

awkward points, both mule and ponies were thoroughly self-confident and safely carried us to the bottom. But the carts? These were making a circuit of some miles across country in the endeavour to discover a practicable route.

Although the way was difficult, it was the more agreeable as the scenery was extremely picturesque. The narrow valleys were without exception cultivated, which formed a striking contrast to the exceedingly wild heights by which they were surrounded, and I remarked that not a yard of available land was neglected, but that small and precipitous hollows were banked by rough stone walls, to retain the soil that would otherwise be washed away, and to form terraces of insignificant extent for the sake of cultivation. Our animals could amble at five or six miles an hour along these narrow bottoms, which made up for the delay in descending the bad places. My dogs were in the best spirits, as they had moved a considerable number of partridges during this morning's march, and they heard the peculiar loud "chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck," of the red-legs in all directions. As we advanced the hills increased in height, and we passed through a valley, bordered on the right by abrupt cliffs, forming a wall-like summit to the exceedingly steep slope beneath, which had been created by the *débris* from the wasting face of rock. This flat-topped height may have been about 500 feet above the valley, and the white cliff, which was quite perpendicular from the summit for about one hundred feet to the commencement of the steep green slope beneath, was in one place artificially scarped, and had been cut perfectly smooth like the wall of a stone building. In the centre of this smooth face