

A wonderful scene then bursts upon the wanderer. The ridge is the edge of a large crater two miles and a half in diameter, surrounded by an unbroken craggy wall, more than a thousand feet in height. The floor of the crater is richly wooded and cultivated. There are two small lakes of a wonderful sapphire blue, and on the margin of one of them a village of white cottages. The zigzag path down into the crater is so steep that one or two of the parties who went from the ship contented themselves with the view of the valley from the crest of the ridge, and from all I hear I am inclined to think that these had the advantage in every respect over some others who went down and had to come up again.

Next morning Captain Nares and I called on M. José do Canto, about whose good and liberal deeds in introducing valuable and ornamental foreign plants, and distributing them through the islands, we had heard so much. We were fortunate in finding him at home, and we spent a very pleasant couple of hours with him in his charming garden.

The trees of all temperate and subtropical regions seem to thrive admirably in sheltered situations in the Açores. M. do Canto has for the last thirty years spared neither money nor time in bringing together all that appeared desirable, whether for their use or for their beauty, and in doing them ample justice while under his charge. The garden is well situated on the slope above the town; it is extensive, and very beautifully laid out and cared for. Great care is taken to allow each individual tree to attain its characteristic form, and consequently some species, particularly those of peculiar and symmetrical growth, such as the different species of *Altingia*, *Araucaria*, *Cryptomeria*, etc., are more perfect probably than they are anywhere else, even in their native regions. M. do Canto does not give much heed to the growing of flowers: his grounds are rather an arboretum than a garden. He has now upward of a thousand species of trees under cultivation.