

we overtook another throng of wood-laden donkeys and their proprietors: again they smiled, courteously salaamed, and vacated the path for us, little knowing what my inward thoughts had been. Of course I smiled, salaamed as courteously in return, and forgave them at once; and we proceeded on our way condemning Turkish rule, the impecuniosity of our own government, the miserable conditions of our present occupation, which rendered Cyprus neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and thus by degrees I lashed myself into the worst possible frame of mind, until . . . we overtook another throng of polite donkeys and their proprietors, who salaamed and got out of our way. Upon suddenly emerging from the forest upon the edge of a steep slope, we looked down upon the barren sand-coloured plain of Messaria. Our guide Iiani, who had been asleep and awake for at least eight miles, suddenly burst out into a ditty, and explained that a village in the plain below was Morphu, the home of his wife and family.

Even from this elevated point of view Morphu looked a long way off. The sleepy Iiani was sufficiently wide awake to steer for his wife, and we had made a long march already. I doubted the possibility of the loaded camels ascending the steep slope, which had severely tried our mules, and I felt sure that Iiani's old camel would either knock up or tumble down with his load, should he attempt the ascent. It was of no use to reflect, and as Morphu lay before us in the now barren and sun-smitten plain, we touched our animals with the spur and pressed on. Descending for some miles, we passed a garden of olives, that must have been upwards of a thousand years old, upon our right; and still inclining downwards, through ground cultivated with cereals completely withered by