

thinking of them, so I did not let them trouble me, and I had forborne purposely asking my guide any questions about them. This visit to a prison was, I said to myself, very different to the one which had darkened for me a whole day at Nicosia. Care, however, in one form had been dogging my footsteps even here, and the form it took was doubt as to this delicate question—Was my guide a person who would expect what is vulgarly called a ‘tip’? Or was his position so high, that even to offer it would be an insult? Having been troubled with this problem for some considerable time, I at last determined to solve it in the following way. I intended, if possible, though this intention was not fulfilled, to pay another visit to the castle; so I told my guide to expect me again shortly, meaning meanwhile to enquire how I should treat him. ‘I hope,’ I said to him at parting, ‘I shall find you here on my return.’ In his melancholy refined eyes I saw the dawn of a smile. ‘Certainly, sir,’ he said, ‘you are sure to find me. I am a prisoner.’

Mr. St. John, whom I asked about this gentleman afterwards, told me that he was the nephew of a rich Greek merchant in Liverpool; that he had been in his uncle’s office, who had privately dismissed him for embezzlement; that he had then run off with the wife of one of his friends; that then he had come to Cyprus, where he had got himself employed by the Government; that presently he took to embezzling money again; and that the Government, not deterred