

striking. You find that you are on the top of the ridge bounding an old crater of great extent. The valley of the Furnas, richly cultivated and wooded, lies directly below; with a scattered town, with public gardens, baths, and lodging-houses, as an object of central interest. The valley, at a first glance, looks strangely familiar, from its resemblance to many of the valleys in Switzerland. It is not until the eye has wandered over the lava ridges and rested upon the dense columns of vapor rising from the boiling springs, that one realizes the critical condition of things—the fact that he is descending into the crater of a volcano, which still gives unmistakable signs of activity.

The road into the valley is very steep, zigzagging through deep cuttings down the face of the mountain. It was about five o'clock when our now somewhat weary cavalcade drew up before the door of the hotel in the village.

We had been told by the British consul at Ponta Delgada that about four miles beyond the village, following a bridle-path across a ridge and along the border of a lake, we should find a comfortable, commodious hotel, kept by an Englishman, where, if we gave due notice, we could get all accommodation. Unfortunately there was no time to give notice, so we determined to go on chance.

One or two of us started off on foot, while the gear was being transferred from the carriages to a train of donkeys, to give Mr. and Mrs. Brown what preparation we might, and to organize some dinner. We had a lovely walk—up a winding path among the rocks to the top of a saddle, where a beautiful blue lake about a couple of miles in length, bordered with richly wooded cliffs, lay below us. On the opposite side, about a couple of hundred feet above the lake, we could see Gren'a, Mr. Brown's house; and nearer us, on the shore of the lake, a group of natural caldrons, where the water was bubbling and steaming, and spreading widely through the air a slight and not