

atchers, the people are painfully good, and you are a great deal too secure when travelling. As to "revolvers!" I felt inclined to bury my pistols upon my first arrival, and to inscribe "Rest in peace" upon the tombstone. It would be just as absurd to attend church in London with revolvers in your belt as to appear with such a weapon in any part of Cyprus. Mine were carefully concealed in some mysterious corner of the gipsy-van; where they now lie hidden.

We had been two days at Cape St. Andrea, and it was necessary to right-about-face, as we could go no farther. The monk proposed to guide us to Rizo-Carpas, the capital of the Carpas district; therefore on 14th March we started.

This ride of fourteen miles was the most interesting we had made since our arrival in the island. After returning upon our old route for about nine miles, we struck off to the right (north) and ascended a steep gorge between precipitous wooded heights, where the light green foliage and the exceedingly bright red stems of numerous arbutus contrasted with the dense masses of dark greens which entirely clothed the surface. Upon arrival, about 600 feet above the sea we obtained a splendid view, as a table-topped hill of nearly equal height, with the usual steep cliff-like sides all covered with verdure, stood prominently in the foreground, and the deep valleys upon either side, abounding in rich caroub-trees and olives, led directly to the sea, about six miles distant and far below. We now crossed the watershed, and the view increased in beauty as it embraced a complete panorama, with the sea upon three sides, to the north, south, and east, with the mountains of Asia Minor in the far distance.