

rain, many streams, and frequent mists. That, I suppose, is why plants and trees grow in such profusion and perfection so closely together, one really wonders where the roots can possibly find earth enough. I think this rain must be very supporting. Perhaps it is extra soft, and no doubt the earth is composed principally of dead leaves.

When we came in the first days of April the roses were in their glory. I have never seen roses grow and flourish as they do here. They are everywhere and of many varieties. They grow up high walls and hang down on the other side in thick and fragrant curtains and poke their pretty faces out between branches of heliotrope and swinging wreaths of white solanum. Sometimes they grow close to the root of a tree, twine round the trunk and blossom away finely up above your head in a sweet, cool nest. Naturally, you know, if you are a lovely creamy-pink rose, with a very delicate complexion, what more suitable or becoming home could you find than among the young green leaves of a sycamore? Sometimes a rose will even overwhelm the tree that has sheltered her and I have seen a blue gum, one of whose large boughs were almost dragged down by the heavy masses of a *Banksia* rose.

From our upper windows we get a good view over open country lying beneath Cintra and sloping away to the sea, and from the windows on the other side of the house we see the steep hill all covered with trees till near the top, where there are big grey rocks, and the remains of a Moorish castle. On a peak a little behind this is the King's palace. My window looks this way, and in the early morning I see the first light come and wake up the beautiful green foliage. I can also see and hear the first people going up and down the road. There is a party of men and boys carrying spades and hoes and mattocks who go out very early. They all wear caps like the "stocking" caps that our children sometimes wear, finished off with a big tassel which, it is evidently the correct thing, should bob forwards and not backwards. It is very funny to see great tall men, most of them rather severe looking and grim, with these night-cap tassels bobbing away in front. Then I see the market women coming in on their industrious patient little donkeys, sitting between enormous panniers, piled up with green stuff, or sometimes a boy walks along and his donkey follows him, and from the bags, bundles and baskets with which it is laden come craning out the heads of ducks and turkeys, their poor long necks wobbling about in a very jerky and uncomfortable fashion. There is one person that comes every morning with great regularity, a huge fat ox, fat and sleek and slow, and very wise-looking. He pulls a large red cart, one of the Cintra rubbish carts, and he wears a tinkling bell to tell people that he is coming, and expects to find boxes of rubbish put out for him at every door. Oxen are a good deal used, and seem much better fitted for heavy work on these cruel hills than the horses and mules. There is an odd fashion here of harnessing an enormous mule in the shafts of a work-cart, and hitching a tiny little donkey on outside. A great many