

coffee and then incense and sprinkled me with rose water. On my taking leave the Governor escorted me to the door of the room.

I passed on to the room of the Governor's brother, a nice old man: he offered us coffee, and took quite a fancy to me when he heard I was preparing for the journey to Mecca, whither he had gone himself several times. He gave me some advice on the subject, and we parted well pleased with one another.

After my visit to the *serai* I went to the palace of the Archbishop. At the gate I found the archimandrite and the steward, with twenty or thirty servants, waiting to receive me. At the foot of the staircase a crowd of priests took me and carried me to the first gallery where the bishop *in partibus* received me with another train of priests. In the next gallery I found the Archbishop. This venerable old man though his legs were terribly swollen had insisted on being carried there by the Bishop of Paphos and five or six other persons to meet me. I reproached him tenderly for the trouble he had taken on my behalf, then taking his hand I followed him into his room.

Dr Brunoni, an Italian, residing at Nicosia, who had adopted the costume, manners and customs of the Greeks, was my interpreter. He is a man of fine wit, full of tact and entirely free of prejudices.

The venerable Archbishop told me of the terrible vexations which he had suffered last year at the hands of the Turkish rebels. We talked of these at length and I tried to console him, and after the usual honours of coffee, incense and scented waters, we separated with feelings of hearty affection.

I then visited the steward and archimandrite in their apartments, meeting there the Bishop of Paphos and the bishop *in partibus*. When I left them what was my surprise to find the venerable Archbishop again in the gallery! He had been brought there to wish me a last goodbye. I cannot say how much I was touched by this gracious act, I tried to address him in friendly reproach, but the words died on my lips.

The Archbishop of Cyprus, an independent Patriarch in communion with the Greek Church, is also the prince or supreme spiritual and temporal chief of the Greek community in the island. He is responsible to the Grand Seigneur for the taxes and conduct of the Greek Cypriots. To avoid entering into the details of circumstances, and to excuse himself from the burden of part of the temporal administration, he has delegated his powers to the *Dragoman of Cyprus*, who has thus become the chief civil authority: he has practically the rank and attributions of a prince of the community, because the Turkish Governor can do nothing to a Greek without the participation and presence of the *Dragoman*, who is also entrusted with the duty of laying at the foot of the Grand Seigneur's throne the wishes of his fellow-Christians.

During the previous year there had been a great rising of the Turks against the *Dragoman*. They gained possession of the city of Nicosia and behaved atrociously to the Archbishop and other Greeks; they even killed those who refused to give them money. The *Dragoman* fled to Constantinople, where he not only proved the Greeks to be in the right, but obtained an order for a Pasha with some Caramanian soldiers to march against the rebels, who had entrenched themselves in Nicosia. In this critical situation the steward was the guardian angel of his community, such talent and tact did he show in turning aside the fury of the rebels. After several fights these opened negotiations with the Pasha, who accepting the mediation of some of the European Consuls gave his word that he would punish no one. The rebels opened the city gates, and as soon as the Pasha was within, regardless of his promise he caused several of them to be beheaded. This event has humiliated the Turks, and