

we cantered through; the civil and ever-courteous people turned out and salaamed; and we quickly accomplished the twelve miles and approached the walls of Famagousta. Nothing that I saw in Cyprus has impressed me so much as the site of this powerful fortress and once important city. I lunched with Captain Inglis, who as chief commissioner of the district, most kindly received me, and I rode home afterwards; my guide, Hadji Christo, in spite of my assurances that he had mistaken the route, persisted that there were many, and not one; and after plunging into muddy marshes instead of keeping to the high ground, we were completely lost near sundown, when I happily extricated myself from the difficulty by insisting upon his riding behind and leaving me alone to find the track. We arrived at nightfall, after making eighteen miles out of twelve—a profitable enterprise hardly appreciated by our tired animals. Famagousta is too important for a cursory description; I shall therefore reserve it for a future chapter, when on our return from the Carpas district we pass some days in its immediate neighbourhood.