

had a tremendous blaze, the bushes fizzing and crackling loudly in the flare, the flames shooting high up into the air so that they were seen at Orotava, and even at Santa Cruz. The ground froze on the surface around our tent during the night, the thermometer standing at 30° F. just before sunrise.

I walked from the camp to the Canadas—a remarkable plain covered with scorixæ, and shut in on nearly all sides by a perpendicular wall of basaltic cliff. From this plain of vast extent the present terminal cone of the mountain rises. The Canadas represents an ancient and much larger crater, in the centre of the remnant of which the more modern smaller peak has been thrown up. The bottom of the Canadas is dotted over with the Retama. The ground was devoid of any other vegetation. I was surprised to find that rabbits were tolerably abundant in the Canadas. I saw several, but could not manage to get a shot, as they were wary. They feed on the Retama. They have no holes, but live in any chance crack or hole in the rock or under the bushes; hence I could not trap them, though I took traps with me for the purpose. They are small. I obtained in Orotava a stuffed specimen of a black variety with a white spot on the forehead, which is occasionally found. Of birds in the Canadas I saw only a lark and a warbler (*Sylvia*), and of lower animals I found only a *Lepisma* and a Centipede (*Scolopendra*), which were very abundant under the blocks of pumice.

The radiant heat of the sun was extremely powerful on the arid plain of the Canadas. We had no guides, and our mule drivers had left us. All refused to accompany us at this season of the year to the top of the peak. We therefore ascended only to the height of about 9,000 feet, the last 200 feet of which was climbed over snow. Here we watched the often described struggles of the opposing winds, the trades and anti-trades, as shown by the eddying and twisting of the wreaths of cloud.

In the neighbourhood of the camp at 6,500 feet, winter was evidently still in force as far as the animals were concerned. All the spiders and beetles I could find there were under stones, apparently hibernating. I was astonished to find at this altitude a Gecko (*Tarentola*?) also hibernating, coiled up in a hole under a stone. This lizard has a long range in altitude, since I found another specimen close to sea level.

After two nights we moved our camp to a spring at about 3,500 feet altitude amongst the Arboreal Heath, on the verge of the precipice bounding the ridge by which we had ascended. Here it was much warmer at night, and at daybreak the temperature was only as low as 45° F. But we had descended