

amongst the tangled alleys. They were, wretched beyond description, but after leaving the armour a walk of a couple of minutes brought us to an open space, whose spruce and orderly aspect struck me with some astonishment. Perhaps its condition was due to the fact that some few Government officials, including a body of *gens d'armes*, had their quarters on one side of it. On another side was the cathedral, with the ruins of some contiguous buildings, and opposite to the cathedral was a ruin of a different character—the ruin of a palace which the Venetians had built for their governors. A stately Renaissance gate gave access to a spacious court, flanked to right and left with the remains of what once were offices, and having at the end the body of the palace itself, a high roofless shell with a multitude of square windows. The court was gravelled with an almost meaningless neatness, considering how few eyes ever looked at it to whom neatness meant anything, and it was garnished at intervals with pyramids of old stone cannon-balls.

Having seen the palace, we turned next to the cathedral. It dates from the fourteenth century, and its style is so English that many authorities have supposed it the work of English architects; but it struck me as like an English flower that, bewitched by a strange climate, had opened wider than it ever would have opened at home. The west front, which faced the gate of the palace, was a lace-work of doors and windows, the central window, which rose