

It is worthy of note that old Paphos, situated as it is on the seashore, is a monument of the stationary condition of the Mediterranean, which has not in the course of so many centuries retreated one single inch from its general level. The rocks out of which old Paphos is hewn were, of course, formed by the sea; but that was at an epoch much anterior to our globe's last cataclysm.

I observed the passage of the sun from the middle of these ruins, and found the latitude $34^{\circ} 48' 4''$ N., and as they lie due W. of Ktima the position of that town, and of the port of Baffa is confirmed.

In the afternoon I left the ruins to go to new Paphos, a seaport half a league away, called by the Turks and the charts Baffa. A considerable town must have existed here, for one still finds heaps of columns, arches and other ruins. Now there are but few habitable houses and some gardens. The port is small and blocked with sand, so that only the smallest boats can enter. On a rocky point to the S.W. is a fort, built by the Turks and furnished with cannon. The moment we were seen the flag was hoisted. The venerable Alaï Bey had given orders that I was to be saluted with three guns on my entry into the fort, but it was late, and I went on my way without halting there. On the seashore opposite the harbour, on a little rocky eminence, there are some excavations like chambers, of which the entrance is blocked up. Above the hill the remains of many columns attest the presence in old times of some magnificent edifice. They are of dark gray marble and well polished. The natives say it was a palace of Aphrodite. Possibly the caves below are of the same epoch, but I think that the building, whose form one cannot determine, was a temple dedicated to her name or worship, and built long after.

I had a hasty look at the labyrinthine ruins of new Paphos, and returned the same evening to *Yeroschipos*.

The next morning, April 27, I looked at some other catacombs or underground houses, at a little distance from *Yeroschipos*, and left for *Couclia*, passing by *Coloni*, *Acheïa* and *Dimi*. In the second of these villages are the remains and a few entire arches of an old aqueduct, which supplied the sugar-works of the district.

The principal tenant of *Couclia* expected us, and had prepared a great dinner. He complained that the Sultana, the owner of the farm, would spend nothing in repairs. Every day the place grew more ruinous. He pays twenty purses (ten thousand piastres) a year. Very few trees still remain, but one can guess from the water courses that there were formerly large gardens, as well as palaces and buildings of vast extent.

One very remarkable relic is seen amid the ruins of *Couclia*—masses of wall composed of two courses of huge stones, forming a base, and lying flat one upon the other: above these is another course of stones set on edge one beside the other, and forming by themselves the height and thickness of the wall. This colossal work looks as if it had been raised by the hands of giants. I could hardly trust my eyes, and tried at first to persuade myself that this mass was only petrified concrete. Its blackish hue and some signs of disintegration might help the illusion, but one cannot really be deceived. They are stones, and stones of such huge bulk that one may get tired of wondering at the labour that must have been expended in transporting and setting them up. Is this a fragment of Cyclopean work? Men say that these ruins and the mosaic of which I spoke just now belonged to a palace of Aphrodite. I admire the architects, and while contemplating the remains of this stupendous building, ascribed to a woman, I cannot help thinking of Catherine II. directing the transport of the base of the statue of [*Peter I., the grandfather of Peter III.*] her husband.

Close to these colossal ruins there are others, which appear to belong to mediæval times, inscriptions, bas-reliefs and some fresco-paintings well coloured. The wife of the farmer of