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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



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A

TRIP TO THE AZORES

OR

WESTERN ISLANDS.

BY

M. BORGES DE F. HENRIQUES.



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P R E F A C E .

THE material composing the greater part of this little volume was originally written to occupy some of the leisure moments of the Author, without a thought to its future publication. But the many questions proposed to him in social intercourse respecting the Azores have at length induced him to prepare the following pages in their present form, for the information of those who feel any interest in the subject. Most of the historical facts related were carefully revised and corrected from authentic sources

during the writer's late sojourn at these Islands. That his labor may prove a source of some interest and entertainment to the reader is the sincere wish of

THE AUTHOR.

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A TRIP TO THE AZORES.

CHAPTER I.

Departure for the Azores. — The Ocean. — Discovery of the Islands. — Speculations in regard to their probable Origin. — Formation of a Volcanic Island.

LAST summer I resolved to visit my native home—a home long unseen, but not forgotten. Eighteen years had elapsed since I strained my sorrowful eyes to watch the last glimpse of its blue-tinted mountains, gradually receding into obscurity.

Thought crowded thought, suggesting the probable changes that might have taken place during that time, and working me to a high state of excitement, in which pleasure and pain strove each for mastery. This state of feeling continued during the trip; in reality, it did not fairly subside until some days after I had reached my destination.

Having completed my arrangements, such as chartering a schooner and procuring passengers and cargo, the vessel was unmoored from the wharf, and, with all its sails expanded to their utmost before a light breeze, glided down the harbor.

When we lost sight of the land, and found ourselves upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic, our vessel (a ninety-tons schooner) seemed to me like a cockle-shell, contrasted with those in which I had sailed before, during a period of six years of my hitherto eventful existence.

Were you ever, kind reader, tossed upon the surging billows of the restless ocean, the blue canopy of heaven seeming to form a part of the fathomless waters beneath you? Did you not contemplate with awe, and a feeling of your own nothingness, that no less wonderful than mighty work of the Creator, — that boundless deep in whose bosom are hidden, not only all the known animalcula and monsters, but those unknown mysteries, which will remain unrevealed to man until the great day when the heavens will be rolled up like a scroll? It is the element, the prairie, the field, the only home of the true-hearted, generous, and gallant sailor. What a source of happiness and misery, of sprightliness and dejection, of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair, of ambition and disappointment!

The sailor—Ocean's true child—is never really happy but whilst rocking upon the heaving bosom of the mighty deep; his joy is boundless when he looks up to the light and airy symmetry of the spars and well-filled sails of his ship, and his heart throbs with pride as he contemplates her, proudly cutting her way through the waves; she bears him on farther and farther, from dear and near friends, towards some distant port, which, to his imagination, seems like the far-off peasant's cottage, whose flickering light cheers the poor benighted traveller on his weary way. His hopes are buoyant as he contemplates the beautifully blue sky, well studded with bright planets and myriads of twinkling stars, and the few objects around him rendered visible by the mellow light of the moon, and his mind wanders to some future, and perhaps indefinable prospect; his ambition taking heart at the possible realization of some long-cherished hope.

But I am wandering from my subject. Twelve days elapsed,—days of inquietude and mental anxiety,—and then my heart throbbed with joy at the sight of my childhood's home!

It was not until the next day, however, that I landed, and embraced those of my dearest and nearest friends whom the chill hand of death had not yet touched, but whom the long years of my sep-

aration from them had so changed, that my first pleasurable emotions were speedily overshadowed by a sadness that with difficulty I could overcome.

I will, for the nonce, suspend my personal narrative, to give a description of the Azores, as an archipelago; and then resume, beginning with the day when we arrived at the islands.

During the fifteenth century, that interesting period in the world's history when the then civilized nations were being successively electrified by the discoveries of those mighty spirits who wandered over the ocean, hither and thither, in quest of unknown lands to endow their sovereigns with, and, as it were, to place richer and rarer pearls upon their diadems, as well as to cover themselves with that imperishable glory that still encircles their names,—during that epoch it was that Gonçalo Velho Cabral, in one of his voyages of discovery, in 1431, fell in with the Formigas, or Ants, a collection of eight bare rocks, the highest sixty feet, and one of them, at a distance, bearing a marked resemblance to a vessel under sail. Upon these rocks the Atlantic spends its unbridled fury without avail, for they have withstood it centuries, and will still withstand it, the great Ruler alone knows how much longer.

It is a fact, although surprising to us now, that a

year elapsed before Cabral discovered the contiguous island of St. Mary, only fifteen miles to the north-east of Formigas. Some writers state that eight years after Cabral's discovery of St. Mary; that is, in 1439, Vanderberg, a Flemish merchant, of Bruges, driven to that vicinity by a storm, during a voyage from Flanders to Lisbon, discovered some of the other islands. But, be that as it may, Cabral has the undoubted right to the credit of discovering most of the islands bearing the name of *Azores*.

The large numbers of *açores*, a species of hawk, found upon these islands when discovered, gave their name to this archipelago, which is now commonly known as the Western Islands; and the English, to supply the soft sound of the ç, have substituted the z, and made it Azores instead of Açores.

These islands are nine in number: St. Michael and St. Mary to the southward; Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira, in the centre; and Flores and Corvo to the northward, — three clusters, forming one group, extending nearly two hundred and eighty-eight miles from the north-west to the south-east.

The discovery of the various archipelagos in the Atlantic Ocean, about the middle of the fifteenth century, gave rise to a number of hypotheses advanced by philosophers and geologists of that age.

From these we may gather the following three theories: First, that there was reason to suppose the Azores, Canaries, and Cape Verde Islands were the highest summits of a range, or ranges, of submarine mountains, encircling the globe from north to south; Second, that these islands were the fragments of the fabulous Atlantis, described by Plato; and, Third, that as vestiges of submarine volcanic eruptions were met with in nearly all of them, there was reason to believe they owed their origin to volcanic agents.

I unhesitatingly follow the first theory; though Plato's description of the Atlantis, after being divested of its pagan fictions, has but little of the incredible in it; and it is not only probable, but possible too, that such a continent did exist, and was destroyed by those agencies he mentions, leaving the archipelagos already mentioned as mementos of their overwhelming powers; for in many of the islands, but particularly in Flores, there are vestiges clearly indicating that formerly, as well as lately, parts of the island have sunk, or rather fallen away and disappeared in the sea. In the summer of 1847, for instance, a tract of land a mile long, several fathoms wide, and some seven hundred feet high, fell into the sea, and formed a sort of islet near the shore, leaving a passage for fishing-boats between it and the main land. The effect of such a heavy

body falling upon the water was almost incredible; it reached Corvo, a distance of twelve miles, carried off a boat from the beach, and drowned two persons. Similar effects were felt, of course, upon the shores of Flores itself—seven individuals, of both sexes, who were differently engaged at various places near the water, being washed off and drowned. This is not a solitary, though extraordinary case, for since then, as well as before, there have been other slides, but of less importance, it is true.

But the marvellous idea set forth by the third theory, that these islands were thrown up from the bottom of the ocean by immense volcanos, I entirely repudiate, because islands purely volcanic, and thrown up by submarine fires, are generally formed of such loose materials that the sea, in a very short time, destroys them. They are composed of lava, sand, and other volcanic scoriæ, which have no adhesive power in themselves; they are sterile, unless mixed with vegetable earth; and, upon examination, it is evident that the quantity and position of these composite parts are entirely different from the soil of the Azores.

To illustrate this more fully, I will give the reader an interesting account—that is, if I can make it so—of the formation and disappearance of an island of this description.

In the early part of 1811 a tremendous explosion occurred, and smoke and flames issued from the sea at a distance of nearly two miles from the western shores of St. Michael. Smoke, fire, cinders, ashes, and stones of an immense size, were thrown up from this spot, where there was a depth of about forty fathoms. Upon the surface of the water in that vicinity floated innumerable quantities of fish; some as if roasted, and others as if boiled. A dangerous shoal was then formed here, where the ship *Swift*, with all her crew, was lost, before its existence became known.

On the 11th of June, of the same year, repeated shocks of earthquakes were felt in Ponta Delgada, the capital of the island, destroying several cottages and portions of the cliff towards the north-west. Much greater destruction was anticipated and feared during two days; but at the expiration of that time the volcano broke out once more, and the earthquakes ceased.

On the 17th of June a party of gentlemen proceeded over land to the cliff nearest to the volcano, a height between three and four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The first appearance it presented then was that of an immense body of smoke revolving in the water, almost horizontally, in varied involutions; when suddenly would shoot up a col-

umn of the blackest cinders, ashes, and stones, in form like a spire, and rising to windward at an angle of from ten to twenty degrees from a perpendicular line. This was rapidly succeeded by a second, third, and fourth, each having greater velocity, and overtopping the preceding one, till they had attained an altitude as much above the level of the eye on the cliff as the sea was below it. The columns of ashes and cinders, at their greatest height, formed into branches resembling magnificent pines; and as they fell, mixing with the festoons of white feathery smoke, at one time assumed the appearance of vast plumes of black and white ostrich feathers; at another, that of the light, wavy branches of a weeping-willow. These bursts were accompanied by flashes of the most vivid lightning, with a noise like the continual firing of cannon and musketry intermixed. As the cloud of smoke rolled off to leeward, it drew up the water-spouts already mentioned, which formed a beautiful and striking addition to the scene.

On the 18th, the British sloop of war *Sabrina*—the crew of which, two days previous, had observed two columns of white smoke ascending from the sea, which they then supposed to arise from an engagement—approached as closely to the volcano as she could with safety, and found it raging with unabated

violence — throwing up large stones, cinders, and ashes, accompanied by several severe concussions. About noon the mouth of the crater was seen, just showing itself above the surface of the sea. At three o'clock, P. M., it was about thirty feet above the surface of the water, and about a furlong in length. On the following day, the 19th, this volcanic island had attained the height of fifty feet, and a length of two thirds of a mile, still raging as before, and throwing up large quantities of stones, some of which fell a mile distant from the spot. The smoke drew up several water-spouts, which, spreading in the air, fell in heavy rain, accompanied by vast quantities of fine black sand, that completely covered the Sabrina's decks, at a distance of three or four miles. On the 20th, the volcano was about one hundred and fifty feet high, still raging as formerly, and continuing to increase in size.

By the 4th of July a complete island had been formed, and was perfectly quiet. The captain and some of the officers of the Sabrina effected a landing, but found it very steep, its height being from two to three hundred feet. With much difficulty they reached the top; but the ground — or rather the ashes, composed of sulphurous matter, dross of iron, etc. — was so very hot to their feet that they were obliged to return. Before leaving, however,

they took possession of the new-born island in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and left an English union-jack flying upon it.

The form of the island, at this time, was nearly round, and the circumference about a mile. In the summit of it was a large basin of boiling water, whence a stream some six yards across ran into the sea, towards St. Michael; and at the distance of fifty yards from the island, the water, although thirty fathoms deep, was too hot to hold the hand in; in short, this little island appeared as a crater: the cliff on the outside as walls, steep within and without, the basin of boiling water being the mouth, or vent, to the volcano.

Subsequently, and by degrees, this island crumbled away, and disappeared in the sea, English union-jack and all, so that by the middle of October no part was left above water; but a dangerous shoal remained in the place which it had occupied. In February, 1812, smoke was discovered still issuing out of the sea near the spot.

This was the third time that an island was formed, or thrown up, in about the same spot. Of its first appearance, in 1628, nothing is known but the fact. The second, in 1720, was preceded and attended by a high column of smoke, and a discharge of ashes and pumice-stone. Its declivities were very steep,

as no bottom could be found with twenty fathoms near its shores. Its height was estimated at three hundred and fifty feet, which it preserved for about two years, when it gradually disappeared. In 1823 the depth of the sea at this spot was sixty fathoms — twice as deep as it had been previous to the last eruption and appearance of the island. Singularly enough, too, were the intervals between the three eruptions — ninety-two and ninety-one years, respectively. Such is the fate of purely volcanic islands.

CHAPTER II.

Climate. — Health and Vigor of the Islanders. — The Women. — Fancy and useful Needle-work. — Names. — Character. — Intrepidity in Navigation. — Population. — Emigration. — Government. — Religion. — Language. — Literature. — Means of Subsistence. — Natural Productions.

SITUATED in the best locality of the northern temperate zone, about two thousand miles nearly east from the United States, the Azores enjoy a delightful and healthful climate. Its mildness precludes the necessity of fires, and in no room except the kitchen is a stove or fireplace ever seen among the natives. Rains and dampness are the disagreeable inconveniences to be met with; but the sickly heats peculiar to the torrid, and the insufferable colds of the frigid zones, are almost unknown in these Western Isles. Fahrenheit's thermometer rarely shows a temperature above 75° or below 50° . Frost is unknown, but is represented by a species of murrain, caused by excessive dampness, succeeded by sudden heat, that

attacks and sometimes seriously injures the crops. Snow never falls, except on the peaks of the highest mountains; in fact, it is never seen anywhere but on the summit of Pico, which soars seven thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the surface of the sea. To the ever-changing aspect of this peak the snow adds a grand effect. It is seldom that thunderstorms rage, hail falls, or bleak winds blow, although in the winter the last are sometimes rather troublesome. While the inhabitants of other countries see, during a great portion of the year, icy deserts beneath their feet, and dark and gloomy skies above, the Azoreans enjoy, in great measure, clear, serene, and delightful weather.

By this I do not wish to convey the idea that the climate is all that can be wished; but, speaking in general terms, it is to be considered as very fine. Of course the winter, which occurs in the same months that it does in the New England States, is the time for all the combinations of bad weather; and a visitor who arrives at the islands late in the fall, expecting, according to what he has heard, unexceptionably fine weather, is likely to be disappointed; for he experiences some disagreeably cold, windy, and rainy days, and is likely to think the elements have combined towards the general annihilation of that particular portion of the globe.

Still, these are but occasional, and are to be met with almost everywhere.

Under the salubrious influences of such a mild and healthful climate, the Azoreans are, ordinarily, a vigorous and healthy race. In all the islands stout old men are seen, at the advanced age of seventy or eighty years, still supporting the fatigue and labor of the fields. The females, though budding into womanhood at thirteen and fourteen years of age, retain their comeliness and bloom a long time, and do not fade into old women at so early an age as they do in this country. Mothers of half a dozen or more children very often look as fresh and youthful as American women of twenty years, although they may have seen their thirty summers or more. They are, in most cases, handsome, or rather lively and interesting, dark in complexion, and more resembling the daughters of the sunny south than those of the north.

Not only the ladies of rank and education, but many of the poorer class of girls, are dexterous with their fingers, and evince a deal of patience in executing some very difficult ornamental and useful work. They manufacture shawls, capes, veils, and other articles of ladies' apparel, from the fibres of the aloe, in black, white, and red. Open-work hose, of the very finest cotton; tidies and rigolettes; feather

flowers; wreaths of sea-mosses and shells; bouquets and other ornamental work, they make from the pith of the fig-tree. In short, they succeed in nearly everything that is possible to be made by female hands, and the finish and perfection of their work are almost unequalled.

Individuals are generally addressed by their Christian names, and sometimes by their middle or family names, as it may be. It is not seldom, too, that the second name is properly the family name, like my own, and the last one or two (for often persons have four or more names) are derived from the grandfathers, a sort of more comprehensive or widespread family name. Nicknames are almost universally used, especially among the lower classes, being derived from particular trades, remarkable incidents, places of residence, or striking personal accomplishments or blemishes.

It is not surprising, that, born in a delightful country, with an excellent climate, the Azoreans should be inclined to indolence. They require to be stimulated by necessity to show their aptitude for any kind of application. In the sciences they manifest comprehension, genius, and talent; in navigation, intrepidity and firmness to face the fury and undergo the hardships of the stormy ocean; and in mechanics, ingenuity and activity. The reason why they

have not attained to greater perfection in all these, is, that they have not the stimulus to animate and incite them to work, and that in their country have not been founded those institutions calculated to develop their talents and improve their faculties.

They are affable, generous, and beneficent; but fond of public amusements, of ostentation, and pleasure. In many of the islands, particularly in country villages, there are still observed among many families that innocence and simplicity of life that characterized their ancestors. The respect they evince for religion is extreme; though among the higher classes many are met with who have a tendency to an irreligious free-thinking.

Speaking of their intrepidity in navigation reminds me of an interesting circumstance that illustrates it. At an after-dinner conversation, a gentleman incidentally mentioned the occurrence, but could not give me the particulars, which I learned on the following day from two men whom I met in a store. Knowing they were natives of Graciosa, I questioned them upon the subject, and found that both had been eye-witnesses of the circumstance—the elder of the two being the master of the expedition.

João da Cunha, on the 9th of October, 1852, sailed at midnight from Terceira in an open boat, called the *Livramento*, for his native island, Graciosa. The

capacity of the boat was twenty-four tons, with a keel fifty feet long. There were thirty-nine persons on board, including the crew. About four hours after their departure the wind increased to a heavy gale from the south-west and west-south-west, carrying away the mainsail and jib, leaving only the foresail, close-reefed. Finding he could not make the port in Graciosa, he put back to Terceira; but the sea, by this time, ran so high that he had to throw some of the cargo overboard, and keep the boat before the wind, trusting in God to guide him with his company safely over the boundless waters, and hoping to reach the continent somewhere, for the compass was the only instrument they had. They subsisted entirely upon raw horse-beans and inferior wine, which composed their cargo, during nine days. At the end of this period they reached Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, after having suffered mental and bodily tortures more easily imagined than described.

They were all sent home in a vessel; and afterwards a party went out to bring the boat back. The authorities prohibited their sailing to the Azores, but allowed them to clear for Lisbon, if they should follow the coast. They cleared, therefore, with the ostensible purpose of going to Lisbon; but, as soon as they were out of sight, shaped their course for

Graciosa, where they arrived after eighteen days' passage.

This is but one of the many instances in which the Azoreans have proved themselves worthy descendants of those brave Lusitanians who explored vast oceans, and astonished the then civilized world with the discovery, not only of the greater part of the western and eastern coasts of Africa, and the doubling of the tempestuous Cape of Good Hope, but also the discovery of the southern coasts of Asia, even as far as Japan and Brazil, not to mention the innumerable islands dotting the intervening oceans.

So many fatal accidents have happened, that now it is very often the case the authorities have to prohibit their sailing from one island to another, especially when they are about returning home, for then they are more blind to danger than on any other occasion.

The population of these islands is at present estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand. The annual revenue amounts to about two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars — being an income of something like forty thousand dollars less than the expenses, occasioned by the many public works in progress for the general improvement of the country. There has been of late years a controversy

between insular writers upon the subject of population, some lamenting an imaginary decrease occasioned by the annual emigrations to Brazil and the United States, while others strongly affirm, and conclusively prove, that the number of inhabitants far exceeds the industrial means to employ them.

It is true that hundreds leave their homes; but it is also true that a great number return, every year, who have been absent divers lengths of time, and take home the gold and silver they have earned with incessant toil, not only in the mines of California and under the ardent skies of Brazil, but also in the adventurous voyages after whales, in regions none the more inviting.

Not longer ago than in 1864, in two vessels alone, from Brazil, there were two hundred thousand dollars entered on the manifests by passengers, aside from the small sums carried by others. Every vessel that goes from Brazil and the United States carries more or less specie.

The government, like that of Portugal, is a limited, or constitutional, monarchy. The islands are divided into three administrative and military districts, each having a civil and a military governor, restricted in their powers, and responsible for their conduct to the home government. Many of the municipal officers are elected by the people, while others

are appointed by the governors. Aside from this, the islands are represented in Cortes, or Parliament, by ten deputies, or representatives, elected also by the people.

Roman Catholicism is the established religion, not only of Portugal, but of the Azores. All other sects, however, are tolerated, provided they do not disturb the peace of the established church by decrying it, or propagating their own creeds publicly, or in such a manner as will come under the notice of the government. Many of the natives live undisturbedly without the pale of the church, in the free exercise of their belief, or rather unbelief.

The Portuguese language, which resembles the Spanish so much that a person having a competent knowledge of the one, can, with little practice, readily understand the other, is spoken in all the islands. French and English are spoken to a great extent among the higher classes; and many young children are met with who speak both of these languages.

The literature is not of that standard which is classed with the best, although we have authors that would make it worth one's while to learn the language in order to read their productions — such as Gil Vicente, Sá de Miranda, and Antonio Ferreira of the fifteenth, and Camões of the sixteenth century,

who immortalized his name by the *Lusiadas*, the almost starting-points of our literature. Since then, up to the present time, there has been a succession of good authors, some of them natives of these islands, limited in number, it is true; but we must remember that the country is also limited in extent and means, and has been very often shaken by violent political commotions—ills decidedly antagonistic to the development of the mind.

The islands are well stocked with all domestic animals, fowls, and birds; and the surrounding sea is alive with fish of various kinds, supporting hundreds not only of fishermen, but of other classes. All kinds of grain and vegetables are also abundant in ordinary times; and when there is a scarcity, which is the case sometimes, it is not because the islands are unproductive, but because they are overloaded with population, and the crops are injured or destroyed by incessant rains or strong winds.

Flax grows luxuriantly; but previous to the late civil war in this country, its cultivation had declined very much; the large quantities of linens and cottons imported from England and America had diminished the demand for it, both at home and in Brazil, where it had a good market when manufactured. But after the secession war was inaugurated, the cottons increased in price there, as they did elsewhere,

to such a degree that the almost forgotten cultivation of flax received a new impetus, and it is now grown and manufactured to a greater extent than ever before. It is not only used for sheets, table-cloths, and other household linen, but is also worked up into beautiful patterns for gentlemen's summer wear, the coarser kinds being used by laboring people.

The vineyards, particularly those of Pico, resting mostly on stony or volcanic soils, present a novel aspect. To render them fertile, it is necessary to build low stone walls, formed into small squares, within which to plant the vines. The next step is to make hollows in these squares, and fill them up with earth. After the vines and fruit-trees are planted, a beautiful, agreeable, and regularly disposed landscape is presented to the view.

At first, it appears to the eye as a stony field, sterile and unlovely; but as the spring and summer advance, the most fastidious beholder cannot fail to be charmed at the gradually unfolding beauties — green, luxuriant foliage, succeeded by the most delicious fruits.

Unfortunately for the islands, during the last ten or twelve years there has raged a fatal disease (*Oidium Tuckeri*) among the vines, in conjunction with the potato rot, to such an extent that propri-

ctors who used to have one thousand barrels of wine yearly, have now, some seasons, scarcely thirty. The disease appears just after the formation of the fruit, and seems like a white, pulverized mould, covering the fruit and leaves, and in some cases the vine itself. The leaf and fruit then gradually change color, dry up, as if scorched, and rot, exhaling a bad odor in some localities. Pulverized sulphur has been discovered to be a preventive to some degree, though an expensive one, of the disease.

The groves are extremely pleasant, and very beautiful. All persons, especially strangers, express their delight as they behold the evergreen orangeries of the Azores, either when covered by a mantle of snow-white flowers, perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance, or when, bending under the weight of their fruit, they strew the ground with their exuberance. There is scarcely a month in which the Azoreans have not some kind of fruit with which to grace their tables. Oranges, lemons, guavas, and citrons are succeeded by figs and pears; the latter by apricots, plums, and grapes; after which come apples, peaches, quinces, and chestnuts — one species succeeding another throughout the year.

The gardens possess considerable beauty, and the flowers and plants with which they are stored are

as fresh and as scrupulously kept as those in a conservatory. In an even temperature like this, you meet with plants from all quarters of the globe, flourishing with the vigor of perpetual spring. From the same plot of ground that produces geraniums, fuchsias, roses, and carnations, you may gather oranges, lemons, limes, and guavas; the magnolia, palm, sugar-cane, and banana flourish with the tobacco and India-rubber plants. The glossy-leaved camellia japonica grows into a tree; and the oleander, with its flesh-colored blossoms, is a lofty, flowering shrub.

Having now brought to a close my general survey of the Azores as a whole, I will resume my narrative in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Corvo to the Windward. — Its Appearance. — "O Caldeirão." — Curious Rock. — Isolation of the Island. — Primitive Customs.

OWING to a miscalculation of the captain in his reckoning, and a slight change in the wind, we made the islands of Flores and Corvo on our weather bow; in consequence of which it was noon before we neared the rugged and steep shores of the latter. I immediately went on shore in order to enter the vessel, and land those of our passengers whose destination was this island.

Corvo, the smallest and most northern of the group, derives its name from the many crows existing upon it when discovered. In size, it is six miles in length by three in breadth, rising abruptly from the ocean, with a rough, inhospitable-looking coast of dark, serrated rocks, which run in reefs from the shore, lifting themselves high above the water in one place, blackening the surface in an-

other, and, again, sinking to such a depth that the waves only eddy and bubble over them.

On this island there is a crater, called by the natives *O Caldeirão*—“The Big Pot.” The first part of the ride to it is through steep and narrow lanes, walled in with stones. Over these walls you can sometimes see the country right and left, which is divided into small and well-cultivated compartments by low stone walls. These small fields form narrow terraces, one above another, looking from the sea like steps cut in the hills. An hour’s ride brings you to an open mountain covered with heath, where browse flocks of sheep and hogs; and about an hour and a half more, to the crater on the summit. This crater, once, no doubt, a turbulent pit, is now a quiet, green valley, with a dark, still pond in the centre, and partakes of that appearance of sad serenity which belongs to volcanic valleys. The sides of the round crater are covered with heath and turf, and the pond within is broken up by several green hillocks and islands, which, imaginative people say, form a miniature chart of the Azores on a *grand scale*.

Another natural curiosity, which has been almost defaced by the ravages of the weather and the bad taste of visitors, is a rock resembling a horseman, with the right arm extended to the westward, as if

pointing the way to the New World. Some insular writers deny the existence of this rock.

On account of the boldness of the shores of this little island, the bad weather in winter blockades the inhabitants sometimes for several weeks, and bars all intercourse with their neighbors of Flores and the world at large. This, however, is no inconvenience to them, for the island produces everything they require — both food and clothing.

The reader must not infer from my language that the natural productions of the island are very numerous; on the contrary, there are few varieties, and they are of the simplest kind; but the people are satisfied with them, and do not wish for luxuries.

The Corvoites, particularly the women, are a happy and industrious people, have strong and healthful constitutions, and are capable of performing very hard labor. Their countenances are swarthy, most of their labor being conducted in the open air.

The women are noted for their slovenliness and their red skirts. Most of their time is occupied in agricultural pursuits; and they excel, in hardihood, endurance, and skill, many of the stronger sex, who are somewhat inclined to indolence.

The men wear, generally, a suit of brown or gray coarse homespun wool, including a skull-cap;

their coats reach almost to the ankles, and their feet, with a few exceptions, are bare.

In trade they evince a remarkable shrewdness, proverbial among the Azoreans; but in private affairs their manners are simple and unassuming, which has given rise to stories too ridiculous to be credited or repeated. They are like one large family of little less than a thousand members, all living in the one only village upon the island.

The community is so small that every one is known by the others, and though subject to all the evil passions of man's depraved heart, crimes are rarely committed by them. So friendly and unsuspecting are they, that they contentedly retire to their beds of straw at night, leaving their doors unfastened, and sleep in perfect safety, ignorant, or rather unmindful, of the midnight robberies and murders committed in other, more enlightened, quarters of the globe.

They are so uncouth and Quaker-like, that were the king himself to visit the island, I believe they would *thee* and *thou* him as if he were one of their number.

Their houses, or rather cottages, — for they are all small, — are built of stone, and have no wooden floors; most of them are roofed with tiles, though some are thatched with straw. They are all chim-

ncyless, and few have any glass windows. They are built in tiers, one above the other, on the side of a hill. The lanes — for they are too narrow to be designated streets — are stony and steep.

CHAPTER IV.

Flores. — Abundance of Water. — Santa Cruz. — Public Structures. — Roads. — Curious Mass of Lava. — Hot Spring. — Craters. — Sheep. — Dress.

HAVING landed the passengers, we continued beating up against wind and tide towards Flores, my own native island, which is separated from Corvo by a channel about six miles in width. The wind freshened considerably, and blew directly in our faces, preventing our arrival at Santa Cruz till after dark. Thick weather then set in, accompanied with rain; and we were obliged to stand in the offing throughout the night, to my great disappointment, as I had anticipated sleeping under the family roof.

I passed a most wretched night in my berth, wearying myself with various conjectures, and longing for the morrow, which would satisfy me in regard to them.

At dawn, finding ourselves to the windward of the town of Santa Cruz, we soon made our way to

it, and communicated with the shore, when all doubts as regarded kind remembrance or cordiality on the part of my early friends were immediately succeeded by the happiest feelings. My relatives especially, whom death had spared, received me with the most unequivocal demonstrations of delight, which richly compensated me for my long absence from them.

One thing I noticed, which, while it gave additional joy, surprised me; it was the very little change remarkable in the island and in the manners of the people. Had not the blanching hairs of some of my old friends borne testimony to the fact, I could scarcely have believed that eighteen years had elapsed since I heard my melodious language, and sympathized personally in their youthful joys and sorrows.

When this island was discovered, it was so studded with flowers of various kinds that the Portuguese gave it the appropriate name of *Flores*, which, in their language, signifies "flowers."

Two centuries have elapsed since its first settlement—having been ceded, together with Corvo, as a grant to Dona Maria Vilhena. Its length is fifteen miles by nine in breadth, and it contains about eleven thousand inhabitants. It is very mountainous, everywhere demonstrating the existence of volcanic

eruptions at a former period, though there is no record of any having occurred since its discovery. It is considered by many the prettiest of the group; but if not the prettiest, it certainly possesses a wild picturesqueness that is truly charming. With a soil of uncommon fertility, it produces all kinds of grain, sweet and common potatoes, onions, and an abundant supply of herbage, chief among which are the lupines, used as food for cattle, besides being good fertilizers in their green state; and the twigs, when dry, are used for fuel.

Besides a few orange plantations, and other fruit-trees, there are trees and shrubs of various kinds, such as the evergreens, fir, box, juniper, laurel, lauristinus, and cedar, which grow luxuriantly, and often conceal, with their thick foliage, the otherwise barren rocks, from the interstices of which they spring. The cedar is the most valuable of these, for it is sufficiently large for house-rafters and timbers of coasting-vessels, for which last purpose it is exported to the other islands.

Water is very abundant, and of the purest quality, intersecting the valleys in small, rapid streams, which often in their course turn the wheel of a neat, though primitive, little corn-mill. Sometimes these streams continue along the heights until they reach the rocks on the coast, from the lofty elevations of

which they precipitate themselves in beautiful cascades into the ocean.

The regular watering-place is at the landing in Santa Cruz, where the water has been brought by means of clay pipes. However, irrespective of this place, vessels visiting the island for water can obtain a supply by sending out their casks in a boat, without having occasion to land; and almost constantly women and children are here seen filling their vessels or washing their clothes, the latter important operation being invariably performed out of doors.

Santa Cruz, or Holy Cross, with twenty-eight hundred inhabitants, is the capital of Flores. It has a few long and straggling streets, most of them converging into a large square. The town covers a considerable space of ground, for fields sometimes intervene between the houses. These are all built of stone, having remarkably thick walls, and never exceeding two stories high, the majority having only one story. The first floor of the larger houses is seldom inhabited, being used for stores and workshops.

It may be well to state here that the same material for building houses is used in all the islands, and that nearly the same style of architecture is observed, excepting in the three cities of the group,

where many of the dwellings are three and four stories high. Very few have door-bells; so that, when you desire admittance, your knuckles are required to announce you; or, if you prefer to be more stylish, you may clap your hands loudly. The entries are on the ground floor, from which a flight of stairs leads up to the apartments. These stairs, in many old-fashioned houses, are built of stone.

A better location for a town could not very well be chosen, for the eastern side of the island is generally inaccessible, the mountains rising precipitously out of the ocean. Here, however, a sheet of lava has flowed out into the sea, forming quite a level platform, about three miles in length and one in breadth, upon which the town is built. Three of the sides of this parallelogram are exposed to the sea, and the fourth is flanked by high mountains. The lava, having been subsequently covered with clay and vegetable earth, a rich and fruitful soil has been formed. The town is surrounded, or rather it is inlaid, in an expanse of corn and wheat fields. The sides of the parallelogram facing the sea bear indubitable marks of former volcanic ravages; in some places the cliffs begirting this portion of the island are very high, but in others much lower. Apparently the whole of this rests upon a sheet of black lava, the lowest visible layer of its composite

parts; and it seems as if, when this lava had run into the sea in a melted state, it was stopped, cooled, and shaped into every conceivable variety of jagged, rough, and irregular rocks, amongst which the sea now rolls with almost unceasing fury.

As regards public buildings, there are but two in the town sufficiently attractive to induce strangers to visit them. The more important one is the large church, an object always sure to arrest the attention of the approaching traveller. It is built in the Moorish style, as are all the churches in the group, and if not artistically beautiful, it is certainly imposing in its massive grandeur. The interior is simple, and remains apparently unfinished, for the builders of such a temple must have intended to have all its parts correspond. The only features observable in the interior, thus far, which appear to accord with its outside magnificence, are the immense square pillars upon which rest the heavy arches supporting the roof.

The Franciscan monastery is the other building worthy of notice. It is now in an almost ruinous state; the cloisters which once resounded with the voices of the friars are to-day silent, and the cells which witnessed their solitary devotions are now either filled with rubbish or inhabited by private

families. The church connected with this convent was formerly a splendid building, richly decorated with fine paintings and gildings, but now partially decayed through age and neglect.

Another place of interest in the town is a wharf, or dock, that is in progress of construction, to the northward of the present landing-place. The work was commenced about three years ago, and it will be two or three more before it can be completed; though in a case of great necessity it could be made use of now. It is intended for mooring but one vessel at a time. The whole fabric is of stone, cemented together, and rests upon a foundation built by Nature. The place, at first sight, does not appear very inviting, for the water which forms it is in the shape of an elongated triangle that runs into the island for about an eighth of a mile. The sides are perpendicular cliffs, some two hundred feet high, except where the pier runs out, from which an inclined road leads circuitously to the town. With less expense, a better place could have been built where the present landing is; but this spot was chosen through the intrigues and influence of one or two individuals who had property in that vicinity.

Many vessels, among them some transports, put in here every year for water and provisions, which

are quite cheap; sometimes the purchases made by the captain of one vessel alone amount to a thousand dollars.

Santa Cruz, though the best place, is not the only one, for vessels to visit. There are three others, which, with Santa Cruz, face the cardinal points of the compass; so that when a vessel cannot stop at one place on account of the wind, and surf upon the coast, it generally can at another.

The roads of the island, especially those that lead from one village to another, are of the most rugged kind, narrow, and in many places but mere passages worn among the rocks. The peasantry, however, travel over them with their naked feet, apparently with as much facility as if walking over a bowling-green.

In the valley where stands the village of Lagedo there is a huge isolated mass of lava, not much unlike a rude monument erected by the powerful hand of Nature. As it is too large to have been carried down by a flood, it may be supposed that some volcano shot it out from the bowels of the earth like a rocket, which, when it descended upon the valley, came with such force as to be rooted there forever. Another such, but smaller rock, is also to be observed in a deep gully behind the town of Santa Cruz.

By a very difficult foot-path that leads down from this village to the sea-shore, you descend to a sulphurous hot spring near the water's edge. There is neither a bath-house nor a place to build one in the neighborhood of the spring; but those who take baths stop at the village above, and have the water brought up to them, when the surf upon the coast does not prevent its being reached. The water retains the heat so long, that the length of time taken for its conveyance to the village makes no perceptible change in its temperature.

In the interior of the island there are three extinct craters: the smallest one is perfectly round, full of water, with a circumference of about three miles. Along the borders, some ten or fifteen feet from the sloping banks, is a wide belt of long, thick grass, or kelp, growing up from the bottom, which serves as a barrier to intruding swimmers. It is often resorted to by pleasure-parties in summer, as the scenery around is delightful to the lover of the beautiful in Nature.

The second very much resembles the first, but is larger; it is separated from the third by a narrow belt of land; and it is so full, that in winter, when heavy rains fall, it overflows into its neighbor.

The last is a crater several hundred feet deep, the sides of which are very steep, and covered with the

dark-green foliage of the shrubs and underbrush so indigenous to the island. At the bottom there is a body of water that washes the almost perpendicular sides of the crater. Its color is of an inky darkness, derived from its great depth and the deep-green tint of its sides. A descent to the bottom is impracticable; and a body falling, if not intercepted by some projecting bush or jutting rock, would light upon the dark waters of this dismal lake. An involuntary shudder creeps over one as he contemplates this dark and deep abyss, and speculates upon its origin and formation. The general supposition is, that there is some secret outlet; for the water in it, it is said, never rises or falls, notwithstanding the reception of the superfluous waters from its neighbor and the surrounding country.

The country about here consists mostly of marshy ground, with some high hills difficult to traverse. Great piles of firewood are seen here and there, brought from great distances on men's backs, and afterwards drawn hence by cattle into the eastern and southern villages.

Sheep are abundant, for grass never fails here; and cattle are also quite numerous. The sheep are small, and seldom used for food, their wool being of more value to the inhabitants, who manufacture it extensively. They belong to different proprietors,

although they feed promiscuously in the wilderness. For distinction's sake, they are marked by having their ears slit, bored, or cut, or by painted spots upon their bodies, according to the fancy of their owners. When shearing-time arrives, the proprietors proceed to an appointed place, previous notice having been given; and collecting all the sheep within one pen or more, each one shears his own. When about to breed, they are either penned up or brought to their doors to be taken care of. Afterwards, when the young have attained a proper age, they are marked, and let loose in the wilderness to roam where they list.

Regarding the dress of the people of this island, I will state that both sexes of the higher class dress in the same style, apparently, as the people of the American cities; but amongst the middle and lower classes a considerable difference is noticeable. The women generally wear a handkerchief, white or colored, cotton or silk, over their heads, and tied under their chins, somewhat resembling an inverted rigolette; a shawl or cloak over the shoulders, substituted in many instances by a doubled skirt, either of calico or home-made woollen stuff of a dark-blue color, with a checkered or striped band around the bottom, and a binding of the same on the placket-

hole. The skirt is worn so that the placket-hole comes outside, between the shoulders. They sometimes, though rarely, wear a veil over the head, and display a parasol when going to church on a Sunday.

CHAPTER V.

Fayal. — Climate. — Horta. — Sea Wall. — Public Buildings and Institutions. — The Caldeira. — Flamengos. — Volcanic Eruptions and Earthquakes.

MY engagements with the master of the vessel compelled me to pursue the voyage to the other islands, so that my stay at home was, at least for the present, but of short duration.

Having transacted our business as expeditiously as practicable, we availed ourselves of a favorable breeze, which soon took us out of sight of Flores and Corvo, the northern outposts, as it were, of the archipelago.

Traversing one hundred and twenty miles was the work of but a few hours for our smart little craft. This distance brought us under the shores of one of the loveliest spots on earth — Fayal. This significant name means “a beech forest,” and is derived from *faya*, a species of that tree, which completely covered the island at the time of its discovery, and is still found in great abundance.

The length of Fayal is fifteen miles by twelve in breadth, and its population about twenty-four thousand souls—the city alone containing ten thousand of these.

The climate is very fine, and it is the general opinion that it surpasses that of all the other islands of the group. The air is mild and pure, the cold of winter seldom felt, and the heat of summer always tempered by refreshing sea breezes. The soil is rich and fertile. Aside from butter and other native productions shipped to Lisbon, the exportation of oranges is the most important; with this fruit some fifteen to twenty vessels are loaded yearly for the English market.

To enter the harbor of this delightful island, it is necessary to sail by either extremity of Pico, which lies in full view of the city of Horta, and whose towering sugar-loaf-shaped summit pierces the clouds, and presents an ever-varying aspect to the Fayalenses, who, perhaps from the familiarity of the scene, do not appreciate its beauty as a stranger can, though they watch it as a natural and never-failing barometer.

The city spreads itself throughout the circumference of the bay, retreating upon the heights, where several villas and country-houses show themselves above fruitful trees and flowering shrubs, adding

much to the beauty of the scene. Here and there, churches, built in the same Moorish style common to all the islands, relieve the uniformity of the scene, and increase the beauty of the whole.

The landing-place consists of a neat though small wharf, built of flag-stones upon the solid rocks projecting from under the ramparts of a fort tolerably well garrisoned, about the middle of the half-moon-shaped sand-beach that skirts the city.

Above this sand-beach, and along the whole front of the city, there is a high and substantial stone wall, protecting the latter from the ocean, which often rolls and thunders against it. It is a great bulwark, for there is but a street between it and the first line of houses, many of which are built upon sandy foundations. In some localities, during severe storms, the sea spray breaks over the houses, while they oscillate as reeds before a gentle zephyr.

Built as the city is upon rising ground, the houses and public buildings are seen to great advantage. Among the latter is the convent and college of the Jesuits, with a church in the centre. It is the most conspicuous building in the city, possesses considerable architectural merit, and has a truly imposing and magnificent appearance. The interior, like that of all the large churches of the Azores, is divided by two rows of massive pillars supporting the roof.

Besides the high altar, which faces the door, there are six others, dedicated to the honor of different saints; some of these are finely gilded, and all contain good specimens of architectural sculpture. The college and convent, now used for all the civil government offices, are simple, plain, lofty buildings, forming the wings to the church.

The Carmelite Church is another large building, situated upon a prominent hill, with a convent attached, which is now used as barracks for the soldiery of the garrison. From the open space in front of this church a near and very fine view of the city is obtained.

The building now used as a hospital was formerly the Franciscan Convent, and is connected with another spacious church, which is also richly ornamented and gilded in the interior, far surpassing in this particular all the other churches at Fayal. The square pillars supporting four arches on each side, besides the low one upon which rests the music gallery, are rather slender compared with others; therefore devoid of that extremely massive appearance so generally observed in this class of buildings. There are nine altars in all. The three facing the doors are entirely gilded, as well as the ceilings; they are at the farther end of what we may call *chapels*, the central one being the largest. In this one there

are several scriptural paintings filling up the squares, made by heavy mouldings intersecting the ceiling at right angles. The design of each of the altars is different, so that, though uniformity in general outward appearances is kept, there is a great variety of skilful workmanship to be studied and admired.

The small convent formerly occupied by the order of St. Anthony is now used as an asylum for destitute girls between the ages of eight and sixteen years. The government furnishes the building only, and private charity relieves its necessities. They are educated here in all branches pertaining to female domestic work; also in reading, writing, and embroidery; and as they complete their education, they are taken into service by respectable private families, who are laid under judicial obligation to treat them well and kindly. The institution supports fifteen girls constantly. The church connected with this building is small and plain.

There are several other churches and chapels in the city, but they are all of lesser consideration to the notice of a stranger. Amongst these is the nunnery, where there is but one sister besides the abbess, both septuagenarians.

The reader has probably seen from my remarks that all the convents are now used for some benevolent or useful purpose; and the question may nat-

urally arise in his mind, What became of the former inmates of these institutions?

The answer is, that they were expelled, or the communities suppressed, by Dom Pedro IV., in 1834, and the buildings and all their real estate appropriated by the government then, or at a subsequent time, as we have seen not only at Flores and Fayal, but throughout the group, where existed twenty-three convents for males, and twenty-two for females. Twelve years before their expulsion, there existed in the whole kingdom four hundred religious houses, with eleven thousand two hundred and seventy-three inmates of both sexes. The majority of these remained recipients of a government pension during their natural lives, — a heavy tax, indeed, for a small country with limited resources, especially when we consider that many of these are still pensioners.

Those who now take the pleasure of walking through the paths intersecting a pleasant green mall upon the hill on the north-western suburb of the city little think they are standing upon the spot where once existed the first church built in Horta, partly destroyed many years ago by lightning. No vestige now remains of the former building except the square tower, where the clock is placed.

On the western side of this mall, separated only by a street, is the Public Garden. It is a small

place, but prettily laid out, with a green monticule in the centre. A winding foot-path around it leads to the top, where is an octagon-house for shelter to visitors, but which I never found open. The garden has many pretty flowers in the summer, and is by no means destitute of them in winter; everything looks fresh and green even in December.

Upon the spot now occupied by this garden, and the cattle market, separated from it on the south side by another street, once existed a church dedicated to St. John, with a nunnery attached, the last inmate of which is one of the septuagenarians already mentioned.

The markets are not remarkable, but partake of that peculiarity of the country which makes them, perhaps, interesting to a visitor, though not so in a description. Many little things to be enjoyed must be seen, and with an eye upon their surroundings.

The most remarkable natural curiosity at Fayal is the Caldeira, an immense quiescent crater, upon the extreme height of the island. Its distance from the city is about ten miles. Leaving the city behind you to the east, you enter a richly cultivated valley, with orange groves and verdant fields interspersed with white cottages and houses, extending for a mile or two on either side of the road. This is the picturesque village of Flamengos, which, tra-

dition says, was originally settled by the Flemish — a very probable conjecture, were we to judge from what the name indicates. The best time to visit the Caldeira is in summer; and very desirable it is to arrive there early enough in the morning to see the clouds evolving and revolving as they issue out of this immense caldron or basin.

The circumference at the top of this huge cavity is about six miles, which gradually decreases to a third of that at the bottom. Its depth is about four thousand feet, and a communication with the sea is supposed to exist. The only place to make a descent to the bottom is a rocky and tortuous water-course, often apparently terminating in abrupt projections, from which you have to jump or fall, according to your agility. Arriving at the bottom, and casting your eyes upwards, you can enjoy the questionable pleasure of contemplating the difficulty of an ascent. The surface at the bottom is undulating, and in a measure boggy. On one side there is a body of water, which, during part of the summer, forms two lakes, where are found gold and silver fish. On the other side there is a miniature volcanic mountain, of considerable height, with a cavity also in its summit, but the whole entirely covered with evergreens. All the surroundings are calculated to inspire one with sublime awe. He may conjecture

what mysterious agency once filled this large vacuum with burning matter; how it has so totally disappeared; by what causes it may be reproduced; or where it may be now raging. But, speculate as he may, he cannot but reverently admire the power of Him who governs the world, and wonder at the mighty agencies invisibly employed by Him.

Fayal has been many times subjected to severe volcanic explosions since its discovery — the following being the most notable. In 1672, from the 12th until the 24th of April, the island was shaken to its very foundations by violent earthquakes, which increased in power until the last day, when the burning lava belched forth from nine apertures in the heights between Praia do Norte and Capello. A stream of this destructive fluid, one hundred and fifty fathoms wide, made its way to the sea, carrying away and destroying trees, houses, cattle, and everything that resisted its progress.

On the 9th of July, 1757, it was again shaken by earthquakes, that were felt throughout the archipelago, excepting, it is said, Flores and Corvo.

Again, in 1759, from the 24th of December until the 22d of April of the following year, it was subjected to such violent and continued shocks, that the inhabitants took refuge in tents, and abandoned their houses, none of which, however, were thrown down.

A similar occurrence again took place in 1863, commencing in the middle of September, and continuing until the latter part of December. Some days the oscillation was constant, with occasional violent shocks. The inhabitants again recurred to their tents; and fortunately, as before, no buildings were injured.

An interesting anecdote in connection with this affair was related to me. A party of gentlemen were playing the *voltarete*, a game in which the trump is made, after the cards are dealt, by begging leave. On this occasion the gentleman who had the best hand said, "I beg leave." "Granted by the table," said the dealer. Scarcely had he finished his sentence when such a violent shock occurred that he and two others left their cards upon the table, and precipitately ran out of doors. Some time after the shock had subsided, they reëntered, and took their seats. The one who had remained, as imperturbably as if nothing had happened, turned to them and said, "Diamonds are trumps;" and the game proceeded.

As our stay at Fayal only embraced a few hours, and as I subsequently returned there to make a lengthened visit, I forbear saying anything more about this lovely island for the present.

CHAPTER VI.

*Departure from Fayal. — Pico. — Its apparent Sterility. —
The Vineyards. — Appearance of the Clouds on the Cone.
— Volcanic Eruptions and Earthquakes.*

IT was nearly dark when we weighed anchor and set sail. Our destination was St. George, which, though plainly in sight from the harbor of Horta, we did not reach until very early in the morning of the next day, on account of contrary winds.

While we were beating up our way to the town of Velas, we had to approach the shores of Pico, which lie from four to five miles to the eastward, and in full view of the city of Horta. This island I visited in my boyish days, while residing at Fayal; a period of my life fraught with many pleasant events, which, summoned by memory after so long a lapse of years, were clothed in so dim an aspect, that I almost doubted whether they were dreams or realities.

Pico, as previously stated, rears its remarkable peak seven thousand five hundred and sixty feet

above the level of the sea. This volcanic mountain, the smoke from which in clear days can be seen — though by sharper eyes than mine — ascending to the skies, gives its name to the island. The height of the peak, which is so regular that one would think it had been made by art, is such, that it can be descried at a distance of eighty miles when the atmosphere is clear. Sometimes, however, it is so thickly enveloped in clouds, that its existence might be doubted from even so short a distance as Fayal is.

The greatest length of Pico is about forty-eight miles, with a breadth of fifteen, gradually narrowing to the south-east, where it terminates in an acute angle. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants. The soil being stony; little grain is produced; so that a great portion of the wheat and corn consumed is imported from the neighboring islands. Wine, the best of the Azores, was, before the blight of the vines developed itself, the staple commodity. Its exportation then amounted to nearly a hundred thousand barrels yearly; now, scarcely as many gallons. Cattle are numerous and excellent. Fruit of many kinds is no less abundant than good. The welfare of this island is so linked with that of Fayal, that one could not very well be independent of the other.

The base of the mountain appears, when seen

from a distance, to be covered with a coarse black net-work, which might be easily mistaken for a trellis-work of dark wood for training the vines. But as you approach the shore, and objects become more visible, this trellis-work is seen to consist of low stone walls of black lava, dividing the vineyards into small compartments, the meshes, as it were, of the net-work which had appeared to overspread the mountain.

To the eye of a stranger it appears almost as singular a phenomenon, that green vines and fresh grapes should be produced from the barren stones of this mountain, as that pure water should gush out of a rock. Wherever you cast your eye, hardly anything but stones meets your view. Scarcely any vegetable soil is apparent in the vineyards. If Pico had been the original heap of cinders around Vulcan's furnace, it could hardly be blacker than are the stones and lava among which the vines are planted. Imagine the refuse of a stone-quarry spread over the foot of a mountain divided by walls some two feet high, of the same material, and then fancy a single vine, just sprouting, planted in the centre of each division, and the whole vineyard, of twenty or thirty acres, surrounded by a high wall of loosely-piled stones, and an idea may be had of what a Pico vineyard really is in May —

very different, indeed, from what it is two months later.

The surface of the cone of Pico is divided, as the ascending traveller will find, into three distinctly marked-out terraces, the first of which extends from the sea-shore to the upper limits of the vineyards. The ascent is so gradual, as to appear from the shore a gently-inclined plain. The second stage reaches from this to the base of the upper cone. The space, much steeper than the first, is covered with shrubs, dwarf trees, and green pastures. Taro, potatoes, beans, and grain are cultivated here. The third stage is the precipitous cone in which the mountain terminates: this is entirely uncultivated, and in the winter is often covered with snow for several days.

The deficiencies in the natural beauties of this mountain, most noticeable in the ascent, are the want of timber trees, and the absence of streams or brooks, with their waterfalls. These seeming evils, however, are fully counterbalanced by the enjoyment of the lovely sea views, in combination with the indescribable prospects of the neighboring islands, and the boundless variety of clouds with which the peak is shrouded, either above or below you.

These clouds sometimes look like solemn masses of unillumined vapor, sickly mists, or compact,

pearly heaps of snow; at other times they sport the richest and most gaudy coloring; and in an evening light appear tinted with bronze or crimson, or gilded and purpled with lavish splendor. But whatever their hues may be, the aspect of the whole mountain is ever changing in a greater or less degree, so that there can be little wonder at the common remark of those who know, that the cone scarcely ever looks twice the same; for as long as the clouds remain, and the sun shines, the expression of the mountain must be ever-varying, though its features are unaltered.

This island, like its neighbors, has been unfortunate as regards volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. In 1572, near Prainha, on the north side, a volcano broke out, from which a stream of lava half a league wide desolated everything before it for six miles, and then plunged into the sea. Tradition says, the light from this volcano was seen as far as St. Michael, a distance of one hundred miles. In 1718 and 1719 there were destructive eruptions, and in 1720 one from the tall cone, which proved the most severe; the emission of flames and burning lava continued, working its desolation, for six months; ashes and stones were blown over at intervals, during this time, as far as St. George.

CHAPTER VII.

St. George. — Landing-place. — Productions. — Velas. — Volcanic Eruptions. — A Town swept away. — Imminent Danger of Shipwreck.

SEPARATED from Fayal by a channel fifteen miles wide, and stretching itself to the eastward along the shores of Pico, lies the island of St. George, first settled by the Flemish. Its length is thirty-six miles, while its breadth does not exceed six, and it has a population of about twenty thousand.

It was Sunday morning, when, under squally and showery weather, we were boarded by a shore boat, in which the captain and myself went to enter the vessel at the custom-house. The landing-place bears marks of having been a tolerably good one in times of yore; now it is dilapidated, and the steps which you are obliged to ascend are little better than slippery rocks.

Vestiges of former fortifications are visible all along in front of the town, which, aided by Nature,

must have rendered a hostile landing impracticable. A ruined gateway, overhanging the steps, gives admittance to the town, which consists of a few straggling streets, laid out in keeping with the irregularities Nature has so abundantly scattered in this region.

On the left of the town, as you look seaward, the island rises precipitously to a great height. Its abrupt ascent does not prevent its culture, however, for it is cut up into little patches to accommodate its natural ruggedness. On the other side and rear of the town, good arable land, though mountainous, forms the principal feature. A considerably large square in the central part of the town is the prettiest thing to be noticed, from which, if you look up and around, your imagination might lead you to suppose that you were at the bottom of an extinct crater, one half of which had been torn down centuries ago by the force of the fiery elements within it.

This island produces, and exports to England, oranges of a good quality, and is famous for its cattle. The cheese made here is the best of the Azores, and compares well with the English and American. Butter is made in such quantities, that, in 1864, one house alone in Lisbon received twenty thousand dollars' worth of this article in consignments.

The town of Velas, on the side facing Pico, is

the capital — a small, old-fashioned, woe-begone, desolate-looking place, with grass growing in the streets, and devoid of ordinary animation. At least, such was my impression during my two visits there. It may be that under this apparent apathy there is some progressive under-current, or, which is the more likely, that the activity of the inhabitants develops itself mostly in the agriculture of their fields; hence the seeming desertion of the town.

St. George has probably suffered as much from volcanic eruptions and earthquakes as any other island in the group, though I find but two of the former recorded. In 1580, near the town of Velas, one broke out, which ejected for several days burning lava, that found its way to the sea, as usual; but the more remarkable and destructive one was that of 1808.

On the 1st of May of that year, a terrific volcano burst out near the centre of the island, in the midst of fertile pastures, and some nine miles south-east of Velas. In two days, cinders and small pumice-stones were thrown, and propelled southerly by a strong north-east wind, which, independent of the mass accumulated around the crater, covered the earth from one to four feet in depth, a mile and a half in width, and three miles in length; then, passing the channel, injured to some extent the eastern end of Pico. The fire had nearly subsided on the 3d,

when the discovery was made that a crater had been formed, occupying the space of about twenty-four acres; but in the preceding evening another smaller crater had opened, three miles nearer Velás. Within a mile of this crater the earth was rent in every direction, and its sulphurous smoke rendered an approach to the larger one impracticable. The fire seemed struggling for vent, as if kept down by the narrowness of the crater, which was only about fifty yards in circumference. The force with which a pale-blue flame rushed out resembled that of a powerful steam-engine multiplied a hundred-fold; the noise was deafening; and the whole island seemed as if laboring under a powerful paroxysm; hollow beltings from the bowels of the earth were heard from time to time, accompanied by frequent earthquakes. The inhabitants quitted their houses, and remained in the open air or under tents.

On the 5th and succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanoes broke out in the fields from the chasms already mentioned, and poured forth a quantity of lava, which travelled on slowly towards Velás. The fire of these small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running, about the 11th of May; when the large volcano, which had been quiescent for nine days, burst out again, like a roaring lion, with horrid belchings, distinctly heard at a distance of thirty

miles, throwing up immense stones, and such a stream of burning lava that it illuminated the whole island at night. This continued with unabated fury until the 5th of June, exhibiting the terrific yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire running into the sea, and distinctly seen from Fayal. Its force then decreased, until it ceased entirely a few days after. The elevation of the crater above the level of the sea was about thirty-five hundred feet. The lava inundated and swept away the town of Ursulina, country-houses and cottages adjacent, as well as everything throughout its course. As usual, it gave timely notice of its approach, and the most prudent of the inhabitants fled; some few, however, whose anxiety to save their small effects was stronger than their prudence and judgment, were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, not only took off their skin, but their flesh also. About sixty persons thus miserably suffered; some of whom died upon the spot, or in a few days after. Great numbers of cattle shared the same fate. It is not surprising that the consternation and anxiety of the people were so great that even their domestic concerns were abandoned, and that, amidst plenty, they were in danger of starving. Supplies of bread were sent from Fayal for their immediate relief, and boats to bring away those of the inhab-

itants who had been rendered destitute by this great calamity. The island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, presented such a scene of desolation and distress as has never been witnessed but in countries subject to such inflictions from the hand of the Mighty One.

The bulk of our cargo being lumber, for which, thus far, we had had no market, we left St. George for St. Michael in order to dispose of it. The former island and Pico, being each several miles long, and lying at a distance from one another of nine miles, form a long channel, out of which we had to beat our way to proceed on our voyage.

This gave us an opportunity to see the shores of both islands, and enjoy their scenery, which partook of the beautiful and sublime, yet suggested something of the awful on contemplating those portions where the vestiges of devastating volcanic agencies were unmistakable, and the precipitousness of the rocks, which seemed to rise abruptly from the ocean as barriers to its own ravages, yet frowning inevitable destruction to the incautious navigator who dared approach too near. Such came very near being our fate, as at night, through carelessness, we almost struck upon them, when the rumbling noise

of the waves was most appalling to our ears, and fear rendered us nearly speechless.

Had it not been for the sailing capacities of our craft, no human power could have saved us from being dashed upon those bleak, towering rocks, which had not a crag to serve as foothold, whereby we might be saved from a watery grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

Graciosa. — Terceira. — Loyalty of its Inhabitants. — Extinct Volcanoes. — Angra. — Monte Brazil. — Fortifications. — Public Buildings. — Praya da Victoria. — Its repeated Destruction by Earthquakes.

PASSING out of the channel between St. George and Pico, and leaving them behind, we can see Graciosa still farther off in the rear, appearing, from its peculiar configuration, like two little islands. On our left, as we proceed, Terceira is discerned in the distance. I devote this chapter to a description of the last two islands, although they were not visited by us in this trip, for the simple reason that they could not furnish us so many emigrants as the others; the principal object we had in view, besides the sale of lumber, being to obtain as many passengers as we could.

The discoverers of Graciosa, impressed by its romantic beauty, appropriately bestowed upon it the

name it now bears. It lies northward of St. George, and can be seen from some points of Fayal.

Its first settlers went from Terceira, the island with which it has most intercourse at the present day. The population is about twelve thousand. It is one of the most fertile of the Azores, and, though small,—being only twelve miles long by six broad,—produces an almost incredible quantity of barley, wheat, and maize, with all kinds of fruit and vegetables. Wood, though, is very scarce, being chiefly imported from the neighboring islands. Before the blight attacked the vines, Graciosa produced considerable ordinary wine, from which a brandy called *aguardente* (burning water) was distilled and exported.

In the interior of this island there is a large and interesting crater; but I have found no records of any eruption since its discovery.

Terceira, so called from being the third one discovered, was settled in 1450. Its shape is oval, with a length of twenty-one miles, and a breadth of twelve; and it contains about forty-two thousand inhabitants. It forms the eastern extremity of the central cluster of the group, and ranks first in the political history of the Azores.

Three separate times has this island shown stead-

fast loyalty to her rightful sovereign, as long and well as it was possible with its limited powers.

After the popular acclamation of Dom Antonio, Prior of Crato, Philip II. of Spain forcibly contested the throne, to which there had been nine pretenders, and usurped it. Terceira resisted his power bravely for nearly three years; but at last, in 1583, she succumbed to the overpowering Spanish fleet of ninety sail, that attacked her under the command of the then famous Alvaro de Bazan, Marquis of Santa Cruz.

After an unwilling submission of fifty-eight years to the hated Castilian rule, Dom João IV. was proclaimed as he had been in Portugal, and the Spaniards were expelled from the island after a contest of eleven months and five days. As a tribute of gratitude, the city of Angra has ever since borne the honorable title of "ever loyal," bestowed upon her by royal command.

The third struggle, which resulted no less gloriously for Terceira, but more especially for Angra do Heroismo (literally, the Bay of Heroism), was inaugurated on the 22d of June, 1828, when the citizens declared themselves for the rightful sovereign, Dona Maria II., against the despotic usurpation of the regent, her uncle Dom Miguel, who was finally overthrown, and expelled from the kingdom, six years

after. The struggle in the Azores, however, did not last so long. The Terceirans stood on the defensive for two years and a half, and then took the offensive so successfully that the whole archipelago was freed from the tyrant's power in less than four months.

When this island was discovered, it was richly clothed with beech trees, cedar, laurel, juniper, fir, spruce, box, and lauristinus. This abundance of wood and trees, however, is at present considerably diminished, particularly in the vicinity of the towns. Aside from what is imported from Pico, the firewood is brought from great distances.

There is scarcely a hill, mountain, or valley, that does not show marks of an extinct volcano. It seems as if in former ages the elements had conspired to attempt the destruction of this island, and had made it the theatre of their wonderful conflicts. Inundations have often essayed to wash it away from the face of the earth, as evidenced by deep grottoes and caverns; violent earthquakes have shaken it to the very foundations; but fire, the most terrible and powerful of enemies, has surpassed all these, determined, apparently, to burn and reduce it to a heap of ashes, — such would be the natural conclusion on seeing the many volcanized soils that are encountered.

The ledge, or volcanic soil, of Feteira, is the most extensive and remarkable. The volcano that formed this stratum apparently burst in Terra Brava; the lava spread to the Pico da Cruz, whence it diverged in two directions — one branch running to the sea, and the other to Lages, where it formed another stratum, now covered with vineyards and houses; in fact, it is only one amongst many remarkable caldeiras to be found upon the island. There are two other similar places, no less worthy of notice, which formed black lava terraces, now also covered by vineyards and fruit trees. In one of these, many large caverns or volcanic chambers of the same kind of lava are met with. Still the only volcanic eruption known to have occurred since the discovery of the island took place on the 17th of April, 1761, near the peak of Bagacina, where the lava ran for more than three miles.

Near the centre of the island, on the road from the city to the village Biscoutos, there is a crater called *Furna do Enxofre* (Sulphurous Cavern), so named from the sulphur it contains. The smoke and hot steam that issue from apertures on the ground, and the decomposed state of the stones and earth adjacent, prove the existence of constant subterranean fires.

Angra, an episcopal city ever since 1534, and with

a population of about fourteen thousand souls, is the capital of Terceira. It is celebrated not only for its being many years the seat of government of the Azores, but also for its having been the temporary residence of three crowned heads — Dom Antonio, Dom Alfonso VI., and Dom Pedro IV. It is well fortified, and has many fine buildings. It is built upon rising ground, encircled by well-cultivated declivities, terminating upon high mountains, and presents a beautiful and picturesque appearance when seen from the sea.

Monte Brazil, the pride and boast of the Angrenses, is a small peninsula, about three miles in circumference, and connected with the island by an isthmus five hundred yards wide. It forms the Bay of Angra on the east, and that of Fanal on the west side. There are four separate peaks upon this peninsula, forming a circular valley between them, which is called the *Caldeira*. This is the crater of an extinct volcano, but now in a high state of cultivation. The most towering of the peaks, where is a signal station, is nearly six hundred feet high. On account of its steep sides, this peninsula is quite inaccessible from the water.

The isthmus has a gentle declivity towards the city, and its whole breadth is occupied by the fortifications of the Castle of St. John the Baptist, the

principal fortress of the island. It was here, in the governor's house, that the unhappy Dom Affonso VI. resided five years. He was deposed by his brother Dom Pedro II. and the Cortes. His coat-of-arms is still to be seen over the door of what was once his sleeping apartment. The whole castle and surroundings form a large fortified village, where, including the garrison, ordinarily reside over a thousand persons. It mounts about one hundred and sixty pieces, a number of which are forty-eight-pounders.

The second castle, which defends the port of Angra, is that of St. Sebastian, so called from its founder, the ill-fated monarch of that name. Situated on the east side of the bay, its artillery crosses with that of the Castle of St. Antonio, making it hazardous for a hostile fleet to effect an entrance. There is an arched subterranean passage to a battery upon a rock, where the sea breaks, and from which, by a brisk fire, it could command not only the whole port, but the coast to the eastward as far as Feteira.

The Cathedral is considered the largest and handsomest church of the Azores. Situated upon an eminence, nearly in the middle of the city, it faces the north. Its foundation is laid on a flagged yard, with a parapet, and a flight of stone steps leading from the street. Its front is ornamented by three arched doorways, with a high tower on each side

of a large pediment, where a clock is placed. Besides the three doors in front, which lead into a large exterior portico, with a gallery over it, there is one on each side. The roof is supported by two rows of lofty pillars and arches of beautiful construction, running the whole length of the building. On each side there are four altars, richly decorated. The roof of the chapel, which contains in the centre the high altar, is an arch of hewn stone, of elegant workmanship. The cupola, or dome, is supported by six large gilt columns.

There are many other churches and buildings, besides gardens and other noticeable places, that would, perhaps, be interesting to the reader; but the limits I have assigned myself preclude my noticing them particularly, while, at the same time, I can safely say, that two or three months could be spent here to some advantage, and with a great deal of pleasure, in the examination of natural and other curiosities.

Within a few miles of Angra is the small village Praya da Victoria (the Beach of Victory), whose history also teems with interesting events. While it was the residence of the first donatary captain, and the seat of the insular government, the first agricultural labors of the island were commenced there. It gave birth to a large number of

stout hearts, who gloriously served their country against the Spanish invaders. There sounded the first cry of restoration in favor of Dom João IV.; and there, too, the Constitutionalists achieved the glorious victory of August 11, 1829, by the repulse and defeat of the usurper's fleet, which broke asunder the fetters of despotism, prepared the public mind for the great national events that shortly after followed, and gave it an eternal name in the annals of Portuguese history.

The Azoreans, in all these conflicts, proved themselves gloriously brave, like their forefathers who won so many laurels for the aggrandizement of the Lusitanian name, not only on the field of Ourique against five Moorish sovereigns, and on the field of Aljubarrota against the Spanish legions, but on many other hard-fought and brilliantly-won plains.

We look back with pride upon our former laurels, because they are about the only glory that has been left us by other powers, and through the imbecility and mismanagement of some of our sovereigns. There was a time when it could have been as truly said of Portugal, as it was once of Spain, that the sun never set in her territory. Now, alas! she is but a dim shadow of her former self.

But to return. The Praya da Victoria of the present is far different from that of the past. The vol-

canic agents, now quietly slumbering beneath the green fields and fruitful orchards, have several times shaken it to its very foundations — totally or partially destroying it, in proportion to the fury of their contests. The fatal earthquake of the 24th of May, 1614, was the first that totally destroyed, and forever submerged, one half of the town, killing two hundred persons. Eighty years elapsed before it was rebuilt, only to be again partially destroyed by the earthquakes of June 24, 1800, and January 26, 1801. The re-erection of the prostrate buildings was soon completed, and the inhabitants began to believe they had undergone the last infliction from the warring elements, when, on the 15th of June, 1841, it was again reduced to a heap of ruins by an overwhelming earthquake. This fatal catastrophe did not destroy any lives, for the people took an early warning by the slight convulsions which preceded it, and retired to the open fields, where they erected temporary tents. It has since been rebuilt, and now excels in beauty and richness its former self. Its streets are paved, and well laid out, with some beautiful private and public buildings on both sides. It contains about three thousand inhabitants.

CHAPTER IX.

*St. Michael. — Wealth of the Island. — Cities and Towns.
— Stupendous Breakwater. — Earthquakes and Volcanoes.
— Cold and Hot Springs. — Macadamized Road. — The
Furnas. — The Baths.*

FOUR days of unexceptionably delightful weather elapsed before we beheld the summits of St. Michael looming up among the clouds.

The wind had blown so gently since our providential escape from shipwreck, that, although the distance to be accomplished was not great, it required more than twice the time that it would have taken had we been favored by more propitious gales.

The Island of St. Michael lies sixty-five miles east-south-east of Terceira, and is remarkable for its fertility and the high state of cultivation to which it is carried; also for the mineral waters and hot springs with which it abounds. It has a length of about sixty miles, and a width varying from six to twelve. It is the largest and richest island of the

group, and contains a population estimated at about ninety-eight thousand.

It was first settled in 1444, by Gonçalo Velho Cabral, and has now an extensive commerce with Portugal and England.

From the latter country, woollens, cottons, hardware, and other necessaries, are imported in exchange for specie and oranges. With the latter some fifty or more vessels are yearly loaded. In the season of 1861-2, one hundred and fifteen vessels cleared from the island with one hundred and four thousand boxes of oranges, which are equal to about two hundred thousand of such boxes as are imported into the United States from other countries.

To Portugal and her dominions are exported corn, wheat, and horse-beans, which are paid for in returns of dry-goods and groceries. There is also a ready-money trade with vessels that resort to the island for provisions, which are of excellent quality. Sugar was once made here to a considerable extent, but the manufacture has been for a great many years entirely abandoned, by reason of its being less profitable than other products now cultivated.

On the south side of the island is the city of Ponta Delgada, its capital, containing some twenty-three thousand inhabitants. It is built close to the sea, and is backed by numberless small, conical, bright-

green hills, irregularly scattered behind it. Although much larger than Horta or Angra, its appearance from the sea is neither so fine nor so picturesque.

Besides this city, and that of Ribeira Grande with twelve thousand inhabitants, there are fifty-three villages upon the island, four of which are quite large towns. Of these, Villa Franca is the most important. Before this town is a small islet bearing the same name, and similar to the one described in Chapter I., as having been formed, and afterwards disappearing in 1811. It has a crater on its summit, some ninety fathoms in diameter, with a body of water about seventeen feet deep.

A work of vast magnitude and importance, not only to the island itself, but to all vessels visiting it, is now under construction. It is a dock, or breakwater, or rather a combination of both, to protect the shipping from the ravages of the sea and wind to which the port is exposed. It has already cost a great sum,—six hundred thousand dollars in specie, I think,—and is not more than a third done. There has been, and is still, a great deal of grumbling about this work, not only at St. Michael itself, but also at the other islands, to the effect that it will never do any substantial good. I am of a contrary opinion from what I saw of it, and hope for the most successful issue. The dissatisfaction of some arises

from their old-fashioned ideas, while that of others is prompted by a little jealousy.

There have been more earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in St. Michael and its vicinity than in any of the other islands, or else a better record of them has been kept. Aside from those already mentioned in my first chapter, I find quite a long list of these disastrous events, beginning as far back as 1444 and the following year, when the top of a mountain was removed by the effects of a volcano. The waters that shortly after filled up the cavities left by it are now the two beautiful lakes, or ponds, at Sete Cidades (Seven Cities). In 1522, two mountains were precipitated upon Villa Franca, then the capital of the island, entirely submerging it, with four thousand inhabitants. In 1563, a volcano broke out upon the Pico do Sapateiro (Shoemaker's Peak), which burnt and ejected lava for many days. On the 2d of September, 1630, at nine o'clock in the evening, the whole island was so violently shaken by an earthquake, that the bells of the churches tolled, and the houses and other buildings oscillated unceasingly for four hours. This was succeeded by a loud report, caused by the breaking-out of a volcano, which ejected great quantities of burning lava, that destroyed trees and cattle, two villages with nearly two hundred persons, and desolated everything in

its course. On the Wednesday following, the skies were so darkened as to literally turn day into night — so horrifying and frightening the inhabitants, that some of them surely thought that direful day had already arrived on which it has been predicted the earth shall pass away. The floodgates of heaven, as it were, then opened, and the rain poured down for three days and nights so copiously, that in many places the water was from fourteen to twenty feet deep. In 1652 two peaks north of Rosto de Cão (Dog's Face) vomited burning lava for some days. In 1720 and 1755 there were again violent earthquakes, causing the partial destruction of some villages. In 1810 there was an eruption from the Pico dos Ginetes (Palfreys' Peak), but of much less violence than the others.

Cold and hot springs are met with in many parts of the island, as relics or testimonials, to convince the incredulous that there have been, and are still, some powerful subterranean agents at work. But considering them all, none are on such a large scale, so worthy of notice, and so much frequented, as are those in the Valley of Furnas.

From the city to this valley there is a macadamized road, twenty-four miles in length, winding itself through villages, up hills, down dales, skirting along the foot of a mountain, or again stretching over

the summits of hills, or intersecting cultivated fields; now permitting one a passing glimpse of a distant landscape, and then a sight at the sea breaking upon rock-bound coasts, or its glassy smoothness far away — a grand panoramic view to be enjoyed leisurely.

After six or seven hours' ride, and arriving upon the brink of a precipice, a short distance from where the carriage-road terminates, one comes upon such a view as fairly intoxicates the mind, and, in astonishment, he can scarcely withdraw his eyes from it. A few glances do not suffice to satisfy the beholder; and two entire days could be profitably and pleasantly spent in gazing upon and admiring the view.

A description would but very faintly convey an idea of its reality, and therefore, to be truly appreciated, it must be seen.

As the view of the valley opens, the traveller looks down from the precipice, near the edge of which the road passes, and several hundred feet below lies a small, picturesque village, with its cultivated fields occupying thousands of acres; to the left of it, several jets of steam are discovered, sometimes larger than at others, according to the weight of the atmosphere; to the right, a ridge of hills stretches itself, enclosing a large sheet of water, a glimpse

of which is obtained through a ravine; in front and beyond the village lies another ridge of hills; then raising his eyes and looking around, he perceives the bounding ridges of the mountains, some eight miles distant, that encircle the whole valley and its surroundings.

Going down the rather precipitous descent, he turns to the left to approach the springs and baths. As he nears them, the ground becomes white, and in places streaked with yellow and red; it is warm, and smells strongly of sulphur. The soil, which in some places is loose, and in others of the consistency of clay, is broken into all kinds of shapes. Where there is no vegetation, it is of a glaring white and yellow color.

The water of the largest *caldeira* comes boiling and bubbling up furiously into a round basin, that is walled in, and is some ten feet in diameter, from which a large column of steam floats to leeward, or ascends into the air if there is no wind. It bubbles up into a column of water in the centre, some three feet high, and of the thickness of a man's body, gradually decreasing in height until it merely ripples on the margin of the basin.

Farther on he comes to the entrance of what looks like a deep and dark cave, very appropriately called the "Devil's Mouth." From the bottom of

this cave, boiling mud, of a dark-bluish color, is unceasingly thrown out horizontally. The ground is hot; here and there boiling water and hissing steam ooze up through holes in the clay, and the traveller stands in a warm vapor tainted with sulphur. A continual pumping sound is heard, and a feeling of insecurity creeps over him as he reflects upon the possibility of the crust or soil upon which he stands opening and plunging him into those hot regions below, or exploding and sending him flying high in air, enveloped in a hotter bath than would be at all agreeable.

Around him are several other boilers and pots, if I may so call them, always hot, from some of which small quantities of water escape; and by the side of one of these there is an ice-cold spring, constantly throwing out, in a jet as large as a finger, what seemed to me, and what is there called, *soda-water*. A very pleasant drink I found it to be after the first glass.

The baths are supplied from some of these boilers, or pots; but as the water is boiling hot, it becomes necessary to cool it. For this purpose, while a hot stream is flowing along, a branch of the stone channel, over which the water passes, conducts a portion into a reservoir, where it cools; and another channel, from the cooler, joins the former

near the bath, where they form one stream; so that, by partially stopping the hot or cold stream with a stone, the proper heat is as readily obtained as by complicated machinery. This temperate stream runs to the bath, sometimes in two bodies, so that the bather, by means of a wooden slide, can suit himself as to the heat, and at the same time, while bathing, a stream may constantly flow in, so as incessantly to renew the bath — an abundance of water, and very luxurious bathing.

The bath-houses are not finished in style, but are rude, plain, though decently-comfortable places. New bath-houses of a better sort, with the different qualities of water near each other, are being built, as those now in existence are scattered about, and prove insufficient for the number of bathers.

Thirty-five miles to the south-east of St. Michael lies the Island of St. Mary, first settled by its discoverer — the last island of the group, but the first in the order of discovery. Twelve miles long by nine broad, this island contains some six thousand inhabitants. It is fertile, and celebrated for the manufacture of red-clay pottery, which it exports to the other islands. Porto, its capital, is the most ancient town of the Azores, and has a population of two thousand. In its vicinity there is Romeiros,

a small islet, or rock, remarkable for the abundance and beauty of its stalactites. I have not found any record or tradition of any earthquakes or volcanic eruptions having occurred at this island. Its intercourse with the world at large is rather limited.

CHAPTER X.

*Stay at St. Michael. — Visit to the Furnas. — Return thence.
— A Night at Porto Formoso. — Stone Quarry in Ponta
Delgada. — Theatre.*

WE remained in the Harbor of Ponta Delgada over a week. The greater part of this period we were engaged in selling and unloading the lumber; and, although our presence was not constantly required, it was impossible for us to absent ourselves for any great length of time. I enjoyed many a fugitive hour in company with my new, and some old acquaintances, as opportunity offered, among whom was Mrs. O., an American lady, whose interesting daughters were my schoolmates when at Fayal. The father of these young ladies was a native of that island. My acquaintance with them dates back to my early youth, and I regretted as much the death of the eldest and absence of the youngest, as I was delighted to see the mother and her other daughter, now also the parent of three children.

I had resolved that, whatever remarkable in this island I might forego seeing, no human power should prevent my visiting the Furnas, whatever risk I might incur in consequence. With this determination, I invited the captain to accompany me, in which he gladly acquiesced. As business compelled us to start on Saturday, I endeavored, early in the morning of that day, to obtain tickets in either of the two omnibuses which daily travel as far as Ribeira Grande, where we could easily engage donkeys for the remainder of the journey; but, greatly to my disappointment, I was told that the seats, inside and out, had already been disposed of the previous day.

There being no other public conveyance, we concluded to hire a carriage, which we succeeded in engaging to carry us to the Furnas, leaving the driver the liberty to procure passengers for his return trip.

It took much time and a deal of words to complete the bargain for six Spanish dollars, which we considered quite reasonable — the usual price being nine dollars and upwards. Notwithstanding the terms agreed upon, before the driver fully accomplished his duty towards us we had paid him nearly the usual fare.

At the appointed time the vehicle arrived at the hotel door, drawn by three mules. The leading animal was ridden by a boy about ten years of age,

as guide, or outrider, who was dressed in white pants, blue jacket and cap, and whose management of the mule would have done honor to a cavalrman. His posture, as he rode, was so graceful and easy, that he seemed to form a part of the animal itself. The driver did not sit in the box more than half of the time, for when passing over difficult or steep places he would get off and run by the side of his mules, or behind the carriage, entertaining me with his varied gossip, or smoking his cigarette — a luxury indulged in as well by the little outrider.

On arriving at Ribeira Grande, we stopped to engage return seats in the omnibus for Monday morning, watered the mules, treated the drivers to their favorite beverage, and, after having also refreshed ourselves with some quite excellent wine, lighted cigars, and started again upon our trip.

Our ride was especially pleasant; rendered so by a most delightful July afternoon and the varied scenery of the picturesque road we travelled over.

In due time we descended the Ladeira da Velha ("Old Woman's Steep Pass"), celebrated in the history of the island for having been a battle-field on the 2d of August, 1831, when three thousand of the enemy, who held the best positions, were completely routed by the doubly outnumbered loyalists. This pass is so steep that an iron shoe is necessary to

one of the forward wheels of the carriage, to prevent its running the animals down. Just about sunset we arrived at the place overlooking the Furnas, already alluded to, when the driver made the important circumstance known to the inhabitants below by a few flourished blasts of his trumpet. We descended afoot the rest of the steep and tortuous declivity, and arrived safely at the hotel, where we were welcomed in broken English by the jolly Boniface.

Upon inquiry, we found that Mr. S.—a fellow-passenger, who had preceded us to this valley a few days before—was at the “*Assemblea*,” where a party of ladies and gentlemen were enjoying themselves, having resorted there to complete a day of pleasure commenced early in the morning as a picnic, but, later in the day, interrupted by showers.

It being rather early for tea, we proceeded to the “*Assemblea*,” and, gazing in at the windows, witnessed the last figures of a dance, in which the beauties of this favorite watering-place, dressed simply, but with admirable taste, shone brilliantly.

As the music ceased, a gentleman came out and insisted upon our entering. Immediately we were surrounded, and cordially invited by the managers of the *fête* to partake of refreshments, and spend the remainder of the evening with them. I declined,

on the plea of weariness and dress; and though they pressed me very much to stay, I remained firm in my denial.

Senhor R. Guerra, the French consul at Fayal, whom I had never seen before, was particularly cordial to me when he learned my name; and remarking that he believed there was a relative of mine in the room, left me, but immediately returned with a gentleman whom he presented as the son of the B**** de S. C. I was much pleased to make his acquaintance, for, although a kinsman of mine, I had never before seen either him or his father. He cordially invited me to consider his house as my own during my stay at the Furnas. Promising to pay my respects to his father the following day, I left him, and, in company with Mr. S. and the captain, returned to the hotel.

After tea we were quartered at a private house for the night, the hotel being filled to overflowing; and if our couches were not of the softest down, we slept soundly nevertheless, after our twenty-four miles' ride. The next morning we visited the baths, where we found people of all classes congregated, waiting their turn to bathe, some of them strolling along with sheets and towels thrown over their shoulders or flung across their arms, some sitting,

while others, prevented by their various infirmities from walking, patiently waited in their carriages.

There can be no doubt of the salutary effects produced upon invalids who use these waters medicinally. They are sometimes sent for from great distances by people afflicted with disease. There is in the valley, not far from the baths, a small philanthropic establishment for the support and medical treatment of indigent persons, with an attending physician, who, of course, can be consulted by those visiting the springs for their health.

After breakfast we rode over to the pond, or lake, seen on the right of the valley. There we found more hot springs; saw smoke issuing from a rock some two hundred feet high, over which if a bird flies, he flies no more (as I was told by my loquacious donkey-driver). The water near the shores of the lake was boiling, or bubbling — the effect of springs at the bottom. On the side of the mountain, and overlooking the lake, the English consul has built a large country-house, which, for want of sufficient time, we hardly glanced at.

Indeed, our time was so very limited, that, at the end of it, I found that my visit to the Furnas, although exciting, was far from satisfactory. I was obliged to hurry from one wonderful place to another, without being able to examine any point care-

fully, as I had fondly anticipated. A month's residence in the Valley of Furnas is about the shortest any one ought to make when not in search of health. The houses, and even the hotel, are all plain, matter-of-fact buildings, and many of the little necessities of every-day life will not be found; for instance, at our lodgings, one had the water, another the basin, and a third neither basin nor water. I was the last unhappy wight; but an iron bath afterwards made me more than full amends for all. One article, if nothing more, would I recommend one to carry, and that is a comb — a thing we could not find at the hotel or at our lodging-rooms, and which we were compelled to borrow from a visitor.

Shortly after dinner — which I partook at the table of the Baron of Santa Cruz, for many years an able deputy in Cortes — we started homewards upon donkeys, with the intention of stopping over night at Porto Formoso (“Beautiful Port”), arriving there at nine in the evening. Here we parted company with a gentleman from Ribeira Grande, who pursued his way home, having entertained me with his lively and varied conversation upon the road, in travelling over which we had met nothing extraordinary, aside from a man riding a spry little horse at full speed, doing telegram duty; that is, carrying news of the election returns; for the

elections are always held on Sundays, that the country people may come to the polls in greater numbers, and with less inconvenience as regards their home or field affairs.

Arrived at Porto Formoso, we stopped at what passes for a hotel. Here a genial old man, the sexton of Porto Formoso, made our acquaintance, and cordially invited me to call upon him whenever I passed that way again, and make his house my home, which I as cordially and faithfully promised to do.

At two in the morning we were aroused by our landlord, who seemed to be the man of all work about the house, and proceeded on our donkeys, arriving at Ribeira Grande just in time for the omnibus, whose readiness to start was announced by the blasts of a trumpet or horn. The trumpet is also sounded at intervals, especially when approaching narrow or difficult passes, as a warning to drivers of teams coming from the opposite direction, or to have obstructions on the road removed in time to cause no delay.

From this place to the city we had a very pleasant ride, the ladies and gentlemen joining in general conversation. We arrived at the hotel in right good season, and with an excellent appetite for breakfast.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that the quarry in Ponta Delgada, where the stone for the dock is being unearthed and blasted, was once a large hill, and is now a place worth visiting; for there we find steam-cars, rails, turning-tables, heavy draught-horses, and all the busy concomitants to carry on a stupendous work — the building of an immense wall in a depth of ten to forty fathoms of water.

This city also boasts of a theatre, in size about equal to the Boston Howard Athenæum, but plainly finished in the interior as well as the exterior. The circles are divided into boxes, with the numbers outside facing the stage, and are occupied mostly by ladies. The parquet is exclusively for gentlemen, many of whom, when the curtain drops, have the bad taste to get up, turn round, and scrutinize with their glasses the ladies in the boxes, talking loudly, and, upon the whole, producing an unfavorable impression on those unused to the custom, seemingly sanctioned by the public. Any one wishing to secure his seat in the parquet, while he goes out between the pieces, can do so by tying a handkerchief to the back of it. It is then considered engaged. Clapping of hands is a sign of approbation to the actors, while stamping of the feet denotes disapproval.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure from St. Michael. — The "Jack." — Second Visit to St. George. — Classes of Emigrants. — A Morning Watch. — Flores again. — Departure for Fayal.

BEING desirous, at length, to leave St. Michael, we obtained our clearance-papers, and, repairing to the vessel, made preparations to get under way late in the afternoon.

Shortly after, the captain of the port, a very gentlemanly naval officer, boarded us to see whether we had taken any passengers without passports, for the emigration laws are very strict, and in this island scrupulously carried out to the letter, and more effectively executed than in the others of the group; not that the laws are more stringent, but the means at the disposal of the officers are more ample.

The islanders here have a boat they call "Jack," which belies its appearance when speed is in question. I was particularly deceived in it, because it outwardly resembled one common to Flores and

Corvo, a rather slow-going sort of craft. The superiority of the "Jack" consists, no doubt, in its being more lightly built, and in having a long, flexible sweep, instead of the stiff and short oak oar. To balance the outboard weight of this, an iron ball or bar is set into the handle, thus allowing the whole muscular force of the oarsmen to be employed in pulling only.

The captain of the port having found our papers all right, and satisfied himself as to the legality of our proceedings in regard to the passengers and crew, bade us farewell; and moving slowly out of the harbor, we were borne along by an almost imperceptible breeze. We now entered for the second time the channel between St. George and Pico; and stopping at Velas, we endeavored to obtain additional passengers. At this island no officer visits a vessel while under sail to investigate papers or other matters; but if cargo is to be landed, a guard is sent. Consequently, a captain can obtain passengers clandestinely after nightfall.

This island furnishes more emigrants than any of the others, excepting, perhaps, Flores. Women and young men form the principal portion of these. The former leave their homes hoping to better their fortunes, or to join friends already away; the latter quit them in order to avoid military service, though but a

very small number of young men is required yearly by the home government.

There is another class of men who emigrate—those who, returning from whaling voyages or from the mines of California to visit their relatives and friends, find, in a short time, their inability to adapt themselves to their former quiet, monotonous life.

Though I was not obliged to do so, I took the morning watch as we were leaving St. George, the captain and mate being asleep—one from weariness, the other from a sufficient, although not so laudable, cause. The wind was dead ahead, to use a nautical phrase, and I had to beat up against tide and wind. The currents here are quite strong, on account of the proximity of Fayal and Pico. I watched with interest the various shapes assumed by headlands and mountains on both sides of us as we approached or receded from each shore, until we finally cleared the points, and, surrounded on all sides by the open ocean, pursued our course to Flores.

Well pleased was I, when, a few days afterwards, the familiar outlines of this island met my gaze. As soon as possible after landing, I transacted the last of the business for the trip, as I was to remain at Flores some time. When the passengers were on board, and everything ready for departure, I went to see them off and wish them God speed.

It was my last interview with the captain, who had enlivened for me many an hour. The good man has gone to his long rest. May it be a peaceful one!

With my relatives, the time, though monotonously, was pleasantly passed. The contrast, however, between the busy streets of the country I had left, and the death-like stillness of those of my native town, was too depressing to my spirits at times. Every day I would watch the ocean and sweep the horizon with my telescope, longing to see a vessel approach the lonely isle and create some stir in the monotony of every-day life. Part of my time was spent in long walks to the neighboring villages and heights, and two or three excursions by water to more distant towns.

Two months thus passed away, when the little coaster "Santa Cruz," in which I was to go to Fayal to make a long visit before returning to the United States, made its expected appearance off the port.

It was not without sorrow that I parted from my only sister and other dear friends. My brother and quite a number of my acquaintances formed a pleasant group on the deck of the little craft before the shades of night quite involved everything in obscurity.

The cabin was almost too small for a person to

be able to lie at full length, and not of sufficient height to enable him to stand, even if there had been foot room. It was, upon the whole, about the most comfortless forty-eight hours I ever spent in my life.

It was well, however, that I did not wait for the next trip, as my friends earnestly advised me to do, for the weather was so boisterous and rough that the "Santa Cruz" was nearly lost, and had to run back to Flores under a heavy gale, after sighting Fayal.

CHAPTER XII.

At Anchor in the Bay of Horta. — Farrobo. — Monte Queimado. — View from the Carmelite Church. — Quinta da Silveira. — Hospitalities. — Macadamized Road.

IT was dawn when I awoke from a restless slumber. A dead silence pervaded; even the continual murmur of the water heard when a vessel is moving at the slowest rate was hushed. There was no rocking to and fro. Undecided whether we were lying in a dead calm and smooth sea, or whether we had come to an anchor, I went on deck.

No description, nay, no picture even, can give an adequate transcript of the sublimity of the quiescent scenery around: the clouds tinted with the golden colors of early morning, heralding the uprising sun in its daily tour; the cloud-capped peaks of the mountains partaking of the same splendor; Pico majestically ascending from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and tapering to a point, so well defined in its dark blue against the paler hue of the sky on the background; thickly scattered about the base of

the island, wreaths of smoke curling slowly and almost perpendicularly, and undisturbed by soft breezes, until they finally vanished into air—sure indications that the poor of the island, at least, were no sluggards; the fresh morning air redolent with sweet odors exhaling from gardens and groves, almost within a stone's throw of us. The distant murmuring of old ocean, as it gently laved the sandy shores of the bay, almost inclined one to doubt its occasional outbursts of fury, when the most audacious mariner fears to trust himself upon its surface.

I was, ere long, startled from my reverie by the bustling of passengers anxious to be in readiness to land, suggesting to me the propriety of making some preparations also, which I did not commence a moment too early, as, before the sun was an hour high, we were once more on *terra firma*.

I shall not attempt to relate all the incidents connected with my residence at Horta, as such a course would not probably be productive of interest to the reader, and would likewise be wearisome to myself; but I shall just refer to a few facts deserving of notice.

Farrobo, the country-seat of Sr. F. da Cruz, the Brazilian consul, at whose house I remained when in Fayal, is an extremely pretty place. It is partly a new plantation, and affords many fine views, not

the least remarkable of which is the fertile valley and pleasant village of Flamengos. It is in a high state of cultivation, and has three houses upon the grounds. This gentleman's taste is developed more in the cultivation of trees and fruit than of flowers, although he has two fine gardens.

With him and his excellent lady I resided seven years of my early life, receiving from them, whom I shall always consider my second parents, the kindest care and affection.

Splendid views of the lovely scenery of the island can be enjoyed from the public garden, as well, in fact, as from every eminence in the city, or its neighboring hills: among these is Monte Queimado, where Sr. M. d'Avila and family reside, always ready to welcome visitors; Monte da Guia, where is the south signal-station; and Ponta da Esplamaca, the north signal-station. Monte Queimado (the Burnt Mountain) looms up on the south side of the bay, and is entirely composed, as it seems, of burnt lava of all shades, from a light red to a dull black. Its surface is mostly covered with a layer of vegetable earth, where many garden plants are found growing wild. A portion of the mountain to the eastward of the house is divided off into those compartments adapted to the cultivation of the vine, and described in my account of the Pico vineyards; while another por-

tion is devoted to the cultivation of sweet potatoes, the production of which, throughout the islands, has become quite general. Vegetation here is so prolific, that, from the very bits of lava, mosses and the orchilla weed start out luxuriantly.

The view from this mountain is superb. From its heights one sees the whole city spread out before him, with the country, far and near, in an exuberant state of cultivation. The Caldeira Mountain is discerned in the distance, with Castello Branco (White Castle) upon its right, relieved by the azure sky; nearer, he gradually drops his gaze upon the southern outskirts of the city, and the small Bay of Porto Pym, sheltered by the promontory Monte da Guia; turning to the eastward, his eyes rest upon the never-failing Pico, in all its grandeur, and St. George in the background; below, almost at his feet, is the bay, enlivened by the shipping at anchor or under sail, and dotted with Pico boats, either bringing over wine, wood, and fruit, swarming with passengers, or taking back a return cargo of grain, small stores, and the passengers, who, in the morning, came for pleasure or to sell their fruit.

One day I enjoyed a very beautiful view from a favorable position in front of the Carmelite Church, which is situated on rising ground, and commands a fine prospect of the city; hills, valleys, and

mountains on either side; trees by the acre, not leafless and bowed down by snow or icicles, but draped in their rich green foliage, and partially loaded with fruit; green and rich brown fields filling up the landscape, with here and there a detached house showing itself among the trees, or towering above the surrounding fields; farther off, the sea rolling unceasingly upon the sand-beach, and the bay enlivened by the presence of fourteen vessels at anchor, and boats plying to and from them with their cargoes; still farther off, Pico, dotted along its shores with the white houses of its wide-spread villages, the sunshine upon its hills, intermingled with the shadows of the valleys, and heavy clouds hiding its symmetrical summit from the sight; and still beyond all this, to the north-east, the distant Island of St. George, almost invisible through the cloudy veil before it.

I cannot leave the city of Horta without alluding to an orange plantation and garden, *par excellence*, the best in Fayal. It is called the *Quinta da Silveira*, and any one visiting the island should never leave it without going over the grounds. The proprietor, Sr. Manoel Maria da Terra Brum, is a bachelor gentleman of about forty years of age, and one whom I feel proud to consider my friend. He had a fifth name, that of Silveira, which he left off

from his signature for brevity's sake, and bestowed it upon his Quinta, or plantation, some fifteen years ago, upon which occasion there was a sort of picnic that lasted twenty-four hours. Of course, it necessarily consisted of breakfast, dinner, and supper, with a night of dancing and innocent revelry. To form an idea of the magnitude of the festival, it is sufficient to say there were ninety guests at the dinner-table, and a greater attendance in the evening. Although I was not one of the guests, being absent from the country at the time, I mention the circumstance to explain how the place came to be so named.

The whole plantation, which includes considerable arable land, contains fifty acres of ground, and has already cost the proprietor, aside from the purchase-money, thirty thousand dollars. Not content with this, he continues to spend from one to two thousand dollars every year in its improvement—a considerable sum for the country.

Unfinished as it is, one cannot but admire the taste displayed in all its arrangements—in the manner in which it is laid out; the beautiful garden, modelled after the modern English style, luxuriating in plants from all parts of the globe; its shady, serpentine walks; its pond with white swans; its small but neat hot-house, in which are displayed the most

rare and exotic plants; the grotesque arches and figures formed with pieces of lava, intermixed with plants, that flank each side of the entrance for a considerable distance; in fine, everything but one is in keeping, and that is the house.

Sr. Terra intended to build a house to correspond with the place, just above the garden, when the death of his mother occurred; and this, with other private reasons, made him change his residence from the city to the Quinta sooner than he anticipated, or could build; so he turned what was then a storehouse and stable into a temporary country residence. He has made it so cosy and elegant inside, that he is in no hurry to build the other; and as the interior is not generally seen, it gives rise to the remark of visitors, that it is a pity such a beautiful place should have such an ordinary-looking house for the proprietor's residence.

There are many other country-seats and city residences, a description of which I forbear, such as that of the Baron de Santa Anna, near the Carmelite Church, who extended to me his cordial friendship and hospitality; and that of my old friend and school-mate, W. H. Lane, Lloyd's agent, now the father of an interesting family. To both these gentlemen I am gratefully indebted for many courtesies.

I had almost forgotten to mention that a macad-

amized road is now being opened, leading around the island, and passing through or near all the country villages. The road has been commenced from both sides of the city, and there are already several miles constructed, affording a pleasant drive or walk on each side. Horses cannot be obtained, for there are none to be let, being all the property of private individuals; but donkeys can be procured at reasonable rates.

CHAPTER XIII.

Misstatements of Travellers. — Exportation of Oranges. — Wine. — Its Manufacture. — Newspapers. — Currency. — Facilities for Strangers.

MY aim in writing this little book has been to present the ideas suggested to me in my late visit to the Azores with simplicity and strict adherence to truth. I therefore have not exaggerated or wilfully misrepresented anything, as, unfortunately, many travellers do, although it can scarcely be said from malicious motives.

Their judgment of the countries they visit is generally formed from the incompetent information they receive from ignorant or unreliable people, from a too-hurried sojourn, or their regarding things from a wrong stand-point.

For instance: wishing information in regard to a certain matter, I applied to a friend, and received, as I felt satisfied at the time, a correct solution of the affair; but, soon after, in conversation with another person upon the same subject, I was much

surprised to hear him very decidedly, although unknowingly, contradict the statement of my friend.

Both opinions, as I afterwards learned, were honestly given; but the variance resulted from the subject in question having been viewed in different lights.

It is very unsafe, then, for a traveller to register in his note-book, as actual fact, everything that is said to him, or that he observes once, without looking into its history, causes, and effects. By sufficient care, many ridiculous statements might be avoided; such as that of a French traveller, who stated that the inhabitants of Fayal lived entirely upon lupines, cattle-feed, and fertilizer, probably from the fact of having seen almost every field covered with them early in the spring, the time he visited the island—a mistake which he could never have made had he taken the trouble to ask a simple question. The same traveller stated that the ladies in New York or Boston, on entering a store to make purchases, usually climbed upon a stool or the counter, and took the goods from the shelves themselves. Possibly, on one occasion, he might have seen this action performed by a store-girl; but he should have made himself sure of its being the custom before publishing it as such. My surprise was extreme when a lady in Fayal, who had read the book, asked me

if such was the case. I undeceived her, of course, and told her the Americans were not so far behind civilization and refinement as the Frenchman's book would imply.

However absurd the credulity on the part of this lady may appear to others, it cannot seem more so than to the Portuguese appears the implicit faith with which those regard unfounded and ungenerous assertions made by certain writers in respect to Portugal and the Western Isles. Another thing which I have noticed is, the tendency that most people have to judge of the character of a whole nation by the few people belonging to it whom necessity or other causes compel to emigrate. Of course, such judgment cannot be correct, as, in reality, the best classes of a people, with but few exceptions, rarely *settle* in foreign countries, and one cannot properly form an estimate of those who merely *visit* his land. He must go abroad himself, and see them in their own homes, or, for the sake of politeness, at least, not make derogatory remarks in regard to them.

One of the principal sources of wealth to the islands is the export of oranges. They are not fully ripe until January and February, but their exportation begins in November, when the fruit is green,

just showing a little golden spot around the eye. As the season advances, this golden tinge overspreads the orange, and deepens in color. Men and boys pick the fruit,—for the windfalls are never sold,—and carry it to a place in the plantation where the baskets of the carriers are filled. The carriers of Fayal are mostly women from Pico, who, as well as the men, poise the baskets, holding each about a bushel, upon their heads. In gangs of ten to fifteen they run, or trot, all the way from the plantation to the packing-house in the city, where the baskets are emptied on the ground. Here the packers wrap up each orange in corn-husks,—preferable to paper, which more easily decomposes,—and fill the boxes. These are then taken to the box-makers. The boxes, though a few are made square, have the fruit heaped up into them so as to make a large bilge, that contains just as much as the square of the box. This is done to save duties. A portion of the fruit is also packed in baskets. When a sufficient quantity is boxed, the shipping commences, Sundays being disregarded if expedition is needed. Some of the proprietors sell the fruit upon the trees, while others export it on their own account, and, to lessen the risks of loss, ship a few hundred boxes in each vessel.

Another source of profit is wine, which was once a staple production of the islands. Late in the summer, the gathering of the grapes, which have then become perfectly ripe, commences. They are carried to the press in large tubs. The press is a rude quadrangle, some two feet deep, constructed of wood, perfectly tight, but with a faucet, or outlet, on one side. When the press is full, several men get into it, with their trousers rolled up to the knee, and press the juice out by stamping about from one side to the other. As soon as the cask under the faucet is filled, another takes its place; and the press is refilled as fast as the grapes are pressed out, the stems of the previous lot having been thrown away. As the wine ferments in the casks for a considerable length of time, a vent-hole, which is stopped with a straw during its conveyance, is made near the bung to prevent their bursting.

As most of the proprietors of vineyards reside in Fayal, and the wine of the native proprietors is chiefly purchased there, it is ferried over in the Pico boats that ply between the islands all the year round. The wine, though good when new, grows better with age and the various processes it undergoes — a description of which would be too tedious to the reader: suffice it to say, that it is preserved pure and free from any adulteration. Now that Pico

wine has become scarce, it is much sought after and prized.

Newspapers — for which no nation has a greater fondness than the American — are published at the three principal islands, Terceira, St. Michael, and Fayal. Most of them are small weekly sheets, but contain more racy and spicy personalities than are generally found in periodicals double and treble their size in this country.

Upon the supposition that some of my readers may at a future time visit the Azores, I mention that Spanish and old Brazilian silver dollars are the best money to carry there; next to that, English gold, and then American. This gradation is necessary on account of the premium at both ends of the line, when a person wishes to economize. For one Spanish dollar, or its equivalent, per day, lodgings and board can be obtained at the best hotels. The other expenses being in the same ratio, a person can easily tell how much money he will require to sojourn a certain length of time upon the islands.

In going from one island to another in a sailing vessel, it does not cost much; but in the steam-packet which goes every month from Lisbon to St. Michael, Terceira, Graciosa, St. George, and Fayal,

and back the same way to Lisbon, it is more expensive, being ten Spanish dollars from Fayal to St. Michael.

The currency is reckoned by reis, or mills. *Mil reis* is a dollar; but a Spanish dollar contains a thousand and two hundred reis, or a dollar and twenty cents.

CHAPTER XIV.

Beggars and Alms-giving. — The Nobility. — Modes of Conveyance. — The Donkey and its Usefulness. — Fleas.

ALMOST the first thing that attracts a stranger's eye after landing in the Azores is the great number of beggars that meet and importune him. Particularly, however, is this noticeable on a Saturday, the regular begging day in the islands.

It is an Azorean custom for every person of means to give alms to a certain number of beggars this last day of the week; so they will wait on the sidewalk or at the doors until served, and then quietly go off and beg elsewhere. This accounts for the greater numbers met with on Saturdays.

The beggars that I refer to are persons that crave a small pittance to scare away starvation and misery. They are neither a saucy nor greedy race, but will thank you heartily, and will pray for all God's blessings to be showered upon you, if you give them but five or ten reis, that is, half or one cent. At the same time, however, many will be very impor-

tunate until you do give them something. The fact that there are no poorhouses in the islands accounts for so large a number of the above class.

As regards other classes of beggars I will mention only one, for the rest are alike in all countries: the boatmen, drivers, and laborers, who, after receiving their dues, sometimes will beg for something more. A stranger, unless very acute, is apt, sometimes, to get victimized by them. But a person versed in their character generally makes his bargain with them, and pays only according to agreement, unless he may wish to make them supremely happy by giving a trifle more, thereby rendering himself not a little pleasure also, as the poor souls readily show their gratitude and joy for the smallest favors. A laboring man rarely receives more than from twenty to thirty cents for a day's work.

One extreme sends me to the other: from beggars to the nobility, or upper classes, among which are barons, counts, and viscounts, — gentlemen worthy of their titles, — who bear their honors with simple dignity and unostentatiousness. The educated, upper classes are endowed with sterling qualities; but it would be, perhaps, as wrong to form an idea of the standard of the national character from them, as it would be unjust to estimate it from

the characteristics of the lower classes. The acquaintance and friendship of these gentlemen are generally attainable by persons of refinement and good sense without difficulty, and should be sought by those who wish to see and enjoy the best of life at the Azores. Many of them speak the English, but many more the French language. Affable and hospitable, they are ever ready to oblige, and render those courtesies that never fail of pleasing strangers.

Terceira, perhaps, boasts of more nobility than any of the other islands, from the fact of many having come there from Portugal, attracted by the desirable positions to be filled under government, in consequence of its being the capital of the archipelago for many years after the islands were settled. This also may account for the manifestation of that chivalric spirit and loyalty, ever-prominent characteristics of the island in all the political struggles she has undergone.

Loads are carried by both sexes on the head, back, or shoulders, according to the capacity of the carriers. Those too heavy or bulky to be held in this manner are drawn in two-wheeled, lumbering, heavy carts, dragged along by one or two yoke of oxen or cows, the axles of which make such a squeaking

that the drivers are compelled by law to grease them well in going through a city, to prevent the discordant noise.

To carry earth, small stones, or other such articles, there is a sort of twin-baskets, so made together, of willow, that, placed upon the donkey's back, they balance each other; and as much can be put into and piled up over them as they will carry or the animal bear.

Very often, in some town or other, you will meet lovely girls, whose faces might grace a parlor, with a basket of clothes at the hip, repairing to some brook to wash. Upon the swardy banks of the brook many times they spread the linen to whiten it, and there spend a good portion of the day. Often, too, you meet them going to the fountain with a narrow-mouthed wooden vessel peculiar to these islands, that holds from four to eight gallons, the bottom chines resting also upon the hip, a white and finely-moulded arm around the upper part, and a shapely hand upon the primitive wooden handle.

At Flores the water is all obtained from public fountains or springs; at Fayal and St. Michael from public wells, fountains, and private cisterns. The well-water of Fayal is rather brackish. This is one of the finest islands, with the poorest water.

The poor donkey is a very much abused little animal, and, it may be said, without reason or justice. It carries all sorts of loads over precipices and gullies—where a horse would hesitate to pass, even without a rider—with a most admirable sure-footedness. I have seen in the streets of Horta four of these animals with such a heavy load slung up, and swinging to and fro between them, that it would be natural to anticipate, every moment, some one of them missing his footing, or giving out under his weight: but no; their legs would tremble and totter, and cross each other as the legs of an inebriate; but slowly and safely would they keep on their way,—whether rejoicing or not I could not say. It is true, sometimes they fall, and if you ride some vicious beast he may throw you,—just for the fun of the thing! With ordinary care, however, serious accidents, at least, may be avoided. At all events, I would rather trust myself to their care in passing a difficult place, than to rely upon my own physical powers.

It is quite amusing to hear their drivers yelling, *Passa cá, asno* (“Get along here, donkey”), but at the same time painful and vexing to witness them lustily waling the poor animals upon the haunches with a tough stick, or pricking them with the goad at the end of it until the blood oozes and trickles

down its sides. At times, it may be questionable which is the greater beast—the driver, or one of his animals.

Descending a steep declivity, the driver goes behind, throwing himself back, with the tail of the donkey in his hand, to keep him from slipping. When there is no cruelty on the part of the driver, a great deal of sport may be enjoyed during a donkey-ride, where there is a number riding together; particularly if one of the party gets floored without being hurt, led into the briars by the roadside, or has his toes, and almost his knees, slightly rubbed against some stone wall, for the donkey seems to have an unconquerable predilection for the side of the road. There is always a certain inexplicable association in my mind between donkeys and St. Michael. It may be, perhaps, from the great numbers of these serviceable creatures to be found there, for almost every farmer has one or more donkeys to do his work, or for riding.

The donkey subject naturally suggests to the mind the other mode of conveyance—carriages. In Fayal there are none to be let, though there are some twelve or fifteen belonging to private gentlemen in the city, who use them very little; for during two months' stay in Horta I saw only one—the Baron of Santa

Anna's — quite often, and two or three others very seldom. Two of them, something like covered wagons, I saw drawn by oxen or cows — a novelty, indeed, that surprised me. Upon second thought, it is not so very bad an idea, after all; for a person having cattle, and wishing to ride slowly, can very well dispense with the more expensive horse. In St. Michael, however, carriages are plenty, both private and public. They are heavily built by native manufacturers; but the nature of the country demands strength rather than beauty. As the horses are few, the carriages are drawn principally by mules.

At Fayal, and in fact at all the islands, a little insect, of a dark-chestnut, glossy color is met with. It has wings, and some half a dozen springy legs that enable it to skip great distances. It adroitly introduces itself through a person's garments, and bites. A little red mark designates the spot where it has put its bill, or sting, which, though not poisonous, is quite annoying, particularly when it gets inside of a boot, and you cannot be rid of it without pulling your boot off. I do not remember ever seeing it in this country, but it is well known under the vulgar name of *flea*. It is no disgrace there to have

it in the house; neither is it an infallible sign of uncleanliness, for it roves about in palatial residences and in poor hovels, as well as through the streets. It is quite impossible to keep it out of the house, for it will introduce itself, by hook or by crook, if not into the parlor, then into the kitchen.

CHAPTER XV.

Diversity of Costumes. — Musical Club at Fayal. — Balls. — Courtship, Marriage, etc. — Final Departure from the Azores. — Conclusion.

ALTHOUGH the dress in vogue amongst the higher classes in the Azores much resembles that worn in America, yet there is some diversity; and amongst the middle and lower classes the contrast is quite striking. In Fayal, the costume of the women of these classes, and, indeed, of some of the ladies, consists of a blue-cloth cloak, with a stiff, half-circular hood rising from the shoulders, thus forming an apex over the head, and concealing or showing the face of the wearer at will.

It has a rather strange appearance, and is worn more or less in nearly all the islands of the group. The cloak of this style, when worn by ladies, is generally made of broadcloth, to distinguish it from that enveloping the forms of the women of inferior rank.

In Terceira, a fashion, which is almost obsolete at

the present day, was a hood resembling that of a water-proof cape attached to a cloak: the shape of the hood, which was so long as to reach below the waist, was circular, and the nether end was drawn up, forming folds, and presenting the exact appearance of a round bolster-case.

In St. Michael there is nothing remarkable about ladies' apparel aside from the hood worn at Fayal; but upon the men, farmers mostly, is seen a peculiar head-piece. It is a skullcap, with a circular cape that comes down to the turning of the shoulders. A very wide and stiff visor, cut out as a concave, and bent upwards, gives it, at a side glance, the appearance of two horns. As the whole *thing* — *garment* I was going to call it — is made of thick homespun woollen cloth, it is necessary for comfort, in warm days, to throw up from the face the flaps of the cape, and button them, which by no means adds to its gracefulness.

In St. George the skullcap is seen divested of visor and cape. It has a bright-red band around its turned-up edges, and is worn on the back of the head. A tuft of hair protruding from under it in front assumes the place of a visor.

The people of both sexes in Pico wear a straw hat — a skull crown surrounded by a broad brim; while those in Flores wear a party-colored knit wool-

len cap, in shape like an elongated triangle, with a small tassel at the apex which hangs down upon one side of the face.

Most people of both sexes of the lower class in all the islands go barefoot, except in Pico, where the greater part of them wear raw-hide sandals, fastened round the ankles with leather thongs, probably to protect their feet from the extraordinary roughness of the volcanic scoriæ with which the soil is overspread. In Fayal many women wear wooden clogs, or galoches. Occasionally you see a barefooted damsel indulging in the luxury of a hoop-skirt, or a barefooted sire of some country village with a rather rusty beaver crowning his honorable gray head.

The dress of the priests is another peculiarity not seen in this country, though many wear the civilian's dress, excepting the neckcloth, or cravat, which they are obliged to retain. Their sacerdotal dress is a black tunic, with a row of little buttons all the way down in front. The tunic is very much like a garment with long sleeves; that gentlemen do not wear, but which is not unknown to the ladies. Over the shoulders is a cape, also black; and upon the head a black felt three-cornered hat. The handsomer dress, however, is the same tunic, with a flowing cloak over it that is gathered up in a peculiar

manner about the waist, with a tasselled cap, somewhat like a crown, in lieu of the inelegant three-cornered hat.

Balls are an amusement much esteemed by the islanders. These are given by private individuals or authorities, and the guests are invited. Tickets are never issued, nor is any remuneration expected, as the party giving the ball bears all expenses. There is a musical club at Fayal, called the *Lyra*, composed of young gentlemen, who give a party every month in the winter. Strangers are always invited to the first ball succeeding their arrival, after which they can join the club by paying a small monthly sum. Upon the arrival of the ladies from the dressing-room, they are conducted to seats in the hall by gentlemen in waiting in the ante-room, and are left there by themselves until the music strikes up. After the dance is over, the ladies walk round a few times with their partners; and upon taking their seats, the gentlemen leave for the ante-rooms again. The dances consist of the lancers, fancy-dances, and quadrilles. The quadrille is formed by as many couples as the room will hold on the four sides. The figures are hardly ever called, as everybody is supposed to know them.

The older gentlemen, with a few of the younger

ones, pass their time in the card-room. During the evening a collation is served, consisting of black and green tea, mixed cakes, and very thin slices of buttered bread.

The rule of the club requires the dispersion of these parties at one o'clock, when a national air is played by the full band, and the regulation rigidly adhered to.

Other balls are given in more or less style, according to the means or taste of those in whose houses they take place; for, unlike the club, they are not restricted by any rules. Many little parties are given, also, which partake of a ball as far as dancing is concerned, and in which games are introduced. As the houses have no carpets, this can be done without much inconvenience; and the floors being very well jointed and finished, the rooms are perfectly free from dust. The parlors of the better class of houses are generally large, with the adjoining dining-room also of equal proportions: therefore there is always sufficient room, as no more guests can come than those invited. The hall of the club is of this description; and, indeed, there are no others to be had.

Marriage, and the preliminaries preceding and attending it, — subjects very interesting to the young of

both sexes, and by many of them considered as another kind of amusement,—are not conducted in the same manner as in this republican country. A gentleman sees a lady who pleases and fascinates him. He manœuvres to judge of her sentiments in regard to him, either by looks, signs, or the medium of a trusty servant. If convinced, after this trial, of her preference for him, his attentions commence by epistles, with perhaps an occasional stolen interview.

He is not permitted to visit the lady until he has asked her hand of her parents; after which, if consent be given, he is almost in honor bound to marry her. He is seldom, if ever, left alone with her, as some member of the family stays with the lovers during their *tête-à-tête*, which is never prolonged to a late hour. The chances he has to study her character are very few; but there is one thing in his favor,—the submission of a wife to her husband being quite a matter of course.

The ladies generally go out alone, or attended by a servant, their husbands seldom accompanying them, excepting on Sundays or in the evenings. Single ladies never walk with gentlemen, unless brothers or fathers.

If you call at a house where you are acquainted, and meet strangers, you need not wait for an intro-

duction, which is not always given, but you must bow, and enter into conversation, or else be considered rude. The same thing is practised wherever you meet an acquaintance or friend accompanied by a stranger.

Not simply touching, but taking off the hat, and bowing, is quite universal and obligatory to show good breeding, not only to passers-by, but to persons — ladies in particular — at windows, whether you know them or not. From foreigners this is not expected; but the courtesy will be returned if they bow first. I have been amused quite often to think of the number of times necessary to doff my hat during the day in return to the little barefooted, three-year-old urchin, sidling along and looking askance at me as he raises his hat; or through every grade up to the white-headed old gentleman who bows to me from across the street.

At last the day came when I bade farewell to the Azores, with hopes of revisiting them again in a few months. I took passage in an English brig, which had put in at Horta for ballast, expecting to arrive at New Bedford, her destined port, in about a month.

The day after sailing, Fayal was still in sight — a sad forerunner of what the passage was to be;

for when a month had elapsed, we were scarcely half way across the Atlantic. Continued gales from contrary quarters, aided by the inferior sailing qualities of the brig, tantalized us for fifty-three days with hopes deferred. But more fortunate than many others who crossed the ocean that season, we arrived safely at last, where we were welcomed by kind friends who had given us up for lost.

As I draw my narrative to a close, I feel that I have scarcely done justice to my subject, especially that portion of it relating to the physical condition of the Islands; and it seems as if I had but drawn aside for a moment the thick veil shrouding a beautiful picture, and let it drop again before the beholder could mark the finest touches of that grand, unsurpassed master-artist—NATURE.

Reader, if the perusal of this little volume shall contribute in any way to your pleasure, the author will consider himself well repaid for his labor of love in bringing his country into notice, and adding another to the world of books.















