

Christian kings, and even older still ; but only a short while since it was entirely walled up, windows, doors and all, and its very memory effaced. This was to prevent arms being ready at hand in case of a popular tumult. On the walls are many cannon, some of them of great size, but all dismounted and in bad condition.

Who would believe it? So deserted is the city that it contains but 200 souls. The ancient houses are being constantly sold ; men buy them to pull them down and carry off their woodwork, especially beams and rafters. But it is strictly forbidden to take away a single stone, so that everywhere you see great heaps.

The city is now governed by an *Agha* who acts also as Customs officer for the little trade carried on by sea. There is also a judge, and a Commandant with a few Janissaries. There is no trade, but as European vessels often touch here to refit, there is an agent who acts for all the European nations represented in Larnaca. He is generally a Turk, chosen for his pliancy and friendly attitude, like the present Mohammad Reis.

Outside Famagusta along the shore towards the south are gardens, full of lemon, orange and other fruit trees. Among them is the *gayssi*, a species of apricot, whose fruit has a red and white skin, of delicate flavour but little substance. It is ripe in May, and lasts scarcely more than a month. It is esteemed as being both pleasant and wholesome. The rest of the country is almost as rich in cotton plants and mulberry trees as Citerea. Near the gardens is the village Varoshia, which has several Greek churches. Returning to the city, at no great distance from the walls I noticed the church of St Mary, evidently of very ancient date. Just before this again are the aqueducts which should supply Famagusta with water, but they are so much neglected that they are often empty. As you pass the city going north you see many ruined houses and deserted gardens. I fancy they date from the time when the enemy