

some had internal injuries, some were so terrified that they thought death imminent. The meeting was broken up, those present fled in alarm, and the people outside, hearing what had happened and the tumult within, believing it to have been a trap prepared beforehand to kill the bishops, rushed madly to the palace, carrying bludgeons and arms. They found the doors shut, they set them on fire, the palace was wrapped in flame, and the mob pouring in slew the wretched Chil Osman, with eighteen of his followers. They sacked and robbed the palace of all they could find, whether it belonged to government, to the murdered Governor or his train—a terrible tragedy. The news spread and all were dumb as corpses, Ulema, aghas and rayahs, all crouching in mute terror, expecting only that the sword of authority would fall on all alike, and that inexorable vengeance, and savage requital would be exacted for the blood thus savagely shed.

Three or four hours passed before there was any lull in the shouting in the streets, in the rush and roar of men running to the sack of the burning palace. The bazars were shut, and all the respectable people shut up in their houses, suffering paroxysms of terror. They believed that the city was wholly given over to revolt, murder and pillage, and the Turkish magnates, though sadly distressed, took prudent measures to disperse the mob, lest the rioting should increase, and be directed against the houses of the wealthy and prominent citizens. The Molla, by the *dellal* or crier, straightway commanded the villagers, Turks and Christians, in the name of the Sultan, to disperse and depart each to his village. They obeyed and left Nicosia forthwith. Orders were given for the burial of the *musellim* and the other victims: the fire in the palace was extinguished, and guards were set to watch the city within and without, and carefully to search everyone who entered the gates for concealed arms.

When night came the Ulema and aghas met in the Molla's house to consult about appointing a temporary administrator, and to contrive the most prudent method, and most specious pretexts, with which to announce the daring action of the mob to the government. How should they devise any reasonable justification and excuse, so that the Porte should not think that the island generally had risen in revolt? The murder of the sovereign's representative, the pillage of the treasury and robbery of the imperial funds, the burning of the Serai, or official palace,—here were three indefensible crimes, which would require tact and wisdom, and common feeling and action of both Turks and Greeks, to make them appear natural results of the tyrannical harshness of the murdered *musellim*, which had been such as inevitably to drive the people to the fury and daring which they had displayed. So they debated, and found some specious excuses, representing the Governor as a tyrant, and something like a traitor, and so concocted their report to the Vazir. I omit the details as unimportant. Meanwhile the Turks in their mosques, the Christians in their churches offered unceasing prayers and supplications, that God would be pleased to inspire the Sultan's heart with pity, and that the lives of the Cypriots might be spared. At last the news reached the Vazir, and he too softened down the affair as well as he could to Sultan Mustafa III., and after no long delay Hafuz efendi came as *muhassil*, to complete the term of the deceased Chil Osman, and later a *murula* and *gapiji-bashi* to ascertain if what the magnates had written was true, to examine minutely into the causes of the slaughter, to exact the repayment of the sums stolen from the palace, and blood-money for the *musellim* and his followers.

The commissioners made their enquiry, and the kindly souls were won by gifts to declare the deceased the cause of the outbreak, and to justify the offenders. The relations of the murdered men presented themselves, and each received the price of blood. The