

country, it is one continued ascent between high stone walls, these forming abutments to the terraces, which are covered with vines, and afford protection from the sun. After reaching the hills, one enjoys a delightful view of the beautiful gardens. The roadsides are lined throughout with flowers, (to us, those of the green-house,) among them Fuchsias, Digitalis, Rose geraniums, Punica granata, Rosa indica coccinea, Hydrangea hortensis, mixed with box-trees, myrtles, &c.

The valleys are covered with the Belladonna lily, and the mountain-passes cannot be compared to any thing more appropriate than to a rich flower-garden left to grow wild. Added to all this, a climate which resembles our finest spring weather.

Such of the peasantry as do not gain a subsistence in the vineyards, have usually a small patch of ground which they cultivate, raising grain, corn, potatoes, and the taro (*Arum esculentum*), in quantities barely sufficient to eke out a scanty living. The cultivation is commonly performed by hand, although a plough of very simple construction is sometimes used. Many of the peasantry are employed as carriers, and one is much struck by their numbers when entering Funchal, early in the morning, with sheepskins filled with wine on their shoulders, that look at a distance more like the live



WINE-CARRIERS.

animal than a filled skin. These skins are preserved as entire as possible, even the legs of the animal being retained. They are generally kept steady by a band that passes over the forehead, which supports a great part of the weight. About twenty-five gallons, weighing more than two hundred pounds, is a load. They move