

My attention had also been caught by some brilliant flashes of colour, coming and going through the leaves at the far end of the garden; and I at last discovered that these were part of a brown groom called Mustapha, with a white turban and crimson and yellow stockings, who was as tall as a lamp-post, and whose legs were like those of a Chippendale table.

Mrs. Falkland proposed to take me into the town after luncheon, but something happened to occupy her, and I was warned not to go by myself, as I should certainly lose my way, and, not speaking Greek or Turkish, might find myself unable to ask it. About five o'clock, however, Colonel Falkland returned from his office, and suggested that we should go for a stroll outside the walls, to visit something—I did not quite realise what. We went through the garden, and out of a side gate, near the stables; and passing along an exceedingly narrow lane, in less than a minute we found ourselves on the ramparts. The slight grey parapets, loop-holed for old-world musketry, were broken and ragged, with tufts of weed growing on them. Beyond was an open plain, which stretched away to the bases of far-off mountains. Here and there were a few children playing; a Greek girl passed with a pitcher poised on her head; below a voice called—it came from a shepherd with a crook—an occasional hen ran by, and some wrangling dogs barked.

We went to the edge of the walls, and though the parapets were broken, the sloping surfaces