

## Our Foreign Letter.

### A GLIMPSE OF CYPRUS.



I have seen my C. N. A. friend off so many times on her journeys that I am going to tell you of the nicest one I have taken since I came to

the place, nearly four years ago. We do all our journeys on mule or by diligo, and very convenient it is, as one is never hurried.

Mine was by diligo, and our destination Troödos (I travelled with a friend). We left Nikosia at 6 a.m. one brilliantly sunny morning in June, our diligo drawn by four grey horses abreast, and all our baggage strapped on around the carriage, a quaint sight.

We did the first twenty-five miles of flat road to Peristorone in comparative comfort from heat and dust. Then, leaving the village behind, we began a stretch of gentle incline until we reached a hill adorned with a single weather-beaten, tired-looking pine tree, which my friend hailed as an old acquaintance. From that point we got a view of more pines until they began to get quite plentiful. We knew then we were getting up hill.

The first mountain village, "Galata," we reached at 2 p.m., having had one change of horses in the meantime, here we halted for lunch, badly needed. It was a sweet place, beautifully wooded and having some magnificent oak and walnut trees. We had looked forward to lunch under the trees, but the place was all ploughed up near at hand, and most of the nicest corners occupied by the weirdest looking pigs I have ever seen, so we had to content ourselves with a verandah and a most powerful odour of garlic and silk worms.

After a rest of about twenty minutes we proceeded on our road, which lay all up-hill and was in consequence slow. The scenery soon began to get very fine, and it was a delight to us to see running water again, and the stream beds beautiful with pink oleanders and wild roses. Such a change from the heat and dust we had left behind in the plains.

We reached the top of the mountain at 5 p.m., then had a sharp descent of 2 miles to our camp on the other side, through most exquisite scenery. The journey had taken us nearly 12 hours.

Life at Troödos is a camp life. There are only small Government huts, strongly and mostly unhand-somely built to keep out the snows that bury them through the winter, having three or four rooms, visitors and most of the family are made comfortable in tents, and very pretty it is to see a camp.

The one I had the good fortune to stay at, was beautifully pitched. On three sides we were surrounded by bold pine-clad hills, the fourth showing us a magnificent view, which from my tent door I could admire at my leisure, a grand sweep of hill

and dale for thirty-eight miles right away to the salt lake and sea at Limassol.

The walks over the hills are beautiful. One walk we had to a place called "Asprocromos" led us for two miles along the side of a hill with a nasty precipice on one side and a rockbound hillside on the other, a dizzy walk, but on arriving we felt rewarded, the views from the hut being superb, the sun just setting over the hills right away to distant "Paphos," and the sea beyond.

Visitors from Egypt are now finding out our summer resort, and we hope before long to have a large and comfortable hotel for them to come to, as there is some talk about it now. When I came out four years ago, I was asked by people on the boat why I was going to Cyprus. Some scarcely knew where it was—others thought it a forsaken little place not worth visiting. After four years' experience I can say that one would go a long way before finding a finer climate as, during the hot months, they have in this small island a pine-clad mountain-range (Olympus, the highest point, 6,400 feet above sea level), and a splendid climate to go to, so one need never endure the heat of the plains. The spring and autumn months are lovely, and the winter real cold if one likes a nip. I have grown fond of the place, and take a keen interest in all around me, and one can see better days in store for Cyprus.

The hospitals are in much better order now than even when I came out. There had been seven years of drought, and in consequence there was appalling poverty in all districts. We were told that in many villages they had scarcely a ten para piece between them, so crime was rampant, and a man would murder his own father for a shilling. They tell me I brought them luck, for a fortnight after my arrival, in October, 1902, we had heavy rains, and I saw Turks praying on the bridge, thankful to at last see water in the parched river bed. We have had good years ever since and the villagers are quite prosperous.

To return to the Government Hospital. We have had many improvements, and it is a great pleasure to see bright new cots and nicely painted walls and cupboards full of necessary garments and bedding.

The theatre too has been much improved by linoleum on the floor, and some of the old wooden furniture replaced by glass ditto. Of course, it all takes time, and there is great expense in getting things from England. Most of the operative work is done in Nikosia Hospital, and very excellent results we get, nearly all surgical cases making excellent recoveries. The wards keep very full both winter and summer, and one has nearly always a case or two of typhoid in.

F. H. D.

The Ottoman Government has decided to establish lying-in hospitals in all the most important provincial towns of the empire. It is probable that some of them will form special departments of existing general hospitals. The need for such institutions is very urgent, as at present the bulk of the female population of Turkey, especially women of the poorer classes, can look for help in their hour of travail for no more skilful ministrations than those of ignorant midwives.

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