

We took a different route upon leaving Lithrankomi, by keeping upon the high plateau instead of the lower valleys through which we had arrived on our way from Volokalida. We accordingly left this village some miles to the south, but as we were passing through a broad cultivated plain, a portion of which had recently been ploughed, we observed a crowd of women and girls who were engaged with baskets in collecting wild artichokes, which the plough had dislodged. As we approached a sudden rush was made in our direction, the baskets were placed upon the ground, and a race took place over the heavy soil to see who would be the first to greet us. We discovered that these were our friends of Volokalida, who had walked across the hills in a large party to collect wild vegetables; they seemed delighted to see us, and insisted upon shaking hands, which, as they had been grubbing in the freshly-turned ground, was rather a mouldy operation. We shook hands with about thirty members of this primitive agricultural society, and were glad to waive an adieu before the arrival of the older women in the rear, who with their heavy nailed boots were running towards us, plunging about in the deep ground in clumsy attempts at juvenile activity. A few of the young women were very pretty, but, as usual in Cyprus, their figures were ungainly, and their movements, hampered by baggy trousers and enormous high boots, were most ungraceful.

On arrival at Trichomo we pitched our tent at some distance from the dwelling in which we had fed some thousand fleas upon our former visit; and on the following morning I determined to go straight to Famagousta, about twelve miles distant.

The route from Trichomo is for the most part along