

trial before the Magistrates at Nicosia. Possibly the heat of the climate, the isolation of the houses which stand each apart, the mulberry thickets, and the absence of the men, who are away during the day in the markets of Nicosia, are the causes to which one may assign the dissolute character of the women of *Cythera*, for these are all circumstances favourable to debauch.

It is said confidently that the ancient *Cythera* was situated on a low hill about a mile away. I do not think that there could ever have been gardens there: at any rate there is no trace of such now. But I am going to describe other and more interesting remains.

I was told on leaving Nicosia that I could, on the way back from *Cythera*, visit the ruins of the Palace of the Queen; but there was an air of indifference about the remark, as though there was nothing particularly worth while going out of the way to see. Half-way on our road the doctor had pointed out the site of the ruins, on the highest peak of the chain to the north of Nicosia. I examined it with my glass, and thought I could distinguish things which stirred my curiosity. I determined to visit them on my return from *Cythera*. From the priest's house where we lodged one can see the mountain. After dinner I took leave of our host, and we started towards the N. and N.E. to see first the spring which waters *Cythera*.

At the foot of the clay hills which lie S. of a chain of basaltic mountains, the water rushes out abundantly in five places, and in less volume by other channels, and forms at once a small river. It is transparent, light, perfectly pure, and very cold (they say) in summer: a proof that it issues from a great depth in the mountains: it is evident enough that its source is not in the clay hills. The natives believe that it comes from the mountains of Caramania on the main land, and that it passes under the sea. Strictly speaking this is not impossible, but it is more probable that it rises in the heart of the basaltic mountains, and passes, at a great depth, under the clay hills; but without touching them, or it would lose its good qualities, especially as these hills are later, and superposed on the primordial mass of the mountains.

My curiosity was satisfied, and I left with indifference poor *Cythera*, which has preserved but very little of the beauty which marked her out once for the abode of the goddess of all the Graces. We ascended northwards up to the first line of mountains which overlook the clay hills and the great plain to the south, then turning east and following the higher ridges of this line, which is covered with lava and volcanic products, and skirting the chain of basaltic mountains on our right, we resumed two hours later a northerly course, and halted at the monastery of S. John Chrysostom, situated close to the peak upon which are the ruins of the Palace of the Queen, called also Buffavonto. This monastery, a building very much like that of S. Thecla, belongs to the Holy Places at Jerusalem. Three Greek monks, a sister of the Prior, old and a widow, and a servant young, stout and good looking are the only inmates. The gardeners or labourers live outside the walls.

The next morning, April 4, I started accompanied by two guides. The doctor was afraid to follow me, and my servant was too stout to scale the rocks. I started on a mule and reached the foot of the mountains, about half an hour's climb from the ruins. There I was obliged to dismount, so steep was the path. In a quarter of an hour we had reached the foot of the peak where there are two quadrangular heaps of ruins. The peak itself is a rock nearly perpendicular on every side. There was no further trace of a path, so we climbed this natural wall, taking advantage of jutting rocks, projections, holes, anything to which our hands and feet would cling. Sometimes we had to help one another with a stick, at another the guide would stop to see where he could get the best foothold, so as to get over the parapet in front of him; and, to complete the picture, we had always beside us a horrible precipice.