

MEMÓRIA

*MEMORY*



# TRAVELS IN THE AZORES IN THE MID-1890s: REPORTS TO THE *INTER-OCEAN*

FANNIE B. WARD  
(edited by GEORGE MONTEIRO)

## INTRODUCTION

*Travels in the Azores in the Mid-1890s*, a series of reports in 1895-96 to the *Inter-Ocean*, a nineteenth-century Chicago newspaper, can be added to the list of known English-language publications about the Azorean archipelago. Thirty-two years after the Florentine emigrant to the United States M. Borges de F. Henriques published his pioneering book *A Trip to the Azores or Western Islands*,<sup>1</sup> Fannie B. Ward filed a series of reports based on her own experience while on trip to the Azorean archipelago (and elsewhere, including Madeira). She set foot on all the islands, Flores to Santa Maria, with exception of Corvo, and then went on to Madeira. From there she would proceed to the Canaries, St. Thomas, Santa Lucia, Santa Cruz, and the Yucatan Peninsula. Labeled “special correspondence,” those reports (including 19 concerning the Azores and three Madeira) were published in the *Daily Inter-Ocean*. They do not appear to have been republished at any time in book form. Thus for the first time in well over a century, they see the light afforded by print.

“Fannie B. Ward” was once a familiar byline in dozens upon dozens of American newspapers. Flourishing in the 1890s, this journalist established her mark as a reporter specializing in long reports from foreign ports, countries, and islands. Over time, she traversed much of South America, writing reports from Brazil, Patagonia, Mexico’s Yucatan, the Caribbean, the Canaries, and numerous other places. She was on the scene in Florida when the Maine, the American warship, was mysteriously sunk in Cuba in 1898, an incident that ignited the war between the United States and Spain. She stayed on through the war, filing reports all the while.

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<sup>1</sup> *A Trip to the Azores or Western Islands* (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1867). For more information on this book and its author, see “M. Borges de F. Henriques in the United States,” *Boletim Núcleo Cultural da Horta* (2010), pp. 443-61.

Biographical information about “Fannie B. Ward” is sparse. There exists no biography and she is seldom, if ever, mentioned in journals or books of the period or in the century after her death. An exception, of recent vintage, is Roger J. Di Palo’s piece, “Portage Pathways: Globe-trotting Fannie B. Ward came home to Ravenna,” published in the *Record-Courier* (Ravenna, Ohio) on October 6, 2013.<sup>2</sup> Much of the information that follows is culled from this piece.

Fannie Brigham was born in Monroe, Michigan, on January 27, 1843, and died in Washington, D.C., at the age of 70, on October 4, 1913. She married William H. Ward in Ravenna, Ohio, in 1862. Three children issued from this marriage, Charles in 1865, Fanny in 1868, and Nellie in 1869. After her divorce from William Ward, Fannie made her way to Washington, where in 1874 she found temporary employment in the U. S. Treasury Department.

It is not known exactly when she started to write for newspapers, sending dispatches from Washington “initially to the Cleveland Leader and eventually adding other publications, building a syndicate of more than 40 newspapers that carried her writing at the height of her career.”<sup>3</sup>

It was in 1884, when she traveled to Mexico and Central America, however, that her career as a travel writer took off. It would occupy her for over two decades, bringing her considerable fame.

It is said that Fannie B. Ward tackled her assignments with “gusto.” “She crossed the Andes on mules. She climbed Mount Popocatepetl in Mexico.” She visited Guatemala and the British Honduras. She went to Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela, Paraguay, Argentina, Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands. “All my life,” she wrote to her friend the founder of the Red Cross, Clara Barton, “I have gone on my own independent way, regardless of who might disapprove of my course.”<sup>4</sup>

But of course, as might be expected, this foreign travel did not come without cost. “She endured conditions far different from the life she once lived in the nation’s capital. And she paid a price for it, too – she contracted yellow fever on her first trip to Mexico and later came down with mountain fever, which

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<sup>2</sup> See <http://www.recordpub.com/opinion/2013/10/06/portage-pathways-globe-trotting-fannie-b-ward-came-home-to-ravenna>.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

forced her to return home.”<sup>5</sup> Still, in the Azores she had climbed the mountains, including, of course, Pico, and in Madeira she had suffered through the famously precipitous toboggan slide down the mountain. Judging from the descriptions of her behavior in her reports, she was game for pretty much any and all challenges.

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<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

## 1. ILHAS DOS AÇORES

The Western Islands, Where the Sun Set in “Paradise Lost”

WELL-KNOWN STRANGERS

Where They Are and How to Visit Them Easily

On a Historic Ocean Track – Memories Of the Great Discoverer –  
History and Romance.

Santa Cruz, Flores Island, Aug. 27 – Special Correspondence. – Although it may be straining the point a trifle too far to include these “western islands” among the West Indies, they are not so distant but that one may well round off a tour of the Atlantic Islands with them. Besides, they are a brand new field to most Americans – a terra incognita so complete that the question I have been continually obliged to answer since announcing my intention to them is “Where in the world are they?” Perhaps it may now be as well to forestall a dimness of geographical information on the part of any reader of *The Inter Ocean* by answering the same question right here and now. The nine islands and two groups of rock which the early Portuguese named *Ilhas dos Açores* (Islands of Hawks), and English-speaking tongues have corrupted to *Azores*, lie on the warmer side of the Gulf Stream, though about in the same latitude as Philadelphia, 2,000 miles east of Boston or New York, 1,600 miles southwest of London, about 800 miles due west from the southern corner of Portugal (to which kingdom they belong), and the same distance from the northwestern end of Morocco. Sailing toward them from the west, you come first to Corvo and Flores, the two smallest and least important of the group, which lie on a line longitudinally ten miles apart, then to Fayal, Sao Jorge, Graciosa, Pico, Terceira, San Miguel, and Santa Maria, in the order named as to location.

The Largest Island.

San Miguel is much the largest, being fifty miles long by from five to twelve broad; and the two heaps of uninhabited rocks are called, respectively, *Formigas* and *Dollabaret*.

They are in three distinct groups, with long stretches of sea between; and, indeed, little Flores and Corvo are so far away from the others as to hardly belong to the archipelago at all. Altogether, they present a surface of about 700 square miles, and their combined population is a little less than 300,000 [?]. In other words, if the islands were pieced together their area would be six times

that of London, with only one-fifteenth as many people as inhabit that city, but spread over 400 miles of the deepest part of the Atlantic they include an area of land and water greater than all England. Being historically of great interest, and scenically among the most picturesque spots on the earth's surface, the wonder is that they have been so long neglected by pleasure-seekers and curiosity-hunters. Until of late few persons except those connected with them commercially or absconding cashiers and other individuals seeking an out-of-the-way haven of refuge have had any idea of their exact location, much less of their characteristics and the peculiarities of life there. Barely mentioned in the geographies and encyclopedias, even now the would-be student of them finds scant literary information on the subject.

#### Prospective Popularity.

But all this will be changed in the near future, since three lines of vessels now make regular trips between our ports and those of the Azores, where they connect with the Portuguese and other lines, thus enabling [the] tourist to enter Europe via the Spanish peninsula and the Mediterranean – a very welcome change from the old routes of travel. The islands make a delightful half-way station on the great ocean highway, and if one goes no farther he gets a bit of foreign travel which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world in the way of novelty, fine scenery, and enjoyment for so small an expenditure of time, strength, and money.

Nowadays too, the Azores have new interest for Americans, since Portugal has at last grudgingly recognized our principles of local government in granting autonomy to the islands, and the interesting little community are legislating for themselves at Angra, the almost unknown capital of the group. The independent blue flag that now waves above everything Azorian, with its white hawk and nine stars, contains history in a nutshell. It tells of nine mid-ocean provinces under one government, and the emblematic hawk reminds the world that their name, Açor (Portuguese for hawk), was conferred because of the great number of those birds found on the islands by navigators whom Portugal sent to take possession of the group. It was a low morning in late August, after a passage from Bermuda which we would fain forget as quickly as possible, when some early prowler on deck raised the cry, "Land, ho!" at daybreak, and the sleepy passengers tumbled out to see what looked like a low cloud-bank on the horizon – the Isle of Flowers and its sister, Corvo, twenty miles away.

## New Admiration for Columbus.

Crossing the wide ocean in these unfrequented ways one feels a new admiration for Columbus and the other ancient mariners; for to the “land lubber” it is a never-ending marvel how a ship, even with all the appliances of modern science to seacraft, can traverse the pathless deep with unerring accuracy to any given speck of land in the wide waste of waters, hundreds of miles from anywhere! And, by the way, this is the very same course in which Columbus sailed to immortality on his way to America, and the same in which he was afterward sent home in chains. This is the path direct to Gibraltar; to the route of the British ship that carried Napoleon to St. Helena; of Nelson to Aboukir and Trafalgar; of Childe Harold on his pilgrimage that ended in Greece. This is the enchanted region of dark blue sea under which lies the sunken continent of Atlantis – according to many authorities between Plato and Ignatius Donnelly; the same wherein Pindar located the heaven of the Greek heroes on the “Sacred Isles of the West.”

Where ocean breezes blow.  
 Round flowers of gold that grow  
 On stream and strand.  
 You know the rest.

This is, the very scene of the conflict, on Aug. 10; 1591, made memorable by the pen of Walter Raleigh, in which the English ship *Revenge*, with Sir Richard Grenville, as captain, endured for twelve hours before she struck the attack of eight great Spanish armadas. She sunk two of them, each three times her own size; and after all her masts were gone, and she had been three times boarded without success, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail, which lay around waiting for her to strike or sink. Raleigh tells us how, finally, Sir Richard, shot through body and head, and wounded in many places, was taken on board the Spanish Admiral’s ship to die, and gave up his gallant ghost with these words: “Here died I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought – fighting for his country, Queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound. That was a rather long and stilted speech for a dying man, shot all to pieces, to make; and probably, in point of fact, he said



no such thing, though it reads so well in history. Sir Walter Raleigh romanced too much in his account of El Dorado and the golden cities of South America for us to have entire confidence in his famous "Report of the Truth of the Fight About the Isles of the Azores."

#### Flores in the Distance.

As the outline of the Flores grows more distinct you see jagged volcanic peaks sloping on all sides to the sea, ending in black precipices against which the surf beats ceaselessly. A nearer view reveals green fields and cultivated uplands, cottages, and waving grain, and cloud shadows chasing each other on the hill tops and down the deep ravines. While waiting for a boat to come off with the health officer and pratique to go ashore – a business of some hours – we amused ourselves by getting all the information we could about Corvo, the nearby neighbor, of which we have a fine view.

It looks almost round, a picturesque mass of rock and forest, not five miles in diameter – in short, what it is, merely a volcanic crater, which the natives call O Caldura, "the big pot," whose outer sides are cultivated. This smallest and most northerly of the Azorean Archipelago exists only as a satellite of Flores, and would not be mentioned at all were it not within sight of the latter. Vessels never call there, because it has no harbor, the early means of communication with the outside world being by means of a whaleboat from Flores once a month – if winds and waves permit. But sometimes during bad weather even this is forbidden, and for three or four consecutive months the tiny island is totally isolated. At best the ten-mile row is not a pleasure excursion, owing to the boisterous waves and adverse currents, so it is not likely we shall ever set foot on Corvo. The great drawback of all these islands is their lack of natural harbors, business mainly being carried on through two of them, where artificial harbors have been constructed. Corvo got its name (which is Portuguese for crow) from the number of those birds found upon it when discovered. The captain's chart says that it is six miles long by three wide, rising abruptly from the ocean, with a rough, inhospitable-looking coast of dark, serrated rocks, which run in reefs from the shore, here, lifting themselves high above the water, there merely blackening the surface, and again sinking to such a depth that their dangerous presence can be told only by the eddy swirling about them.

### Descendants of the Moors.

It is inhabited by a small colony, of Moorish descent, about a thousand strong, who are said to be a peculiarly gentle and inoffensive people – called “old-fashioned” by the other islanders. Their specialty is raising poultry – the very best in the world, says the ship’s steward; and they also produce some wheat, yams, and corn, and raise horses of a small but hardy breed. There are two natural curiosities on the little island. One is a small lake at the bottom of the extinct volcano, studded with tiny islets that present a perfect miniature representation of the Azorean Archipelago. The other curiosity is of semi-historical interest. On a cliff near the shore nature has depicted the figure of a man on horseback, with extended arms pointing to the westward. The ravages of wind and weather have nearly obliterated the likeness, but local tradition still confidentially asserts that this stone horseman had a great deal to do with the discovery of America.

The story goes that Columbus on his great voyage of discovery became completely disheartened by the difficulties surrounding him, and was on the point of abandoning his project and turning back to Spain, when a severe storm drove him close to Corvo. Seeing this rock, and its colossal horseman sternly pointing to the westward, he regarded it as a heaven sent omen, piously crossed himself and proceeded on his way to the New World. A great many Carthaginian coins have been picked up in Corvo, from which circumstance it is argued that the ancient Carthaginians must have visited this island, although there is nothing in history to show that the early Greeks and Romans had any knowledge of the Azores.

### Quaint, Secluded Corvo.

We were fortunate enough in having for a fellow-passenger a man who had spent some time in Corvo. He says the whole country is set upon edge, so to speak, rising steeply to the Caldeira, and is divided by stone walls into small, well-cultivated compartments. These fields form narrow terraces, one above another, and look from the shore like steps out into the lulls. Higher up the mountain is carpeted with heath, where flocks of sheep and hogs find a living. The crater, which was once, no doubt, a turbulent pit, is now a green and quiet valley, its round sides covered with grass, and at the bottom a still, dark pond, over which broods that appearance of sad serenity peculiar to volcanic valleys. The Corvoites are quite independent of the world, producing

on their own little island everything required in the way of food and clothing. But then, their requirements are simplicity itself. They have swarthy skins, go always barefooted, and generally bareheaded, and are strong, healthy, happy, and industrious; at least, the women are industrious, for they do all the field work, and are said to excel their somewhat lazy lords in all matters requiring skill and endurance.

They are noted besides for their slovenliness and red petticoats. The men wear suits of coarse brown home-spun, with coats reaching almost to the ankles, and a skull cap of the same material for dress occasions.

#### Shrewd in Trade.

In trade they evince the remarkable shrewdness proverbial among the Azoreans; but so friendly and unsuspecting are they that their doors and windows are never fastened at night, and they sleep in happy ignorance of the murders and robberies committed in more enlightened quarters of the globe. They are like one large family, all living in the only village on the island. Their cottages are alike as so many peas in a pod, all built of stone, roofed with thatch or tile, with mother earth for flooring, and neither chimneys nor glass windows. They are placed in tiers, one above the other up the side of the hill, with lanes between them, too narrow, steep, and stony to be called streets. The health officer's boat was speedily followed by three or four others to take us ashore at Flores. These island boats are queer enough to merit description. They were evidently constructed for rough weather and are so big and heavy that they look like the dismantled hulls of schooners. All are painted black or dingy red, and no two of their four oars ever touch the water together. The oars are from fifteen to twenty feet long, and it requires two or three men to pull them. The handles are constructed of the crooked limbs of trees, in several places fastened together with a marline, and turning on the gunwale by a broad plank, through which the thole pin passes. As they crawl clumsily along in the distance, they look like huge water beetles struggling in the billows.

We reached the port of Santa Cruz in safety – and such a port! Riding in on top of a huge roller, between a Scylla and a Charybdis of black lava rocks, hardly thirty feet apart and surrounded by roaring foam, we dashed into a little bay, perhaps an acre and a half in extent, with perpendicular cliffs on either side, on whose edges the houses are perched. The boatmen picked us up in their arms and landed us high and dry, amid an eager throng of men, women, and children, who had come down to welcome the arrivals, and who received us

as if we were special guests or long-lost relatives. The narrow strip of shelving beach is piled with boats and rubbish, and around the corner of an uncompleted quay the principal street of the village runs down into the water. Near the landing place a public fountain empties its musical stream into a stone trough, and was surrounded by a group of olive-skinned, bare-footed girls, all with white mantillas on their heads and earthen water jars in their arms.

## 2. THE FLOWERY ISLE

Flores, of the Azorean Archipelago, Described.

SANTA CRUZ, ITS CAPITAL

Not Much Larger than the North Side, Chicago.

Calico Coats, Musical Carts, and Other Oddities of Native Life.

Santa Cruz, Flores Island, Sept. 1 – Special Correspondence. – The queerest little capital I ever came across occupies a site which seems to have been planned by nature on purpose for the principal town of the island. How can I describe it to you, when ink and paper fail to convey any idea of its crazy outlines and strange combinations of color? Everywhere Flores bears strong marks of its igneous origin and most of its shores are totally inaccessible from the sea. Being environed by reefs and walls of black lava, cliffs of red cinders, and chocolate-colored earth, mountains rising abruptly out of the water, and lofty precipices, dark with verdure, down which streams fall in silvery threads in the surf below. In some places the cliffs are several hundred feet high, in others dwindled down to a few yards. The whole rests apparently upon sheets of black lava, the lowest visible layer of its composite parts, which having run out to the sea in a melted state, was suddenly stopped, cooled, and shaped into every conceivable variety of jagged, rough, irregular rocks, among which the ocean now rolls with ceaseless violence, dashing clouds of spray over the sharp projections and breaking with mighty roar on the huge, detached masses that strew the shores. Above the lava are the volcanic products, such as deep, loose beds of scoriae baked red as bricks, capped by a firm brown tuff: above this, decomposed vegetable soil, covered with greenest herbage, and overall the bluest sky that ever arched a flowery bit of earth.

### Location of Santa Cruz.

Where Santa Cruz, the capital and chief port of Flores, stands a stream of lava flowing to the sea has formed a high, level platform, about two miles long by half as broad, upon which the town is built. Three sides of this flat promontory are exposed to the sea, the fourth flanked by a high, abrupt hill, its sides richly cultivated, its summit overgrown with cedars, and crowned with an ancient tower. Subsequent eruptions have covered the lava with loose, volcanic matter, tuff, and cinders, forming fruitful soil, where good crops of corn, wheat, potatoes, flax, and vegetables are grown. The town has a few long, straggling streets, most of them converging into a little square.

At the foot of the principal street is a small cove and beach, where the fishermen's boats are hauled up.

In front of the cove is a bar of lava, connected with the jagged rocks on each side. A small passage, capable of admitting only an undersized schooner, leads over the bar, which is hemmed in and screened from winds and waves by high walls of brown tuff. The town covers a very large space, considering its scanty population, for fields intervene between many of the houses. Some of them are perched upon the cliffs, so close to the edge that their doors actually overhang the water. We are told that it is not uncommon for children and even grown people to fall over the precipice to the rocks below, generally with fatal effect. Indeed, the dangers of the locality are the stock in trade of the army of crippled beggars that beset the strangers in Santa Cruz.

### The Houses Described.

The houses are all built of stone, never more than two stories high and oftener but one. They have remarkably thick walls, always whitewashed outside, tiled, or furze-thatched roofs, green doors, and heavy, rude-looking balconies, with green Venetian blinds, in the Moorish style. All the houses are set close upon the border of the street – that is, with no yard, or space in front of them, and whenever a field or vacant spot comes between, there a high stone wall is built, so that in walking about the town you see little, except what is immediately before or behind. The first floor of the larger houses is seldom inhabited, being used for stores or workshops. In the rear of the ground floor a broad flight of stairs – in the older houses, always of black stone, polished by long usage – leads up to the living apartments. None of the “front doors” have bells, and but few of them big brass knockers; so when you desire admit-

tance your knuckles or stick or umbrella handle come into vigorous play, unless you aspire to be strictly in style from the Azorean standpoint, in which case you clap your hands as loudly as possible. There are no sidewalks and everybody perambulates in the middle of the street, where the pavement is usually the natural rock, the edges of which have been planed off by the passage of human feet. At nearly every corner is a public fountain where dark-eyed, olive-skinned, Rebeccas are always filling their antique jars; and near by other women are scrubbing clothes by the wayside, on flat stones, over which water splashes from a bamboo spout set in the solid rock.

Of the local and social life of Santa Cruz there is little to be said. People wander about the streets in a listless sort of way, as if so overcome with the Lethean air of the place that they are past ever wishing for anything to do. The few shops are scantily furnished with English cotton and woolen stuff, hardware, and ready-made clothing, United States fish, oil, groceries, and notions, Brazilian rum, coffee, and sugar, West India tobacco, molasses and liquor, Portuguese salt, tea, and such spiritual necessities as crucifixes, sacred images, relics, indulgences, and dispensations. The shops are so dimly lighted that purchasers must take the goods out into the street for inspection, and paying customers appear to be as rare as angels' visits.

The liveliest place in town (if anything can be called lively in Santa Cruz), is the landing, when a ship heaves in sight, whose cargo is to be discharged in boats. This is the acme of Flores activity; but for every man who is engaged in carrying bales, boxes, and barrels on his shoulder from the boats to the neighboring warehouses, a dozen others are seen leaning idly against the sunny side of a building, or lying under the lea of their empty boats drawn up in the shade. Another popular resort is the public square, which is also the market place. Here the country women, sitting contentedly on the rough pavement, or the stone steps of some building, with wicker baskets of fruit or vegetables before them, drive sharp bargains, the sharper because the few purchasers are also actuated by the proverbial Azorean spirit of shrewdness in trade.

#### Time of No Value.

Time is of no value to anybody in Flores, so the traders can afford to haggle over the value of half a penny from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. On this square is the hotel – or what passes for one in these parts – of which conscience, though somewhat travel-hardened, will not permit a favorable word. Directly opposite is the combination prison and courthouse

– a long, dingy, two-storied edifice, where the blindfolded goddess is supposed to preside above and her mandates be carried out below.

A flight of rickety steps on the outside of the building leads up to the courtroom, above the door of which is nailed a time-faded, weather-worn coat of arms of Portugal. The funny part of it is that offenders, punished by imprisonment, are compelled to carry out the sentence themselves, and be their own jailers. A passage-way running through the center divides the ground floor into two rooms, the main difference between them being that one has a floor and the other has not.

At two or three windows of the unfloored rooms there is a pretense of iron grating, but it is pretence merely, for most of the bars are broken, and the openings are the rendezvous and loitering places of friends of the incarcerated, and all the gossiping loungers of the town. Cells there are none, a few rude bunks against the unplastered stone walls, covered with dirty blankets, answering for sleeping places. The smoke-begrimed rafters are festooned with old garments, bed clothes, and strings of onions and garlic, and an old table, two or three rickety old chairs, and half a dozen empty boxes, complete the furnishings.

#### Ideal Prison Life.

Such are the eccentricities of prison discipline in Flores that a criminal, when jailed, is given the key of his bastille, allowed to admit parties of his friends to enliven the tedium of durance vile; and it is rumored that he may even let himself out after dark, to take regular “constitutionals” through the city streets, or make sub rosa visits to his family. Indeed, it is rather a privilege than otherwise for the poor Azorean to “get took up,” in the expressive language of the gutter, for then he is sure of enough to eat, without the necessity of toil. Ridiculous as all of this may seem, there is slight need for more discipline. The small island – only about twelve miles long by seven wide – where everybody knows everybody else, would afford an escaped prisoner no opportunity for concealment, while the visits of vessels are too few and uncertain for the hope of flight to foreign lands to be indulged in. The people are so far from being vicious that murders are unknown among them. Thieving is almost equally rare, and what little is discovered is charged upon wicked visitors from other islands. Fighting and wife beating are the common misdemeanors, and, as in other countries, jealousy is the root of evil.

Above everything else in Santa Cruz towers the great cathedral, on its elevated knoll near the center of the city, one of the largest churches in all the Azores, capable of accommodating at least half the population of the island, and a conspicuous landmark far out at sea.

#### The Moorish Cathedral.

It is built entirely of black lava rock, in the Moorish style of architecture, with two tall towers and Saracenic domes and windows, and would be imposing, though dingy white in color, except that here and there great patches of white-wash have dropped off, leaving the original color of the stone in unsightly blotches. The façade is somewhat fantastically ornamented, after the Portuguese fashion, but the interior is plain, almost to nakedness.

Seven rows of massive square stone pillars, running the whole length of the building, support the broad arches of the roof, but the walls are damp and slimy with moisture, and weeds grow up in the deserted corners of the aisles. At some recent period the chancel and altar have been newly carved, and their freshness contrasts strangely with the moldy walls. Niches and altars are filled with rudely carved images of the saints, adorned with paper flowers, and surrounded with green boughs, but there is none of that profuse gilding, tinsel, and “ginger-bread work” commonly seen in Portuguese churches. Adjoining the main building is the sacristy, where the church treasures are kept, and for a small consideration the custodian will show you all the vestments, gold and silver utensils, banners, and accession day images.

Not far from this church, going through narrow lanes of squalid huts, thronged with lean pigs, cats, dogs, and naked children, you come to the most interesting structure on the island – the old convent of the Franciscan brotherhood, which, like the cathedral, was built a little more than three centuries ago.

#### Powerless Brotherhood.

Dom Pedro I, father of the last Emperor of Brazil, abolished convents throughout the Azores in the year 1834; but this old pile is still not without its usefulness. In former days strangers visiting these islands were accommodated in the convent, where rooms were set apart for them, and as long as they chose to remain they were treated as guests of the friars.

Now the dormitories are let to tenants, mainly a low class of natives, and cells and cloisters which once resounded to monkish Ave Marias are filled with filth and rubbish, while the history of its builders is rapidly becoming traditional.



The chapel belonging to it is a fine specimen of the renaissance-Italian style, as seen in colonial churches, its profuse ornamentations calculated to impress an ignorant populace. In the outskirts of the town, standing conveniently close to the roadside, is another popular Institution – the Foundling Hospital of the district of Santa Cruz. It is a small cottage, provided with a drum turning in a hole in the wall into which an infant may be put from the outside and secretly deposited in an inner room. A person sleeps in the cottage at night, to receive babies that may be left, and see that they are put out to nurse.

This is done at the expense of the municipal body, from a fund set aside for the purpose, and it is said that the number of waifs thus provided for is out of all proportion to the population of Flores. However, this national provision for unwelcome mites of humanity has one good result, viz., that infanticide is unknown in the Azores.

#### Beauty of the People.

The people of Flores are famous for their good looks, and many of the younger women have a piquant style of beauty that is really very attractive. While the upper class dress about in the English or American style, the middle and lower classes have a distinct fashion of their own.

Both sexes of all ages go barefooted, and when attending mass they carry their shoes in their hands (those who can afford such luxuries), and put them on at the church door. The women generally wear a handkerchief, white or colored, silk or cotton, over their heads, and tied tightly under their chins, a shawl or cloak over the shoulders, substituted in many instances for a double skirt of English calico or home-made woolen stuff, dark blue in color, with a checkered or striped band around the bottom, and a binding of the same on the placket hole, the skirt being so disposed that the placket hole comes outside, between the shoulders,

The men of Flores may be divided into two classes – these who wear boots and those who do not. The barefooted gentry show the best taste in the matter of colors, according to our ideas. They wear jackets of dark woolen and trousers of white linen or chocolate-hued linsey-woolsey, with parti-colored conical hats of knitted cotton or wool, or *carapuças* of the same color as their jackets. The materials for these garments are all of island manufacture. Those a little higher up in the social realm do not encourage home industries to so great an extent, but procure their hats (straw) from the United States and their dress materials from England.

### Cheap Finery.

Having a taste for finery, many of them sport jackets of the brightest cotton prints that Manchester can make. That is, they are bright and jaunty in their first state, but hot suns and frequent washings soon fade them, and starch seems to be an unknown commodity in Flores, or else the sea damp takes it out of everything; at any rate, the calico coats speedily take on dejected airs, and hang about the shoulders of the Azorean dandies as limply as half-wrung dishrags. Most of the middle-aged men have been whalers, and can speak a little English; and everybody you meet lifts his hat (if he wears one), or bows politely, and expects you in return to compliment. Another very noticeable thing in Flores is the ox carts, that creak noisily through the streets of the capital, and waken the echoes in the hills as they roll off countryward. They are of the same construction as those used in the interior of Portugal – probably the very same as those of Cervantes' time, when that author likened some "terrible noise" he was describing in the story of Don Quixote's adventures to that caused by the ponderous wheels of a cart. I thought I had seen queer vehicles in other parts of the world, but certainly these bear off the palm. They consist of an oblong slab of wood, which ends in a pole, supported upon two huge wheels, revolving with the axle in a wooden socket, like a child's toy; the whole concern surmounted by a wicker basket, shaped not unlike the body of a Roman chariot. The wheels are solid chunks, chipped out in more or less circular form, and the axle is of chestnut wood, especially selected for its squeaking properties. The din they keep up is modulated between a shriek of dire distress and a dying groan, but it is music in the peasants' ears on the lonely roads, and each cart man boasts of the particular tune creaked by his own vehicle. It is warranted to keep off spooks and bogies (and no wonder!), and, like the railway engineer's whistle, it serves to notify wife and sweetheart of his coming. The cattle also become accustomed to this doleful accompaniment, and will no more work without it than a tow-path mule missing the lurid language to which he is accustomed.

### 3. AMONG THE AZORES

Flores Island and Villages Seen from the Sea.

#### CLIMATE AND PRODUCTS

City of Horta, Its Harbor and Surroundings.

Lupine, Growing Luxuriantly, One of the Most Valuable Crops.

Horta, Fayal Island, Sept. 5. – Special Correspondence. – If time and weather permit you will find it pleasant to take a row around Flores Island, before sailing away to other parts of the archipelago. Generally speaking, you need not be afraid to trust your life anywhere an Azorean boatman will take you, for they are the most cautious and timid of creatures, so far as going to sea is concerned. And, indeed, there is a reason for the excessive timidity which sometimes seems to border on the ludicrous, in the uncertain seas that environ their little world. They may start off on a fine day, with a fair wind, to make the shortest cruise, and the weather suddenly becomes so tempestuous that they lose sight of the island altogether, and are blown to sea and perish; or their boats are pounded to pieces on the rocks. In this way two boats and their crews were lost only a few weeks ago, in going the six miles between Santa Cruz and the next town, on the same side of the island. But you forget these bugaboos when bounding over the long swells of the mid-Atlantic in a good stout wherry, with the sun shining and the wind just strong enough to white-cap every wave, and perhaps a spice of possible danger ahead adds zest to the enjoyment.

#### The Face of the Deep.

It is hard to tell which is bluest, the sky above, or the sea below; except in streaks, where white clouds skurrying over give to the mighty deep that ender tint of blue sometimes seen in a child's eye. Should it "come on the blow," as the sailors say, a few minutes would make a vast difference in this treacherous tranquility. It is not uncommon to cross from Flores to Corvo on a balmy morning, intending to return in an hour or two, and be detained there several weeks before it is possible to come back over the boisterous ten-mile channel between the two islands, and in winter the boats seldom venture out at all.

Although the entire population of Flores Island is less than 13,000, it contains several villages besides Santa Cruz, most of them along the coast. Lagens is the nearest town, and between it and the capital you see a little river hurrying

to the ocean (the Ribeira Cruz), and long stretches of stunted cedar trees – a species of timber so plentiful in Flores, that it not only furnishes the people with fuel, but is shipped to the other islands for boat-building purposes. Flores is semi-circular in form, almost entirely walled by high cliffs, indented with numerous small bays, and nearly every bay has its hamlet along-shore. At Largens there are many proofs of the inhospitable character of the coast in the remains of wrecks strewn all about. Here piles of spars and heaps of beams and bulwarks tells melancholy tales of disaster; there the smart, green panels and black-arched roof of some unfortunate ship's "companion" have been joined to the dark walls and dingy thatch of a native house. Planks, seasoned by long cruises in many seas, serve as cottage doors, and on them some letters of the name of the ship from which they came may be traced.

#### Waifs and Strays.

Among them we made out the "Nancy Jane, Nantucket," and "The Plymouth, Baltimore." Largens, entirely uninteresting in itself, is surrounded by fields, divided checkerboard fashion by stone walls, in which women were working, with their clumsy, short-handled hoes. Fajen Grande is also built near the water's edge, with high, dark cliffs behind it. The streets are bordered with loose walls, of black lava stone, behind which are cottages of the same gloomy color, thatched or tiled, with occasionally a more pretentious two-storied mansion of weather-beaten white, standing close to the street, without wall or yard in front. We found the stony lanes between these walls (too narrow to be called streets), abounding in pigs, poultry, and half-naked children; while groups of peasants in their calico jackets and scarlet petticoats gave color to the scene, and a touch of picturesqueness was added by some field-laborers dragging a huge wooden plow between them, and a wicker-top oxcart, with solid chunks of wood for wheels, creaking slowly through the village. Wherever the cliffs that environ Fajen Grande are not too nearly perpendicular small ledges have been cut out and planted with corn, flax, potatoes, cabbages, and onions. These rise in steps, to such a height that the upper ones look green lines dividing the layers of lava that show through their edges. The lava strips are bare, except where cushions of moss and lichens have given them soft tints of gray, or ferns and long grasses lean over.

#### A Natural Curiosity.

A little way back in the valley stands one of the natural curiosities of the island – a huge, isolated cone-shaped mass of black lava, several hundred feet high,

rising like a nude cairn or pillar. There is no more accounting for how it came there than for the flies in amber. It is too large to have been carried down by a flood, and much too heavy for any force to have blown it through the air and planted it "right end up with care."

Perhaps some sportive volcano shot it up from the depths of the earth like a rocket, and down it came into this green hollow of the hills with force enough to plant it forever. The sides of this valley, like all of them in Flores, are dark with cedars, and lower down are corn fields and orange groves; and, by the way, the oranges of this island, though small, are among the very best in the world.

The next village rejoices under the odd name of Fajemsinho, and all the way between it and Fajen Grande are precipitous mountains, covered with heath and masses of columnar rock, interspersed with cultivated fields in every canyon or hollow.

Fajemsinho would not be worthy of notice as a village, were it not connected with some of the finest scenery of the Azores. It occupies the level floor of a magnificent amphitheater of cliffs, facing the open air, surrounded on three sides by vineyards, orange groves, and fields of wheat and corn.

#### The Weary Way.

To get to these fields, you have to cross the cliffs by a steep, zigzag path cut in the face of them, more fit for goats to traverse than for human beings. Yet the only road to Ponta Delgada, a considerable inland village, lies that way, and by it the inhabitants of Fajemsinho must go every day to and from their field labors.

We climbed a little way up, and were well rewarded by the backward view. The afternoon shone up the mouth of the gorge with a soft, yellow light, illuminating one side and throwing the other into shadow. It glittered on a silvery waterfall which tumbled over the edge of a nearby precipice to the surf far below and turned to burnished gold the whole broad expanse of sea in front. Clouds of vapor above the cascade wavered to and fro in the breeze like incense from a swinging censer, and over all towered the hazy cliffs in their three fold semi-circle, diversified in color to every shade of brown, green, and gray, bright red in places, with bands of shining ebony wherever the lava ledges, protruding through the soil, were wet by streams of waterfalls.

While toiling up this stony way, which seemed more like the ruined stairs of an ancient abbey than a path, grasping the heather on the inner side for greater

safety and ramming our improvised alpenstocks down hard between the rocks, to prevent a slip, which would have dropped us into the surf roaring at the foot of the precipice, we were astonished to see both men and women come tripping down it, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, as lightly and as securely as we run up and down stairs at home.

Of course, their careless confidence comes from having been always used to it, and we noticed that their bare feet seemed to grasp every stone they stood upon, much as a bird's claw grasps a bough.

We met a Fajemsinho girl with a great bundle of wood on her head. Poising herself for one moment on a single stone to let us pass, she acknowledged our salutation with a smiling "Boa tarde" (good afternoon). Then, gathering up her red petticoat in one hand and steadying the fagots with the other, she bounded down the mountain side with steps as fearless and graceful as ours were the reverse.

Speaking of Azorean agriculture – though these volcanic islands, all rugged, lofty, and precipitous, present such an unpromising appearance from the sea – a closer inspection reveals luxuriant vegetation, rich pastures, and beautiful woods. The climate, though humid, is delightful, and, combined with the natural fertility of the soil, brings every sort of vegetable product to the utmost perfection.

Sugar cane, coffee, and tobacco grow luxuriantly on some of the islands, besides the vineyards and groves of orange and lemon trees. There is no doubt that fruits and plants of all kinds, from all countries, could be cultivated here with greater success than in most other parts of the world, but, unfortunately, the natives have neither the energy nor intelligence to turn the natural advantages of their position to the best account.

#### Crude Methods of Farming.

Their implements are of the rudest kind. In sowing they throw the seed about at random, calculating on the bounty of nature for a rich return, and they are never disappointed.

Altogether, the islands produce annually upward of 17,000 pipes of wine and about 160,000 boxes of oranges and lemons – which are mostly sent to England, the United States, Hamburg, and Brazil.

They also export considerable salted pork and beef to Madeira and Portugal, and a great deal of coarse linen made from home-grown flax. One of their most valuable productions is lupine, which here grows to extraordinary size, and is raised in great quantities.

The farinaceous seeds of it, after being soaked in sea water to get rid of their bitter taste, are a favorite article of food among the poorer classes; the green leaves are excellent fodder for the cattle; the dry stalks are used for firewood, and the rest is plowed under for fertilizer.

They say that the most dry and sandy soil, if "greenmanured" with lupine, is rendered fit for any crop. This is the very same "corn-field weed," you know, which has been cultivated from time immemorial in Southern Europe and parts of Asia; the same which was the favorite "pulse" of the ancient Greeks and Romans; which the Athenians used to counteract the effect of drink, and Horace mentions as being used [as] money on the stage. Cato, Virgil, and Pliny refer to it, and 400 years ago Gerard wrote: "There be divers sorts of flat beans called lupine, some of the garden, and others wilde." It is yet extensively cultivated in many parts of the world, especially in Egypt and the Mediterranean countries, for food, forage, and a fertilizer.

#### Lupine of Many Varieties.

There are over eighty species of the shrubby tribe Getistene, of the order Leguminosae – all with flowers of pea-like form, blue, white, purple, or yellow, in long, terminal spikes, and with flat seeds bitter as gall until the flavor has been somewhat taken out of them. One variety, that with the blue flowers (lupine tremis, I believe), grows wild in our own country, in sandy places, from Canada to Florida; and we sometimes cultivate another species in our gardens, those with beautiful pink, white, or yellow flowers, though unaware of their very ancient and honorable family.

The range of the thermometer in the Azores is from 45 degrees Fahr., the lowest known extreme, or 48 degrees, the ordinary extreme of January, to 86 degrees, the highest known extreme of July near the level of the sea. But though the climate is so temperate and equable, the extremes of sensible heat and cold are greatly increased by the dampness of the atmosphere, which is so great that paper hangings will not adhere to the walls and the veneering of furniture soon slips off.

The island of Fayal comes next in due course, sailing southwest from Flores 114 miles. It is, perhaps, the most frequented of all the Azores, after St. Michael, as it has one of the best harbors in the archipelago and lies directly in the path of vessels crossing the Atlantic.

### Place of Sanctuary.

At any rate it has long been famous to America, and doubtless in Europe also, as the old-time paradise of absconding bank cashiers and swindlers of all sorts and conditions, who found it advisable to retire for a time from the public gaze.

The island got its singular name from a green shrub, the faya, which carpets all its valleys and clothes its mountains from top to bottom. Seen from afar, it is one immense conical mountain, rising to the clouds and bearing every trace of comparatively recent volcanic formation.

Its chief town, Villa da Horta, lies at the southwestern extremity, on a broad, deep, semi-circular bay, which is protected by two bold promontories, that form the horns of the crescent. Besides its own headlands, Monte da Quia and Espalamaca, facing each other like watchful sentinels, the harbor of Horta is somewhat sheltered by the long island of Sao Jorge to the northward, while only four miles away the magnificent volcano of Pico lifts its broad shoulders as an efficient breakwater to the southeastern gales.

Just north of Monte da Guia, the southwest headland, stands Monte Quemada, or Burnt Mountain, with its curiously colored red and brown cliffs and base of blackened slag, and cultivated terraces, like ancient battlements. It juts sharply into the sea, and on the reef extending from it is an uncompleted breakwater.

### A Dream of Beauty.

Among the patches of grain and corn and vineland, separated by tall hedges of cane, which crown the heights and terrace their sides, you see the remains of ancient fortifications and two or three old castles, all fallen to decay. The first view of the harbor and city flashes upon the traveler like a dream of beauty. Villa da Horta occupies the entire shore of the bay, and clings to the steep sides of the hill that rises abruptly from the water's edge – the quaint monotony of its one story, whitewashed buildings, with dingy red roofs, all apparently precisely alike, rising one above another, relieved by the bright green of orange groves and gardens, over which scores of windmills swing their lusty arms as if challenging any number of Azorean Don Quixotes to mortal combat. The principal street of the city follows the curve of the bay, all the way from Monte Quemada to Espalanaca, the two horns of the crescent, and is protected from the encroachments of the sea by a high, thick, parapeted wall of masonry. In front of this the ocean waves lapse gently upon a beach of glittering black



sand. In the suburbs villas peer out from embowering foliage, and behind all, the smooth topped hills trend gradually toward the center of the island, until they are lost amid the clouds that encircle their summits.

#### 4. AMONG THE AZORES [2]

Life in Fayal and Its Chief City, Horta.

##### SOME ISLAND ODDITIES

Old Fort San Juan and Its Bits of History.

Quaint Place and Quaint People – A Gala Day – Irving's Alhambra Recalled.

Horta, Fayal, Sept. 9. – Special Correspondence. – Although the Azores have remained in Portuguese possession since the day of their discovery – except during the short and almost forgotten period of Spanish dominion – this island which we call Fayal is named in all the old European geographies *A Ilha dos Flamengos*, the Flemish Island. It came about in this way:

Away back in the fifteenth century when Portugal occupied a much higher position among the nations of the earth than at present and could afford to give away territories as large as any she now retains, King Duarte presented this archipelago to his brother, Prince Henry. At that time England was getting copiously drenched in the blood of the Roses, under the reign of Henry VI, or rather of his more spirited spouse, Queen Margaret. It happened that King Duarte's sister had married the Count of Flanders and Duke of Burgundy, and she induced Prince Henry to send out as colonists to the Azores a great many Flemings who sought her protection from the persecutions then devastating the Low Countries. All trace of Flemish speech has long since vanished from the islands and none of their inhabitants now make any special claim of Spanish descent, but there still remain numerous indications of the time when the bulk of the population came from distant Flanders.

The capital of this island got its name, Horta, from Huerta, its Flemish founder, and a lovely village a few miles inland is known to this day as *O Valle dos Flamengos* – the Valley of Flemings – because it was originally settled by those exiles.

### A Gala Day.

We arrived in the harbor of Horta on a Sunday morning, the gala day of the week in these good Catholic countries, and this is what we saw:

The few vessels riding at anchor in the roadstead tricked out in festive bunting flying from gaff and masthead; all manner of smaller sailing crafts known to Mediterranean waters darting about the bay and across the Pico channel; boatmen rushing frantically up and down the beach after the manner of their kind, assisting the launching of their wherries by a world of clamor and gesticulation; the long, straggling city following the semi-circular sweep of the bay from headland to headland and climbing-on terraces up the hillside, its quaint, one-story houses, painted glaringly white with red tiled roofs, resembling the Swiss toy villages of our childhood; above, tier upon tier of ridges with misty hollows in them, gradually narrowing and fading into the softened outlines of the central mountains, the sky, that of Italy, the sea with azure tints that hint of bloom. About midway in the half-moon shaped beach a small wharf built upon the solid rock juts forth from under the frowning ramparts of a fort where sentinels pace to and fro under the blue and white flag of Portugal. As we went up the slippery steps of the wave-washed granite quay the reveille, sounding from the fort, was answered by the blare of trumpets from the garrison on the hilltop and the resonant clangor of the cathedral bell. The high, substantial stone wall, built along the whole city front, just above the beach of glittering black sand, is a much needed bulwark, for there is only one narrow street between it and the first line of houses.

### Quaint, Strong, Old-Fashioned.

Day and night the surf thunders against this protecting sea wall with a violence that makes the earth tremble. At high tide the billows roll nearly to the top of the wall, and in severe storms they often break across it, plunging in immense volumes into the fort and over the roofs of the adjoining buildings that quiver and shake before them like reeds in the wind. Both walls and buildings have been many times crushed like an egg shell by the force of the waves, in winter gales, when the harbor becomes a broken waste of foam and the granite quay is completely buried from sight. Then all the smaller craft in the bay are swamped, vessels drag their anchors and drift upon the rocks or the beach, and it is impossible to pass through the main street of the city without being thoroughly drenched.

On the wharf was a chattering multitude, all in their "Sunday best," though the majority, both men and women, were barefooted or wore wooden shoes. There were voluble officials, trimly uniformed soldiers, peasants with produce to sell, beggars in variegated rags, and be vies of giggling *senhoritas*; the latter in every case convoyed by vigilant duennas who kept a sharp eye for flirtatious sons of Mars.

Most of the men wore gay woolen caps, like those of the Neapolitan fishermen, the pointed top tasseled and hanging over the side; their shirts and trousers of white linen, and a short jacket of dark woolen stuff carelessly thrown over one shoulder.

#### Costumes of the Women.

All the women were bonnetless, with red, blue, or yellow cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads. They wore white "short-gowns" and very full skirts of dark blue or red calico, and some peered out from the placket holes of coarse linen petticoats thrown over the head and shoulders. Others were entirely enveloped in capotes, or hooded cloaks, of dark blue cloth – that strange garment which Azorean ladies wear on all occasions – both winter and summer. The cloak part is simply an enormous circle, extending to the ankles, and the hood, of astonishing dimensions, is so stiffened with whalebone and buckram that it looks like a chaise-top. A capote costs from \$30 to \$60 and is the chief article in the trousseau of a well-to-do Fayalese bride. Like the Mexican rebosa and the old-fashioned waterproofs we used to wear it hides a multitude of shortcomings in other details of the toilet.

All that can be seen of a woman inside of one is her hands and a pair of black eyes, glistening as if it were in the depths of a coal hod. The wearer holds the two sides of the hood together in such a way as to hide her own face, while she gives herself ample opportunity to peer out upon everything in range, and especially to study the (to her) outlandish costumes of las Americanas. As you may imagine, nothing can be funnier than the side view of two capotes gossiping together on the street.

#### Streets Genial and Straggling.

The Rua de São Francisco, Horta's principal thoroughfare, extends the whole length of the city in a straggling, genial sort of way, inviting fellowship from all manner of lazy waterside folk and scenes alongshore, and from the far prettier and more interesting thoroughfares that come down from the mountains

past orange groves and vineyards, and garden-embowered villas. It monopolizes all the business of Horta, all the stores and principal residences and public buildings, the cathedral and churches and barracks. At intervals it widens out into large well-paved squares and tiny parks, where beggars and fleas “most do congregate.”

In every square is a public well, where water carriers loiter, and picturesque groups of women, dropping their odd horn cups and filling their churn-like casks, are coming and going, with much laughter and gossip, the whole day long.

Architecturally, the city is vastly more quaint than beautiful. Street facades present the queerest of styles and studies. Some of them are veneered with porcelain tiles called *azulejos* (literally translated, “blue-eyes”) and the names of the streets are also lettered in the same blue and white ware, set into the walls. The shops are mere windowless store-houses with blank outer walls, but each with two or three enormous doors which stand wide open by day but are barred at night as if for a siege. Dwellings are built above the shops, with small balconies projecting over the street.

#### Balconies Are Universal.

Balconies in the Azores are as universal as in Havana, Lisbon, or Madrid. Some project from supports of carved stone, others rest with airy insecurity upon fancifully wrought timbers, and others show the daintiest patterns into which brass and iron can be wrought. All are latticed, and in this lattice work are queer little slides and grates – peep holes – behind which many a Juliet watches her Romeo’s coming. In passing you get glimpses of lovely roguish faces (the lovelier because half concealed), and receive coquettish smiles and sly salutes with fans and finger tips. It is considered highly improper for a Fayal maiden of the better class to so much as glance at a man in the street, and should you venture to call upon her, though with a string of introductions a yard long, the social heavens mould surely fall; but local custom gives them the blessed privilege of flirting with any stranger who happens to come along, from the safe and lofty vantage ground of their balconied alcobas.

Evidently that rare jewel, consistency, does not abound even in these “Western islands.” The houses are built in continuous blocks close up to the sidewalks, the lower floor being on a level with it. Each has a courtyard or *sagão*, as the Portuguese call it, equivalent to the patio of the Spaniards. In the better houses they are paved in patterns, with gray and white pebbles, with dados of bright-

colored tiles having a beautiful Oriental effect. These glazed tiles, by the way, are an interesting relic of the Moslem occupation of the Iberian peninsula.

#### Irving's Alhambra Recalled.

Irving, writing about the Alhambra, says of them: "Some are still to be seen among the Moorish ruins, which have been there upward of eight centuries." When the Spaniard invaded the Netherlands the tiles went with them – white porcelain, with geometric figures of blue, brown, green, or yellow – and their cleanliness made them acceptable to the Dutch. In colonial days our forefathers brought them to New England, where we know them as Dutch tiles, but they are still Moslem, and Dutch only by adoption. These of the Azores are mostly made in Oporto, and there are many other manufactories in Spain and Portugal. It was the late Mrs. Harrison's dream to have the White House kitchens floored and ceiled with neat "Dutch tiles," but her ambition was not realized.

To return to our Fayal *sagão*. A long flight of wooden stairs leads up to the dwelling part of the *casa*, and usually a bell rope hangs beside the door on the landing. Nobody pays any attention, to the bell, however, which seems to have been put there mainly for ornament – the proper way, from the Azorean standpoint, being to announce your arrival by clapping your hands, as they did in the "Arabian Nights," you remember. The great double doors of the *sagão* are painted green, blue, or yellow, and have clumsy iron hinges, latches, locks, and knockers that would delight an antiquary, and the lintels and casements of hewn stone are painted in colors to match the doors, while the walls are dead white. There are two good inns, in both of which the English language is spoken – the Hotel Central and the Hotel Fayal.

#### Azorean Hotels.

The fixed price in all the Azorean hotels is 1.150 reis a day – a large sum, you think at first sight of the figures, but it is only \$1.19 American money for fare fully equal to that for which our hotels charge \$3 per day. The floors are bare, but frequently washed, the beds a trifle hard, but always clean, and the attendance good enough – after you get used to going out on the balcony and clapping your hands while shouting "Ho Jose!" exactly as Don Quixote summoned Sancho Panza. The Hotel Fayal has the advantage of being nearest the landing and of having a very large garden surrounded by high walls, its broad avenues lined with trees under which are rustic seats, orange groves,

and banana walks and smaller fruits in abundance, such as guavas, *nespras*, figs, pomegranates, etc. Here are flowers, too, in wild profusion the whole year round, exhaling delightful perfume, while the little olive-colored canaries fill the air with song.

There are long hedges of camellias and bowers covered with passion flowers, acacias rosy with bloom, stephanotis, ipomoeas – and such roses! They grow on trees many feet high, and one single Cherokee or Banksia rose bush entirely covers one of the walls for the length of thirty feet. Like all the other gardens of the island this is inclosed by walls of lava stone sixteen feet high and three feet thick. Tall mimosa trees guard the entrance, flanked by palms and immense ferns. Ivies and flowering creepers fairly run riot, and the broad avenues are shaded by incense trees, the leaves of which are aromatic and the nuts are burned as incense in the churches.

#### Charming Invalid's Retreat.

In this charming place an invalid or a wearied traveler may swing her hammock and indulge in all-day siestas, and every night be lulled to sleep by the music of old ocean's grandest symphonies.

Directly opposite Hotel Fayal stands the old Fort San Juan, where the famous cannon "Long Tom" is mounted. It is the forty-two-pounder pivot gun which belonged to the privateer, General Armstrong, in the war of 1812. Right here the Armstrong was blown up and for many years her wreck lay on the beach before the castle of San Juan. The defense of this vessel on Sept. 26, 1814, is one of the most gallant exploits in the history of American naval warfare. Captain Reid and his officers were at a ball on shore when it was reported that a British fleet was off the port. He hurried on board and moved his ship under protection of Port San Juan. Though he had only seven guns and ninety men he repulsed three attacks of flotillas sent in by the British squadron, destroying many boats and inflicting on the enemy a loss of 300 men. Finding that he must eventually be overpowered Captain Reid caused the muzzle of "Long Tom" to be pointed into the hold and fired, thus scuttling the ship, when he escaped with his crew to shore. Long afterward the "Long Tom" was fished up and mounted in the fort, where patriotism impels at least every American comer to make it a visit. There is nothing else very warlike about the old castle. It contains a few rusty guns and pyramids of cannon balls and a squad of soldiers, whose principal occupation seems to be the peaceful one of playing cards.

## 5. AZORE ISLAND LIFE

Pictures of the Peasantry of Fayal and Pico.

ORIENTAL AND ODD

White-Winged Wherries and Scenes About Horta.

Some Queer Street Names – A Delicate Operation –  
Religious and Educational.

Horta, Fayal Island, Sept. 15. – Special Correspondence. – The Azoreans, like the peasantry of Southern Europe, are very early risers. Long before the sun has climbed the hills that environ Horta, you are awakened by a strange, insistent clatter – “the sound of the wooden shoon” beating a tattoo upon the pavements, mingled with the softer patter of donkeys’ unshod feet and the light-hearted chatter of many people wending their way to market, to labor in the fields, to the orange gardens for fruit, or to the upper heights for firewood. Presently the church bells begin their clangor, the reveille sounds from the barracks, and guns from the San Juan fort are answered by prolonged echoes and bugle blasts from other fortifications.

By that time the drowsy god is effectually put to flight and you conclude that it is well to turn out into the streets with the rest of this little island-world. The proper thing to do – after the mug of chocolate and crusty roll that precedes breakfast by several hours – is to stroll down to the shore just before sunrise and see the boats come in from Pico, the sugar-loaf island across the bay, which, having no harbor or anchorage of its own, serves as a tributary to Fayal.

Taking his morning bath in the clouds, Pico gives no hint of his 11,000 feet crater cone. Rising in symmetrical proportions, its top is perpetually veiled in mist, while half a mile from its surf-washed base the sea is unfathomable. But on its edge you see a narrow line of white houses, and further up gardens and fig trees, vineyards and groves of oranges and apricots. Screaming gulls desert their resting places on the rocks near the coast and swim about in the water, joined by innumerable sea birds, and the little brown canaries that fly away to Pico at every nightfall, flit overhead in countless numbers on their way back to the fields of Fayal.

### Picturesque Pico Figures.

Fleets of Pico ferry boats – large, open wherries, each carrying two lateen sails, looking in the distance like other flocks of white-winged birds – come skimming across the bay, laden to the gunwale with peasants and their produce, on their way to the Fayal market. Arrived on this side of the boisterous channel, the boats are run up on the sandy beach, or moored alongside the quay, to be unloaded.

Then the barefooted, wooden-shod, or sandaled men and women hoist boxes, baskets, and bundles on their heads, and trudge away up the middle of the street, erect, careless, and chattering like magpies, no matter how heavy their burden. Many of them are bowed beneath loads of wood that would stagger a horse, the bundle bound around with an iron hoop, like an overgrown cart-wheel; and besides this burden resting on the head and shoulders a basket of something in each hand.

A few of the men are dressed entirely in dark red, with rude cow-hide sandals on their feet, evidently of their own manufacture, knotted at the toe, and with the hair left on. The Pico peasants, we are told, used to wear red altogether, and have fashions of their own, distinctive from those of the other islanders; but of late years, since so many foreigners visit these parts, the fear of ridicule has caused most of them to discard the costume of their fathers, or to keep away from Horta. Now few but the older people, too old and dignified to bother with the vagaries of fashion, appear in red from top to toe.

One of the most picturesque figures I ever saw was an aged citizen of Pico, with long, gray hair and beard, dressed in a short jacket of red linsey-woolsey, waist coat, and knee breeches of the same, red gaiters buttoned over sandaled feet, and a knitted cap of red wool, the tassel on the pointed end dangling at one side among his wind-blown snowy locks.

### A Favorite Walk in Fayal.

Another favorite morning walk is to Porto Pim, an excellent little haven adjoining the main port – or, rather, it would be excellent were there no westerly gales, to the full sweep of which it is exposed.

It lies just around the corner of the headland called Monte da Guia, the base of which is connected with Monte Quemada by a high beach of glittering black sand. The opening between these two peaks makes a suburb setting for the



huge volcano beyond, which has many times shaken up the island, Da Praya de Norte, the crater of which is said to be 1,800 feet deep.

The town on the side toward Porto Pim is walled by an ancient Spanish fortification, erected, centuries ago, as a defense against the descents of corsairs, and is entered by a medieval gateway. Beyond the gateway windmills swing their mighty arms, tents are pitched along the shore for bathers, and naked children frolic among the bleaching timbers of stranded wrecks, upon which nets have been spread to dry. Fishermen saunter up from their boats, carrying queerly woven baskets of fish, that show all the colors of the rainbow, red predominating, and women plod toward, with huge bundles of cane stalks on their heads, or casks full of water, on the surface of which sprigs of green are floating, to prevent spilling.

One never tires of the street scenes of Horta – ever changing, always picturesque.

The streets themselves, like those of the other islands, are very narrow, and are paved with oblong blocks of stone. Some of them have sidewalks, generally not wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, and others have only one row of wider stones down the middle of the road, for pedestrians.

In the nomenclature of these streets (or “ruas,” in local parlance) honors are about evenly divided between the saints and human heroes, as, for example, Jesus Christ street, Rua de Cônsul Dabney, Rua de San Pedro, Rua de Conde de Santa Anna, Conception street, Compassion street, Crucifixion street, etc., all lettered in blue and white tiles on the corner houses. Only the Alameda de Gloria – a short, wide street, which would anywhere else be called a “place” – is bordered with trees, the rest being too narrow; and the glare of the sun on the unshaded white walls is so trying to the eyes that men, as well as women, carry sun umbrellas.

#### Pictures of the Peasants.

The market place, a square, paved inclosure with a well in the center, has a few trees around the edges, and is always crowded with brown, pleasant-faced people – elderly, sun-burned women with white or red handkerchiefs on their heads, and on top of the handkerchief a round straw hat; capot-hidden women a few pegs higher in the social scale, city servants with their endless castanet-like clinking of wooden shoes; grim men from the farthest upland wilds of Pico – tall, lank, grave, and austere, their sack-like garments hanging limp to the primmest of knee breeches, which lead to stockings of wonderful

colors and feet covered with rawhide sandals to which the hair still clings, fastened across the toes with rawhide thongs, precisely like the pampootas, the earliest foot-covering known to man; wasp-waisted military attaches in green-trimmed brown, buff, and blue uniforms and little caps set jauntily on the back of their heads; solemn, bay-windowed padres; beggars with smiling faces, as cheerful over rebuff as reward – all so tinged with the Oriental that you can hardly believe yourself only 2,000 miles away from America, while at least two centuries behind the progress of the country.

Here comes a Fayal gardener with his basket of cucumbers covered with fresh green ferns, carried on the back of his neck supported by a pole over the right shoulder. Behind him trots a woman with a flaring black basket on her head, piled high with red and yellow apricots.

Another has a gigantic wooden platter full of fluffy white ducks, their broad yellow bills resting on the rim.

Immense melon-shaped squashes are carefully poised on the heads of others, and on top of the squash is, perhaps, a cabbage leaf containing a pat of butter, a few fresh eggs, or some other marketable commodity.

Most of these women are bodiced, and all are short-skirted, with bare feet and legs. Thick, goiter-like necks are universal among this class – due, no doubt, to the constant habit of carrying heavy weights on the head.

#### Oriental and Ancient.

The round hats that top the handkerchiefs when there is no burden to be carried are fastened under the wearer's chin by knotted cords; and when the hats do not stay on securely by reasons of sportive breezes, the woman picks up a stone of suitable size, places it upon the crown of the hat and pursues her way in serene content.

Here comes the milkman, bearing a crooked pole across his shoulders, from which depend wooden buckets and pottery measures.

The poulterer also has a pole on his shoulders, from which live fowls are suspended by the legs.

Meek-eyed donkeys file by, singly or in twos or fours, carrying between them a huge box or hogshead swinging from great beams whose ends rest upon their backs, their slim legs twisting and turning beneath them as they trot along. Other donkeys are so completely hidden under towering loads of furze, bushwood, straw, or cornstalks that only the tips of their noses and the ends of their tails are visible.

“Ande!” “Ande!” (go along) shout their drivers, prodding the patient little creatures continually with long, iron-pointed spikes.

There goes a *haciendado* from the rural districts with his creaking cart drawn by an ox and a cow yoked together; or maybe it is an ox and a mule, or a cow and a pony.

But always the cart is of the same Azorean pattern, made of one piece of wood, with a wicker-basket body and wheels of solid wood, which revolve slowly on the heavy axle with terrific groans and moans so dear to the heart of the Fayalese peasant.

Observe a group of women at a public well. Their tall wooden casks, shaped like old-fashioned churns, and holding six or seven gallons, stand on the stone curb. One by one the women throw the bucket down into the fern-draped well, dip it into the water, then haul it up hand over hand, full and dripping, and pour it into their casks. When the vessels are all full, each rolls up a little pad and places it on top of her head, and is assisted by her neighbor to hoist the heavy cask upon it. We wonder how the last woman is going to manage her bucket.

#### A Delicate Operation.

The problem is soon solved; two companions already laden, stoop their bodies, but with heads held stiffly erect, and without spilling a drop from their own casks, dexterously lift the last one to its place, and away they all trot together, bright and cheerful, chattering like magpies, without ever raising a hand to steady their burden.

The public garden, in the northwest suburb, is small but prettily laid out, full of flowers both winter and summer, with pathways winding around a green monticule in the center, on the summit of which is an octagon-house for the shelter of visitors. This is the site of the first church built on the island – that of St. John’s, with a nunnery attached, which was destroyed by lightning many years ago. Nothing now remains of the old pile except a square tower on the west side, of the wall, which is apparently upheld and preserved by its mantle of creepers.

The most conspicuous building in Horta is the old Jesuit Convent and College, with a church in the center. The college and convent are now used for offices by the civil government, and are simply lofty buildings forming the wings of a church.

All the convents are now used for benevolent or useful purposes, for the nuns and monks were expelled and religious communities suppressed by Dom

Pedro IV, about sixty years ago. At that time there were forty-five convents of nuns and monks in the archipelago, with upward of 11,000 inmates. The majority of these remained recipients of government pensions during their lives – a heavy tax on a small community with limited resources, but nevertheless a just one. They were finally reduced to an abbess and one sister, who lingered to great age, supported on the former nunnery of St. Anthony, and both died about two years ago.

#### Religious and Educational.

The churches are all Moorish in architecture, with pretentious facades, three or four stories high, flanked by square towers, surmounted by Saracenic domes. The interiors are bare and lofty, with two rows of massive pillars supporting the roof, and many altars tawdry with gilding and artificial flowers.

Some of the shrines are decorated with great bows and rosettes made of cheap American neckties; others are decked with cotton laces, poor tapestry, and tinsel and gewgaws. The floor of one of the churches on a Sunday morning looks like a gay flower garden, with its crowds of kneeling women, with bright-hued handkerchiefs on the heads.

Rockets sent up from the church steps form part of the regular service, and bells are rung on week days almost as continuously as on Sundays.

The Carmelite church and convent, which stands upon a prominent hill, is now used as barracks for the soldiers of the garrison.

The old Franciscan convent, connected with another spacious and profusely ornamented church, has been turned into a hospital.

The small convent of the order of St. Anthony has become an asylum for destitute girls between the ages of 8 and 16 years, where they are taught a little reading, writing, and embroidery, and a good deal about sewing, cooking, and domestic economy. When their education is considered complete, they are taken into service by respectable families, who are placed under judicial obligations to treat them kindly. The government furnishes the building only for the worthy institution, and private charities support it.

## 6. AMONG THE AZOREANS

Pleasure Seeking in Pico, the Heart of the Islands.

### ODD MOUNTAIN STUDY

Splendid Grapes Growing Among Bare Lava Stones.

Typical Archipelago Vineyards – Magdalena's Quaint Burg –  
Beautiful Women.

Horta, Fayal Island. Sept. 27. – Special Correspondence. – Notwithstanding Horta's many attractions the stranger within its gates cannot be contented until he has crossed the five-mile channel to Pico – the mountain island whose huge bulk towering directly in front of the port, is visible from every part of Fayal. Its volcanic cone, tapering upward to a height of nearly 8,000 feet and as beautifully shaped as if chiseled by art, surrounded at its base by innumerable smaller craters, is the central point in the Azorean archipelago, visible so many miles out on the broad Atlantic that it has even been proposed as a first meridian of longitude. Viewed from a distance, it looks like a great black column rising straight out of the sea.

From the hills behind Horta, with clouds intervening, it seems of incalculable height and size, while down at the water's edge it appears like a mighty precipice looming directly above, which grows in magnitude the longer you gaze upon it, until you actually fear that the heap of hardened lava, a mile high, may topple over on Fayal and crush it out of existence.

Skirting its incomparably picturesque shores in a boat and remembering that every atom of mountain and shore was belched forth in volcanic fires you can think of no better description of it than the old simile of a vast cinder heap, where the larger slag has continually rolled to the outer edge into the sea, forming an ever-broadening base, while the finer siftings steadily add in height to the perfect cone above.

### Pico the Azores' Barometer.

Pico is the barometer of the Azores. When he shows his head in the afternoon good weather is indicated for the morrow, but when he remains hidden all day with no break in the upper clouds the signs are so unpropitious that no amount of gold can lure an Azorean far from shore.

Cohorts of constantly shifting clouds add to it both mystery and immensity. Never entirely unveiled at once and clearcut against the sky it is often so

completely shrouded from base to summit as to be invisible, even from so near a point as Fayal. After having gazed at it from your window in admiring wonder the last thing before going to bed at night it gives you an uncanny feeling to be utterly unable to see any sign or trace of it in the morning – as if it had slipped its anchor in the darkness and sailed away to the other side of the globe; or was it only a phantom mountain, with no tangible existence at all? It is a favorite saying among the Fayalese that “King Pico never wears the same gown twice.”

As seen from Horta it is usually clothed in dull green, with narrow bands of white indicating the small truncated cones of extinct craters, but the clouds that encircle its pinnacle are forever changing in color and contour, and at sunset it is beautiful beyond description. It is oftenest bathed from crown to base in a rosy glow, that deepens gradually to amethyst, then to royal purple, then fades to pale gray, and is gone. Sometimes, in the midst of sullen clouds that have all day hidden it from sight, a blood-red spot appears, which turns to burnished copper and glows like the open door of a furnace. Suddenly the cloud curtains are drawn aside, as by an invisible hand, and the peak, all aflame, is disclosed.

#### The Peak All Ablaze.

As you gaze entranced, the flames wax redder and mount higher, sending their radiance far down the shoulders of the mountain, whose huge body remains murky black. Alternately meeting and parting, as if to increase the spectacular effect, the clouds roll by, and the peak, now lifted into infinite height, is transfigured with unearthly glory. It is in reality “a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night,” for its crater, which in days of yore has been the source of so many disastrous eruptions, emits breath of such intense heat that in the moonlight and in certain conditions of the atmosphere at dawn or twilight, bright flames are plainly discerned flickering amid thin wreaths of smoke. As you watch the boats plying all day long across the narrow channel the temptation becomes irresistible to pay this mysterious neighbor a visit. And nothing is easier.

Although the Portuguese language is to you a sealed book, the boatmen are accustomed to the ways of visiting foreigners and know what you want without the aid of words, and they readily make room for you in some comfortable corner of an outgoing felucca, and make you understand, too, the price therefore.

It takes only half an hour to cross from Horta to the little village of Area Larga, or to Magdalena, the chief town of Pico, where many of Fayal's citizens have summer residences.

The native boats, despite their rude appearance, make almost yachting time, their immense lateen sails swelling and straining in the breeze as they careen over the billows, now and then tossing spray into your face.

The groups of chattering, gaily dressed peasants, lounging on deck among the bales and boxes and queer commodities, are charmingly picturesque; sea and sky are "deeply, darkly, desperately blue," and straight before you towers the stupendous cone, black, solitary and sublime.

#### The Island Described.

Nothing can be more interesting than a study of Pico's base from an open boat. The island is about forty-eight miles long by fifteen miles in the widest part, gradually narrowing to the southeast, where it terminates in an acute angle. Its population is estimated at 30,000, scattered among half a dozen little cities and perhaps a score of hamlets.

The single tremendous peak from which the island derives its name and which furnishes the highest altitude to be seen by mariners in Atlantic waters stands near the western end of it – that nearest to Fayal. A few hundred feet above the shore immense layers of black lava show edges as plain and clean cut as a carefully laid wall. Each of these bears evidence to a separate overflow of lava from the volcano above. In places they come squarely to the edge of the sea, like huge breakwaters of masonry, and anon they are crumpled or blended as if by torrents of molten lava.

Interspersed between these are ragged crags jutting through the surf, showing where melted masses seethed and cooled; and, again, are long reaches where the mighty Atlantic has been pounding unhindered for ages of precipitous strata worn into arches and pillars and buttresses, some of them hundreds of feet high – most curious and fanciful representations of vast ruins of temples and cathedral aisles.

The soil is everywhere almost too stony to produce much grain, so that most of the food supplies are imported from the neighboring islands. Years ago, before a blight fell upon the vines and nearly destroyed the leading industry, a great deal of wine was made – the very best in the Azores.

### Some Azorean Vineyards.

Then the exportation of this commodity sometimes amounted to 100,000 barrels a year; now it is hardly as many gallons.

No vineyard in Tuscany produces finer grapes than those that grow on this bare mountain. They are small and white, resembling the Delaware grape in shape, size, and texture, but with so delicate and delicious a flavor that one may eat pounds of them without a surfeit. The wine is a mild tippie suggesting Madeira in taste and color, with the advantage of being much cheaper. The juice is trodden out in vats, by the naked feet of boys and girls, and its proper market is the West Indies, especially among the army and navy, where it is considered superior to any other vintage for use in hot climates.

The British commissioners of those colonies keep an agent at Fayal who contracts for the principal portion of Pico's annual yield, which is brought over in small boats to the port of Horta and shipped in vessels employed for that particular trade.

As you approach the mountain, its base from a little distance appears to be covered with a coarse black network, which may easily be mistaken for trellises of damp wood for the vines to run on, but when close enough to see objects distinctly the supposed trellis work turns out to be a network of low stone walls – myriads of them, rising tier above tier like the seats in a theater – dividing the larger vineyards into tiny compartments.

There is not an atom of anything deserving the name of vegetable soil from the base to the top of Pico and that green vines and lush grapes should be produced among the barren stones of the mountain seems to you a phenomenon as singular as that of pure water gushing out of a rock. Had Pico been the veritable heap of cinders around Vulcan's furnace it would hardly be blacker than the lumps of lava among which the vines grow.

Imagine the refuse of a stone quarry spread out over the slope of a mountain, divided into little patches by two-foot walls of the same material; then fancy a single vine just sprouting, planted in the center of each division – the whole vineyard of twenty or thirty acres surrounded by a higher wall of loosely piled stones – and you have a tolerable idea of what a Pico vineyard looks like at this time of year.

Where corrugated cliffs of the coast line have been worn by ocean surges into a similitude of ruined castles spanned by natural bridges and girt about by chevaux de fries of rocks, through narrow, watery lanes between detached



pillars and arched cathedral aisles, you ride up to the little cove in front of the town.

A huge roller that threatens to swamp the boat runs it up on the beach, and though the landing stairs are completely submerged you are set ashore dry shod.

The beach is at all times lively with naked boys, scampering about with shrill laughter and outcry, dragging up armfuls of sea moss, snatched from the crest of the wave. Great piles of this moss, alternate red and white, are drying on the shingle to be sold for a fertilizer, and filling the air with "a very ancient and fishy smell."

Magdalena is the quaintest little burg imaginable, the glare of its white walled cottages subdivided by the fringy foliage of the tamarisk, the only kind of tree that flourishes on the island. It has showy spikes of long pink flowers and is very delicate and graceful. Its wood is said to equal mahogany and is in great request in Lisbon, where it is manufactured into fine furniture.

Of course you go at once to the Consul's house, which is doubly interesting as having been a former priory.

#### Handsome Island Women.

The refectory of the monks and their narrow cells are now the family sitting and sleeping rooms, and from the veranda you may look upward into stony vineyards, or outward upon long swells of the Atlantic, where within half a mile of the doorstep the sea is unfathomable.

You may easily walk to the nearby village of Criação Velha (Old Creation), which is even quainter than Magdalena, and more intensely Portuguese than any spot in Portugal. It has no water, and troops of barefooted women are constantly jogging over the stony road carrying heavy buckets on their heads to and from the seaside well, two miles away – in each full bucket some sprigs of fresh ferns to keep the water cool and prevent spilling. You are struck by their tall, erect figures, well-developed chests, and graceful carriage, and especially by their full, liquid "ox eyes," such as Homer gave to his goddesses, fringed with long black lashes.

The women of Pico are said to be the handsomest in the Azores, and some enthusiastic travelers have pronounced them the most beautiful in the world. Certainly they are superb pictures of health and contentment, and if worldly lore is lacking, "where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise." Their round,

delicately featured faces have a peculiarly kind expression, and to the stranger they are courtesy personified.

The Pico costume is very pretty – a dark blue petticoat of heavy woolen stuff known as “picot,” bordered with rows of scarlet; a hussar jacket of the same reaching just to the belt line, with many seams in the back all heavily corded with scarlet; the hair, combed smoothly back from the forehead, confined in a classic knot behind and covered with a red cotton handkerchief knotted under the chin; on top of the handkerchief a low-crowned sailor hat, such as the men wear, made of flat braid of the island, trimmed with a scarlet worsted band.

## 7. UPA DEAD VOLCANO

A Monster Not Far From Fayal, in the Azores.

### ON THE ISLAND OF PICO

Fannie B. Ward Ascends One Glorious September Morning.

On the Edge of a Smokestack 8,000 Feet High – Asleep Above the Clouds.

Horta, Fayal Island, Sept. 30. – Special Correspondence. – While visiting Pico, you should by all means ascend the volcano which has given its name to the island. Two days are usually allowed for the journey, and since four-legged animals are as scarce as comfortable lodging places, it will be well to avoid delay by making arrangements in advance as far as possible. And then all depends upon the weather, that most uncertain of things Azorean, for without a clear day it is love’s labor lost to climb the peak, since you get not a glimpse of “scenery” beyond the cinders underfoot, and a boundless sea of impenetrable clouds that swathe the mountain from base to summit. If time presses, the trip may be accomplished in one day, by passing the night at Old Creation (Criacao Velha, commonly called “Villas” by foreigners, a village on the lower slope of the mountain, about two miles from Magdalena), and starting for the summit next morning before daybreak.

We were exceptionally fortunate in having all things arranged for our comfort by acquaintances in Horta. As before mentioned, many of Fayal’s wealthiest citizens have their summer residences over on Pico Island, and one of the now deserted cottages was placed at our disposal, and the services bespoke of Jose Maria, the well-known mountaineer, who acted as cook and courier and bargained with the island folk for all essentials.

I believe that but one person ever lived who could preserve his dignity on donkey-back – he whose entry into Jerusalem is commemorated on Palm Sunday – and I doubt if even he could have done it in the Azores. Not only are the island donkeys so diminutive that a rider of average height and size finds his feet almost touching the ground on either side when mounted, and feels that he might much better be carrying the poor little beast than allowing it to carry him, but the whole outfit is absurdity personified.

Your Faithful Quadruped.

First the donkey is covered from head to tail with a clumsy packsaddle. Above this is piled the andilhas, a wooden frame that looks like a short-legged sawhorse. The rider, if a woman, sits between the X shaped ends of the andilhas on the right side of the animal, without even holding the bridle, which is a mere ornamental appendage. As safely penned as in a baby jumper, she has no responsibility whatever in the business, except to keep her hat on if she can and accommodate her muscles to the ambling gait of the creature, which sways the andilhas like a violently rocked cradle, causing her to keep up a succession of jerky little bows, like those of an over-polite marionette. The donkey is always attended by a driver, barefooted boy who runs alongside with incessant shouts of “Ande!” “Passe caya!” He carries a long, sharp goad, with which he constantly urges the beast to the top of its speed, up hill and down; and when a steep downhill is reached, where caution is required, he inflicts a few extra jabs of the goad and then applies the brake by seizing the donkey’s tail and holding back with might and main. It is useless to protest against these procedures. The driver merely looks his mild astonishment that any human being should know so little about the management of donkeys and pursues his own course; and you soon learn to trust the novel brake in the most dangerous paths.

The sun had not yet appeared when we found ourselves fairly on the way to Pico’s summit. It was a glorious September morning, with a fresh breeze scattering the clouds that veiled the upper heights. At first the road, stony, but not excessively steep, wound between gardens, orange groves, and vineyards, all fenced by loose walls of lava, and hedged by oleanders and arbutus. There are no large trees in Pico. Dwarf cedars, fayas, box, moss and ferns form about all the indigenous vegetation. Streams and cascades are also “conspicuous by their absence,” for scarcity of water is a pronounced characteristic of the island. Vellas, the first village en route, like most of the others, has no water at

all, and you meet troops of chattering women, each with a huge water cask on her head, trudging to Magdalena, two miles away, whence all the household supplies must be obtained by making two or three journeys each day. Think of it, grumbling housewives at home, who have only to turn a faucet for the water you want; what if you had to walk four miles for every drop of water required! Laborers, early afield, are busy with their short-handled hoes in the yam patches. Robins, canaries, and blackbirds sing in the hedge rows; rabbits scamper across the pathway, and quails and partridges are flushed at the first sound of approach.

### The Scenery Higher Up.

Higher up, broad, undulating slabs of lava cover the ground, as if the whole country were paved with asphalt, interspersed with scanty bits of pasturage, like oases in the desert. You notice that all the cattle are small and red; the goats are black, with branching horns, and the sheep have remarkably long, white wool. The cattle-sheds, like every bit of rock in sight, are so heavily coated with lichens that at a little distance they look as if painted a mottled green. Scores of smoke columns rising in solitary places denote the fires of charcoal burners, and myriads of açores (hawks, whose presence in such numbers give the archipelago its name) circle aimlessly overhead. The truncated outline of the distant cone, toward which you are toiling, is wreathed with light, rosy clouds, and its summit glows like a living coal in the rising sun, while the lower half of the mountain is yet in mist and shadow.

Before noon you come to the point where all attempt at cultivation ceases, and the mountain becomes nothing but a vast heap of loose slag and cinders, seamed by gulches in every direction. Here many people bound for the summit pass the first night, sleeping in a herder's hut, among the lambs and calves; but since the weather was so favorable, and our start sufficiently early, we preferred to press on to the top, and spend the second night at this place, on the return.

Not far above the donkeys must be abandoned, and the remainder of the ascent performed on foot, with the aid of alpenstocks. All who undertake this journey should have the good sense to bring along stout boots that reach nearly to the knee. But about nine out of ten do not. Most of the women wear ordinary walking shoes, with more or less thinness of sole and exaggeration of heel, and sometimes even the abominable toothpick pointed toes. The consequence is that very few of them ever get to the top. After climbing awhile in torture, they are forced to sit down disconsolate, and wait for the others to go on to

victory, or spend days afterward picking cinders out of their lacerated feet. A lady shod in spiked-sole cowhide brogans may not be able to frisk about gracefully like an opera bouffe shepherdess, but at least she can accomplish what she came for, and sing a song of triumph on the mountain top. There are 2,000 feet of hard scrambling over loose rocks, that slip away beneath the feet at every step, not particularly dangerous, but toilsome to the last degree. It is like climbing up over a dome, and as you ascend the apex, the wind, unhindered is its sweep across the broad Atlantic, increases to a gale that threatens to whisk you off into space.

#### Climax of the Ascent.

The supreme effort comes with scaling the rocky wall that rims the outside crater – for here is a crater within a crater. The outer one is perhaps 300 yards across, with perpendicular sides averaging seventy feet in height, except at one point, where a break has been made. Looking down into it is like gazing upon a ruined fortress from the battlements thereof, the masses of scoriae and blackened lava that lie strewn all around answering for the fragments of shattered towers. Descending easily enough through the break in the wall, you stand upon an almost level floor, in the midst of which, on a platform of lava, which is again supported by long buttresses, rugged and twisted, like the writhing limbs of tremendous dragons suddenly stiffened into stone, rises the cone, 200 feet high.

The heat in the amphitheater is intense, and being overpowered with thirst, you search at once for “Vulcan’s well,” which previous visitors have described. It is a bowl-shaped hollow, hidden deep within a cleft in the wall, filled with ice-cold water, notwithstanding the atmosphere of hades, being inclosed like the bulb of air in a spirit level. Scrambling to the top of this spirelike cone, constantly loosening stones, that roll downward, threatening the heads of those who follow, after many bruises and backslidings you finally reach the top, and find a slightly depressed second crater, not more than twenty-five feet in diameter, out of which a thin, hot vapor issues. This is the very chimney from which rise the clouds of steam and tongues of flame visible so far out at sea. The stones all around are so hot that you cannot long bear your hands upon them, and perched upon the edge of the lofty pinnacle you feel as if seated at the top of a smokestack, as if you had only to lean outward and drop down the sheer descent – 8,000 feet – into the ocean below. Giddiness seizes you, and a certain awesome solemnity, as if you were the last living creature

standing alone upon the very apex of creation, an indescribable sensation which can be experienced only on the top of mountains that stand entirely isolated between sea and sky, and like Pico, terminate in a minute point. Thousands of feet below, white-clouds lie scattered like a fleet of ships, becalmed; the white walls of Horta glisten almost at your feet, and the tender green of Fayal's softly undulating hills seem so near that you may hear the charcoal burners at their work. To the north and east, Terceira, Saint George and Graciosa look like emeralds, surrounded by a surf rim of pearls, set in the amethystine floor of the ocean. The blended line of sea and sky is indistinguishable – intense blue above and below, streaked with lavender, Nile green, and palest tints of rose.

Happily, the descent to the herder's cabin is rapidly made, or darkness would overtake you on the mountain top. After José Maria's savory and much-needed supper, which, let us hope, is awaiting your arrival, you are glad enough to roll up in a blanket and lie down to pleasant dreams, undisturbed alike by the proximity of the lambs and calves, the trampling of donkeys and snoring of guides, and the strange sense of isolation from all your kind, as if transported to another planet. Visions of earthquakes flit through your slumbers, and it not unlikely that the earth may more than once tremble beneath you.

But there is really no danger, the volcano has been so long quiescent. History tells of several destructive eruptions, but all long ago. In the 1572 it broke out in a new spot on the north side, near the village of Prainha, and sent down a stream of lava six miles wide, which devastated everything in its course to the sea. Again in 1718 and 1719 there were destructive eruptions, both from new openings in the mountain side; and in 1870 the tall cone suddenly converted itself into an active smokestack, sending forth flames and lava almost uninterruptedly for six months, during which time stones and ashes were sometimes blown even as far as St. George's Island. In the morning you enjoy the novelty of awakening above the clouds, which completely shut out the world below, nothing visible in infinite space but the cinders immediately under foot. By the time breakfast has been eaten among the calves and donkeys the clouds have begun to disperse, and if you are a tolerably good rider you may reach Magdalena by noon, and even your own comfortable quarters in the Horta Hotel across the channel, there to nurse your bruises and backaches for many days to come, but firm in the conviction that the trip to Pico top was well worth so small a penalty.

## 8. AZORES IN AUTUMN

Rides and Drives Around the Island Capital.

### TRIP TO THE LAVA BEDS

Caverns Deep, Dark, and Dangerous in Volcano Land.

Peasant Life and Rural Scenes – Primitive Farming – Some Picturesque Places.

Horta, Fayal Island. Oct. 3. – Special Correspondence. – One of Fayal's greatest attractions consists of the many delightful rides and drives within easy reach of Horta. Portugal has shown surprising liberality to these islands in the matter of roads, and, which many of them are literally level as a board floor, all are as nearly perfect as roads can be in a mountainous region. One may visit any part of the island in a day's journey and find the beautiful views, the fertile hills and valleys, and the primitive, pastoral life, charming, quaint, and picturesque enough to delight the ennoye and fill an artist with enthusiasm. The rich soil and semi-tropical climate combine to give rare luxuriance to the verdure, while the moist atmosphere keeps it green from spring to spring. Wherever one goes for miles in any direction from Horta, he sees gardens gay with blooms and fence walls covered with vines, ferns, and blossoming parasites. Indeed, the gardens are the pride of the islanders, and nothing is neglected to bring them to absolute perfection.

As to modes of transit, there is always the small but sturdy donkey, whose back is the safest and easiest, as well as the cheapest, vehicle to be found in the Azores – whether we sit in the saw-horse shaped native saddle, or are mounted only on a well-strapped sheep-skin.

#### A Trip to Capello.

There are a few uncomfortable carriages in Horta, which may be hired at tolerably moderate rates. Each has two poles, and is drawn by three mules, guided by three reins. But the Portuguese coachman is not nearly so trustworthy as the average donkey, and a great deal more stupid. Generally he is as ignorant of his profession as constitutionally timid. He merely sits aloft on the box, enjoying the scenery of his beloved Fayal, while puffing his cigarette of cheapest tobacco in your face and making a feint of earning his wage by lashing the mules into an uninterrupted dead run. Up hill and down they dash at break-neck speed, regardless of bumps and bruises and loosened wheels,

taking chances on steep grades that an American coachman could not be hired to, even “in his cups,” and if an accident occurs, as is more than likely to be the case, the jehu’s only resource is to smoke, swear and scream, and further abuse to the poor beasts.

A favorite excursion is to the village of Capello, fourteen miles southwest from Horta, over the fine new road which is to extend around the entire island, now about two-thirds completed. Much of it is built on solid masonry, always where ravines are to be crossed, and the rest of the way the earth is packed down with the hardness of concrete. Beautiful blue hydrangeas of great size border the road, but no grass is to be seen, for none – properly so-called – grows in the island; instead, the bright little hop-clover and the wild carrot flourish everywhere.

Madeira vines, climbing in wild luxuriance, fill the air with fragrance; golden oxalis, purple-tasseled ice-plant, and corydalis fill all the crevices of the walls, and above them tall fuchsias droop their flowers and oleanders bloom, and fig-trees show their loads of fruit.

#### Historic White Castle.

All these in gardens set close together; and further on, in the more thinly settled country, patches of towering canes wave their bannerets far above, and serpent-like cacti in spots where the outer coating has crumbled away.

The largest hamlet is called Castillo Brando (white castle), so named from an enormous rock lying off the shore. It is nearly 500 feet high, and from the sea appears like an enormous fortress, entirely disconnected from the island. In reality, it is a bold promontory, sloping sharply backward, and ending in a narrow isthmus, which joins at the mainland. On its summit are the ruins of a monastery, about which many traditions cling. In former years it served as a refuge for the nuns of the neighboring convents whenever jolly corsairs made their descents upon the island. Imbedded in the walls you may still find the remains of antique Dutch tiles, china plaques, and marine shells, with which they were profusely decorated; and from some old wells in the vicinity bits of rare Indian ceramics were exhumed a few years ago which were curious and beautiful enough to set an art collector wild with admiration.

#### The Land of the Volcano.

Between the villages sloping to the sea are fields of yams and sweet potatoes, corn, and wheat, besides beans, melons, squashes, and other “garden sass,” growing as thriftily here as in Illinois or Ohio. But somehow there is an



unexplainable difference, not only in the look of them, but in the taste, though cooked by the self-same process.

The corn, too, is different. It is not planted in hills, nor yet for fodder as at home, but each stalk, growing remarkably tall, stands by itself at a considerable distance from its neighbor, and the ground around it is not hoed, nor cared for in any way between planting and harvest.

Beans and melon vines usually grow between; or if not, purple ageratum mignonette, and other wild flowers spring up unhindered.

These fields extend from far up the hillsides down to the very ocean, where they end in high cliffs of black volcanic rock, which is worn underneath by the restless waves into caverns and fantastic arches.

Approaching Capello you see black conical peaks towering ahead, each with its extinct crater, and all but some with grain fields on their slopes. That solitary exception, bare of verdure and glowing angry red in the sunshine, emitted the latest lava stream that wrought havoc in the island. It occurred some two centuries ago, and the path of the torrent is still plainly to be seen, a mile wide and many miles long, strewn with lava stone to the depth of several feet.

Nature has been doing her very best ever since to efface the scars and repair the ravages; but beyond soft gray lichens covering the boulders, and faya bushes, and tree-heather now just beginning to take root, there is no vegetation from the top of the mountain to the sea – nor will there be until long after the present generation and several to come have turned to dust.

#### Caverns Deep and Darksome.

The superstitious natives have appropriately named this peak “El Mysterio,” and still regard it with awe and reverence.

Its last recorded eruption occurred in April, when its downpour of molten lava laid waste all the farms and villages in its course; and as soon as their terror subsided the people of Capello went en masse to Horta, and registered a solemn vow in the presence of the mayor and aldermen and all the priests of the city, to give alms to the poor on every Whitsunday, thenceforth and forever – a promise which is still religiously kept. Consequently there are very few really poor people to be seen in Capello – though the richest among its citizens lack many things which to us seem the commonest necessities of life.

There is no hotel, but luckily our Consul has a cottage there, as in several other beautiful parts of the island, to which he occasionally flits for a few days' rest, and he kindly gives his countrymen and country-women permission to take

possession of it, with their hampers and other impedimenta, when making a visit to the village. The principal point of interest is a grewsome cavern in the near-by lava bed, from which some fine specimens may be obtained. The way thereto winds up a steep path among the hills.

It is necessary to have a guide familiar with the place, and to pick your way carefully among the lava beds; for although the small blocks of lava, piled one above the other, look firm enough under their soft carpet of gray-green lichens, there are half-hidden crevices here and there, showing black, awful caverns yawning beneath – of unknown extent and probably flavored by the ocean which is here some 16,000 feet deep – into which at any moment the slipping away of a single stone might plunge the unwary.

#### Mysteries and Diversions.

Only one of these caverns has yet been explored, and that is a very small one, only about twenty feet deep by as many wide, but with possibilities of increase blood-curdling to imagine. When accidentally discovered by the Consul's son, it was only a chink in the floor of the lava bed, half hidden by a tuft of ferns that grew beside it. Pulling up the fern-root disclosed a hole, perhaps a yard wide. Next time it was seen, stones had slipped away here and there, or had settled into unknown depths below, and the cavity was three times as big as when first looked into, and it has continued to increase, almost imperceptible, stone by stone, to its present proportions.

You may easily scramble down into it, and with a small hammer carefully break off pieces of red, gray, green, and mottled lava, brittle and beautiful as coral; but the whole place trembles under foot and echoes hollow at every blow.

The theory is that the glowing torrent here suddenly cooled, and its fiery bubbles, protected by the dense surface of a more sluggish current, following immediately after, have preserved their shape and color to this day. But when the bright-hued lava, so different in texture, structure, and color, from the surface of the bed to which it belongs, is exposed to the air, it soon fades to duller red.

One gets some diverting glimpses of peasant life in these rides around Fayal. For instance, to the picturesque Meranti ravine, not far from Horta, with its rattling watermills and swirling stream devoted to prosaic laundry purposes. On the way thereto you meet troops of bare-legged women, with their gay petticoats tucked up and great bundles of clothes on their heads picking

their way carefully down the ledges, or like Nausicaa when met by Ulysses, washing the linen and spreading it, white as snow, upon the rocks to dry. That unpoetical employment is carried on here in a way that certainly cleanses the garments, but proves destructive to their texture.

#### Very Ancient Agriculture.

They are washed in sea water, among the slimy rocks, and never boiled. Tubs are unknown, a convenient stone serving as a rubbing board. Then they are spread on rocks or rubbish heaped by the roadside, with stones placed on the corner of each garment to hold it flat, and sprinkled two or three times a day for several days. The sun does the rest.

Half way up the steep hillside, overlooking this Miranti ravine, the ruins of a once pretentious villa hang like a deserted bird's nest. It belonged to an old-time Spanish Consul, a *hidalgo* of high degree in his "ain countree," and must have been a most fantastic structure, its walls plastered with shells, Dutch tiles, and old china.

The Monte da Guia must also be visited – the tall promontory at the northern horn of Horta's crescent-shaped harbor. Having clambered up the almost perpendicular shoreward side of the hill, over slippery stones and through fields of lupine between cane hedges, you are rewarded by a magnificent view of the "Western Ocean." There is a signal station on top for telegraphing the arrival of vessels; and near it is a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Guia, at whose annual festival the good people of Horta turn out as one man and climb the rocks, on their knees as far as possible, to worship at this lonely shrine. What farming was in the day of David and the prophets, of Homer, and of Virgil, it is today in the Azores. The yoke, the cart, the plow, the harrow, the thrashing floor, and the winnowing, are all precisely as described in the Old Testament, the *Odyssey* and the *Georgics*. The grain is cut with a sickle, and the sheaths bound by men, women, and children, as in the days of Ruth and Boaz.

Every well-to-do Azorean peasant has near his hut an *eira* (Latin, *area*) or thrashing floor – a circular space of hard trodden pumice, fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a low wall of weather-beaten stone. The unbound sheaths are thrown upon the *eira* floor, and over them cattle are driven, attached to a wooden drag, whose lower surface is studded with iron spikes or sharp bits of lava – the team guided by a long rope, tied to the right horn of the off ox and held in the driver's hand.

### Primitive Practices.

You frequently see children attending to the thrashing, while the elders are doing the heavier work in the fields. Any boy or girl can drive a pair of cattle Azorean fashion, and they seem to enjoy the fun.

After scampering pell-mell over the *eira* a few times, with shouts and laughter, the straw must be turned over with wooden pitchforks, made of a single piece of wood cleft into three prongs at one end, much as Neptune's trident is pictured. Then it is thrashed and dragged again; and afterward the straw is drawn out with cumbrous wooden rakes, the grain swept up into a windrow, and a flag raised to ascertain the direction of the wind. Then men with wooden shovels toss the wheat into the air, against the wind, which winnows it by blowing away the chaff.

Close by the *eira* is usually an arched stone building, not unlike a rather large Dutch oven, plastered and whitewashed like the houses. Within this is a cistern. Spouts lead from the tiled roofs into the *eira*, and others from the *eira* into the cisterns, and thus the rainwater used for household purposes is collected in this streamless country. Often close by the cisterns are "stationary washtubs," hewn out of the rocks, shallow at the front and sloping deep at the back, that the stone side may serve the purpose of a washing board.

The corn mill of Fayal is almost a facsimile of the old asinaria of the Romans. The lower story of some of the houses is used as a mill. A cow is harnessed to a crank as the horse does duty in a New England cider-mill. Her eyes are covered with tunnel-shaped tin blinders, and she travels in a circle, turning one stone upon another, thus grinding about a bushel of corn in an hour. There are a few windmills of rude construction in Fayal, but the cow mill and the scriptural hand mills are much more common for corn grinding.

## 9. NEST OF THE CLOUDS

Trip to the Greatest Crater in the World.

FAYAL'S BIG SHOW PLACE

Ride to a Mountain Top in a Hammock.

The Story of a Caldron Two Thousand Feet Deep – Fenced by Flowers.

Horta, Fayal island, Oct. 7. – Special Correspondence. – Fayal's principal show place, the "Caldeira" – Portuguese for caldron, or kettle – lies up among

the mountains toward the middle of the island, only about ten miles from Horta. The enormous pot is an object of ceaseless interest, being the largest extinct crater in the world – nearly 2,000 feet deep and six miles around its circular rim, and may be easily visited in a day's journey, either on donkey-back or in a hammock. The latter mode of transit is much affected by lady tourists – the hammock swung at either end of a long pole, which is carried on the shoulders of two men. But if you choose this method of transportation, take my advice and have an extra mule in tow, for you will surely need him before the journey ends. The hammock bearers trot briskly, up hill and down, as though your weight were no more than a feather; and for the first two or three miles you think it the most luxurious mode of traveling that can be imagined. Half reclining, with nothing to do but hold a sun-shade and enjoy the prospect, the old Methodist hymn recurs to mind – something about being “carried to the skies on flow'ry beds of ease.” But after a while your feet “go to sleep,” as the children say; then the strange numbness extends to the limbs, and finally to every part of the body. Nervous pains follow, culminating in intense nausea, until you are glad to walk any number of miles rather than ride another minute in that palanquin fashion. However, you have a great deal to enjoy before all this occurs, and by varying the programme with the extra donkey, may get along delightfully.

#### In a Hammock.

Leaving the city behind to the east, for the first six miles the road is smooth and gently ascending, between orange groves, cultivated fields, and country houses. The hammock carriers reverse ends, and you “ride backward,” as otherwise your heels would be higher than your head going up hill. Probably this hastens the inevitable nausea, but in the matter of scenery it gives you the advantage of those on donkey-back, who can only see straight ahead in the narrow lanes. You get lovely views of the smiling valleys, high hills, and rugged ravines, the red-roofed *casas* of Horta spread out below, the harbor dotted with vessels, and omnipresent, cloud-wrapped Pico only four miles away.

The greenest of those pastoral vales is the celebrated Valle dos Flamengos, which, tradition says, was originally settled by the Flemish. Its dingy, moss-grown village, founded in the fifteenth century, is not only the oldest town in the Azores, but the dullest and sleepest – and that is saying a great deal for it in the way of dullness. Antiquity weighs heavily indeed upon Flamengos.

Grass and weeds grow thickly between the stones that pave the streets, and an oppressive silence reigns. Half the houses are without the least indication of being inhabited, and all the walls and buildings, once whitewashed, are now weather stained and lichen covered, and parasitic plants fatten upon them. The people appear as if they looked upon levity or action as an insult to the traditions of the place. Even at midday the thoroughfares and public square are empty.

The shopkeepers lounge in their doorways, expecting no customers. Now and then an unkempt citizen shuffles aimlessly into view, with an air of having nowhere to go and no reason for going anywhere, and the women washing in the little stream that trickles through the rocky gorge in front of the village are not chattering laughing like their voluble sisters in other places.

#### Fenced in Flowers.

For miles the way is hedged with blue hydrangeas (*Hortensia?*), a plant not indigenous to Fayal, but thoroughly naturalized. It is used for fencing the small fields and planted in rows, grows to great height, each tree bearing hundreds of trusses of light blue blossoms that from a distance look like a soft blue mist on the slopes of the hills. The pastures are pink with genuine Scotch heather, alternated with patches of blue periwinkles, and box is everywhere, similar to that cultivated for English borders, only grown tall and cone-shaped, like Lombardy poplars. Presently you come upon a successions of heathery ridges, crowned with stunted shrubs, whose interminable dreariness is relieved only by occasional herds of undersized cattle or men, women, or children plodding downward to their valley homes, each completely buried beneath the bundle of brushwood which he or she has been to the mountain to gather. The path grows rougher and wilder, and finally disappears altogether. The donkeys and hammock-bearers pick their way carefully over rolling stones and slippery boulders, along the bottom of deep ravines that will be watercourses by and by when the rainy season sets in, or follow sheep trails along the narrow edge of crumbling ridges, the wise little donkeys putting their feet close together and gently tobogganing down into the gullies. In all the gorges that furrow the hills in every direction ferns grow with wonderful luxuriance, the *Woodwardia radicans*, with graceful fronds six and eight feet long, mingled with masses of ivy similar to the "English" variety, among which scarlet orchids and other bright flowers bloom.

A few miles of such traveling, steadily up and up, and suddenly a particularly lonely ridge comes to an end upon the very brink of the tremendous crater, O Caldeira, whose yawning mouth measures more than two miles straight across. The vast, round pot has a circumference of six miles at the top, gradually decreasing to a third of that area at the bottom, and the sides of it, lined with heath and faya brushes, are so nearly perpendicular that it looks like an enormous funnel, sunk two thousand feet into the earth. If it happens to be free from clouds, the spectacle is indeed awe-inspiring.

#### In the Pit.

The only entrance to the pit is down the rocky and tortuous bed of a stream – a passage as dangerous as it is difficult, often apparently ending in abrupt projections from which you must either leap or fall. The guide says “O Caminho não está bom” – the road is good for nothing – and tells you of a young American who lost his life in making the descent a few years ago, but when you see dozens of men and women toiling up barefooted, all with great sheaves on their heads, you determine to venture it. Down the steep trail you go, assisted by the protesting but always trustworthy guide – scrambling, sliding, jumping, tumbling, often turning angles so sharp that you cannot trace the way a yard ahead, and in making the two thousand feet to the bottom are obliged to traverse at least three times that distance in dizzy zigzags. It takes the best mountaineers more than an hour to do it, and again and again, meeting peasants staggering under heavy loads, you are lost in wonder at the patient industry or depth of poverty which impels them to such effort for so small a return. Their sheaves are of rushes, gathered at the bottom of the crater, which they will “season” at home and then braid into matting or cattle ropes. You may buy these rope coils in the market, each three yards long, for a patank – 5 cents. But think of the hardship and toil that have gone to make one of them. The miles of weary walking barefooted through rocky ravines to the summit of the Caldeira, the fatiguing descent into the pit, the hours of hard labor in the broiling sun, the long climbs up again under the burden – all for 5 cents. When the rushes are gathered they are first tied into small packages and then these are bound together into an immense bundle, so disposed that a round place is left in the middle, through which the bearer thrusts his head. Arrived at the bottom, you find the floor of the crater undulating, slightly boggy in places, and covered with spongy moss, into which the feet sink ankle deep at every step, with occasional dryer patches, where mint and tansy flourish.

A dark tarn occupies the center – not of turbid water, as at first glance you fancy, but clear as crystal beneath its thick covering of interwoven leaves and stems of some aquatic plant. Line and plummet have never sounded the depth of this tartaeian lake, but tradition gives it direct communication with the ocean. A few cattle graze near its borders (how in the world did they get there?) gulls flit screaming over, and gold and silver fish dart among the lily roots. Somebody must have stocked the pond with the latter – maybe the thrifty Flemings of a former century – because there are no native fish in the island, nor snakes, nor reptiles of any kind. Close by is the real crater of the spot – a miniature volcano several hundred feet high, with a cavity also in its center, the whole covered with a dense growth of evergreens.

#### The Nest of the Clouds.

The Fayalese peasants, who are by no means so unimaginative as they appear, speak poetically of the Caldeira as “The Nest of the Clouds.” And truly it is an apt simile. In the morning the great basin is completely filled with clouds, which seem to be shaking and pluming themselves after a night’s rest. The great cauldron seethes with them. Higher and higher they rise, until at last they roll over the brim and pour down upon the surrounding hills. Detachments of them remain on guard all day, circling around the edge of the abyss, now lifted high in the air, and again falling solidly to the bottom, continually weaving themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes.

No words can describe the awful sensation it give you, when standing at the bottom of the crater, to gaze upward and see an ocean of clouds pouring over the edge like a second Niagara, and roiling above you in billows like those of the Atlantic. The terrible walls seem to close in around you, making escape impossible. In vain you strain your eyes to get even a glimpse of the sky from the depths of this mighty well, this weird and grewsome place in which the Fayalese peasantry locate every evil witch and warlock which rally forth to harass the sons of men.

It is a good deal easier to get into a hole than to get out again, as the Bard of Mantua sagely remarked, though in somewhat different language. Fatiguing and difficult as is the descent, it is child’s play compared to the weary climb to the upper regions. It will require at least three hours, of the hardest work you ever did in your life, and the chances are that you will sit down more than once on some projecting rock and declare that you cannot go another single step. The guides help all they can, the path being often so narrow that two



persons cannot walk abreast, and each foothold must be selected with care, now hauling you up by one hand, now pushing from the rear, and occasionally a stalwart guide will hoist you to his shoulder, and, holding your knees stiffly against his chest, while you sit as erect as possible, will make a few springs up the dizzy path. Toward the last the hammock men come after you, and, when the top is gained at last, you are fain to lie flat on the blessed level ground for a while and gain breath and mental equilibrium.

#### Wayside Shrines.

In Fayal, as in other countries, the farther you get into the rural district, the more distinctively novel are the scenes. You come across wayside shrines, with flowers piled before them, or a tiny lamp flickering in a box, in memory of somebody who died years ago on the spot. You see cows tethered in the fields, each with a heart-shaped amulet of red flannel bound around her forehead to protect her from the "evil eye." Stone huts have high-pitched thatched roofs, with a square hole in the peak which serves as a window, out of which a head is always shyly peering when strangers pass. The little houseyards, fragrant with saffron and bergamot, are walled and shaded, and women sit in the doorways with their spinning. The spinner holds a distaff between the left arm and side. The thread is wound off the spinole on a kind of "swifts," such as our great-grandmothers used to have, twisted with the left hand. A great deal of flax is grown in the Azores, and takes the place that cotton does with us. The men of the better class dress in suits of snowy-white linen, and peasants in the coarser, unbleached sorts. Woolen cloths are also woven, dyed black, brown, blue, and gray, resembling coarse felting. The country house interior is easily described, because there is so little in it. It has but one room, the rafters in bold relief above, sometimes "a woven work of willow boughs" partitioning off one end for a bedroom; a loft above it reached by a ladder; each bed a pile of furze or straw on the earth of the first floor, and on the poles laid close together of the loft. There is neither stove nor chimney. The fireplace is merely an adobe shelf built against the side wall, and on it furze and faggots are burned, the smoke escaping as best it can through the roof and open door. For cooking utensils there are pots and jars of crude red pottery and occasionally an iron kettle. Meat is a rare article of food with the Azorean peasant. Unleavened corn bread, baked over the coals – coarse, hard, sour, and smoky – is the chief of his diet, with a bit of fish or cheese, a red pepper, and a cup of water. No wonder he is such a queer creature – sensitive, jealous,

superstitious, and cowardly. But there is also much to be said in his favor. He is temperate and industrious, kind and helpful to strangers, and so polite that even the barefooted, half-clothed donkey boys address one another as *senhor*. All your stable bills and other accounts made out by the natives, though they amount to but a few cents, are addressed to “O Illustrissima Excellentissima Senhora” – The Most Illustrious, Most Excellent Lady – and the naked youngsters in the street kiss their hands to you. And now we are off for Terceira and the capital of the island.

### 10. THE AZORES' CAPITAL

Characteristics of the Third Island of the Archipelago's Nine.

#### ANGRA ON TERCEIRA ISLE

Old-Time Refuge for Discomfited Portuguese Monarchs.

What the People Do and How They Dress – A Neat Trick with a Bull.

Angra, Terceira Island. Oct. 11. – When the Portuguese mariner who first sighted this archipelago came upon the third island in the order of discovery he named it Terceira, Castilian for “third.” Although by no means the largest island of the group it ranks first in the political history of the Azores, as well as in the estimation of the mother country and the hearts of the islanders. Settled in the sixteenth century, it was made the capital of the group, partly on count of its central position and also because it has the safest roadstead of all the islands excepting Fayal, which lies too far westward for equal legislation. Terceira is about twenty-one miles long by twelve broad, and its population is now estimated at 60,000. Environed by rocky promontories it looks from the sea very much like Fayal, but closer observation discloses radical differences. Instead of the cones, craters, and bifurcated peaks which distinguish the other islands and exhibit such strong evidence of comparatively recent volcanic eruptions its 170 miles of rugged coast line inclose many beautiful plateaus from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea, all its mountain tops being flattened out into broad plains. Doubtless Terceira, like the rest of them, has had its volcanic eruptions, but at a period so remote that their vortexes have filled up by the gradual operations of time. The level craters and entirely decomposed lava show that the volcanoes were spouting away many centuries before those

of Fayal and Pico were tossed up from the ocean. Terceira has no boiling or mineral springs, such as have made its neighbors famous, but it abounds in grain fields, orange and lemon groves, rich pasturage, and fine cattle.

The port of Angra is situated much like that of Horta, the great headland which protects it, called Monte do Brazil, being the counterpart of Fayal's Monte Monte de Guia – both resending precipitous fronts in the sea, sloping sharply backward and connected with the mainland by a strongly fortified isthmus. The Monte do Brazil is the pride and boast of the Angreuses, having been more than once the refuge of runaway Portuguese kings during peninsular revolutions. It is perhaps three miles in circumference, forming the Bay of Angra on the east and Fanel Bay on the west. Its 600 foot high summit bears the inevitable signal station of these ports – this one a tall wooden cross with a basket attached, which is pulled up and down to announce a vessel's approach. The isthmus is entirely occupied by the castle of St. John the Baptist, the principal fortress of the island, in itself a considerable village, housing upward of 2,000 souls, including the garrison. It mounts 100 pieces of cannon, many of which are forty-eight pounders. The unhappy Don Alfonso VI. spent five years of his life inside of those old castle walls when deposed by the Cortes and his brother Dom Pedro II., and his imperial coat-of-arms may still be seen above the doorway of his sleeping apartment. St. Sebastian, the second fortification which defends the port of Angra, so called in honor of its founder, the ill-fated monarch of that name, is situated on the east side of the bay, where its artillery crosses with that of San Antonio. There is also a subterranean passage to a battery upon a rock, against which the sea breaks with fury, whose guns cover the port, and the whole coast as far as Feteira; and taken altogether Terceira's fortifications, though musty and out of date like everything Portuguese, would render the approach of a hostile fleet rather hazardous, to say the least.

#### Loyalty to the Portuguese Crown.

Evidences of the martial spirit of the islanders and their loyalty to the fortunes of the Portuguese crown abound on every hand. The name of the place, Angra do Heroismo (“Bay of Heroism”), was bestowed by a grateful sovereign for value received, as was also the city's proud title, *Siempre Leal*, meaning “always loyal.” After the popular acclamation of Dom Antonio, prior of Crato, the Portuguese throne, to which there had already been nine “pretenders,” was usurped by Philip II. of Spain. Terceira resisted his power bravely for several years, but at last, in 1582, she succumbed to the Spanish fleet, of ninety

sail, under the famous Marques de Bazan. After more than half a century of submission to the hated Spanish rule Dom Joao VI. was proclaimed king, as he had been in Portugal, and the Spaniards expelled from the island. The third important struggle, which earned the city the epithet "do Heroismo," occurred in the present century, when the citizens declared themselves supporters of the rights of Dona Maria da Gloria, against her uncle, Dom Miguel, the despotic regent, who was finally overthrown and expelled from the kingdom. It took six years of hard fighting in Portugal to down this sturdy usurper, but in Terceira the central struggle lasted less than four months. Dona Maria resided at Angra about three years, beginning in 1830. A few miles east of this port is a coast village which has received the high-sounding title of Praia da Victoria, "Beach of Victory," where several victories were gained over foreign would-be usurpers. The plaza adjoining the pier is named Largo do Março 5, "Square of March 5<sup>th</sup>." In commemoration of the day of Alfonso's arrival; and the visit of Dom Pedro VI. is kept in affectionate remembrance by a tall monument with pyramidal shaft, set upon a hill in the outskirts of the city.

There are other peculiarities which render Terceira superior to its neighbors. Angra is in many respects the finest looking city in the Azores. One striking superiority is in its sidewalks, which in some places are actually wide enough for two people to walk abreast. Its streets are broader and more modern, and the buildings that line them handsomer. Its whitewash looks whiter, its paint bluer, pinker, yellower than elsewhere. Its cathedral is the largest, its churches the best and most numerous, and to crown all and cap the climax of Azorean glory it is the only city in the archipelago which can boast a genuine bull ring, where regular fiestas de tauros take place. The cathedral occupies an eminence in the center of the city, its foundations laid in a flagged yard, with a parapet and flight of stone steps leading up from the street. There are three arched doorways in its whitewashed façade, with a high tower on either side of a pediment, wherein is a clock which from time out of mind has refused to tell the hours. The interior would be imposing were it not for the tawdry gilding which defaces all these Portuguese sanctuaries. Arches of beautiful construction and two rows of lofty pillars running the whole length of the building support the roof. On each side are four altars, and the chapel of the high altar at the farther end is arched in hewn stone, its dome supported by six gilded columns. Close by the high altar is the tomb of Ponto da Gama, who visited this island in 1497, in company with his illustrious brother, Vasco da Gama, on their return from a voyage to the Indies, and Ponto got no further, and least in the flesh.

Connected with the cathedral is a rather interesting annex wherein the vestments and processional images and church treasures are kept, and where the bishop and priest hold their conferences. Ranged in chronological order around its walls are the portraits of all the Bishops who have officiated here since the first one came 350 years ago. In the way of art they are a curious study. Some were painted in Lisbon and some on the spot by native artists, and those of the fifteenth century are quite as good as those of the nineteenth. The only inn of the island, the Hotel Terceirensê, faces the main plaza in its gaudy garb of whitewash and red, blue, and yellow paint. From front to rear and top to bottom, from vile odors and buggy beds and the unguessable components of its menu it is as Portuguese as anything to be found in Portugal, dirty and comfortless beyond compare. The only entrance is through a dim sagão (answering to the Spanish patio, or inner court), which is used as a wine vault, and is full of musty hogsheads and sour smells, accurately betokening the condition of things beyond.

#### When Society Airs Itself.

The aristocracy par excellence of the Azores resides at Angra, including his holiness, the Bishop, and the Governor General of the island, and titles are as thick as colonels in Kentucky. On pleasant days the streets and public squares present an animated appearance, the spacious shops displaying goods from Lisbon and Madrid, the tobacconists and wine dealers and gambling parlors, all with doors and windows wide open and doing a thriving business. But in rainy weather, which is so frequent in these island, everything is closed and deserted, and in the evenings the dimly lighted streets are silent as the grave by early bedtime. The liveliest place in town is the market plaza in the early morning. There you see peasants in clean linen suits, with immense double collar of Roman gold and funny little melon-shaped caps, of dark blue cloth with scarlet lappets turned up at the sides. Itinerant merchants, with their wares in huge wooden trays, or in baskets of braided rushes, carried on the head, or slung on poles over the shoulders, perambulate in many picturesque varieties of costume. The cream of society is of course Portuguese and to see it at its best you should go to the central plaza about sunset. Numerous Don Quixotes prance gayly about on spirited little island ponies, and crowds of pedestrians loiter under the oleander trees; the Governor General, resplendent in gold lace; handsome, dark-skinned officers in gaudy sashes and uniforms of green and gold; elegantly dressed ladies, toddling painfully on French heels set in

the middle of shoes several sizes too small; the more comfortable and generally better looking barefooted sisterhood who have no “style” to maintain – every shade and stratum of Azorean life. Everybody “of the male persuasion,” as Mrs. Partington would say; big and little, afoot or on horseback, puffs diligently and without ceasing at the worst smelling cigarettes that the West Indies can produce. The Portuguese man or boy is never seen during his walking hours without this supposed luxury in his mouth, and his powers of expectoration are unsurpassed, even by cuspidor champions in the United States “Sunny South.” In meeting the ladies kiss one another, first on the left cheek and then on the right, bobbing their heads from side to side in graceful unison, and woe betide the foreigner not accustomed to the salutation, who bobs her head the wrong way and gets bumped for her awkwardness! The men also throw their arms around each other’s shoulders and kiss squarely upon the mustache with resounding smacks like the popping of champagne corks. While Azoreans generally are of Portuguese origin, those of Terceira pride themselves particularly on *sangre azul*. The inhabitants of some of the other islands have more or less mixture of Flemish or Moorish blood. English, Scotch, and Irish immigrants are also present in considerable numbers, especially in Fayal and San Miguel, and are said to be responsible for the blue eyes and freckles that disfigure some of the younger Portuguese countenances. There are also some ‘negroes’ among the reputable citizens; but a little extra shade in the complexion and kink in the hair does not count for much among these swarthy people. Taken all in all they are a queer lot. Among the aristocracy the manners of Lisbon prevail and regular court etiquette is observed at assemblies and parties. Education is at a rather low ebb in all the islands, but less so at Terceira than elsewhere.

#### Natives’ Bull-Fighting Proclivities.

Among other institutions of learning at Angra is a college for the education of priests, which has at present over 100 students. The people appear to derive little benefit from the blessings which Providence has conferred upon them. For example, though the finest fish in the world abound almost at their doors, they prefer cod and dog fish and other salted (and often putrid) varieties brought from Newfoundland and the Mediterranean. Instead of their own beef and pork, which can hardly be excelled, they buy dry “jerk” and abominable bacon imported from Portugal and South America; and in lieu of their own unadulterated wine drink a vile spirit from Brazil and the West Indies, while

the so-called better class substitute gaudy cotton prints and sleazy "mixed" goods from England for the admirable native linen.

Along with the other pernicious fashions from Lisbon the sports of the bull ring were imported. But the Portuguese fiesta de tauros is not wildly exciting, as reproduced at Angra, the island bulls being very small and tame and their horns well padded to prevent them from hurting anybody. The amphitheater where the contests take place, out in the suburb called Franca de San João, looks like a small circus ring. It is situated on the backward slope of a hill, to prevent the small boys and children of larger growth from getting surreptitious unpaid-for peeps; the high whitewashed walls toward the street supplied with shuttered windows and wooden doors, above which appear such inscriptions as "camarotes" (boxes) and "bilhetes de sombra" (seats for the shade). You pay the equivalent for an American quarter for a seat in a box in the shade and half that amount for the gallery where the sun's rays pour in unhindered. In Terceira, as in Portugal, Spain, and Mexico, the corrida de tauros always takes place on Sunday, the general holiday. All the world and his wife, from the Governor General down through the nobility, the priesthood, tradesmen, and barefooted laborers, go first to mass and through the amphitheater later in the day. The military band furnishes music, yellow hand bills assure the populace that "a gay time" is bound to be had, and the audience enjoys itself after a fashion, probably because amusements are few. Once an enthusiastic devotee of the bull fight imported a large animal from England to add zest in some special fiesta. Upon his debut in Azorean society the fierce bull killed his assailant at the first dash, then proceeded to demolish the rickety fence that incloses the arena and plunged in among the spectators, injuring several before his course could be checked. This was too much "sport" even for Terceirians, and since then the fighters have confined themselves to native stock.

Much more exciting are the impromptu fights occasionally held in rural villages, to celebrate some special fiesta, patriotic or religious. They drive a wild bull up from the fields to some long, wide street and then close the thoroughfare at both ends. Up and down the beast rages, charging everything in sight, frequently compelling his tormentors to vault through some window left conveniently open. Sometimes the maddened brute storms a door and dashes into a house, while its inmates shin up among the rafters. The young Terceirian's favorite method of convincing his sweetheart of his invincible courage is to sit on a chair in the middle of the street and let the bull charge, full tilt, down

upon him; then, just at the right instant, for the slightest miscalculation means death, to leap up with the agility of a cat, seize the beast by the horns, and leap lightly over his back to safety, while he vents his baffled rage upon the chair, by reducing it to fine kindling wood.

## 11. AZOREAN CRUISINGS

Graciosa and São Jorge Central islands of the Archipelago.

### IS A VERDANT PARADISE

The Natives, Small and Peaceful, Match Their Islands.

How the Ursuline Sisters Stemmed the Lava's Tide with the Power of the Cross.

Velhas, São Jorge Island, Oct. 20. – Special Correspondences. – Sailing from Fayal to Terceira, a distance only sixty miles, we passed in the darkness of night between the two small islands, São Jorge and Graciosa, without getting a glimpse of either; and therefore felt constrained to retrace our steps over the ocean highway in order to pay them a flying visit. As everybody know, this widely scattered archipelago is divided into three distinct groups, the extreme eastern and western islands lying some 300 miles apart, with Fayal, Pico, São Jorge, Graciosa, and Terceira, and is yet in a measure dependent upon it, as Pico is upon Fayal and Corvo upon Flores.

The six hours' run between the two is generally accomplished in the small hours after midnight. You go to sleep in your berth at one port and wake to yourself in the other Graciosa ('gracious paradise') has, as its name indicates, a rich beauty peculiarly its own, pervaded by a sort of mellow effulgence due to certain atmospheric conditions, such as I have rarely seen elsewhere. It is barely twenty miles in circumference, with a population of less than 20,000 and only one settlement large enough to be called a village – Santa Cruz, its port and capital. Seen from a distance, it looks like two tiny islets, because of tall mountains at either end, the land between them being on a level with the sea. A more verdant peaceful looking spot could hardly be found, and so fertile is it that the people manage to export an incredible amount of fruit and vegetable, barley, wheat, and corn. Before the blight created such havoc in the vineyards of all these islands, wine used to be the staple production of Graciosa, or, rather, wine distilled into a fiery brandy, called *agua ardent*



(“burning water”). Nowadays, since grapes are scarcer the Azoreans content themselves with milder tipple, made from sweet potatoes, a cheap intoxicant, to be bought in all the so-called “dry goods” shops for two cents per glass, and three glasses are warranted to produce the desired state of semi-oblivion and a fine “head” for the morrow. There is no hotel or other public accommodation for strangers in Santa Cruz, but a couple of hours will give you ample time to see everything of interest on the islands, unless you care for a rough tramp over the hills, to peep into the inevitable crater of the interior, one which has had no eruption within the memory of man.

There was a fiesta in progress the day we were at Santa Cruz; the church bells were jingling merrily and the streets were full of people in holiday attire. The houses are well built, the thoroughfares clean, and everybody looks prosperous and contented. We strolled two or three miles beyond the town, into the green and pleasant country, and were much interested in the glimpses of peasant life afforded. The tiny farms are cultivated to the utmost, and the raising of sheep, cattle, and donkeys appears to be a prevailing industry.

#### Small Isles, Small Beasts.

By the way, an odd circumstance, which cannot fail to strike the observant traveler in the Azores, is the fact that all four-footed creatures seem to increase or diminish in their proportions, according to the size of the island upon which they are found. Thus, in San Miguel, the largest island of the archipelago, the cattle and horses are of ordinary size, as seen in other parts of the world, while in Fayal and in Terceira they are “middling,” in Pico and Graciosa very small, indeed, and on tiny Corvo and on St. Mary’s so infinitesimal that they look like toy animals escaped from some miniature “Noah’s ark.” There is a noticeable difference in the produce, fruits and grain degenerating in the smaller islands, as a rule, and exotic plants losing much in bloom and perfume. The people of Graciosa seem to match their island homes to perfection, being small in stature, gentle, mild-mannered, ignorant, and happy. Mormonism is said to prevail among them to a considerable extent – but there may be worse things in the world, even, than that. There is not such a thing as a jail, an almshouse, and orphanage, or a foundling asylum on the island, nor need of any. There is one manufactory, for the burning of bricks, and a number of the islanders build boats, from models of their own, which are famous in these waters for exceptional seaworthiness – though the timber for them, as well as wood for household purposes, must be brought from Terceira. They also

make the material for their own wearing apparel – excellent white linen and well-dyed woolen cloth. The homes of the peasantry are so nearly alike that a description of one answers for all the rest.

The whitewashed stone cottage has generally two rooms, with roof of thatch and mother earth for floor. An opening near the apex of the roof serves for both window and chimney or else a square aperture is left in the side wall, without glass, but provided with a rude barn doorlike shutter. The furnishings are scant, indeed. A pile of stones in one corner serves for a stove upon which the cooking is done, the smoke escaping as best it can. In another corner is the bed, so high that it almost needs a ladder to climb into it, covered with a gay patchwork spread, such as our grandmothers used to make in the days of “crazy quilts.” There is also a hand loom, a deal table, with some scriptural prints on the wall, a bench, and, perhaps, a chair or two, with seats of woven rushes. But the latter seem to be merely ornamental, or reserved for company, the ladies of the household invariably squatting upon the floor when busy with their sewing or spinning, carding flax or wool, weaving baskets and braiding hats, doing their beautiful knitting and embroidering, and making exquisite laces out of the split fiber of the aloe. For illuminating purposes there is the same modification of the old Roman lamp that our Puritan ancestors used in New England, viz., a small triangular pan to hold grease, with a floating wick of twisted rag in it.

One thing which perplexes a stranger in the Azores is the multiplicity of names in the same family, making it difficult to identify its members. When a girl marries she sometimes takes her husband’s name, but oftener she does not. The eldest son, when arrived at years of discretion, appropriates one of two of his father’s ancestral names, choosing those that please his fancy, and the second son selects some of his mother’s in the same manner, but neither ever assumes the father’s family name. That is considered of no consequence whatever, the baptismal name being the one to which importance is attached. Thus Marias and Filomenas, Jorges and Jesus abound in distracting numbers, and in the postoffice letters are assorted accordingly, no attention being paid to the surname, but the Antonios put in one pile, the Batas in another, and so on through the alphabet.

São Jorge is about the same size as its next neighbor, Graciosa, but a greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that between the appearance of the two islands. Topographically considered, São Jorge is by far the most interesting island of the archipelago – except, perhaps, Pico, which surpasses it only in

the height of its single volcanic cone. Thirty miles long, but barely three and a half wide, with tall mountains ranging from end to end, it presents one of the most impressive sea walls eyes ever beheld. Skirting it in a yacht, on a tranquil summer's day, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, as full of danger as of sublimity. No wonder that sailors dread the approach to this small speck in mid-Atlantic even more than rounding the storm-beset Cape Horn! The mighty mass of headlands, rising sheer and abrupt out of the Azorean Sea from 800 to 1,500 feet, with scarcely a break in their grim sides save where gulches corrugate the upper heights are guarded by projecting reefs of high black rocks against which the surf beats with ceaseless fury. Strong currents set in shoreward, while blasts blowing down the gulches with destructive force soon dash to pieces the unfortunate vessels driven under the lee of this Titanic wall, where not a solitary crag projects to which a drowning mariner may cling.

São Jorge's one town, or rather hamlet called Ponta de Las Velhas, set close to the shore on the shelving edge of one of these heights, looks just ready to slide off into the water. Taken all in all, it is the most lugubrious, woe-begone, and desolate-looking place to be found in many a long journey. You climb up to it over a slippery, wave-washed heap of rocks, called by courtesy a quay, and enter the village through a picturesque medieval gateway. Ruins of ancient fortifications surround the little harbor, as if nature had not sufficiently fortified the undesirable possession; but the rusty guns, long since slanted in the earth, mouth downward, serve the peaceful purpose of tying-posts for boats. Grass and weeds spring up unhindered in its irregular streets, and there are a few poor shops, a market place with a covered shed, a great church, and a hospital. The latter building was once a populous convent. The narrow cells of the monks, turned into sick wards, have a cheerful outlook into the cemetery on one side and into the patio on the other, where the official coffins are stored. These black-painted boxes have been many times used, being only loaned to the dead for the short journey to the grave, into which the corpse is dumped uncoffined, the box being returned to the patio to serve the same purpose again and again. The most attractive place in Velhas is the central plaza, standing in which, looking up and around, you feel as if at the bottom of a mighty well, so close on all sides are the precipitous mountains. The broad plateau which forms the backbone of this rocky inlet is extremely fertile, and every available patch of soil is cultivated to the utmost. Even the almost perpendicular sides of the loftiest cliffs are terraced and tilled, to the edge of precipices which

drop down hundreds of feet to the ever-raging surf below, on slopes so steep that it would seem as if both wings and claws were needed to cling to them, and in gorges accessible only by boat from the sea, where the peasants' sole companions are mountain goats and buzzards. Men and women working on those terraced heights look like flies clinging to the wall of a room. In pleasant weather the scene is attractive, green, and peaceful; but imagination fails to depict the terror and devastation which follow in the wake of the fierce gales which so frequently buffet these stern coasts. Even more destructive, though happily less frequent, are the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that occasionally overwhelm the island. Several times since its settlement – notably in the years 1580, 1757, and 1808 – its towns have been literally wiped out and the green fields buried in deep-blackened lava and scoriae. Velhas is situated in just the right spot to be demolished by volcanic streams seeking a pathway to the sea; but as often as destroyed it has been rebuilt on the same site, for the simple reason that there is no other opening in the rock-bound coast on this side of the island; and after each disaster nature has made extraordinary haste in gilding the ravages under additional bloom and beauty. It is hard to believe, but is nevertheless true, that the industrious population of 19,000, not only manage to wrest a comfortable living from these rugged hills, but actually export considerable butter, cheese, fruits, and cattle to Portugal and the neighboring islands. Their cheese is said to be of especial excellence and the shipping records show that in a single year one house alone in Lisbon received \$20,000 worth of butter from Velhas.

The peasantry of São Jorge are more picturesque in dress and manner than any we have yet met in the Azores. Their ways of living and methods of labor are as primitive as were those of the Moors, when they invaded Spain and Portugal, from whom these people are said to have sprung, and to whom they certainly bear a strong facial resemblance. The women wear dresses of dark blue woolen cloth, with enormous balloon-like skirts thrown up over their heads from the waist, and scant petticoats of the same material, bordered with scarlet. Of the men's outfit the most noticeable part is the funny little cap, of dark-colored cloth edged with red, with triangular visor turned up in front, so that the long sharp point looks like a finger pointing skyward.

#### How the Sisters Diverted the Lava.

It is related that during the last great volcanic eruption clouds of smoke were so thick that the darkness of midnight settled over the island at noonday,

rendering the ignited matter more bright and terrific by contrast. Every fresh explosion resembled the report of cannon; the earth opened in many places, casting up red-hot stone and ashes, and lava flowed in streams of liquid fire down the mountain sides. The populace abandoned all hope and flocked to the churches and convents to pray, or rushed into the sea, preferring drowning to death by fire. The largest stream of fire set straight toward the convent of the sacred sisters known as Ursulines; and at the supreme moment, when the fiery column had approached so near that the windows were broken and the shaken walls had cracked, an extraordinary spectacle took place. The Mother Abbess, having assembled all her nuns, put a crucifix in the hands of each, threw wide the convent gates, and advanced to meet the stream of fire, weeping aloud and beseeching the Virgin and their patron saint, to avert the threatened destruction. In an instant the liquid fire changed its course to an opposite direction, no longer menacing the convent, but spreading desolation in another track to the sea. The nuns prostrated themselves on the ground in adoration and then sang hymns of praise, in which the astonished people joined. The miracle was duly reported to the Governor General of the Azores and the powers that be in Portugal, who hastened to assure the Ursulines that they should ever be esteemed as saints while living, and their bones canonized when dead. Modern heretics, of course, see other reasons for the turning aside of the flood. They say that the valley is intersected by a deep ravine, caused by a former earthquake, communicating with the ocean, and that when the stream reached that point it went into it, as naturally as the water falls over the cliffs at Niagara. But heaven forbid that we should take anything from the glory of the sacred sisters!

## **12. IN PONTA DEL GADA**

On San Miguel and Largest Town of the Azores.

### **PORTUGAL'S THIRD CITY**

The Glory of the Island Is Its Orange Crop.

Transportation Facilities Are Opening the Native Market to Many  
of Our Products.

Ponta del Gada, San Miguel, Oct. 29 – Special Correspondence. – After the picturesque beauty of Flores and Fayal, and the impressive grandeur of Pico and Terceira, the traveler naturally looks forward with high expectations to

this the largest and richest island of the archipelago. But he is likely to be disappointed with the first view of it. San Miguel possesses the same general features of rockbound coasts and basaltic cliffs, interior mountains wreathed in clouds, and hills and valleys green with vineyards, orchards, and gardens; but perhaps the scene loses in impressiveness from being so widely spread out, for this big island is sixty miles long by from nine to twelve miles wide. It seems to be scalloped in regular pattern around the edges by reason of the innumerable little conical hills set close to the shore, all so monotonously alike that they resemble the teeth of a colossal saw. Back of these rise other peaks, tier above tier, till lost in the low-hanging clouds. As the steamer rounds the southwest corner of the island, Ponta del Gada is suddenly disclosed, the largest city of the Azores and third in importance in the kingdom of Portugal. It stretches two miles or more along shore and up a gentle slope, between the crescent-shaped bay and the sharply serrated peaks that outline it.

The breakwater which renders this harbor comparatively safe deserves more than passing mention, for it has been nearly forty years in process of construction, and has already cost more than £1,000,000 and ruined many contractors, but it is not yet completed. Probably it never will be finished, or remain so for any length of time, because it lies in the line of the severest Atlantic gales, and no work of man can long withstand the shock of the water surges. The breakwater, a massive wall of masonry thirty-three feet high, is built on the outer line of a sunken crater in ten fathoms of water; but the sea, apparently in mischievous sports, frequently destroys in a few hours the labor of months, or even of years. The work has gone bravely on, however, and the breaches have been repaired as often as opened. Inside of it 100 vessels of all draughts and dimensions can ride at once and bid defiance to the gales that rage outside. The city is faced by a sea-wall and the landing is within a handsome jetty. To the left is a line of ancient fortifications, fast falling to decay. Numerous church towers, tall factory chimneys, casas, faced with Oporto tiles, rows above rows of stone houses, great and small, all white-washed or colored rose-pink, sky-blue, heliotrope, or canary-yellow, beautiful gardens, outlying vineyards, and orange groves, combine to impart an air of prosperity unexampled in other parts of the archipelago.

Hardly is anchor cast before the steamer is surrounded by a flotilla of clumsy boats, each having a cannon ball sunk in its inner extremity to balance the oars, propelled by boatmen whose confusion of tongues puts Babel in the shade. Jumping into the nearest boat, you quickly glide behind the wall and

are landed at the custom-house-stairs. The examination of your modest little trunk is short, but surprising. It has been said that all the able-bodied men of San Miguel are either farmers or custom-house officers, and you are inclined to believe that agriculture must languish for lack of laborers. At any rate, there appears to be a special officer for each and every small personal belonging you have brought to the Azores.

#### Taxing and Loafing.

First, all taxable articles are appraised, and that means everything of which you happen to stand possessed. Then an additional tax is levied on each separated piece of baggage. Then 10 per cent of the whole tax for some public work; then 6 per cent for another "work," through the list of all that is being done on the island or may be doing in the future. Lastly, under the head of cost, there is a small charge for the paper upon which you have been compelled to "declare," rent for the pen, and a fair price for the few drops of ink you have used in the transaction. Thus does Portugal turn some honest pennies in her days of declining fortune. The whole thing amounts to little financially, and is conducted with the utmost dignity and politeness; but the spirit of petty officialism displayed under the guise of governmental red-tape disgusts and irritates you, perhaps to the extent of a temporary mislaying of temper – which does no good whatever.

The old stone custom-house, a quaint building of Venetian architecture, appears to serve the same useful purpose as the combined store and postoffice in rural communities of New England, a rendezvous for the swapping of stories and the gleaning of information in general. Half the male population of Ponta del Gada may be found at any hour of the day lounging among its massive stone columns, smoking cigarettes and discussing the latest political happenings, and news of the world's doings brought by ships in the harbor. Besides the lounging citizens aforesaid, this is at all times a very busy place, being the chief commercial port of all the Azores. It exports a great deal of alcohol made from sweet potatoes, *pozzalana* (a good cement), corn, wheat, horsebeans, oranges, and pineapples, mostly to Portugal, to be paid for in return of dry goods and groceries. There is also a ready-money traffic with vessels that resort to San Miguel for provisions. Sugar was once made here to a considerable extent, but for many years its manufacture has been abandoned for more profitable products. The glory of the island is its oranges, which in one season – the most profitable of which I can find an account in

the shipping records – amounting to 360,000 boxes, twenty to the ton. The activity of the orange season continues from the middle of October to April. Every day long processions of mules and donkeys wind down the mountains to the city, laden with the golden fruit for shipment to foreign lands. Besides the schooners and barques that arrive from abroad to take on these cargoes many ships put in here for repairs. There is regular mail communication twice a month by the Lisbon line of steamers, also by fruit steamers to England; and the United States sends two lines of vessels, from Boston and New York, at intervals. Owing to this easy and comparatively new communication with the United States, our trade is rapidly pushing its way among these people. A few years ago England largely monopolized the Azorean market in the way of imports, sending thither woolens, cottons, hardware, iron, lumber, glass, tea, and groceries to an annual value of a million dollars; but now American goods have come to be an active demand, especially flour and domestics. The fact is the Azoreans need almost everything our markets can supply, being to a great extent devoid of the means of living or doing business except as they are supplied by foreign trade. For instance, though surrounded by the ocean and with whale spouting in their harbors, they buy all their fish and oil from other countries; and raising such an enormous quantity of organs every year, they cannot make boxes for the fruit as cheaply as the same can be imported in shoos from America.

The population of Ponta del Gada is estimate at 25,000 and that of the whole island about 115,000. The city architecture is noticeably similar to that of Havana – the same two-story stone houses with much of the Doric in pillars, entablature, and roof, and the same endless whitewash, variegated with brilliant colors. There is a fine old city gate, and you come upon rare archways in unexpected place. Traces of the Byzantine order are found in the public edifices and in the many churches and their towers full of tongueless bells that have been worn thin by the long-handled hammers of generations of sextons beating a perpetual tattoo upon them. There is more wealth here than at Horta, and some very fine residences, surrounded by superb gardens of world-wide fame. The streets, regularly laid out and well paved, are underdrained and neatly kept. A few of them are tolerably wide, but the majority, as in the cities of Spain, Portugal, and Italy are very narrow and darkened by overhanging balconies.



## Accommodations for the Visitor.

Shops are windowless and signs almost unknown, some quaint emblem or device usually indicating the character of wares to be found within. Wine shops are everywhere, wide open and well patronized, but there seems to be no drunkenness. Hotel accommodations are unfortunately limited and mostly under Portuguese management. There is one small inn kept by an English family, which cannot be said to reflect much credit upon the inns of "Merrie England," and board may be had at moderate rates in private families. By far the better plan, if you contemplate a winter's sojourn in these islands, or even a few weeks' stay, is to hire a *casa* and set up housekeeping under your own vine and fig tree, pro tem. Rents are absurdly low, as compared to prices in New York and Washington, with infinitely better climate thrown in; provisions, though somewhat limited in variety, are not much dearer than at home, and servants' hire averages 22½ a week. What answers for winter in the Azores begins about Christmas, the three coldest months being January, February, and March – so very cold indeed that the thermometer gets down at rare intervals as low as 55 degrees above zero.

Frosts are unknown and vegetation remains green and luxuriant throughout the year, with little change, except in coloring, as each flower has its own season. This seems strange, remembering that the islands are in about the same latitude as Philadelphia, but I suppose the difference in temperature is due to the vagaries of the mysterious current, the Gulf Stream. In the winter months the Azorean weather is sometimes damp and chilly, owing to frequent showers, and, as in England and Scotland, it is well when taking one's walks abroad always to go armed with an umbrella. But the sun quickly reappears and the ground is soon dry, partly from evaporation and partly from the porous soil, which soon conducts the surface water away. The winter winds, however, render necessary the high walls, lined with the tall hedges of faya and incense trees, that are seen everywhere in the Azores, protecting the orange groves and vineyards. In spite of them the gales, sometimes amounting to regular blizzards, minus the snow, do incalculable damage to the fruit and in shipping in the harbor when, at rare intervals, a Niagara sweeps over the breakwater, lifting bowlders of tons in weight and depositing them on its promenade.

Taken all in all, one might go farther and fare a great deal worse for a winter residence in the matter of climate, scenery, delicious fruits, and healthful amusements. The mean annual temperature of Ponta de Gada is twelve degrees

warmer than either Rome or Nice and five degrees warmer than Lisbon. As for society the Portuguese are proverbially hospitable and entertaining. Wealthy residents abound, who have their elegant equipages and liveried servants and whose mansions are surrounded by extensive gardens beautifully adorned and filled with rare trees, shrubs, and flowers gathered from the four corners of the earth. Titles are common in San Miguel, including several barons, viscounts, and marquises of its own raising. There is also a pleasant colony of British subjects and two or three “American Princes,” with their families. The city has a good theater, where generally some strolling opera company from Lisbon or Madrid are delighting the people. There is also a public library and museum, and no end of diversion in simply watching the passing show from a window.

### **13. IN DEEP DAS FURNAS**

Pride and Boast of the people of San Miguel Island.

#### **AZOREAN GARDEN OF GODS**

A Famous Sanitarium in an Extinct Volcano’s Crater.

After an Inspiring Ride the Tourist Descends to Scenes of Infernal Suggestiveness.

Furnas Village, San Miguel, Nov. 3. – Special Correspondence. – The special attraction of San Miguel island and the pride and boast of its people is this strange valley, named Das Furnas, from the numberless hot springs and geysers of mineral water to which thousands of invalids annually resort. It lies about twenty-seven miles from Ponta del Gada, near the eastern end of the island, and is in reality the floor of a vast crater, at thousand feet deep, and some five miles long by three miles wide, surrounded by precipitous walls which have only one narrow break, on the seaward side. Think of riding up to the top of a volcano and down its depths in a four-wheeled carriage! That is precisely what you do in visiting the Furnas, and to omit the journey would be to miss the most interesting thing in the Azores.

It is necessary to make all arrangements for the trip on the previous day, and during ‘the season’ perhaps several days in advance, for, though mules and vehicles are numerous in Ponta del Gada, so are the people who want them during the annual rush to the Furnas. You secure the usual barouche of patriar-

chal construction, with three mules harnessed abreast and the jehu as stupid as only a Portuguese cochero can be, the outfit being completed by two or three donkeys, each with its vociferous driver, trailing along behind with the luggage. Probably you hesitate about trusting life and limb to the tender mercies of a vehicle in such an amazing state of dilapidation, wheels rattling, springs broken, belts loose, harness patched with bits of rope; but I assure you that, barring extraordinary accidents, the journey will be accomplished in safety and comfort; and with so much of unalloyed delight in it that you will be fain to repeat it again and again.

A fine, wide macadamized road, built and maintained by the government, runs to the very top of the mountain, to a point which is generally veiled by clouds from the city below. Stone water courses follow it all the way on either side, stone bridges cross very mountain torrent, and falls of masonry are built along the edges of the precipices. There is no use trying to describe the scenes en route, for words fail utterly and the cold black and white of ink and paper can convey no impression of the beautiful coloring of the rural pictures with the blue sky and bluer sea for a background, the mild effulgence of the atmosphere, the shifting clouds and tender mists that veil the hills and valleys. From the very suburbs of Ponta del Gada you begin to go up and up, to the tops of steep little hills, anon dashing down at full speed so close to the sea that you are sprinkled with its spray; then up again over the next peak, mounting always higher and higher. The road for the first few miles is bordered with handsome residences and beautiful gardens, cultivated fields and orange groves, the fruits of your own country and all others growing luxuriantly, shrubs, ferns, and flowers everywhere. Many of the farmers are harvesting. Great heaps of corn lie in the *eiras* and whole families are squatted alongside, braiding bunches of ears together by the husks. These the men put to dry on four high poles, put together wigwam fashion, mounting to the top by ladders. At frequent intervals along the wayside stone fountains are set, with mountain streams bubbling through them, where girls fill their red water jars at the spouts, while others, having dammed up the overflow, are washing clothes in the puddles.

#### On the Way to the Crater.

Soon you are winding up the steeper sides of the central mountains, sometimes along the edges of cliffs so lofty that the roar of ocean billows breaking on boulders at their base comes to you in a scarcely audible murmur; some-

times down into deep gorges and over bridges spanning torrents or rocky gullies; then up again 2,000 feet or more. Several villages are passed, all poor and picturesque, where the streets swarm with pigs, dogs, ducks, and geese, and women sit on the floors of their squalid huts among the chickens and naked babies, and an army of unkempt children run after your carriage clamoring for alms. The higher hilltops are covered with pine trees, the ground beneath them with staves sawed ready to be made into orange boxes. By the way, the oranges of San Miguel are said to be the finest in the world. Among other varieties which grow here to especial perfection is that called the Tangierina (a native of Morocco, I believe) – small, flat, thin-skinned, and strong-flavored. I do not know its habits in other orange-producing regions, but here it has one noticeable peculiarity, viz., that the oranges which do not ripen fully during a season, dry up on the trees and remain there safe and snug through all the winds and rains of winter, until next year's sun brings them to full size and maturity, when they mature some months ahead of the rest of the crop and prove to be the very best of the picking.

After six or seven hours' steady traveling the highest point of the island is reached, where the only vegetation is moss, lichens, and the bright little mountain heather. At the foot of the steepest acclivities a pair of oxen will be found waiting to be hitched in front of the mules and help haul the carriage up, and in some particularly steep places you may prefer to get out and walk up rather than to run the risk of standing upon your head in that crazy vehicle. Goats clamber up the narrow paths and look curiously at you, hawks fly screaming overhead, the wind blows strong and chilly, and perhaps occasionally showers belt you sharply. At last you run out on a narrow tongue of tableland, round the corner of a projecting cliff, and in an instant a sight of the far-famed valley flashes upon – one of the most surprising and delightful panoramic views which this great round world can show. The road winds close to the edge of the precipice and a thousand feet below yawns the valley of Furnas, smoking like the bottomless pit.

In the midst of the inferno of steam and sulphur fumes of the white-walled villages gleams fair as any Swiss hamlet, surrounded by gardens and cornfields, and through all wanders the Ribeira Quente (hot river), its heavily charged iron and sulphur waters glinting gold in the sunlight, now flooding the fields, now lost to sight under old mills and bridges, and again trailing its thin veil of vapor among the trees and plantations. When the fir intoxication of the senses has subsided and you are able to separate individual objects from

the glorious whole, you see that the principal caldeiras, or boiling springs, are grouped together at the left, where they send up volumes of water many feet into the air and clouds of steam vapor much higher. To the right stretches a ridge of gloomy hills, a ravine in which discloses a darker and gloomier lake beyond. In front and beyond the village lie other ranges of hills. Black lava cliffs and madder-tinted bowlders, piled in wild confusion on every side, give evidence of nature's last grand cataclysm, that of 1630, when this terrible crater sent forth volumes of ashes, which enveloped the whole island in Egyptian darkness. And encircling all is the mighty amphitheater of mountains, with silver streams trickling down their rugged sides – Cafahorte, Vara, and other towering peaks on the other side of the chasm, directly opposite your point of vantage and only eight miles away.

#### Down Hill with Mules at Top Speed.

The driver hitches an iron contrivance shaped like a shoe to the hand wheel of the carriage to serve as a brake, and then, lashing his wearied mules to the top of their speed, whirls you down the fearful declivities at a pace that fairly makes your hair stand on end. Like the young Lochinvar who stopped not for stick and who stayed not for stone, he dashes around the sharpest curves and over the biggest bowlders as if the furies were after him, the wheels often sliding so near to the verge of the mountain's over-hanging brow that you get sickening glimpses of depths below. But nothing happens, and in an indescribably short time you are down in the green valley, among the white houses that cluster around the big hotel. There is certainly novelty in the idea of dwelling in the depths of a volcano, especially one which is by no means so "extinct," but that it perpetually mutters sullen threats of future outbursts! Yet people are living all over this crater; corn fields wave on all the hill slopes, the yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, layouts.

Hot springs abound in most of the Azorean islands, and particularly in San Miguel, where nearly every crack in the ground emits heated vapor; but nowhere in the world, I believe, are there any to compare with these of Das Furnas. The ground in the vicinity of these vast volumes of boiling water is hot beneath the feet and covered with native sulphur like hoar frost, streaked red, green, blue, and yellow, with occasional patches white as snow, while in other places the soil, of the consistency of clay, is broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, resembling heathen idols painted in glaring colors. The fumes of sulphur are stifling; for several yards around each caldeira vapors issue

from the earth, and if you thrust your staff in anywhere, a miniature caldeira steams up like the spout of a tea kettle.

The principal spring, called the Great Caldeira, excites as much terror as admiration at the first view of it. Boiling water, cast skyward from several hundred valves at once, rises and falls as regularly as if ejected by a force pump, and looking at the wonderful column opposite the sun you see it adorned with prismatic tints like a rainbow or the colors that glow in a fiery furnace, while the clouds of vapor that hang continually above it devolve into a thousand ever-changing eccentric figures. As in other places where nature presents a stewpan conveniently ready for use, travelers amuse themselves by cooking things in the small springs, and in every case there is an ice-cold spring close by the boiling caldron, as if expressly provided for the relief of scalded fingers. Eggs may be cooked in Das Furnas in two minutes and corn and potatoes in proportionate time, but the vegetables come out so impregnated with sulphuric acid as to be unfit for food. Separated from the Great Caldron only by a narrow bank of volcanic substance is the greatest mystery of all, known as the "Muddy Crater," a horrible vortex of boiling mud, fifty feet in diameter, noisily threatening death to the unlucky mortal whose foot may chance to slip on the brink. Strange to say, though in a state of perpetual and most violent ebullition, accompanied by a sound resembling that of a tempestuous ocean, it never rises above the level of the plain. The superstitious peasants call it Boca do Inferno, the mouth of hell, and never fail to cross themselves piously whenever they come within sound of its seething. Nothing will induce one of them to approach it, and they give it a wider berth than ever since a young woman lost her footing upon the treacherous bank one day and almost before the first agonized screams had left her lips was sucked down and swallowed in the vortex. A few days later a heap of charred bones were found on the brink of the mysterious gulf, as if tossed forth for a warning to others of the children of men. If you have the courage to hold a stick in this strange caldron it is soon burned black, then begins to smoke in your hands, and is pulled downward with such force that you are in danger of being drawn bodily into the abyss, unless you let go, when the stick instantly disappears.

#### Good Places for Visitors.

There is ample accommodation in the Furnas Valley for pleasure seekers and curiosity hunters, as well as for the hundreds of invalids who annually resort here to be relieved of their rheumatism, scrofula, and kindred ills. Besides the

fashionable Portuguese hotel, which is said to be very good of its kind, and numberless cottages where lodging may be obtained, there are many private houses, both in the village and on the adjacent plantations, where strangers with letters of introduction are handsomely entertained. It was our good fortune to be invited to visit an estate whose English owners reside most of the year in Ponta del Gada. It lies some three miles beyond the village, near the shore of the lake on the other side of the first hill range. Donkeys were waiting for us at the inn, for there is no carriage road to the place, and after a brief look at the geysers, illuminated with unearthly splendor by the last rays of the setting sun, we hurried away, lest darkness overtake us in this uncanny spot. Nothing could be more weird than that twilight ride, winding in and out among the barren hills, where mineral streams trickle down in their rusty beds to the still, dark lake; the sky overcast, fumes of sulphur filling the air, the silence unbroken, except by the patter of the donkey's feet and a mournful wind sighing in the pine trees.

I will not say how ardently we wished ourselves in almost any other spot on the earth's surface and visions of far-away home tugged at our heart strings. But after the warm welcome that awaited us and a night of "tired nature's sweet restorer," we awakened to find the sun shining so gloriously upon views so enchanting that we would not have exchanged situations with any king upon his commonplace throne. Our temporary home is the only house in sight, set upon a terrace a thousand feet above the sea, backed by cliffs a thousand feet higher. On either side of it are two beautifully wooded highlands that slope gently to the lake, upon whose placid surface the whole scene is reflected as in a mirror. Other visitors have likened it to Tyro, the Interlaken, but no spot in Switzerland can hold a candle to Das Furnas.

#### 14. LAZY TOWN SKETCHES

Where to Forget You Started with the Procession.

##### IN THE FORTUNATE ISLES

More of Mrs. Ward's Piquant and Interesting Jottings.

Daily Life in Ponta del Gada – Quaint Origin of an Ancient Salutation.

Ponta del Gada, San Miguel, Nov. 5. – Special Correspondence. – "In Les Isles Fortunies," the Fortunate Islands, as the Azores were originally called,

life never ceases to wear the charm of novelty. Ever since their first settlement, in the fifteenth century, old Tempus seems to have been going steadily backward. Nowhere else can you so fully enjoy the restful sensation of being “in the world but not of it,” as if the whole procession had swept by and left you 400 years out of the reckoning. Perhaps you are occasionally disturbed by faint rumors that somewhere beyond these azure seas there are bustle and activity, but the disagreeable impression soon fades under the Circean spell of the place. Here, as elsewhere, poverty is more picturesque than riches, and the most characteristic street scenes add their charm and color to the lowly. In Ponta del Gada the most animated days are Friday and Sunday, when the public market is open and people, in holiday attire, come from all parts of the island to buy, sell, or exchange their wares. The market-place is a large, square enclosure, surrounded by high walls, and well shaded by incense trees. Stout from gates guard the entrance, water ripples iron a stone fountain in the center, and several corseted sons of Mars are constantly in attendance to hear complaints and enforce honesty. The booths of the larger dealers are backed up against the walls – those who sell meats and jewelry, earthenware and cheap finery, straw hats, and pats of butter wrapped up in yam leaves, prayer-books, rosaries and strings of garlic. In front of these are the low fruit stands, piled with golden oranges, luscious grapes, white and purple, velvety peaches, figs, guavas, apples, bananas, all the fruits you ever heard of, and many that are entirely unfamiliar. In the open space between these and the great fountain, scattered about under the trees, are the “hill-peasants,” as those from the interior are called, with their heaps of yams, melons and sweet potatoes of mammoth size, poultry and other country products.

The men lounge idly about, taking no part in the vehement haggling “in God’s name” between buyers and sellers; while the women, squatted Turkish fashion on the ground, knit and gossip in the intervals of traffic. You soon discover that the most stupid-looking Azorean peasant possesses appositive genius for barter, and you must either submit to the most barefaced extortion or practice patience to an exhausted degree. Slow sales and large profits as the principle of trade with every one of them. If you are only a passing stranger, spending a few hours in port, it matters little if you pay ten times as much for one or two articles as the next more sophisticated comer; but if you intend to remain here some time, and have shown yourself gullible in the first instance, you will find that thereafter the price of everything in the market mounts up 100 per cent the minute you appear in sight. But things are cheap enough, goodness knows!



Meat and poultry sell for less than half the average New York price, and the fish market is an infinite wonder in variety, cheapness, and excellent quality.

### Blessings of a Tropical Country.

Fruit is almost given away, the finest of grapes for 1 cent per pound, twenty large, ripe luscious figs for 2 cents, 6 cents for a melon bigger than you can carry; 6 cents for a basket full of "marketing" of various sorts sufficient to make a good dinner for half a dozen persons. Add "the people, oh, the people!" Well-dressed buyers and barefooted servants, men and women, carrying all sorts of burdens on their heads, priests and soldiers in their somber and gaudy costumes adding lights and shadows everywhere to the picture. The men, of the dark, swarthy type, are almost invariably handsome, muscular, and well-formed, and most of the children are exceedingly beautiful, but the women, after youth is passed, are simply hideous. The young girls, however, with their lustrous eyes, white teeth, supple forms, developed by much burden-bearing to stately grace that Juno might envy, short skirts and low bodices, showing the dainty plumpness of the maidens of Tuscany, full of song, laughter, and innocent coquetry, are singularly attractive. Probably the women would be less grotesquely ugly were it not for the *capote e capello*, or combination of hood and cloak which envelops them from head to heels, its enormous hood, stretched on whalebone, like a storm-bent umbrella, bulging over the face three feet or more.

Though the climate of San Miguel warrants the lightest clothing, no woman of the so-called better class ever sets out from home without this extraordinary garment of heavy broadcloth, whose nearest known similitude is the hooded braideen of the peasant wives of Connemara. The most striking article of the male peasant's attire, beyond his wonderfully adorned waistcoat, is his *carapuça*, or broadcloth cap, with its havelock-like cape dangling down behind over his short jacket, and mammoth visor turned up in front. The latter extends horizontally across the forehead at least a foot, and is sometimes curled up at the ends, so that from a little distance it looks like two upturned horns. He carries a huge staff, like an alpenstock, even when walking on level ground, and preserves at all times a grave and dignified demeanor, unconsciously falling into attitudes and posings that would delight a sculptor as he loiters by the wayside or shoulders some mighty load.

Outside the market place the street presents kaleidoscopic scenes of never-ceasing interest. Numerous little cook shops are thronged with hungry customers,

devouring heaps of tiny fishes fried in oil and *linguiças* (sausages made redhot with pepper), while fantastic, smoke-begrimed figures in the background hover about altar-like fireplaces, whose flames make Rembrandtish pictures, and whose incense of grease and garlic permeates the atmosphere a square in every direction. Wine shops and tobacco stores do a brisk business on every hand, but one sees no drunkenness in the Azores, except among foreign seafarers ashore from ships in the harbor. The common wine, a thin, acidulated potation resembling French vin ordinaire, is sold at the rate of 2 cents a "schooner," and I am told that it takes about half a dozen of the big glasses to put a man into that happy condition which sailors describe as "half seas over." The white fish market close by the new boat landing is always densely crowded in the early morning and resounds as much tumultuous wrangling as its larger London compeer. Among the most picturesque people in the island are the *pescadores* (fisher-folk), and their wordy contests over a cent's worth of sardines cast billingsgate in the shade. Shouting boys belabor their poor, patient, little donkeys along the streets. Cocheros (coachmen), in their short, baggy trousers, abbreviated jackets, and broad-brimmed hats, with tremendous ships or goads, fill the air with lurid profanity, but are in reality as harmless as Quixote himself and honest beyond belief.

#### The City's Fountains.

The city's water supply comes through underground pipes from lakes high up in the mountains, flowing into the numerous street fountains, which are constantly surrounded by men and women, filling red earthen jars, or long narrow wooden casks, to be borne home on heads and shoulders. Sometimes barrels are filled and strapped upon the backs of waiting donkeys; and every passing beast stops to slake its thirst in the trough underneath the water spouts. Most of the fountains are set into the solid stone wall and were once painted in gay colors, red, green, blue, and white; now all faded, rusty, and covered with lichens. Day and night cold, sparkling water flashes through them, and all day long an artist might find a constant succession of models, more picturesque than any the Riviera can furnish in the gossiping, chattering multitude that surround them. The common patois is medieval, and the songs and romance belong to the fifteenth century. Many Moorish words are retained entire in the language, and it is plainly to be seen that the infusion of Moorish blood has tinged the character and customs of the people, as well as their features and architecture. Even the commonest salutation of every day

life has a traditional significance. Every brown-faced peasant greets you with a pleasant "Viva, Senhor" (literally translated, "Live, Sir"), but is probably quite as unconscious of the origin and full meaning of his courteous expression as the Mexican peon who commends you to God (a Dios) on all occasions. In the rural districts of Portugal, when comes the much-used "Viva," its use is more restricted. Whenever a person sneezes, everybody who hears him instantly says, "Viva!"

Which in that case is equivalent to the "God bless you" of the Swiss under similar circumstances. A legend of the Talmud explains this custom.

In the beginning of the world men were so loosely put together that when they sneezed they were shaken apart and thus destroyed; but as years went by their joints knit more firmly together, so that there was less danger of instant dissolution when air was suddenly ejected from the nose. When people found that the usual dire results did not follow their sneezing, they exclaimed in surprise and congratulation, "Viva!" "God bless you!" or words which expressed the same sentiment.

Next to the drinking shops, the most patronized place of public resort are the drug stores, though why the vicinity of pills and plasters should attract the idle multitude I am unable to say. There are two or three billiard saloons in Ponta del Gada where the "gilded youth" do congregate, but play is never very brisk, being too much exertion for the Azorean temperament. The theater on the Rua Esperanza (Hope street), is a rather ornate edifice, with an extensive, graded lawn in front. Its large, airy vestibule has a mosaic inlaid floor, elaborately carved ceilings, and elegant chandeliers. The body of the house seats perhaps 500, and the circles are occupied by five tiers of boxes. The parquette is exclusively for the use of gentlemen, who stroll about between the acts with their hats on, talking and laughing loudly. As in other Latin countries, staring at a lady through an opera-glass is considered a delicate attention, the more prolonged and noticeable it maybe the greater the compliment. The seats are not reserved, and if you go out to promenade in the corridor between acts, or to the adjoining saloon "to see a friend," you tie a handkerchief on the back of your chair, which retains it until you return. There is no gay night side to Azorean life, as in southern continental cities. By 9 o'clock all the lowly are asleep in their closed houses, and by 10 the shops are shut, the streets dark and deserted, and no sound breaks the stillness but the sentinella's cry, or the notes of some love-lorn Romeo, as he twangs his guitar and sings a ditty beneath his

Juliet's balcony. The night policemen have so little to do, that each one while patrolling his beat is guarded by two soldiers with muskets – presumably to keep him awake.

#### Crossroad Postoffice.

One of San Miguel's most remarkable institutions is the postoffice, that is, in its management. It stands near the old custom-house, and is distinguished from the adjacent places of business only by the Portuguese coat-of-arms over the doorway. The one large room is divided midway by a common counter; behind the counter tables, chairs, desks, and a case of pigeon holes; in front of it, nothing. When a ship bringing mail arrives in the harbor news of its arrival quickly travels all over the island, and presently people congregate in the vicinity of the postoffice. It takes nearly all day to distribute the mail, however small the budget may be; meanwhile the doors are locked and the crowd waits good-naturedly for their opening with that indifference to the passage of time that marks all things Azorean. The postoffice officials go about their business very leisurely, smoking cigarettes the while, and actually sitting down in the midst of it to read their own letters and newspapers. The postmaster publishes one of the local journals, and his fellow citizens assert (not at all to his discredit), that he takes advantage of his position to cull the latest foreign news and issue a special edition therefrom, hours before he allows any mail to be delivered to his rivals in the newspaper arena. It is generally lat in the afternoon before the doors of the postoffice are thrown open and the patient throng admitted. First the mail for the custom-house, the civil governor, the military commandant, the captain of the port, and other important public functionaries is handed out, done up in neat packages, to the waiting messengers. Then the fun begins. All the rest of the mail has been sorted out into separate piles, arranged in alphabetical order, and so on down through the list, not, however, by the family name, but the baptismal name. The clerk begins with the As and reads in a slow, monotonous voice, twice over, the superscription on every letter in that pile, such as Antonio Ignace Roderiguez da Silva, Affonso Leopoldina Villasenor, and so.

The "As" generally have the largest list, Antonios and Affonsos being as common hereabouts as Johnsons and Charleys are at home. The Fs perhaps come next, on account of Francisco, and "J" is among the most popular, beginning Jesus and Jose. If your name happens to be way down near the tail end of the alphabet, like Pleban Ward, for example, you are more than likely to

lose your temper and rail internally at Portuguese methods before your turn comes especially if your time on shore is limited and you know there are home letters somewhere behind the counter. But there is nothing to do for it but to wait the slow course of events, amid the smoking, sweltering, jostling crowd, with what outward resemblance of patience you can command. The citizens become marvelously proficient in calculating just when their letters will be called. Thus, when the office is first opened, if you should call "Antonio" nearly every man present would answer; presently these begin to fall out, and some other name is in the majority. When a person hears his name called he answers "Fas favor" ("If you please"), and the coveted letter or paper is passed to him over the heads of the crowd, anybody who cares to stopping it midway to examine the superscription. Not much chance for clandestine correspondence here, but then in nine cases out of ten the recipient must go to the public letter writer or employ some better educated person than himself to read the missive and pen an answer. After the alphabet has been once completed the whole list is read over again from A to Z, for the benefit of any belated comers. Whatever remains after this is tossed upon one of the tables and subsequently if you call for mail you are at full liberty to look over the pile and carry away whatever you may desire.

## **15. BIG VOLCANIC FREAKS**

Some of Nature's Eccentricities in the Fascinating Azores.

### **FANNIE B. WARD'S LETTER**

How John Bull Put Union Jack on a Wonderful Island.

And How the Wonderful Island Carried Union Jack to the Bottom of the Sea.

Ponta del Gada, San Miguel. Nov. 19. – Special Correspondence. – It is difficult to believe that this small speck of volcanic land, tossed up in mid-Atlantic at a comparatively recent period, contains no fewer than fifty-four towns and villages besides its flourishing capital. Barely half a dozen of them are of consequence, however, though all have their historic legends of deepest local interest, and the traveler finds unflinching charms in their peculiar types of antiquity, in their Moresque architecture, the carvings of old churches and convents, and in the quaint customs of the bourgeois. Ribeira Grande ranks

next to Ponta del Gada in population, and Villa Franca in commercial importance. The latter town is of special interest to antiquarians, being situated on a small island of the same name, which was born by volcanic action less than a hundred years ago. Time was when Villa Franca was larger than all the cities of the Azores put together, the capital of the island and a “free city” enjoying many immunities.

But founded upon lava, the evidence of earlier conflagrations, she was many times partially destroyed by successive earthquakes, and finally swept off the main land altogether by the dreadful catastrophe of the Pico de Fogo (Mountain of Fire), the great volcano close by, which sprang up without warning one day in the level plain, swallowing 2,000 of her citizens and annihilating her houses and shipping under torrents of metallic fire. At low water the ruins of the ancient harbor and some of its fortifications are still visible, and from immense chasms rent on every side it is believed that the sea did not gain upon the original town, but that the town itself, with a large tract of adjacent land, was broken off and forced forward into the sea by the tremendous convulsion of nature. This new-born island has a crater on its summit ninety feet in diameter now filled with a fresh-water lake, perhaps twenty feet deep. Another astonishing thing is the present harbor, less than a mile from the old one. It is called Porto do Illhes, and occupies the very spot where once stood an island which disappeared in the depths of the sea as suddenly and mysteriously as its neighbor was thrown up. Its basin is probably the vortex of the volcano, and on its edge towers a huge pyramid of rock, whose foundations are unfathomed in the great abyss, although barely forty yards from the island from which it was originally torn.

#### A Volcanic Freak.

In another part of St. Michael's is a high mountain, the ancient crater of which is a lake, at a great elevation, and the lake is full of goldfish. In the year 1811, when the awful explosion occurred under the sea in the midst of these islands, and smoke and flames burst forth in tremendous volumes, countless fish were thrown up in all stages of boiling and broiling, and huge stones followed, with incredible quantities of black sand. Soon there was another island formed, which, before the eruption ceased, was nearly 400 feet high. But after a few months it disappeared, and only a dangerous reef remains to mark the spot. Speaking of volcanic island, let me tell you of the queerest one on record, whose freaks are amply tested in Azorean history. About two miles off the

coast of San Miguel there is a very dangerous reef upon which many vessels have been wrecked, where three times within the memory of man a considerable island has been formed, or thrown up, and twice completely disappeared. Of its first appearance, in the year 1612, little is known beyond the fact that it was found standing in the track of vessels where smooth water had been before, and that a few months later no trace of it could be discovered. Its second appearance, in 1720, was attended by huge columns of smoke and an enormous discharge of ashes and pumice stone. The historians of the day describe it as having precipitous sides and that no bottom could be found within twenty fathoms of its shores. For some years it remained unchanged, as if come to stay forever, and then, one fine morning, the early risers of San Miguel, looking seaward for the accustomed landmark, rubbed their eyes in astonishment, for not the smallest trace of it could be seen. About a century later, in 1812, it is recorded that an immense body of smoke was observed revolving about the fateful spot, almost horizontally over the water, in varied involutions, shooting upward at intervals in spire-like columns of blackest cinders, rising to windward at an angle of twenty degrees from the perpendicular. Each fresh outburst was succeeded by another of greater height and velocity, until the columns of ashes and cinders looked like branches of colossal pine trees towering to the sky, and as they fell, mixing with the festoons of white, feathery smoke, they assumed at one time the appearance of enormous plumes of black and white ostrich feathers; at another, of the waving branches of the weeping willow. These bursts were accompanied by flashes of the most vivid lightning, and a noise like the continual firing of cannon and musketry intermingled; and as the clouds of smoke rolled off to leeward they drew up water spouts which fell in sheets of rain. It happened that the British sloop of war *Sabrina* was cruising about in these waters, and her officers first mistook the smoke and noise to be that arising from a naval engagement. Approaching as near as safety permitted, they saw the mouth of the crater, just showing itself above the surface of the sea, raging with unexampled violence, vomiting huge stones, cinders, and ashes, accompanied by severe concussion. Next day the crater was fifty feet above the water, and a furlong in length. Twenty-four hours later it was 100 feet high, a mile long, and still raging like the infernal abyss, drawing up water-spouts which deluged the *Sabrina* four miles away, accompanied by quantities of fine black sand which covered her deck. With the customary promptitude of Englishmen in seizing upon all land in sight, the ship's officers lost no time in effecting a landing as soon as the fires abated and

taking possession of the newly created island in his British majesty's name. They had great difficulty in scaling the island, which by that time was 200 feet high, with sides as perpendicular as those of a smokestack (which in reality it was), the ground, or rather the sulphurous matter, dross of iron and ashes, so hot that the boots were nearly burned off their feet.

#### John Bull Gets There.

However, he accomplished it, and planted the English union jack in triumph on its summit. At that time the island was nearly round in form, with a circumference of less than two miles. In the top was a large basin of boiling water, whence a stream six yards wide flowed into the sea, and it is asserted that fifty yards from the island the water, though thirty fathoms deep, was still too hot to hold the hand in. Subsequently the island crumbled away by slow degrees, and finally sank into the sea, union jack and all.

For a long time afterward smoke, or steam, issued from the place where it stood; but now nothing is left but the dangerous reef aforesaid, on either side of which the water is sixty fathoms deep, twice as deep as before the last eruption. It gives one strange feelings to be cruising about in these waters, uncertain how soon another island may pop up alongside, or the bottom drop out of all things below.

Perhaps the most fascinating mountain scenery of San Miguel is that of Sete Cidades, at the western end of the island, about ten miles from Ponta del Gada. It is only from tradition that the fearful story is told how, nearly 500 years ago, the now deep valley was the highest point of the island, and an immense mountain, surrounded by seven lesser heights, on each of which stood a flourishing city, all destroyed by terrible earthquakes of volcanic eruptions. Other authorities have it that when the island was first discovered there was a broad and verdant plain here, which the discoverer determined to colonize, returning later with seven companies of emigrants, with whom he designed to establish seven cities, he found the plain elevated a thousand feet into a smoking mountain. At any rate, the name Sete Cidades means "seven cities"; but there was no city at all in the vicinity – only one insignificant village. It is the largest crater in the island – three and a half miles long by two miles wide, and 1,800 feet deep, occupied by two large lakes, which are named Lagoa Azul and Lagoa Verde, because of their difference in color, one being as bright green as the other is deep, cerulean blue. You may easily visit the Sete Cidades by a day's ride on donkey-back. Following a winding road on the south side



of the island, you are sometimes close to the black sands of the beautifully curved beach, again, trotting along the edges of dizzy precipices hundreds of feet above baby villages along shore; beyond, “the ocean wild and wide,” its near-by greenish blue fading into a gray waste stretching to the horizon. At the Village of Feteiros you turn inland and take to the mountains. The trail leads along a sharp, high ridge – one of innumerable parallel ridges that look from a distance as narrow on top was the Moslem’s bridge, “fine as a hair and sharp as a sword,” which, according to the Koran, spans the eternal abyss to keep the wicked out of heaven. All the ridges are clothed with verdant mosses, trees, bushes, and luxuriant ferns, in rank abundance, and on either side of them are deep green valleys, divided into orange groves and bamboo fields, and the air is filled with the warbling of canaries. The number of birds is remarkable to all the Azores, and particularly in San Miguel, where a reward is offered for the destruction of blackbirds, bullfinches, redbreasts, chaffinches, and the dear little brown canaries – the sum paid annually representing a death list of 420,000. The game birds include woodcock, snipe, quail, and red partridges. Wilder and rougher grow the hills as you mount to the summit of the range, and narrower the knife-blade ridges, with gulches a thousand feet deep between them, plowed out in former years by streams of lava flowing seaward. Late in the afternoon you catch a first glimpse of the valley and village of Sete Cidades – a vast mountain hollow, nearly 20,000 feet deep, with its churches and cottages and lovely twin lakes, united by a narrow neck, and occupying two-thirds of the valley. High above these lakes, to the north and east, rise the precipitous walls of the crater, 2,700 feet, being the highest summit of Pico de Ledo, which overlooks three parts of the island. Carefully you pick your way down the steep declivities in the early twilight, amid cornfields and fir plantations and pastures musical with the tinkling of bells of sheep and goats. As may be imagined, accommodations for tourists are not sumptuous in the mountain-imprisoned hamlet of this sleepy hollow, where Rip Van Winkle might have slept twice twenty years undisturbed.

There is a dirty little inn whose faded sign-board is labeled Hotel Travossos (Traveler’s Hotel). However, weariness is the best sauce, and a long day of mountain-climbing on donkey-back makes any sort of “bed and board” acceptable at the end of it. You sup well on boiled eggs, bread, ripe figs, and tea, and sleep the sleep of the just in a room pre-empted by piles of corn, yams, and potatoes, whose door opens backward, and whose only fastening is on the outside. Breakfast is the exact counterpart of supper, with the addition of

roast chicken and the substitution of coffee for tea; and dinner the duplication of breakfast, except that the chicken is a duck; and however long you remain there will be no variation in the menu. The people, shut in by tall mountains from sight and sound of all outer regions – indeed, with no realization that a great world exists outside beyond their ocean-environed island – are content to live in the same sylvan simplicity as did their fathers and grandfathers, who borrowed their ways from remoter ancestors. For them there is absolutely nothing beyond their few miles of valley, the walls of which are so high that the sun is not fairly risen before noon, and begins to set about 3 o'clock. During the few hours of daylight a moderate sleepy activity prevails in Sete Cidades; but between sunset and sunrise silence reigns supreme. The village homes are mostly smoke-begrimed huts, each attached to a huge wide chimney nearly as big as the house itself, and spreading out at the bottom into a broad, spacious oven with a rounding top. The parlor door is approached through the piggery, in which several lean, black porkers loudly protest against their scarcity of rations, and the streets are mere dirty lanes, abounding in curs and begging children. Out in the yamfields stands a quaint little church, surmounted by a Moorish dome. There is rudely carved altar inside, but no seats, the worshippers kneeling upon the pine boughs with which the floor is strewn. The two deep lakes, which leave scant room for the village between their shores and the base of the mountain walls, are the charm of the place. Though set so far above the level of the sea, they have a regular ebb and flow like the waters of the ocean; and both lakes retain their distinctive hues, of deep green and beautifully sky blue though they flow into each other through a narrow connecting channel. Even at bright noonday the stars are reflected in their tranquil bosoms, so well-like is the deep valley in which they are hidden. Gales of wind, which tear up great trees by the roots on the surrounding hills, do not ruffle their surface. Gold and silver fish disport themselves in the deeper waters, and in the shallows women are eternally washing, standing knee deep with their clothes tucked up in huge bundles around their hips. A large portion of the valley is occupied by the private estate of a wealthy citizen of Ponta del Gada. It comprises an empty house, and orange orchard, and fir plantation for the making of boxes in which to ship the fruit, some artificial ponds, extensive walks amid ornamental shrubbery, and a breakwater on the margin of the lake.

**16. AN ISLAND ACADIA**

Slow, Peaceful, and Primitive Is Life in the Azores.

**PICTURES OF SAN MIGUEL**

Delightful Glimpses of Humble Cottage Interiors.

Manifold Functions of the Unpretentious and Omnipresent Donkey –  
Restrictions on Emigration.

Ponta del Gada, San Miguel. Dec. 1 – Special Correspondence. – If I could transform the printed page into a big cotton sheet and throw upon it some of these charmingly characteristic scenes by the aid of lantern shades, you might form a better idea of things Azorean, but, since that cannot be, we must get along as well as possible with our word-painting. As in other countries, the rural communities of these islands are much more typically interesting than the now somewhat cosmopolitan cities. Imagine a straggling village of one-storied, one-roomed stone houses, looking centuries old, each set close to the street – that is, with no bit of yard in front – its steep-pitched roof thatched with straw, and its floor of bare earth strewn with rushes or pine needles. Its one small, square window, placed high up in the front wall, and swinging inward, is never closed, except at night. Its door, too, stands always open, as if inviting curious eyes to take their full of staring, or, if the lower half of the door is temporarily shut, the upper panel, which is on hinges, is flung wide open. Such pictures as we see framed in those rude doorways! Here a Rembrandt, there a Rubens, and plenty of Murillos, too, hardly to be mentioned to ears polite. Perhaps it is an old man in his shirt sleeves, resting his arms on the casement and stolidly smoking, his silvery hair straggling from under his gray knit cap, or the aged grandma, with a crimson handkerchief crossed on her breast, every wrinkle in her leathery face accentuated by her snow-white turban. Or maybe it is a Madonna, with naked babe in her arms, or a nut-brown Penelope at her “woolly task” of the spindle.

The interior details are simple enough. Across one end of the room are two beds, touching foot to foot, made up remarkably high, with ticks of home-made linen stuff with moss, corn husks, or the milky fiber gathered from the root-stalks of the abounding fern, dicksonia calcite. Each bed is covered with a gay patch-work quilt, or one of white knotted cotton, with round, hard bolsters at each end, but no pillows, and decorated around the legs with linen pantalettes, such as our grandmothers called “valences,” trimmed with coarse,

home-made flaxen lace. Where the family is too numerous to be stowed away in the two beds, lower ones are pushed underneath them, to be trundled out at night. A loft is also made in the peak of the roof for the larger boys, by placing a few boards half way across the room above the beds and furnishing them with “shakedown” of moss or rushes. Passing at midday, we often see the men of the family taking their siesta in these lofts, with legs dangling down like a fringe over the heads of their wives and daughters spinning below. From the rafters hang long strings of garlic and peppers, bunches of Indian corn tied together by the husks, dried fish and cane poles, while the floor is encumbered with heaps of shelled corn and sacks of wheat and beans. There is a pine table, a rude bench or two, and perhaps an Eastlake chair that would fill the heart of a collector with envy. A stone seat is placed under the high window; the bamboo occupies a niche in the opposite wall, and the collection of saints and saintesses, in wood, charcoal, or lithograph, is more or less numerous and profusely adorned with paper flowers, according to the piety or worldly circumstances of the family.

#### The Island’s Domestic Pictures.

Rambling around the hamlet, you find some of the citizens drying corn in ovens which we are accustomed to designate as of the “Dutch” variety. Others are building wattle fences of wild cane stalks or “weaving the pliant basket of bramble twigs,” or bringing bundles of flax on their heads from distant field, which the women bruise, hackle, spin, and wind.

Flax is extensively cultivated and used in the Azores, yet such a thing as a loom or spinning wheel, as we know those implements, is almost unknown. A simple distaff and spindle, like that used by Helen of Troy, and by Penelope and her hand maidens, is altogether in vogue. Occasionally in passing along some country lane you hear through the open door of a cottage the rattle of a rude, home-made loom on which the flax is woven into cloth; and mingled with this racket is the constant thwack, thwack of the flax being combed out by the women. Any day you may see illustrated the scriptural occupation of “two women grinding corn at the mill,” and of oxen treading out the wheat on a circular thrashing floor; nor do “they muzzle the oxen that treadeth out the corn.”

The Azorean plow is the old Latin implement, reproduced of wood, the share alone being shod with iron. The plowman rides to the field on his donkey and then has a pair of oxen to do the work, while the donkey is turned loose

in the hedge to wait. So it was in the days of Job, who tells us that "the oxen were plowing and the asses feeding beside them." In returning from work the shaft of the plow is caught on the yoke between the oxen, while the pole trails along the ground, precisely as Horace and the older Latin poets describe it. The Azorean practice of fertilizing by sowing and plowing the lupine is also borrowed from the same period. You remember that Virgil in the first book of the *Georgics* impresses upon the Italians the necessity of rotation of crops to preserve the soil from exhaustion, and especially urges the alternation of a light, leguminous crop with the heavier grains. Horace Greeley's celebrated advice in "What I Know About Farming" was not more practical, though a deal less sentimental than Virgil's. Says the earlier authority "Changing the season you will sow the golden corn on that soil from which you shall have first gathered the merry pulse with rattling pod, or the tiny seed of the vetch, and the brittle stalk and rustling forest of the bitter lupine." So well was the excellent counsel followed by the Romans that they carried the lupine with them into their conquered provinces; and to this day the "leguminous crop" alternates with grain in these remote colonial offshoots.

When about three feet high, the lupine is cut with a short, two-edged sword, and the stubble is plowed under. The narrow streets of many of the villages are so hard trodden that the peasants use them for thrashing floors. Riding through them, your donkey picks his way carefully through heaps of lupine, which men are thrashing with flails before their doors. So bitter are the beans that the "boneset" tea we used to imbibe for the ague is sweet in comparison. The peasants carry them down to the sea in bags; and after they have been pickled a few days in salt water, the effect is much the same as that of brine on an olive, and they are sold at the street corners as one of the delicacies of the Lenten season.

One may learn some useful lessons from the contented lives of these poor peasants. Oppressed by both church and state, the Azorean bourgeoisie is content to work from sunrise to sunset for a shilling, and to fare, every day alike, on unleavened bread and spring water, with at rare intervals such luxuries as dried fish and a few butter beans. Skilled labor seldom commands more than 40 cents a day, and a man with a cart and donkey considers himself in wonderful luck if he can earn 50 cents by fourteen hours of constant toil. On such meager sums they not only support themselves and their families, but actually contrive to lay up some money for rainy days. The laborer who is so

fortunate as to have a steady job at \$1.50 per week is sure to put by 50 cents of the weekly stipend until he owns his home, and maybe a bit of land. Of course, this could not be were his wants more numerous or less easily supplied.

### Corn as a Staple.

The government has wisely restricted by law the exportation of corn, his staff of life, which he prepares for food by grinding, mixing into cakes with water, and baking on a flat hearth stone. "If too poor to own the smallest bit of land, he rents enough, generally paid for in labor, to raise corn for the family consumption. In the harvest season the whole landscape is aglow with the golden hue of the grain, which, stripped of the husk, is strung on poles, or on the branches of trees, or piled up in enormous stacks, while wagons heavily loaded with it come creaking down the hillside. Fish of all kinds is abundant in the neighboring seas and absurdly cheap. Sardines appear to be most common, and are brought in by the fishermen every morning, in boat loads, and sold at the rate of 2 cents per hundred. People come down to the shore and buy them in large quantities, which they carry away in panniers upon the backs of donkeys, to salt and dry for winter use.

The Azorean peasant utilizes everything that grows. He feeds his *porca* (pig) on wild lettuce, ferns, and yam leaves. He braids the reed into ropes, plait it into matting, and uses it and the palm leaves to shingle his roof and carpet his floor. Of the palm pith he makes artificial flowers, with which to adorn the saints, or to sell to strangers. Of the bramble and the willow he makes baskets, panniers, the bodies of carts and wheel-barrows, and the wings of his fanning mill.

The bamboo supplies his house with rafters and partitions, walls his hennery and pig sty, and forms the staff he always carries. Both himself and his house are topped with straw, in thatch and hat; his clothing is of flax, dyed with mountain weeds. The volcano furnishes lava stone for his building material, the brook clay for his pottery, the faya and the heater his fuel. In short, nature has done the best she can for him, and he utilizes her benefits to the utmost. As a rule he has no use for a barn or a storehouse, for his small stock of grain can be easily stowed away under the beds and in the corners of the one-room *casa*. Neither is there any need for a hennery to tempt the neighbors, for the chicks and pigeons prefer to roost among the thatch; nor of a piggery, for the socially inclined *porca*, tethered by a string to the doorpost, is more at home inside than out. No people are more faithfully in love with fatherland than the

Azorean with his islands; but as the peasant can never hope to greatly better his position at home many of the more enlightened among them seek to escape their burden of poverty by emigrating to Brazil or elsewhere. Doubtless more of them would follow the example of the star of empire which "westward takes its way" were not the anti-emigration laws so very strict. No native can openly leave the island without a passport, and a passport will not be granted unless he gives bond in \$300 to return and serve in the army when conscripted. It might as well be \$3,000,000, so far as the peasant is able to raise it. But a good many get away every year nevertheless, by shipping clandestinely on the whalers and traders that occasionally put in at the smaller ports. "Stealing Portuguese," as the traffic is called in seaman's parlance, used to be an extensive and profitable business, and is yet considerably engaged in. When you see a bonfire at midnight on some lonely hilltop you may know that a boatload of refugees is waiting to come out under cover of the darkness. It is said that sacks of wheat and bails and boxes of vegetables, taken on even at Ponta del Gada, sometimes develop into lively, two-legged freight as soon as the craft is outside the harbor.

#### The Donkey with a Worried Look.

However hard the peasant's lot at home, though he owns neither house nor land nor car nor goat nor pig, there is none so poor that cannot possess at least, one little donkey, which, after convenient habit of its kind, supports itself somehow on brambles, tin cans, and other refuse. If you want to go anywhere in San Miguel Island and require the services of a donkey, all you have to do is to step over to the Matriz Church, where hundreds of the sturdy little beasts are congregated all day long, accompanied by barefooted drivers, who carry iron-pointed goads as large as the handles and twice as long as that useful instrument is made in the Azores. Each donkey has a rope of braided rushes around its shaggy neck in lieu of a halter or bridle, and on its back a huge wooden saddle, with upturned wooden yokes at the front and back. Even men rarely sit astride when they ride these animals, but mount the cumbrous saddle, something as you would the wild Irish jaunting car, with both legs dangling over the donkey's right side, and in moments of peril clutching violently with both hands the horns of the front yoke, which may well be called a "dilemma." It is no use to undertake the upright and dignified position. Far better to double up in the true Azorean attitude when on donkey-back, in the form of an inverted interrogation point.

From padre to peasant everybody owns a donkey, and brings it into requisition for the most trifling journey. The padre will not walk a block, if his own or any other person's donkey is within call. The goatherd on the mountain has his for an inseparable companion, and if the feeding ground is shifted but a few rods, he makes as much preparation as for a long journey, riding in state to his new station among the rocks. So, too, the peasant laborer rides to his shilling-a-day job on an adjoining farm, and the country woman, wishing a bit of gossip with the good wife in the next cabin, sets out in the saddle and arrives with as much *éclat* as from a lengthy pilgrimage. Wherever you look, down any street or lane or country road, there is a constant procession of donkeys. Here comes a group ridden by peasant women on their way to town, each woman cloaked and cowled in the hideous *capote capillo*, with all manner of country produce swaying from their wooden saddles. A lone donkey laden with water casks plods along without companion or driver, sent from somewhere over an oft-traveled way, with a look of worried responsibility upon his gray old face. Behind comes a bevy of donkeys, under piles of cornstalks heaped so high that it looks as if the stacks were traveling into the city on invisible legs; but beneath the fodder bells jingle in a muffled way, a lad, following after, prods the mysterious bundle viciously. Again it is a troop of donkeys mincing down a narrow path, laden with wheat and corn, in casks and panniers, or two are met sustaining a heavy beam across their backs to which is lashed the trunk of a tree being conveyed to the city for building purposes, so evenly balanced that while one end bangs the donkey's head and shoulders, the other, bounding lightly along the way, is a menace to all passers. Perhaps the oddest burden of all is a patient being carried to Da Misericordia, the splendid hospital of Ponta del Gada. Two timbers are fastened lengthwise along the donkey's back and from the ends of these other timbers extend across the donkey's back, securely fastened with thongs. From this rude framework a hammock depends, made of pine staves, such as are used for orange boxes, covered with stout, home-made linen. Sufferers are thus comfortably carried, even with broken bones, from their homes in the most distant part of the island to the city for treatment.



## 17. AZOREAN CHURCHES

A Sunday Ramble Through Quaint San Miguel Sanctuaries.

ARE MANY AND MUCH ALIKE

Characterizations of Their Adornment and Equipment.

An Indulgence for Any One Who Will Repair the Cathedral's Roof.

Ponta de Gada, San Miguel. Dec. 6 – Special Correspondence. – Although there seems to be no Sunday in the Azores, regarded from our view of its proper observance, one's conscience is not likely to be lulled into forgetfulness of religious duties. Throughout the entire week the church is everywhere prominently in evidence, while at every hour of the day and most of the night a clamor of bells "entreats the soul to pray." To be sure, the market place, the shops, and saloons are all at their brightest and best on the Lord's day, the bull-fight and cock pit claim the majority of the people in the afternoon, and balls and the theater in the evening, but everybody goes piously to prayer and confession in the gray light of dawning, and later to mass, and, having thus discharged his obligations to heaven, feels himself fairly entitled to enjoyment of the world during the rest of the day.

Let me tell you how today has been spent. Long before sunrise we were awakened by the usual jangling of bells in a dozen churches, and we determined to outdo the lark in the matter of early rising, rather than waste a precious moment of our last Sunday in the Azores. Not having made a brilliant record as early birds during our month's sojourn in this town, it was necessary to go out on the balcony and clap our hands smartly together, after the manner of the good people in the Arabian Nights, to announce that Las Americanas desired their bedroom coffee several hours than usual, and presently it was brought by the astonished chamberman (there are no chambermaids in these countries), together with a crusty loaf and platter of cheese. A breeze, balmy and sweet as of sour southern June, ruffled the vines that drape the *alcoba*. Below, in the court yard, life is going on as if it were midday on a busy Sunday, instead of 4 a.m. on the day of rest. The lean and dignified *senhor*, mine host, propped against a pillar, was at his customary business of puffing slowly at endless cigarettes, while his fat wife bustled noisily about like an energetic little steam tug pulling the whole domestic concern.

Already a dozen *coheres* (cabmen) and *arrieros* (mule drivers) were lounging about, hoping for jobs among the shipload of strangers who arrived last night,

and the patio was filled with market people, male and female, bringing every conceivable thing to sell in the way of meats, fish, fruits, and vegetables. All the women were swathed in bright shawls, or muffled from head to heels in the voluminous capote e capello; all the children, bright, happy, and beautiful, but nearly naked, all the men diligently smoking odd-looking cigarettes, rolled in cornhusks, which are always deposited with great precision behind the ear whenever the heat of argument over a cent's worth of something requires both hands in vehement gesticulation. The patio is a charming and quaintly medieval "interior," if the unroofed central space around which the house is built can be so called.

#### A Courtyard Scene.

It is paved with small stones, like the streets outside, and admits donkey as well as human being through the wide front door. Scattered all about in everybody's way are saddles, grain bags, baskets of provender, and queer kitchen utensils; while one corner, partially sheltered by a square bit of projecting thatch, supported on two posts, serves as a cookroom. Its stove is a heap of stones, raised as high as the *Senhoras'* knees, and on it fagots of pine furze are burned in several tiny piles. Over each little fire is something boiling, broiling or stewing, on a triangular piece of iron poised above the blaze, or in a rude jar of native pottery, or in an iron kettle, upheld by a long stick beneath its bait. Every now and then the *senhora* comes along and blows the fires, puffing her cheeks like a human bellows, and scolding the maids the while; and then the latter take their turn at blowing, each with hands on hips and faces distorted like those of the gargoyles under the eaves of the cathedral. A narrow gallery runs around the entire second story, thus forming a covered portico around the courtyard, into which all the rooms on the ground floor open. The chambers also have no windows, but each has a big barnlike door, opening into the gallery, or *alcoba*, in the vernacular; and in the upper part of the door are one or more small panels, on hinges, which may be separately set ajar when light and air are desired without altogether sacrificing one's privacy to the public gaze by opening the whole door. The house roof, of half-round red tiles, extends some distance over the balcony, leaving a generous opening to the sky; and all along it bird cages are hung, and benches set between the vine and flowering plants that grow in tubs and boxes.

After coffee, we followed the crowd to matins, and visited several sanctuaries in the course of the morning. In all of these islands the churches are many and

very much alike, their leading characteristics being white-washed outer walls, open belfries, oblong, red-tiled naves, horseshoe arches, innumerable window cases of black lava, apparently set in at random, and generally a minaret of Moorish dome, and always a steeple full of noisy bells, which are perpetually pounded upon by long-handled hammers. All are approached through ponderous iron gates and entered through triple arched, flamboyant porches, above which is set a life-size figure of the patron saint. One sees everywhere traces of the fingers of master architects which antedate the Spanish occupation of the island and hint of their earlier golden age. The auditorium is always spacious and lofty, huge columns, from eight to ten feet square, supporting the groined and vaulted ceiling; but, unfortunately, the fine effect is generally spoiled by gaudy gilding, tinsel decorations, and bouquets and festoons of most unnatural paper flowers. Such churches, as the Matriz and the Conceicao, at Terceira, the Matriz, at Fayal, the San Francisco and the Matriz, at Ponta del Gada are, among many others, resplendent with handsome frescoes, richly gilded altars, real gold and silver candlesticks. Dutch tiles, and blue panel pictures, in porcelain, illustrating scriptural scenes. Above the side chapel are often nailed the coat of arms of wealthy families, who have paid for the privilege, and before scores of altars silver lamps are kept constantly burning, the votive offerings of absent natives, who have each deposited a sum of money for the purpose. There are organs in a few of the cathedrals, but, as a rule, the sounds extracted from them are conducive to feeling the reverse of pious. One organ, in Ponta del Gada, boasts of a trumpet attachment and its tinpanny tones are simply excruciating.

#### Most Rare Wood and Carving.

In many of the edifices it is the wonderful carving that commands the most admiration. Perhaps the best example of this work is seen in the Jesuit church of San Miguel's capital. Nothing on the continent of Europe is superior to the delicate carving of its ceiling and altars. Age has deepened the rich, ark hues of the wood, and the delicate tracery is as perfect today in every line and supple as when it came from the obscure graver's hands, centuries ago, but even the name of the artist has been long since forgotten.

Beside these carvings are often rich pictures, the productions of the old Spanish masters, admirable today, in spite of the obscuring dinginess wrought by three or four centuries of smoking incense. But, as a rule, the images of the saints in these old-time sanctuaries speak of the degenerate present, being

rudely hacked out of wood, dressed in soiled cotton, bedizened with faded ribbons and gaudy paper flowers, their heads surrounded by stiff metallic rays of glory. The patron saint of Ponta del Gada's Matriz Church looks like a North American Indian, with headdress of feathers, war club in hand, and two arrows sticking into his side. Of course, there was originally some tradition concerning him, but it seems to have been entirely forgotten by the present generation; at least I am unable, after many inquiries, to learn anything about it. Every church has from one to a dozen caricatures of the Savior, any one of which would ruin the religious sentiment of a more esthetic people than the Azoreans. In the Church of Livramento is a wax figure of Christ, bearing the cross, so bloody and repulsive that children cry and women turn pale at the sight of it; and in the San Francisco Church the sacristan will haul a coffin out from under one of the altars and show you a ghastly naked effigy of Jesus, laid out for burial. The cathedral of Ponta del Gada is one of the most imposing edifices in the archipelago, and its belfry is hung with a remarkably sweet chime. A quaint effect is added to the exterior by a series of lion-bodied gargoyles with human faces grinning from under the eaves at passers-by. In the walls I noticed a printed papal dispensation to the effect that forty days' indulgence would be granted to anybody who should contribute, in however small degree, to repairs on the roof. Tawdry red curtains are looped away from the front of the altars, and a wilderness of ropes dangles before them – the stage carpenter's arrangement for the semi-theatrical fiestas that so frequently take place. The theatrical aspect of the house is heightened by the many little boxes opening from the galleries, which are occupied on special occasions by parties of the elite. There are no seats on the damp stone floor, but a small space in the center of the auditorium is floored with wood and surrounded with a low railing.

Here the women kneel during the services, their gay shawls, white turbans, and blue capotes making a spot like a brilliant flower bed in the dim old church, while the men and boys congregate in the rear and on all sides, and we notice that, as in other Catholic countries, the male population pays comparatively little attention to its prayers, no doubt expecting to get into heaven on those of the female portion of their families. Within the altar spaces of this cathedral are some magnificent carved wooden settees, black with age, and carved lecterns supporting enormous antique tomes, printed in medieval Latin, with curious black and red letters, bound in leather and brass. There is a nunnery connected with the Church of the San Francisco, that of Nossa Senhora Espe-

ranza (Our Lady of Hope), one of the few that, since the disestablishment in 1834, have been allowed to expire by limitation. Its windows are guarded by massive iron gratings, as if criminals of deepest dye were caged inside, instead of a few innocent and happy old women, who are sometimes seen in black costumes and white head dresses. The sojourner in the hotel near by is sometimes inclined to wish that the house of Our Lady of Hope had gone with the rest, when disturbed by the grewsome sound of its midnight and early morning bells, calling the aged devotees to prayers. The chapel connected with the convent has some beautiful antique floral frescoing, as bright and fresh as if painted yesterday.

#### Treasures of an Image.

And here, behind a framework of golden bars, is the celebrated Santo Christo, an image of Christ which is regarded by the Azoreans with the utmost reverence and has been richly endowed with real estate and personal property. Around its waist is a rope of gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, and on its diadem, breastplate, bracelets, and other adornments are jewels estimated to value several million dollars; while the wealthy continue to bring their richer offerings, and devotees who have emigrated to Brazil or elsewhere send over jewels, rich stuffs, cargoes of coffee, sugar, and every conceivable commodity, the poor pile its shrine every day with bread, wine, and fruit from their own scanty stores.

Returning from our tour of the churches to 10 o'clock breakfast at the inn, we were served upon a table bare of covering, but beautifully polished by countless scrubbings, with plates of brown earthenware, such as Northern housewives use for baking pies, and a very large glass flagon with pewter goblets, suggesting the lost glories of Azorean vineyards. As for the menu, there were the inevitable eggs and chicken, yam stew and unleavened bread, with a lump of Conger eel, big as your head, served steaming hot toward the close of the repast (as in all Spanish and Portuguese countries fish comes last), and coffee and fruit enough to generously ration a regiment. One ceremony must never be neglected. The host comes in, fills a pewter mug for each person with the *passado*, native sweet wine of the country, lifts another to his own lips, and gravely gives the blessing. "May the praise of God rest upon this house for you, stranger and friend."

In the afternoon we followed the fashionable world of Ponta del Gada in a long drive along the old *Caminho Grande* (great road), which leads to

Povoação, one of the oldest towns in the Azores, in the southeast part of the island. The road is forty feet wide, some of the way cut in the rocky side of the mountain, at an elevation of 3,000 feet, to which it gradually ascends with occasional level stretches, along which cool springs from the upper heights empty into marble basins. Farther on you pass extensive forests, and look down into the deep ravines and chasms, with white cottages and cultivated lands in the valley below, and finally you reach the top of the mountain ridge, when a sense of grandeur electrifies you with wonder and admiration. A vast view of the ocean breaks upon the vision, while beneath your feet, far, far below, lies a tiny bay, guarded on either side by high cliffs, off which the sails of fisher boats look like aphrodites of the sea. Away to the south the indented mountains on St. Mary's Island are wrapped in silvery mist, to the north the slopes of the hills are green with corn; to the west the great mountain, Pico da Vara, looms skyward 5,000 feet; and, turning to the east, you gaze down long slopes into the exquisite valley, which holds the town of Povoação, with its pretty villas and churches extending to the seashore.

### **18. AZOREAN SKETCHES**

Fannie B. Ward's Last Days in the Archipelago.

A JAUNT TO SANTA MARIA

Glimpses of a Funeral and a Ball in St. Mary's.

Interesting Characteristics of Either Function – The Musical Passion

of Those Bucolic Island

Folk.

Ponta del Gada, San Miguel. Dec. 16. – Special Correspondence. – We have been improving our last hours in the Azores by a flying visit to Santa Maria, the smallest island of the group and the one that lies nearest to Europe. Though only forty-four miles southeast from the big island of San Miguel, the latter, strange to say, remained undiscovered for twelve years after Gonzalo Cabral had found the first tiny speck in midocean (in 1432) and named it in honor of the Blessed Virgin. St. Mary's is not often visited by tourists, because there is no harbor in the dangerous reefs that surround it, and therefore most ocean

steamers give it a wide berth. Its trade is conducted through the medium of San Miguel, as that of Pico is through Fayal and Corvo through Flores, and many small native boats ply constantly between in favorable weather. It happened that the Portuguese royal mail was sailing that way on our monthly trip, and we determined to risk it, trusting to providence to get us back somehow across the channel in time for the steamer, expected four days later, upon which we had taken passage for another journey.

“The royal mail” sounds well, but fair Juliet was right when she remarked, “What’s in a name?” The Portuguese steamer is a low-lying affair, broad, squatty, and inconceivably dirty, emitting from her funnels the blackest smoke that ever sullied the atmosphere. As she was to sail at daybreak we went aboard betimes, but not too early to miss many a *boa viagem* (good voyage) shouted after us as we hurried down the narrow street by the kindly folk among whom we have made many friends. Not so early, either, but that the harbor was all astir, with fishing boats setting out for the day’s catch, ships bound seaward, with all sails set; English barques waiting for their charter, and several from our own country, flying the flag so doubly dear to her exiles when seen in foreign parts. Among the latter was a Boston packet of the Adams line, which has been doing good business with these islands for many years, and sends a vessel about once a month to make the round of Azorean ports.

There was also a New Bedford whaler – one of those storm – defying craft that zone the watery globe in search of bone and blubber, generally getting back to the home port after two or three years’ absence, and another rakish-looking New England craft, suspected of being one of those accommodating vessels that still cruise discretely around the Azores, watching for signal fires by night, which indicate cargoes of runaway Portuguese, who prefer to become New Bedford and Gloucester fishermen until 26 years of age to the doubtful glory of island military service. A queer, schooner-rigged ship, all deck and poop followed us closely out to sea, her crew a hairy lot, all armed with savage ox goads, like the pikes of Spanish picadors in the bullring. Were they pirates, going to step on board presently, and invite us to walk the plank? Oh, no; only harmless *carniceiros* (butchers) from Ponta del Gada, going over to St. Mary’s for another load of fine, sleek cattle, for which that island is famous.

#### Odd Craft in Azorean Waters.

The oddest craft of all was met midway, a cross between a Havanese lighter and a New York North River scow, with high, three-story cabins overhanging

stern and prow, above double tillers – something like the ancient galleons of the dim old prints. It was rigged with a single sail, partly of patched canvas and partly of rush matting, which flapped idly above another brown-faced, hairy-breasted crew, lying about in the picturesque attitudes of the operatic stage, on a cargo composed entirely of pottery from St. Mary's. This native pottery is a coarse kind, fit only for common domestic purposes; but it is shaped in quaintly artistic designs, and painted before baking in bright reddish ocher, which give the jars the gay appearance so becoming to the island Rebeccas who carry them on their heads to the springs and wells. It is made only in St. Mary's, and is exported in large quantities, not only to San Miguel and the other islands, but even to Spain, Brittany, and the West Indies; and is always taken in boat loads, just as we saw it in the craft, unpacked, but without danger of breakage, so well is it made.

Santa Maria is only thirteen miles long by less than nine miles wide, with volcanic rocks strewn all about, alternated with beds of limestone, the whole honeycombed beneath with innumerable stalactite caverns, in whose labyrinthine passages it is said a boatman may lose himself and never find the light of day. Its industrious people, some eight thousand strong, manage to raise everything for their own consumption and to export considerable wheat, besides the cattle and pottery before mentioned. I am not going to weary you with a description of its principal town (also called Santa Maria), for all Azorean villages possess the same general features of narrow streets, cobble paved and full of sunshine, lined with rows of tile-roofed cottages, of white-washed volcanic stone, with women spinning in the doorways and dogs and naked children swarming in the plazas. The idyllic inn furnished us comfortable entertainment – a windowless room, large enough for a town hall, its high-posted bed corded with strips of rawhide and piled with such a wealth of husk mattress that it needed a ladder to scale it, and chairs, or rather stools, of rawhide strips woven over a hollow framework. Water for lavatory purposes was placed in a pottery vessel, about the size of a half barrel, which stood in one corner, with a saucer-shaped utensil alongside that answered for both bowl and dipper.

The most interesting sight that came in our way at Santa Maria was a rather lugubrious one – a funeral. A motley company came down the street, four men marching gaily ahead, carrying a coffin on their shoulders, closely followed by a priest in cassock and shovel hat, and a red-frocked boy bearing a crucifix, the rear brought up by a crowd of stragglers, augmented at every



street corner by fresh recruits of the idle and curious. There were no women in the procession and no "mourners," for the last services over the dead and the last farewell of the relatives are said in the house. The coffin is left quite open on its way to the grave, so that the body within is plainly seen by passers-by and people looking down from their balconies and house tops. According to Azorean custom, the funeral must take place within forty-eight hours after the death. The first night the corpse lies in state, with candles at the feet and head, a glass vessel of holy water at one side and an image of the Blessed Virgin at the other. The body of a young unmarried woman is always dressed in white, a matron in black, and a man in the clothes he wore while living.

White paper flowers, with a profusion of the most unnatural green leaves, adorn the corpse, and the relatives and friends pass the night around it, weeping and praying and frequently sprinkling the body by shaking over it the small branch of an aromatic herb, dipped in the holy water. The following forenoon the church authorities come, place the corpse in its coffin, and bear it to the cemetery; while the house of mourning is closed, its doors and blinds all shut, and none may enter or leave it for a week. At the expiration of that time the daily routine of life begins again and goes on as before.

#### Carrying the Sacrament.

Among the wealthier class of the cities, and always when a government official dies, the body lies in state in the church and the mournful sound of the death bell is kept up incessantly. The visitor in many of these islands often sees the (to him) strange spectacle of the sacrament being carried to the bedside of some dying person. Four priests bear aloft a red canopy stretched upon four poles, beneath which walks the vicar in his robe of office, preceded by the sexton ringing a dinner bell, and followed by other priests bringing the cup, wafer, wine, and other sacramental vessels, the cross and censer, while the bare-headed rabble run after; women kneel in their doorways, and the cathedral bell clatters all the time.

#### Las Americanas.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe" is the rule in remote St. Mary's, as in other parts of this tragic world. A dead priest was lying in state in the cathedral, and we learned that a ball was in progress at a private house on another street. Through the innkeeper's wife we begged an invitation to the ball, which was promptly and cordially given; and on the way thereto we

followed the throng into the cathedral, where the prelate was holding his last reception, guarded by soldiers and surrounded by lighted candles. The lady of the two-room casa in which the dance was given greeted us with gentle but dignified courtesy; and, though we doubt we were as much “curiosities” to most of her guests as they and their ways were to us, there was no vulgar staring, nor anything to indicate that the appearance of las Americanas was unusual. Indeed, one may learn many lessons in politeness from these simple-hearted Azoreans. The house was decorated with ferns and masses of bright blue hydrangeas, and as we entered somebody was accompanying his voice on a viola and singing the song which is as common in the Azores as “After the Ball” in the United States, beginning:

Quero cantar a Saloisa  
Já que outra moda não sei.

The viola is an instrument peculiar to these islands – an odd cross between a guitar and a mandolin – but its delicate music is unlike that of any other instrument. It is used as an accompaniment in all their singing and dancing, and always in the nightly serenades, without which no Azorean maiden can be won in marriage. The favorite dance is the “Chama Rita,” which was to be danced at the ball in question and could not begin until the leader came, and pending his arrival there was much good-natured joking to the effect that it always takes a violinist three months to dress himself. Presently he came – a handsome young fellow, attired like a Spanish brigand, in corduroy knee breeches, black-braided jacket bordered with velvet, and broad scarlet sash – singing, smoking, and twanging his viola and dancing three steps and a shuffle as he entered. One by one the men fell in behind him, each taking the same three steps and a shuffle, till there was a circle around the room; and one by one they beckoned the women in, all hopping together like so many chickens on a hot griddle. The leader meanwhile banged away on his viola and chanted at the top of his voice in a monotonous recitative, in which the words “Chama Rita” and “Bella Mia” frequently occurred; and the rest joined in the chant at intervals, snapping their fingers high above their heads to mark the time, as with castanets.

The dance consists of a polka step, with a great deal of “balancing to partners” and “ladies chain” and “grand right and left,” not unlike our old-fashioned cotillion, and occasionally they paired off for a little waltz.

## Customs of the Dance.

There seems to be no regular sequence for the changes of the dance. As the spirit moves them the participants, male and female, burst into a loud recitative, at which the rest laugh and applaud, and somebody else takes it up and adds to it in the same strain. This recitative, chanted to the tune of the viola, is always improvise, and is made the vehicle for sharp personalities or for good-natured joking at the expense of those who are suspected of being in love. And so the racket went on, the shouting of the song, the twanging of the viola, the snapping of fingers, until everybody was tired. Then, pending refreshments and a brief rest, each gentleman asks his partner whom she desires to dance with next. It is considered the polite thing for her to signify a wish to continue with him; but if she prefers another partner No. 1 must go and ask the more favored fellow to take his place. There are other dances, notably the "Charabana" and the "Saudade," and the gayest of all, whose name I have forgotten, with which the ball is generally concluded. It is not unlike our Virginia Reel, the dancers forming in lines and galloping down the middle by couples in a series of balancing marvelous to behold.

The Azorean peasantry, poor and hard-worked as they seem to be, are extremely fond of music, and nothing gives them so much pleasure as strumming upon a viola. First the music always consists of a few monotonous strains, even that of lovelorn Romeos beneath their sweethearts' windows. Another favorite recreation is the improvisation, where two persons alternately sing rhymed couplets, which they "make up as they go along," for the amusement of the listeners. The musical flow of the languages and the similarities of the word-ending – mostly a or o – render this an easy accomplishment. An American gentleman who recently visited these island has this to say of the poetic tournaments; "All nature seems to inspire the rustic song. The country lads and lassies, even when laboring in the fields, challenge each other to metrical contests, and often two lovers, fields apart, will sing to each other all day long, as cheerily as the canaries and blackbirds in the hedges around them. The shepherd boy will serenade a companion on a distant hill, using a rude sort of instrument made from a cow's horn and a long stem of bamboo. Upon this he pipes, like the god Pan, in mellow tunes, until hills and valleys echo the sweet music of his yodel. Often a man, for lack of a companion, will whistle each second verse of his song in a higher key, to represent his mistress, or chant one line in a bass voice and next the tenor, with the same intent. So, too, the

country dances are performed not alone to the melody of the guitars, but to the rhythm of song as well, and the Chamarita will set both voices and feet and snapping fingers in motion with its merry, voluptuous strains, whether played in the public square, at the rural husking, or at the Sunday fandango in some flower garden.”