

October 23. Therm. 92°. In the morning early I strolled about the ruins of Coukkkia, among which I did not discover the remains of any considerable houses. There are three or four churches, which from Venetian became Greek, and are now quite in ruins. One only remains sufficiently entire to be still used: in the wall of this is a coarse black stone, about two feet long and one and a half high, bearing a Greek inscription, which, from the rude formation of the letters, appears of remote antiquity. (*C.I.G. Boeckh, No. 2637.*) In the ruins of another church was a large stone of grey granite, with another Greek inscription of Roman date. (*Boeckh, No. 2629.*)

At eight we left Coukkkia: for four hours our road lay over low mountains mostly naked, but at intervals scantily clothed with brushwood, pines, planes and caroba trees. The fruit of this latter is very sweet, and when Cyprus was Venetian it formed a branch of commerce which still continues in miniature, for the Venetians make an agreeable paste sweetmeat of the caroba, and those of Cyprus are the most esteemed. At two hours from Coukkkia we passed the small village of Alektora near the sea, which we had all day close on our right. At twelve we stopped at the village of Misour, which is on the top of a high mountain. The land round it was well cultivated and very productive of olive and mulberry trees. Here, and indeed in several villages we have passed, we found many peasants ill, mostly of fever and inflammation of the eyes, very common in Cyprus, who, when they find themselves unwell, lie down listlessly on their beds, and wait patiently until nature works their cure or their death; for their neighbourhood seldom affords them medical assistance, and that of the priest with book and crosses, in which they place most reliance, is not to be had gratis.

At two we left Misour, and rode for five hours over the mountains which bore everywhere the same appearance of nakedness and rockiness, our road being varied between smooth sheets and rough pointed paths of whitish stone. Two hours and a half east of Misour, we saw lying near our road two broken columns of granite, whose isolated situation, for there was no other remnant near them, makes it impossible to guess of what they formed part. The descent of the mountain was so terribly precipitate and rocky, that we were forced to walk down, and even then, it being quite dark, feared for our beasts, which as well as ourselves often stumbled. At half past seven we stopped at Episcopi, a large Turkish village, at the eastern foot of the mountains. Dark as it was, we could perceive that the village was very pretty, a mountain-stream, very copious, runs through it, and it is surrounded by rich gardens. I saw in it the ruins of a large Roman aqueduct. The Turks here not being willing, they said, to admit strangers into their houses, and proposing to lodge us in a dark, dirty, crowded coffee house, we could not stop there, but left them after half an hour. We rode towards Limesol over a fine smooth plain, and at nine, stopped at a farm belonging to some inhabitants of Limesol, consisting of half a dozen houses: here we were again unfortunate, for the first we entered was occupied by a Turk, whose wife, he being absent, positively refused us admittance, and railed like a Stentor at our guide, who in vain pleaded ignorance, for daring to conduct us there. At length we found at the door of another house a Greek who gave us lodging, a supper, and beds which were so well peopled, that we could not close our eyes all night.

October 24. Therm. 86°. At half past six we mounted and rode for two hours along the plain of Limesole, which, though very level and rich, was mostly uncultivated, and covered with brambles and brushwood, except as usual in the neighbourhood of villages, of which we saw two in these two hours, Colos and Zakatzí. At Colos are some ruins, of the age, it is said, of the French Kings of Cyprus, and there is one large square tower, built, it is reported, by our Coeur de Lion. At half past eight we entered Limesole. It is a miserable town,