

determine, but whatever the nervous shock might have been that had caused a short suspension of activity, they had now completely recovered, and I shall never forget the night passed in Trichomo. It was the first and the last venture upon native hospitality throughout our sojourn in Cyprus, and we in future adhered either to the tent or the gipsy-van.

On the following morning we started at 8.30. The sky was overcast, and in any country but this we should have expected rain. We had now fairly emerged upon a district entirely different from the hateful Messaria, which has given Cyprus an unfortunate reputation. We were quickly among thickets of scrub and low brushwood which should have teemed with game. My spaniels delighted in the change, and worked the bush thoroughly as we proceeded along the route, occasionally flushing two or three red-legged partridges. Passing over the higher ground with the sea in view upon our right, we descended after a march of about three miles to the shore, where the path skirted the sea along broken rocks, against which in bad weather the waves would dash with sufficient violence to bar the road. The white cliffs and hill-tops to our left were covered with dwarf-cypress, and formed a lovely foreground above the sea, perfectly calm beneath. The ride was apparently short, although we had been in the saddle three hours, as the eye had been gratified by a constant change of scenery;—from rocks washed by the blue water to hills covered with a dense foliage of evergreens, and deep sequestered valleys, with occasional gaps in the range of heights through which glimpses of the sea in rocky coves burst suddenly into view. Some of these inlets were exceedingly picturesque, as