

numerous baby volcanoes rise up, and are seen clustering together in irregular groups.

One crater close to the shore and partly cut into by the waves was very conspicuous. In its loose punice walls the sea had made an excavation, and had exposed vertical columns of harder trachyte. The lip of the crater facing the sea is partly broken down, and a view is thus obtained right into the conical hollow inside, which is now partly under cultivation. The crater is called *Castello Branco* by the inhabitants.

The whole lower part of the island, which has a more gradual slope than the steep cones above, is closely cultivated, and showed as seen from seawards a series of intermingled bright green and yellow fields interspersed with glistening white villages, and numerous churches and monasteries.

As we neared shore, a large shoal of porpoises was seen close by, going at great speed in full chase after fish, the whole shoal skipping together four or five feet out of water for several successive bounds in hot pursuit. The shoal was closely attended by a flock of gulls, which follow in order to pick up the fish which are bitten or wounded by the porpoises, but which the porpoises have no time to stop to pick up. In the Arafura sea, I have seen frigate birds hanging over a shoal of porpoises with the same object, and in just the same manner in the tropics terns and noddies follow the shoals of large predatory fish (*Caranx*) to pick up the crumbs. The demeanour of a shoal of porpoises on the feed is a very different thing from their lazy rolling motion which one more commonly sees.

We rounded a promontory formed of two old craters, one of them with its seaward half entirely demolished by the waves, and its hollow inner slope terraced for cultivation, and came in sight of Horta, the capital town of Fayal. It is almost the most beautifully situated town I have ever seen. It is built along the shore of a wide bay, the white houses being crowded together on a very narrow, almost flat belt of land. Immediately behind the main body of houses rises a series of steep hills, covered with the most brilliantly green gardens, orange trees, and magnolias, with houses dotted amongst them at various heights, and here and there churches and monasteries. The lower hills are backed by the main mountain mass, the summit of which was hidden in the clouds. In full view of Horta is the island of Pico with its towering cone.

The town is thoroughly Portuguese in appearance. The houses are whitewashed as at Lisbon, with green Venetian blinds and window frames and balconies. The women are better looking than at Lisbon. They dress in remarkable dark blue cloth cloaks with enormous long coal-scuttle-shaped hoods