

happily escaped from stared me again in the face, as I saw, on the doors of two of the seaward houses, the words, 'Messageries Maritimes' and 'Austro-Hungarian Lloyd.'

I had not, however, even yet quite done with Cyprus. I have said that the sights of Larnaca were not peculiarly interesting; but one sight it had which attracted me more than I can say. This was a mountain, situated about ten miles inland, crowned with a mass of building, which at once roused my curiosity. I asked Mr. Orford what the building was; and he told me that it was the monastery of Stavro Vouni, or the Holy Cross. He had himself been there; he said it was very interesting. It consisted, he told me, of a court, surrounded by rooms, and a chapel of great antiquity, containing a large cross. In the middle of this is inserted a piece of some other wood, and that is said to be a fragment of the Cross of Calvary. More curious still was an account he gave me of a series of vaulted rooms, which are under the court and chapel. Their existence had been forgotten for ages; and they were only discovered accidentally, by some robbers who visited the place, hoping to find some plunder in it. Five hundred feet below, there is another and more accessible monastery, still tenanted by monks; but the upper one is occupied only on the occasion of an annual pilgrimage. Unhappily, to visit it would occupy two days, and I had only one day to spare. I longed, and I half resolved, to