

foundation; the street was a series of pitfalls filled with mud and filth, including miniature ponds of manure-coloured water. The surface appeared impassable; the projecting water-spouts from the low roofs stuck out like the gnarled boughs of trees. Here was a pretty mess!—all because Georgi's wife was in town. It was impossible for anything larger than a perambulator to turn, and as the springs yielded to the uneven ground, the van bumped against the walls of the houses and threatened destruction. "Halt!" was the only word, and as the drag-shoe was on the wheel, we stopped. At this moment of difficulty a priest and some old women appeared with earthen vessels smoking with burning olive-leaves; they immediately passed the smoke beneath the nostrils of the oxen, then around the van, and lastly ourselves. At the same time some good young women threw orange-flower water over my wife and myself from pretty glass vases with narrow necks as a sign of welcome. The incense of the priests was supposed to avert the "evil-eye" from the gipsy van and our party. I felt much obliged for the good intention, but I did not mind the "evil eye" so much as the water-spouts. In my experience of travelling I never met with such kind and courteous people as the inhabitants of Cyprus. The Dal population had already blocked the narrow streets from curiosity at our arrival, and soon understanding the cause of our dilemma, they mounted the house-tops and tore off the obstructing water-spouts; where these projections were too strong, they sawed them off close to the eaves. A crowd of men pushed the van from behind, and guided the oxen, while others assisted by digging up the large paving-stones that would have