

From the deck of the steamer in the evening light, Larnaca looked lovely indeed, with the lofty ranges of deeply serrated hills behind it, purpling in the twilight, and the placid waters of the harbour banded with rippling lines of light and shade.

There was a great deal of annoyance and dissatisfaction among the passengers on board the *Daphne*, at the rude and impertinent treatment to which some of them were being subjected. I have already spoken of the crowded state of the ship. Not only was every stateroom in the saloon filled, and every foot of room on the couches in the saloon itself, but a half-dozen or more saloon passengers were crowded into the second cabin, and these, on the first evening, in coming into the saloon for tea, had been peremptorily ordered out, and threatened by the chief steward and captain. Imagine their indignation and disgust. At dinner, the evening we lay at Cyprus, my friend M——, for whom I had secured a seat next myself, found his place occupied, and on seeking its restoration was met with a perfect torrent of impertinence from the captain in the presence of the other passengers; and, after the meal, the chief steward, whom I had noticed casting very suspicious looks at myself, came over to me, as I happened to be alone in the saloon, told me that I had been occupying another gentleman's bed the night before on the couch, and that I must go into the second cabin. The fellow's impudent tone and the way in which I had seen my friend treated, aroused all my indignation, and I told him flatly that I would not, I had paid my money for a first-class passage, and I insisted on my right. True, I had no berth, that fact was endorsed on my ticket; but I had arranged and paid for a passage with the agent at Beyrout, and he had promised to see about getting me a place to sleep. It was a short, sharp and amusing colloquy. My blood was up, and my French, though horribly bad, and hardly adequate for a row, was sufficiently forcible and emphatic to gain my point, and I was allowed to remain.

The gentleman whose bed I had so unceremoniously taken the night before was an American, and, very good humouredly indeed, he took my apologies for my unintentional intrusion. It was he whose touch had aroused me in the night. He had come down to turn in, but finding another man in possession, had left him undisturbed. My second night found me again in the saloon, *senza letto* indeed; and there was nothing for it but to wrap my ulster around me and lie on the table, which I accordingly did. It was pretty hard, *i.e.*, the table, and pretty hard, too, to pay well for so little in the way of courtesy or service from those whose duty it was to accord it. But it was only one night I spent on