

had been drawn across them the bow of a violoncello.

However, to descend again to practical matters, I found on coming back to the spot where our mules were left, that the muleteer had been in conversation with a goat-herd, and had learnt from him that some two miles farther on there was without doubt a ruined church and a spring, though nothing was said about either a cave or a cypress tree. We accordingly mounted, and went at a brisk trot along a path, which for some distance traversed the side of the mountain, directly above the one from which I had just returned. At last, with many zigzags, it led us into a winding valley, formed by a deep irregular cleft amongst the mountain-tops, and thickly wooded with pines and luxuriant undergrowth. In the heart of this valley we came on a grove of sycamores. At their roots was a small ruinous cistern, into which trickled a feeble stream of water; and a few yards up the slope was the apse of a broken chancel. Here we dismounted, and I and Mr. Adam, each armed with a hammer, again began our explorations—but with no better result. We accordingly agreed that, so far as the marble was concerned, we had come to the wrong place, and that the day's work was a failure; and we proceeded—I must say not at my own suggestion—to attempt a short cut home by the contemptible light of reason.

Slowly ascending the closed end of the valley, we found ourselves finally on the highest ridge