

us with the post just arrived from England. Unfortunately not a crumb of luncheon remained, the dogs having swallowed our leavings. We now saddled, and continued the journey upon the firm surface of the new road.

When about fourteen miles from Limasol we entered upon a grand scene, which exhibited the commencement of the wine-producing district. The road was scarped from the mountain side several hundred feet above the river, which murmured over its rocky bed in the bottom of the gorge. We were skirting a deep valley, and upon either side the mountains rose to a height of about 1400 feet, completely covered with vineyards from the base to the summit; this long vale or chasm extended to the Troodos range, which towered to upwards of 6000 feet, at a distance of about fourteen miles immediately in our front. The vines were all green with their early foliage, and the surface of the hill-sides was most cheering, contrasting with the yellow plain we had left at Limasol.

The good road rendered travelling delightful after the stony paths that we had traversed for some months in Cyprus, and the time passed so rapidly that we could hardly believe the distance marked upon the nineteenth milestone, where it was necessary to halt for the arrival of our baggage animals. After waiting till nearly dark we found they had quitted the new road and preferred a short cut across country, which had led them to the village of Menāgria down in the glen nearly a mile below us. We walked down the steep hill and joined the party, pitched the tent, and made ready for the night.

On the following morning, instead of adhering to the new road, we descended to the bottom of the