

plain, and leaving on the left the village of *Aradipou* at a quarter past five, at six o'clock I was at Larnaca. This is a town next in size to Nicosia, the seat of a bishop, and the residence of all the consuls, of a few European merchants, and of several Greeks protected by different nations, with whose subjects they share the privileges and immunities of their several flags. Hence you meet here with something of the same civilisation and freedom as in the towns and ports of Europe.

The day of my arrival the Turkish Governor, a *Sherif*, came to call, with a great carbine at his side. The next day the Bishop came with a large following. The consuls and the notables of the town paid me the same honours.

The roadstead of Larnaca struck me as too open and unprotected, but its position opposite the Syrian coast makes it a common port of call.

A mile from Larnaca is a village called *Scala*, where the English consul lives, as well as two others, and there it seems is the landing place.

I got good observations and fixed the longitude of Larnaca at $31^{\circ} 27' 30''$ E. and the latitude $34^{\circ} 56' 54''$ N.

At a quarter past two in the afternoon of April 8 I left Larnaca, travelling S.S.W. I soon came upon an aqueduct of some length, but of poor construction. At a quarter past three I stopped for half an hour or so in the garden of a country house. As I left it the weather began to break, and though I pushed on, the rain caught me on the road. It was six o'clock when I reached *Mazzotos*. The plain which we crossed was rather fertile. At two or three miles from the road it is bounded by the sea, on the other side, at a somewhat greater distance, by mountains. *Mazzotos* is a poor village on good soil at the foot of the hills.

At half past five on the morning of the 9th I started towards the S.W. and at six turned due west after crossing some fertile country called by the natives *Laconicos*, which they say was anciently inhabited by a people of that name. I was told that to my right lay the ruins of an ancient town called *Alamina*, not to be confounded with *Salaminia*. At seven I crossed a stream, an hour later another, and at a quarter to nine halted on the banks of the river S. Helena. At the mouth of this river is a tiny port with a wide roadstead of the same name, because the princess Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, landed there on her return from the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I left at ten, following the seashore. At two I passed close to the ruins of *Amathus*: in another quarter of an hour I crossed the stream of the same name, and at a quarter past three reached Limassol.

On Wednesday, April 23, I left Limassol for Paphos at a quarter past seven in the morning. Our route lay first W.S.W.; two hours later, leaning more to the W., we passed Colossi, then crossing the stream that flows S. We reached Episcopi and rested there until a quarter to four. Continuing our march in the same direction at half past four we passed S. Thomas, and at six entered *Lataniskio*, where I was to pass the night. The plain of Limassol reaches to Colossi; from the middle of this tract projects *Cape de Gatta*. Colossi is a village surrounded by gardens, with plenty of water. There exists still a strong tower, or square fort, said to have been built by the Knights Templar, and a great aqueduct close by, still in use. Both are built of a coarse marble.

Episcopi is larger than Colossi and most pleasantly situated. Every house is surrounded with gardens, trees, plots of cotton and sown fields. The village lies at the foot of the mountains which slope down to the seashore, and commands a view of a fine plain and of the sea. There is water in abundance, the soil is excellent—advantages which make Episcopi a delightful place, infinitely more worthy of the goddess of the isle than Idalim and Cythera.