

tilted it against the house-walls. In this manner we arrived without serious accident upon the bank of the river which ran through the town. There was an open space here which was crowded with women and girls, who, with feminine curiosity, had assembled to see the English lady. Among these was the prettiest young woman I have seen in Cyprus, with a child in her arms. Her large blue eyes and perfect Grecian features were enhanced by a sweet gentle expression of countenance. She seemed more than others delighted at our arrival. This was Georgi's wife!—and I at once forgave him for deceiving us and yielding to the natural attraction of his home.

We were not quite out of our difficulty. Several hundred people had assembled, and all spoke at once, raising their voices in the hope that we should understand their Greek better than if spoken in a moderate tone: (why people will speak loud if you do not know their language I cannot understand :) but as we were utterly ignorant of their meaning we were not confused by their differences of opinion respecting our direction. It ended in our crossing the stony bed of the river, through which a reduced stream only a few inches deep flowed in the centre, and having with difficulty gained the opposite bank a hundred yards distant, we soon arrived in a sort of natural eel-trap formed by a narrow avenue of gigantic olive-trees, the branches of which effectually barred our progress and prevented the vans from turning.

A temporary loss of temper was a natural consequence, and having ridden in advance for about half a mile, I returned and ordered a retreat. We took the bullocks out, and by hand backed the wheels, until by shovels and picks we could clear a space for