

mill was at work below us on the right; and always ascending along the side of the ravine, with the rushing sound of the stream below, we arrived after half a mile at the base of the apparently impossible route. Right and left, right and left, went the short and sharp zigzags, the path covered with rolling stones and loose rocks, which clattered under the feet of the tired mules and rolled down the steep inclines. The sound of the stream below became fainter, and the narrow angle of the deep cleft grew darker, as we ascended. We looked down upon the rounded tops of various trees, including the rich verdure of planes, which skirted the banks of the hidden stream, and we entered upon pines rising from an undergrowth of beautiful evergreens, including the fragrant tremithia, the light green foliage of the arbutus, with its bright red bark contrasting strongly with the dark shade of the dense and bushy ilex. The mastic was there, and as we increased our altitude the *Pinus laricio* and *Pinus maritima* varied the woods by their tall spars, beneath which a perfect garden of flowers almost covered the surface of the earth; these included the white and purple cistus, dog-roses, honeysuckle, and several varieties unknown to me. Among the ornamental dwarfs were a quantity of the Sumach, which is an article of export from Cyprus for the use of the tanner and dyer.

The view became very beautiful as we ascended, until at length, after a couple of miles of the steepest zigzags, we turned a corner of the rocks and looked down the great depth at our right, below the path, upon the long white thread of a waterfall, which for some hundred feet of a severe incline, broken by occasional plunges, issues from the rocky cleft, and