

mountains, and I thought it advisable to forego the excursion to St. Hilarion, and to push on towards Kyrenia, three miles distant, though apparently almost at our feet.

The dark clouds above us added to the beauty of the scenery. We looked down upon the blue sea, and the snow-covered mountains of Caramania in the northern distance, with the beautiful foreground of perpendicular green cliffs upon our right, up to nearly 3000 feet, and the abrupt mountain sides upon the left, which formed the entrance to the gorge. The narrow strip of three miles between the sea margin and the point upon which we stood was a green forest of caroub-trees, almost to the water's edge. The town, and its striking feature the Venetian fort, stood out in clear relief against the background of the sea. To the right and left, farther than the eye could reach, were trees of caroubs, varied by almonds, mulberries, and occasional date-palms, interspersed with highly irrigated fields of emerald green. The beautiful old monastery of Bellapais, erected by the Templars, although in reality half ruined, appeared from this distance like some noble ancestral mansion, surrounded by all that could make a landscape perfect: trees, water, mountains, precipices; above which towered the castle of Buffavento upon the craggy sky-line; while to the left, cutting with keen edges the dark cloud that hovered over it, were the walls and towers of St. Hilarion; where by this time we should have been eating luncheon with a charming party. Pit-pat came the heavy drops; and still drinking in the magnificent view, we descended the stony and steep path towards Kyrenia. When we arrived near the base, after a descent of about a mile and three-quarters, a perfectly straight road of a good width led direct to