

There are only two gates—the water gate, opening on the harbour, and the land gate, whose outer aspect I was a moment ago describing.

When I reached this gate I stood for some time on the causeway, wondering, before I entered, what I should find within. Not a sound broke the stillness; not a soul seemed to be stirring. The place might have been a tomb, or a city in an enchanted sleep. At last in the darkness of the arch I saw a figure that seemed a negro's, lean and in tattered clothing, which peeped at me and then vanished. A minute or two later there emerged an old man with a donkey. They passed me slowly and drowsily, and nothing else moved.

‘In this ditch, sir,’ said Scotty, ‘they often shoot many snipe—game, sir, much game. My brother he tell me that. He live here. He belong to the coastguard.’

‘Is your brother a poacher?’ I said, annoyed at this inapposite interruption.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Scotty, who understood the question but imperfectly. ‘He shoot much. My brother a poacher—yes, sir.’

Happily here the conversation dropped. I crossed the causeway and entered the dark portal.

For forty feet or more I traversed a vaulted passage, with a sharp bend in the middle of it and just wide and high enough to allow of a waggon passing. In the gloom as I went by I noticed some ancient gates leaning, half unhinged, against the wall, and two