

advance half vainly endeavouring to obtain a resting-place upon vacuity within (as the fall slab-table was down). I had no stick ; but the toes of his boots had imprinted first impressions upon the faultless varnish. What became of that young Cypriote was never known.

Even in Cyprus there are municipal laws, and now that the English are there they are enforced ; therefore my huge van could not remain like a wad in a gun-barrel, and entirely block the street. A London policeman would have desired it to "move on" but—this was the real grievance that I had against Larnaca—the van *could not "move on,"* owing to its extreme height, which interfered with the wooden water-spouts from the low roofs of the flat-topped houses. This was a case of "real distress." My van represented civilisation : the water-spouts represented barbarism. If a London omnibus crowded with outside passengers had attempted to drive through Larnaca, both driver and passengers would have been swept into—I have not the slightest notion where ; and my van was two feet higher than an omnibus !

I determined that I would avoid all inferior thoroughfares, and that the van should pass down Wolseley Street, drawn by a number of men who would be superior in intelligence to the Cypriote mules and be careful in turning the corners.

I did not see the start, as a person with an "excess of zeal" had started it with a crowd of madmen without orders, and I was only a late spectator some hours after its arrival opposite Craddock's Hotel. It rather resembled a ship that had been in bad weather and in collision with a few steamers. How many water-spouts it had carried away I never heard. The fore-axle was