

neither had suffered, I had leisure to devote myself to my emotions. Scotty was expecting to see me storm at the driver, who, I afterwards learned, had, when one of the horses shied, jumped off the box, and quietly left us to our fate. Not knowing this, however, I found myself too much annoyed to be angry; and leaving the two men to look after the horses and the luggage, I walked five miles ignominiously back to Mr. St. John's, to seek assistance. Mr. St. John welcomed me, with equal surprise and cordiality; he at once despatched assistance to the scene of the accident; and the following morning, three mules were procured, on which I and my belongings were safely transported to Nicosia.

When the day came for me to quit Colonel Falkland's roof, though I had known its shelter for so short a time, I felt something of the sorrow of a boy who first leaves home for school. The impressions with which I associated it had been so many and vivid, that it seemed as familiar to me as if I had known it for a life-time. I was, however, only migrating from one scene of hospitality to another; and the hospitality in this latter case was made additionally pleasant from the fact that I found it amongst surroundings of an entirely fresh character.

Government House, as I have already mentioned incidentally, is outside Nicosia—about a mile and a quarter from the walls. It is not only entirely modern, but it will never become old. It will never become old, for it will have fallen to pieces first.