

being perfectly independent, and beyond all control of bishops. This wild country, far from all roads, and forming the storm-washed extreme limit of the island, was considerably out of the way of news, and the monk was absolutely ignorant of everything that was taking place in the great outer world. He had heard that such mischievous things as newspapers existed, but he had never seen one, neither had that ubiquitous animal the newspaper-correspondent ever been met with in the evergreen jungles of Cape St. Andrea. His monastery was his world, and the poor inhabitants who occupied the few miserable huts within sight of his church were his vassals. Although the bell of the monastery tolled and tinkled at the required hours, he informed me that "nobody ever attended the service, as the people were always engaged in looking after their animals." During the conversation a sudden idea appeared to have flashed upon him, and starting from his seat, he went quickly to his mule, and making a dive into the large and well-filled saddle-bags, he extracted an enormous wine-bottle that contained about a gallon; this he triumphantly brought to us and insisted upon our acceptance. It was in vain that we declined the offering; the priest was obdurate, and he placed the bottle against the entrance of the tent, which, if any one should have unexpectedly arrived, would have presented a most convivial appearance.

Upon questioning the good monk respecting the destruction of forests upon his domain, he informed me that "during the Turkish administration he had been annually pillaged by hundreds of vessels which arrived from the neighbouring coasts of Asia Minor and of Egypt for the express purpose of cutting timber to