

protected for twelve or fourteen years, the surface would again be restored to the original woodland that once ornamented this portion of the island. Under the present conditions of Cyprus all wholesome laws and enactments are practically ridiculed by the inhabitants, as there are no foresters or keepers to enforce the orders of the government. A governor may sit upon the top of Olympus and issue wise decrees like Jupiter, but unfortunately he does not possess the thunderbolts, as the country is so poor that it cannot afford to pay the salaries necessary for the support of foresters and the officers required for this special department. I myself met droves of donkeys and mules loaded with wood and accompanied by their owners with their destructive axes, all wending their way through the forest to the town of Morphu, which is thus supplied with fuel for baking, cooking, lime-burning, and all other purposes.

It is impossible to feel amiable when passing through these desolating scenes, where nature, originally so beautiful, has been defaced, and the people, instead of deriving pleasure from natural beauties, are obtuse to all the surroundings, which, according to educated taste, would ensure appreciation. I felt inclined to upset the donkeys, capture their proprietors, and . . . I could not have hung them upon the trees that they had defaced, for no bough had been left that would have supported their weight . . . and there was no rope.

While these vindictive and statesman-like thoughts boiled within me, the naturally courteous people made their graceful salaams as we passed, and studiously conducted their heavily-laden donkeys out of the path to make way for our advance, that otherwise would