

There was little to be seen in the neighbourhood. The site was pointed out where the troops were encamped in the tremendous heat of July in the close vicinity of the swampy ground, upon pestiferous soil, and the usual tales of commissariat blunders were recounted. Close to the borders of this unhealthy spot, but about twenty feet above the level of the lowest morass, stands the convent belonging to the Sisters of Charity, which includes a school, in addition to a hospital. Great kindness was shown by these excellent ladies to many English sufferers, and their establishment deserves a liberal support from public contributions.

I walked through the bazaar of Larnaca; this is situated at the west end of the town near the fort, close to which there is a public fountain supplied by the aqueduct to which I have already alluded. Brass taps were arranged around the covered stone reservoir, but I remarked a distressing waste of water, as a continual flow escaped from an uncontrolled shoot which poured in a large volume uselessly into the street. Within a few yards of the reservoir was a solitary old banian tree (*ficus religiosa*), around which a crowd of donkeys waited, laden with panniers containing large earthen jars, which in their turn were to be filled with the pure water of the Arpera springs.

Although the crowd was large, and all were busied in filling their jars and loading their respective animals, there was no jostling or quarrelling for precedence, but every individual was a pattern of patience and good humour. Mohammedans and Cypriotes thronged together in the same employment, and the orderly behaviour in the absence of police supervision formed a strong contrast to the crowds in England.