

cutting the sky like a ruler. I need hardly say that I recognised the ramparts of Famagusta. At first nothing struck me but a single straight line. Then I perceived that here and there were bastions, and to the left, away from the sea, a cluster of sombre towers. Towards these towers it was that the road conducted me, and just opposite to them it entered a shallow cutting. Reaching this spot, I perceived for the first time that before the walls there ran an enormous fosse, cut in the solid rock; and here a causeway crossed it, which led to an arched gate. In all directions the walls were scarred and seamed with the marks of former gates, older even than this one; and this one must have dated from the days of the Venetian conquest, whilst one of the others had been the work of the engineers of Genoa.

But before I explain any further details of this singular town, at whose threshold I was now standing, let me say a word about its general plan and situation. It will help the reader better to understand what follows. Famagusta is, roughly speaking, a square of about a mile, and is surrounded by walls of which every yard is perfect. These walls are about fifty feet in height, and are, on an average, twenty-seven feet in thickness. One of the four faces the sea and harbour; the three others overlook an immense plain, parts of which are barren and strewn with sand. Round the whole of these landward walls the fosse runs continuously.