

below. The salt lake, which adds an important amount to the revenue of Cyprus, lay beneath us upon the right, in the heart of the peninsula of Akrotiri; immediately below were the ruins of ancient Curium, but to us invisible.

We arrived at the town of Episkopi. Captain Savile thus describes it:—

“A pleasantly situated village, standing on the Episkopi or Lycos river, and very abundantly supplied with water. The houses are surrounded with fruitful gardens, and there are fields of grain and cotton in the vicinity. The inhabitants have however very small holdings, and are, as a rule, miserably poor. In former days Episkopi was a rich city, and contained in the Venetian times large manufactories; of its ancient greatness now remain the ruins of an aqueduct, immense storehouses or vaults, and several ruined Greek churches. The spurs from Mount Trōōdos extend nearly down to the shore, and the road follows the coast-line, traversing a very beautiful country; the ground in spring is covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, and the ravines are filled with a luxuriant growth of cypresses, wild-olives, and flowering shrubs.”

There was nothing to induce a delay in Episkopi, but an addition may be made to the above description in stating that the river which has fertilised the spot and made it famous originates in the Trōōdos range. Later on, during the summer months, I often rested at the faintly dripping source of its first mountain affluent near the top of Trōōdos, which by degrees acquires strength from the Olympus drainage to form an important stream.

We passed quickly through Episkopi with its fruitful gardens, narrow streets, and yelling curs. Poor Wise