

A RECORD VOYAGE
IN
H.M.S. MALABAR
AND
REMINISCENCES OF "THE ROCK"

BY
RICHARD GILLHAM THOMSETT
Lieut.-Colonel, Royal Army Medical Corps
(Late Principal Medical Officer, Peshawar Column)
AUTHOR OF
"EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES IN THE AFGHAN WAR,"
"WITH THE PESHAWAR COLUMN," ETC.

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WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE GIBRALTAR
SPANIARD

MUCH has been written about the famous "Rock" that has withstood its numerous sieges, and so well, that at this moment ancient Moorish walls may be seen proudly displaying the marks of cannon, aye, and of arrow heads too, in different parts of the town. Gibraltar is perhaps one of the most noble of nature's structures and the first impression made upon me when beholding it from the sea, was that I felt proud of being an Englishman! Al-

most every one has heard too of the monkeys which inhabit the Rock, but no one can tell you how they came there. At present (1890) they number about thirty, and by taking a stroll up to the Signal Station one can see them almost at any time. I have met them myself on the pathway, walking leisurely about and apparently so tame that they would hardly get out of one's way. Some were old looking and tall, others in a more youthful state, while a few "babes" were being tenderly embraced by their hirsute mothers. In the hot season, when water is scarce, they flock regularly to the tank at the Signal Station for "drink," and although the worthy Sergeant, who at the time I write had been some ten years superintendent of this most "prominent" position (about

1300 feet high) can supply the thirsty traveller with a very excellent tankard of brown ale, yet my readers are not to suppose that the monkeys are anything but staunch teetotallers! A short anecdote about this Sergeant will perhaps not be out of place here: One day he complained to his medical adviser of feeling a little out of sorts, and was accordingly prescribed for; but as he did not improve under the treatment quite so rapidly as he wished, he thought a course of medical literature on his own account would be a good thing. This, however, had a most depressing effect upon him, so much so, that the next time he saw his doctor he told him what he had done, and that *now* he had got almost every complaint (or rather fancied he had) in the way of ache, pain, and sensation that the

flesh is heir to! This should be a warning.

Of the beautiful Alameda Gardens, whose sweet blossoms fill the air with rare perfume almost the whole year round—of Catalan Bay, the painter's delight—St. Michael's Cave, and Europa Point with its lighthouse—I need not write, but with reference to the more special subject of this article, I trust that a small contribution on my part may be acceptable. Now to prevent confusion as to the title "Gibraltar Spaniard," *alias* the "Rock Scorpion," I may explain at once that my account deals with two classes of this genus. The first is a polite English speaking person, in fact, the shop-keeper of Gibraltar. *He has been to London!* The second is much more of a Spaniard: He knows but a few words in broken

English and cannot pronounce the letter "y"—his instincts, appearance, and character are Spanish and he has not been to London! Again, the first named, besides being the shopkeeper of the place, fills small government appointments as the Bengali Baboo does in India, assumes every kind of position as clerk, etc., rides a horse occasionally in Bedford cords, and has been known to smoke a pipe! The other, however, is the Gibraltar Spaniard *par excellence*, and one who knows to a nicety the value of cigarettes, vino, and garlic. It is to this (latter) class that I now chiefly refer. I would not wilfully hurt the feelings of either the man who has been to London or the man who does not smoke a pipe, so that if my description appears at times too critical I must apologize on the score

of impetuosity or a want of due discrimination.

The Gibraltar Spaniard is a hero—at least in his own estimation—fit to give "points" to any Englishman, and yet he loves to be thought English, and takes a delight in parading any British words or customs he may be acquainted with. To my mind, however, he fails utterly when trying to ape the Britisher, although our rule has so long asserted itself in Gibraltar, his natural tongue is therefore Spanish (not Castillian, however, as he omits the lisp of the soft c, turns the aspirated j into a soft g, and converts the liquid and tuneful ll into j) and his habits, diet, and character all partake of that nationality. Now let us look at some of his chief points :

Good points : { Sobriety.
Affectionate disposition.
Generosity.

Bad points : { Laziness.
Vanity.
Cruelty.

How do these balance? Well, I will leave this question to my worthy readers to decide. To sum up (are comparisons odious in this case?) a Spaniard is more unlike a Scotchman I should say, than anyone else. Honesty is not one of his most prominent virtues, but I am of opinion that dishonesty, in some form or other, is a "trait" of a certain proportion of every nationality. The English pickpocket or seaside landlady might think the Spanish servant who does not give back your change until you remind him of it, most dishonest, but in faith I

think the latter has the best of it. The poor (literally) Spaniard does not see any harm in a little "honest stealing" to help his family, and you may depend upon it, that if a native of one country sees dishonesty in the native of another, it is because the dishonest act assumes a different form to what he is used. I wonder what Oliver Wendell Holmes would have said to this theory? The ordinary Spanish speaking "Rock Scorpion" has a jaunty walk, indulges in short steps and has very small feet, which he takes great pride in making appear even shorter than they are, by wearing trousers very wide at the bottom. He treads lightly like an acrobat, and holds his hands gaily above his head when running down steps, something similar to a Scotchman when worrying

the Highland fling! He never appears to know or care whither he is going, and never gets out of the way of anyone who does happen to be aware of his own intentions in that respect. This becomes a public nuisance in Gibraltar, in fact it takes a good deal of dodging to wend one's way in the streets at all, for fear of colliding with some wanderer. In the mornings he will often do his own marketing, and if you watch him returning you will discover that in his basket are a small fowl, four large green chillies, two pounds of grapes and four nosegays of bright flowers. This gives one a very fair idea of his daily requirements. What a hubbub too a vendor of vegetables makes when offering his goods for sale in the street! One would think that at least he had a cart load of good things,

whereas you will find—if you have the happy intention of supplying yourself—that he, like the above mentioned marketing young man, is also carrying a small basket containing three tomatoes, a little parsley, a few flowers and perhaps a pound of potatoes! Lazy? Yes, they are assuredly the most lazy, casual, and careless of all the races of mankind; they never think of the morrow, and what a blessing for them it is that the soil of their land is so wonderfully fertile, for if things did not sprout up almost instantaneously and under their very noses, I am afraid they would be badly off for produce. They would certainly never till the ground sufficiently, for a Spaniard loves to sit down and watch the effect of Heaven's rain and sun in bringing forth the seed. Yes he is lazy, but just look

at him again as he comes along. He is handsome and his speaking voice is musical and sonorous. He has a small head rather inclined to go to a point behind, black hair, neatly cut, and curly on the forehead. He is indeed rather given to exhibiting in an effeminate way a few small ringlets under his soft "wide awake" hat. He has a fine moustache, shaven cheek and wears a low collar, thereby showing a large expanse of throat. His boots or shoes are very pointed at the toe and the heels are high—his clothes are fairly well made—put a cigarette in his mouth and you complete the picture. There is no stability about him, he is too mincing, and his favourite beverage is *Vino*, a kind of weak sherry. The commonest dust heaver has the

everlasting cigarette in his mouth, drinks Vino, and wears high-heeled boots!

What then, may I ask, can be expected of a country where this kind of thing goes on? The vanity of the Spaniard is seen in many ways, but I have noticed in particular that if a gentleman does happen to possess a smart driving equipage, he will surely draw attention to the fact by having sleigh bells fastened around the necks of the horses! He is very superstitious moreover, and believes implicitly in the good or ill luck attending the presence of moths flying about one's house—a black moth being the precursor of evil, and a red one, of good. To describe the morals of the Gibraltar Spaniard is somewhat difficult, because his standard or code is on quite a different footing

to ours, and what we would do as perfectly virtuous and circumspect, he would consider improper, and *vice versa*. For instance, if a Spanish lady, however young, were giving an account of the illness of a relative or friend (male or female) she would in the course of conversation enter into details which might horrify one! There is no modesty under such circumstances. On the other hand, parents are very strict with regard to their daughters when engaged to be married. They are not allowed even to be alone with their fiancées, and I have also been informed that it is the correct thing for engaged couples never to have kissed one another until their wedding! This perhaps one had better take "*cum grano salis*."

No one could accuse the Gibraltar

Spaniard of shyness, and the very disgusting custom of publicly investigating, manipulating and cleansing the heads of children, which may be seen any afternoon during a stroll through the streets, is carefully handed down to posterity by groups (in painted clay) of the performers, giving the minutest details—which may be bought in many of the shops! I must now say a few words in their favour with regard to their sobriety and respect for one another. The latter "trait" is not the fawning toadyism of the plebeian for the aristocrat—of the poor for the rich. No—they respect each other's feelings and respect their women; quick to resent, but slow to wound. And what an orderly and law-abiding people they are! Forty policemen keep Gibraltar in order, where the

civil population is about 18,000, in addition to which some 3000 men and women come in from Spain every day for employment, returning to their homes at evening gunfire. And yet crime is almost unknown, and it is the exception to meet a drunken man.

Now, a word or two about the servants, for one comes a good deal into contact with them in Gibraltar. To begin with, they think themselves quite as good as their masters, only a shade poorer. This fact I have been told to my face by one. Their standard of position appears also to be to a large extent adjusted by dress—this is their vanity. One servant girl exclaimed to her mistress, "I am no servant to-day, look at my clothes!" She was at the time decorated to adorn the Bull ring.

Now, taken as a whole, I should say that they are good cooks, although rather inclined to make things too sweet and too salt. Like the French and Italians, they are fond of savoury and made up dishes, and understand better the preparing of entrées and omelettes than the more common processes (at home) of roasting and boiling. Soup they excel in, and you cannot beat them at milk puddings. I think the success of the latter is due to the mode of preparation, which is more or less after this manner. They first place the rice (of course for rice pudding) boiled, in a dish, they then break the eggs on top of this, and beat the whole up together. I cannot explain wherein the merit lies, but the result is conclusive, and I can recommend it to my lady readers.

I have often wondered how they can possibly produce the various dishes with the materials at hand, and in a place like Gibraltar where the meat is poor and fatless, chops are cut thin as wafers—the potatoes are innocent of flouriness—bread is like pipe-clay, and where moreover the water is rain, the milk goat's, and butter, except what is brought out from England, is unknown. They certainly endeavour to make up for a good many deficiencies by the use of spices, and cloves are invariably put into beef-steak puddings. The house servants are eternally scrubbing! They love it! especially where the hall—door-steps—kitchen—and outer passages are concerned; and whitewash, which they apply without stint or provocation, has to them a charm. Dusting in the English

by sufficient money to enable her to indulge in this cruel sport—no—not sport, there is none of that element in it. It is altogether a one-sided arrangement—the fun being chiefly at the expense of a wretched crew of horses (who ought to have been buried long ago!) *intended* to be gored to death. If by chance only a few animals have been sacrificed, the cry is for more. I have often thought that if instead of a dozen horses, *one* man were killed at each Bull fight, this barbarous custom would soon be discontinued. Oh! how they love to see the gory display! It is their grand annual outing, the performance being generally in connection with a fair. For days before and after the event, the peoples' mouths are full of the ghastly details. My old housekeeper has often

related the whole proceeding to me with almost photographic effect, working herself up to such a pitch of excitement, that her eyes would be dancing with fire, her cheeks aglow, and her brain reeling with a sort of drunken cruelty! Even the children *play* at bull fights, and I have often seen the mimic fray going on in some peaceful spot in the Alameda. Half-a-dozen boys dressed up in the brilliant costumes (or rather as near as they could go to them) of the Matador and Picador, rush about with red mantles over their arms, while another urchin holding the horns of a bull to his forehead, would career wildly about in the most approved and bovine manner. And what a hero a successful bullfighter is! How proud the man who has spoken to him! What an honour!

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I am told that there is not a lady in the land, who would not marry him!

Before leaving the Gibraltar servant altogether, I may mention that the class of persons from which they are chiefly recruited reside in houses built around court-yards called "Patios." The open space is generally square, and the rooms and verandahs are in tiers. Now, when a house is building and nearing completion it is often decorated with flags like a ship *en fête*, thus proclaiming its grandeur to the world at large. On entering one of these Patios you will probably find a medley of people squatting in the courtyard round an itinerant vendor of goods, all chattering away at the tops of their voices; and among other things I have seen a coffin being publicly made in the

midst of such a group, every one being in high glee! Ascend the narrow wooden steps and you may pass by a room in which lay a sick person who will be attended and half-suffocated by a large number of men, women, and children, who are crouching round the bed with sympathetic motives. The men will be, as usual, smoking cigarettes, and most polite to a stranger, but without an atom of modesty or reserve as they recount and dwell upon every sickening detail concerning the case. The room, moreover, is clothed in filth from floor to ceiling, and the atmosphere vitiated; in fact, the general condition (as I have often witnessed) and state of overcrowding of these Patios inhabited by the poorer classes, is certainly neither wholesome nor a credit to civilization

and sanitary reform. Cross the room and put your head out of the window, and you will see the washed articles of clothing drying, and supported by means of three small sticks placed against the window ledge in the form of a triangle. If someone wishes to call your attention from a neighbouring window, he will "hiss" at you violently, this being the usual mode of drawing attention, and should he still further want you to go to him, he will not beckon as we do, moving his hand towards himself, but away from him and towards you—in fact, as if he wished you were further removed. I may add that a good deal of conversation, as well as love making is carried on from the windows and housetops, and the discordant noise caused by the peculiar nasal voices of

the women is terrible to hear; in fact, they always speak to one another, as if they were angry, and wanted everybody to know it.

I will now say a few words about the shopkeepers and their shops. The latter, as a whole, are extremely small and inartistic in appearance, and I am of opinion that a few really presentable establishments would be of great advantage to the place. At present, Mons. Ballou, the perfumer and hairdresser, has perhaps the most tasteful and best appointed one, although a couple of the chemists' shops run him rather close. Speaking of hairdressers, and without wishing to offend the craft, what a large number of barbers' shops there are in Gibraltar! In a town of equal dimensions in England you might find perhaps

a dozen such institutions (I am now speaking of the typical barber) but here every street has almost as many. This has at any rate the desirable effect of not allowing any excuse for shaggy locks and blue chins.

On the other hand, the hairdresser proper, *i.e.*, in whose establishment a gentleman can obtain the necessary requirements, is almost unique, the art being, I might say, entirely confided to the above mentioned M. Ballou. English ladies, too, are in dire distress with regard to the trimming of their tresses, for M. Ballou has not yet arrived (1890) at this point in his profession. Now, when a Gibraltar Spaniard visits such an establishment he makes himself as much at home as if he were in his own dining-room. As he takes

his chair he fondly gazes at himself in the mirror before him, with a gratified look of approval and admiration amounting even to surprise. I suppose the disclosure is even beyond what he had expected! When he has been duly operated upon, he will perhaps adjourn to another room and black his boots, or if a dentist be handy, have a tooth out! I have found, strange to say, that the Gibraltar Spaniard has a decided weakness for the latter diversion.

The perfect equality which exists between all classes of life, more especially with regard to shopkeepers and their customers, will always strike one forcibly. They go about in complete friendship and likeness, and a small tradesman thinks it quite the correct thing to put one of his sons to an English College,

and subsequently give him a profession. When qualified, the son will return to practice in the same street and even house that he was brought up in, and in which his parents still reside and trade. He will not, moreover, be thought one atom more of on account of having a University degree, etc., than if he sold bread or knives! Now I say all honour is due to the worthy shopkeeper who can afford to aim high, and give his son a good position, but surely the latter need not return to the very town and house of his parentage. In England such a proceeding would be considered unnecessary and *infra dig.*

The shopkeeper of Gibraltar is of the "Rock" rocky, the only one of his genus, and a thoroughly independent gentleman. If you should chance to

enter his establishment at any time of the day (you must however give him plenty of time to get up!) you will probably see him with a cigarette in his mouth entertaining half-a-dozen gossipers, all smoking too. In fact, you will find it impossible to distinguish which is the happy owner of the "tienda" (shop). Should you wish to purchase anything, he will lazily stroll behind the counter to serve you, bowing at the same time as if he were just being introduced to you. His gossiping friends continue to fill up the entrance and take little notice (their conversation being still pretty general) of the intruding customer. If you cannot obtain what you require, the worthy proprietor will not be in the least disconcerted, and with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders

(which is so aggravating to a Britisher) will politely direct you to another shop where you may be able to get what you want. Should you purchase anything from him and happen to have no money about you, he will exclaim, "Oh, it does not matter—the next time you are passing will do." He will even sometimes request the customer to reckon up the bill, and be perfectly satisfied in his blissful ignorance with the result! If our worthy shopkeeper be quite uneducated and incapable of receipting your bill, he will calmly step across the street to a friend, and get him to do so. Now, I have often wondered if this extremely casual, "happy go lucky" way of doing business is one of the prime causes of making the Spain of to-day what it is—namely, a hundred

years behind any other country in Europe?

I think I am correct in saying that most of the enterprising and flourishing tradesmen in Gibraltar are Jews, of whom there are at the time I write about 1600. Even these worthy gentlemen close their establishments much oftener than their English co-religionists, and you will not unfrequently find their doors shut for half the week, on account of religious festivals, and any hour of the day should you chance to pass their Synagogue, you will hear the awful humming drone of their ritual. All the "mashers" and smart young men in Gibraltar moreover are Jews, and on the Sabbath, and at funerals, etc.,—they invariably wear tall hats. During my stay there, I had an invitation once to a

smoking concert given by a club of sorts. I went, and O! what an array of noses was there! I could have almost imagined myself in a Synagogue. They were very jovial fellows, however, and tried to do everything (succeeding too so far as noise goes) in the most thorough and approved English smoking concert style. I heard one "masher" Jew tell another, because the latter was talking too much, "to dry up!" This expression was of course considered the very acme of British instinct, and the proprietor of the remark was at once put down as having been in London! There were plenty of comic songs, moreover, and although rendered with a broken English accent, they were certainly very good and given with great spirit.

The Gibraltar Spaniard's idea of music is most feeble. Of course the guitar and the mandolin are their favorite instruments, but they know very few airs, and these invariably in a minor key. One has to suffer the whole year round, from the constant repetition of these airs, and at Christmas time especially, the inhabitants become most musical and restless, and appear to indulge in their woeful cries all night long. The "tempo" of their productions is as a rule three-four or à la mazurka, which lends itself to the tambourine and castanet obbligati with which they are more or less constantly accompanied. They sing likewise in a peculiar style—songs replete with cadenza, and appoggiatura trills and shakes; and almost every note is

twisted out of all semblance, into a flourish which is decidedly unmusical. The voices of the ladies, I regret to say, have a tendency towards what might be called a "bass falsetto"—if there be such a thing!

Up to the present I have said little or nothing about the Gibraltar Spanish lady, but one always likes to put off the best thing to the last. My descriptive task is now somewhat more difficult, for I would not willingly offend the fair ones of any country. However here goes! The lady herself is coming along, and before we "anatomize" her, first observe how the bye-standers gaze upon her, with eyes of consummate admiration, especially if she be well dressed according to Spanish notions. Every one stares as she passes by, with

a smile of pride and satisfaction, as much as to say: "There now! show me a country which can produce anything like that!" These ladies too, are extremely fond of admiring one another, which may be seen to the best advantage when they are acting upon the stage, for there in perhaps a most pathetic part, you will observe them continually casting eyes of admiration and approval at one another. Again if a pretty girl passes a group of men, they will not admire her in silence, but will salute her with cries of "Que hermosa!" (how beautiful)! "Que bonita!" (how pretty)! and such exclamations are meant and taken as compliments of the highest order, and our gay Lotharios will even sometimes go further by throwing down their capes, handkerchiefs, or hats, in

front of the lady for her to walk upon!

Now I grant that with regard to her dress a Señora equipped in the correct Spanish fashion—all in black—with a lace mantilla gracefully folded over her head, and fan in hand, is a sight worth seeing; but directly she dabbles in colour she is done for. Every hue in the rainbow, mixed indiscriminately and without any pretence to harmony, is greedily seized upon, and displayed to every possible disadvantage, when once the black is forsaken, and I may add that a favourite pattern for every day dress, adopted by the poorer classes, is plaid, usually of a hideous brown and yellow mixture. Even when attired in black, there are some things which invariably spoil the result. For instance, (I sup-

pose I am very particular!) I would ask with all humility: "Why do all these ladies generally wear *white* stockings, which from the gait of the wearer, cannot but be displayed?" Another matter which I consider ruins their appearance is the horrible abuse of violet powder to which they are addicted. They apply it with such disastrous effect that their faces have more the appearance of a badly chalked clown or unwashed miller than anything else. It is simply dabbed on in patches, over eyebrows, ears, eyelashes, and moustachios, (the Spanish lady is rather afflicted this way!) and you will frequently see a Señorita coming along, faultlessly attired in black, but with white stockings on, and a smudge of violet powder over perhaps an ear, both eyebrows, and half a cheek!

The gait of the Spanish lady has so often been admired, that perhaps it is invidious on my part to endeavour to change the prevailing opinion. I feel however, that this account would not be faithful were I to completely coincide with the majority on this point. Some of them I admit appear to glide insensibly along and with ample grace to satisfy the most hypercritical, but these are few and far between, for the greater number, to my thinking, have an "impertinent" (I cannot suggest a better word) walk, with short, determined, coquettish steps, something in the way a music hall singer or ballet dancer advances towards the footlights. Good figures? Certainly—the very best—beautiful shoulders, plump and well moulded limbs and busts, neat round

waists, and small hands and feet. As a rule they are inclined to be rather too stout, and "embonpoint" is what the Spaniard most admires. They fall off, however, in their ankles, which are thick, or what in Ireland is termed "beef to heel," and this thickness has something to do with the smallness of their feet—i.e., it causes them to appear even smaller than they really are. At the same time—as a race, I think they can hold their own with regard to neatness of feet with any other European. They wear very high-heeled boots, the heel being thrown forward and the toes curled up a great deal; this gives a certain amount of foreshortening to the boot, which thereby acts as another cause in making the foot look small. They will moreover do anything or go

to any amount of inconvenience and pain to attain their object and satisfy their vanity in this respect. Their dress-makers must be extremely clever in their art, for I have seldom seen such well-cut bodices or skirts as the Gibraltar Spanish lady wears. They also have a most elegant manner of holding up their dresses in muddy weather. They do not pick their steps between pools, showing a large expanse of leg, and holding well on to their skirts in front, like the regulation old lady "tripper" on Margate Sands. No—both hands are gracefully placed behind, arms well curred out, and the dress is raised from the back. This allows them to prance gaily along, and does not in the least alter their usual mode of progression. But why will they eat garlic as the men do? The daintiest

Spanish lady declares her nationality directly she opens her mouth, and all her charm vanishes at a blow, or rather a "whiff!"

Are they pretty? Well, to those who admire raven locks and plenty of them, black eyes (the same as every native in India possesses only not so dull looking) well marked eyebrows, straight noses, sallow complexions, and a decided tendency, as I remarked before, to moustachios—I say to those who admire such "points," the Spanish lady is decidedly pretty. With regard to their skins—one occasionally sees a beautiful complexion having the appearance of "bloom" and with a warm colour coming through it. In the early mornings at Gibraltar I have often met several pretty girls, aged from fourteen to seventeen years, who

solemnly but arrogantly appear to parade the streets between the hours of eight and nine. They were invariably in threes—arm in arm—graceful, smiling, confiding, and mutually conscious of each other's attractions. They all, moreover, had their long black hair plaited, and hanging down their backs. Sometimes they would meet their lovers—for the courting of the middle classes appears to be carried on chiefly in the mornings. These young ladies in particular, I believe used to find their way to shops eventually where doubtless they were more usefully occupied during the day. It is at a Piñata or masked ball however that our little friends are at their best, and how prettily they use their fans, and how deftly they flirt with them! By the way I noticed in 1890,

that very tiny fans became fashionable at Gibraltar, and infants (who are taught to use them as soon as they can walk) were quite at home with them. Now at these Piñata balls the greater part of the fun is due to the fact that partners have no (or ought not to have any) knowledge of each other, and consequently the squeaks and horrid tones of imitated voices—for the purpose of disguise—heard all over the room are simply distracting. A gentleman went to one of these balls once with the intention—through a prior understanding—of dancing the whole evening with his sweetheart who was to be known to him by wearing a camellia in her hair. He found the camellia, and accordingly enjoyed himself, but what was his disgust the next day when he discovered that he had

been paying his ardent attentions to the girl's mother! The little joke had been previously arranged by the ladies.

Now, with regard to the children at Gibraltar—well—the shortest way of getting over my descriptive task, is to state at once that there are none. Don't smile, dear reader—I will explain. From the time they can walk, use fans and powder puffs and have ornaments thrust into their tiny ears, they are just like stunted old folks, in their habits, expression, general appearance, and manner, and I may remark *en passant* that infants are "short clothed" very early in life, in fact they never go through a period of "long robes," but probably at that time are happy in their nakedness. Poor little sallow creatures of four years old who lack the bonny laugh and riotous dis-

position of the English child are so decked out that their vanity, which is one of the curses of their character, is fed almost from their birth. I have seen a little old woman of two years old put her hand to her heart and sigh "Ahi!" (Alas!) Their faces are moreover daubed unmercifully with violet powder—their lilliputian skirts are hoisted up to a fashionable height with bustles (in 1890) and hessian boots are forced upon their tiny feet and legs. The smallest walking children wear long stockings (generally white) and high heeled boots, and they thrive (?) on bread and garlic mixed with fat of every description,—Ugh!

I once accidentally came across a little child of six, whose father was no less than a veritable "Tommy Atkins," (soldier) and whose mother was an

English spoken Gibraltarian. The parents had for some reason or other left the "Rock," giving over the care of the child for the time being to the mother's family. Being a British born subject, the child had commenced by speaking English, but another soldier remarked to me one day with utter contempt in his face that: "no sooner was the parents' backs turned, than they brought it up Spanish!" This to his mind was the acme of degradation, and he was moreover quite correct in his statement, for when I saw the child at a later period it could only speak Spanish, and I wondered at the time what the happy father would say on his return to Gibraltar, and when he again possessed his offspring. My informant moreover accounted for his comrade's marriage with the Gibraltarian by the

fact that they both happened to be very musical. She played the piano and he was fond of listening. One day she was rendering a descriptive piece called "Sunny Spain" whereupon he exclaimed when she had finished and smiled, that he knew something about Sunny Spain, and so they were married, but to this day I never could find out exactly the reason. I may here describe a little scene which will tend to further elucidate some other characteristics of the Gibraltar Spanish lady and her children. I was strolling along the Line Wall (which faces the Bay) one morning, and having taken a seat on a bench, watched the passers by in search of anything worthy of note. Ah! Here comes a typical elderly lady in a black dress, fitting to perfection, waist like a girl's, mantilla

gracefully reposing, gliding walk, (but with too much swinging of the shoulders) and a smile of complete satisfaction and superiority. She is accompanied by a grown up daughter and two small children of the sallow and puffed order, also equally pleased with themselves. Presently the exact counterpart of these appears in the opposite direction and coming towards them. Now if you watch the countenances of the two groups as they meet, you will see them lighten up very considerably, for they are evidently known to one another. Observe the greeting. Old lady No 1 puts her hands on the shoulders of old lady No 2 and kisses her on both cheeks. The latter returns the compliment in exact proportion. Then the young ladies and the four children imitate this

performance in the most perfect similitude. For the sake of conversation they pair off, and their faces are a picture wherein to study expression of thought, and although you may not understand a word of their language you might almost guess what they are talking about by their gesticulations. Presently the old ladies wish to be more confidential, they therefore beckon the young "eligibles" to walk on a little, while the smaller fry are driven off to play at bull fights if they like. Old eyebrows are now lifted violently until the right and left competition causes the violet powder to tremble again! Their mouths and even ears show every expression within the compass of womankind's capabilities, and having unburdened their hearts to their com-

plete satisfaction, the young ladies and embryo bull-fighters are called back. The former process of kissing and smiling is again indulged in, twice or three times before they finally bid good-bye and separate.

I will now say a few words respecting the domestic animals of Gibraltar. Even the cats have their peculiarities, for the enlightened "Rock Scorpion" docks their ears and tails, which I believe is done to prevent their straying. Be this as it may, poor pussy, once so homely looking, is given a most hideous and wicked expression. They appear, moreover, to be larger, wilder, and more plucky than those in England, and a very sturdy dog is necessary to put one of them *hors de combat*." This fact they seem to know instinctively if one can

judge by the unconcerned and defiant manner in which they prowl about the streets and sit at the shop doors. The goats are quite an institution; for they supply almost all the milk consumed, and it is only a favoured few who can obtain a "souçon" of cow's milk daily. The Governor keeps his own cows, and a small dairy at Rosia (one of the districts) has lately (1890) been opened with the object of supplying this necessary want, but with these exceptions, there is not a drop of cow's milk obtainable. The milk of the goat is very rich, by-the-bye, although it does not exhibit much cream however long you allow it to stand. It sometimes also has a bitter taste, due I believe to the aloes which the goats feed upon to some extent. Now there appears to be a good de

of affection and mutual understanding between the "Rock" goat and her master, who is generally a Maltese, and they are made more pets of than is usual in England. If you watch a herd, you will notice them trotting along gaily, with bells tinkling upon their necks, as they pass through the streets to supply milk to the different customers, and having reached a certain door, one will in a most knowing manner leave the remainder and run up the steps to be milked! At the next house another goat will do the same and so on.

Speaking of the sagacity of these animals reminds me that it is not an uncommon thing to see pet kids and even black lambs following the children about. There is no such thing as a sheep in Gibraltar other than the above

mentioned, so we may dismiss them at once. Spanish horses are most docile and hardy animals, and rather below the average height of those in England. They seldom have any vice, and one can walk all round them as a rule without the fear of being kicked. When riding them too, they seem to be far less frisky than the horses of other countries. They make very good cab horses, and are treated well by their drivers and owners. While I was at Gibraltar the cabbies had a strike, which I was informed was due to their being obliged to wear a badge or number (I wonder what the London cabby would say to this?) However, a short time afterwards I noticed some of them wearing the said adornment of their calling, having carefully placed it next to the

Egyptian medal, which, I may add, was possessed by those who had previously served as mule drivers in the Egyptian Campaign. The mules are *par excellence* the working quadrupeds of the "Rock" and answer every purpose that the cart horse does in England. They attain enormous heights (15 hands being not uncommon) and I should think are capable of drawing as heavy loads up the hilly and rocky paths of Gibraltar as any stout cart horse would be. They may be seen working every moment of the day, and the musical "Wooee" of the drivers is a very familiar sound.

It is now time for me to put away the pen, so I will bid "adios" with a few closing remarks. Without wishing to attribute to the Gibraltar Spaniard any bad "traits" of character to which he is

not entitled, and at the same time endeavouring to deal faithfully with my subject, I may say in his favour that he is as a rule sober, respectful, polite, law-abiding, affectionate, fond of children, and sympathetic with the poor and sick. On the other hand he is arrogant, vain to excess, cruel, lazy and venal. As in other countries, of course, great exceptions are frequently met with, and after all I am only writing my own impressions and experiences. In some respects I have found them most extravagant and lavish; indeed, you may meet beggars in the streets smoking good cigars, and a cabman will sometimes offer one a cigarette when engaging him! On the other hand, I have seen an old basin certainly not of more value than two or three half-pence, cracked in a dozen

places or more, but carefully held together by glue.

Now, it is very aggravating to an Englishman to see a conceited looking fellow, with apparently no work to do, lazily strolling along the pathway, yawning as if nothing in the world were of consequence to him; his hair oiled and curled on his forehead, a cigarette in his mouth, the whiff of garlic strong from his breath, and with high heeled boots on, so small that his steps are as mincing as a dancing master's. It is also aggravating to take note of his casual (one might almost call it rude) mode of progression, amount of indifference, and "right of procedure," which prevents him getting off the pavement even for a lady. To the more phlegmatic races it is also aggravating to

observe how light-hearted he is under all circumstances, with a pretty flower tastefully arranged in his button hole (or the Señora's hair), guitar in hand, and chanting the minor strains of some erratic mazurka.

To add to the aggravation—no one is more pleased with himself than the "Gibraltar Spaniard."

THE END

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