

but the prospect from the summit, as well as the remains themselves, amply repay the trouble. A number of small and ruinous chambers, and massive walls, spread over the face of these craggy rocks, have a singular effect; and the view extends over the greater part of the island, the immense plain that intersects it, and its mountain border, with the coast below, and the sea and shores of Asia beyond.

On returning to the convent, the good fathers, who never eat flesh themselves, soon after introduced different parts of a goat for our dinner; but he must have been some venerable attendant on the convent, or else bound under the same laws of self-denial, for it was impossible to partake of a single morsel, and we bade the monk make us rid of it. However, he produced some excellent honey, for which Cyprus is famous, as well as for its wines.

In the evening we rode down the mountain and over the plain, entering the gates of Nicosia before sunset. Having sent a letter of introduction to the Greek archbishop of the island, he immediately provided an excellent house and garden for our residence, and after dark honoured us with a visit. Cyprian, so

cruelly murdered not long after our departure, was a fine and dignified looking man. He came to accompany us to supper at his palace; for which we soon after set out, lighted by a number of torches. The archbishop walked at the head, and his priests followed in order, according to their dignity. His table was sumptuously spread, and the cookery exquisite; the Cyprus wine of the oldest quality. Every morning he sent us breakfast in the English style, which was served by his domestics; at mid-day we dined at the palace; and every evening he came to converse for an hour, and then conducted us to his home, in procession, as before, to sup and spend the evening. His kindness and attentions were excessive, at the very time that he was labouring under constant alarm and agitation of mind.

What situation could be more affecting and distressing? Chosen to his high office by the Porte, as well as by his people, he formerly possessed great temporal influence in the island, even beyond that of the governor, till the breaking out of the revolution caused it to be taken from him. For some time, he had been compelled to look on the massacres of his countrymen and the plunder of their pro-

perty, and stifle every expression of feeling. The oppressed and menaced Greeks often sought him for refuge; but, watched vigilantly by the Turkish authorities, he dared not afford protection to any, save by his private charities, for which he had numberless objects. But now affairs were assuming a darker and more threatening aspect, as it regarded his own safety: he had been frequently insulted by the Turkish soldiers; the governor had spoken in abusive terms of him. "My death is not far distant," said Cyprian to us; "I know they only wait for an opportunity to despatch me!"—and this was very evident.

One evening as we sat at supper, he was called out by one of his attendants respecting a message from the governor. We accompanied him to another apartment, where the soldier waited, who spoke in the most insulting terms: the calmness of the archbishop forsook him, and he replied with great warmth, refusing to obey the message. The soldier departed, and we returned to the table, but its harmony was completely destroyed. The ecclesiastics looked pale and terrified, and Cyprian sought by every effort to encourage them: he was deeply agitated and affected; but his fine features were lighted up with a

noble energy, as he dwelt on the cruelties of their oppressors, and protested his determination no longer to submit to such aggravated insults, at the same time that he warned his hearers to prepare for the worst.

No one interrupted him, for it seemed like the farewell address of this excellent pastor to his trembling people; who felt, no doubt, that when the high and noble spirit that had guarded and consoled them, took its flight, they would fall a helpless prey into the hands of their enemies. The lamp-light, falling on the group of listening ecclesiastics, and on the remarkably fine countenance of their leader, whose long white beard descended nearly to his girdle, rendered this a scene not easily to be forgotten. It grew late, and we waited with anxiety the return of the soldier, who would probably bring a fiercer message from that wretch the governor; but, to the satisfaction of all, he returned no more.

Highly eminent for his learning and piety, as well as for his unshaken fortitude, Cyprian was the last rallying point of the wretched Greeks; and his frequent remonstrances and reproaches had rendered him very obnoxious to the Turkish authorities. He often shed tears when he spoke to us of the slaughter of

his countrymen. We asked him why, in the midst of such dangers, he did not seek his own safety, and leave the island; but he declared he would remain to afford his people all the protection in his power to the last, and would perish with them.

The garden attached to the residence afforded a very pleasing walk amidst the burning heat of the day; having plenty of shade, and fountains. The climate of Nicosia, from its situation in a wide and flat plain, is oppressively hot, and it was scarcely possible to walk in the streets in the middle of the day. The construction of the houses and streets being more Venetian than Turkish, the city does not enjoy the shade and coolness of most other Oriental towns. It is surrounded by a very strong wall, in which are three handsome gates.

We went one day, by the governor's permission, to visit the large and splendid mosque of the city, and were attended by a fierce and brutal Sclavonian soldier, who had been the executioner of the unfortunate Greek nobles, in the great square, a short time before. This mosque was formerly the Christian church of St. Sophia; it was built by the Venetians in the Gothic style, and consists of three aisles, form-

ed by lofty pillars of marble. Around are the tombs of princes, of knights templars, and Venetian nobles. Every vestige of the Christian worship was destroyed when the Turks stormed the city in the fifteenth century; but it has been impossible to give it the air of a mosque. The imaun's pulpit is erected where once, probably, stood the altar, and the walls are covered with inscriptions from the Koran, in large letters of gold: the pavement is of marble. At the time we visited it, the imaun was seated a few steps above the floor, on which sat a circle of Turkish gentlemen, each with the Koran in his hand, to whom he was expounding with much earnestness, and they listened very attentively.

This noble edifice conveys an impressive idea of earthly vicissitudes. The ancient kings of Cyprus were crowned within its walls, where also their ashes were laid: the warriors of the Temple have their tombs here, and many a haughty Venetian senator; but now the Turk tramples on their ashes, and invokes the Prophet over the graves of those who shed their blood in defiance of his name.

It is difficult to form an idea of the population of the town at present,—so many of the

Greeks have fled or been sacrificed, or keep concealed in their houses.

We went to the palace to have an audience of the governor : he was absent in the country, but his chief officer, a young and handsome man, received us with great politeness. Some of the apartments of the palace were very elegantly furnished, with a double row of windows on three sides of the walls, for the admission of air. Refreshments were served, and the Turk assured us of perfect safety in travelling to any part of the island, and requested, that, if we wanted any thing, we would make it known to him. The palace stands in the great square, in the midst of which is a beautiful fountain : it was here that the cruel execution took place, of the Greek nobles and merchants. The governor sent to inform them, that he had just received despatches from Constantinople, which not only assured them of protection and safety, but granted them some additional privileges ; and he invited them, from different parts, to attend at his palace on a certain day, to hear these documents read. Too credulously trusting to the governor's professions, almost all the principal Greeks in the island assembled, and were admitted into the chamber of audience, from

which they were almost instantly conducted by a passage, one after the other, into the square without, where the sight of a strong guard, and the executioner with his naked sabre in his hand, revealed at once the base treachery practised on them. The latter, who was a Slavonian soldier, boasted to us of his dexterity in the execution, for he had struck off every one of their heads with a single blow of the sabre. The father of the family who found refuge at the consul's at Larnica, was among the number. The unhappy men bore their fate with singular resignation, and submitted their necks to the blow without a murmur or complaint. Their houses and effects, lands and villages, were instantly seized and confiscated, and their families rendered desolate! It is not easy to estimate the misery occasioned by this sudden and cold-blooded cruelty.

The archbishop described this scene, which was quite recent; and the anguish of his feelings was bitterly augmented on the following day, when the Slavonian soldier waited on him and demanded a reward. Cyprian asked for what? The other answered, because he had put the archbishop's countrymen to death with so little pain, having beheaded each at a

single blow, and that he deserved a recompense. But this wretch had been richly paid before; as he affirmed on our way to the mosque, that he had received a certain sum of the governor for every head.

While at Nicosia, we passed some part of every day in visiting the Greek families, with the consul's secretary, and were always received with the most attentive politeness. They, in general, lived retired, and many of their residences were handsome, opening into a pleasant garden, and surrounded with a corridor; the interior was furnished in the Turkish style. The women of the family were always present, their long tresses unconfined, of a dark colour, as well as their eyes; their complexion was seldom fair. One of these ladies, the wife of a merchant who was ill, was a remarkably intelligent and clever woman: she sometimes sat with us in the corridor, and conversed with deep feeling on the distresses of her people. Her husband, to save his life, and his family from ruin, had assumed the turban, and then every para of his property became as secure as in a fortress.

Coffee, sherbets, and wines of the finest quality, were introduced on these occasions. One species of the latter, forty years old, was exquisite.

The often boasted beauty of the women of Cyprus has long ceased to exist: they are now a plain race; the Grecian cast of features in some measure survives, but the form of symmetry, slender and elegant, is looked for in vain. It is, perhaps, doubtful how far the women of ancient Greece were a generally handsome race; the statues which survive might be the *beau ideal* of the sculptor, or rather an assemblage of the beauties of various women, than the possession of any single one. Whenever this exquisite beauty really existed, it became the theme of the poet, and the subject of the painter, who lavished all their powers in the description, which would hardly have been the case if beauty was the common or frequent gift. Immured as they were in the seclusions of their own walls, their lives and minds in general insipid and uncultivated, their society must have been, in some degree, regarded with a similar esteem and respect by the intellectual Greeks as the Ottoman ladies are by the Turkish lords of the present day. —Another circumstance, unfavourable to the growth or preservation of beauty in the Greeks, was, that they confined their connexions chiefly to their own country, and did not generally intermarry with other nations. It is

evident, that the personal advantages the Turks possess over other nations, are exclusively owing to their taking wives from all countries; Arab, Grecian, and Persian blood all flow in the veins of an Ottoman, and conspire to make him the handsomest of human beings.

One afternoon, a messenger came to invite us to an audience of the governor, who was returned. He was sitting on a cushion, in a small and cool apartment, and was a most ferocious and savage looking fellow. He had none of the gentlemanly and dignified manners which generally characterize Turks of rank. We were scarcely seated, before he broke out in furious terms against the Greeks, on whom he lavished the foulest epithets. He abused the excellent Cyprian; and bitterly menaced a Greek monastery on the sea-shore, a few leagues from the city: it would make an excellent post, he said, for his soldiers, and those dogs should not possess it long. This convent, in a noble situation, was inhabited by a few poor monks, and during our stay in the city some soldiers entered it, and grossly insulted and beat one or two of the fathers, and plundered whatever they could lay their hands on. Not long after our departure, it was attacked and taken possession of by the troops,

and all the fathers were murdered. The behaviour of the governor during our interview with him was more like that of a wild beast than a man; he evidently looked forward with delight to the heaping fresh cruelties on the wretched Greeks.

On leaving him, we visited the General of the Egyptian troops, sent by Mahmoud Ali to secure the island. He was seated in a small and beautiful kiosque, in the middle of the garden; the roof, in the form of a cupola, was light and gilded, and the windows, which looked into the garden, were surrounded by a number of fine trees. This commander was an elderly man, with a dissolute, yet inanimate countenance; he was attended by several of his officers: he conversed freely, and asked if England was not as hot as Cyprus; the air at this time was quite oppressive. The pipes brought by the attendants were very richly ornamented, and the napkins of purple silk, flowered with silver. The chibouques we smoked at the palace every day were splendidly enamelled, and valued at thirty guineas each; those of the general were little less valuable. We quitted this chief with pleasure, and returned to the archbishop's, who gratified us, after dinner, with an exhibition of sword-playing.

Two men, armed with sword and target, and who were habited like mountaineers, and of a wild aspect, displayed considerable skill in attacking and warding off each other's blows for some time : the shield was of the size and form used by the Highlanders in former times.

The church of the Greek convent at Nicosia is adorned with costly ornaments, particularly a small image of the Virgin, almost covered with precious stones. Demetrie, who was a bigoted Greek when he joined us, had lost so much of his intolerance by associating with Michel, that he warned those around him, to our no small amusement, not to put faith in idols, such as this splendid Virgin. An old Greek, who stood by, raised his hands and eyes in utter astonishment at such blasphemous discourse.

We took leave, at last, of the excellent Cyprian, whose fate, as it was easy to perceive, was near at hand. He gave us his blessing, and requested us to remember, and carry to our country, the details of his sad and melancholy situation. Indeed, he appeared weary of his life : many of his ecclesiastics having been executed almost before his eyes, others imprisoned, or plundered of all they possessed,

and the remainder subjected, with himself, to constant insults and persecutions.

Leondias, son of the late Vicar, was seized, and suffered cruel tortures during several days, to compel him to reveal the place where the nephew of the Archbishop was concealed.— This young man, Theseus by name, had bribed the executioners sent to arrest him; and, having paid large sums to some of his chief enemies, succeeded in saving himself by flight from Nicosia, into some of the remote parts of the island. Leondias, who was an old man, either not knowing or refusing to tell the place of his concealment, expired at last, after enduring extreme tortures. The prelate was filled with anguish at the unhappy event.

It was not long afterwards that the perfidious governor invited Cyprian to summon his chief ecclesiastics, saying that he wished to impart to them some intelligence which particularly concerned their safety and welfare, and requesting an immediate interview. All the clergy who were summoned to attend, were filled with suspicion of some treacherous design; but all hope of escape, or of avoiding this assembly, was vain, as the island was filled with the troops of the pacha of Egypt.

But these unfortunate ecclesiastics hoped, that by offering all that remained of their property, they might satisfy the rapacity, and appease the fury, of the governor.

The next day, the prelate and his devoted flock were assembled in the Turkish palace, in the great square of Nicosia ; when the governor, having placed guards at the gates and in all the passages, ordered the massacre to begin. Cyprian, in this trying moment, behaved with uncommon courage and dignity : he demanded of the governor, what crime these ill-fated men were guilty of, that they should suffer so dreadful a fate ; recounted the spoliations and insults they had already endured, declared their entire innocence, and that, if nothing but blood would satisfy the governor's cruelty, he was ready to shed his own rather than they should perish.

The Turk returned a short and brutal reply ; and the bishop's self-devotion only accelerated his own destruction. Many insulting questions were put to him ; but he declared he had always served the sultan with perfect integrity, who, he now found, had deserted him, and given him up to the malice of his enemies. He requested a few moments to spend in prayer. By this time, his beloved people lay murdered

around him, and he knelt down amidst their dead bodies, and commended his spirit into the hands of God. His head was then struck off, and he died without a murmur, evincing the same serenity and exalted piety, which through life had endeared him to all his people.

Filled with horror at the death of their revered prelate, many of the wretched Greeks of both sexes took refuge in the churches; but these retreats were soon violated by the infuriated Turks, and the pavement streamed with blood. The altar itself did not protect those who clung to it from violation; and the dreadful scenes of Scio, although to a smaller extent, were acted over again on those fatal days at Nicosia!