

if nothing is given, one is pained with hearing cries of execration. The occupants are in keeping with the premises, and did not fail to excite both our commiseration and disgust.

Among the lions of Madeira is a villa once belonging to Señor Jose de Carvalhal, a wealthy nobleman who died about a year before our visit. The gardens are well taken care of, and contain many trees and plants from various quarters of the globe. The grounds embrace extensive deer parks, but I was not much struck with the manner in which they were laid out. The present proprietor is the nephew of the late Count.

The convent is also a place to which strangers resort, and the fair nuns of twenty years' standing, I will not dwell on, lest truth might compel me to destroy some of the reputation of those charms which former visitors have done honour to. Feather-flowers continue to be sold here, and the nuns to jest with, and receive the homage of their guests. Since the overthrow of Don Miguel in 1824, monasteries have been abolished and liberty given to the nuns to return to the world, of which privilege some of them availed themselves. They do not now exceed eighty in number, and as none have since been allowed to take the veil, they will soon decrease.

The rides in Madeira are beautiful. The roads are well made, easily and safely travelled on a Madeira pony, with a pony-boy or burroquerro. One is at a loss to which to impute the most strength of mind and endurance, the pony or the boy. These boys keep constantly near the rider, at times holding on to the tail of the pony, then bestowing repeated blows with their long sticks, and ever and anon urging him on with their singular tones of voice, so that the rider is compelled to allow himself to be carried along, contented with passing safely over so novel and (to him) apparently so impassable a roadway.

On proceeding out of Funchal, fruits, flowers, and vegetables seem crowding upon the sight; in the lower portions, groves of orange and lemon trees are mingled with the vineyards, the trees are loaded with fruit; then, as one mounts higher, bananas, figs, pomegranates, &c., are seen, and again, still higher, the fruits of the tropics are interspersed with those of the temperate zone, viz., apples, currants, pears, and peaches, while the ground is covered with melons, tomatoes, egg-plant, &c. Farther beyond, the highest point of cultivation is reached, where the potato alone flourishes. Then the whole lower portion is spread before the eye. Vineyards, occupying every spot that is susceptible of improvement, and one rides through paths hedged in with geraniums, roses, myrtles, and hydrangeas.