

ceeded, as Colonel Falkland observed, needless to say that the taxes of those Turks would have been light.

This kind of discourse carried us far into the evening, and a few days later the thread of it, which was now broken by bed-time, was taken up, not by Colonel Falkland, but by Mr. Matthews, who, true to his word, went again with me to look for the marble. As to the marble, the result of our researches was disappointing, and I came to the conclusion that it was worth no further trouble; but on the way back such a trifle as the collapse of my whole practical expectations was quite put out of my mind by the series of stories that were told me. I can only repeat—indeed I can only recollect—a few, for even the best of stories often fade from the memory almost as quickly as happiness fades from life. It is true that in the *motif* of them there was a certain amount of sameness; but so there is in most of Boccaccio's tales and in every French novel that reaches a tenth edition. In fact what a breach of the seventh commandment is to these, some attempt at evading the taxes was to the others.

Mr. Matthews, being connected with the assessment of taxes himself, was naturally on familiar ground. Two of his principal heroes were prelates. At the beginning of the British occupation the Archbishop of Nicosia came to the authorities and enquired with perfect gravity if it really were possible that he would be expected to pay his taxes. The answer, of