

that for several days running while we were driven before the storm more than eighty persons were shut up between decks, without the smallest opening for fresh air: all were wretched and downcast, they had nothing but a little uncooked food to eat, and the refuse of all this crowd was thrown down into the hold. One can picture the condition of these unhappy beings. Luckily for me, the after-cabin which I had to myself had no communication whatever with 'tween decks.

When I landed at Limassol some Turks and Greeks came to me. I asked them for a lodging, and they took me to a nice house which I occupied with my servants. The Turkish governor, an agha, came presently to offer his services, and sent two lighters, with one of his officers to land my baggage. Nothing was examined at the Custom House. I was treated with as much politeness as I could have met with in the best organised European city.

My man of business here was the chief Greek, Demetrio Francoudi, then Vice-Consul of England and Russia and Consul of Naples, a very rich man who spoke Italian well, and was much respected by Greeks and Turks.

Lodging with this M. Francoudi was an Englishman, M. Rich, who was on his way to Cairo on the business of the East India Company. This interesting young man, who spoke fluently Turkish and Persian, and had adopted the costume and manners of the Moslem, joined me very often at dinner, and always spoke of the Mamlouk Elfi Bey with enthusiasm.

In M. Francoudi's house was also a black eunuch, one of the four principal officers of the Sultan's palace: he was called Lala, and was on his way to Medina, as guardian of the tomb of the prophet. On his arrival he had been mortally wounded by some soldiers who were assaulting one of his servants, and this poor man, as gentle a being as you can imagine, fell a victim to this accident.

One of my servants was ill from the fatigue he had undergone on the ship. Others lay in the Mosque in the same condition. On March 21 one of the women died, another passenger on the 25th, and a second servant fell ill on the 23rd.

CHAPTER V.

Finding myself in the island which the Greek poets have immortalized by their description of the charming adventures of the mother of Love, I wished to visit the celebrated sites of Cythera, Idalium, Paphos and Amathus. Accompanied by M. Francoudi, his son and four servants, I started at five in the morning of March 28, 1800, travelling East.

After crossing the river of Amathus which runs South to fall into the sea at no great distance, I soon came upon the ruins which I shall describe further on. Leaving the seashore at this point, and following the road to N.E., I got among the mountains, at mid-day we encountered a storm, and at 1.15 arrived at the village of Togni.

The country we traversed is charmingly picturesque. From Limassol to the ruins the road is by the seashore, and the country is a series of plains sloping gently towards the hills, all beautifully green. Above the hills rises a chain of high mountains, whose summits are crowned with snow. The soil, rich and reddish, is extremely fertile. The hilly parts of the road have gentle gradients, and the richest vegetation adorns the landscape.

The village of Togni, though the houses are ugly and badly built, is prettily situated on the slopes of two hills, on one side live the Greeks, on the other the Turks: a little river runs between them, under a bridge of a single arch, on which is built the Greek Church dedicated to S. Helena.

The next day I left at 7.15 a.m. and travelling East in an hour crossed the river Scario