

At the end, however, it took a sudden turn. We advanced a few paces, we passed through another arch, and we found ourselves under the shadows of the flying buttresses of the cathedral. It seemed as if in a moment we had travelled three thousand miles. We were surrounded by a vision of silent mediæval Europe. The pinnacles soared above us and the coats of arms looked down on us.

To both these scenes I again and again returned, the imagination each time taking a fresh draught from them as from a well, and colouring my thoughts afterwards as I sat in my host's cloisters and watched his orange leaves tremble and heard his fountain splash.

Another of the sights of Nicosia—of the sights which the tourist would call such—was a ruinous pile of buildings, which is now called the Konak—that is to say, the Turkish Government offices—but which was once a palace of the kings of the House of Lusignan, and earlier still of the Byzantine Dukes of Cyprus. Its principal entrance opened on a large irregular *place*, and the external view of it was not impressive or interesting. It consisted simply of a long blind wall, patched with mud and ragged at the top, in the middle of which was a tower with a Gothic doorway. The dilapidated doors were not fastened, and Colonel Falkland, who was my guide, unceremoniously pushed them open. Inside was a guard-room with a heavy groined roof, beyond this was another, and then came a long court, surrounded by crumbling buildings that had