

Minor evils, however, would probably irritate us even in that case. A minor irritation was not wanting to me that morning. It took the shape of poor innocent Scotty, who, whenever I was in the middle of some dialogue with myself or with nature, was sure to interrupt it with some irrelevant observation. When I was saturating my mind at one place with the romance of a hanging pine-wood, he turned round in his saddle and said this to me: 'Once in a wood like that I shoot with a English gentleman. He was captain of English ship, and I there for interpreter. That was in Karamania. In Karamania are many wild pig.' This is a mere Liebig's extract of a good five minutes' discourse which buzzed round my ears like a bluebottle, and which I had not the cruelty to kill. In another place we came to a roofless chapel—a little plaintive ruin still containing an altar. I was pausing to look at it when Scotty, seizing the opportunity, pointed in the direction of the sea and said, 'There, sir, are many tortoise, but these fellows here are stupid; they never make no soup of him.' *Tortoise* I saw was Scotty's version of *turtle*. For a moment a vision of green fat and Madeira crossed my mind like a swallow: I then dismounted and examined the broken walls. On the far side of them some young trees, sprouting on the brink of a precipice, made a grey cloud of foliage; below was a deep valley with reeds and a stream at the bottom of it; and not a quarter of a mile beyond, glimmering amongst orchards and cypresses, were the