

The houses were the usual sun-baked bricks of clay and chopped straw, and although the town was large, there was no building of sufficient importance to attract attention. We rode through the streets determined as usual to avoid the smells of a close proximity and to seek a camping-place some distance upon the opposite side. After passing through the town and descending a hill, we then ascended a steep slope which opened upon a wild country of rocky ground covered with the usual prickly plants and scrub cypress, which had evidently been cut for fuel until it had become mere brushwood. There was a square mud hut on the left hand standing in an extensive orchard of fruit-trees watered by a cattle-wheel, and as this was the last habitation within view, we halted, and awaited the arrival of the carts and camels. From the summit of the hill, about two hundred yards beyond this spot, the view was exceedingly good; the sea lay about half a mile distant, with several houses and gardens near the shore. The town was in our rear, and to the east was a fine extent of wild country covered with bush and dwarf-cypress, which formed a marked contrast to the naked surface we had left behind. The rugged wall of the Carpas range was now only ten miles distant on our left, and continued parallel to our route. . . . It was late when the carts arrived, and we now missed the usual luxury of the gipsy-van. I determined to save the servants the trouble of erecting our tent, therefore for the first time in Cyprus we occupied the native dwelling. This was a square hut built of stone and mud, with the usual hard mud roof. From its large size it was evident that animals shared the room with the proprietors. An old man and a corresponding old woman