

On the following morning our muleteer Iiani, having indulged in cigarettes and sleep, was not ready to start at the proper hour, neither were the animals forthcoming. We accordingly started on foot and threaded our way through paved lanes, which twisted and turned in various directions according to the positions of the houses and innumerable gardens. The people were very civil, and directed us in the right direction, although evidently surprised at our journeying on foot, which is most unusual even among the poorer classes. We walked for more than a mile through the town: the air was fresh and enjoyable, the thermometer was 53° at 7 A.M. Streams of clear water gushed through the lanes in many places, which had created the flourishing aspect around. With such a picture of prosperity before us, due entirely to the presence of never-failing streams, it seemed incredible that the great central district of Messaria should be left to the chance of seasons when the means of artificial irrigation lie close beneath the surface.

Upon quitting Lapithus the country on the west was almost devoid of trees, and we walked for four miles and a half before we could procure a shade. At this distance we halted to await the mules beneath a clump of three caroub-trees close to the road side. Beneath this group were several masses of rock which appeared to have rolled at some remote period from the mountain side, as blocks of all sizes strewed the ground in every direction. I was at once struck with a beautiful block of dark green marble, and upon examining the neighbourhood I discovered many pieces of the same material, all of which had evidently fallen from the mountain's side, thus proving that the parent mass would be found *in situ* were the high cliffs