

unpleasant odor of sulphur. No human habitation except Mr. Brown's was visible; but though the scene seemed singularly quiet and remote, its richness and infinite variety in light and shade and coloring prevented any oppressive effect of extreme loneliness.

Mr. Brown met us at the door. We told him that there were about a dozen of us who wanted rooms and food, and he naturally answered that he had nothing to give us, and put it to our common sense how it could be possible that he, in his primeval solitude, should be ready at any moment to entertain a dozen hungry strangers, to say nothing of their servants and their asses. Notwithstanding, there was a re-assuring twinkle in Mr. Brown's shrewd, pleasant eyes. We wrung an admission from him that there was plenty of room in the house, that fowls might be got, and eggs and tea. Mrs. Brown joined us, and her appearance was also re-assuring; so we shouted for the urgent tub, and left the rest to fate. Shortly we saw the long string of asses winding, with our changes of raiment, round the end of the lake, and it was not to our surprise that about eight o'clock we found ourselves sitting before an admirable dinner, with all our arrangements for the next couple of days settled in the most satisfactory way. We sent the carriages back to Ponta Delgada, with orders to meet us at midday on Monday at Villa Franca, a town on the southern coast of the island; and we engaged some fifteen or twenty donkeys for Monday morning to take us and our effects over the ridge and down the steep passes to the shore road.

Next morning some of our party walked to the Roman Catholic chapel in the village, and afterward went to see the hot springs; others wandered about on the slopes and terraces overlooking the lake, enjoying the quietude and beauty of the place.

But for the birds, which were numerous, and the distant murmur of the boiling springs, the silence was absolute. Now