

have been effectually choked by the throng of bush-and-faggot-laden animals, which looked like "Birnam-wood marching to Dunsinane." In my heart I immediately forgave the poor people; I knew that the man with the axe who marched behind was as ignorant, and not so strong, as his donkey who carried the load. They had been both subjects of a bad government, and it was not their fault that they were despoilers. You might as well blame the wind for the destruction of venerable trees; or the locusts for devouring the crops; they were ungoverned, and unfortunately the instinct of uncivilised man is to destroy. I shall say more upon this important subject when we arrive among the last remaining forests of the Trōōdos mountains.

We rode onwards, always through the same wilderness of old tree-stems hacked, and young trees that would be hacked; at length we saw on a cleared space in the distance what I imagined to be a long brown rock lying upon the surface; but upon riding out of the path to examine this object I found it was a splendid trunk of a pine-tree more than two feet in diameter. Why this had been spared for so many years I cannot say, but its size suggested reflections upon the original forests that must have covered the surface and have ornamented the once beautiful island of Cyprus; now denuded, and shorn of every natural attraction.

I again became angry; visions of the past primæval forests appeared before me, all of which had been destroyed: and as formerly we hung a man in England for cutting an oak sapling, I thought that the same cure for timber-destroying propensities might save the few remaining forests in this island. While indulging in this strain of unphilanthropic thought,