

There are by all accounts about 2000 troops of Mehmet Ali Pasha in Cyprus, Albanians: the whole population consists of about 25,000 souls, of which five-sixths are Greeks. The island remains in a state of uncultivation, owing to the rapacity and tyranny of the government, and is depeopling very fast. The population both Turk and Greek are represented as extremely indispensed towards the yoke of the Sultan, and as ripe for revolt upon the appearance of anything like an auxiliary force. The neighbourhood of Ali Pasha is however a formidable obstacle to the emancipation of Cyprus; and I fear that unless that tyrant should be blockaded in his port of Alexandria there is but little chance of the Cypriotes shaking the Ottoman yoke from off their shoulders.

Dalling and Elliot are purchasing Cyprus wines. The old and superior wines are rare and dear, but the ordinary sorts cheap and abundant. The Commanderia, as it is called, is one of the best sorts. The Muscat is a perfect liquor, but is about a dollar and a half the okka. The bread of Cyprus is excellent...

August 13. I was awakened by a salute from the fort, in honour of the arrival of the Governor of Cyprus (Mutesellim) upon a visit to Mr Elliot. The weather very hot. In the evening I walked with Dalling in a cotton plantation near the beach. We enjoyed the cool sea-breeze and the splendour of an Oriental sunset upon the picturesque mountains of Cyprus exceedingly. August 14. Mr Elliot came off, having had an interview with the Mutesellim.

Aug. 16. H.M.S. Raleigh fired a royal salute upon the occasion of the rehoisting the Consular flag, which had been struck owing to some misunderstanding between the British Consul and the Governor, and indeed this misunderstanding was the cause of Mr Elliot's being sent hither by Mr Stratford Canning, with instructions to bring the Governor to his senses (backed as his representations would be by the thirty-two pounders of the Raleigh). The Turkish fort saluted likewise with twenty-one guns, the last of which, according to their custom, was shotted, throwing the ball a little ahead of the ship.

At noon Captain Dalling and myself, both in uniform, went on shore to dine with and felicitate the Consul. After dinner we all went to call upon the Mutesellim in the house of the Khoja-bashi. Our procession from the Consular residence to the Khoja-bashi's house was rather ludicrous, but appeared to produce a very grand effect upon the minds of the good inhabitants of Larneca, who all came out of doors to stare at us. I could hardly retain my gravity on witnessing the awkward attempts made by an old Turk of the Consulate, in his long scarlet robes and grey beard, to stand up behind the rickety carriage of the Consul (*à la chasseur*) with a large truncheon in his hand, as an emblem of his office and dignity. We found his Excellency seated upon his divan, and surrounded by his Albanian guards. We were ushered into his presence with considerable pomp, and invited by him to seat ourselves on his divan. He told us that we were welcome, and that he was delighted to make our acquaintance, and so forth. As usual we were regaled with pipes and coffee, after which we were each presented with conserves in little filagree cups of silver (closed at the top by a hinged cover); then followed excellent sherbet with embroidered napkins; and next we were sprinkled with rose-water, and perfumed with incense contained in filagree silver censers. His Excellency was very desirous that Captain Dalling should go over to a port in Caramania, and take under his charge a vessel, on board of which his harem was to be embarked. This unusual and extraordinary request was naturally declined. On taking our leave of the Mutesellim he requested Captain Dalling's acceptance of two casks of Commanderia wine and four bullocks.

In the evening we paid some visits of ceremony to the various Consuls and their spouses, and reembarked about eight o'clock. Two vessels arrived having been plundered by a