the passport. The ladies