

"antique" had again fallen repeatedly, and necessitated a division of his load, which already had been reduced to that of a donkey.

When the sun rose on the following morning I walked into Ktima by a good path, that led through the rocks along the base of the cliff until it ascended gradually to the town. Although the cyclamens were past their bloom, their variegated leaves ornamented the white stones as they emerged like bouquets from the crevices of fallen rock. There was little of interest in the town, which hardly repaid a walk: it left the same depressing feeling that I had so often experienced in our journey through Cyprus: "The past had been great, and the present was nothing."

The little insignificant harbour exhibited a few small craft of about twenty tons. There was a small fort and a British flag; there were also the ruins of ancient Paphos; but there was nothing to denote progress or commercial activity. In the afternoon Captain Wauchope was kind enough to accompany us over the ruins. As I have before explained, there is nothing of interest upon the surface of ancient cities throughout Cyprus. Anything worth having has been appropriated many ages since by those who understood its value, and beyond a few fallen columns and blocks of squared stone there is literally nothing to attract attention. Even General di Cesnola excavated in vain upon the site of ancient Paphos, which from its great antiquity promised an abundant harvest. There were two fine monoliths, the bases of which, resting upon a foundation of squared stones, appeared as though they had formed the entrance to a temple; these were pillars of grey granite (foreign to Cyprus) about twenty-seven feet high and three feet two inches in diameter.