

forms the river in the ravine below. "There is the monastery of Trooditissa!" exclaimed our guide. About 200 feet above our level, snugly nested among splendid walnut-trees in the dark angle of the mountains, were the grey and brown gables, half concealed by the rich foliage of plane-trees, walnuts, mulberry, and other varieties.

About half a mile from this point of view the mules scrambled up one of the worst portions of the route, and we arrived at a clear and cold spring issuing suddenly from the rocks through a stone spout, protected by an arch of masonry: this was received in a rude wooden trough formed from the trunk of a hollowed pine, and overflowed across the path to water some terraced gardens immediately below. A walnut and a fig-tree intermingled their branches above the arch, and formed an agreeable shade to shelter weary travellers, who might sit by the welcome spring after toiling up the rough mountain side. About eighty yards beyond, by a level path, we reached the widest-spreading walnut-tree that I have ever seen; the new foliage was soft and uninjured by the wind, producing a dense shade over an area sufficient for numerous tents. This magnificent specimen of vegetation grew upon the edge of an abrupt descent, perpendicular to a series of gardens, all terraced out to a depth of about 150 feet, to the bottom of a narrow gorge; thus one-half of the branches overhung the steep, while the other half shaded a portion of the monastery courtyard.

We halted and dismounted beneath this grand old tree, where the picturesque but not clean old monk, with some of his ecclesiastics, were ready to meet us with a courteous welcome.