

absolutely the first signs I had met by which Western civilisation made the fact of its presence public. In numerous ways, no doubt, England has done much for Cyprus; but, with rare exceptions, such as these which I now speak of, it has regulated and improved the conditions of native life without producing the least alteration in their character, and a man might wander for days upon days in Nicosia before he encountered a single English face. It is true that on the road we were now traversing clerks and officials—the whole of them few in number—were at stated times to be seen going to or from their work; but, except at such times, whatever life might be stirring, as I found this afternoon, was even here entirely Oriental.

The judge's house, however, which stood at some distance from the road, was amongst the objects tainted with Western progress. It was a stone villa in fact, which had only been built yesterday, with English grates and a porch like an English parsonage. It seemed to profane the landscape, and I was sorry I had set eyes on it till, after a minute or two spent indoors, we were taken out into the garden, and back we were plunged again into all the strangeness of Cyprus, which here showed itself in a fresh and delightful form. The garden was as new as the house, and as yet little labour had been spent upon it; but already it was enclosed by hedges of trellised creepers, and tall luxuriant shrubs made it green and private. Its beds were rich with a mixture of