

over the ladies passing in open carriages beneath. And once, when the children were pressing round to see him, and he noticed the police trying to keep them back, he said, "Leave them alone, if the children want to see me, I want to see them," with this, he hastened into the Hotel and returned with boxes full of bonbons, which he distributed all round, much to the joy of the little ones, and the gratification of those watching the scene.

There was, of course, great excitement at the Grand Hotel, Orotava, when it was announced that the King was to lunch there. As is the way with the Canarians, they have a delightful habit of putting off till to-morrow, what ought to be done to-day, and the consequence was, there was a tremendous rush at the last moment, to get ready for his visit. A suite of apartments was set aside for his use, and all Hotel visitors (myself among the number) on that side of the Hotel, were moved over to other rooms, on the other side, as the verandah on His Majesty's side of the Hotel, was also to be kept exclusively for his use. The morning before the day on which he was to arrive, two very smart Spanish officers, mounted on beautiful chargers came to interview the Manager and view the suite of rooms. The next day as soon as it was daylight, gardeners had been spreading the carpet of flowers on the croquet lawn in front of the Hotel. This is a most curious and beautiful form of decoration, peculiar (I am told) to the Canary Islands alone, and takes the form of a carpet literally of flowers (the petals only are used). Once a year on Corpus Christi Day eight of the quaint irregular little streets of the town of Orotava are decorated in this manner. The way it is done is this: the lawn was covered with green heather and heath (chopped fine in a regular sort of mincing machine made for the purpose, till it looks like fine green sawdust), into this are inserted frames of cardboard, forming the design, in this instance it was the Royal Arms of Spain surmounted by a crown, and surrounded by a scroll pattern; these frames are filled with petals of flowers, such as geraniums, rose petals, lobelias, calceolarias, etc., the heather reaches to the edge of the frames, and the frames being filled with petals, forms, as it were, one picture. It is not easy to describe, but the effect is most lovely. In some instances, when procurable, moss is used instead of heather, and then the effect is better still, being like a beautiful green velvet pile carpet with a floral design. They worked hard all that day till dusk (darkness falls suddenly in the Islands) and the next morning at dawn were at it again. Indeed, till within an hour of the King's arrival, decorating was going on. Of the rest of the decorations I cannot say much, they consisted principally of flags and coats of arms, and were more gaudy than beautiful. The colours of Spain, red and yellow, when seen in great profusion, are apt to pall. One old man, whose ideas of decorating were more primitive than artistic, amused me greatly by planting a yellow and red flag alternately in all the flower urns surrounding the croquet lawn.

There seemed to be such a sweet simplicity in this!

By 11 a.m. the last touches had been put (the King was expected at 12.0), the portier had donned his new uniform of dark green, garnished with silver buttons, and given his moustache its last fierce brush upwards. The little "boots," in a suit far too big for him, and, painfully conscious of his appearance, tried to look at his ease. Every one was on the tip toe of expectation.

The hotel we were at was a German one, and a Professor from Berlin had been invited over especially to hand the address to the King, while Frau ———'s little girl, tricked out in white muslin and a blue sash, was ready to present the Princess of the Asturias (who was expected also) with a bouquet, which bouquet, I may as well mention, while we waited, the hotel gardener was scouring the country to find!

At last, there is a stir in the waiting crowd, first a few mounted officers, one open landau containing the Mayor, and Sheriffs and the Parish Priest; then a pleasant jingle of mule bells, greeted by a salvo of Artillery, and the King's equipage drawn by four mules sweeps round the corner.

Never have I seen Royalty arrive in so informal and simple a fashion before; on that blazing June day, for a drive of about four hours, there were no less than five persons packed into the Royal carriage. The King on the right, in the uniform of a General (grey with a crimson belt) on his left, the Princess of the Asturias, on her left, her husband, three persons on one side, and facing them, the lady and gentleman in waiting.

The King looked pale and fatigued, but bowed repeatedly, keeping his hand to the salute all the time.

I was only about four yards from him and saw him very distinctly while he was standing on the steps receiving the address.

He is a tall, thin youth, with a serious, almost sad face, but the change of the face when he smiles is magical, so bright and pleasant is that smile.

Having duly made his response to the address, he retired to his own apartments to lunch and rest. At lunch, I am told, he hardly ate anything, the season being Lent, and he, a good Catholic, was keeping a strict Fast. He only stayed a couple of hours, as he had much to get through in the day, so it was not long before we were watching for his departure again, when the same programme was gone through once again, more salvos of Artillery, the band played the Spanish National Anthem, and he was off, followed by the good wishes of his faithful subjects and the countrymen and women of his bride elect.

A. M. DARRAH.

### A Well-Earned Rest.

Miss Sophia F. Hoskyn, who won golden opinions in South Africa, as Matron for over eleven years of the Frontier Hospital, Queenstown, has resigned that post, and is now at home for a well-deserved holiday. Miss Hoskyn began her nursing career in 1887 at the Kimberley Hospital, under Sister Henrietta, and many old friends will be interested to know that she is now in England.

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