

a very picturesque effect. At half past ten we arrived at Idalium (a small village of a hundred houses, still to my great delight called Thali) which is situated in a plain better cultivated than the surrounding country, being very fruitful in corn, grapes (whence they make the common red wine of the country, sold for eight paras an oke), beans and cotton, and surrounded by small mountains near it, whence perhaps issued the boar fatal to Adonis. We went to the house of a peasant, who admitted us very cordially, and his wife shook hands with us on our entering, contrary to the custom of countries in the Levant, which is either to kiss hands, or to carry the hand to the forehead. They gave us some eggs, which with bread and cheese and wine brought by Ibrahim, made me a good dinner. The master of the house and his family made themselves so serviceable, and were so civil, that I supposed them Greeks, and was astonished when he told me he was a Muselman, as well as his wife and six children. He went to Constantinople four years ago, he said, to fight against the Russians; and after serving six months in the Turkish army received 70 piastres as pay. His wife was weaving cotton, which in its raw state sells here for 3½ piastres an oke. His cottage was neat and clean, and consisted of only one room with mud walls and a mud floor, of which one half was raised above the other. After dinner the peasant offered to conduct me to a very fine antique building in the neighbourhood, and on my assenting led me about two miles through rich fields full of the productions before-mentioned, and shaded by long rows of olive trees, and watered by a small river: the *tout ensemble*, with the mountains round, made a pleasing prospect. On my way my guide complained bitterly of the tyranny of the government, who exacted from each cottager 150 piastres yearly. When we came to the antique he had boasted of, I found it was a small Venetian building, on which I left it immediately, and he led me to the site of the ancient Idalium, which is about a quarter of a mile to the north of the village, between two small mountains, part of which it covered: here, he said, according to a tradition in the village, stood a large city formerly, and though there were no walls standing, yet the tradition was supported by an amazing number of stones scattered about the fields and the mountains, and by two small water troughs that appeared ancient. I had not been able to borrow at Larnaca any volume containing Bion's Idyll on the death of Adonis, but fortunately my pocket Anacreon contained, among some few pieces of other poets, Theocritus, XXX, "The dead Adonis," which I read on the spot with enthusiastic pleasure. From the site of the ancient city I had a very advantageous view of the modern village, with its small mountains, behind which were others in the distance of a considerable height: but it is infested by the curse of modern Cyprus, pools of stagnant water, which were drying and breeding fevers apace. At a quarter past three I left Thali, rather disappointed at not having been able to find a single antique. We met several peasants on the road driving large flocks of sheep and goats: their prevailing dress was a white turban, white jacket and white *shalwar* (trousers): that of the women was the common Greek dress, with a large white vest to shade them from the sun. When we were about half-way, Ibrahim made me turn aside from the road, a narrow pass between two rocks, to look at the tomb of a poor Greek, who had been found dead on the road, having been ill with the fever, and, it is supposed, drank too copiously of a pool of water near which his body was found. The rocks that we passed were very white, and scooped out into natural basins by the rains. We passed a little after sunset the village of Aracipou, where I got some delicious milk, warm from the goat, the flocks being just returned. Hence we proceeded by glimpses of the moonlight, which was at intervals obscured by clouds. When we were drawing near Larnaca we met four Greek peasants on donkeys; as the first in passing us saluted us with "Good evening," Ibrahim struck him with the switch in his hand, returning his salute with "anasiny siqdim" (the