

benefited by artificial irrigation looked like green carpets spread between the neighbouring villages and gardens. Having crossed several deep and wide stream-beds, in one of which the water still trickled in a clear but narrow channel, we commenced a steep ascent among scattered but numerous caroub-trees, which gave a park-like appearance to the country, and upon gaining an eminence we came suddenly upon the view of Bellapais. The monastery was not more than 600 yards distant, but a deep hollow intervened between the opposing heights, which necessitated a circuit of more than a mile before we could reach the village. It would be impossible to select a more beautiful position for a house than the flat summit of the height upon which we stood. The valley at our feet nursed a rippling stream deep in the bottom of a precipitous gorge, the rough sides clothed with myrtles, which now occupied basket-makers who were completing their work upon the spot where they cut their wands of this tough wood in lieu of willow. The fine old Gothic building stood before us on the opposite height upon the extreme edge, surrounded by trees of various kinds, including tall poplars which unfortunately were not yet in leaf. This grand old pile was an impressive contrast to the scene around; there were neat villages with flat-topped roofs of clay, down in the vale far beneath, with the intense blue sea washing the rocky shore: there was also the adjoining village at the rear, occupying the same plateau as the monastery, with its rich gardens and groves of orange-trees; the ruined walls and towers of Buffavento upon the highest crags dominated our position by more than 2,500 feet, and the castle of St. Hilarion stood upon a still higher elevation on the