

On mornings like these one loses count of time, and my watch now gave me a start by telling me that my host's canakins would soon be awaiting *me*; so I tore myself from the past and regretfully walked back to the present.

I did not remain there long, however. In the afternoon I came back to Famagusta, and Captain Scott came with me. The day had clouded over; some soft rain was falling, and I saw the place under a strangely new aspect—an aspect to my English eyes not of deeper, but as it were of homelier melancholy. Just as we entered the rain became heavier, and we sheltered ourselves for a time under an enormous arched recess which in the morning I had not noticed. Captain Scott pointed out to me the arms of Genoa on the walls, and then a niche some six feet in depth, from whose sides depended a few poor rags of clothing. ‘There,’ he said, ‘lives a curious negro beggar;’ and the apparition that had greeted my first approach was explained.

As soon as the rain had abated we again set forth, and wading along through the tall weeping grass we made our way towards something which I had heard of, but not yet seen, the Venetian arsenal and cannon foundry. It had for a moment crossed my thoughts in the morning, but I could discover nothing that in the least suggested its whereabouts; and indeed now, as I went with my companion, I was equally unable to conjecture where it was. Nothing was before us but the long line of the ramparts, which