

FRANKLAND.

Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N., sailing from Ægina in H.M.S. "Raleigh," Capt. Dalling, reached Cyprus August 9, 1827. His *Travels to and from Constantinople* was published in 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1830. See vol. 1. pp. 315—324.

August 9. In the morning we made C. Blanco in the Island of Cyprus. All the day running with a fine breeze along shore towards Larneca. We passed C. Gatto and C. Salines, and made the point Chitti about sunset. At about nine, sounded off C. Chitti in five fathoms. We anchored in the roads of Larneca, about 11 P.M. in eight fathoms. (N.B. Give C. Chitti a wide berth.)

August 10. In the morning the British Consul came on board...I went on shore in the evening with Dalling. The Marina of Larneca is a wretched place consisting of a long row of mud-built houses with flat roofs: it has a bazaar and a castle. The palm trees which are thinly scattered about the back of the town give it a very Egyptian appearance, and I am told make it very much resemble Alexandria. The Consul sent his carriage for us, to convey us to his residence at Larneca, about three-quarters of a mile from the Marina. It was an open kind of Calèche drawn by one horse, just such a one as Gil Blas and his friend Scipion went down in to Andalusia, to take possession of his quinta at Leria.

On our way out saw a few Cyprians. God only knows how this island ever attained its celebrity for beauty; for to judge of it from the specimens we saw one would have said it was the last place which Venus would have chosen in which to fix her favourite residence. I am told, however, that in the neighbourhood of Paphos (whose temple still exists) *il y a le plus beau sang possible*. The male part of the population is handsome and robust: and perhaps the laughing and wanton goddess had an eye to this circumstance. The Consular residence is spacious and cool. The old gentleman received us with much politeness and urbanity, offering us beds, &c. He has several daughters, but I in vain looked for a Haidee among them...Pipes and coffee employed the evening, and at about nightfall we returned to our bark.

August 11. All the morning at the Marina with Dalling. At noon we drove out à la Gil Blas to Larneca. We dined with the Consul, and saw several of the European Consuls—*tutti illustrissimi Signori*. I observed at dinner that the fair Consulessees had tinged their finger-nails with henna, à la Turque. It is curious to observe how much the Greeks in their humiliation and slavery imitate their masters in their fashions and absurdities. I should have remarked that our Consul is by birth an Ionian, and that he had married a Greek Cypriote; his daughters therefore are Greek in costume, language and ideas.

I observed that in most of the houses at Larneca the ceiling of the large rooms is supported by a Gothic or rather Saracenic arch. The beams likewise rest upon such wooden projecting supports or buttresses as we see in old churches in England under the woodwork of the roof. Many of the houses have a kind of façade extending half the height of the house, of stone, and of the same order of Saracenic architecture. I think that some antiquarians trace the origin of this style of building in England back to the days of Crusaders, who are said to have found it existing in Cyprus and Palestine, and to have imported it into Europe on their return. I observed likewise several columns with such capitals and pedestals as we see in churches of the Gothic style.