

gneiss, syenite, and metamorphous rocks of various characters. The soil of the glen was red, and the villages, built of sun-baked bricks of this colour, harmonised with the dark green of rich crops of wheat that had been irrigated by the never-failing water-power. We had now rejoined the English road, which passed along the bottom of the glen, and which was yet incomplete; several gangs of men were working at intervals, and in the scarps, where deep cuttings had been necessary, I remarked a considerable amount of ironstone.

A few miles through this interesting scenery brought us to the village of Mandria, where a strong working party was engaged in erecting a wooden bridge upon masonry piers. We now turned off to the left, over rough but richly-wooded hills, leaving the English road, which extended direct to Platraes, as our course was altered towards the large village of Phyni, situated at the foot of the Troodos mountain. There could hardly be a worse or more dangerous path over the high and precipitous hills; these were once more cretaceous, and in wet weather must be as slippery as soap. In many places the path was hardly nine inches wide, with a deep gorge beneath for at least 150 feet. At length we passed over the crest, and looked down upon Phyni, in the vine-covered dell below. As far as the eye could reach upon all directions for many miles, hill-sides, valleys, and mountains exceeding 4000 feet were entirely covered with vines; not a yard of soil was unoccupied by this important branch of cultivation. Immediately before us, on the other side of Phyni, in the dark hollow, was the base of Troodos, from which the mountain rose so steeply that it appeared impossible to ascend with mules. A narrow