

successions, of figures such as these, as like and yet as different as the waves of the breaking sea, were like the waves in the pleasure they gave me watching them.

Another of my favourite walks was along the ramparts. I reached them from Colonel Falkland's house by a lane I have already mentioned, with a fountain in it, at which Greek girls continually were filling their pitchers. The ramparts were only a few paces beyond, and every fine morning on the grey mouldering battlements Turkish women were sunning themselves, like rows of ragged tulips. Nor must I forget another thing, of which the mention of flowers reminds me, and that is the Turkish children. Some of them had their heads covered with shimmering grass-green handkerchiefs, and their petticoats were of golden yellow. Some had crimson head-gear and petticoats of ultramarine. In fact they glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. In the unfrequented lanes of the Turkish quarter one came round corners on little quiet groups of them, sometimes toddling along, sometimes playing together in the middle of the roadway. They looked like bunches of anemones and daffodils, dropped in the dust by some recent passer-by.

Again, to go back from human beings to buildings, almost every fresh ramble brought me to some new mosque, to the tree-tops of some new garden, embowering perhaps a gay pavilion, and to rooms with painted ceilings spanning the road on arches; and,