

from the savage abruptness of its sides, and the curling vapours about it, which were making it smoke like Sinai. As these rolled away from it, I saw that its extreme summit was marked by a number of pale faltering lines. I pointed this out to my companion. 'Ah,' he said, 'by the way, that is one of the castles of which your friend Matthews was telling you. It is called Baffavento, which means *the defier of storms*, and on one of the towers, which from here is hardly visible, Richard Cœur-de-Lion once planted his standard.'

At this, Scotty, who prided himself on his local knowledge, not to be outdone by Mr. Adam, broke into the conversation. 'See, sir,' he said, 'that over there, Kythrea. I came through him last year with a gentleman who want shoot woodcock.' I looked in the direction he indicated, and beginning on a spur of the mountains, and extending thence like a long headland into the plain, I saw at a few miles' distance a blot of the deepest green, above which appeared the tops of a belfry and a minaret, and through which gleamed the white corners of a house or two. As we neared this, we struck into a rough carriage road leading to it, and we presently saw what all the greenness was. On either side there began to be groves of olive trees. Then our ears were caught by the splash and babble of water. We looked, and we saw it glancing on a wall, which proved to be an aqueduct. Then came olive trees planted in more regular order, and under them—not,