

covered with green trees, gardens, fields, and clustering villages: in the centre of which was the fort and harbour of Kyrenia. I could just distinguish our white tents among the caroub-trees far beneath. To complete this superb landscape there should have been a few sails upon the sea; but all was blue and barren, without signs of life. The castle of St. Hilarion stood before us on the left as we faced the sea, and the towers occupied the peaks within less than a quarter of a mile of our position. Continuing along the narrow vale, a mountain-top upon our left hand, which sloped to the path upon which we rode, appeared slightly higher than the extreme summit of the castle peak; the sides of this steep slope were covered with dwarf-cypress and occasional young pines, and it was clear that St. Hilarion would be commanded by a battery upon these heights, or even by the fire of modern rifles. Ascending the zigzag path among blocks of fallen stone, which had rolled from the partially dismantled walls, we entered the gateway, and at once perceived the great extent of the old fortress. The entire mountain-top is encircled by a high wall, flanked at intervals by towers, and crenellated for archers or cross-bowmen. Although the opposite mountain would by artillery fire completely command the inner and lower portion of the works, which we had now entered, the distance would have been far beyond the range of catapults or arrows at the time when the defences were erected. The error appeared to have been in the great area of the fortifications, which would have necessitated a garrison of at least 4000 men, entailing a large supply of provisions and of water. There was no trace of a well throughout the works, but I observed the remains of water-pipes