

continuing our route parallel with the beach we observed an immediate improvement, as the water was conducted by artificial channels to the various fields. This arrangement had been effected by erecting a temporary dam in the river's bed far among the mountains, and thus leading the stream into the conduit for many miles. Small brooks intersected our path along the coast, and in several places I remarked the ruins of ancient aqueducts. . . . There was nothing of peculiar interest upon this route; the land inclined upwards from the sea for six or seven miles to the foot of the mountain range, all of which was either cultivated with cereals or was covered with caroub-trees and olives. Many villages were dotted over the surface; these were green with mulberry and various fruit-trees. With the sea upon our right, and the waves dashing briskly upon the rocky shore, the scene was agreeable; but the sun was hot, and we were not sorry to see the distant minarets of Ktima after a ride of seventeen miles from Arodes.

We passed the ruins of ancient Paphos upon our right, and shortly afterwards ascended the rocky slope upon which the capital of the district, Ktima, is situated. It is a large town, and as we rode through the bazaar the narrow street was almost blocked with huge piles of oranges that had been imported from Jaffa, the season for the Cyprus fruit being nearly over.

Iiani was exceedingly stupid in selecting camping-ground, therefore upon arrival at a new place we invariably had to explore the neighbourhood, like migratory birds landed upon strange shores. We accordingly rode through the considerable town of Ktima amidst the barking and snapping of innumerable