

as I heard him relating stories in the servants' tent which created roars of laughter.

Christo was an excellent, hard-working fellow, who having passed his life at sea, was exceedingly handy, and combined the usual good qualities of a sailor with the art of cookery and a certain knowledge which enabled him to act as interpreter. He was as clever in lashing up a van with raw hide as in preparing a dinner at the shortest notice, and his *mignonaise* would have raised the envy of many a professor in England. His English varied like his dishes, and upon certain days there was a considerable vagueness in his language, while at other times he expressed himself clearly. Upon one of these foggy intervals I asked him "Why the people had made so much noise during the night?" and he replied, that "A little hen-horse had made one child in the stable!" He intended to explain that a pony had foaled in the stable. When he first joined us he frequently rambled and confused his genders, and termed all females "hens," which at times had almost as ludicrous an effect as the mistakes of my African cook, who invariably called "cocks and hens"—"bulls and women." I never had so useful a man in travelling, as he excelled at tent-pitching and arranging the luggage on pack-animals, and took the lead in everything; in addition to which he showed a great interest in interpreting, which is a rare quality in a dragoman.

We selected a road upon higher ground for our return to Lefkosia, and thus avoided the watercourses which had caused so much vexation and delay upon our former journey. The first night's halt was at the long stone bridge across the Pedias river, about