

to-night. We left this delightful spot at half past two, guided by one of the priests, for our guide did not know the road, and proceeded along the banks of the stream in the valley. The farm is very considerable and is joined by another no less so, belonging to another convent. At four we reached the village of Sinti situated in the valley, here abounding in olive trees, of which much oil is made in the village. Here we changed our guide, finding luckily a Greek just setting off for Paphos, and proceeded immediately. The mountains here and henceforward were lower and more naked than those we had passed, but the bed of the mountain-stream, though nearly dry, was from sixty to eighty feet broad, and everywhere filled with foliage; half an hour after sunset we passed the village of Nata, when the evening became dark, and the road difficult and stony. Near this village, on the east, we passed a small ruined Venetian church. We now ascended low mountains, over which we elambered for nearly an hour through terrible roads. On the other side of these mountains we came to a low plain watered by a considerable, though half dry, mountain-stream, which we crossed from time to time. On the beginning of it we passed the small village of S. Barbara, whose inhabitants were everyone of them swept off by the plague two years ago. On this plain, of which the road was stony and difficult, we continued two hours. The moon, on whose aid we had calculated, was completely hidden by thick clouds which poured on us a little rain, and we were mortally tired; the more so as for the last three hours our Greek companion constantly assured us we had only half an hour to go, fearing that if we knew the real distance, we should push on and leave him behind.

At length, to our great delight, we reached at ten o'clock the village of Ieros Kypos. We went immediately to the house, or rather cottage, of Signor Andrea, an old Zantiote, who has for many years been English consular agent for Baffo, and who asked me after Sir Sidney Smith with great earnestness. He gave us a supper of delicious fish, and a room in which were made up for me two tolerable beds, on which we slept like tired people.

October 21. Therm. 86°. Ieros Kypos is supposed to have been the site of the gardens of Venus, whence it derives its name. There are no remains of antiquity in it, and it is now only a miserable village, containing about thirty stone houses. As it is built on an elevated hill, which is one entire rock, it is not probable that the sacred gardens were on, but near, its site on the plain below. At nine we mounted donkeys, and went to Baffo, which is at one hour's distance, and this hour we rode over a rich plain, in some parts well tilled and laid out in fields of corn, but in general barren and uncultivated. The town, now on or near the site of New Paphos, is divided into three quarters. The metropolis, where live the Turks, which contains about 150 houses: the Greek quarter, which is called Ktema, containing about fifty houses: and the Marina retaining the ancient name of Baffo, and containing about eighty families, Greeks and Turks. The metropolis and Ktema form a continued town, and are built on a low hill of rock about half a mile from the sea. These houses are all built of rough unformed stone. We went first to the Greek convent of Ktema, and afterwards called on the Khoja-bashi of the Agha, who lived in the same quarter, with whom we took pipes and coffee. This man is paid one piastre a year by every peasant in his master's jurisdiction; this would give him about 1500 piastres a year, but by fraud and tyranny he increases it to 10,000 piastres a year; he was a complete Levantine, fat, lazy, ignorant and proud. Near his house, in the Greek quarter, were some large square caves, cut in the rock, which apparently were tombs, as they lead to caverns now choked up, and there are several small squares cut in them, like the ground of a basso-relievo, three or four feet square. From the manner in which they are cut, it appears that the materials of ancient buildings were hewn out of them. We walked with the Khoja-bashi to the Agha, who had a wretched, half-ruined house in the Turkish