

cular, which was built by one of the merchants entirely out of the profits of a single voyage to Syria. But all my knowledge was vague, and I felt its vagueness most with regard to the present state of the town and the preservation of its ancient buildings. I had seen some photographs of it. They showed me some old walls and a cathedral, a study of a Gothic window, and some miserable mud-roofed houses. But there was no general or intelligible view of the place, and these fragments of it had bewildered rather than enlightened me. I was glad that this was so. It gave me the more to think about. In fact my mind was so well and so fully occupied that I had hardly had leisure to feel impatient when darkness had descended on the plains, and there were still no signs of our destination.

Suddenly, however, without any apparent reason, the carriage came to a standstill, and a boy who had been brought by the driver—I could not conceive why—jumped down from the box. The lamps had already been lighted; the boy took one of them and ran on as if to explore the way. To me nothing was visible, as I looked out, but bare rocky ground, whose ridges gleamed in the lamplight with so wan a brightness that I felt convinced there must have been a shower of rain. Scotty presently came to the window and said to me, ‘The boy gone on, sir, to find out the way. The driver he not see it. The ground here covered with snow.’ I looked again, and so it actually was; and the air, which at one o’clock had been like July in England, smelt and felt as keen as an