the same grave for that purpose. I think a crematory would make untold wealth in St. Michaels.

Situated about thirty miles from Ponta Delgada—in the crater of a partially extinct volcano—is the fashionable Michaelse watering place. It is a beautiful spot, placed in the very bottom of a deep cup, whose sides are formed by a circular mountain ridge; from the top of which rise up, at regular intervals, sharp peaks, giving it, in the early dusk, the appearance of an immense castle wall with the guard towers brought out in bold relief against the evening sky. This place is called Fúrnas, and the name is very appropriate, for this above all other places, seems to be the entrance into the hotter regions below. At any rate there are many places here where one is in direct communication with the very bowels of the earth. The entire bottom of the crater quivers and shakes many times each day, and at many parts hot water, black mud, sulphurous smoke, and volumes of steam, are continuously emitted. The hot water is utilized by the people in supplying their bath-houses with what they claim is a very medicinal bathing fluid. The same water is also drank by persons in search of health. Here the chemist would find much to interest him in analyzing these waters, and the mineralogist could find specimens that would rejoice his heart.

But let us look in conclusion at the Azorian himself. There are just two classes, the rich and the poor, being an entire lack of that “well-to-do” class which forms such a large proportion of our population, wealth, or poverty of the worst sort; education (to a limited extent), or perfect ignorance is with the Azorian an accident of birth. Real worth or mental ability do not enter into the equation of life with them.

Once poor, always poor. The wages of the workingman (from eighteen to twenty-four cents per day), just suffice to keep body and soul together. The poor man’s chief article of diet is cabbage soup, composed of a few cabbage leaves, a little lard, and plenty of water. With this he eats his pao de mealho, or meal bread, made of corn meal, salt, and water. He usually has a sardine or two, which are caught off the island in vast quantities, and plenty of fruit; oranges, figs, guavas, apricots, moncas, and many other queer fruits with names queerer still. All the Portuguese poor want to come to America, but they are kept in the island by the “compulsatory army membership,” as they call it, to say nothing of lack of money to pay their passage. Their ignorance is complete, since they receive no education whatever, but they are the most cleanly class of poor I ever saw, being always arrayed in spotless white linen. They are always barefoot. The richer classes resemble in many respects their Continental cousins, being very proud and autocratic, and looking down with great scorn on anything not Azorian, for them Ponta Delgada is the hub around which the rest of the universe revolves. Their knowledge, of which they boast much, is very superficial, especially in regard to America.

They all have a horror of any new improvement or invention, saying, “My grandfather and father, both worthier men than I, lived without this new thing and were happy; why can’t I?”

A few—very few—speak English imperfectly, and take every occasion to show it off. Once a gentleman rushed wildly out into the street, shook me by the hand like a long-lost brother, saying, “Goot-evenhing, zhir; goot-evenhing, zhir.” This was all he could say, but he must say that whenever the opportunity offered. Their dress is most exquisite, all “modern improvements” in this line coming directly from Paris. To see them promenading in the Plaza of a Sunday, bowing to each other and to any lady acquaintance they may happen to see, would put to shame many of our swells.

A word for the fairer sex, and I am done. The peasant girl is all that romance paints her, and more. The olive complexion, velvety skin, pearly teeth, heavy black hair, and dark, expressive eye, combining so much of fire and languor, are found in all their perfection in the Azorian peasant girl. This is a case of “beauty unadorned,” for her dress is most simple, consisting of a short skirt, bodice (I believe