

hardest soil; and the tent was at length arranged. A small species of curlew tempted its fate by visiting the fresh-water margin just before our dinner-hour; I bagged it; and as the cook was in a bad humour, I made a fire of driftwood, with which the beach was strewed, and when the glowing embers had succeeded to the flame and formed a red-hot heap, I cut two forked sticks, which, placed on either side upright in the sand, supported my bird upon a long skewer of green tamarisk-wood. A little salt, pepper, and a smear of butter occasionally, produced a result that would have beaten Christo's best attempts.

On the following morning we were all once more in good humour; the old camel had not died, but had been brought into camp late at night. It now formed the object for everybody's joke, and its owner Iiani was recommended to "try and sell it," or "to make it a present to a friend," or "to ride it himself;" the latter course would have been a deserved punishment. Iiani escaped further remarks by jumping upon his mule and riding ahead, and we followed our guide without delay along the deep sandy beach.

We rode for fourteen miles along cliffs bordering the sea, with the deep hollows occasioned by the natural drainage causing a continual series of ups and downs, which reminded me forcibly of the coast of South Devon between Torquay and Dawlish. The difference lay in the rocks, which were all plutonic, and in the scenery upon our left, which was a wild and confused mass of mountains, scarred by deep and dark ravines, while the more distant summits exhibited the still-existing pine-forests; these had disappeared from the slopes which faced the coast, and had afforded facilities for exportation. We