

city) and the inscription NICOLAO FOSCARENO CYPRI PRAEFECTO. MCCCLXXXII. in Roman letters. On crossing the drawbridge, we ascended by a stone staircase to a defended passage leading to the sea, at the end of which was a strong tower overlooking, and completely commanding, the port. The thickness of the walls, and their domineering situation, show this passage and tower to have been formerly of prodigious strength, but there now remain on it only eight bronze guns (the rest were carried to Constantinople) which are almost rusted, and without serviceable carriages. The port was admirable, being about one quarter of a mile in length, and something less in breadth. It is sheltered by low rocks, connected where necessary by a strong mole. It has only one entrance, about sixty feet wide, close under the tower, from the bottom of which, to the opposite extremity of the mole, crossed a strong chain upon occasion. The port is now mostly choked up, nor will the Turks clear it, or permit it to be cleared (the Franks once offered to do it at their own expence), suspecting, as usual, that the bottom contains treasures, of which they may be cheated.

From the citadel I walked to another massy round tower near it, from which a gate opened on the scala of the port. This gate was guarded by a portcullis, and over it are the arms of Venice, and the inscription in Roman characters of NICOLAO PRIOLI PREFECTO. MCCCLXXXVI.

There were five boats of a large size in the port, which are employed in carrying corn from Famagosto to the ships at Larnaca. But ships that stop during the winter in Cyprus still come for safety to anchor in Famagosto. There is another gate opening to the port which the Turks have closed up. The Ducal palace was near S. Sophia, and is now completely crumbled to ruins. Under it are some subterraneous chambers, full of cannon-shot. There is here too one chamber in which are deposited some old sabres, guns and armour, taken with the city, but this is guarded most rigorously, and no Frank is permitted to enter it. It is, said the chavush, under the care of twenty-eight *buluk-bashis*, all of whom must be united to open it, and this is only done twice a year at Ramadan and Bairam. It is hardly credible that a city so lately flourishing should be so completely ruined as is Famagosto: of its numerous palaces and churches not one remains entire. It is now inhabited by not more than one hundred souls, almost all Turks, for there are only three Greek families. These live in crumbling palaces, which they patch up to make habitable, and the only room in which they can live is blocked up by the fallen materials of the rest. The streets are in many places hardly passable, from the heaps of stones that choke them. But the city might easily be restored, for the walls and fortifications yet remain entire. To walk round the outside of them requires a little more than an hour. A few fig, olive and mulberry trees, are the only vegetation within the walls. The ruins have the same yellow hue as those of Athens.

As there are no hands to cultivate it, the fine plains which surround Famagosto present on every side nothing but a scene of heathy barrenness. The gates being regularly and rigorously shut at sunset, I returned in the evening to the house of Signor Beneducci, where I found a good supper and bed. The next day I returned to Larnaca by the same road.

Oct. 13, Therm. 89°. Oct. 14, 95°. Oct. 15, 94°. In the evening I went to the fête of a marriage (of which there are three here to-day) at which I danced till nine o'clock. I went also to pay a visit to a lying-in Cypriote lady. We found her sitting up in bed, and in good health and spirits, though it is only the second day since her delivery. She was gaily and splendidly dressed, and wore a garland of flowers round her cap (at Constantinople the costume in these cases is a small embroidered white handkerchief on the head): the only sign of her indisposition was the room being darkened.

Oct. 16, Therm. 94°. Oct. 17, 90°. At half past seven I set off on a pony of Mr How,