SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 12.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

DR. TALMAGE IN ROME

A Service at St. Peter's and a Look at the Pope, with Impressions.

BLESSING AND INFORMAL NOTICE.

Minister Porter and What He Thinks of His Appointment.

PLAN TO DUPLICATE THE COLOSSEUM.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BRINDISI, November 18.—I send you from this place some account of our experiences in Rome, first of all reminding you that 'tis from here we take ship on our way to Athens. The time now is about 2 in the morning. We shall sail presently in the hope of reaching Patras by 4 to-morrow morning. This is surely the dirtiest town of the dirtiest country I ever saw. We are in good spirits but very tired.

Shortly after our arrival in Rome, we learned that on Sunday at 3 in the afternoon there was to be a beatification, prior to his being canonized, of a French martyr who had sacrificed his life in China. The services of

Pope Leo XIII.

beatification, we were further informed, would take place in one of the large chapels of St. Peter's, and the Pope would be present and take an active part in them. This last was the crowning attraction, as His Holiness nowararely appears in public, and tickets of admission were exceedingly hard to procure. These had been issued by the Papal authorities free of charge, but commanded a considerable price so eager was the inquiry for them. Five were bought for our party, including Dr. Talmage, who would be able to attend after fulfilling his engagement in the morning of Sunday.

WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY.

An hour before the time appointed we arrived at St. Peter's, where we waited in the front rank of over 10,000 people seeking admission. A detachment of the Swiss Papal Guard, all stalwart, fine-looking fellows dressed in bright uniforms, held the crowd in check until a very numerous male choir and a small army of guards had passed into the Cathedral and taken their positions. The guards drew up on either side of the main entrance along the entire length of the chapel, after which the waiting crowd was admitted at their right and left. Within a very few moments the chapel was filled with a dense throng. People crowded each other to such an extent that many individuals were fairly wedged in and were utterly incapable of moving an inch in any direction. As we had ascertained that the Pope would walk up the middle aisle between the two rows of Swiss Guards, we endeavored to get as close to the soldiers as possible, and by persistent effort we succeeded in getting into the front row of the crushing crowd. The chapel, it appeared to me, was about 300 feet long, and the people were divided by intervening soldiers into two

Interior of St. Peter's.

huge throngs facing each other the entire length of the interior, each crowd fringed off in front by the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers. At 3, Papal officers, and chamberlains, archbishops, bishops and foreign representatives at the Vatican came straggling in.

THE POPE A LITTLE TARDY.

By this time, as you must suppose, the temperature of the air in the chapel had reached fever heat, and the vast concourse was literally a mass of perspiring humanity. Inquiring of a bystander, the hour being now considerably past that announced, whether the Pope was usually not punctual in filling his engagements, I was told that in earlier years, when his physical health was good, he was a model of punctuality, always promptly on time, but this had been less and less the case with increasing years and bodily infirmities. Of these the recollection was a painful one that on the public occasion preceding this in which he had participated, his weakness was so great that he had to be carried into the services, and fainted while assisting in them. There was no telling this time when he would arrive, but it would be probably not much before 4 o'clock. At half-past three the perspiration was streaming down Dr. Talmage's face, in full view of a great many people, for he was one of the tallest persons in the crowd. The circumstances of delay became more and more distressing, and every now and then the guards permitted people who could not hear the suffocating pressure to pass out between their majestic ranks. The sturdy American preacher held his ground without flinching, and beguiled the time by getting up a conversation with an officer of the Swiss troops, who could converse fluently in the English language. Immediately behind our party was a band of students preparing for the ministry. They recognized Dr. Talmage, and were much pleased to see him.

A movement throughout the chapel, which everybody who has stood on Broadway waiting for a procession to pass can realize, meant the Pope was coming. About 25 Cardinals preceded him in the procession of which he was the central figure, as many following him as he walked between the ranks of the soldiery.

REVERENTIAL ALL AROUND.

Every head bared as the kindly, sweet-faced old man, smiling pleasantly all the way, passed along, pronouncing benedictions as he went, bestowed impartially on the multitudes standing in compact masses to his right and left, and on the favored nuns and secular magnates—of whom I believe I have not spoken before—who occupied seats in what a profane pen might call the boxes. He raised his hands, wafting paternal blessings in every direction, excepting when one and another of the faithful, in an ecstacy of devotion, fell kneeling before him and fervently kissed his hands or the robe he wore. The Pope seemed both pleased and touched at these expressions of devout veneration. His face beamed as with a heavenly smile, and he appeared in his fragility as one only waiting for the summons from on high.

Having reached the altar he knelt and

The Colosseum.

offered an inaudible prayer, which seemed to last a very long time. Indeed, I noticed that one of the Cardinals, who was evidently under the impression that His Holiness had become absorbed in his devotions, went over and whispered to him. The Pope then arose, about 15 minutes after he had reached the altar, and retraced his steps by the way that he had come. His return was accompanied with the same manifestations of popular veneration as had appeared on his way to the altar. One of these was so impressively touching and beautiful that it is stamped on my memory never to be forgotten. A little girl, dressed in white, advanced and kissed the hand of the Holy Father, who rewarded her with the sweetest of smiles, and when she arose from her knees, he took her hand and gently pressed it in his. Then he passed graciously on. At the Pope's departure the people gradually filed out.

RECOGNIZING TALMAGE.

In these days of much travel and widespread knowledge of public men, it is not surprising that Dr. Talmage was recognized and cordially greeted by not a few folks from different cities of the United States. Brooklyn and Cincinnati were most numerously represented on this occasion. Among those who took part in this informal reception was Dr. Farrelli, acting rector of the American College in Rome. Dr. Talmage was asked how the Pope impressed him. He replied, perhaps—and I am sure I hope so—with a more correct judgment of Leo XIII's physical capabilities than mine: "The Pope looks like a genial, good old grandfather, at least ten years younger than he is said to be. His eyes are as keen as a hawk's and gentle as a dove's. Many of the Cardinals do not seem to possess half his strength, and I believe he will outlive most of them."

"Don't you consider it idolatrous," persisted his interrogator, to bow down to the Pope and kiss his hand?" "No," replied the Brooklyn preacher, "I do not. I have no reason to suppose that deference shown to him implies more of the worshipful spirit than deference exhibited toward the President of the United States. That, I think, is to be taken as a substitute for the patriotic spirit."

"What in the proceedings of to-day impressed you most, Doctor?" asked a lady from Brooklyn. "The earnestness of the people," was his reply. Being asked what he thought of the services, he said: "I am not enough of the ecclesiastic to understand all this ceremony concerning the beatification of a martyr. If, however, half of what they say in regard to this particular martyr is true, the Lord made him a saint long before this. He was, as I understand it, a missionary in China, giving his life to the poor and destitute until he was imprisoned. Then every day he was taken from prison and cruelly beaten until the time came for his martyrdom."

A CALL BY GOVERNOR PORTER.

Ex-Governor Porter, United States Minister to Italy, and his daughter, made us a delightful call at the Quirinal Hotel, where we stayed while in Rome. He is a genial, pleasant gentleman, and expressed himself as greatly gratified with his appointment. Of Rome and its wealth of antiquities, he spoke with much information and more enthusiasm than is usually seen in diplomatic gentlemen. The Colosseum was a prominent subject of conversation. Speaking of it, Dr. Talmage said: "An idea has occurred to me with reference to this colossal work of antiquity. A great deal has been said about duplicating the Eiffel Tower at the American Exhibition of 1892, but it seems to me that it would be a far greater idea to duplicate the Colosseum at Rome. This would be a means of classical education for the whole nation. The presence of that structure would be a forcible and continual reminder to all nations of the blessings of Christian civilization, as compared with the heartless cruelties of the more refined heathen civilization, now happily banished from the face of the earth forever. Besides it is the most stupendous structure ever erected on our planet. Moreover, I have discovered something in regard to it which I have never heard spoken of. I allude to its acoustic qualities. I tried them to-day. Some of my family stood on the opposite side of the Colosseum, which was capable of holding 100,000 people, while I stood on the place once occupied by Nero, and they heard every word I uttered, thus proving that in a building of this kind the human voice could be heard by 100,000 people. Such a structure devoted to arts, science, education and religion, would somewhat atone for the horrid cruelties that were, during five centuries, enacted in its Roman original."

Dr. Farrelli, to whom I alluded to above, very kindly undertook to arrange for Dr. Talmage a special audience with the Pope. This was found impracticable, unless we were content to devote part of Sunday to travel, and the honor was accordingly declined. The Doctor, however, has found it within the possibilities of our itinerary and due Sabbath observance to visit the Mamertine Prison three times. He has made accurate measurements and draughted a careful diagram of this place.

HE CAPTURES A RELIC.

Before leaving Rome he managed to break away a piece of the ancient, time-hardened mortar of the historic ruin, which he has labelled and dated in museum style. The Mamertine Prison greatly impressed him. "Oh," he said, "that our church members could come here and see with their own eyes what Paul must have suffered, and then go home and in a measure re-live his life. The trouble is we get our religion too cheap, and too often value it at the price we pay for it." From the Mamertine Prison we started for the road to Ostia, the same which St. Paul had to take on his way to execution. "Doctor," said I, "are you not spending too much time on Paul? Is his history any way connected with your Life of Christ?" "Indeed it is," he answered; "the more I study Paul's life the grander Jesus appears to me, for He alone could be the inspiration of such a life."

You would be surprised to see the Talmage collection of stones, gathered on his trip. He secured enough to tax a strong man's carrying powers and to knock a hole the size of a hundred-dollar bill in his pocketbook for freight. He has pieces from the palace of Nero, from the rostrum of the forum where Cicero pleaded, and many a one besides. His better half finds herself often compelled to gently rebuke the extravagance of his expenditures for freight and his easy credulity in dealing with sharks. After his visit to Pompeii, for an example of this, he paid $10 for a dozen medallions, which he exhibited with great glee after his return to the hotel. "Why," said Mrs. Talmage, "on Fulton street, Brooklyn, the same things can be bought for a quarter apiece, with a good-sized discount on an order for a whole dozen."

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

A FRATERNAL GATHERING.

A Regular Love Feast by Sister Councils of the American Mechanics.

There was a fraternal visit paid to Acme Council No. 219, Jr. O. U. A. M., on Thursday evening by members from all of the Southside Councils, including Bunker Hill, of Crafton, and Duquesne, of Pittsburg. Past State Councillor D. G. Evans and about a dozen of State Deputies and representatives were present and a general good time was had.

Several speeches were made relative to the proposed consolidation of all the patriotic orders and other topics of interest to the order, including the scheme to bring the next parade to the Southside. The members of Acme Council had prepared for the visit and the manner in which the visiting members were treated will not be forgotten soon.

IDEAS, NOT ARROWS,

Are the Implements With Which Indians Are Taught to Shoot

AT THEIR INSTITUTION IN CARLISLE

Their Peculiarities and the Rare Ease of Educating Them.

REDSKINS WITH A SENSITIVE NATURE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

CARLISLE, PA., December 6.—The Indian question now, as never before, is nearing its solution. The growth of the Carlisle institution under the charge of Captain R. H. Pratt is attracting the attention of leading thinkers upon education and race problems in this as well as other countries. Established only ten years ago, its success proves what may yet be done for the Red Man. There is something wrong, and always has been, in our treatment of the Indian; but when the War and Interior Departments ordered the starting of a school at Carlisle it was the dawning of better days for the Indian. The Government appropriates $167 a year for the education of an Indian; but Captain Pratt says: "On an annual appropriation of $100,000 I will undertake to educate 1,000 children annually."

The school started with 140 pupils, but now numbers 685—quite a number of whom are out on farms as a means of education and civilization. They all go to school one half day and work the other half—the industrial training being just as carefully superintended as the educational. Farmers receive these boys and girls into their families, pay them for their work and send them to school in the winter. The demand is always large, and the Indians thus trained are in the midst of the best influences of civilized life.

NO TWO TOGETHER.

This is Captain Pratt's idea, who says: "If I had my way I would distribute the whole 250,000 Indians all over the United States—not allow a single Indian on a reservation; not allow two together till they are civilized." The skill of the boys in the carpenter, blacksmith, harness and tin shops, the girls in the laundry, cooking and sewing rooms, is surprising. A stimulus to their energies has been the payment of wages. Part of the Government appropriation is given to them in this form instead of clothing, out of which they are expected to buy their own clothing except their school uniform. There is some waste, no doubt, but the practice is teaching the relation of labor to capital. The co-education of the sexes is regarded as essential to the development of this race in which woman has been so degraded. There are more boys in the school than girls, for the reason that on the reservations girls constitute a part of the material wealth of the family, and on arriving at marriageable age, bring a certain price in horses or other valuable property.

The improvement of the girls is as marked as that of the braves; they cut, make and mend their own clothes, as well as those of the boys, and, like their white sisters, the tender maidens sweeten industry with sentiment, and carefully rummage the darning basket for the stockings of the boys they like best. All the industries, mechanical and industrial, are under the control of master workmen, and the articles manufactured in the shops taken by the Government for the agencies.

A LITTLE ARMY OF REDS.

The pupils are all under military rule, and well behaved, and, as they march in charge of a sergeant to and from chapel, school and other occasions of assembly, they are quite a little company. In ages they vary from 8 to 30 years; the older ones being dull in school, but very good in the shops. The Indians have quite pleasant times in their quarters and are very quick to appreciate games, music and entertainments of every kind. "Sociable Night" occurs once a month in the large gymnasium. This, they think, is worth living for. A few evenings ago, a large boy was accosted by his teacher, thus:

"Why, James, at a social without a collar?"

Said he coolly: "No girl, me!"

The Apaches are regarded by our Government as the most intractable of all the tribes; yet Captain Pratt testifies that the pupils from this tribe are the best students in the school. The Indian observes caste. The Sioux regard themselves as the "big Indians" of all—are aristocratic, overbearing and tyrannical; but they are coupled with the Indians from other tribes at table, in the dormitory, and are soon taught they are no better than the rest. The Indians at Carlisle represent at least 40 tribes, including a few Alaskan Indians. The English tongue is used exclusively, as it is considered very important to break the Indian dialects, no two of which are alike. Tobacco is strictly prohibited. The discipline largely self discipline.

VERY SHORT ALLOWANCE.

The Government only allows five years for the education of the Indian. Too short a time, thinks Captain Pratt, to accomplish much with a child from a wild tribe of the plains. It is difficult to associate the gaunt young gamins that enter the school for the first time, with the bright, busy groups of boys and girls at study or play. Even 24 hours make a difference in their appearance—new scenes, soap, water and different dress effect a change. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail, and every device is resorted to to keep up the interest; yet nothing can equal the charm of the printed page. "If I cannot read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The blackboards of an Indian recitation room are usually rich in works of art, illustrative of the day's doings, or memories of home life. Many strangers visit Carlisle to see the Indians. Some of them are disappointed. "We thought we might see some real Indians. Haven't you some real Indians—all in blankets, you know, and feathers and long hair." Aboriginal picturesqueness is certainly sacrificed in Carlisle civilization, and instead we find a school of neatly dressed boys and girls with bright eyes, and full of fun and frolic as if they were descendants of the Mayflower freight. With more regard for their own amusement or curiosity than for wasting courtesy on savages, many visitors ply the students with questions: "What is your name?" "Are you wild?" "Can you speak English?" Patience exhausted, one little girl answered her inquisitor: "Yes, very wild. Are you wild?" and "No, I cannot speak a word of English."

VERY SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

The Indians are sensitive of their former condition. Many interesting little things are occuring every day, which touch the hearts and enlist the sympathies of those in charge. A few chiefs yearly visit their children and the meeting between the barbarian from the plains and his relatives convince the most skeptical that the "heart of man answers to heart, as face to face in water" whatever the skin it beats under. The chiefs, on their arrival at the school, have plenty of money and take their children to the different stores, buying them what they fancy. One little girl asked for moccasins, but her old father refused this. "Why do you ask for moccasins? I send you here to be a little white girl and wear shoes." Captain Pratt and his corps of teachers have solved the question, "Can Indians be Taught?" Indian children are on the whole very much like other children—some bright, some stupid, some good, some perverse, all exceedingly human. But the Carlisle idea of education is that the character is the chief concern of the teaching. Education first for the heart, then for the health, at last for the mind. With these principles the Indian school is proving a success far beyond first expectations.

M. M.

A LODGE OF SORROW.

The Programme of the Elks' Meeting To-Morrow Night.

The programmes of the ceremonies of the "Lodge of Sorrow," of the B. P. O. Elks to-morrow evening were issued by the committee yesterday. The meeting will be the first of its kind in this city, and will be held in recognition of the absence of dead members. The exercises will take place in the Elks' new lodge room, No. 67 Fourth avenue, at 8 o'clock, and the following is the programme:

Organ voluntary by A. C. Fogo; opening of the lodge, by the officers; opening ode, by the lodge; prayer, Chaplain Stephen Hornett, hymn, Elks' Quartet; eulogy, Stephen Hornett; in memoriam, W. W. Clark; eulogy, W. H. Myers; in memoriam, Henry Vierheller; eulogy, C. V. Lewis; in memoriam, Chas. S. Brown; hymn, Elks' Quartet; eulogy, John Johnson; in memoriam, Geo. Learsch; eulogy, W. H. Wallace; in memoriam, P. W. P. O'Brien; eulogy, Jas. P. McCord; in memoriam, Wm. Chalet; eulogy, W. W. McClelland; in memoriam, Jas. W. Davis; eulogy, Quincy A. Robinson; in memoriam, Wm. Rissor; eulogy, Wm. G. Lee; in memoriam, James Kelly; hymn, Elks' Quartet; closing ceremonies, the officers; doxology, the lodge.

Benediction, Chaplain Stephen Hornett.

"The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands,
Their virtues on the tablets of love and memory."

SHORT SOUTHSIDINGS.

News Bits Gleaned Entirely Among and for the Birminghamers.

"SCAT," the new game of cards, is becoming popular at the clubs.

A PROBLEM.—How many candidates for Alderman are there in the Twenty-ninth ward?

THERE is quite a strife going on among the clubs to see which is trump in the way of fine rooms.

ONE of the sad things of this world is to see a doctor sick and not know what is the matter with himself.

A NEW branch of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was organized at St. John's Church last Sunday.

THE Murphy Fishing Club has taken nice rooms on Sarah street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets.

THE Pittsburg Nail Works turned out 1,125 kegs of steel wire nails Wednesday, the largest run the factory has ever had.

MR. RALPH YOUNG had his left leg broken last Sunday by a kick from a horse. He lives at the head of Twenty-sixth street.

"THE butcher's wagon" is a new name given to the patrol wagon. Probably because the "lambs" are taken to slaughter in it.

AT the rate the Birmingham line are putting in the car stoves they will hardly get them in place in all of the cars before spring.

THE druggists and doctors have been busy lately, and have only the weather to thank for it. They report many cases of malaria.

NO, reader, the "Fee Gee Club" are not cannibals, but a jolly set of fellows, who know how to pass the fleeting moment in a merry way.

"SPEAK-EASY pie" is one of the latest uses to which this word has been applied. The pie in question has suggestions of brandy as a flavor to the mince meat.

SMOKY CITY COUNCIL, Jr., O. U. A. M., will shortly present several flags to schools in Baldwin township. The committee now has arrangements nearly completed.

NEWSY—Evening paper? All about the suicide! Southsider, buying paper—I don't see it! Newsy—Right here, (pointing to the account of the trial of the boodle Aldermen).

AT the Lotus Club.—Porter—A man has just called through the whistle for you, Mr. Gameplayer, on important business. Mr. Gameplayer—Scat! Tell him I am not here.

ALL the drug stores are now supplied with slot machines for supplying gum. It will have to work its jaws pretty fast to drop gum fast enough for a bevy of Southside school girls.

STRANGER—Who is that youth with the tired expression on his face? Southsider—Oh, that's a member of the Marseillaise Club. They have some new Indian clubs and dumbbells, you know.

B. F. BENBOW & Co., 2101 Carson street, sold for Hill Burgwin this week the second lot from the corner of Twenty-fifth and Carson streets, with frame building on, to A. McLaughlin for $3,400. Lot 20x109.

THE Taxpayer's Protective Association had a rousing meeting Tuesday evening. It is understood they are to have an official organ to grind out their sentiments. It will not be manipulated by an Italian.

THE Druggist Nightmare—Have you got any picture cards this evening? Stranger on the Bridge—They say a man just went down to the bottom of the river. Does anyone know his name. Academy Goer—McGinty.

THE Lochiel Club will raffle off a gold watch at their rooms, No. 80 Fifteenth street, on New Year's Day. They already have a large number of tickets sold. None of the members of the club are allowed to buy tickets, so it cannot be called a "family affair."

MR. JAMES W. MCCLEARY, of Smoky City Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., will go to Bellevernon on December 9 to make a flag presentation speech. Mr. Thomas Morley, of No. 1 patrol wagon, will accompany him. The Bellevernon Council have been making extensive preparations for the event.

CAUGHT ON THE HILLS.

Newsy Notes From Allentown, Knoxville, Mt. Washington, Etc.

MR. ARNOLD KOCH, of Mt. Vernon, is among ailing ones.

THE contractors commenced to pave Zara street, Knoxville, last Wednesday.

THE Mt. Washington Musical Club will hold a reception at Slater's Rink December 16.

MR. AUGUST WILMES has moved into his new house, No. 86 Walter avenue, Allentown.

MR. JOHN RICHTER, of Allentown, has purchased a fine residence of Mrs. Hoffman, of Beltzhoover.

MR. M. GARLAND, whose house on Maple avenue, Allentown, was burned some time ago, will build again soon.

A NEW building and loan association is being organized in Allentown. It will be called the Homestead Trust Company.

KNOXVILLE Council No. 370, O. U. A. M., will give a dramatic entertainment and ball at Odd Fellows' Hall, Southside, December 23.

THE social of the South Street M. E. Church met last Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Albert Hare, Walter avenue, Allentown.

MR. RICHARD BRANKETON, Manager of the Leetsdale Glass Works and a resident of Crafton, made Morrison & Banks, the real estate men, a call last week.

THE Prosser Glee Club held its last meeting at the residence of Mr. M. Lewis, Allen avenue, Allentown. They are now having regular weekly rehearsals, and are doing well.

MISS JESSIE CHALFANT, daughter of Mr. Joseph C. Chalfant, a tipstave of the County Court and a resident of Mansfield, was the guest last week of Mrs. J. D. Banks, 92 Maple avenue, Allentown.

A JUVENILE party was given at the residence of Mr. William Best, 78 Maple avenue, Allentown, Tuesday evening. The young folks report "just a jolly time," and are wishing for many happy returns of the day.

MRS. WILLIAM KILGALLORN, of Industry street, Knoxville, died Thursday. The deceased was a sister-in-law of Dr. Phillips. Mr. and Mrs. Kilgallorn have been married hardly a year and the deceased had found a place in the affections of a large number of friends, who sympathize with her husband and her other relatives in their loss. Her little babe was buried with her.

THE Hawthorne Literary Society, which usually meets at the South M. E. Church, adjourned to the home of Mr. Charles H. Lowe last week owing to the scarcity of gas. The debate was, "Resolved, that girls should be educated separate from boys." Mr. John Banks led the debate on the affirmative side, and Mr. Jones was to have been his opponent, but did not appear. The meeting last evening was held at the church, as usual.

HOPE GLEAM, a Pittsburg girl, tells the story of her success as an operatic singer in to-morrow's DISPATCH.

AS ISLES OF BEAUTY

The Azores Are Described by Wakeman in a Charming Manner.

VALLEY AND MOUNTAIN STROLLS

That Reveal the Quaintly Picturesque in Nature's Handiwork.

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE GIPSIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

FURNAS, S. MICHAEL, AZORES, November 5.—We were received by every manifestation of delight by the carboneiros, the hospitality of whose ancestors had proven so soothing to the Azorean Rip Van Winkle, Dobrado Madraco, that he has not yet awakened from his two-centuries' sleep. Our donkeys were tethered and cared for; water for washing was brought in ponderous ewers from a cool represado or spring; cheap wine, agoardente or brandy, and tobacco in extraordinary quantities were provided; queer, big-eyed and half-naked rapazos and meninas, boys and girls, to whose simple consciousness the strangers were as marvel and dream, gathered about us, looked, wondered, and, with silvery bursts of laughter, fled to their mothers or the forests for recovery; a supper of such proportions, variety and grotesqueness was provided as never before greeted the eyes of civilized man, and during the long evening these half-wild men and women charcoal burners of the mountains—the brisk, shapely and muscular women digging out of odd corners of shadowy old cabins many a bauble and bit of finery for the occasion—danced for us, and with us, upon the grimy smooth-worn ground such hilarious zapateos, such outlandish bailes, and such grotesque fandangos as no fervid pen could describe or lax moralist be willing to approve. It was a Gipsy scene indeed, lacking only the hooded tents and the circling, huddled wagons; for here and there the charcoal fires flared as flare the campfires of the Gipsies, knots of fir flamed and flickered at the tops of huge pikes or from cressets bound to overhanging trees; scores of swarthy forms whirled in the half lights and shadows; and the glowing stars, pulsing in their semi-tropic fires quivered through the weird, dark plumes of luxurious verdure above.

We set out from the carboneiros' camp at a very early hour the next morning. As we descended the mountains toward the coast we missed our way for a little, which gave us a pleasing deep-woods experience.

LIKE ANCIENT REVELATIONS.

Of a sudden we found ourselves in a dense forest of firs, broken here and there by abrupt juttings of lava rock, along whose sides and over whose heights indescribable wealth of ferns ran in banks of gently waving plumes. At the bases, and from the sides of each mass of rock, numberless nature's fountains wimpled and spouted, and from these, little streams bounded and sang toward the valleys below with surprising melodiousness. As far as we penetrated, the earth's covering beneath the firs was like a carpet of velvety puce. The footfalls of our donkeys could scarcely be heard. Up, up, up, 30, 50, sometimes 80, feet straight as an arrow shot the russet fir trunks. Then the arches interlaced and the verdure grew so densely that the sky was shut from sight. Now and then in that upper lacework of bough and shadow little flecks of saffrony light seemed floating tremulously. And in these what bird orchestras were welcoming the radiant day for our delight! Countless numbers of the famous green canaries and the almost as wonderful singers, the merlos, or the Azorean blackbirds, were singing their rival madrigals; and the most remarkable part of it all was the seeming regularity of alternation in their marvelous melodies. For a time the merlos would have it all to themselves. Again only the notes of the canaries would be heard. Then both, as if to out-sing each other or the really orchestral effects of the brooks beneath them, would blend their shrill trebles and soft contraltos into a sustained and ravishing diapason of bird-voice song. Old Manuel, the guide, regarded my entrancement for a time in dignified silence, and finally with a grave shake of his head, remarked,

"Ah, yes, like women, beautiful to the eye or ear, but sad pests at times. When they sing so sweetly, we islanders know it is because their crops are full, and our field-stores have been devastated. So our Government gives 20 reis per dozen beaks for the canario or the merlo. If Mateito and I could carry the beaks of all that are now singing above us back to Ponta Delgado we could each be master of a quinta like the rich of the city!"

EXTENDED TO THE DONKEY.

Mateito was so excited over this sudden vision of affluence that he set about larruping our donkeys in such a ferocious manner that the beasts of their own accord returned to the path from which we had diverged. Indeed in the entire descent toward the northern coastwise villages such a rapid pace was made that when we had reached the fine city of Riberia Grande we welcomed a short rest in a quaint old inn. The host was an acquaintance of Manuel, which fact caused to be set before us such stores of food and such flagons of native wine as gave one wonderful notions concerning the resources of Azorean nature and Azorean cooks. The fat old landlord would let no one's hand but his own prepare the food; and so we sat and chatted, waiting and hungering in the smoky cozinha, and at last securing really delicious grilled fowl, meal-bread, roasted sweet potatoes, the sweetest of butter and milk, a pungent native cheese like the Brie of the French, and the blackest and vilest coffee one ever tasted outside an American sailing ship's dirty cabin. He stood beside us while we ate, now helping us with ludicrous alertness to different articles of food, now wiping the smoke and perspiration from his fiery-red face with his great linen apron, again drinking our health and "a heaven-defended journey" in a very lusciousness of hospitality with our own purchased wine. Then the ponderous, poddy fellow, ran beside our donkeys for a good mile through the streets of Riberia Grande, breathing prayers and petitions for our safety; never desisting until the suburbs were reached and he could call the attention of no more of his good townsfolk to the importance of the guests he had that day entertained. As we turned up the mountain way our last glimpse of the odd Boniface was as he sat puffing upon the edge of a pleasant fountain, a prey to the attentions of jocose muleteers, while fanning his red and rubicund face with the majestic linen apron in which he had served us.

THE BEASTS AND THE INN.

Our fortune as to hospitalities of the road were less unctuous that night. Failing to reach Furnas and its lovely valley, our anxiety for housing was at last relieved by our wise donkeys suddenly pricking up their ears, and, in spite of us, striking into a great speed, which was not slackened until we were alongside a lonely roadside in. We were gaily welcomed by a hulking, rough-looking fellow armed and equipped as if for war. The structure was a long, low, one-story stone building, painted a curious yellow, with a porch of half its own size, under which were troughs and open stalls for animals. The interior was simply one large room, darkened and begrimed with the filth of generations. A half-dozen cumbersome wooden tables were scattered about, alongside of which were benches of mammoth size, and some hewn stones as seats. A stout plank, behind which were bottles with the vilest Azorean liquors, constituted the bar, at one end of which stood an entire wild boarskin filled with wine, its open mouth suggesting all sorts of ferocious possibilities. Along the low rafters were countless pegs, upon which were hung strings of unnamable and pungent vegetables, strings of onions, bits of salt pork and strips of tassalho, or jerked beef. After several hours waiting a supper, prepared by the landlord's wife over a coal urn fire, around which she seemed in constant shrill-voiced encounter with sundry goats, dogs, gamecocks and half-naked children, was served. This consisted of an Azorean hodge podge or composto de varias viandas—meat, meal, greens and fish—which we were glad enough to get with the aid of horn forks and spoons. No hint whatever was given us of where we were to sleep; and along toward midnight Manuel and Mateito foraged and wrangled until a portion of mountain heath was bestowed upon the huddled benches. With this and our saddles, pouches, serons, and some rush-woven blankets, we bade defiance, in peaceful slumber, to goats, chickens and fleas, for the remainder of the night.

A LOVELY BIRDSEYE VIEW.

We had no cause to loiter at the lonely old mountain inn, and got away from the over-populous hovel before daybreak. A brisk ride over a pleasant road, with here and there clusters of peasants' cabins gleaming along the little valleys or pretty hillsides in highlands, with now and then a moment of loitering at roadside fountains or upon stone-arched bridges where foaming cascades swept through lovely glens to the invisible ocean below, brought us to the upper plateau of a circling range of mountains nearly 3,000 feet in height. The sun was just sweeping the eastern rim of these noble elevations, when suddenly turning the sharp point of a craggy hillock overhanging the road, the entire grand cyclorama of the famous Valle das Furnas was spread before us.

From the height where we stood the valley appeared to be oval-shaped, from six to nine miles in length, and from two to four in width. The mountains surrounding it are from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Their serrated edges are broken here and there by lesser valleys of wondrous symmetry, by natural cuttings in the lava through which wind estradas rivaling the Roman roads of old, by precipitous gorges and canons flecked by misty cascades, and by pockets and hollows, in which from our elevation we could catch glimpses of the gleaming surfaces of silent lakes and shadowy tarns. Innumerable streams like sinuous lines of pearls blend, cross, separate and wind in fanciful ways within and through the lower levels. The heights are purple with heather, blending into masses of green where the firs stand thickly, merging into darker green over banks of bays, and shading into blue, or gold, or puce, as the lights or shadows play upon the matted lichens of the wilder and steeper sides. Half a hundred peasants' cabins could be counted from where we stood. Twice that many goat-herd paths like delicate ribbons of pink, and lanes, with blue or gray old walls half hidden in masses of vines, interlaced the whole valley and mountain sides, or were lost in the blue tints of upland valleys, until the whole surface of the scene seemed traced and interwoven like the lines of a diminutive map of some populous continent.

CHARMING PASTORAL SCENES.

Away down, down below were the white walls, the red roofs, the single church dome and the long, straggling streets of the quaintest old village in all the Azores. Passing us in the roadway where we stood, streaming down the mountains to our right and left, and from the opposite valley ascents, were tiny droves of milk-white goats. To each was tied a little bell of different tone. The flocks were being driven to their daily milking in the village. The barefooted goat herds sounded their shrill pipes as they followed behind. From copes and hedge the blackbirds and wild canaries, as if fired with elated rivalry, gave forth surpassing bursts of song—hundreds upon hundreds of silvery bells, scores upon scores of joyous pipes, thousands upon thousands of voices of birds, blending, chiming, swelling into the strangest, the sweetest, and yet the most tremulously tender melody human ears ever heard! And yet thus is the morning ushered every day of the year in this wondrous valley of Furnas. Until now the silent vale was asleep. But see the picturesque response to the marvelous matin song. Issuing from the shadowy ways of the serene hamlet below, from the quintas or villa of the opulent demesnes of the gentle slopes at hand, or, far and near, from pretty, camarasinha or cabin embowered in vines or trees, appear as vestal maids to do office before the priestess of day, a hundred Furnas maidens. Each chirps or chants her own best-loved cantiga, and upon her shapely head is a bright red ewer. Her skirts are blue, her bodice white, or pink, or yellow. Her feet and arms and head are bare. Her form is Hellenic. Her eyes are deep and languorous, but liquid with light. The sun, sweeping above hoary Pica da Vara over there, never painted such vermilion as tinges her cheeks or such crimson as opens from her flashing teeth. Thus singing back to the herds, the birds and the morning, these witching water-carriers thread the paths upward to the fountains, interweaving in the idyllic scene bits of sound, color and life that win the heart entire.

How long we feasted on the scene I know not, but it touched and thrilled even the turgid veins of my gray old guide. He broke the silence with a sigh. Then placing his shriveled hands upon his heart and rolling his eyes heavenward, he lifted his cracked and nasal voice in such lugubrious song that the restless donkeys brayed response in sympathetic miserere:

"Este valle e minha terra,
E' minha terra natal,
Mas em bellezas que encerra,
No mundo nao tem rival!"

This my valley and my home spot;
This my own, my native land;
Ah, the glories that begirt thee
In the world unrivaled stand!

That is the song out of all the hearts of the Furnas peasants to their witching, beloved valley. But its fame springs from more than its beauties. The now noble vale was once a vast volcano's crater. The hidden forces tell their nearness by unceasing spoutings of thermal waters. In scores of lowest hollows, fissures in the mountain sides, in fountains and tarns, in marsh and beside streams, there is a never-ending gurgling, boiling, hissing and pulsing from the fire-charged reservoirs below. In many places the heat of the earth will prevent your walking upon it. In some, peasants cook their food in nature's stew-pans. Everywhere are violent tremblings and mutterings, while within many of the geysers the thumping and pounding, as if from piston-strokes of tremendous engines, convey an uncontrollable sense of the terrible to the stranger. Hundreds of years ago recluses from the continent discovered the spot, and, through the healing waters, worked miracles here. Then the Jesuits came. They got control of the entire valley, and planted orange gardens and yam fields.

A QUAINT PEASANTRY.

When this order was expelled, a little over 100 years ago, the Azorean peasantry succeeded them. Nearly all own their little herdades or farms; but there is a somnolence in the spot that represses energy. They live idyllic lives for peasants. Their needs are few. The earth is bounteous. Everyone is simple, honest, contented. They scarcely know old age. Some of the conditions making this possible—the climate, the thermal waters, the languorous beauty of the surroundings, and the peacefulness of the spot, make it a wonderful place for the ailing. A few from Lisbon first came. Then the aristocracy of the island began to come. Finally an adventuresome Englishman or American penetrated the mountains of St. Michael. And so the world began to know about the Furnas valley and gave it fame. When our countrymen can get to it as easily as to London, much of its quiet beauty will go, but there will be a newer and greater Baden Baden here. The climate will make this so. It ranges between 75° in summer and 52° in winter. A magnificent bathing house, to which the various thermal and mineral waters are brought has been built; and you may bathe here forever, free! That is the most remarkable thing in all the Azores. Living expenses are so low one is ashamed to call them an equivalent; you have summer in winter; spring in summer, and the delights of tropic life in verdure and fruit the year round; while in all southern Europe that which so entrances the traveler through the picturesque is peasant life and ways, cannot surpass what may at any moment be seen and felt from your quaint old Furnas balcony; for

* * "the glories that surround thee
In the world unrivaled stand."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

CANNOT FIND THEM.

Search for the Bodies of George Maul and John Reed Fruitless.

The bodies of Messrs. George Maul, brother-in-law of Charles J. Bennett, of Bennett and Wilson, and John Reed, who were drowned at Woods' landing November 22, have not yet been found. Parties have searched all along the rivers and dispatches have been sent to all of the river towns, but nothing has been heard from them. There is still a reward standing for their recovery. The two mothers are nearly wild with grief.

THE LOSS IS $60,000.

It Will Require This Much to Restore the Monongahela House.

SOME QUEER FREAKS OF THE FIRE.

Flames Filled the Apertures Between the Floors and Ceilings.

AN OLD BOARDER WHO HAS LOST A HOME

The proprietors of the Monongahela House yesterday began to look about them. They found about half a dozen rooms in the northwestern corner of the building hardly injured at all by either fire or water. The remainder of the rooms are in a sorry condition; on the upper floor utterly bur