

know what roughness of life, was found within the walls of even the largest and most important castles. But he, the Cyprian lord, in an air scented with orange-blossom, was moving luxuriously in the cool of his calm arcades, which were bright with Eastern carpets, sweet with Eastern perfumes, vivid with fountains—let the reader complete the picture. It filled and amused my mind for half of my ride back; and was only obliterated by the fact that for the last five miles of the journey it was dusk and then was dark, and I had to look where I was going.

My stay with Captain Scott was to last for one day more. I was to return then to Sir Robert. This one day more I resolved to devote to Famagusta. It often happens that a place which, when first visited, has surprised the spectator's eye, and deeply stirred his imagination, is, on a second visit, found to have lost its charm; and he wonders—as some men wonder in connection with some women—how he could have ever been fool enough to feel so much and so deeply. Such was not my experience in connection with Famagusta. It impressed me the second time even more than it had done the first. The air no longer was of a soft familiar grey, it was now clear like crystal; and the scene, which the other evening seemed to have been transplanted to England, had floated away again into the fabulous distance of the East. But the melancholy of its meaning was now even profounder. It affected me, in spite of