

to be a long day's march, but as the map showed it to be six miles, I insisted.

From Kolossi the country was perfectly open and cultivated; the peasantry were engaged in reaping barley, which was carried away upon donkeys' backs instead of being conveyed by carts. The usual caroub-trees, although plentiful upon the rising ground in the distance, were few and far between, and from this to Limasol, which was now in view, the beauty of the landscape had departed. . . . I dislike the approach to a large town in a semi-wild country; the charming simplicity and independence of travelling is destroyed, and the servants become more or less demoralised by a love of new associations which produces a neglect of duty. Iiani was with us in addition to our guide the zaphtieh, therefore, as an utter stranger to the locality, I ordered them to lead us to a convenient camping-ground. As we approached the town there were the usual minarets and date-palms, and several vessels, including steamers, were lying in the roadstead. We halted near the entrance in a forsaken garden, where the walls were broken down and the unwatered orange-trees, although in faint blossom, were parched and faded. Two very large apricot-trees promised a shade for the tent, but the *sakyeeah*, or water-wheel, together with two powerful English lifting-pumps that were connected with a large reservoir and aqueduct of masonry, were in the last stage of rust and rottenness. I was not prepossessed with the aspect of the spot, as it reminded me strongly of an English property in charge of the Court of Chancery. The baggage animals with the tents arrived while our people were employed in clearing a space beneath the