

above Kythrea. From this point the view was superb, and extended north and south from sea to sea. There was an extraordinary contrast upon these two divisions formed by the wall-like Carpas range upon which we stood: to the south all was brown and desolate excepting the few miles of green belonging to Kythrea beneath our feet. The town of Lefkosia stood out in bold relief, the cathedral and even the fortress walls affording distinct outlines in the clear atmosphere; the salt-lakes of Larnaca showed plainly in the distance, backed by the blue sea, and the mountain of Santa Croce with the monastery upon its summit was a well-known landmark. This side of the mountain range was not inviting, and if it had been exhibited before the occupation there can be little doubt of an unfavourable impression. We turned "right-about-face" to the north. This was indeed a wonderful change of aspect! We looked down from the picturesque and precipitous wall of mountains which stretched far away to the east and west; the sides were covered with evergreens, through which the bold crags protruded in rugged points; the dark indentures upon the steep slopes marked deep ravines in which streams of water now rippled, while all on the south were stony and exhausted. The strip of land between the sea and the northern base of the Carpas range was hardly three miles wide; this was covered with well-rounded caroub-trees, whose dark green foliage gave a rich appearance to the shore, broken by countless rocky bays and coves, filled with the cobalt waters of the Mediterranean. This was a lovely scene; I could not believe that I was in Cyprus—that whitey-brown-paper-coloured, desert, smitten, God-forsaken isle! Upon the left, about eight miles