

ing up into deep wooded dells. Beneath us, at the point where the road turned along the northern shore, lay the pretty little town of Ribeira Grande, the second on the island.

This middle belt of lower land is, perhaps, with the exception of the land immediately round the towns, the best cultivated part of the island. The volcanic cones are covered with a young growth of *Pinus maritimus*, with here and there a group of poplars, or of *Persea Indica*. These, and particularly the first, are the trees which furnish the wood for the orange-boxes; and on our way we saw several picturesque groups of bronzed, scantily clad Açoreans cutting down the trees, reducing the trunks to lengths suitable for the different parts of the boxes, and binding up the branches and unavailable pieces into scarcely less valuable fagots of fire-wood.

Every yard of tolerably level ground was under crop; maize chiefly, with here and there a little wheat, or a patch of potatoes or of tomatoes, or more rarely of sweet-potatoes, for here *Convolvulus batatas* seems to have nearly reached its temperature limit. Many fields, or rather patches—for each crop usually covers a small space which is not separated from the contiguous patches by any fence—are fallow; that is to say, are under a luxuriant crop of lupin, sown to be dug down bodily as manure, so soon as the plant shall have extracted the maximum of assimilable matter from the water and air.

After passing Ribeira Grande the road becomes more rugged, now passing down into a deep gorge with a little hamlet nestling in it, and a bridge spanning the dry bed of a wet-season torrent; and now rising over the well-cultivated spur of a mountain ridge. We stopped for luncheon in a pretty little ravine, well shaded by trees and watered by a considerable stream.

Posting round the world as we are doing, with very little spare time at our disposal, one impression succeeds another so rapidly that it is sometimes not very easy to disentangle them