

broken, as it appeared that in rounding a corner it had been dragged by main force upon the curbstone about sixteen inches high, from which it had bumped violently down. It had then been backed against a water-spout, which had gone completely through what sailors would term the "stern." One shutter was split in two pieces, and one window smashed. Altogether, what with bruises, scratches, broken axle, and other damages, my van looked ten years older since the morning.

Fortunately among the Europeans who had flocked to Cyprus since the British occupation was a French blacksmith, whose forge was only a few yards from Craddock's Hotel, where my wrecked vessel blocked the way. I had a new fore axle-tree made, and strengthened the hinder axle. I also fitted a bullock-pole, instead of shafts, for a pair of oxen; the springs I bound up with iron wire shrunk on while red-hot. I took out the stove, as it was not necessary, and its absence increased the space; and I inserted a ventilator in the roof in place of the chimney. When repaired, the van looked as good as new, and was much stronger, and well adapted for rough travel. The only thing it now wanted was a *road!*

The highways of Cyprus were mere mule-tracks. The only legitimate road in existence was of most recent construction, which represented the new birth of British enterprise, from Larnaca to the capital, Nicosia (or Lefkosia), about twenty-eight miles. The regrettable paucity of stone-hammers rendered it impossible to prepare the metal, therefore huge rounded blocks, bigger than a man's head, had been thrown down for a foundation, upon which some roughly broken and a quantity of unbroken smaller stones had been spread.