

hedged with roses, &c., the view gradually extending beneath, over the terraced vineyards. Just before reaching it you mount a small ascent; you are then on the summit or edge of the Curral, and the whole scene suddenly bursts upon you. The eye descends to the depth of two thousand feet, into the immense chasm below, and wanders over the ragged and broken outline of the many peaks that rise from its very bottom; then upwards, following the gray precipitous rocks, till their summits are lost in the clouds, which are passing fitfully across it, occasionally permitting the sunbeams to glance to its very bottom. One feels surprised, in gazing on this scene, that its character of wildness should become softened, and its beauty increased, which is effected in part by the plants and shrubs which cling or have fastened themselves into the fissures of the rocks. These the eye gradually makes out, and is led by the small and narrow strips of green on the ledges downwards, until it finally rests on the secluded church of Nostra Señora de Livre Monte, and the peasants' cabins embedded in the dark and luxuriant foliage beneath, whose peace and quietness are in such strong contrast with the wildness of nature above. The whole looks more like enchantment than reality. The shape of the Curral and its perpendicular sides give the idea rather of a gorge than of a crater.

In the descent the road winds along the sides of the precipice, turning around sharp and jutting projections, with a frightful gulf yawning below. A misstep of the horse would plunge the rider to destruction. At every turn new and striking views are brought out, almost surpassing in grandeur the first. The descent is so gradual, that one scarcely seems to advance downwards, and the length of time necessary to accomplish it (upwards of an hour) will give some idea of the vastness and grandeur of the scene. Continuing on, the gorge opens to the south, where the streamlet of the Curral, joined by several lateral branches, forms the river Socorridos, which empties itself into the sea at the ancient town of Camera de Lobos.

A party, consisting of Messrs. Drayton, Pickering, Couthouy, and Brackenridge, visited San Vincente, on the north side of the island. They describe the road to it as passing over projecting ledges, of which those unacquainted with a volcanic country can form but little idea. The first night the party stopped at Santa Anna, where they were hospitably entertained by Señor A. Accraiolis, who afforded them every comfort in his power. They were exceedingly well accommodated. The next morning they set out on their way to Pico Ruivo. On their road they encountered the forest of arborescent Heaths, some of which were found thirty feet in height and four feet