

of Government clerks, who looked after me with a smile of suburban curiosity, and exhibited British freckles and British briar-wood pipes. Then came Scotty's voice saying something or other through the curtains, which I took to mean that we were nearing the end of our journey. I stretched my head out to see if the environs of any town were about us, but I still saw nothing but rocks and open country. I was wondering at this and beginning to be a little impatient, when suddenly a shadow for a moment fell over everything. On each side appeared masses of ancient masonry. We had passed through some thick walls; we were next in an open space, surrounded by a vision of vague mud-coloured buildings: a moment more, and with a hollow echoing rumble we were rapidly moving along a narrow shadowy street, and at last abruptly the carriage came to a standstill.

On descending I found myself before a large arched doorway, with heavy folding doors in a blind whitewashed wall, and above it a mass of overhanging roofs and windows. But I had no time to distinctly realise anything before, in response to Scotty's efforts and the bell-pull, the doors were opened, and revealed a smart-looking Greek servant in a dark braided jacket and dark voluminous trousers. I was a little apprehensive that we might have come to the wrong house, but the man, who spoke English, instantly reassured me. Crossing the threshold, I found myself in a wide passage, open-