

ment they found that their supposed prisoner (who had frequently performed the "rope trick" before) had managed to reach the fire in advance of them, and was calmly seated in front of it, apparently buried in meditation. Never shall we forget the looks of horror, by the light of the blazing logs, on the faces of that crowd of ruffians, at what they thought a supernatural translation. Next morning we quitted Perdaliana. After four or five hours through a lovely valley we reached Gairo, and were put up by the mayor. He gave us dinner, which he cooked mostly himself, after some delay, which was compensated for by an astonishing number of courses, and enormous oranges from Mitis. On the opposite side of the valley, in which flows a tributary of the Flumendosa River, is perched a remarkably situated village named Alasso. Eventually, after an exceedingly cold journey of twenty-four hours, in a diligence, we reached Cagliari once more. The only event that afforded us any amusement by the way was a certain native on the outside of the conveyance, who gravely seated himself upon a bag belonging to a middle-aged priest, the owner being in the interior of the coach, and judging by the loud crackings that ensued was committing serious injury to the contents. When we drew his attention to the fact he replied, "Far niente," as much as to say, "No matter." We subsequently found that Meloni had given half our venison to one of the consuls, and had taken the rest himself, all of which we thought proper to cause to be returned to us.