

The spot we chose for our camp was a lovely one, in a valley lying east of a curious tower of rock on the summit of a mountain, resembling a ruined castle on a gigantic scale, marked "Perdaliana" in the maps, shut in by steep hills on three sides, which were clothed with myrtles, arbutus, and other plants. Our tent was shadowed by a huge ilex with charred trunk and gnarled roots. Having deposited the baggage safely, and left three men in charge of the animals, we proceeded to drive for moufflons. For this purpose about twelve guns were placed along a ridge that we had passed *en route*, about fifty or sixty yards apart, the Sardis giving themselves the most likely places, while five men made a circuit, and turning when about seven hundred yards distant, walked back towards us, yelling at the top of their voices. This drive was productive of no results. We then had three more beats in different directions, near the same spot, but nothing was seen.

As we advanced through a glade where the evergreen oaks were exceedingly thick, about half a mile from camp, and close to the head of the valley where we were to begin the last beat for the day, we came upon three old male moufflons, but several of the men being in the direct line I was unable to fire. This was the first sight we had obtained in Sardinia of these wild sheep, of which during the next three days we saw nearly fifty. I believe these interesting animals may be seen in England. Several have been sent to the Prince of Wales by H.M. Consul at Ajaccio, while at