

gentle slope. Limestone rock in horizontal strata, with a perpendicular fall, encloses it on the higher side; you could fancy the garden were underground, because to enter it from any side you must descend through a ravine: and though the wind may be blowing wildly above, as was the case when I was there, the garden below enjoys entire calm.

From different points in the slope flows good clear water, and one can see that formerly it had more issues still. It might easily be distributed over the inclined plane of the garden. The rock has various windings, giving diversity to the scene and allowing the garden to be divided into several parts, each of which might have its grottos or rooms cut out of the rocky border.

The principal entrance appeared to me a kind of ramp or stairway cut in the rock at the side of the present village, the vault of which has fallen in, leaving the passage open overhead, and strewn with ruins. This confirms me in the opinion that the sacred garden was entered through a grotto just like those which still exist beside it. Perhaps the neophyte was detained there to undergo some trial, or to take part in the initiatory mysteries.

If this were so, when he was restored to the light in the midst of the garden he might well believe himself transported to some heavenly region. The rock here is certainly mined in many places, for you can see openings or slips, and, if my guess be right, who shall describe the gloomy labyrinth which the initiated had to traverse before they reached the garden? We are acquainted with the terrible rites of Isis and Osiris: we know too that Pythagoras, when he wished to participate in the mysteries of Diospolis, was obliged to submit to the cruel operation of circumcision. Was this too, as I suspect, a condition of initiation to the mysteries of Aphrodite? I mean the primitive rites, long before those which were in use in the shrines of the goddess.

The whole garden was sown with grain and a little tobacco. I found no trees except in a few clefts of the rock, and little spontaneous growth, except a few wretched plants which I added to my collection. Thus this famous garden, a charm erewhile for the people of Greece and Asia, is now only the home and field of a poor tenant.

About the middle of the garden are the remains of a Greek church called *Aia Marina*: I noticed the capital of a fluted column, of gray marble, very simple and graceful. Just below the village of *Yeroschipos*, in the garden, is the chief spring. This too issues from the slope of the rock, and gives excellent water, like all the springs in the garden, in great abundance.

The same day, at half past nine, I left the village travelling W.N.W., and leaving on the left the port of *Paphos* or *Baffa*, at half past ten we reached *Ktima*, the residence of the Turkish Governor of Paphos, and of the Greek bishop of that see. This post, the second of the Turkish dignities in the island, had been held for a great number of years by *Alaï Bey*, an old man of most polite manners, who had earned the respect of both Turks and Greeks. I was to lodge with him: he received me with ceremony, for I was conducted on horseback to the door of his room, and a great repast was served immediately. After our meal I went to the house which had been prepared for me, made my ablution and then went to the mosque. It is a small but neat building, formerly the Greek church of *S. Sophia*.

The town of *Ktima* once of some size is now a labyrinth of ruins; with the appearance of a city of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants it contains only two hundred Turkish and twenty Greek families. The bishop's palace, with its outbuildings, is in a separate quarter, but the bishop (who was away) seems to have fixed his residence in a town in the interior, said to be large and peopled by Greeks only.

I got good observations, and fixed the latitude of *Ktima* at  $34^{\circ} 48' 4''$  N. An occultation