

There was a fine *Bougainvillea* in Captain Phillimore's garden at Gibraltar, which greatly excited our admiration; but round Funchal it was everywhere, in every shade of color, from a brick-red, through rich crimsons and violets, to a pale, delicate mauve. What a pity it is that this singularly ornamental plant will not as yet stand the climate of England! From its brilliancy not depending upon the flower, but upon a bunch of *bracts*, or flower-leaves, it stands a long time, scarcely varying in effect from early in December to the middle or end of August. Second only to the *Bougainvillea* in decorating the verandas and trellises in Madeira are several species of *Bignonia*, particularly *B. venusta*, which runs out into long wreaths, clustering round every available projection, and glorifying it with its trusses of golden bells. Many of our party went off at once on horseback to the hills, while others found enough to enjoy, during the few hours of our stay, in the gardens and walks in the neighborhood of the town.

Madeira is very rich in land-shells, which are particularly interesting, owing to the singular position in which these Atlantic islands stand as to the source and extension of their land faunæ. Some of the naturalists of our party took the opportunity of going over a very instructive collection of the land-shells which had been made by the Rev. R. Boog Watson during his residence.

On the morning of the 5th of February we left Madeira and stood for the Canaries. We had a capital breeze all the way, force = 5-6, from the north-east. We only stopped to sound once in 1970 fathoms, about half-way; and we made on an average eight knots an hour, so that we found ourselves off Teneriffe early on the morning of the 7th.

We anchored in the Bay of Santa Cruz, and remained there a couple of days, and sent off a tenting-party, consisting of several of the civilian scientific staff and one or two of the naval officers, to the Canâdas, the mountain plateau at an elevation