

tioned—the ruined church, the great solitary cypress-tree, the dark mouth of the cave, and the orange-coloured wall of rocks. But not one of these things could we see anywhere. I had imagined that when once we were in their neighbourhood we should instantly recognise all of them. We appealed to the muleteer. He said he had been there before, but he had never heard of any church or any cave, or of any cypress. I asked him, through Scotty, if he had ever heard of a spring. His face brightened a little. Of a spring he thought he had heard, and he thought it was somewhere a mile or so to the left. A distinct path led in that direction, lying like a thread amongst boulders and green bushes, and disappearing over the sky line. This we accordingly took, watching the peak as we went, and hoping that a cave or a cypress would show itself round some corner. I was thus employed when something distracted my attention, and looking before me, my eyes were met by a spectacle which sent caves, marbles, and cypresses for the time being to the winds. Facing me, through a pass with walls of grey limestone, blue like a wild hyacinth, was the misty, sparkling sea, and beyond it, peak upon peak of glittering snows and shadows, hung in the air the mountains of Asia Minor. I am not much given to quoting Greek in company; but as my companion was a scholar, the impulse may perhaps be excused me which made me in surprise and delight shout aloud to him, *Θάλαττα!*
Θάλλαττα!