

which I at once knew must be *Pentadactylon*—the Mountain of the Five Fingers. The recognition, in its reality, of what was already familiar to me in words—this seeing of the object which I had heard of in homely Devonshire actually towering in its far-off native air—sent an odd thrill through me; it was like seeing a dream come true.

In a few minutes more it was time to be off again, and the curtains of the carriage again narrowed my view. I saw, however, that we were getting into a district which was somewhat more fertile. The road soon began to show a border of asphodel, and on wide tracts I had glimpses of goats and sheep wandering. So the time wore on—an hour and then two hours—but, though I looked out anxiously, there was still no Nicosia. The only new feature was a number of isolated hills, perfectly flat at the top and looking like artificial fortifications. At last, against the side of a bare yellowish cliff, I detected a mud village squalidly simmering in the sunshine. ‘Good heavens!’ I thought, ‘and is this the city of the Crusaders?’ But the carriage passed on. My alarm was, happily, groundless. Presently by the roadside was a stream and a grove of palm trees. A mile farther on was a group of men who were road-mending. I cannot say that I thought their expression agreeable; nor is this to be wondered at, as I learnt afterwards they were convicts. Then after another mile or so was a group of another character—three young men in tweeds, with the air