

we got to the village called, like the church, *Agia Nappa*. This, like all which I have seen in Cyprus, was almost destroyed, partly by the usual tyranny of the Turks, partly through the great pestilence which had wasted the island a few years before, killing most of its inhabitants. The church itself, built, perhaps out of respect to the pirates, somewhat like a square castle, is still standing. There is a large quadrangle with rooms round it, the church being on the left as you enter, reached by many steps, as well as the underground chapel which is formed out of the very grotto in which the sacred image was found. A *Papas* or Greek priest takes care of the church, and officiates in it, and there are certain *Calogrie* or nuns, who have abandoned the world and devoted themselves to the service of God: they are decently clad in black, but are not cloistered. In the middle of the courtyard is a fountain of spring-water, built up as we might build one, and not badly, of marble. Over this at no great height they have placed a dome on four pillars, with raised seats or platforms of Eastern fashion right round it, a cool and shady resting place. Here we settled down, ate there by day and slept at night, when the murmur of the water was particularly pleasant. We did not wish to disturb anyone, even supposing we could have done so, for the rooms were full of people, men and women, Greek Christians with a few Turks among them, who were there before us. They were playing, singing, dancing, drinking, amusing themselves, and we amused ourselves likewise. Next morning mass after the Greek rite was sung in the church, at which I assisted as far as the end of the Gospel. Within the church in a corner apart is an altar where our Latin priests, if any should come here, say mass. The church is just a small grotto, the image ancient, the altar adorned after the Greek rite in the usual way. We found and ate in this place a large quantity of *becca&chi*, called by the Greeks *sycolidia*, which at this season are caught in such abundance that besides the numbers that are consumed in the island itself thousands are exported, preserved in vinegar, to Venice and elsewhere. Those of *Agia Nappa* are now and then unwholesome, when they have eaten scammony. They must have found this food elsewhere, for the herb does not grow about the village.

September 16. We left *Agia Nappa* at daybreak, and as we passed *Xilofago* dismounted to see the church dedicated to *S. George*. Among the other saints painted therein we found *Agios Mapeas* or *San Mama*. He is greatly venerated by the Greeks, who say he was a martyr buried in Cyprus, and have some story to explain why he is painted riding on a lion. We broke our fast at *Ormidia*, and rested for some hours in the porch of the church dedicated to *Constantine*, whom the Greeks reckon among their saints, and so rode back in the dark to dine at *Larnaca* with the consul.

September 17. I returned early to our vessel, and stopped on the way to see a Greek church in the *Marina*, called *S. Lazarus*. It belonged originally to the Armenians, and in a buttress of its outer walls all the stones are inscribed with Armenian letters. Why it is held now by the Greeks is possibly because there are no Armenians here, as there must have been formerly. It is very ancient, entirely of stone, its arrangement fantastic though common among the Greeks, for there are three aisles with a roof supported on four piers only, and three domes in a row over the middle aisle, and three apses without. Within, the space between the piers is used by men, the aisles on either side by women only. Behind the altar they show underground a tomb like a small grotto, which can be entered through a square opening like the mouth of a vault. This, they say, is the grave of *Lazarus* who was restored to life by Christ: adding that he built the church, of which he was bishop; that he died here, and that his body was carried later to Constantinople and thence to *Marseille*, the truth of this being proved by the miracles which are daily worked at the tomb, the sick are healed, and the like. But this is contrary to history, as we have it in the *Breviary*, *Martyrology*, &c.