

tumult arose in which over 300 persons were killed, and the Turkish Bey and Mr. Curzon himself narrowly escaped with their lives. He had sundry adventures with Bedouin robbers, Albanian brigands, and other gentlemen of the predatory kind, all of which he recounts with much vivacity and graphic skill.—ED.]

In 1837 Mr. Curzon resolved to put into execution his long-cherished purpose of visiting the monasteries on Mount Athos, in order to examine their libraries. Athos was then almost a *terra incognita*. No English traveller had been there since Dr. Clarke's famous visit in 1801.

Armed with a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Curzon waited on Gregorio, the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, to obtain an introduction to the brethren of Mount Athos. Great, indeed, was his surprise when the head of the Greek Church calmly asked: "Who is this Archbishop of Canterbury?" He was utterly ignorant of the existence of such a prelate. Happily for Mr. Curzon, the fact that he came from the British Embassy gained for him what the Archbishop's letter failed to effect. How much forty-six years have done to promote friendly feeling between the Greek and the Anglican Churches, is seen from Mr. Riley's interview with the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1883. The Patriarch expressed his regret at the death of Archbishop Tait, and told the travellers that he had already sent a Greek deacon to study English theology at Oxford, and expressed his intention of sending more.

Constantinople is now only five days' railway ride from Paris. Mr. Riley and an English clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Owen, left Constantinople by one of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers for Cavalla, whence they took their passage on board a little Turkish steamer to Mount Athos. At Cavalla the Archbishop of the town fortunately joined their party. The prelate was about thirty-five years old, five feet three inches in height, but looking much taller by virtue of his lofty hat and his dignified bearing. Good-natured toward his equals, overbearing to his inferiors, and ineffably lazy, such was "the Altogether Most Holy One, Philotheos, by the Mercy of God the Most Reverend and Divinely-Appointed Archbishop and Metropolitan of the most Holy Metropolis of Xanthe and Christopolis (Cavalla); Highly esteemed and Right Honourable." Before the bearer of these high-sounding titles went his soldier-servant, carrying a long silver-headed staff. Gold embroidery bedecked his coat and trousers, a forage cap, a sword, and a sash in which hung knives and pistols, completed his equipment.