

hospitably received by the people of Volokalida and forwarded to Famagousta. The vessel was pierced amidships by a rock that had completely impaled her, otherwise she might have been saved and repaired.

We left this village on March 4th, a heavy but welcome shower on the preceding day having laid the dust and freshened the vegetation. The route lay through a hilly and rocky country covered with the usual evergreens. We quickly lost our way and arrived at a complete *cul-de-sac* in the corner of a narrow swampy valley. Retracing our steps we met two men mounted on donkeys, who with extreme civility turned from their own direction and became our guides. We passed over a hill of solid crystallised gypsum, which sparkled in the sun like glass, and after a march of about ten miles through a lovely country we ascended to the plateau of Lithrankomi and halted at the monastery. The priest was an agreeable, well-mannered man, and as rain had begun to fall he insisted upon our accepting his invitation to await the arrival of our luggage under his roof. We visited his curious old church, which is sadly out of repair, and the mosaic, of a coarse description, which covered an arched ceiling, has mostly disappeared.

This was the most agreeable position that I had seen in Cyprus. A very extensive plateau about 400 feet above the sea formed a natural terrace for seven or eight miles, backed by the equally flat hill-tops which rose only half a mile behind the monastery. These were covered with the *Pinus maritima*, none of which exceeded twenty feet in height, and resembled a thriving young plantation in England. From the flat pine-covered tableland I had a very beautiful view of the sea on either side this narrow portion of the island,