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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A GROUP OF NOBLE SAVAGES.

Mr. Paul Kane is a Canadian artist. He was born in the City of Toronto when it was no city, but the muddy and dirty village of Little York, with Indians living round about it. After studying his profession for some years in Europe, he resolved to exercise it upon his old friends the red men, and proposed to himself a wild journey with pencil and brush along the great chain of American lakes, by the Red River settlement and the valley of the Saskatchowan, across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia, to that region of the Pacific which is now destined to become our great Pacific empire. That journey he made sketching scenery and taking portraits as he went, and often gossipping with Indian chiefs while he was painting them. It was his whole purpose as a traveller to make perfect acquaintance with the Indians. He kept a journal of his pilgrimage in which he set down the most noticeable things he saw and heard.

Some of the pictures, for which he brought sketches home, are now arranged in the library of the Canadian Parliament, and his diary, under the name of Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, has just been published in this country. The account given in it of the present natives of our future colony of the Pacific in Vancouver's Island, and upon the opposite mainland, is very full and amusing.

Mr. Kane began with a comparatively short tour of about sixteen hundred miles to the Falls of Saint Mary, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, with a diversion into Lake Michigan, and then round by Lake Erie, home. Among the labyrinth of thirty thousand islands on the north shore of Lake Huron, there was a sketch made of an Indian encampment, corresponding, in its general character, to the encampments of all North American tribes. The wigwams, or lodges, have for their skeleton eight or ten poles tied together at the top and stuck in the ground at distances marking the required circle of the tent. Except at the top where the smoke passes out between the naked poles, the skeleton is wrapped round either with rush mats or with large pieces of birch-bark sewn together in long strips, root-fibres being used as thread. The birch-bark is in constant use among the tribes of North America. It makes the house-wall, it makes the canoe, it makes the kettle. The canoe, so light that it can be carried by hand up dangerous rapids, except at the Pacific shore, is of birch-bark stretched over a very light frame of split cedar laths. The mohcocks, or kettles of birch-bark, hold water, and the game or fish that has to be cooked. Hot stones are dropped into the water, and in this way an Indian woman can boil fish as fast as English cooks could boil it with a kitchen range and fish-kettle. Birch-bark is also the Indian's paper upon which he draws what he wants when he sends to a post for any articles, signing his order with his to-tem, or family sign, as a fox, or dog, or turtle. The Indian in his smoky lodge is very dirty. Whatever his tribe he carries vermin on his person. He does not carry out his filth or shift his tent-poles for exchange to cleaner ground.

In the great Manetoulin Island, the chief island of the north shore of the Huron, Indians assemble once a year from the surrounding regions to receive the presents with which there is a vessel annually freighted by the provincial government. At this assembly of about two thousand Indians, Mr. Kane was present, and among the great men with whom he made acquaintance there was Shawwanossoway—"one with his face towards the west"—a mighty medicine-man. Once he had been a mighty warrior, but he had stretched out his hand for the flower of the Ojibbeways, Awhmidway—"there is music in her footsteps"—when the flower was already destined for the bosom of Mucketickenow—the Black Eagle. The young beauty's parents, flattered by Shawwanossoway's attentions, sought to break her faith to her betrothed. Her betrothed sought to propitiate them, and, confident of the maid's truth, departed on a distant hunt. While he was away, Shawwanossoway pressed the suit urgently. In self-defence the girl told him her story, trusting in his generosity. He stole away, tracked out her lover in the woods, shot him down secretly, returned and pressed again his suit. If the Black Eagle did not return within a given time, the maid, with music in her footsteps, was to be the bride of

him with his face turned towards the west. The bridal day came, and the wedding-canoe was prepared for the month's trip that mainly constitutes the wedding ceremony. The bride was sought but she was gone, and the canoe was gone. She had escaped in it down the river. Her bridegroom and her brother pursued her on the bank, and overtook and swam out to her, but she paddled on with all her might. Night came and a storm. The men camped on the shore. The girl was wrecked and eaten by the wolves. Shawwanossoway found, next morning, her mangled body, and, repenting of his passion, forswore war. He became a medicine-man, learned on the past, the present, and the future.

The Indian dogs are usually in a half-famished state. Their chance of getting anything to eat is seldom so good as their chance of being eaten. Therefore they force the bags of visitors and eat up their provisions when they can; they eat the thongs of hide by which horses may happen to be tied; and, says Mr. Kane, "while I was one evening finishing a sketch, sitting on the ground alone in my tent, with my candle stuck in the earth at my side, one of these audacious brutes unceremoniously dashed in through the entrance, seized the burning candle in his jaws and bolted off with it, leaving me in total darkness." This happened among the Ojibbeways and Ottewas, of whom one chief was sketched as he appeared in mourning for a wife who had been dead three months. The mourning worn consisted of a coat of black paint on his face, and he apologised for not sitting in full costume, as a part of the paint had worn off.

The great journey across country was commenced in May of the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, when Mr. Kane left Toronto in company with Sir George Simpson, who had ordered him a passage with the spring brigade of canoes. The brigade was to be overtaken at the Falls of St. Mary, but the artist, at nine A.M., was accidentally left ashore at the last place touched at by the steamer before reaching the Falls. He would lose his chance of travelling with the canoes if he could not, in a small skiff manned with three boys, traverse in a stiff gale forty-five miles of lake and forty-five miles of the ascent of the river channel. The latter part of the passage would have to be made in dark night, against the current, and among islands and shallows, so as to reach the Falls by daylight the next morning. The feat was accomplished and the brigade joined.

A few days after having passed the Lake of the Thousand Islands, the travellers bought some dried sturgeon of a man and woman belonging to the Salteaux Indians, who are a branch of the Ojibbeways; and they learnt afterwards that this man and woman were shunned by their tribe as Weendigoes, or persons who have eaten human flesh. Although no tribes of the North Americans are cannibal by choice, the urgency of hunger sometimes compels one man to feed upon another; and whoever has been reduced to this extremity is not so much punished as pitied for the misery he must have suffered, but is at the same time regarded with a superstitious dread and horror as a Weendigo. It is believed that having once tasted man's flesh, a craving for more is implanted in Weendigoes—that they acquire charmed lives, and can be killed only by a silver bullet. Children are kept out of their way, and they are required to build their lodges at some distance from those of the community. It was said by the Salteaux that a father and daughter once living among them had killed and eaten six of their own family from absolute want. They then, said the story, camped near an old Indian woman, who was alone in her lodge, all her relations having gone out hunting. But the old woman seeing this father and daughter in a hut without the other members of their household, whom she knew, suspected the truth, and took thought for her own safety. It was the hungry winter time, with a severe frost. Therefore, she poured water at the entrance to her lodge, which froze into a slippery sheet of ice, and instead of going to bed, sat up with an axe in her hand. Near midnight she heard the crackling of steps outside in the snow, and looking through the crevices of her lodge saw the Weendigo girl in the moonlight, listening. The old woman then feigned sleep by a loud snoring, and the wretched girl rushed gladly forward, but, slipping on the ice, fell forward, and the axe of her intended victim was immediately buried in her brains. Then the old woman fled to escape the vengeance of the father, who was waiting for the signal that should bid him to his feast. He crept presently to the lodge and called his daughter; getting no reply, he entered, found her dead, and fed on what he found.

Round about the Lake of the Woods, which is half way between the Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, and by the river-side for a hundred and fifty miles of their route, the travellers found the woods entirely stripped of foliage by myriads of green caterpillars. They had turned summer into winter, except that although green leaves were gone, green caterpillars supplied some of their colour. The swarm was so great that encampment on shore was impossible. They rained into all food that was not eaten under open sky in the canoe.

At Fort Garry, in the Red River settlement, Mr. Kane found that the half-breeds had set out for their great buffalo hunts, which end in the conversion of much buffalo meat and fat into pemmican. The artist rode out to join one of the bands of huntsmen. An incident of savage life diversified

the sport. Twelve chiefs of the Sioux, between whom and the half-breeds there had been strife, came into the hunting-camp to treat for peace. While the pipe of peace was being smoked in the council lodge, some young men brought in the body of a half-breed, newly scalped. His death was attributed to the Sioux, for whose chiefs it was then difficult to secure a safe passage out of the camp. Negotiations of peace were of course ended. Three days afterwards a band of Sioux was found, upon which revenge was taken. Eight were killed in the skirmish. The half-breeds left the bodies of their enemies to be dealt with by their companions the Salteaux, who set up a scalp dance, and inflicted on them frightful mutilation. One old woman, whose husband had been slain by the Sioux, especially distinguished herself by her zeal in digging out the eyes of the dead foemen.

All giving grand chase, when in the midst of an immense herd of buffalo, Mr. Kane thus tells how he was himself possessed with the enthusiasm at once of an artist and a hunter. The throwing of the cap is in accordance with the Red River hunter's custom of marking his own game by throwing some article of his dress upon it:—"I again joined in the pursuit; and, coming up with a large bull, I had the satisfaction of bringing him down at the first fire. Excited by my great success, I threw down my cap, and, galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing, and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind. When he came up to where I had been standing, he turned over the articles I had dropped, pawing fiercely as he tossed them about, and then retreated towards the herd. I immediately recovered my gun, and having re-loaded, again pursued him, and soon planted another shot in him. This time he remained on his legs long enough for me to make a sketch."

Having thus made notes in his own way upon buffalo-hunting, Mr. Kane desired to pursue his travels. His guide, though sick with measles, agreed to accompany him back to the settlement, doing no work, of course, and riding in the cart. On the way, however, the guide's strength broke down when they were in the middle of Swampy Lake, fourteen miles across. Here the traveller found only one small dry spot above water, large enough to sit upon, but not affording room for his legs, which had to remain in the water. In the small cart there was no more room than the sick man required. Means for cooking there were none, and the dried meat had to be eaten raw. Traveller and guide were both fresh meat to the mosquitoes, who in the midst of the swamp were on their own ground, and took complete possession of their visitors. In this manner the night was spent, and at four o'clock next morning the artist in search of the picturesque had to set off through the swamp in search of the horses, catching them only after five hours' pursuit through water that reached up to his middle. After leaving the swamp the guide felt so much better that he wished Mr. Kane to push forward on horseback, while he followed at leisure in the cart; but until he had been seen safely across Stinking River, which the horses had to swim, it was not thought safe to comply with his request. Then the artist, riding forward, took a wrong track, and was up to his horse's neck in a black swamp abounding with reptiles. It was raining hard, and there was no sun, no compass, to guide the traveller. His only hope was to push steadily on through the mud in one direction, hoping thus to strike the Assiniboine River. After ten or twelve miles of uncertain floundering, the Assiniboine was found, and two hours afterwards Mr. Kane was again in Fort Garry. The poor guide who, after he had been left, became rapidly worse, was found and brought into the fort by two men looking for stray horses. He died two days afterwards.

This is no tempting picture of experience of tourists in the wilds of North America. The mere difficulties of the rock, the river, and the prairie are more than any man could conquer single-handed; and danger from the Indian is by no means an inconsiderable part of the risk to be encountered. The Indian principle of revenge demands for a life taken, or a sacrilege committed by one white man who escapes punishment, the life of the next white man who can be met with. Among the friendliest tribes, therefore, it may happen that a tomahawk is clutched by some wild painted gentleman, who looks to the most innocent white visitor for deadly satisfaction. Whoever sleeps on board canoe in the Red River is disturbed in the night by unearthly groans. The groans are not of the earth, but of the water; being a strange noise made of nights by the Red River sunfish. A strong headwind detained the traveller upon the river; but, while he occupied his time with portrait-painting in a Salteaux camp upon the river bank, a medicine-man offered to give three days of fair wind for a pound of tobacco. The charge was considered too great for so small a supply of wind, and the bargain was closed amicably at the price of a small plug for six days, the medicine-man offering a dinner of roast dog to seal the bargain.

We follow the artist in his wandering up

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the Saskatchowan—he is in company with the brigade of boats—and are at Carlton station. Mr. Rundell, a worthy missionary from Edmonton, three or four hundred miles farther up stream, was waiting to return with the boats. The missionary, probably unmarried, lived in the wilderness, with a pet cat for his companion; and since if he left her at home there was much danger of her being eaten in his absence, he had brought puss with him, and he had to take her back. Now Mr. Rundell agreed with the artist and another gentleman to ride to Edmonton on horseback, as being a shorter and a pleasanter way than journeying by boat. The horses were fresh, the Indians collected round them were loud in their leave-takings, and Mr. Rundell, being an especial favourite, was more especially surrounded. His horse plunged, and his cat, whom he had proposed to himself to carry in his riding-cloak, tied by four feet of string to the pummel of his saddle, was bewildered by the shaking, and sprang out, utterly astonishing the Indians by the miraculous suddenness of her appearance. The string did not allow her to touch ground, puss hung therefore against the fore legs of the horse, which she attacked with all her claws. The horse plunged violently, and at last threw the missionary over his head, while the cat's life was saved by the breaking of her tether. The Indians screeched and yelled with delight, for they soon understood the nature of the accident; and pussey, having emphatically declared her incompetence to ride on horseback, was left behind as a boat passenger. Edmonton was not reached until a few serious difficulties had been overcome. Mr. Rundell, left behind upon the road, was caught in a great hurricane, and almost involved in a devouring prairie fire. It was only by great exertion that he could succeed in putting the river between it and him. The Indians, when a prairie fire approaches, oppose fire to fire. They burn the grass immediately behind themselves, and run before its smoke. When the great tide of flame reaches the spot already in ashes, it is checked for want of fuel. The Indian has fire and water to contend with, and contends. An Iroquois, belonging to the company with which the artist travelled, during intense frost fell into deep water. Five minutes after he had been extricated from the river his clothes were stiff with ice. He was asked whether he was not cold, and replied, My clothes are cold, but I am not.

Of the hurricane that blew across the Rocky Mountains, which the voyagers reached very late in the season, it is enough to say that the huge forest waved under it as if it were a field of corn. The soil over the rock is thin, and the roots of the trees lie on the surface with their fibres closely interlaced. The great trees hold together by the roots, yielding together to the wind, and rocking to sleep the traveller who lies under their shelter with the rise and fall of their great living net-work. A boat, which nine men could not carry very easily, was blown out of the water to a distance of fifteen feet from the water side. Through such weather three men, who had landed for a walk on the south side of the river, and whom it had been impossible to reach again by the boat, travelled for three days and three nights without food and shelter. One of them had not even taken his coat with him when he jumped on shore. They huddled together at night to escape being frozen to death, and arrived at Jasper's House, which is at the point of ascent on the east side of the mountains, in a wretched plight. The winter journey over the mountains, made a month later than usual, had its perils, and involved some suffering from the intensest cold. The snow was only nine or ten feet deep. It had been in other years ten or fifteen feet high. Its old level was shown by the stumps of trees cut off for camp fires, at what had been the surface of the ground, so many feet above the heads of Mr. Kane and his companions. In making a camp-fire over ten or a dozen feet of snow, it is necessary to get five or six logs of green timber eighteen or twenty feet in length, and to lay these down side by side to form a fireplace. The green timber does not burn through in a single night. The fire upon it melts the snow immediately beneath, and forms a deep hole, with a puddle at the bottom, across which the green logs are long enough to stretch, so that the fire-place is maintained in its position by the snow on either side. One night, upon the mountains, Mr. Kane was awakened by a mighty shouting, and found that an Indian, who had gone to sleep with his feet too close to the camp-fire, had slid down into the hole beneath it, his bed having melted from under him while he was asleep.

Across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia was the way to Fort Vancouver; and from Fort Vancouver there were expeditions made in search of subjects for the pencil, including journeys over a part of the soil of British Columbia, now being occupied by the gold-diggers, and a residence of two months at Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, the port that is now expected to become the great British metropolis on the Pacific.

Of the Indians who now inhabit these parts of the world, Mr. Kane gives very full and curious accounts. Many of them are Flathead tribes. Their infants are placed at birth on a firm strip of birch bark, and by gradual pressure with a pad under another piece of bark, the brainpan is flattened across the forehead and pressed up to a point at the crown of the head. The pressure, maintained for about a twelvemonth, does not seem to hurt the child, which cries whenever the cords are loosened, but is quiet when

they are made fast, probably half stupefied by the pressure. The intellect of the Flathead Indians is not below that of their round-headed neighbours. They are in fact strong enough to hold neighbouring tribes in subjection, to make slaves from among them, and to regard the flat head as a mark of aristocracy which they concede to none born, even by one parent only, of inferior race. The white men suffer in their estimation because they are round heads, for they associate closely the ideas of a round head and a slave. They make slaves, treat them cruelly, and exercise over them full powers of life and death.

Flathead Indians live on the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth for about one hundred and fifty miles along its course. They extend for thirty or forty miles up the mouth of Walhamette River, and are in the country between that river and Fort Astoria, now called Fort George. They extend along the Cowlity River, and are between that river and Paget's Sound. They occupy about two-thirds of Vancouver's Island, and are to be found also along the coasts of Paget's Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. There are several tribes of them differing more or less in language and in customs. Among them, as among all Indians, consumption is a disease as common as in England. Even the lungs of the savage cannot bear unwholesome exposure to vicissitudes of weather, and a Flathead Indian thinks as little as an English lady of fashion about the use of dress as a protection to the body. About Fort Vancouver the Flathead tribe is that of the Chinooks, whose language Mr. Kane describes as a "horrible harsh spluttering sound which proceeds from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip. None but those born among them can acquire their speech, but they have picked up a half-intelligible patois from the English and French traders, carefully saluting any European with the exclamation, Clak-hoh-ah-yah, originating from their having heard, in the early days of the fur trade, a Mr. Clark frequently saluted by his friends with 'Clark, how are you?' It is a remarkable fact that there are no oaths in the Indian language, and when the Indian learns to swear, he uses European phrases picked up from his teacher. Also these languages are destitute of words conveying the idea of gratitude or thanks."

All Indians, we have said, are dirty. The Chinooks are proud of carrying preserves of vermin in their hands, from which their friends can pick and eat. One of these Indians being asked why he ate such things, replied that they bit him, and he had his revenge by biting them in turn. The Chinooks have no furs, but abundant fish, on which they live with little demand on their industry. They weave closely of roots or grass the baskets in which they boil their fish, by help of hot stones thrown into the water. They dig for food the bulbous roots of camas and wappatoo, which are somewhat like potatoes to the taste, and which grow in such profusion that the neighbourhood of Fort Vancouver, in the spring, becomes one sheet of bright ultramarine blue by reason of the camas blossoms. The great delicacy of the Chinooks could not be mentioned if it were not too characteristic of the degradation of their taste to be left out of sight. It consists of acorns which have been deposited for five months at the bottom of a common urinal.

In sketching the portraits of the Indians, who regarded Mr. Kane as a great medicine-man, and greatly misdoubted the result to themselves of suffering a double of their features to fall into the magician's power, the artist often found it best to enter a hut, begin sketching without saying a word, finish, and walk away. If the sitter objected, he rose, also without speaking, and walked away. Sometimes persuasion was effectual, sometimes chiefs very willing to be painted gossipped freely as they sat, told of the enemies they had slain; one told how he had killed his mother, at her own request, when she was weary of life, and distressed by the toil of a long journey. A girl of whom a sketch had been taken on the way out was found, on the way home, to have died very shortly afterwards. The death was ascribed to the white medicine-man who took her picture, and Mr. Kane had to make an escape by night to the next fort, or put his life into the utmost peril.

Close neighbours to Victoria on Vancouver's Island are the Clablum Indians, a Flathead tribe who have a village on the opposite side of the harbour. They have a peculiar breed of small dogs with long hair. The dogs are bred for the sake of this hair, which is shorn, beaten with goosedown and white earth, twisted by rubbing into threads, and woven upon a rude handloom into blankets. The artist sketched Cheaclach, the chief, of whose inauguration he had this account. When Cheaclach's father was too old to govern, the son was dismissed for thirty days—fasting and dreaming in the mountains. At the end of the thirty days a feast was made by the villagers, into the midst of which the new chief rushed from his fasting, wild with spiritual exultation. He seized a small dog and began devouring it alive, that being the customary first act of the coronation ceremony. The tribe then collected about him, singing and dancing in the wildest manner, and while they danced he rushed at those whom he loved best, and bit their bare shoulders and arms. To be thus bitten was regarded as a high mark of distinction, especially by those from whom there was a piece of the flesh bitten out and swallowed.

These Indians, among other superstitions,

believe, that if they can bury a hair from their enemy's head together with a living frog, whatever torment the frog suffers will be shared by the head that grew the hair. They believe also that they are in the power of any enemy who finds their spittle, and if they spit on the ground, most carefully obliterate the marks, but commonly spit on their own clothes for safety's sake.

Here is enough told perhaps to give a fair impression of the state of native civilisation upon ground that is to yield to the white man's wealth and power. We part, therefore, from our clever guide, though we have not yet gone through a tithe of all the odd things that he has to show to those whom his book makes willing companions of his journey.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

THE Spanish proverbs, the floating literature of Spain, handed down by verbal tradition, smell of garlic, and orange-peel, and are as profoundly national as the English nautical song or the Welsh triad.

They are shot at you, or stabbed into you, or pelted at you, at every tavern door and at every table d'hôte. They are the grace for the sour gaspacho and the unsavoury salt cod-fish (bacalao). They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto. They are the wisdom of the age before books, and as Spain changes no more than China, they are the wisdom of the present day. They are to the cigarette smoker and melon eater what quotations are to the club man, and to the debater in parliament whom country gentlemen always cheer when he quotes Horace—thinking it Greek, to show they understand him. To many who do not think at all they supply the place of books altogether, and are the traditional Corpus Juris of traditional wisdom bequeathed them by their ancestors; who did think. It might be a question, indeed, worth the theorist-spinner's while to trace the effect of these floating proverbs on a race to which they serve as creeds, statutes, and guides of life; of which they express the mode of thought; and, at the same time, influence and direct it—moulding and being moulded. In these proverbs we find every phase of the Spanish mind exemplified—its "pundonor," its punctiliousness, its intolerable and mean pride, its burning fever for revenge, its hardness that we call cruelty, its love of ease and pleasure, its unprogressiveness, and its ardent religious instinct which degenerates to superstition. For all those pleasant national vices that brought their own special scourges, these proverbs have warning or encouragement. Their kindlier feelings, too, do not pass uninstanced. Proverbs with wise men are the small change of wit; but with the Spaniard they are too often his whole mental capital. By an apt quotation a good memory can always appear a genius in Spain, and proverb writers being all anonymous when living and forgotten when dead, there is no indictment in the High Court of Plagiarism against the appropriator who lets off his mental firework without saying that he purchased it, but yet was not the maker. When a man in England is witty, we suppose the wit is his own; but when a Spaniard is witty in rolling diligence or in striving steam-boat, you may be almost sure it is the proverb of some contemporary of Cervantes, dead this two hundred years, that tickles your diaphragm, and which you swallow with a smile like a French sweetmeat. It acts as a sort of mental snuff, pleasantly irritates, and leaves you refreshed. A man must be very mentally dyspeptic, indeed, who cannot digest a proverb without inconvenience or struggle. If a Spaniard sees you smiling at a Spanish street group rather overdoing the bowing, as Spaniards sometimes will, he will say in a rhyme, "A civil tongue is not expensive, and it is very profitable." As the old Italians of Macchiavelli's time used to say: "It is a good outlay to spoil a hat with often taking it off." You feel at once that you have heard a shrewd proverb intended to explain to worldly people the courtesy of a proud race.

In Ireland, as in Spain, you are often astonished by wit that appears extemporaneous, but is really old as Brian Boru—merely, in fact, an old quotation newly applied, and picked up as a man might pick a fossil off the road to fling at his pig. The first time I met a proverb-monger was in a Seville steamboat, as I sat watching the passengers doing homage to the bull-necked, pig-eyed Commandante, who sat in a state arm-chair under the striped quarter-deck awnings. The Commandante was silent, in a sort of brutal pasha luxury, beating on the deck with his heavy bamboo cane, watching with his stiff-necked bulletty-head two charming sisters, who sat coquetting and winning hearts not many feet off. Every wave of their shining black fans fanned some lover's flame—every quick furl of them let in the sunshine of their eyes, like pulling up blinds, on some happy one of their retinue. Those little black hooks of side curls had hooked many a heart, I was sure; and I myself began to feel I had such a thing about me. I heard a quiet, chuckling, good-natured laugh behind me, and saw sitting on the low gunwale of the vessel, a real Majo—a pure Andalusian buck of the first water: laced jacket, round turban cap, leather greaves, javelin-stick, cigarette and all. He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes.

"Jeweller's daughters, for they have diamond eyes," he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar-case, the Spaniard's mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is, being a foreigner! Spanker used to