

Florence; and it had become necessary for me to settle the day of my departure. There was one difficulty, indeed, in the way of doing so, and this was the fact that not a soul in all Nicosia knew anything about the homeward steamers beyond Port Said or Alexandria. At last, however, I got some information from a Government functionary at Larnaca, which showed me that if I started in ten days' time I should just catch at Port Said the homeward mail to Brindisi. This accordingly I had arranged to do. My days in Cyprus being thus unhappily numbered, whatever I meant to see I should have to see quickly; so of all the sights which I had once contemplated exhausting I found myself obliged to select and be contented with two. One of these was the mediæval sea-port of Famagusta; the other was a castle about ten miles distant from it, as interesting as St. Hilarion, but of a totally different character, which was one of the things about which Mr. Matthews had spoken to me. Such being the case, Sir Robert had written to recommend me to Captain Scott, the commissioner of the Famagusta district, who replied, naming a day on which he would be happy to receive me.

The day arrived. Famagusta was nearly fifty miles distant; I had been told I should allow about nine hours for the journey, and Sir Robert himself assured me that this was none too much. My carriage was therefore ordered for half-past nine—a different carriage from the last, and happily with a different