of the Azore Islands. Ponta Delgada, the capital, is the largest city in the Azores, and the third largest in the Portuguese dominion. It is situated picturesquely on the very water’s edge, enjoying a good harbor, which can be said of no other Azorian port. The city is made up of narrow, crooked, ill-paved streets, all tending toward one common centre,—the glory of the town,—the Plaza. This is a triangular-shaped plot of grassless ground, surrounded by dusty trees, beneath which are placed benches facing a pagoda-shaped edifice, and in which the military band holds forth three times a week. On one side of the Plaza is the English Hotel, very comfortable, possessing all the “modern improvements,” as the Portuguese landlord would tell you, meaning thereby beds, chairs, soap, towels, etc. But they are all very good for their kind, and clean. The table is pretty good, consisting of a great many courses, but otherwise not much to eat. One dollar and twenty cents a day pays for the best accommodation the house affords. On another side of the Plaza is the Cathedral, being I have forgotten how many centuries old, and presenting something very unique in the way of architecture, being of the Moorish style, with low spherical dome, surmounted by an immense crucifix, and possessing at one corner a rather low tower, containing a chime of bells, which ring forth upon the slightest occasion. Inside the building is a very rare collection of old oil paintings, to say nothing of the sculpture and tile work.

On the other side of the plaza is what was once a Jesuit monastery, but now it is used as barracks for the soldiers; for you must know that St. Michaels has a large, tight-laced standing army. The Government has long since confiscated all the property of the religious orders within its realm. It is very interesting to go through this old pile and note the manner in which the Portuguese infantry has accommodated itself to the cloister of the monk; the commandant’s headquarters being the old chapel, and his bed located where was once the altar. But you will not be allowed to enter within the vale before convincing the officer in charge that you are not an emissary from America, sent to pry into the modern military improvements. The streets, as I have said, are small and crooked, possessing a sidewalk so narrow that its only use is to afford a refuge when mules and other animals dispute the right of way. On both sides of the street the tall, whitewashed, many-balconied houses rise.

The balconies are numerous, large, and usually heavily latticed, from behind which screen one can frequently catch a glimpse of the dark Moorish face and lustrous eyes of an Azorian senhereita. As soon as we leave the city the houses abruptly cease, but their place is taken by high walls (sometimes reaching 15 to 20 feet). These walls are always whitewashed twice a year, per order of the Government, that it may be less easy for an assassin to hide himself in their shadow.

So after leaving the city one could travel miles seeing nothing but the sky above, the road under foot, and a whitewashed wall on either side. These walls inclose the magnificent orange groves and ornamental gardens for which St. Michaels is justly celebrated, and protect them from thieves and from the high winds.

After passing through the garden district we come to the farms. Here the walls are so low that one can look over them and catch a glimpse of the blue sea and mountains beyond, or peep into a sweet-potato patch. However far into the interior of the island we may travel, we will not be able to find one foot of untilled ground. In some places men are even let down the side of a cliff in baskets to cultivate a small ridge where soil has collected. So much is Mother Earth to the Michaelese poor! So much do they prize it when alive, that they even grudge themselves a burial-spot when dead, and the “cemetery lot,” as we would call it, of an entire family, is just large enough to admit of one coffin entering the ground at a time. Where many deaths occur in the same family in a short space of time, the coffins are placed one on top of the other. Otherwise after a certain definite period, the bones are exhumed, washed, tied up in a bundle, labelled, and placed in a box kept in