

said had more truth in it than perhaps at the time you thought.'

This was enough, and more than enough, to make the morbid clouds of dejection, which had only partially lifted, once more descend on me. 'And so,' I said to myself, 'this delightful city of Nicosia—this city of dreams and peace—is haunted by all the plagues and all the sorrows of London, and the lightest and silliest laughter to which one goes for refuge has its hidden roots in an unnatural pool of blood.' As I went to bed, and for some hours tried vainly to sleep, the air seemed heavy and oppressive as if charged with thunder, and I was pleased to think that on the following day I was going to escape to new, even if not very distant, scenes.

