

FROM BRAGA TO LISBON.

A Railway Journey Down the Length of Portugal—Interior Cities in Which Father Time Has Been Standing Still a Couple of Centuries—The Tagus River—"Bom" Jesus.

Special Correspondence.

Lisbon, Portugal, Nov. 12, 1899.
Next to Oporto, the archiepiscopal city of Braga is the most important in northern Portugal, and it certainly occupies the most beautiful situation. Its elevated valley of well-tilled farms is surrounded by ranges of bare mountains piled peak above peak—rosy gray where the sunlight bathes them, purple where cloud shadows fall, and fading in far off, airy perspective like the unsubstantial vapor wreaths of early dawn.

Four miles beyond Braga and two thousand feet above it, rises the hill of Bom Jesus, one of the most holy places in the peninsula, which is thronged during the summer with religious people from all parts of Spain and Portugal. Near the summit is a church in which many miracles are believed to have been performed, and close by it a great caravanserai, built for the accommodation of pilgrims. This queer inn, which is also called "Bom Jesus" (Good Jesus, the latter word pronounced hay-soo), is one of the very best to be found in southern Europe; therefore sophisticated travelers drive straight to it from the Braga station, ignoring the several posteries of the town. Telegraphing ahead to the late-established Companhia da Viacao, which greatly facilitates travel in Minho province by furnishing vehicles in remotest parts, at a moment's notice you may secure an open phaeton, or a roomy, covered caleche, according to the weather. Then up you go, with a

CLATTER OF HOOFS

and cracking of whips, along a steep and winding road, at first under enormous oaks that seem to be shaking hands overhead. A series of entrancing views are unfolded, every turn revealing a new panorama of groves and gardens, orchards and vineyards; cottages overgrown with wisteria vines and Banian roses; pine clad hills rich in endless harmonies of subdued greens; from sunlit gray greens of the common pine to sombre indigo green shadows cast by the heavier foliage—stone pine mounting high above hill, the mountains whose cloudy tops are merged in the horizon.

The great, two-story, barrack-like inn looks comfortable enough, but is crisscrossed with guests, religious and secular, at all seasons of the year. Immense rooms, set thick with narrow cots like the wards of a hospital; white-washed walls and carpeted floors; no fire (except for cooking) even in the depth of winter; odors of cabbage soup and frying fish; flies and fleas galore; frowsy, bare-footed maids, waiters the reverse of the customary adjective, "sneaking," and a deeply proprietorial, with plenty of customers, who care not a straw whether you go or stay—these are the characteristics that impress you first in Good Jesus hotel. But it is far better than the average Portuguese inn, and by payment of tripple prices, perhaps you may secure one of the smaller rooms solus. The beds are of husk, hard as the rocky hill-side, and the

DUMPLING-LIKE PILLOWS

remind you of the Scottish laird who, when on a cattle stealing expedition with his clan, bivouacking in a snow storm, found his son sleeping with a rolled snow-ball under his head for a

pillow, and kicked it indignantly away, swearing that no son of his should indulge in such effeminate luxury. In Portugal, where everything French is hated, you must not say table d'hôte, but speak of the same thing as the lengthy table. "Bom" is long and narrow. No matter what hour you arrive at Bom Jesus, your dinner will be served in five minutes, on one end of the lengthy table. You may amuse yourself, if you like, with "ordering" from the voluminous menu; but if you designate twenty different dinners on as many different days, the result will be precisely the same each time, with possibly not an article you have mentioned. The greatest delicacy, and triumph of the Portuguese cuisine is bacalhau, (codfish), which is cooked in many different ways, or the best of beef. The natives prefer it raw, cut into inch wide strips that look like bits of red wine; they also broil it, like Patomac or mince and fry it in balls—always with two plentiful combination of oil and garlic. Among other favorite dishes, bequeathed by the Moors and Saracens, is a dessert known as rebao, soaked in milk, fried in olive oil and then thickly spread with honey. The sticky, dyspepsia-promoting compound bears a distant relationship to what we call "French toast," and you meet with it everywhere among the nomad tribes between Arab and Morocco, under the name of rabanat.

In any Portuguese inn you need not give an order concerning a morning call, because the tone of voice in which the internal economy of the household is conducted, banishes slumber long before daylight. It is well to arise with the morning air, in order to "eat the morning air," in the picturesque language of the country, and also to enjoy the magnificent prospects from the balconies of the building. To the westward, almost

BENEATH YOUR FEET.

lies Braga, encamped between gray and purple mountains. The sun glints obliquely on the red, green and yellow walls of the old town, bringing out in bold relief the brown towers of the great cathedral and the quaint square turrets of its mediæval castle. Far to the eastward lies the strange city of Guimarães, with the Falperra range between. Look closely and if the day be clear, you may see a white speck dimly in the distance, perhaps eight or ten miles off, as the crow flies. It is the sacred chapel of Sao Romao—a calvary to which, on a certain day of the year, thousands of pilgrims assemble, making the last stage of the journey on their knees. It is not the comparatively modern chapel that most interests the stranger, but that puzzles of antiquity, the city of Citania, whose walls occupy the same eminence. The hill itself is treeless, rising sharply and alone amid rich corn fields and vine yards watered by the Este river. On its summit, nearly a thousand feet above the plain, is a mesa, perhaps a few feet across. The singular thing about it is that while most of the houses were complete circles, every tenth building was square and of larger dimensions. All set so close together that the dividing walls must have been not more than three inches apart. The inference is that in some pre-historic time this must have been a place of refuge, and that in danger of the pastoral people of the valley. Not a single weapon of any kind has been discovered.

maintain a school, the owners of Fort Cameron donated the whole property to the academy for educational purposes. The buildings were formally dedicated by Apostles Lyman and Teasdale, and the next day school opened with 38 pupils enrolled, which number increased by the close of the year to 120 pupils.

At the present a four years' course is offered, two years in the preparatory department and two years in the high school. A winter course of ten weeks is given for the benefit of those who are unable to attend in the early fall and late spring.

In the preparatory department such studies as reading, arithmetic, geography, history, spelling and penmanship are taught. In the high school two distinct lines of work are offered—an academic course, the other a normal course. In the latter course algebra, psychology, physics, chemistry, English, theory of teaching, geometry and physical geography are taught.

The aim of this school is two fold—(1) It prepares students for the higher work in the academy at Provo. (2) It gives to those who cannot continue their study, a practical life work shop in manual training, and instructions are also given in housekeeping and cooking.

This is one of the cheapest places to live in Utah. Fuel is handy, room rent is low, there is an abundance of farm products, and the school maintains a

lodge is from \$2.50 to \$3 per week, and room rent from \$1 to \$2 per month. Tuition in the high school and normal training school is merely nominal, when the advantages offered are taken into consideration, and every inducement and incentive is given for young men and women to avail themselves of the higher education which the Church here provides.

ACADEMY BRANCH AT BEAVER. Everybody who visits the Branch of the Brigham Young Academy at Beaver declares that Old Provo is the best school site in the State, if not in the West. It is on high and well drained ground, above the city of Beaver, and is supplied with the purest of mountain water and fresh mountain air. By lofty hills and mountains on the north, east and south it is well protected from severe winds and rigorous cold. The abundance of trees, the well laid out streets and the large grassy square which the houses all face give a picturesqueness to the site that could hardly be otherwise produced.

Old Fort Cameron was built by the government about sixteen years ago, but abandoned six years later and sold to the highest bidder, John R. Murdoch and P. T. Farnsworth then became its owners, and when the land came into market they secured 240 acres immediately surrounding the building. When the liberality of the people of Beaver Stake made it possible to establish and

covered, or a flint or stone implement; but smiths' forges, clinkers and scraps

OF RUSTED IRON.

Mill stones scattered about, tell that millers ground their corn on the hill-top; women's and children's ornaments, in blue and green glass, revivified traffic, and fragments of oil and water-jars—smooth, unglazed, porous pottery—remains of the early Romans. But the forgotten people who lived here in the morning twilight of time were not Romans, as the character of their architecture shows, which is rather of the type which Roman writers call Opiddum and describe as belonging to the aboriginal tribes of Western Europe. Not a single inscription appears, but there is considerable carving, neither Roman nor Christian. An enormous granite slab, crowning the very summit of the hill, is covered with strange, pre-Christian tracery and evidently figured in some religious rite. The Roman historian, Valerius Maximus, speaks of Citania, which he says is on a mountain-top in Lusitania, and praises the bravery of its people; and most European antiquarians are agreed that the site of the long-lost city is this hill of Sao Romao, in northern Portugal.

From Braga to the Portuguese capital—two-thirds of the distance down the long and narrow kingdom—is a railway journey of about 250 miles; and a very delightful one, though the service is primitive and the trains creep at an average rate of twelve miles an hour. Poor, sleepy old Portugal is imminently the

TOURIST'S PARADISE.

not only in scenic beauty and numerous points of historic interest, but in novelty and extreme quaintness. While the Spanish traveler, who has become tediously familiar, this odd little country, which seems to have been standing motionless two thousand years, is replete with the charms of novelty in all directions through the world at large. Because of its contour—Portugal has been compared to a ribbon, stretched between the Spanish border and the Atlantic—a green and crumpled ribbon, by reason of many mountain chains, all trending diagonally across the country, with fertile valleys between them. Starting at Braga, near the Spanish frontier of Minho province, the Royal railway runs almost due south to the royal city; for a long way in sight of the sea, then farther inland at the feet of the mountains, and finally plunges into the interior where it joins company with the Tagus river. Oporto is only thirty miles southwest from Braga, but it takes three hours to accomplish the journey.

Midway between the two cities, the oldest city of purely Portuguese origin in the kingdom; and if not pressed for time, you will do well to stop there a day or two. It is a fairly well built town, with a few half-timbered "bits" for an artist—old Azimel windows, telling of Moorish influences; narrow alleys with the eaves of opposite houses nearly touching; and streets vistas terminating in glorious views of the mountain-side.

WHITE IN PATCHES. With the bloom of orchards, green in places with red and clover fields, gray in others with granite boulders, here and there hills and rivulets tumbling down in foaming cascades. High roads lead in all directions through lovely scenery, to interesting towns and villages. In one of the latter you will find the celebrated Caldas das Taipas, or remains of ancient Roman baths, which are still much frequented by modern Portuguese. In the 11th century, you remember, the Leonese monarch sent his viceroy, Count Henry of Burgundy, to rule over Portugal. It was at Guimarães that he set up his viceroy's court. Here the count's son, Alfonso Henriquez, the true founder of the Portuguese monarchy, was born, and here he still much frequented by modern Portuguese. Here his youth was spent; in the wild country around Guimarães he learned the art of war and in his early "teens" became a trusted leader of troops in the yearly forays against Moor and Spaniard. Here the first great Christian fortress was built, a noble monument of the earliest king.

It is very simple in structure—a thick wall, heavily battlemented, set at each wall with turrets, surrounding a

level area, from whose center a huge, square, keep rises to a giddy height, straight from the living granite rock on which its foundations are set. So perfectly squared and fitted was each corner of the keep that they will rise and begin a civil war here in the Cape Colony if they brethren in the north succeed in gaining one great victory. The Cape Colony is under a Boer parliament, and its leaders are sending large sums of money as well as drugs and provisions to the Dutch in the Free State and the north. They have refused to call out the volunteers in aid of the British, and Sir Alfred Milner has done it over their heads; but even he has not dared to call out the militia in the western end of the colony where the Dutch are strong.

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SIX HUNDRED MILES

long, two-thirds of which runs through Spanish territory, is called Tah-zho in Portugal, Tah-jo in Spain. From its unknown source, somewhere between the mountain chains of Albaracin and Sierra de Molina, on the eastern border of New Castle and Aragon, it flows for many miles between rocky walls four hundred feet high. Far away from the Spanish banks is the ancient city of Toledo, overhanging the river in its deep gorge. It is navigable only in Spain, being broken by frequent rapids and shallows. At Villavieja, twenty miles inside the border of Portugal, where the turbulent Zezeze flows in, navigation really begins. Below Salamanca the river divides into two parts, only on arm, called Tejo Novo, being practicable for ships. At Ponteale, a hundred miles above the sea, the Tagus is 30 miles wide; twelve miles or so above its mouth, it suddenly broadens out into a beautiful bay, five miles across. At Lisbon it is barely two miles wide; and thence to the sea it assumes the form of a deep and narrow channel, with a formidable bar across its mouth. No trace is left of the gold for which this greatest river of southern Europe was celebrated in the early days.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

CAPE TOWN IN WAR TIMES. I am in a city which I imagine to be the strangest one, except Bombay, on this earth; strangest in the hodge-podge of miscellaneous humanity it contains. But its usual strangeness is as nothing compared with the novelty it offers now that it is so full of refugees that its streets are blocked with loading crowds, now that neighbors of English and Dutch blood are at-aid to speak to one another, now that the English are massing troops here to fight the Boers and the Dutch are sending tons of drugs and provisions over the border for the support of their Boer brethren in the Free State and the Transvaal. Men of all sorts whisper where in other cities men shout aloud. Just now I saw two men halt each other, and the one said to the other, "Hello, Jones, it is ten years since I have seen you." At the same moment a policeman came up and said: "You must move along, gentlemen; no one is to stand here."

And five minutes later Mr. S. J. Pryor, the managing editor of the London Daily Mail, ran up and whispered to me: "Do you see those troops? They have just selected one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in gold which came from London with you on your ship to be sent to Paul Kruger! It is the best thing I have seen in years. The Boers are out of the pockets of the people fleeing from their rule, commandeering the clothes of women's backs, commandeering the property of the Englishmen, and now at last we have commenced and Americans within their boundaries, and now at last we have commenced something for ourselves."

Commandeering is the Boer word for what we call seizing or capturing (or stealing, if you wish me to be plain), and every paupered soldier who struggles in here for protection, or for one more loaf to eat, how he has been commandeered out of everything in his or her pockets—often of the

book and stationery store where school supplies may be obtained at a small percentage above cost. Several of these, including the principal, Prof. E. D. Partridge, constitute the faculty, while the general supervision comes directly under that of the academy at Provo.

THE PROVO WOOLEN MILLS. The name of this well known institution is almost identical with that of Provo, and when a write-up of the city is contemplated the Provo Woolen Mills involuntarily strikes one's mind as furnishing ample data for a full column, but much has been written describing in detail this enterprise, hence reference only in a general way becomes necessary.

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THE CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION. Briefly told, the following are the causes that have led to the present deplorable situation in Venezuela: In the fall of 1897, the people were allowed the privilege of voting for a new president. The Liberals were represented by General Ignacio Andrade, and the Conservatives by General Jose Manuel Hernandez, known as El Mocho. Andrade was the choice of the then president, Joaquin Crespo, while Hernandez was only the favorite of the people. In a South American election, it is not difficult to foretell which of the two will tip the scales. In short, the will of the people was defeated, and Andrade declared the next constitutional (3) president.

Before his inauguration Hernandez protested before the supreme court, but this august body of Creole judges only confirmed the election of Andrade. Gathering around him a few faithful followers, Hernandez left the capital city, and inaugurated a revolution in the State of Carabobo. Crespo, however, the genius of the new administration, took command of the government forces, and succeeded in quelling the insurrection; not, however, without losing his own life in the final battle, and leaving a craggy soldier to advise him, Andrade blossomed out into a full-fledged dictator. His favorites were rewarded, even though he had to violate law after law to do so. The stratagem that broke the camel's back, and caused General Cipriano Castro, the new provisional president, to revolt against the government was a decree redividing the republic into twenty-one instead of nine states. And this unconstitutional decree was issued to save the State of Miranda for the government's candidate.

When the state elections for governors, or presidents, as they are called there, were held, shortly after Andrade's election, the two candidates in Miranda were General Ramon Guerra and General Antonio Guzman. Guzman was the government's choice. While Andrade was pledged to have his man elected, at the same time he feared Guerra, who was known as a "fighting man."

"I shall solve the problem by a masterstroke," said Andrade to his followers. "I will elect Guzman, and then, for Miranda will become two States."

In order to make this decree general, and not appear as specially intended for any one State, the entire republic was divided up in the same manner. In the far west, on the border of Colombia, lay the largest of all the States, Los Andes. This was cut up into three states, which act so clipped the wings of Castro, who had been elected president, that he declared he would resist the unconstitutional decree by force. Such was the beginning of the present revolution, which has just ended by making its chief the provisional president, or more properly speaking, the military dictator of Venezuela—Lieut. W. Nephew King in Collier's Weekly.

A MAGNETIC ISLAND. The Danish Island of Bornholm, in the Baltic sea, is so magnetic as to be a danger to navigation. The island, which measures about twenty miles in length by fourteen in breadth, and is distant about twenty-four miles east by south from the nearest point of Sweden, is famous for its geological peculiarities. It consists almost entirely of magnetite.

der the necessity of absorbing the adjoining store; but even this failed to relieve the rapidly congesting business, and he then took a long time lease of the building known as the Commercial Hotel, occupying the ground floor for his dry goods, shoes, cloaks, notions, etc., for the ladies' department of his business, while the old stand was retained for men's clothing, shoes, and furnishings. He has a large corps of clerks and helps to his business, and is today one of the principal dealers in this line of goods in the State. Mr. Barney is always sought out when any public enterprise is contemplated either in social or business circles, on account of his keen insight as to details, his readiness to work and general social and popular personality.

HON. S. R. THURMAN. Sketch of the Well Known Pioneer Democrat, Attorney and Legislator.

The well known attorney and legislator whose portrait is herewith presented, was born in the State of Kentucky on May 6th, 1852, and was educated at the University of Kentucky.

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