

be, No. They were only Irish peasants; ten years earlier they had been rebels; but five years before they had been wild animals, hunted from hilltop to hilltop, and now, from a stage scarcely less servile, they passed out from their hovel homes to win for England her loftiest pinnacle of military glory.

Steadily through the anxious years the numbers rise as we proceed. Talavera, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria—this poor Celt found voice and strength and space, at last, upon these Spanish battle-fields. Room for the hunted peasant! The room left for him was in the front line of fight, and eagerly he stepped up into the vacant space. Here at last he was at home!

Through years of bitter want, through centuries of suffering, through generations of misfortune, the soldier instinct still lived in his bruised and broken heart; and from the terrible breach of Badajoz, and along the hillside of Fuentes d'Onoro, his wild cheer rang out above the roar of cannon in joyous token of his Celtic birthright found even in death.

That birthright of place in battle had in truth become doubly his from the moment when Wellington began at the Tagus that advance which was destined to end only at Toulouse. That other Celtic race, that soldier breed, whose home was in the rugged mountains north of the Spey, was expiring beneath the remorseless tyranny of a monstrous law—the Highlands of Scotland were being cleared of men. If any stranger, unacquainted with our civilisation, had

witnessed the cruel scenes enacted in all the Highland glens in the latter half of the last century and the first years of the present one, he would doubtless have asked in his simplicity, "What have these people done against the State? What law have they outraged? What class have they wronged, that they should thus suffer a penalty so dreadful?" And the answer could only have been, "They have done no wrong. Yearly they have sent forth their thousands from these glens to follow the battle-flag of Britain wherever it flew."

It was a Highland *rear-lorn* hope that covered the broken wreck of Cumberland's army after the disastrous day of Fontenoy, when more British soldiers lay dead upon the field than fell at Waterloo itself. It was another Highland regiment that scaled the rock face over the St. Lawrence, and first formed a line in the September dawn on the level sward of Abraham. It was a Highland line that broke the power of the Maharatta hordes, and gave Wellington his maiden victory at Assaye. Thirty-four battalions marched from these glens to fight in America, Germany, and India, ere the eighteenth century had run its course. And yet while abroad over the earth Highlanders were thus first in assault and last in retreat, their lowly homes in far-away glens were being dragged down; and the wail of women and the cry of children went out upon the same breeze that bore too upon its wings the scent of heather, the freshness of gorse blossom, and the myriad sweets

that made the lowly life of Scotland's peasantry blest with health and happiness.

There are crimes done in the dark hours of strife, and amid the blaze of man's passions, that sometimes make the blood run cold as we read of them; but they are not so terrible in their red-handed vengeance as the cold malignity of a civilised law which permits a brave and noble race to disappear by the operation of its legalised injustice.

To convert the Highland glens into vast wastes untenanted by human beings; to drive forth to distant and inhospitable shores men whose forefathers had held their own among these hills despite Roman legion, Saxon archer, or Norman chivalry—men whose sons died freely for England's honour through those wide dominions their bravery had won for her—such was the work of laws framed in a cruel mockery of name by the Commons of England.

It might have been imagined that, at a time when every recruit was worth to the State a sum of forty pounds, some means might have been found to stay the hand of the cottage clearers, to protect from motives of state policy, if not of patriotism, the men who were literally the life-blood of the nation. But it was not so. Had these men been slaves or serfs they would, as chattel property, have been the objects of solicitude both on the part of their owners and of their government; but they were free men, and therefore could be more freely destroyed. Nay, the very war in which so many of their sons were bearing part

was indirectly the cause of the expulsion of the Highlanders from their homes. Sheep and oxen became of unprecedented value, through the increased demand for food supplies; and the cottage neath whose roof-tree half a dozen soldier's sons had sprung to life, had to give place to a waste wherein a Highland ox could browse in freedom. Those who imagine that such destruction of men could not be repeated in our own day are but little acquainted with the real working of the law of landlord and tenant. It has been repeated in our own time in all save the disappearance of a soldier race; but that final disappearance was not prevented by any law framed to avert such a catastrophe, but rather because an outraged and infuriated peasantry had, in many instances, summarily avenged the wrong which the law had permitted.

Thus it was that, about the year 1809, the stream of Highland soldiery, which had been gradually ebbing, gave symptoms of running completely dry. Recruits for the Highland regiments could not be obtained, for the simple reason that the Highlands had been depopulated. Six regiments, which from the date of their foundation had worn the kilt and bonnet, were ordered to lay aside their distinctive uniform, and henceforth became merged into the ordinary line corps. From the mainland the work of destruction passed rapidly to the isles. These remote resting-places of the Celt were quickly cleared. During the first ten years of the Great War, Skye had given 4,000 of its sons to the army. It has been computed that

1,600 Skye men stood in the ranks at Waterloo. To-day, in Skye, far as the eye can reach, nothing but a bare brown waste is to be seen, where still the mounds and ruined gables rise over the melancholy landscape, sole vestiges of a soldier race for ever passed away.

We have already stated that the absolute prohibitions against the enlistment of Roman Catholic soldiers were only removed in 1800. As may be supposed, however, the removal of that prohibition was not accompanied by any favour to that religion, save its barest toleration; and yet we find that, in the fourteen years of the war following, not less than 100,000 Irish recruits offered for the army. These 100,000 Irish peasants redeemed the honour of the English army, and saved the Empire. As they and their services have been long since ignored or forgotten, it may be well if we call evidence in their behalf. The witness will be the Duke of Wellington. Speaking in the House of Lords fourteen years after Waterloo, he said: "It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—that at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what

difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain.”

Nearly forty years of peace followed Waterloo. It was a grand time for the people who held that the country was the place for machinery and cattle, the town for machinery and men. The broad acres were made broader by levelling cottages and fences; the narrow garrets were made narrower by the conversion of farmers into factory hands, and the substitution of sheep for shielings; the picturesque people, too, said the country looked better under the new order of things; vast areas, where men and women had lived, were turned into deer forests and grouse moors, with a tenth of the outcry, and far more injustice towards man, than accompanied the Conqueror's famous New Forest appropriations. A dreadful famine came to aid the cause of the peasant clearers in Ireland. It became easier to throw down a cottage while its inmates were weakened by hunger;

the Irish peasant could be starved into the capitulation of the hovel which, fully potato fed, he would have resisted to the death. Yet that long period of peace had its military glories, and Celtic blood had freely flowed to extend the boundaries of our Indian Empire to the foot-hills of the great snowy range.

In 1840 the line infantry of Great Britain held in the total of its 90,000 rank and file, 36,000 Irishmen and 12,000 Scotch. In 1853, on the eve of the Russian war, the numbers stood—effective strength of line infantry, 103,000; Irish, 32,840; Scotch, 12,512.

Within a year from that date the finest army, so far as men were concerned, that had ever left our shores, quitted England for the East. It is needless now to follow the sad story of the destruction of that gallant host. Victorious in every fight, the army perished miserably from want. With all our boasted wealth, with all our command of sea and steam-power, our men died of the common needs of food and shelter within five miles of the shore, and within fifteen days of London.

Then came frantic efforts to replace that stout rank and file that lay beneath the mounds on Cathcart's Hill and at Scutari; but it could not be done. Men were indeed got together, but they were as unlike the stuff that had gone as the sapling is unlike the forest tree.

Has the nation ever realised the full meaning of the failure to carry the Redan on the 8th of Sep-

tember? "The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last; but the young," writes an onlooker, "were deficient in discipline and in confidence in their officers."

He might have added more. They were the sweepings of the large crowded towns; they were, in fact, the British infantry only in name, and yet less than a year of war had sufficed to cause this terrible change. Here are the words in which these men have been described to us. "As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number in draughts, which came out last week, who had never fired a rifle in their lives." Such were the soldiers Great Britain had to launch against the Russian stronghold at the supreme moment of the assault. Nor did this apply solely to the infantry recruit. Here is a bit descriptive of the cavalry, dated September 1, 1855: "No wonder the cavalry are ill, for the recruits sent out to us are miserable; when in full dress they are all helmet and boots."

It is said that as the first rush was made upon the salient at the Redan, three old soldiers of the 41st Regiment entered with Colonel Windham. The three men were named Hartnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahony; the last, a gigantic grenadier, was shot dead as he entered, crying, "Come on, boys, come on." There was more in the dying words of this Celtic grenadier than the mere outburst of his heroic heart. The garret-bred "boys" would not go on.

It is in moments such as this that the cabin on the hillside, the shieling in the highland glen, become towers of strength to the nation that possesses them. It is in moments such as this that, between the peasant-born soldier and the man who first saw the light in a crowded "court," between the coster and the cottier, there comes that gulf which measures the distance between victory and defeat—Alma and Inkerman on one side, the Redan on the 18th of June and 8th of September on the other.

We have seen that of the rank and file of the infantry of England in 1840, nearly sixty per cent. were Scotch and Irish, although the populations of these two countries to that of England were ten millions to fifteen. We will now compare the proportions existing since that time and to-day.

In 1853 the percentage was about forty-four. In 1868 it stood at forty, and 1877 at thirty. Thus it has decreased in less than forty years about thirty per cent. This change will appear to many as one by no means to be deplored, but on the contrary to be accepted as a marked improvement. If we look upon it, on the contrary, as an evil, it will not be because we believe the people of one portion of the empire to be superior to the other in fighting qualities, but because the decrease of the Irish and Scotch elements marks also the disappearance of the peasant soldier in the ranks of an army in which he has always been too scarce. The words of a great soldier are worth remembering upon this subject. "Your troops," said

Cromwell to Hampden, "are, most of them, old, decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God before them, and some conscience of what they do; else you will be beaten by the king's troops as hitherto you have been in every encounter." "He (Cromwell) began," says Marshall, "by enlisting the sons of farmers and freeholders. He soon augmented his troop to a regiment;" and thus was formed what another writer calls "that unconquered and unconquerable soldiery; for discipline and self-government as yet unrivalled upon earth. To whom, though free from the vices that usually disgrace successful soldiers, the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, and before whom the fiercest and proudest enemies were scattered like chaff before the wind."

Another good soldier writing, shortly after the Peninsular War, upon the depopulation of the Highlands has left us this truth: "It is not easy for those who live in a country like England, where so many of the lower orders have nothing but what they acquire by the labour of the passing day, and possess no permanent property or share in the agricultural produce of the land, to appreciate the nature of the spirit of independence which is generated in countries where the free cultivators of the soil form the major part of the population." Had he written a few years later he would have had to deplore a yet more extensive clearing of cottages (consolidation of farms is the

more correct term), a still greater crowding of the population into the cities. He would have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation bent on redressing the wrongs, real or imaginary, of dogs and cats, of small birds and wild fowl, of horses and cattle ; but obstinately blind to the annihilation or dispersion of millions of men and women bound to it by the ties of race and country. Nay, he would have heard even congratulations upon the removal by want and hunger of some two millions of Celts from the muster-roll of the Empire. Two millions of the same people of whom our greatest soldier has said, "Give me forty thousand of them, and I will conquer Asia." Not for the conquest of further dominion in Asia, but for the defence of what we hold, we may soon want the thousands, and have to look for them in vain. Fortunate will it be if in that hour, when first the nation finds that there is a strength of nations greater than the loom and the steam-engine—a wealth of nations richer even than revenue—fortunate will it be for us if then there should arise another Stein to plant once more the people upon the soil they have been so long divorced from, and to sow in Scottish glen, on English wold, and in Irish valley, the seed from which even a greater Britain might yet arise.

A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

I.

ON board H.M.S. *Chimborazo*, in Portsmouth harbour, there is much apparent confusion and disorder. Men in all stages of uniform are busily engaged in operations which have for their ultimate object the preparation of the ship for sea. Boxes of cartridges, bundles of carrots, personal luggage of every description, four horses in boxes, eight dogs in collars and chains, a large cat in a basket, a rocking-horse and a child's wheelbarrow, a semi-grand piano, a tax-cart, many gun cases, various kinds of deck chairs, square boxes bearing in large letters the names of well-known London tea-sellers, provisions in tins, in bags, in boxes; live stock and poultry, and many other articles and things impossible to mention, are put on board by slings and gangways. Some are passed from hand to hand, others carried in on heads and shoulders, and others again hoisted on board by steam-winches and donkey engines, whose fizz and whistle and whirl, amid all the other sounds of toil and turmoil, are loud and ceaseless.

But, amid all this apparent confusion, there is much method and system. One peculiarity is especially observable: the various units of toil are all going straight to their peculiar labour without paying much heed to their neighbours. The human ants are carrying their burdens into separate cells in this great floating ant-nest; they are passing and re-passing to different destinations, sorting out as they go all this vast collection of complicated human requirements from the seemingly hopeless confusion in which it lies piled upon the wharf.

At length, everything being on board, the *Chimborazo* surges out from the wharf and steams slowly on her way. It is a mid-winter morning. A watery sun glints from amid clouds that give but faint hope of fair weather outside, and as the good ship bends her course by Sandown Bay, and plies along the villa-encrusted shore of Ventnor, there loom out to Channel dull patches of drifting fog, between whose rifts the chop of a short tumbling sea is visible, and above which grey leaden clouds are vaguely piled.

We go below and, descending to the saloon, stoop to look at the barometer; it stands below 29°. That terrible weather-man in America, who is certainly a prophet in England, in whatever estimation he may be held in his own country, has foretold a succession of storms along the British coasts. For three days we have fondly hoped that the fellow would be wrong; but barometer, fog, sea, and sky all proclaim him right.

And now the *Chimborazo*, holding steadily through mist and fog, steams on down Channel, and in due time rounds out into the Bay of Biscay. At any period of the year a nasty bit of water is this Bay of Biscay. Turbulent even in midsummer, sometimes given to strange moods of placidity, but ever waking up and working back into its almost chronic state of tempest-howl and billow-roll, intent on having a game of pitch and toss with every ship that sails its bosom. But if the Bay can show its rough ways when the sun hangs high in the summer heavens, what can it not also do in mid-winter's darkest hour!

Let us see if we can put even a faint glimpse of it before the reader.

It is the last day of the old year. Wild and rough the south-west wind has swept for three days and nights against us, knocking us down into hollows between waves, hitting us again and again as we come staggering up the slopes of high-running seas, and spitting rain and spray at us as we reel over the trembling waters.

It has been three days and nights of such misery of brain and body, sense and soul, as only the sea-sick can ever know; and now the last night of the old year has come, and foodless and unrested, sleepless and weary, we stagger up on deck out of sheer weariness of cabin misery. How unutterably wretched it all is! The *Chimborazo* is a mighty machine to look at as she lies alongside a wharf or in a quiet harbour; but here she is the veriest shuttlecock of wind and

sea. How easily these great waves roll her about! How she trembles as they hit her! How small her size in this black waste of waters! How feeble all her strength of crank and piston, shaft and boiler, to face the fury of this great wind king! Hold on by the rigging and look out on the Bay. Huge shaggy seas go roaring past into the void of the night; great gulfs tumble along in their wake; and between sea and sky there is nothing but grey, cold gloom. Ever and anon a huge sea breaks over the bows and splashes far down along the slippery decks. We have put one more misery to the catalogue already told. We had thought the cup had been full; but to all the previous pangs of sickness there are added wet and cold. And yet to-morrow or the day after it will be smooth sea and blue sky, and all the long list of wretchedness will be most mercifully forgotten.

MANSHIP THE MARINE.

He was called a Marine, and had doubtless been duly classed and registered as such, and "borne on the strength," as it is called, of the Marine force; but for all that he was no more a Marine than you are. If you ask me, then, what he was, I should say he was almost everything else in the board-ship line except a Marine.

He cleaned your boots, got your bath, made your bed, brushed you, dressed you, waited upon you at dinner, brought you physic from the "sick bay," told you what the wind and the sea were doing outside,

sympathised with you in the misery they were inflicting upon you inside, and generally played the part of servant, valet, nurse, guide, philosopher, and friend to a very large number of more or less helpless human units.

When Manship first volunteered his services as attendant during the voyage there were circumstances connected with his mode of utterance and general appearance that had induced me to respond guardedly to his overtures. Sorry indeed would I be to aver that Manship was drunk on that occasion. Drunkenness is evinced by staggering or unsteady gait, whereas Manship walked with undeviating precision. On the other hand, his articulation was peculiar. He was not a man of many words, as I afterwards learned—action was much more in his line; but as he presented himself in my cabin, on the night before we put to sea, he appeared to labour under such difficulty, I might indeed say such a total inability to make his meaning evident to me, that I deemed it better for all parties concerned to postpone any further communication or arrangement until the following morning. But as I proposed this course to Manship, I became struck by a singular coincidence in our respective cases. While my words were couched in the simplest examples of pure Saxon English that could convey to a man my wish to put off our conversation to the next morning, I was nevertheless aware that not one particle of my meaning had been taken up by Manship's mental

consciousness; and that so far from betraying the smallest evidence of understanding my proposal, he continued to regard me with an expression of eye such as a Bongo or a Nyam-Nyam might have regarded the enterprising author of the "Heart of Africa," had that traveller thought fit to address these interesting peoples upon the subject of German metaphysics in the Greek language. Nay, no sooner had I finished my attempt at suggesting a postponement to the morning than he again began to place his services at my disposal with the same inarticulate manner of speech that had before alarmed me.

Bringing a light now to bear upon his countenance, I detected a vacuity of stare, added to a general tenacity of expression about the forehead, that made postponement more than ever desirable. I therefore put a summary end to the interview by ordering his immediate and unconditional withdrawal.

The following morning found Manship duly installed as my attendant during the voyage, inquiries as to his capabilities having resulted in satisfactory testimonials from many quarters. He at once entered upon his duties with a silent alacrity that showed a thorough knowledge of his profession. Boots became his specialty. In the grey light of the earliest dawn, my unrested eye, gazing vacuously out of the uneasy berth, would catch sight of a figure groping amid the wreck and ruin of the troubled night on the cabin-floor. It was Manship seeking out the boots. When the four first terrible days

had passed, and I had leisure to watch more closely the method of life pursued by Manship, I perceived daily some new trait in his character. It became possible to watch him at odd moments as he stood by pantry-doors or at the foot of cabin-stairs, or in those little nooks and corners where for a moment eddy together the momentarily unemployed working waifs of board-ship life.

In outward appearance Manship possessed few of the attributes supposed to be characteristic of the Marine. His face was never dirty, yet it would have been impossible to say when it had been washed. His hair showed no sign of brush or comb, yet to say that it was unbrushed or uncombed was to state more than appearance actually justified. He did not vary one whit in his general appearance as the day wore on. He did not become more soiled-looking as he cleaned the different articles that came in his way; nor did he grow more clean-looking when the hour of rest had come and he did his little bit of loafing around the pantry or bar-room doors. I believe that had he been followed into the recesses of his sleeping place he would have been found in costume, cap, and semblance always and at all hours the same.

As I watched him day by day I found that he was the servant of many masters. The navigating lieutenant, the chaplain, the doctor, and two or three others—all were ministered to by him in the matter of boots, baths, and brushing; yet I could not detect that any delay or inconvenience had been experienced

by any of his masters. His name, Manship, was a curious one, and I indulged in many speculations as to its origin, but, of course, none of them were more than conjectural. When he told me his name on the occasion of our first memorable interview, I thought to myself, "Ah, I will easily recollect that name. It is so intimately connected with nautical life generally, that it will be impossible to forget it." In this, however, I was mistaken; for only the next morning I found myself addressing him as Mainsail, Mainmast, Maintop, Maindeck, and many other terms more or less connected with the central portion of a ship.

It was a remarkable fact that you never could look long at any part of the deck, saloon, or cabin, without seeing Manship. He came out of doors and up hatchways quite unexpectedly, and he always carried a supply of boots, buckets, or brushes prominently displayed; indeed, there is now a widely accepted anecdote in the ship which had reference to a visit of inspection made to the Mediterranean by the Lords of the Admiralty, the War Minister, and several other important functionaries. The *Chimborazo* had been specially selected for their lordships. It was said that on more than one occasion the solemnity of a very important "function" had been completely marred by the sudden appearance of Manship, pail in hand, in the midst of a press of ministers, secretaries, and heads of departments. It was also averred that on

these high and mighty occasions Manship, although bundled aside in a most summary manner, when once out of the ministerial zone displayed a thoroughly unconcerned demeanour. Those, however, who were best acquainted with him were wont to declare that the evenings of such state receptions were singularly coincident with the inarticulate phase of his speech which we have already alluded to—a circumstance which might lead to the supposition that Manship had been somewhat overcome by finding himself all at once face to face with the collective dignity of the two Services.

But some days had to elapse ere I became cognizant of a curious “roster,” or succession list which Manship kept. One evening I was standing in a group in the indistinct light of the quarter-deck, when I felt my sleeve pulled to attract attention. I turned to find Manship standing near. Stepping aside to ask what he wanted, I was met by a piece of blue paper and a short bit of lead pencil which he handed to me. I approached a lamp, and holding the paper near it I saw that it was the ordinary form upon which all orders for wine, spirits, or malt liquors had to be written. Opposite the printed word “Porter” I saw that some one had written, in a hand of surpassing illegibility, “One bottle,” while higher up on the paper appeared, in the same writing, the words “Plese give barer”—no signature was appended.

I looked at Manship. Complete vacuity of countenance, coupled with evident inability to shut his mouth,

told me that questions were useless. I have said that the paper was unsigned; to remedy that want had been the object of Manship's visit. I wrote my signature in the proper place and, handing back the paper and pencil to him, watched his further movements. He disappeared down the stairs, but through an open skylight I was still able to trace his course. I saw him present his order and receive his bottle, and then I saw two tumblers filled, and while Manship took one of them, another man, who had not previously appeared in the transaction, held the second. I noticed that there were not many words passing between them at the time. Both seemed to be deeply impressed with some mysterious solemnity connected with the occasion. Perhaps it was commemorating some great victory gained by the Marines, or drinking to the memory of a bygone naval hero. I could not tell, but I noticed that when Manship had finished the tumbler, which he did without any doubt or hesitation, he drew a long deep sigh and, laying down his glass, disappeared into remote recesses of the ship.

This incident had been well-nigh forgotten, when, one evening about five days later, the same circumstances of paper, pencil, and petition were again exactly repeated. I then found that my position was fifth on the "roster," or list for porter, and that every five days I might expect to be called upon to sign my name.

But my second turn did not arrive until some time

had elapsed, and to the wild grey seas of Biscay and the Atlantic had succeeded the moonlit ripple of the blue Mediterranean.

And now, all the storm, and sea roar, and whistle of wind through rigging have died away, and over the mountains of Morocco a glorious sunrise is flashing light upon the waveless waters that wash the rugged shores of the gate of the Mediterranean. Another hour and the Rock looms up before us; then the white houses of San Roque are seen above the blue Bay of Gibraltar; and then, with Algesiras, the wide sweep of coast and the hills of Andalusia and the felucca-covered sea all come in sight, until, beneath the black muzzles of Gibraltar's thousand guns, the *Chimborazo* drops her anchor and is at rest.

And then there came two days on shore, with rambles in the long, cool, rock-hewn galleries, and drives to Spanish Lines, and along bastions and batteries, and glimpses, caught from port-hole and embrasure, of blue sea and far-away Spanish hilltop, and piles of shot and shell, and long sixty-eights and thirty-twos, and short carronades, and huge mortars and "Woolwich infants," all spread from sea-edge to rock-summit; so thick, that a single combined discharge of all this mighty ordnance might well blow the whole of Spain forward into the Bay of Biscay, or send the Rock itself backward into the Mediterranean.

Relics of the great siege, too, are plenty. These old giants, how close they came to each other in those days, spluttering away at one another with smooth

bores and blunderbusses! You could have told the colour of the man's beard who was blazing at you if you had been inquisitive on the point. No wonder their accounts have been graphic ones. They could see as much of the enemy's side as of their own. No wonder that that grim old fire-eater, Drinkwater (singularly inappropriate name), should have told us all about it so clearly and so vividly.

Half-way up the steep rock wall of the North Fort there opens from the dark gallery a dizzy ledge, from whose sunlit platform the eye marks, at one sweep, the neutral ground, the two seas, and the far-off sheen of snow upon the Sierra Nevadas. Right below, in the midst of the level "lines," is the cemetery; around it stretches a circle marked by posts and rails. It is the race-course. Grim satire! the "finish" is along the graveyard wall. The distance-post of the race of life and the winning-post of the "Rock Stakes" stand cheek by jowl; and as the members of the Gibraltar Ring lay the odds and book their wagers, over the fence, half a stone's throw distant, Death on his pale horse has been busy for a century laying evenly the odds and ends of many a life-race.

But meantime the *Chimborazo* has taken in all her coal, and is ready again to put to sea. This time, however, it is all sunshine and calm waters, and at daybreak on the fourth morning after quitting Gibraltar we are in sight of Malta.

The English traveller, or tourist of to-day, as he climbs the feet-worn stairs of Valetta, is face to face

with one of history's strangest perversions, yet how little does he think about it!

Ricasoli, St. Elmo, St. Antonio, Florian—all these vast forts and bastions, all these lines, lunettes, ditches and ramparts, were drawn, traced, hewn, built, and fashioned with one sole aim and object—to resist the Turk. For this end Europe sent its most skilful engineers, spent its money, shed its blood.

Here, when Constantinople was gone, when Cyprus, Candia, and Rhodes had fallen, civilisation planted the mailed foot of its choicest knighthood, and cried to the advancing tide of Tartar savagery, "No farther!"

How well that last challenge was understood by the Turk the epitaph over the grave of a great sultan best testifies: "He meant to take Malta and conquer Italy."

The armies of the Sultan had touched Moscow on the one hand and reached Tunis on the other. From Athens to Astrachan, from Pesth to the Persian Gulf, the Crescent knew no rival. Into a Christendom rent by the Reformation, shattered by schism, the Asian hordes moved from victory to victory. This rock, these stones, and the knights who sleep beneath yonder dome, then saved all Europe.

Let us go up the long, hot street-stairs and look around.

How grand is all this work of the old knights! How nobly the Latin cross—a sword and a cross together—has graved its mark upon church and

palace, auberge and council hall—Provence, Castile, Aragon, France, Italy, Bavaria, and Germany. Alas! no England here; for the Eighth Harry was too intent upon playing the part of Sultan Blue Beard in Greenwich to think of resisting his brothers Selim or Solyman in the Mediterranean.

Of all that long list of knights—French, Spanish, Italian, and German—who redeemed with their lives the vows they had sworn, falling in the great siege of Malta, there is not a single English name. Not that English chivalry was then extinct. English knights and English lords were dying fast enough in the cause of duty on English soil. Thomas More and John Fisher, mitred abbot and sandalled friar, and many a noble Englishman were freely yielding life on Tower Hill and at Smithfield, in resistance to a Sultan not so brave and quite as savage as Selim or Solyman.

Pass by the grand palace of Castile, whose arched ceilings once rung to the mailed footsteps of the chivalry of old Spain; go out on the terrace of the Barraca, and look down upon that wondrous scene—forts, guns, ships, munitions of war, strength and power; listen to the hum that floats up from these huge ironclads lying so motionless beneath; mark the innumerable muzzles that lie looking grimly out of dark recesses to the harbour mouth; and then carry your minds a thousand miles away to where, along the shores of the Golden Horn, the great queen city of the East sits crownless and defiled. How long is

her shame to continue? So long as these ships, forts, arsenals, and guns are here as the advanced post of Mohammedanism in Europe. Here is the Turk's real rampart, here his strongest bulwark against the Cross. Above the Union Jack an unseen Crescent floats over St. Elmo; and all this mighty array, which confederated Christianity planted here as its rampart against the Moslem, is to-day a loaded gun primed and pointed at the throat of him who would tear the crescent from St. Sophia's long desecrated shrine.

Of course this is sentiment. Perhaps it must be called that name to-day, and nowhere more than in Malta. Still, somehow, the truth that is in a thing be it sentiment or not, does in the long run manage to prevail; and although to-day the auberge of Castile is a barrack, and that of Provence echoes with the brandy-and-soda and sherry-and-bitters criticism of certain worthy graduates of Sandhurst and the *Britannia* training-ship, nevertheless, even the history which is made at their hands will ultimately bear right.

Five miles from Valetta, and a short distance to the right of the road which leads to Citta Vecchia, a large dome of yellowish white colour attracts the eye. It is the dome of Moustach church. We will go to it. As we approach we become conscious that it is very large. A friend who is acquainted with statistics informs us that it is either the second largest or the third largest dome in the world, he is not sure which.

“But it is unknown to the outer world,” we reply. “Mousta, Mousta! who ever heard of Mousta?” Very few, probably; but that does not matter, it is a big dome all the same.

It is Sunday afternoon, and many people are thronging the piazza in front of the church. Three great doors lead from a portico of columns into the interior. We go in. The first step across the threshold is enough to tell us that this dome is indeed a large one. It is something more; it is magnificent! The church is, in fact, one vast circle, four hundred and forty feet in circumference, above whose marble pavement a colossal dome is sole and solid roof, all built by peasant labour, freely given “for the love of God.” Architect, mason, stonecutters, common labourers reared this glorious temple, painted, carved, and gilded it, and charged no man anything for the value of one hour’s work.

These be freemasons indeed!

Ah! you poor, aproned, gauntleted, pinchbeck-jewelled humbugs, who go about destroying your digestive organs and spending a pound in tomfoolery for every shilling you spend in charity, here is something for you to copy. Go to Mousta and look at this church, “built for the love of God.” Look up at its vast height. Mark these massive walls slowly closing in ever so far above. No wood here, all solid stone. Walk round it, measure it, and then come into the centre and go down on your knees, if you are able, and pray that you may be permitted to give up your

folly, to become a "freemason" such as these builders, and to do something in the world "for the love of God."

When this grand temple was slowly lifting up its head over the roofs of Moustá, an eminent English engineer came to see it. He had built a great railway bridge over a river, or an arm of the sea, at a cost of only a couple of millions sterling. "Poor people!" he said, looking with pity at the toiling peasants, "they never can put the roof on that span; it is too large. It is impossible." The eminent man had done many things in his life, but there was one thing he had not done, and that was attempting the apparently impossible for the love of God. For the love of man and for the love of fame he had doubtless achieved great things and reached the margin of the possible; but so far as the idea of giving his time or his genius "for the love of God" was beneath, above him, or incomprehensible to him, just so far was the possibility of the impossible beyond him too.

And now the *Chimborazo*, having embarked a regiment of infantry for a far-off Chinese station, has hoisted her blue peter at the fore, and it is time to go on board her crowded decks and settle down again into the dreary routine of sea-life for a few days longer. So once more we sail away, men in forts cheering, bands playing on deck, and all the poor Hong-Kong lads doing their best to look jolly.

Two days pass, and then at the sunset hour Crete is in sight. No lower shore-line visible, but, white

and lofty, Olympus thrusts aside the envious clouds, and "takes the salute" of the sunset ere the day is done.

Next morning the *Chimborazo* is steaming through a lonely sea, and when a second sunrise has come we are again in sight of land—white chalky hills that glare at one even from beneath the canopy of clouds that to-day hangs over their summits. A wide curve of shore-line lies in front. Glasses and telescopes are levelled upon the land. It looks dry, desolate, and barren. A few tall, dark trees are seen at long intervals. Wherever the glass rests on a bit of ground we see that the colour of the soil is that of sun-baked brick.

We are looking at Cyprus.

II.

SIX months had scarcely gone since Cyprus had been a word of interest to every English ear. Daily journals, weekly reviews, monthly magazines, all made it a topic of animated discussion. Forgotten history was searched to find episodes of early English dominion in the island. Political parties made its acquisition matter of grave parliamentary debate, and even popular preachers drew pulpit parallels between the record in Holy Writ of Saul and Barnabas sailing for Salamis, and British civilisation in the shape of a brigade of regular infantry and a division of Sepoys landing at Larnaca.

Nor was it to be greatly wondered at that the mind of the British nation should have eagerly fastened upon the new possession with a considerable amount of popular enthusiasm. It had come, after long months of doubt and manifold anxieties, the sole solid bit of "boot" in the exchange which gave us "peace with honour" for armed expectancy and distrust. It possessed associations connected with the earlier ages of our recorded history which rendered it a familiar name to every schoolboy. It was to be

another link in the chain of ocean fortresses which bound us to our vast eastern possessions. Its occupation by us was accompanied by many incidents that cast around it more the *éclat* of warlike conquest than the less demonstrative acquisition of peace or purchase. The popular mind once excited, becomes capable of strange enthusiasms. Cyprus grew in imagination into an earthly paradise; "Paphos of the hundred streams," the snow-fed rivulets that flowed from Olympus, all the pictures woven of sensuous fancy of the Greek and Roman poets were reproduced, with the morning muffin, to swell the chorus of delight that greeted our acquisition of this once-famed isle.

Maps soon appeared showing zones of cultivation, the very titles of which were sufficient to cause English readers intense anticipations of pleasure; the zone of the olive, of the orange, of the fig, of the grape, and of the pine, were like so many terraces of delight, gradually ascending from a lower world of cotton and tobacco, where the Zaptéah, the Mudir, and the Kaimakhan (we are wont sometimes to confuse eastern titles) fulfilled the natural destiny of the black or coloured races by unremitting toil—to one; where under the pines of Olympus the Anglo-Saxon proprietor sipped his cup, cooled by the snows of Troados, or lay lazily lulled by the murmur of the wind through the pines of triple-peaked Adelphi.

And there were other persons of less æsthetic tastes who regarded the new island with more practical out-

look. It was to produce an excellent outlet for the talents and the energies of the younger son. We required such an opening, and Cyprus gave it to us. The professions had all become immensely overcrowded. Competitive examinations had sadly interfered with the efficiency of the Services civil and military. The colonies had developed, under representative institutions, a tendency to bestow their little gifts of place and emolument upon their own younger sons instead of upon ours; but here, in Cyprus, no such unjust prejudices were likely to prevail, and any little difficulties of education resulting from too close an attention on the part of our younger sons to "Ruff's Guide" and the "Racing Calendar" would be of small moment in a country where the official language was Turkish, and where the people were either black or olive-coloured. Thus wagged the little tongues of that great Babel called public opinion; and ere a week had passed from the date of the announcement of our Cypriote acquisition, a picture had arisen of our new possession as utterly false to the reality as though some German, deeply read in the Roman History of Britain, had become the purchaser of a property in Sussex, and expected to find existing in full sway upon his estate the manners and customs of Boadicea.

The Cypriote canticle had in fact been pitched in too high a key, and a collapse was inevitable ere that song had reached its second part.

The men who sailed for Cyprus, and who had been

likened by the popular preacher to Saul and Barnabas landing at Salamis, were for the most part persons not disposed to be hypercritical in matters of heat, glare, and barrenness. They came from Malta in July, and in July Malta fulfils as many conditions of heat, glare, and sterility as can be found on this side of the Sahara. But to the eyes and the senses of these men Cyprus was a place of almost intolerable heat and blinding glare; compared to it Malta was a land of verdure, of running streams, of spring-like coolness; and the worst day of sun and *siroc* that had ever blistered or stewed the denizens of Valetta was as nothing compared to the fierce heat and blinding dust-storm that burned and swept the camp at Cheffick Pasha.

When a question of fact becomes a matter of political discussion it loses a great deal of the force it usually possesses, and is not at all the stubborn thing it is credited with being. One might have supposed that the salubrity or unhealthiness of the island, the question of whether Englishmen were well or ill there, was easy of solution; but nothing proved more difficult.

Fever or no fever became not a common everyday matter of fact, but assumed the much graver and more important bearing of a great parliamentary and political question. The papers took sides upon it, honourable members made motions upon it, people wrote to the leading journals upon it, and even a vote of censure was openly hinted at by some of the most extreme leaders of opinion.

But, on the other hand, the Government stoutly averred that the whole thing was a delusion from beginning to end. They were in receipt, it was said, of most conclusive testimony to the excellent sanitary state of the troops in Cyprus. The few cases of fever that had prevailed after the arrival of the troops had been of the febricular type, which, it was explained, was fatal only in the event of its being complicated with symptoms of a hepatic character. This was reassuring, so far as it went; but an honourable member pointed out that in the actual operations of war a man sick was almost as bad as a man dead. This point was not made a question of discussion, and to use the phrase of the morning papers, the subject dropped.

But while thus theories took the place of facts the army of occupation began to sicken rapidly, and stray waifs of fever were wafted to the English shore. Clubland soon became enlightened upon the real nature of a summer in Cyprus. "I would not for the world say it to every one," said the veteran Puffin in the morning-room of the Inseparable Doodles; "I am too good a Conservative to let it be known; but I will tell you in confidence that there is not such another cursed hole on earth." As this confidential communication was made to at least seventy members of the Inseparable Club seven times, and as these seventy had retailed it without loss of time to at least an equal number of their friends and acquaintances—of course always in the very strictest confidence—

the opinion gained a widespread notoriety in a few hours. The tide of public opinion began quickly to turn, serious doubts were thrown in more than one quarter upon the projected cultivation of the olive and the grape, by the ordinary English agriculturist, in a temperature of 165° Fahrenheit in the sun.

The theory of zones also underwent amplification which was not at all satisfactory. A medical journal published a map of Cyprus showing, in colours, the zones of disease. There was the malarious fever zone occupying the low coast lands; there was the enteric fever zone mostly confined to the towns; there was a zone of aguish fever where the limestone formation touched upon the disintegrated granite; and finally, there was a dysenteric zone, the limits of which had not yet been traced with any degree of certainty by medical investigations beyond four thousand feet above sea level. But amid all this revulsion of feeling and collapse of brilliant expectation, one theory remained intact. It was the younger son theory. It might almost have been said to have gained strength from the fact that fever was found to be a calculated factor in the programme of his emigration. This was, however, in the circle of his family; for himself he showed a singular amount of obstinacy in the matter, and although, during a brief sojourn in a Cypriote seaport, he had succeeded in establishing a race meeting, and had inculcated the Greek population into the mysteries of "handicapping," "laying off," and "hedging," and also proved to them that it

was by no means necessary that the best horse should win, he nevertheless, on his return to the bosom of his inconsolable family, with the proceeds of a "Consolation Stakes" and the seeds of a malarious fever, steadily refused to again tempt the Goddess of Fortune in the island of the Goddess of Love. Indeed, at the sherry-and-bitter table of the "Waif and Stray" Club, he set his opinion upon record. "The place isn't fit for a gentleman," he said. "It will take a dozen years before they're civilised enough to lay you more than two to one on anything, and no fellow who hasn't something to leave in a will should attempt to go there."

* * * * *

A lonely sea washes the shores of Cyprus. Commerce seems almost to have completely fled the nest in which it first had life. The wanderer who now from the thistle-covered site of Salamis looks eastward to the sunrise, or he who casts his glance from the shapeless mounds of Paphos, beholds waves almost as destitute of sail-life as though his standpoint had been taken upon some unmapped island in the South Pacific.

To the north and south this characteristic of loneliness is but little changed. Across the bluest blue waters of the Karamanian Gulf the icy summits of many mountains rise above a shipless horizon, and the beauty of the long indented north shore of Cyprus, from Kyrenia to far-away Cape Andreas, is saddened by the absence of that sense of human existence and

of movement which the white speck of canvas bears upon its glistening wing. To the south commerce is not wholly dead. Between the wide arms of Capes de Gat and Chitti ships and coasting craft are seen at intervals, and the sky-line is sometimes streaked by the long trail of steamer-smoke from some vessel standing in or out of the open roadstead of Larnaca; but even here, although the great highway of the world's commerce is but a day and a half sail away to the south, man's life upon the waters is scant and transient. But the traveller who stands upon the shores of Cyprus will soon cease to marvel at the absence of life upon the waters outspread before him; the aspect of the land around him, the stones that lie in shapeless heaps at his feet, the bare brown ground upon whose withered bosom sere and rustling thistles alone recall the memory of vegetation—all tell plainly enough the endless story of decay; and, as he turns inwards from a sea which at least has hidden all vestiges of wreck beneath its changeless surface, he sees around him a mouldering tomb, which but half conceals the skeleton of two thousand years of time.

Stepping out upon the crazy wooden stage that does duty for a jetty at Larnaca, the traveller from the West becomes suddenly conscious of a new sensation; he has reached the abode of ruin. And yet it is not the scant and dreary look of all things which heretofore, to his mind, had carried in their outward forms the impression of progress. It is not the actual ruin, the absence of settlement, or the mean appearance of

everything he looks at, that forces suddenly upon him the consciousness of having reached here in Cyprus a place lying completely outside the pale of European civilisation; it is more the utter degradation of all things—the unwritten story here told of three hundred years of crime; told by filthy house, by rutted pavement and squalid street; spoken by the sea as it sobs through the sewaged shingle, and echoed back from the sun-baked hills and dull, brown, leafless landscape that holds watch over Larnaca.

And yet they tell us that it is all improved—that the streets have been swept, the houses cleaned, the Marina no longer allowed to be a target for rubbish. The men who tell us this are truthful, honourable men, and we are bound to believe them; but the statement is only more hopelessly convincing of unalterable desolation than had Larnaca stood before us in the full midnight of its misery.

As the day draws on towards evening we are taken out to visit the scene of the encampment of troops at Chefflick Pasha, when the island was first occupied. We are in the hands of one of the chief regenerators of the island—Civil Commissioner is the official title—and we are mounted on the back of an animal which enjoys the distinction of having made himself almost as uncomfortable to the First Lord of the Admiralty during a recent official visit to the island, as though that Cabinet Minister had been on the deck of the Admiralty yacht in a gale off the Land's End.

But if the spirit of ruin had been visible in Larnaca,

the ride to Chefflick Pasha revealed the full depth of the desolation that brooded over the land—the bare brown land with its patchwork shreds of faded thistles, over which grey owls flitted as the twilight deepened into darkness. As we rode along through this scene, my friend, the assistant regenerator, appeared to regard the whole thing as superlatively hopeful—the earth was to bloom again. What a soil it was for cotton, for tobacco, for vines, for oranges, citrons, olives! Energy was to do it all—energy and Turkish law. He had been studying Turkish law, he said, for seven weeks, and he was convinced that there was no better law on earth. We thought that the East generally had been studying the same law, or codes similar to it, for seven hundred years, and had come to a different conclusion regarding its excellence. “What Cyprus had been in the past it would be again in the future. It only wanted British administration of Turkish law over the island to set everything right. Man had done the harm; man could undo the harm.” And so on, as we rode back through the lessening light into Larnaca.

Was it really as our friend had said? Could man thus easily undo what man had done? All evidence answered “No.”

For every year of ruin wrought by the Turk another year will not suffice to efface.

The absence of good government may mar a people's progress. The presence of good government can only make a nation when, beneath, the foundation rests

upon the solid freedom of the heart of the people. The heart of Cyprus is dead and buried. It was dying ere ever a Turkish galley crossed the Karamanian Gulf, and now it lies entombed beneath three hundred years of crime, no more to be called to life by the spasmodic efforts of half-a-dozen English officials than the glories of the Knights of Malta could be again enacted by the harmless people who to-day dub themselves Knights of St. John, and date the record of their chapters from a lodging-house in the Strand.

The mail-cart running between Larnaca and Nicosia usually left the former place at five a.m., but as the English mail-steamer had arrived from Alexandria at midnight, the hour of the post-cart's departure had been changed to half-past three a.m. A few minutes before that time we had presented ourselves at the point of departure, only to find office, stable, and stable-yard sunk in that profound slumber which usually characterise the world at that early hour. A glow of ruddy light falling across the street from a large open door suggested some one astir, and we bent our steps in its direction. The red light came from a blacksmith's forge. At the anvil beat and blew a swarthy smith, and yet a courteous son of Vulcan too, for he stopped his beating and his blowing as we came up, and put a candle-end in a bottle, and put the bottle on a bench, and placed a rough seat beside it for our service. He hails from Toulon, he says. Simple services all of them, but of great value when it is borne in mind that ten minutes previously we had

called at the post-office, and received from the wearied official in charge a packet of English letters and papers just sorted from the mail. So, as the blacksmith beat we read, waiting in the small hours for the mail-cart to Nicosia.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horses and a rush of wheels along the street. The mail-cart had started. We rushed wildly into the still dark street. It was too true, the cart was off! With a roar that ought to have roused Larnaca, we gave chase. The roar failed to arouse the sleeping city, but, doing still better, it halted the flying mail-cart. Ten seconds more and we were beside the vehicle, and beside ourselves with breathless rage. A Greek held the reins, another Greek sat on the back seat. When the driver found that the roar had only proceeded from a passenger who had been left behind, he was about to resume his onward way; but it could not be allowed. A short altercation ensued. The Greek driver, reinforced by the proprietor of the cart, a Frenchman, gesticulated, swore, and threatened the combined penalties of Turkish and English law. We calmly replied that, acting under the direction of the French proprietor, we had presented ourselves at the mail office at half-past three a.m., that for two mortal hours we had waited for the cart, and that now the cart must wait until our bag, still at the forge, could be brought up and placed beside us. The Frenchman declared, "It was impossible; the delay of a minute would be his ruin. The mules must proceed."

“No; not until the bag was brought up.”

“Forward!” roared the proprietor. The driver shook his reins and shouted to the mules. There was nothing for it but to seize the reins and stop further progress. The mules, four in number, instantly declared themselves on our side of the controversy; they stopped dead short, and the imprecations of their owner and driver being alike powerless to move them, the bag was brought up, the imprecations ceased, and we jolted out of Larnaca. Day was breaking.

Softly came the dawn over the face of the weary land. Over hilltops, over swamps, and shore and sea, touching miserable minaret and wretched mosque and squalid building with all the wondrous beauty that light has shed upon this old earth of ours since two million mornings ago it first kissed its twin children, sea and sky, on the horizon of the creation.

And now, as the sun came flashing up over the eastern hills, Cyprus lay around us, bare, brown, and arid. Watercourses without one drop of water; the surface of the earth the colour of a brown-paper bag; the telegraph poles topped by a small grey owl; a hawk hovering over the thistle-strewn ground; a village, Turkish or Greek, just distinguishable from the plain or the hill by the lighter hue of its mud walls and flat mud roofs—east, west, or north, on each side and in front, such was the prospect.

The owls on the telegraph posts seemed typical of Turkish dominion. The Ottoman throned on the

Bosphorus was about as great an anomaly as the blinking night-bird capping the electric wire.

Twenty-five miles from Larnaca the road ascends a slight rise. As the crest is gained the eye rests upon a cluster of minarets—houses thrown together in masses within the angles and behind the lines of a fortification, and one grand dark mass of Gothic architecture towering over house and rampart. Around lies a vast colourless plain. To the north a broken range of rugged mountains lift their highest peaks three thousand feet above the plain. Away to the south-west higher mountains rise, blue and distant.

The houses, ramparts, and minarets are Nicosia; and the Gothic pile, still lofty amid the lowly, still grand amid the little, stands a lonely rock of Crusaders' Faith, rising above the waves of ruin.

If the Turk had marked upon Larnaca the measure of his misrule, upon Nicosia he had stamped his presence in even sharper lines of misery and of filth. People are often in the habit of saying that no words could fitly express the appearance of some scene of wretchedness. It is simply an easy formula for begging the question.

The state of wretchedness in which Nicosia lies is easy enough to express in words—in these matters the Turk is thorough. There is nothing subtle in his power to degrade; there is no refinement in his ruin. The most casual tourist that ever relied on Murray for history, and Cook for food and transport, could mark and digest the havoc of the Ottoman.

In England there exists a school (we use the term more in the porpoise sense than in the political one) which of late years has insisted upon regarding the Turk in a certain "old fellow" point of view. Somewhat free and easy in matters of morality and habits of life, perhaps; but these are things which "young England" has long learned to regard with a lenient eye, and to look upon as being quite compatible with a very advanced tone of civilisation and even of heroic patriotism.

To persons of this school the Turk has lately been a calumniated citizen, much vexed by certain corrupt rulers called Pashas. A man, in fact, who only required the benefits of English parish organisation to blossom out at once into the complete perfection of *the English rustic*, with even the additional attribute in his moral character of a respect for the game laws thrown in.

"Good old Turk!" "Poor old Turk!" Alas, it won't do! One week in Cyprus, nay, one hour in Nicosia, will suffice to dispel for ever the pleasant theory of "Bono Johnny" and this modern Piccadilly view of Turkish peccadilloes. The cathedral church of Nicosia is the saddest sight that can well be seen to-day in Asia. Beneath its lofty roof the traveller feels still the pressure of the Tartar's hoof. Amid its violated shrines he sees, overthrown and rifled, the purest ideal of that grand faith which covered Western Europe with temples so beautiful that all the wealth and effort of the modern world has failed utterly to

equal them. On this pavement chivalry lies prostrate, history is blotted out, knighthood is disgraced, the soul of Christianity is defiled.

Take the Abbey of Westminster, make curb-stones and gutter-troughs of the tombs of Plantagenet and Tudor, fill in the rose windows with mud and plaster, break off and brick up each flying buttress, deface the sculpture, raise from each Gothic tower a hideous rough brown minaret, overthrow the tombs, hang out from the minaret a rough swinging board (an invocation to Allah for rain), shatter everywhere, plaster all things, and submerge the cloisters beneath three centuries of ordure, and only then will you arrive at the bold, bare truth of what the Turk has done for St. Nicholas, at Nicosia. No, there never came on this earth a "wrecker" like this Turk; all his predecessors in barbarism, his prototypes in ruin, were but children to him at their work.

The Goth might ravage Italy, but the Goth came forth purified from the flames which he himself had kindled. The Saxon swept Britain, but the music of the Celtic heart softened his rough nature, and wooed him into less churlish habit. Visigoth and Frank, Heruli and Vandal, blotted out their ferocity in the very light of the civilisation they had striven to extinguish. Even the Hun, wildest Tartar from the Scythian waste, was touched and softened in his wicker encampment amid Pannonian plains; but the Turk—wherever his scimitar reached—degraded, defiled, and defamed; blasting into eternal decay Greek,

Roman, and Latin civilisation, until, when all had gone, he sat down, satiated with savagery, to doze for two hundred years into hopeless decrepitude.

The streets of Nicosia, narrow and tortuous, are just wide enough to allow a man to ride along each side of the gutter which occupies the centre. No view can anywhere be obtained beyond the immediate space in front, and so many blank walls, by-lanes, low doorways, and ruined buildings lie around, without any reference to design or any connection with traffic, that the mind of the stranger soon becomes hopelessly confused in the attempt at exploration, until wandering at random he finds himself suddenly brought up against the rampart that surrounds the city.

It is then that ascending this rampart, and pursuing his way along it, he beholds something of the inner life of Nicosia. The houses abut upon the fortifications, and the wanderer looks down into court-yards or garden plots where mud walls and broken, unpainted lattices are fringed by many an orange-tree thick-clustered with golden fruit.

In the ditch on the outer side lie, broken and destroyed, some grand old Venetian cannon, flung there by the Turk previous to his final departure. His genius for destruction, still "strong in death," he would not give them to us, or sell them, so he defaced and flung them down.

We wander on along the northern face. Looking in upon the city all is the same, mud and wattle in ruin, oranges, narrow streets, brown stone walls,

minarets, filth, and the towering mass of the desecrated cathedral.

But as the sunset hour draws nigh, and the wanderer turns his gaze outwards over the plain, he beholds a glorious prospect. It is the sunset-glow upon the northern range.

Beyond the waste that surrounds the ramparts—beyond the wretched cemeteries and the brown mounds, and the weary plain, the rugged range rises in purple and gold. What colours they are!

Pinnacled upon the topmost crags, the gigantic ruins of the Venetian castles of Buffavento and St. Hilarion salute the sunset last of all, and then the cold hand of night blots out plain, mountain, mound, and ruin; the bull-frogs begin to croak from the cemeteries, and night covers in its vast pall the wreck of Time and of Turk.

TEN miles north of Nicosia a road or track crosses this north range of hills through a depression about one thousand two hundred feet above the sea-level. A mile or two beyond the foot of the range on the further side from Nicosia, Cyprus, unlike her great goddess, sinks into what she rose from—the sea. Here in this narrow strip between hill and water it would seem as though nature strove to show to man a remnant of what the island once had been. The green of young corn overspreads the ground; the shade of the karoub-tree is seen; myrtle clothes the hillsides, and the dark grey olive-tree is everywhere visible over the landscape.

Looking down from the summit of the pass one sees Kyrenia clustered by the shore, whose gentle indentations can be traced many a long mile away towards Karpos to the east, washed by a blue waveless sea.

But our goal is Kyrenia.

Our companion has been over the ground many times already, and we are late upon our road. As we descend the ridge the north face of the range opens

out to the right and left behind us. It is green with foliage. We have left aridity behind us beyond the mountains. A couple of miles away to the right a huge mass of masonry can be seen rising from groves of olives. Towers, turrets, and battlements lift themselves high above the loftiest cypress-tree; but no minaret can be seen. It is the Venetian monastery of Bellapays. We will have a nearer view of it later on.

Kyrenia was the head-quarters of another assistant regenerator, a practical man, who seemed to have already realised the fact that the collection of taxes was by far the most important part of the administration of Turkish laws.

A couple of hours before sunset found us climbing the steep paths that led to Bellapays. Everywhere around spread olive-trees of immense age. Their gnarled trunks, clasped round with great arms and full of boles and cavities, still held aloft a growth as fresh as when Venice ruled the land. The fig-tree and the orange grew amid gardens that had long run wild. Here and there a colossal cypress-tree lifted its dark tapering head high above all other foliage. The path, winding amid dells of myrtle, led right beneath the massive walls of the monastery, where a spring gushing out from a fern-leaved cave formed a dripping fountain of pure cold water.

From the rock above the spring towered the great front of the building; in mass and architecture not unlike the Papal palace at Avignon. Within the walls

ruin had scarcely touched. The cloisters had suffered, but the great hall of the building was intact; one hundred feet in length, with high vaulted roof and Gothic windows that looked out over green groves and long lines of shore and longer stretch of sea, from whose blue waters rose the snow-clad peaks of Karamania.

Beautiful Bellapays! while thy great walls rise over the fruit-clad land the loveliness of Cyprus will not be wholly a name. How perfect must thou have been in the olden time, when the winged lions flew over yonder fortress of Kyrenia! Well have they named thee beautiful, whose beauty has outlived the ruin of three hundred years, and defied the Turk in his fury and in his dotage!

Behind the monastery, and nearer to the mountain, a Greek village stood deep in orange gardens. In this village dwelt one of the representative Greeks of the island.

We found Hadgi at the door of his court-yard ready to welcome us to his house. A steep wooden stair led to the upper story. In a large corridor open at both ends, and with apartments at either side, we were made comfortable with many cushions spread upon a large wooden bench. Here a repast was soon served. First, coffee in tiny cups was handed round; then a rich preserve of fruits with cold spring water; then oranges of immense size, peeled and sliced into quarters, were produced, together with *Commanderia* wine, in which the oranges were steeped. A small glass of mastic closed the feast. Many children, servants,