

extensive sand-dunes had invaded the heights for many hundred yards, completely choking the vegetation and forming clumps or mounds of sand, topped by tufts of the shrubs that lay buried deep beneath. I walked along the fatiguing ground until I reached the shore exactly opposite the abandoned wreck, which lay within a cove, into which she had evidently been run for security.

My dogs found several hares among the clumps upon the sand-dunes, which gave them some exercise and amusement, but I did not obtain a shot.

Upon my arrival at the camping-place I found my wife surrounded by a large crowd of women and children beneath a shady tree, all of whom had brought presents of eggs and bouquets of wild flowers. It was difficult to persuade these good simple people that we did not require presents as an etiquette of introduction; they would insist upon placing their little offerings upon the ground, and leaving them if we declined to accept them. The principal wild flowers were cyclamen, narcissus, and anemone. The cyclamen completely covered the ground throughout all the low woods and thickets. I could only find two varieties, the snow-white, with claret-coloured centre, and the rose-colour; but the blossoms were quite equal in size to those usually grown in our glass-houses in England. We had passed through several hundred acres of open ground that were as white from the abundance of narcissus as an English meadow might be yellow from the presence of buttercups.

Our camp was pitched upon a small level plateau of rock, in the centre of which was a well, cut completely through the stone from top to bottom. It appeared to be about twenty-five feet deep, but was devoid of water and contained a considerable amount