

separated from the land, with bold, abrupt sides and broken outlines. The character of these rocks is remarkable: they stand quite detached from the adjoining cliffs, and some of them rise to a great height in a slender form, with extremely rugged surfaces, and broken edges. Through some, the waters have worn arched ways of large dimensions, which afford a passage for the breaking surf, and would seem to threaten ere long their destruction.

Similar needle-form rocks are seen off the northern Deserta, an island lying some miles east of Madeira. One of them is often mistaken for a ship under sail, to which when first seen it has a considerable resemblance. It stands like a slender broken column, several hundred feet in height, on a base scarcely larger than its summit.

Funchal has a very pleasing appearance from the sea, and its situation in a kind of amphitheatre formed by the mountains, adds to its beauty. The contrast of the white buildings and villas with the green mountains, forms a picture which is much heightened by the bold quadrangular Loo Rock with its embattled summit commanding the harbour in the foreground.

The island throughout is rough and mountainous, but the steeps are clothed with rich and luxuriant verdure. Terraces are visible on every side, and every spot that the ingenuity of man could make available has been apparently turned to advantage, and is diligently cultivated. These spots form an interesting scene, particularly when contrasted with the broken and wild background, with the white cottages clustered at the sea-shore, and gradually extending themselves upwards until the eye rests on the highest and most striking building, that of the convent of *Nostra Señora de Monte*.

Through the western half of the island runs a central ridge, about five thousand feet high, on which is an extensive plain, called *Paul de Serra*, which is mostly overgrown, and is used especially for breeding mules and horses. The eastern portion of the island, though quite elevated, is less so than the western.

The valleys usually contain a strip of land of extreme fertility, through which winds the bed of a streamlet, that becomes a mountain torrent in the rainy seasons, but is nearly or quite dry in summer.

The landing at Funchal is on a stony beach, and is accompanied with some little difficulty, partly on account of the surf, but more from the noise, confusion, and uproar made by the native boatmen in their efforts to drag their boat up on the beach. This operation they however understand, and are well accustomed to, and those who desire to land dry, will be wise to employ them.