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A WINTER CRUISE TO THE ORIENT.

(Extracts from a private Log Book.)

BY

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Although Funchal is several hundred miles south of a direct line to Cadiz from New York and the Azores would be a more convenient port of call, there is no doubt but that the wisdom of the director of this cruise was shown in preferring the former to the latter for a mid-Atlantic visit. I had never been in Madeira and thought of it chiefly as a resort for consumptives, and as the country of certain kinds of wine, of a fruit cake, and of a garden creeper. I found it also a winter paradise.

We arrived during the early morning and anchored in a harbor fringed with houses built in an amphitheatre of hills that were covered with verdure. At their base was the blue ocean; on their tops were white caps of snow. From these snowfields (some 6000 feet above the level of the sea) ran mountain streams that formed dozens of waterfalls, generally utilized for irrigating the gardens and groves below. Thus it happens that even in February one eats fresh pineapples, bananas, and oranges from Funchal trees and may pick any sort of tropical or semi-tropical flower. I saw small cottages and garden walls almost covered with climbing roses, trumpet flowers, and the beautiful purple and red bougainvillia; while two miles up the mountain there were plenty of nasturtiums, geraniums, and other familiar plants.

There is only one decently level and broad street in the town and, so far as I could learn, all Madeira possesses but ten horses and two automobiles. The whole town—sidewalks as well as streets—is paved with rounded seashore pebbles, mostly small and black, arranged in fantastic patterns, smooth ends up. Over these polished, greasy pavements glide ox-carriages (or *carros*) mounted on runners almost exactly like a French-Canadian sleigh. The private conveyances of the well-to-do are quite handsome affairs—well groomed beasts with colored tassels attached to their long horns their foreheads ornamented with shin-