

and was so oily that it adhered to the glass just like *eau de vie*. You may find wine of even a hundred years old, for when a father marries his child he presents him with a vessel of the best wine he has, and whenever this is tapped it is refilled with a like quantity of wine of the same kind, so that it always keeps its first goodness, and the older it is the better it is. There are red wines and white wines, both excellent, but so strong that for ordinary use you need to put twice as much water as wine. I do not remember ever meeting with stronger wine. There is also a very good muscat wine. The wheat of Cyprus is very good, and as to game, its abundance passes that of every other country.

To these advantages you may add that of being able to travel where you will in the island without fear, and in as great security as you might at home. The Greeks of the country are naturally polite and good-natured. They are nearly all occupied in agriculture. Their gardens show nothing but a quantity of mulberry trees, whose leaves serve for nourishment for their silkworms. These are found in every house. A great deal of cotton is produced, which grows on shrubs, four, five and even six feet high: the fruit or pod is like a nut, and one is close to another as in chestnuts, and the shell or rind is about the same thickness. Turpentine and colocynth are plentiful.

The head-dress of the women is just a handkerchief tied round the head, brown or grey striped with black, gold or silver, and sometimes embroidered. They dress in all manners of silk stuffs. Their chemise has a kind of fringe round the neck and on the sleeves, but this is only the stuff itself worked into a kind of lace. The rest of their dress is like that of women in Turkey.

The peasants have generally very short hair and very long beards, a fashion which I thought remarkable, but not without its beauty. In the country they wear high hats with a broad brim, such as were worn in Holland forty years ago. They are not made in Cyprus, and it would be difficult to say whether they come from Holland or elsewhere. The whole circuit of the island is reckoned at about six hundred Italian miles.

The unwholesome air which prevails during the three or four hottest months of the year is extremely irksome to strangers, and disagrees entirely with their constitution. The least serious consequence is a livid colour which lasts them for life, but some die, and others have bad illnesses. But for the fear of such I was well inclined to stay some months for the sake of sport, but everyone advised me against it, and I resumed my travels.

[*The author embarks on May 15 in a little vessel laden with salt for Adalia, and on the morning of the 19th sees*] Lumisso or Lymzol, a village with a small fort. The ruined walls of the ancient city are still visible. All around it are many mines, chiefly of copper. Formerly many vessels came to fetch it, and the island was called the *Island of copper*. But the Turks will not allow the mines to be worked. Near this place, which is well situated among trees at the edge of a plain, is produced the best wine in the island, and abundance of capers. We intended to land some goods in a boat, and to go on without dropping anchor, but when we learned that there were seven corsairs at Baffa we anchored.

[*On the 25th they reach Paphos.*] Opposite the entrance of the harbour there are two little rocks. In the afternoon I landed to see the place, which is close to the sea: the houses as usual standing in gardens full of mulberry trees. There are the remains of several churches, and one tolerably perfect, with a few paintings. It is dedicated to S. George, and used by the Greeks for divine service. Near it are three large columns still standing, but I could not make out if they had belonged to a church or other building. On the shore is a fort, under which vessels moor, to get the protection of its guns. The old castle is on a hill close by, a mere ruin. Somewhere here, they say, was the prison of S. Paul.