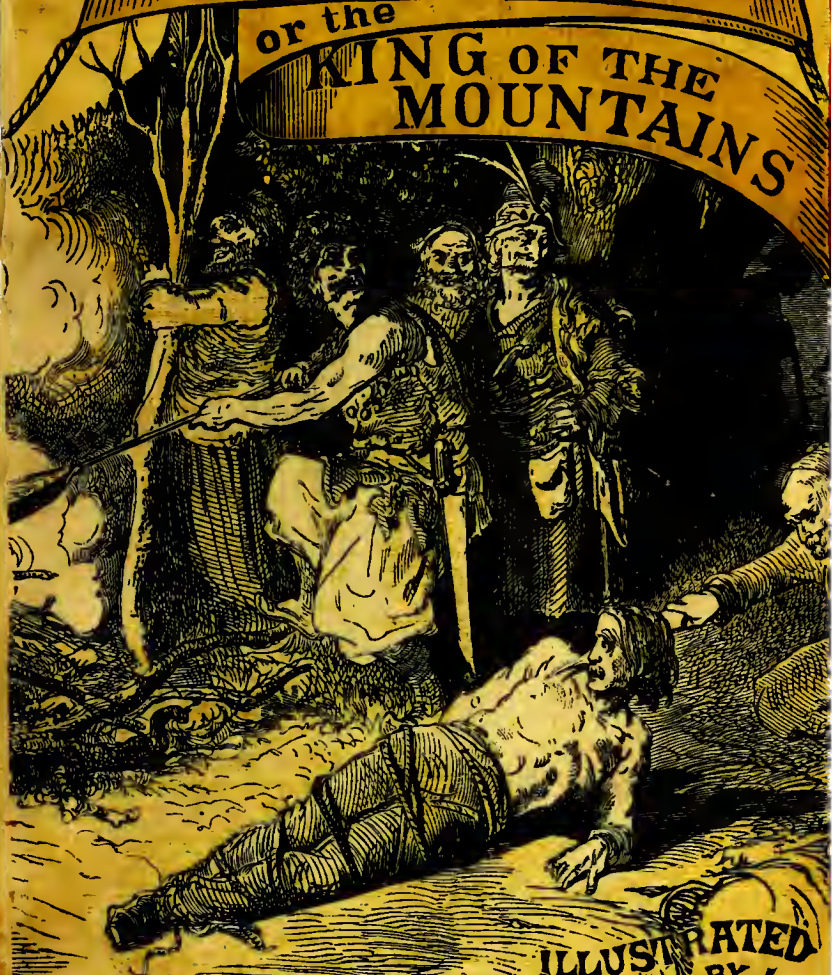


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THE
GREEK BRIGAND

or the
KING OF THE MOUNTAINS



ILLUSTRATED
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GUSTAVE DORE.



JAMES H. GRAFF,

BALTIMORE

N^o. 1991

THE
GREEK BRIGAND

OR

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS

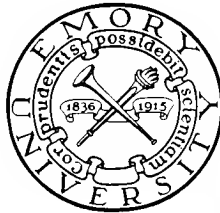
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THE
KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. HERMANN SCHULTZ.

ON the 6th July of last year I was watering my petunias at about six in the morning, meditating no mischief, when I saw a tall, light-haired, and beardless young man stalk in, wearing a German student's cap and gold spectacles. A wide alpaca paletot flapped idly round his person like a sail along a mast when the breeze has fallen. He wore no gloves; his clumsy shoes had enormously thick soles, so wide that the foot was surrounded by a little shelf. In his coat pocket, near the region of his heart, a large porcelain pipe was modelled in relief, and vaguely designed its profile beneath the glistening stuff. I did not think even of asking the stranger whether he had studied at the German universities, but put down my watering-pot, and greeted him with a well-sounding "*Guten Morgen.*"

"Sir," he said to me, in his French, but with a deplorable accent, "my name is Hermann Schultz. I have spent several months in Greece, and your work on that country has been my constant companion."

This opening filled my heart with a gentle joy. The stranger's voice seemed to me more melodious than Mozart's music; and I bent a glance sparkling with gratitude on his gold spectacles. You cannot believe, proud reader, how fond we authors grow of those who have taken the trouble to read our scribbling. For my part, if I ever have wished to be rich, it was to settle annuities on all those who read me.

I took this excellent young man by the hand, therefore, and made him sit down on the best bench in the garden—for we have two. He told me that he was a botanist, and had a commission from the Hamburg Gardens; while filling his herbal he observed, as well as he could, the country, the animals, and the people. His simple descriptions, his short and correct views, reminded me slightly of the manner of the worthy Herodotus. He expressed himself awkwardly, but with a candour that compelled confidence, and he laid on his words the stress belonging to a man thoroughly convinced. He was enabled to give me news, if not of the whole of Athens, at least of the principal persons I had noticed in my book; and in the course of the conversation he enunciated some general ideas which seemed to me the more judicious because I had developed them before him. After an hour's conversation we were intimate friends.

I do not remember which of us first uttered the word, brigandage. Travellers who have visited Italy talk about painting; those who have been in England dwell on commercial culprits; each country has its speciality.

“My dear sir,” I asked the delightful stranger, “did

you meet with any brigands? Is it true, as has been asserted, that some are still left in Greece?"

"It is only too true," he answered gravely. "I lived for a fortnight in the power of the terrible Hadji Stavros, surnamed the King of the Mountains, and hence can speak from experience. If you have leisure, and the prospect of a long story does not frighten you, I am ready to give you the details of my adventure. You can make what you like of it, a romance, a novel, or, better still (for it is historical), an additional chapter for that small book in which you have collected so many true statements."

"You are really too kind," I said to him; "and both my ears are at your service. Let us go into my study; it will not be so warm there as in the garden, and the scent of the mignonette and sweet-peas will reach us."

He followed me, and as he walked along hummed a popular Greek ditty.

He seated himself on a sofa, tucked his legs under him like Arab story-tellers, took off his paletot, to be at his ease, lit his pipe, and began telling his story. I was at my writing-table, and took down his statements in short-hand.

I have ever been of an unsuspecting nature, especially with those who pay me compliments. Still the amiable stranger told me such astounding things, that I asked myself several times if he were not making a fool of me. But his voice was so confident, his blue eyes poured forth such limpid glances upon me, that my touch of suspicion disappeared as it had arisen.

He spoke without cessation till half-past twelve. If he interrupted himself twice or thrice, it was only to light his pipe. He smoked regularly, with even puffs, like the 'scape-pipe of a steam-engine. Whenever I happened to lift my eyes to him, I saw him calm and smiling in the centre of a cloud, like Jupiter in the fifth act of *Amphitryon*.

A servant came to say that lunch was ready. Hermann sat down opposite me; and the slight suspicion that thrilled through me could not hold out against his appetite. I said to myself that a good stomach rarely accompanies a bad conscience. The young German was too good a trencherman to be an unfaithful narrator, and his voracity responded for his veracity. Struck with this idea, I confessed, as I handed him the strawberries, that I had for an instant doubted his good faith. He merely answered with an angelic smile.

I spent the day with my new friend, and did not complain of the slowness of time. At five in the afternoon he put out his pipe, drew on his paletot, and shook my hand in farewell. I answered—

“We shall meet again soon.”

“No,” he said, with a shake of his head; “for I start by the seven o'clock train, and dare not hope ever to see you again.”

“Leave me your address, then. I have not yet given up the pleasures of travelling, and I may possibly visit Hamburg.”

“Unfortunately, I do not myself know where I shall pitch my tent. Germany is vast, and it is not certain that I shall remain a citizen of Hamburg.”

If I publish your story, though, I should like to send you a copy."

"Do not take that trouble. So soon as the book has appeared, it will be pirated by Wolfgang Gerhard of Leipzig, and I shall read it. Good-bye."

When he had gone, I attentively read over the story he had dictated to me. I found in it a few improbable details, but nothing that formally contradicted what I had seen and heard during my residence in Greece.

Still, at the moment of handing the MS. to the printer, a scruple restrained me. Suppose some mistakes had slipped into Hermann's narrative? In my quality as editor was I not to a certain extent responsible? Publishing the history of the King of the Mountains without confirmation would expose me to the paternal reprimands of the *Journal des Débats*, the contradictions of the Athenian press writers, and the blackguardism of the *Spectator of the East*. That clear-sighted journal had already invented the story that I was hunchbacked, then ought I to furnish it with the occasion of calling me blind?

In this state of perplexity I determined on making two copies of the MS. I sent the first to a man worthy of faith, a Greek of Athens, Mr. Patriotis Pseftis, begging him to point out to me without ceremony, and with a frank sincerity, the errors of my young friend, and I promised to print his answer at the end of the volume.

In the meanwhile, I offer to public curiosity the actual text of Hermann's story. I will not add a word to it, but respect even the most enormous improbabi-

lities. If I were to become the corrector of the young German, it would render me, by the mere fact, his accomplice. I therefore withdraw discreetly, and it is Hermann who addresses you, whilst smoking his porcelain pipe and smiling behind his gold spectacles.

CHAPTER II.

PHOTINI.

You can guess, by the age of my clothes, that I have not a thousand a year. My father is an innkeeper, ruined by the railways. He eats bread in good years, potatoes in bad. I will add that there are six of us children, all with splendid teeth. On the day when I gained the Travelling Fellowship of the Botanical Gardens, there was a holiday in our family. Not only did my departure increase the pittance of each of my brothers, but I was also going to receive ten pounds a month, and twenty pounds down to defray my travelling expenses. From that moment they gave up the habit of calling me the doctor, and christened me the cattle-merchant, for I seemed so rich. My brothers fully expected that I should be appointed Professor at the University on my return from Athens, but my father had another idea—he hoped I should come back married. In his capacity of innkeeper he had witnessed several romances, and was convinced that glorious adventures are only met with on the high road. He mentioned, at least three times a week, the marriage of the Princess Ypsoff and Lieutenant Reynauld.

The Princess occupied room No. 1, with her two ladies'-maids and her cousin, and paid twenty florins a day. The French lieutenant was perched in No. 17, under the roof, and paid a florin and a half, including board, and yet, after a month's stay at the hotel, he set off in a carriage with the Russian lady. Now, why



LOVE IN A POST-CHAISE.

should a princess carry off a lieutenant with her in her carriage unless to marry him? My poor father, with his paternal eyes, thought me handsomer and more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld, and did not doubt that I should, sooner or later, meet with the princess who was to enrich us. If I did not see her at a *table d'hôte*, I should find her in the train; if the railways were not propitious to me, we had the steamers left us. On the evening before my departure we drank an old bottle of Rhenish, and accident willed it that the last drop fell into my glass. The excellent man wept with joy—it was a certain presage, and nothing could pre-

vent me from marrying within the year. I respected his illusions, and I took care not to remind him that princesses did not ordinarily travel in the third class. As for lodgings, my money condemned me to select modest inns where princesses do not put up. The fact is, that I landed at the Piræus without having sketched out the slightest romance.

The army of occupation had raised the price of everything at Athens. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Hôtel d'Orient, the Strangers' Hotel, were unapproachable. The Chancellor of the Prussian Legation, for whom I had a letter of recommendation, was kind enough to look out lodgings for me. He took me to a pastrycook, Christodulos by name, at the corner of the Palace-square, where I obtained board and lodging for four pounds a month. Christodulos is an old Pallikari, decorated with the iron cross in memory of the War of Independence. He is lieutenant of his phalanx, and receives his pay behind the counter. He wears the national costume—the red cap with blue tassel, the silver-embroidered jacket, white petticoat, and gilded garters—to sell ices and cakes. His wife, Maroula, is of enormous size, like all Greek women who have passed the age of fifty. Her husband bought her for eighty piastres at the height of the war, when her sex cost rather dear. She was born on the island of Hydra, but dresses herself after the Athenian fashion—a black velvet jacket, a light-coloured petticoat, and a handkerchief wound in her hair. Neither Christodulos nor his wife knows a word of German, but their son, Dimitri, who is a guide to strangers, and dresses in the French style, understands and speaks a little of all the dialects

of Europe. However, I did not require an interpreter ; for, though I have not received the gift of tongues, I am a rather distinguished polyglottist, and talk Greek as fluently as I do English, Italian, and French.



A GRECIAN HERO.

My hosts were worthy people—you may find as many as three such in Athens. They gave me a little whitewashed room, with a deal table, two chairs, a mattress somewhat thin, a counterpane, and cotton sheets. A wooden bedstead is a superfluity which the Greeks can do without, and we lived in the Greek fashion. I breakfasted on a cup of coffee, I dined on a plate of meat and a good many olives and dried fish,

and I supped on vegetables, honey, and cakes. There was abundance of preserved fruit about the house, and I therefore from time to time evoked a reminiscence of my country by regaling myself with a leg of lamb and cherries. I need hardly tell you that I had my pipe, and the tobacco at Athens is better than yours. What most contributed to acclimatize me in Christodulos' house, was a little Santorino wine, which he



WINE, JUICE DIVINE!

fetches from somewhere or other. I am not dainty, and the education of my palate has unhappily been somewhat neglected, still I could assert that this wine would be appreciated at the table of a king—it is yellow as gold, transparent as a topaz, brilliant as the sun, and merry as the smile of a child. I fancy I can still see it in its big-bellied decanter in the centre of the oilcloth that served for our table-napkin. It lit up the table, my dear sir, and we could have supped

without any other light. I never drank much of it, for it was heady; and yet at the end of the meal, I quoted verses from Anacreon, and found some remnants of beauty in fat Maroula's full-moon face.

I took my meals with Christodulos and the boarders in the house. There were four living in it, and one lodged out. The first floor was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérinay. Were all the French



A PHILANTHROPIST.

like him, you would be a very scrubby nation. He was a little man between the ages of forty and five-and-forty, very red-haired, very feeble, talking vastly, and armed with two soft flabby hands, which never left hold of the person he was addressing. His two ruling passions were archæology and philanthropy. Hence he was a member of several learned societies, and of various benevolent fraternities. Though he was a great apostle of charity, and his relations had left him a fine fortune, I do not remember having ever seen him give a halfpenny to a poor man. As to his archæological acquirements, everything leads me to the belief that they were more serious than his love of humanity. He

had been crowned by, I cannot say what provincial academy, for a memoir on the price of paper in the time of Orpheus. Encouraged by his first success, he proceeded to Greece to collect materials for an immortal task : it was nothing less than to determine the quantity of oil consumed by the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing the Second Philippic.

My other two neighbours were not nearly so learned, and troubled themselves in no way about matters connected with the past. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese, employed at some consulate or the other, and he gained six pounds a month by sealing letters. I imagine that any other employment would have suited him better ; for nature, which peopled Malta in order that the East might never be short of porters, had given poor Fondi the shoulders, arms, and hands of the Milo of Crotona ; he was born to wield a club, and not to consume sticks of sealing-wax. Still, he expended two or three daily, for man is not master of his destiny. This islander, placed in a false position, never returned to his element till meal-time ; he helped Maroula to lay the table, and generally brought it up to us at arm's length. He ate like a captain in the Iliad, and I shall never forget the movement of his under jaw, the expansion of his nostrils, the brilliancy of his eyes, or the whiteness of his two-and-thirty teeth, thorough grinders of which he was the mill. I must confess that his conversation has left but little impression on me : the limit of his intellect could easily be found, but that of his appetite was never known. Christodulos gained nothing by boarding him for four months, although he made him pay ten shillings a month extra.

The insatiable Maltese devoured every day after dinner an enormous plate of nuts, which he cracked by simply placing them between his thumb and forefinger. Christodulos, an ex-hero but practical man, watched this experiment with mingled feelings of admiration and alarm ; he trembled for his dessert, and yet was flattered to see at his table such a prodigious pair of nutcrackers. Giacomo's face would not have been out of place in one of those surprising boxes which frighten little children so terribly. He was more like a white man than a negro, but it was a question of shade. His thick hair fell down to his eyebrows like a cap. By a very curious contrast, this Caliban had the smallest foot, most delicate instep, and best shaped leg that ever served for a statuary's model ; but these were details that did not strike you. For any one who saw him eat his person began on a level with the table ; the rest did not count.

I will only allude to little William Bobster. He was a charming lad of twenty, light-haired, rosy, and chubby, and came from the United States. The house of Bobster and Son of New York had sent him to the East, to study the export trade. He worked during day in the offices of Philip Brothers ; at night he read Emerson, and in the morning, at the flashing hour of sunrise, he practised pistol shooting in Socrates' prison.

The most interesting person in our colony was indubitably John Harris, Bobster's maternal uncle. The first time I dined with this strange fellow, I understood America. John was born at Vandalia in Illinois : at his birth he breathed the air of the New World—so vivacious, sparkling, and youthful, which flies to the

head like champagne, and which intoxicates you as you inhale it. I do not know if Harris's family were rich or poor, if it sent its son to college or left him to pick up his own education. What is certain is, that at the age of seventeen he had no one to count on but himself, nothing to expect but from himself; he was astonished at nothing, believed nothing impossible, never recoiled, hoped on, tried everything, triumphed over everything, picked himself up if he fell, began again if he failed, never stopped, never lost courage, and went straight ahead, whistling "Yankee Doodle." He has been planter, schoolmaster, lawyer, journalist, gold-seeker, trader, and merchant; he has read everything, seen everything, done everything, and been over more than half the world. When I formed his acquaintance, he commanded at the Piræus a steam despatch-boat of sixty men and four guns; he discussed the Eastern question in the *Boston Review*; he carried on business with an indigo-house at Calcutta, and found time to retire and dine with his nephew and us three or four times a week.

One instance out of a thousand will depict to you Harris's character. In 1850 he was partner in a Philadelphia house. His nephew, who was then seventeen, went to pay him a visit, and found him in Washington Square, with his hands in his pockets, standing before a burning house. William tapped him on the shoulder and he turned round.

"Is that you?" he said. "Good morning, Bill; you have arrived at an unlucky moment. That fire is ruining me; I had 40,000 dollars in the house, and we shall not save a lucifer-match."

“What will you do?” the startled boy asked.

“What do? It is now eleven, and I am hungry ; I have a little money in my pocket, so I will stand a breakfast.”

Harris is one of the most elegant and graceful men I ever met. He has a masculine air, a lofty forehead



RUI N.

and a haughty eye. The Americans are never poorly built or deformed, and do you know why ? Because they are not stifled in the swaddling-clothes of a narrow civilization. Their mind and body are developed at

their ease ; their school is the open air, exercise is their master, and liberty their nurse.

I never could manage to form any high opinion of M. Mérimay. I examined Giacomo Fondi with the careless curiosity with which one visits a menagerie of exotic animals ; little Bobster inspired me with but slight interest, but I had a friendship for Harris. His open face, his simple manners, his roughness which did not exclude gentleness, his violent and yet chivalrous character, the strangeness of his temper, the impetuosity of his feelings, all attracted me the more because I am naturally neither impetuous nor passionate. We like to have around us what we do not find in ourselves. Giacomo dressed in white because he was swarthy ; I adore the Americans because I am a German.

As regards the Greeks, I knew but very little of them after four months' residence in their country. Nothing is more easy than to live in Athens without rubbing shoulders with the natives. I did not go to the café. I did not read the *Pandora* or the *Minerva* or any country paper. I did not visit the theatres, because I have a delicate ear, and a false note hurts me more than a blow. I lived at home with my host, my herbal, and John Harris. I might have had myself presented at the Palace—thanks to my diplomatic passport and my official title. I had left my card with the master of the ceremonies and the grand master, and I could calculate on an invitation to the first Court ball. I held in reserve for this event a fine red coat embroidered with silver, which my Aunt Rosenthal had brought me on the eve of my departure. It was the uniform of her late husband, Professor of

Natural History at the Philomathic Institution of Minden. My good aunt, a lady of great sense, knew that an uniform is well received in all countries, especially when it is red. My elder brother drew attention to the fact that I was taller than my uncle, and the sleeves of his coat would not come quite to the end of my arms, but papa quickly remarked that the silver embroidery would dazzle everybody, and princesses did not look so closely into matters.

Unfortunately, the Court did not dance all that season. The pleasures of the winter were the flowering of the almond, peach, and lemon trees. People talked vaguely about a great ball for May 15; it was a report of the town accredited by a few semi-official papers, but could not be counted on as certain.

My studies went on like pleasures, slowly. I was thoroughly acquainted with the Botanical Garden of Athens, which is neither very large nor very rich; it is a sack that is soon emptied. The Royal Garden offered greater resources; an intelligent Frenchman has collected there all the vegetable riches of the country, from the palms of the Andes down to the saxifrage of Cape Sirmium. I spent some pleasant days in the midst of Mr. Bareaud's plantations. The garden is only open to the public at certain hours, but I talked Greek to the sentries, and for love of Greek they let me in. Mr. Bareaud did not grow tired of me, for he took me about everywhere, for the pleasure of speaking about Botany in French. In his absence I looked up a tall thin gardener with scarlet hair, and I questioned him in German; it is good, you see, to talk languages.

I botanized every day a little in the country, but

never so far as I should have liked, for the brigands were encamped round Athens. I am not a coward, and the sequel of my story will prove it to you ; but I cling to life ! it is a present I received from my parents, and I wish to keep it as long as possible in remembrance of my father and mother. In April, 1856, it was dangerous to leave the city—it was even imprudent to remain in it. I never ventured on the slope of the Lycabetes, without thinking of that poor Madame Durand, who was stripped there in bright day. The hills of Daphne reminded me of the captivity of two French officers. On the road to the Piræus, I thought involuntarily of that band of robbers who went



THOROUGH RUFFIANS.

about like a wedding party in six chaises, and shot passers-by through the windows. The road to Pentelicus reminded me of the arrest of the Duchess of Piacenza, or the recent story of Harris and Bobster. They were returning from a ride, on two Persian horses belonging to Harris, and fell into an ambuscade. Two brigands, pistol in hand, stopped them on the centre of a bridge. They looked round them, and saw, at their feet in the ravine, a dozen scamps armed to the teeth, guarding fifty or sixty prisoners. All who

had passed since daybreak had been plundered and then bound, so that no one could run and give an



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

alarm. Harris was unarmed like his nephew, so he said to the latter, "Let us throw down our money : we must not let ourselves be killed for twenty dollars." The brigands picked up the crowns without leaving the bridles, then they pointed to the ravine and made them a sign to go down. At this Harris lost his patience ; he had a repugnance to being bound, for he was not of that wood of which faggots are made. He looked at little Bobster, and at the same moment two heavy blows fell on the heads of the two brigands. William's opponent fell back, firing his pistol, while Harris's fellow, struck more powerfully, rolled over the parapet and fell among his comrades, when Harris and Bobster were already a long way off, digging their spurs into their horses. The band rose like a single man, and discharged all their firearms ; the horses were killed, but the riders ran off to warn the gendarmes, who set off in pursuit at an early hour on the next day but one.

Our excellent Christodulos heard with great annoyance of the death of the two horses, but he did not find a word of blame for the murderers. "What would you have ?" he said, with charming simplicity ;

“it is their trade.” All the Greeks are much of my landlord’s opinion. It is not because the brigands spare their countrymen and reserve their favours for foreigners ; but a Greek, when plundered by his brothers, says, with a certain air of resignation, that the money does not go out of the family. The population allows itself to be robbed by the brigands, as a woman of the lower classes lets her husband beat her, while admiring how hard he hits. Native moralists complain of the excesses committed in the country, in the same way as fathers deplore the tricks of their sons. They send them abroad, but love them in their hearts, and they would be sorry to see them resemble their neighbour’s son, who has never done anything to be talked about.

This fact is so true, that at the period of my arrival the hero of Athens was indubitably the scourge of Attica. In the drawing-rooms and cafés ; at the barber’s, where the lower classes congregate ; at the chemist’s, where the citizens meet ; in the muddy lanes of the bazaars, in the dusty streets of the capital, at the theatre, at the Sunday music, and on the road to Patissia, nothing was spoken of but the great Hadji Stavros. They swore by Hadji Stavros : Hadji Stavros, the invincible ; Hadji Stavros, the terror of the gendarmes ; Hadji Stavros, the King of the Mountains ! Heaven pardon me, but I believe that a Hadji Stavros’ Litany might have been said or sung.

One Sunday when Harris was dining with us, shortly after his adventure, I drew worthy Christodulos on to the subject of Hadji Stavros. Our host had been in former times well acquainted with him, during the

War of Independence, when brigandage was less discussed than it is now-a-days.



A SAINT OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

He emptied his glass of Santorino, wiped his grey mustache, and began a long story, intermingled with some sighs. He told us that Stavros was the son of a Papas, or priest, on the island of Tino. He was born the Lord knows in what year: for the Greeks of the good times do not know their age, since the civil registers are an invention of the decadence. His father,

who intended him for the Church, had him taught to read. At the age of twenty, he made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and added to his name the title of Hadji, which signifies pilgrim. Hadji Stavros while returning to his country was captured by a pirate : the conqueror found him a useful man, and converted him from a prisoner into a sailor. It was thus that he began fighting against Turkish ships, and generally those which had no guns aboard. At the expiration of a few years he grew tired of working for others, and resolved to set up on his own account. He had neither a boat nor money to buy one, so he was obliged to carry on piracy ashore. The insurrection of the Greeks against Turkey enabled him to fish in troubled waters, and he never knew exactly whether he were brigand or insurgent, whether he commanded robbers or partisans. His hatred of the Turks did not blind him to such an extent that he could pass a Greek village by without plundering it. All money was good to him, whether it came from friend or foe, from simple robbery or glorious pillage. Such wise impartiality rapidly augmented his fortunes : the shepherds flocked to his banner when they learned that money could be made with him, and his reputation created him an army. The Powers that protected the insurrection heard of his exploits, but not of his savings : at that time everything was regarded from the brilliant side. Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him ; the poets and orators of Paris compared him with Epaminondas and that poor fellow Aristides. Banners were embroidered for him in the Faubourg St. Germain, and subsidies were sent him. He received money from France, he re-

ceived money from England and Russia ; I will not assert that he did not get some from Turkey, for he was a true Pallikar. At the end of the war, he was besieged with other chiefs in the Acropolis of Athens ; he slept in the Propylæa between Margaritis and Lyzandis, and each of them kept his treasures by his bedside. On a fine summer's night the roof fell in so adroitly that it killed everybody excepting Hadji Stavros, who was smoking his nargileh in the open air. He inherited the property of his comrades, and everybody thought that he had fairly earned it. But a misfortune he had not foreseen stopped the course of his successes : peace was made. Hadji Stavros, who retired into the country with his money, then witnessed a strange sight. The Powers which had made Greece free tried to found a kingdom. Unpleasant words buzzed round the hairy ears of the old Pallikar, and people talked about government, army, and public order. It caused him a hearty laugh when he was informed that his property was



A REAL PATRIOT.

comprised in a sub-prefecture, but when the officer of the Treasury went to him to receive the year's taxes,

he became serious. He kicked the collector out of doors, after having first lightened him of all the money he had about him. Justice picked a quarrel with him, and he retired to the mountains; perhaps, though, he felt tired of living in a house. He understood the value of a roof to a certain point, but on condition of sleeping upon it.

His old comrades in arms were scattered all over the kingdom. The State had given them land; they cultivated it with dislike, and ate the sour bread of labour. When they learned that the chief had quarrelled with the law, they sold their fields and ran to join him. For his part, he contented himself with letting his estates, for he possessed administrative qualities.

Peace and indolence had rendered him ill, but the air of the mountains did him so much good that he determined on marrying. He had certainly passed his fiftieth year, but men of his stamp have no cause to fear old age; even death looks at them twice before beginning a tussle with them. He married a rich heiress belonging to one of the first families of Laconia, and thus became connected with some of the greatest persons in the kingdom. His wife followed him everywhere, presented him with a daughter, caught a fever, and died. He brought up the child himself with almost maternal care, and when he dandled the little one on his knee, the brigands, his comrades, said with a laugh, "you only want the milk."

Paternal love gave a new fillip to his mind. In order to amass a regal dowry for his daughter, he studied monetary questions, on which his ideas had

hitherto been primitive. Instead of piling up his crowns in a strong box, he put them out ; he studied all the turns and tricks of speculators, and followed the course of the funds in Greece and abroad. It was even asserted that, struck by the advantages of limited liability, he had the idea of converting brigandage into a joint-stock company. He made several voyages to Europe, under the guidance of a Marseilles Greek, who served as his interpreter. During his stay in England, he was present at an election in some Yorkshire rotten borough, and this glorious sight inspired him with profound reflections as to Constitutional Government and its advantages. He returned home, determined to work the institutions of his country, and derive an income from them. He burned a large number of villages in the service of the opposition : and he destroyed several others in the interest of the Conservative party. When it was wanted to overthrow a Ministry, it was only necessary to apply to him ; he proved by irrefutable arguments that the police system of the country was badly carried on, and that a slight degree of security could only be obtained by changing the Cabinet. But, on the other hand, he gave rough lessons to the enemies of order by punishing them where they had sinned. His political talents made him so well known that all parties held him in great esteem. His advice in electioneering matters was nearly always followed so thoroughly, that contrary to the principle of Representative Government, which wishes one deputy to express the will of several men, he alone was represented by some thirty deputies. An intelligent minister, the celebrated Rhalittis, thought that a man who so fre-

quently interfered with the springs of the Government, might eventually put the machine out of order, so he undertook to bind his hands with a golden thread. He appointed to see him at the country house of a foreign consul at Carvalli, between the Hymettus and Pentelicus. Hadji Stavros went there without escort or army. The minister and the brigand, who had been long acquainted, dined together like two old friends. Over the dessert, Rhalittis offered him a full and entire amnesty for himself and his men, a general's commission, the title of senator, and an estate of 25,000 acres of forest. The Pallikar hesitated for a little time, and ended by declining.

"I might have accepted twenty years ago," he said, "but now I am too old. I cannot at my age change my mode of life. The dust of Athens does not agree with me; I should sleep in the senate, and if you gave soldiers to command, I should be capable of firing my pistols at their uniforms through the force of habit. So go back to your business, and let me attend to mine."

Rhalittis did not consider himself beaten, however. He tried to enlighten the brigand as to the infamy of the trade he carried on. Hadji Stavros began laughing, and said to him with amiable cordiality:—

"Gossip! on the day when we write down our sins, which of us will have the longer list?"

"Recollect, however," the Minister added, "that you cannot escape your fate; you will die some day or other a violent death."

"Allah Kerim!" he answered in Turkish, "neither you nor I have read the stars. But I have at any rate

one advantage, in the fact that my enemies wear an uniform, and I can recognise them a long distance off. You cannot say the same of yours. Good-bye, brother."



TWO HONEST MEN.

Six months later, the Minister was assassinated by his political enemies; but the brigand is still alive.

Our landlord did not tell us all his hero's exploits, for a day would not have sufficed for that. He contented himself, therefore, with enumerating the most remarkable. I do not believe that in any country Hadji Stavros' rivals have ever done anything more artistic than the arrest of the *Niebuhr*. This is an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which the Pallikar plundered at about eleven in the morning in port. The *Niebuhr* had arrived from Constantinople, and was discharging its cargo and passengers at Callimaki, to the east of the Isthmus of Corinth. Four wagons and two omnibuses were occupied by the passengers and goods to be transported to the little port of Loutraki on the other side of the isthmus, where another vessel was waiting for them. It waited a long time. Hadji Stavros, in bright day, on a fine road, and in a flat and unwooded

country, carried off the merchandize, the luggage, the money of the travellers, and the ammunition of the gendarmes who escorted the convoy. "That day was worth £10,000," Christodulos told us with a shade of envy.

A great deal has been said about Hadji Stavros' cruelty, but his friend Christodulos told us that he did not do wrong for the sake of doing it. "If at any time he warmed a peasant's feet a little too much, it was merely to know where the rich curmudgeon had hidden his coin. Generally, he treats very kindly



CRUEL KINDNESS.

those prisoners from whom he expects a ransom. In the summer of 1854, he swooped down with his band on the house of Mr. Voidi, a great merchant in the Island of Eubœa. He found the family assembled, and also an old judge of Chalci, who was playing a

game of cards with the head of the house. Hadji Stavros offered to play with the magistrate for his liberty; he lost, and put up with it gracefully. He carried off Mr. Voidi, his son and daughter, leaving the wife to look after the ransom. On the day of the rape, the merchant had the gout, his daughter a fever, while the boy was pale and sickly. They returned two months later, perfectly cured by the exercise, the fresh air, and their excellent treatment. The whole family regained their health for £2000. Was that paying too dear for it.

“I confess,” Christodulos added, “that our friend is pitiless toward bad paymasters. When a ransom is not paid on the day it falls due, he kills his prisoners with commercial punctuality; that is his way of protesting bills. Whatever may be my admiration for him, or the friendship that unites our two families, I have not yet forgiven his murder of the two little girls of Mistra. They were twins of fourteen, pretty as two little marble statues, and both betrothed to young fellows at Leondaci. They were so exactly alike that on noticing them you fancied you must be seeing double, and rubbed your eyes. One morning they were going to sell their silk cocoons; they carried a large basket between them, and were tripping lightly along the road, like two doves attached to the same car. Hadji Stavros carried them off into the mountains, and wrote to their mother that he would restore them for four hundred pounds, payable at the end of the month. The mother was a widow in easy circumstances, owner of two fine mulberry orchards, but short of ready money, as we all are. She borrowed on her

property, which is not always easy, even at twenty per cent. interest. It took her six weeks to get the sum



THE HAWK AND THE DOVES.

together, and when she had it ready she put it on a mule, and started on foot for Hadji Stavros' camp. But on entering the great *langada* of the ravines, at the spot where there are seven fountains under a palm-tree, the mule going on before her stopped short and refused to budge a step. The poor mother then saw her two daughters lying by the roadside ; their throats were cut to the bone, and the pretty heads were but just attached to the body. She took up the two poor creatures, placed them on the mule, and brought them back to Mistra. Her grief was too great for tears, so she went mad and died. I know that Hadji Stavros regretted what he had done, but he believed the widow richer than she really was, and unwilling to pay. He killed the two children as a warning example. It is certain that since that time all payments have been regularly made, and no one has dared to keep him waiting a moment."

“*Brutta Carogna*,” Giacomo said, as he dealt the table a blow which shook the house like an earthquake, “if ever he falls under my hands I will pay him a ransom of four hundred blows, which will permit him to retire from business.”

“And I,” little Bobster said, with his quiet smile, “should only like to have him fifty yards from my revolver.”

Harris whistled a little American air, as sharp as the blade of a stiletto.

“Can I believe my ears?” good M. Mérinay, an harmonious mortal, added, in his flute-like voice. “Is it possible that such horrors are committed in an age like ours? I am aware that the ‘Society for Rendering Malefactors Moral’ has not established a branch in this kingdom; but, in the meanwhile, have you no gendarmes?”

“Certainly,” Christodulos replied; “50 officers, 152 corporals, and 1250 gendarmes, of whom 150 are mounted. They are the best troops in the kingdom, after Hadji Stavros’.”

“What surprises me,” said I, in my turn, “is that the old rascal’s daughter allowed him to do it.”

“She is not with him.”

“All the better. Where is she?”

“At boarding-school.”

“In Athens?”

“You want to know too much, and I cannot answer you. It is quite certain that the man who wins her affections will make a splendid marriage.”

“Yes,” said Harris, “it is also asserted that Calcraft’s daughter will not be a bad match.”

“Who’s Calcraft?”

“The hangman of London.”

At this remark Dimitri, Christodulos’s son, blushed up to the ears.



AN ATHENIAN ELITE.

“Pardon me, sir,” he said, “but there is a great difference between a hangman and a brigand. The trade of the hangman is infamous, but the profession of the brigand is honoured. The government are obliged to guard the executioner of Athens at Fort Palamedes, or he would be assassinated, while no one wishes Hadji Stavros any harm; and the most respectable

people in the kingdom would be proud to shake his hand."

Harris was opening his mouth to answer, when the shop bell was heard ringing. It was the servant-maid returning with a girl of about fifteen or sixteen, dressed like the last engraving in the *Journal of Fashion*. Dimitri rose, saying—

"It is Photini."

"Gentlemen," the confectioner said, "let us talk about something else, if you please. Stories about brigands are not fitted for young ladies' ears."

Christodulos presented Photini to us as the daughter of one of his companions-in-arms, Colonel John Torio, commandant of Nauplia. She was therefore called Photini, daughter of John, after the fashion of the country, where there are no surnames, properly speaking.

The young Athenian was ugly, like nine-tenths of the girls in Athens. She had rare teeth and fine hair, but that was all. Her clumsy waist seemed ill at ease in Parisian stays. Her feet, rounded like a flat iron, seemed suffering torture; they were made for wearing papooshes, and not to be squeezed in Balmoral boots. Her face so little reminded you of the Greek type, that it was absolutely without profile; it was flat, as if an imprudent nurse had committed the fault of sitting on it in early youth. Dress does not suit all women, and it rendered poor Photini almost ridiculous. Her flounced robe, puffed out by an enormous crinoline, set in relief the awkwardness of her person and the clumsiness of her movements. The Palais Royal jewellery, with which she was studded, resembled so many notes of admiration, intended to point out the

imperfections of her body. You might have taken her for a stumpy and short servant girl, out for a Sunday in her mistress's wardrobe.

Not one of us was surprised that the daughter of a simple colonel was so expensively dressed to spend her Sunday with a confectioner. We knew the country well enough to be aware that dress is the most miserable ulcer of Greek society. Country girls make a hole in silver coins, string them together in the shape of a cap, and put them on upon a holiday. They wear their dowry on their heads. Town girls spend it at the haberdasher's, and wear it all over their body.

Photini was at school at the Hetæria. This, as you are aware, is a seminary established on the rules of the Legion of Honour, but governed by wider and more tolerant laws. The daughters of soldiers are not merely educated there, but also sometimes the heiresses of brigands.

Colonel John's daughter knew a little English and French, but her timidity did not permit her to shine in conversation. I learned afterwards that her father calculated on us to improve her in foreign languages. Her father having learned that Christodulos sheltered respectable and well-educated Europeans, begged the confectioner to fetch her from school every Sunday, and serve as his agent. This bargain seemed to please Christodulos, and even more his son Dimitri. The young guide for strangers devoured with his eyes the poor school-girl, who did not notice it.

We had arranged to go all together, and hear the band play. It is a fine sight, which the Athenians permit themselves every Sunday. The entire popula-

tion proceeds in full dress to a dusty field, to hear waltzes and quadrilles performed by a regimental band. The poor go on foot, the rich in carriages, the dandies on horseback. The court would not miss it for an empire. After the last quadrille everybody returns home with powdered clothes, but happy hearts; and they say, "We were uncommonly amused."

It is certain that Photini calculated on going to the music, and her admirer, Dimitri, was not vexed at the thought of appearing there with her, for he wore a new coat which he had bought ready-made from the Athenian Moses. Unfortunately the rain began falling so copiously, that we were compelled to remain at home. To kill the time, Maroula proposed to play at cards for sugarplums. This is a fashionable amusement in middle-class society. She fetched a jar from the shop, and gave each of us a handful of native sugarplums, flavoured with cloves, aniseed, pepper, and chicory. After this the cards were dealt, and the first who managed to hold nine of the same colour received three sugarplums from each of his opponents. Giacomo, the Maltese, showed by his sustained attention that gain was not a matter of indifference to him. Chance declared in his favour; he made a fortune, and we saw him swallow seven or eight handfuls of sugarplums, which had passed through everybody's hands, not excluding M. Mérinay's.

I, who took less interest in the game, concentrated my attention on a curious phenomenon that was taking place on my left, where the young Athenian's glances were broken off one after the other against Photini's indifference. Harris, who did not look at

her, attracted her to him by an invisible force. He held his cards with a passably careless air, yawned from time to time with American candour, or whistled Yankee Doodle, without any respect for the company. I believe that Christodulos' narrative had struck him, and that his mind was trotting about the mountains in pursuit of Hadji Stavros. At any rate, if he were thinking of anything, it was assuredly not of love. Perhaps the young girl was not thinking of it either, for nearly all Greek women have a substantial pavement of indifference at the bottom of their hearts. Still, she looked at my friend John as the lark gazes at the mirror. She was not acquainted with him; she knew nothing about him, neither his name, his country, nor his fortune. She had not heard him speak, and even had she done so, she was certainly not competent to judge were he clever. She saw that he was excessively good-looking, and that was enough. The ancient Greeks adored beauty, and it is the only one of their divinities which never had any atheists. The Greek women of to-day, in spite of their decadence, can still distinguish an Apollo from an ugly fellow. In M. Fauriel's collection of Greek songs there is one which may be thus translated—

“Boys, do you wish to know—girls, would you like to learn, how love assails us? It enters by the eyes; from the eyes it descends to the heart, and in the heart it takes root.”

Decidedly Photini knew the song; for she opened her eyes wide that love might enter without stooping.

The rain did not leave off falling, or Dimitri ogling the girl, or the girl looking at Harris, or Giacomo

munching sugarplums, or M. Mérinay telling little Robster a chapter of animal history, to which he was not listening. At eight o'clock Maroula laid the cloth for supper. Photini was placed between Dimitri and myself; she said little, and ate nothing. At dessert, when the servant spoke about taking her back to school, she made a violent effort, and whispered in my ear—

“Is Mr. Harris married?”

I took a delight in tormenting her a little, so I replied—

“Yes, miss; he married the widow of the Doge of Venice.”

“Is it possible! How old is she!”

“Old as the world, and eternal like it.”

“Do not mock me; I am a poor girl, and do not understand your European jests.”

“In other words, miss, he has married the sea; he commands the American vessel, the *Fairy*.”

She thanked me with such a beam of joy that her ugliness was eclipsed by it, and I fancied her pretty for at least a second.

CHAPTER III.

MARY ANNE.

THE studies of my youth have developed in me a passion which has ended by crushing all others; it is the desire for knowledge, or, if you prefer to call it so, curiosity. Up to the day when I started for Athens, my only pleasure had been learning; my only vexation, ignorance. I loved science as a mistress, and no

one had as yet come to dispute possession of my heart with it. On the other hand, I must allow I was not romantic, and poetry and Hermann Schultz rarely entered by the same door. I walked about the world as in a vast museum, with a spy-glass in my hand. I observed the pleasures and sufferings of others as facts worthy of study, but unworthy of envy or pity. I was no more jealous of a happy household than I was of two palm-trees wedded by the wind. I had just as much compassion for a heart lacerated by love as I felt for a geranium withered by a frost. When a man has



THE PHILOSOPHER DISARMED.

dissected living animals, he is no longer sensitive to the cries of palpitating flesh. I should have made a famous spectator at a fight of gladiators.

Photini's love for John Harris would have moved the heart of any one but a naturalist. The poor girl, it was evident, entirely wasted her affection. She was too timid to let her love be seen, and John was too careless to guess it. Even had he perceived anything, was there any chance of his taking an interest in a simple, ugly girl from the banks of the Ilissus? Photini spent four other days with him—the four Sundays of April. She looked at him from morn till night with languishing and despairing eyes; but she never found courage to open her mouth in his presence. Harris whistled calmly. Dimitri snarled like a pup, and I watched with a smile this malady, from which my constitution had always preserved me.

My father wrote to me about this time to tell me that business was bad. Travellers were becoming scarce. Money was dear, our opposite neighbours had just emigrated, and hence, if I had found a German princess, I could not do better than marry her out of hand. I answered him, that I had found no one as yet to fascinate me save the daughter of a poor Greek colonel; that she was seriously caught, but with another than myself; that I might, with a little skill, become her confidant, but never her lover. In other respects my health was good, and my herbal magnificent. My researches, hitherto confined to the suburbs of Athens, might possibly be extended further. Security was springing up again—the brigands had been defeated by the gendarmerie, and all the papers announced the dispersal of Hadji Stavro's band. In a month at the latest I could start again for Germany,

and request an appointment which would provide bread for the whole family.

We had read, on Sunday, April 28, in the Athens *Sidcle*, the grand defeat of the King of the Mountains. The official reports stated that he had twenty men placed *hors de combat*, his camp burned, his band dispersed, and that the gendarmes had pursued him into the Marathon marshes. This news, most agreeable to all foreigners, had seemed to cause less pleasure to the Greeks, and particularly to our hosts. Christodulos, for a captain in the phalanx, was wanting in enthusiasm, and the daughter of Colonel John had nearly cried on hearing of the brigand's defeat. Harris, who had brought the paper, did not conceal his delight. As for myself, I was enabled to go to the country, and was enchanted. On the morning of the 30th I was away with my botanizing box and stick, Dimitri having called me at four o'clock. He was going to take the orders of an English family which had arrived at the Strangers' Hotel a few days previously.

I went down Hermes Street, and turned into Eolus Street. In passing by the Gun Square I saluted the small artillery park of the kingdom, which slumbers under a shed, while dreaming of the capture of Constantinople, and in four strides I reached the Patrosia promenade. The meleanthus that border it on either side were beginning to expand their odoriferous flowers. The deep blue sky was somewhat lighter between the Hymettus and the Pentelicus. Before me, on the horizon, rose the summits of Parnassus, like a breached wall. It was my destination. I went by a cross road to the house of the Countess

Ianthe Theoloki, occupied by the French Legation ; I walked along the gardens of Prince Michael Soutzo and the Academy of Plato, which a president of the Areopagus made a lottery of a few years back, and I entered the grove of olives. The matinal thrushes and the blackbirds, their cousins german, were leaping among the silvery leaves and chattering joyously over my head. At the end of the wood I crossed large green barley fields, where the horses of Attica, short and thick-set like those on the frieze of the Parthenon, were consoling themselves for the dry provender and heating food of the winter. Flocks of turtle-doves flew away on my approach, and the crested larks rose vertically in the sky like the rockets at a display of fireworks. From time to time an indolent tortoise crossed the road, dragging its house with it. I carefully turned it on its back, and went on my way, leaving it the honour of getting out of the scrape. After two hours' walking I entered the desert. All traces of cultivation disappeared : nothing was visible on the parched soil but tufts of dried grass, Star of Bethlehem bulbs, and the long stems of withered asphodels. The sun rose, and I saw distinctly the firs which bristle on the side of Parnassus. The path I had taken was not a very sure guide, but I had proceeded toward a group of scattered houses on the slope of the mountain, and which must be the village of Castia.

I crossed at a leap the Eleusinian Cephisus, to the great scandal of the little flat tortoises which leaped about in the water like simple frogs. One hundred paces further on, the road was lost in a wide and deep

ravine, hollowed by the rains of two or three thousand winters. I supposed, with some show of justice, that the ravine must be the road, for I had noticed, in my previous excursions, that the Greeks dispense with having a road wherever the water has been kind enough to take that duty on itself. In this country, where man but slightly thwarts the labours of nature, the torrents are royal roads; the rivers, turnpike roads; the rivulets, cross country roads. Storms do the office of highway engineers, and the rain is an inspector who keeps up, without any control, the means of communication, great and small. I therefore buried myself in the ravine, and pursued my journey between the two scarped banks which hid from me plain, mountain, and my destination. But the capricious road took so many turnings, that it was soon difficult for me to know in what direction I was walking, and whether I was not turning my back on Parnassus. The wisest thing would have been to climb up one or other of the banks, and see where I was; but the sides were steep, I was tired and hungry, and I felt jolly in the shade. I sat down on a block of marble, took from my box a loaf, a shoulder of cold lamb, and a flask of the wine I have before alluded to, saying to myself, "If I am on a road, some one is sure to pass, and I will inquire."

In fact, as I was shutting up my knife, to stretch myself in the shade, with that soft beatitude which follows the breakfast of travellers and serpents, I fancied I heard a horse's footfall. I laid my ear to the ground, and perceived that two or three riders were coming up behind me. I buckled my box on my

shoulders, and made ready to follow them, in the event of their proceeding in the direction of Parnassus. Five minutes later I saw two ladies make their appearance, mounted on living horses, and dressed like English-women travelling. Behind them was a footman whom I had no difficulty in recognising: it was Dimitri.

You, who have been about the world a little, must have noticed that the traveller always sets out without troubling himself much about the vanities of the toilet; but if he happens to meet ladies, be they as old as the dove of Noah's ark, he suddenly emerges from his indifference, and casts an anxious glance upon his dusty envelope. Even before distinguishing the faces of the two riders behind their veils of blue crape, I had made a general inspection of my person, and was tolerably satisfied with myself. I wore the clothes you now see, and which are still presentable, though they have served me for nearly two years. I had only changed my head-covering, for a cap, even were it so handsome and good as this, would not protect a traveller against sun-strokes. I had on a wide-brimmed felt hat, which did not show the dust.

I took it off politely as the two ladies passed, though they seemed hardly to notice my bow. I held out my hand to Dimitri, and he told me in a few words, all I wished to know.

“I am on the road to Parnassus?”

“Yes, we are going there.”

“I can accompany you?”

“Why not?”

“Who are the ladies?”

“My English. The Milord has remained at the hotel.”

“What sort of people?”

“Pooh! London bankers. The old lady is Mrs. Simons, of the house of Barlee & Co.; the Milord is her brother; the young one is her daughter.”

“Pretty?”

“That is according to taste. I prefer Photini.”

“Shall you go as far as the fortress of Philæ?”

“Yes. They have hired me for a week, at ten shillings a day and food. I have to arrange their excursions. I began with this one as I felt sure of meeting you. But what bee has stung them?”

The old lady, annoyed at seeing that I had borrowed her servant, had set her animal at a trot in a passage, within the memory of man, no one had ever trotted. The other steed tried to assume the same pace in its noble jealousy, and, if we had conversed a few minutes longer, we should have been distanced. Dimitri ran off to rejoin the ladies, and I heard Mrs. Simons say to him in English—

“Do not leave us. I am English, and wish to be properly waited on. I do not pay you to converse with your friends. Who is that Greek you were talking to?”

“He is a German, madam.”

“Oh! what is his trade?”

“He looks for herbs.”

“Oh! then, he is an apothecary?”

“No, madam, he is a professor.”

“Oh! does he speak English?”

“Yes, madam, very well.”

“ Oh !”

These four “ oh’s” of the old lady were said in three different keys, which I should have felt a pleasure in scoring, had I been a musician. They indicated, by very sensible gradations, the progress I had made in Mrs. Simons’ esteem. Still she did not address a syllable to me, and I followed the little party at a short distance. Dimitri no longer dared to speak with me ; he walked in front like a prisoner of war. All he could do in my favour was to give me two or three glances, as much as to say, “ What prudes these Englishwomen are.” Miss Simons did not turn her head, and I was hence incompetent to decide in what her ugliness differed from that of Photini. All I could see, without indiscretion, was, that the young English lady was tall and admirably formed. Her shoulders were tall, her waist round as a bamboo, and supple as a reed. The little to be seen of her neck would have made me think of the Zoological Gardens, even if I had not been a naturalist.

Her mother turned to speak to her, and I doubled my pace to hear her voice in reply. Have I not already told you I am passionately curious ? I arrived just in time to catch the following conversation :—

“ Mary Anne ?”

“ Mamma ?”

“ I am hungry.”

“ Are you ?”

“ Yes.”

“ I, mamma, am so hot.”

“ Are you ?”

“ Yes.”

You fancy that this truly English dialogue made me smile? Not at all, sir, for I was under a spell. Mary Anne's voice had followed I know not what road, to penetrate I know not where. The fact is, that in listening to her I felt as it were a delicious agony, and felt very pleasantly choking. In my whole life, I had never heard anything younger, fresher, or more silvery than that low voice. The sound of a shower of gold falling on my father's roof would, in truth, have appeared to me less sweet. "What a pity," I thought to myself, "that the most melodious birds are necessarily the ugliest," and I feared to see her face, and yet was dying of envy to gaze on her; such power does curiosity exert over me.

Dimitri counted on letting the two ladies breakfast at the khan of Calysia. It is an inn built of badly joined planks, but you find there at all seasons a jar of raisin wine, a bottle of raki, bread, eggs, and a regiment of venerable brooders, whom death transforms into chickens, by virtue of the law of metempsychosis. Unfortunately the khan was deserted and the door locked. At this discovery, Mrs. Simons scolded Dimitri very sharply, and as she turned for the purpose, she showed me a face as angular as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth resembling palisades.

"I am English," she said, "and accustomed to eat when I am hungry."

"Madame," Dimitri replied, piteously, "you shall breakfast in half an hour at the village of Castia."

I, who had breakfasted, indulged in melancholy reflections on the ugliness of Mrs. Simons, and muttered

between my teeth an apophthegm from the Latin grammar, "As the mother is, so is the daughter."



I AM ENGLISH.

From the khan to the village the road is simply detestable. It is a perpendicular flight of steps between a rock and a precipice which would make even chamois feel giddy. Mrs. Simons, before entering this diabolic path, where the horses had just room to put down their four feet, asked if there was no other road.

"I am English," she said, "and not made to roll over precipices."

Dimitri began praising the road, and assured her there were others a hundredfold worse in the kingdom.

"At any rate," the good lady continued, "hold my horse's bridle. But what will become of my daughter?"

Lead my daughter's horse. And yet I must not break my neck. Can't you hold both horses at the same time? This path is indeed detestable. I am willing to believe it is good enough for Greeks, but it is not fit for English ladies. Is it not so, sir?" she added, as she turned graciously to me.

I was introduced. Whether regular or not, the presentation was made. I arrived under the auspices of a personage well known in mediæval romances, and whom the poets of the fourteenth century called Danger. I bowed with all the elegance nature has accorded me, and answered in English :—

"Madame, the road is not so bad as it appears to you at the first glance. Your horses are sure-footed, as I know, from having ridden them; and then, you have two guides, if you will permit it, Dimitri for you and myself for the young lady."

No sooner said than done. Without waiting for an answer, I boldly advanced, took Mary Anne's bridle and turned to her. As her blue veil had just flown back, I saw the most adorable face that ever upset the scientific thoughts of a German naturalist.

A charming Chinese poet, the celebrated A-Scholl, asserts that every man has in his heart a nest of eggs, each containing a love. To hatch them the glance of a woman is sufficient. I am too learned to be ignorant that this hypothesis is destitute of any solid foundation, and that it is in formal contradiction with all the facts revealed by anatomy. Still, I must allow that Miss Simons' first glance caused me a sensible disturbance in the region of the heart. I experienced a most unusual commotion, which, however, had nothing pain-

ful about it, and it seemed to me as if something had broken in the bony structure of my chest, just above the bone called the sternum. At the same instant my blood coursed violently, and the arteries in my temples beat with such force that I could count their pulsations.

What eyes she had, my dear sir ! I trust, for your repose, that you may never come across any like them. They were not of very surprising size, and were not out of proportion with the rest of the face. They were neither blue nor black, but of special and personal colour, made for them and mixed expressly on a corner of the palette. It was a burning and velvety brown only found in the Siberian garnet and certain garden flowers. I could show you a scabiosa and an almost black variety of hollyhock, which recal, though without rendering, the marvellous shade of her eyes. If you have ever visited a forge at midnight you must have remarked the strange gleam reflected by a steel plate heated to a brownish red—that was their exact colour. As for the charm they possessed, no comparison could describe it, for that is a gift reserved for a small number of individuals in the animal kingdom. Mary Anne's eyes had something about them simple and yet clever—a candid vivacity, a flash of youth and health, and at times a touching languor. All the knowledge of the woman and all the innocence of the child could be read in them as in a book ; but you would have gone blind had you read that book for long. Her glance burned, so truly as my name is Hermann : it would have caused the peaches on your wall to ripen.

When I think that poor Dimitri thought her not so good-looking as Photini! in truth, love is a malady which singularly dulls instinct! I, who had never lost the use of my reason, and judge everything with the wise indifference of a naturalist, I assure you that the world never saw a woman comparable with Mary Anne. I should like to be able to show you her portrait, such as it has remained engraved on my memory. You would see how long her lashes were, what a graceful arch her brows formed over her eyes, how the enamel of her teeth laughed in the sun, and how rosy and transparent her little ear was. I studied her beauty in its slightest details, because I have an analytical mind, and a habit of observation. One of the features that struck me most in her was the fineness and transparency of her skin; her epidermis was more delicate than the velvety down which envelops fine fruit. The roses of her cheeks seemed composed of that impalpable dust which illumines the wings of butterflies. If I had not been a doctor in natural sciences, I should have feared lest the rubbing of her veil should remove the fragile lustre of her beauty. I do not know if you like pale women, and I have no wish to clash with your ideas, if you happen to have a taste for that style of dying-away elegance which was the fashion for a certain season; but in my quality of professor I admire nothing so much as health, that joy of life. If ever I have myself called as physician, I shall be a precious man for families, for it is certain that I shall never be captivated by one of my patients. The sight of a pretty, healthy, lively face causes me nearly as much pleasure as that of a vigorous shrub whose flowers expand gaily

in the sun, and whose leaves have never been attacked by caterpillars or May bugs. Hence, the first time I saw Mary Anne's face, I felt a violent temptation to squeeze her hand and say to her, "How kind it is of you, miss, to be in such good health."

I have forgotten to tell you that the lines of her face were deficient in regularity, and that she had no statuesque profile. Phidias might have, perhaps, refused to make her bust; but Pradier would have asked her for a few sittings on his knees. I will confess, even at the risk of destroying your illusions, that she had on her left cheek a dimple, which was not matched on the other; which is contrary to all the rules of symmetry. You must know, too, that her nose was neither straight nor aquiline, but slightly turned up after the French model. But I would deny, even on the scaffold, that this conformation rendered her less pretty. She was as lovely as the Greek statues; but in a different style. Beauty is not measured by an immutable type, although Plato affirmed it in his sublime vagaries. It varies according to the age, the peoples, and the cultivation of the mind. The Venus of Milo was, two thousand years ago, the loveliest girl in the Archipelago; I do not believe that she would be in 1858 the prettiest woman in Paris. Take her to a dressmaker in the Place Vendôme, and a milliner's in the Rue de la Paix. In whatever drawing-room you might present her, she would meet with less success than Mrs. So-and so, who has less correct features and not such a regular nose. A woman geometrically lovely might be admired in an age when woman was only an object of art intended to flatter the sight, with-

out appealing to the mind—a bird of Paradise, whose plumage was contemplated without even inviting it to sing. A lovely Athenian girl was as well-proportioned, as white, and as cold as the column of a temple. Mr. Mérimay showed me in a book that the Ionic column was only a woman disguised. The portico of the Erethæum, or Athens Acropolis, still rests on four Athenian women of the age of Pericles. The women of our day are pretty winged creatures—little, active, and, before all, thoughtful, created not to bear temples on their heads, but to awaken genius, cheer our toil, animate our courage, and enlighten the world by the flashes of their wit. What we love in them, and constitutes their beauty, is not the regularity of their features ; it is the animated and mobile expression of feelings more delicate than ours ; it is the flashes of thought round that fragile envelope which is unable to contain it ; it is the petulant sport of an intellectual countenance. I am no sculptor, but if I could wield a graver, and I had a commission to make an allegorical statue of our age, I swear to you that it should have a dimple on its left cheek and a turned-up nose.

I led Mary Anne's horse to the village of Castia. What she said to me along the road, and what I was able to answer her, have left no more trace on my mind than the flight of a swallow leaves in the air. Her voice was so sweet to hear, that I, perhaps, did not listen to what she said to me. It was like being at the opera, where the music often does not allow you to understand the words.

And yet all the circumstances of that first meeting have become ineffaceable on my mind. I need only

shut my eyes to fancy myself back again. The April sun shone on my head. Above and below the road the resinous mountain trees exhaled their spices in the air. The pines, the tuyas, and mastich trees seemed to be burning a sharp and rustic incense in honour of Mary Anne passing. She inhaled with ardent pleasure this odoriferous bounty of nature. Her little nose quivered and clapped its wings ; her eyes, her glorious eyes, turned from one object to the other with sparkling joy. On seeing her so lovely, so lovely and so happy, you might have taken her for a dryad escaped from her tree. I can still see the animal on which she was mounted ; it was Psari, a white horse from Zimmermann's stables. Her riding-dress was black ; Mrs. Simons' dress, which closed my horizon, was bottle-green, and sufficiently eccentric to evidence her independent taste. Mrs. Simons wore a black hat, of that absurd and ugly shape which men of all countries have adopted ; her daughter wore the grey felt hat of the heroines of the Fronde. Both wore chamois leather gloves : Mary Anne's hand was rather large but admirably shaped. I have never been able to wear gloves. And you ?

The village of Castia was deserted like the Calysia khan. Dimitri could not at all understand it. The khan is situated near the fountain in front of the church. Each of us went to knock at the door, but there was not a soul at home. Nobody at the Papa's, nobody at the Paredros' house. The authorities had removed with the population. All the houses of the village are composed of four walls and a roof, with two openings, one serving as a door, the other as a window. Poor Dimitri took the trouble to break in two or three

doors and five or six shutters, in order to convince himself that the inhabitants were not asleep. But these burglaries only served to deliver a luckless cat, forgotten by its master, and which fled like an arrow in the direction of the woods.

This time Mrs. Simons thoroughly lost her patience, and said to Dimitri—

“I am English, and people cannot play tricks on me with impunity. I will complain to the Legation. What! I hire you for an excursion in the mountains, and you make me ride over precipices! I order you to bring provisions, and you expose me to a death of hunger! We were to breakfast at the khan, and the khan is abandoned. I have the courage to follow you in a fasting condition to this frightful village, and all the peasants have departed. That is not natural. I have travelled in Switzerland. Switzerland is a mountainous country too, and yet I never wanted for anything: I always breakfasted at the proper hour, and on trout, do you understand?”

Mary Anne tried to calm her mother, but the good lady had no ears. Dimitri explained to her as well as he could that the inhabitants of the village were nearly all charcoal-burners, and their calling often dispersed them over the mountains. At any rate, no time was lost as yet; it was not eight o'clock, and they were sure of finding an inhabited house, and breakfast ready at a house not ten minutes' walk from the village.

“What house?” Mrs. Simons asked.

“The monastery farm. The monks of Pentelicus have large farms above Castia, where they keep bees.

The good old man who manages the farm has always wine, bread, honey, and fowls ; he will furnish us with breakfast."

"He may have gone from home like the rest !"

"If he has, he cannot be far. Swarming time is approaching, and he will not go far from his hives."

"Go and see : for my part I have ridden enough this morning. I will make a vow never to mount a horse again before breakfast."

"Madame, you have no occasion to mount your horse," Dimitri replied, patient as a guide. "We can fasten up the horses to the trough, and get there quicker on foot."

Mary Anne decided her mother. She was most anxious to see the good old man and his winged flocks. Dimitri fastened the horses up near the fountain, by laying a heavy stone on each bridle. Mrs. Simons and her daughter drew up their skirts, and our small party entered a scarped path, very agreeable assuredly to the goats of Castia. All the green lizards warming themselves in the sun discreetly retired on our approach, but each of them drew an eagle's cry from worthy Mrs. Simons, who could not endure crawling things. After a quarter of an hour's vocalization, she at length had the joy of seeing an open house and a human face ; they were the farm and the good old man.

The farm was a small building of red bricks with four cupolas ; no more or less than a village mosque. Viewed from a distance, it did not lack a certain look of elegance. Clean outside, dirty inside ; such is the motto of the East. In the neighbourhood could

be seen, under the protection of a mound covered with thyme, some hundred straw hives placed on the ground, and aligned like the tents in a camp. The king of this empire, the good old man, was a short young man of four-and-twenty, round and plump. All Greek monks are decorated with the honorary title of "good old man," with which age has nothing to do. He was dressed like a peasant, but his cap, instead of being red, was black ; it was by that sign Dimitri recognised him.

The little man, on seeing us come up, raised his arms to heaven, and gave signs of profound stupefaction.

"That is a strange fellow !" said Mrs. Simons ; " what is there to astonish him so ? You might suppose he had never seen English ladies."

Dimitri, who ran on before us, kissed the monk's hands, and said, with a curious blending of respect and familiarity—

" Bless me, my father ; wring the necks of two chickens—you will be well paid."

" Unhappy lad !" the monk said, " what do you here ?"

" Breakfast."

" Did you not see that the khan below was abandoned ?"

" Of course I did."

" And that the village was empty ?"

" If I had found any one there, I should not have clambered up to you."

" Then you are in partnership with them ?"

" Them ?—who ?"

“The brigands!”

“Are there brigands on Parnassus?”

“Since the day before yesterday.”

“Where are they?”

“Everywhere.”

Dimitri turned sharply to us and said,

“We have not a moment to lose—the brigands on the mountains! Let us run to our horses. A little courage, ladies, and legs, too, if you please.”

“That is a little too strong,” Mrs. Simons cried, “what, start without breakfasting!”

“Your breakfast might cost you dear, madam; let us make haste, in Heaven’s name!”

“Why, it is a regular conspiracy! you have vowed to kill me by hunger! Now it’s the brigands; as if there were any brigands! I don’t believe in brigands! All the papers assert there are none left. Besides, I am English, and if any one touched a hair of my head——”

Mary Anne was much less confident. She leant on my arm, and asked me if I thought we were in danger of death!

“Death!—no.”

“Robbery?”

“Yes!”

“What do I care?” Mrs. Simons remarked; “they may rob me of all I have about me, but I must have my breakfast.”

I learned, at a later date, that the poor woman was subject to a rare disease, which the vulgar call wolf’s hunger, and which professional men have christened *boulimia*. When hunger assailed her, she would have given her fortune for a dish of lentils.

Dimitri and Mary Anne each seized her by a hand, and dragged her towards the path by which we had arrived. The little monk made all sorts of signs, and I had a violent temptation to push her on behind; but a clear and unmistakable whistle suddenly made us all halt.

“St!—st!”

I raised my eyes. Two clumps of mastic and arbutus trees controlled the road on the right and left. From each tuft three or four gun-barrels emerged, and a voice cried in Greek—

“Sit down on the ground.”

This operation was the more easy to me, because my knees were already giving way beneath me; but I consoled myself by the thought that Ajax, Agamemnon, and the boiling Achilles, had they found themselves in the same situation, would not have refused the seat offered me.

The gun-barrels were lowered towards us. I fancied I saw them unnaturally elongated, and that their ends were about to meet over our heads. It was not that fear troubled my sight, but I had never before remarked so sensitively the desperate length of Greek muskets. The entire arsenal soon debouched in the road, and each gun displayed its butt and its master.

The only difference that exists between demons and brigands is, that the former are not so black as they are called, and the latter are even more filthy than they are supposed. The eight ragamuffins who formed a circle round us were so dirty, that I should have liked to hand them my money with a pair of pincers. You might guess by a slight effort that their caps had been

red, but even soapsuds could not have discovered the original colour of their clothes. All the rocks of the kingdom had stained their petticoats, and their jackets kept a specimen of the different soils on which they had rested. Their hands, their faces, and even their moustaches were of a reddish grey, like the ground that bore them. Each animal assumes the colour of its abode and habits. The Greenland foxes are of the hue of snow, the lions that of the desert, the partridges that of ploughed fields, while the Greek brigands are the colour of the high road.

The leader of the little band which had made us prisoners was not distinguished by any external sign. Perhaps, however, his face, hands, and clothes were rather richer in dirt than those of his comrades. He bent all his long body over us, and examined us so closely that I felt the pricking of his moustaches. He was like a tiger sniffing its prey before it takes a mouthful. When his curiosity was satisfied, he said to Dimitri,

“ Empty your pockets.”

Dimitri did not let it be repeated twice. He threw down before him a knife, a tobacco pouch, and three Mexican dollars, representing the sum of about fifteen shillings.

“ Is that all ?” the brigand asked.

“ Yes, brother.”

“ You are the servant ?”

“ Yes, brother.”

“ Take back a piastre. You must not return to town without money.”

Whereupon Dimitri began bargaining.

"You might leave me two," he said. "I have two horses down there, they are hired from the stables, and I shall have to pay for the day."

"You will explain to Zimmermann that we took your money."

"But if he insist on being paid?"

"Tell him he is only too happy to see his horses again."

"He knows very well that you do not take horses. What could you do with them in the mountains?"

"Enough. Tell me who that tall, thin fellow is by your side?"

I answered for myself.

"An honest German, whose spoils will not enrich you."

"You speak Greek well. Empty your pockets."

I laid on the road some twenty francs, my tobacco-pipe, and pocket-handkerchief.

"What's that?" the Chief Inquisitor asked.

"A pocket-handkerchief."

"What's it for?"

"To blow my nose."

"Why did you tell me you were poor. Only milords use pocket-handkerchiefs. Take off that box on your back. Good! now open it."

My box contained a few plants, a book, a knife, a small packet of arsenic, an almost empty flask, and the remains of my breakfast, which enkindled a flash of covetousness in Mrs. Simons' eyes. I had the boldness to offer them to her ere my baggage changed its owner. She accepted gluttonously, and began devouring the bread and meat. To my great amazement, this act

scandalized our robbers, who muttered to each other the word "schismatics!" The monk crossed himself half-a-dozen times after the fashion of the Greek Church.

"You must have a watch," the brigand said to me; "lay it with the rest."

I surrendered my silver watch, an hereditary ornament weighing a quarter of a pound. The scoundrels passed it from hand to hand and considered it very fine. I hoped that admiration, which renders man better, would dispose them to restore me something, and I begged their chief to leave me my tin box. He rudely ordered silence.

"At any rate," I said, "give me two crowns with which to return to town."

He answered, with a sardonic grin,

"You will not want them."

Mrs. Simons' time had arrived. Before putting her hand in her pockets, she addressed our conquerors in the language of her fathers. English is one of those few idioms which you can speak with your mouth full.

"Reflect carefully on what you are about to do," she said, in a menacing tone. "I am English, and English citizens are inviolable in all the countries of the world. What you may take from me will serve you little, and cost you dear. England will avenge me, and you will all be hanged at the least. Now, if you want my money, you have only to say so; but it will burn your fingers; it is English money!"

"What does she say?" the orator of the brigands asked.

Dimitri answered—

"She says she is English."

“All the better! all the English are rich. Tell her to do as you did.”

The poor lady emptied on the sand a purse containing twelve sovereigns. As her watch was not visible, and they displayed no intention of searching us, she kept it. The clemency of the conquerors left her her pocket-handkerchief.

Mary Anne threw down her watch with a whole bundle of charms. She tossed from her, with a movement full of saucy grace, a bag of shagreen skin which she wore in a sling. The brigand eagerly opened it with the zeal of a custom-house officer. He drew from it a small English housewife, a bottle of salts, a box of lozenges, and about four pounds in money.

“Now,” the angry beauty said, “you can let us go, for you have nothing more to expect from us.”

She was informed by a threatening gesture that the audience was not ended yet. The leader squatted down before our plunder, called the good old man, counted the money in his presence, and handed him the sum of thirty-five shillings. Mrs. Simons nudged my elbow.

“You see,” she said to me, “Dimitri and the monk betrayed us; they are sharing with the thieves.”

“No, madam,” I answered at once; “Dimitri only received alms of what was taken from him. That is a thing done everywhere. On the banks of the Rhine, when a traveller has ruined himself at roulette, the farmer of the latter always gives him the money to return home with.”

“But the monk?”

“Has received the tithe of the booty, in accordance

with an immemorial custom. Do not reproach him, but rather feel grateful to him for trying to save us when his monastery was interested in our capture."

This discussion was interrupted by Dimitri taking leave. He had received his liberty.

"Wait for me," I said to him; "we will go back together."

He tossed his head sorrowfully, and answered in English, so that the ladies might understand—

"You are prisoners for some days, and you will not see Athens again till you have paid a ransom. I will go and inform the milord. Have these ladies any message to give me for him?"

"Tell him," Mrs. Simons cried, "that he is to run to the embassy; that he must then go to the Piræus and find the admiral; he must also complain to the Foreign Office and write to Lord Palmerston. We shall be released by the force of arms or the authority of diplomacy; but I insist that not a penny shall be paid for my liberty."

"I," I then said, without such a display of passion, "beg you to tell my friends in what hands you left me. If a few hundred drachmas are needed to ransom a poor devil of a naturalist, they will find them without difficulty. These gentlemen of the highway will not set too high a price on me. I am tempted to ask them, while you are still here, the exact amount they consider I am worth."

"It is useless, my dear Mr. Hermann; they will not fix the amount of your ransom."

"Who, then?"

"Their chief, Hadji Stavros."

CHAPTER IV.

HADJI STAVROS.

DIMITRI went down toward Athens, the monk went up to his hut, and our new masters drove us into a path that led to the camp of their king. Mrs. Simons displayed her independence by refusing to set one foot before the other. The brigands threatened to carry her in their arms, and she declared that she would not allow herself to be carried. But her daughter recalled her to gentler feelings by leading her to hope that she would find the table ready laid, and breakfast with Hadji Stavros. Mary Anne was more surprised than terrified. The subaltern brigands who had arrested us had displayed a certain amount of courtesy; they had not ransacked our pockets and had kept their hands off their prisoners. Instead of plundering us, they had begged us to plunder ourselves; they had not noticed that the ladies wore earrings, and had not even requested them to remove their gloves. Hence they were far above those banditti in Spain and Italy, who cut off a finger to have a ring, and tear off the lobe of an ear to take a pearl or a diamond. All the dangers with which we were menaced reduced themselves to the payment of a ransom; and, moreover, it was probable that we should be delivered gratis. How could it be supposed that Hadji Stavros would hold us with impunity at five leagues from the capital, the court, the Greek army, a battalion of her Britannic

Majesty's forces, and an English cruiser? Thus reasoned Mary Anne. For my part, I thought involuntarily of the history of the little girls of Mistra, and felt sorrow overcome me. I feared lest Mrs. Simons, through her patriotic obstinacy, might expose her daughter to some great danger, and I proposed to enlighten her as soon as possible as to her situation.

We walked one by one in a narrow path, separated from each other by our stern travelling companions. The road appeared to me interminable, and I asked more than a dozen times whether we should not soon arrive. The country was frightful: the naked rock scarce allowed a green oak to escape through its fissures, or a bush of thorny thyme which caught round our legs. The victorious brigands manifested no joy; and their triumphal march resembled a funeral procession. They silently smoked cigarettes of the thickness of four fingers. They did not converse together, and only one struck up from time to time a species of nasal chant. This nation is as mournful as a ruin.

At about eleven o'clock, a ferocious barking announced to us the vicinity of the camp. Ten or twelve enormous dogs, as large as calves, and woolly as sheep, rushed towards us, displaying their teeth. Our protectors received them with a volley of stones, and after a quarter of an hour's hostilities, peace was made. These inhospitable monsters are the advanced sentries of the King of the Mountains. They scent the gendarmes as smugglers' dogs do the custom-house officers. But that is not all; their zeal is so great, that they at times snap up an inoffensive shepherd, a straying traveller, or even a companion of Hadji Stavros. The

king nourishes them as the old sultans supported the Janissaries, with the constant apprehension of being himself devoured.

The royal camp was a plateau with a superficies of seven or eight hundred yards. I looked in vain for the tents of our conquerors. The brigands are no Sybarites, and sleep beneath the sky on April 30th. I saw no spoils piled up, or treasures displayed; in fact, nothing you might expect at the head-quarters of a band of robbers. Hadji Stavros undertakes to sell the booty; each man receives his pay in cash, and spends it as he pleases. Some invest in trade, others lend on mortgage on houses in Athens, or buy land in the villages; but none squanders the produce of robbery. Our arrival interrupted the breakfast of twenty-five or thirty men, who ran towards us with their bread and cheese. The chief supports his soldiers; they receive daily a ration of bread, oil, wine, cheese, caviar, pimento, bitter olives, and meat when their religion permits it. The gourmets who wish to eat mallows or other green meat are at liberty to pluck these dainties on the mountains. The brigands, like the other classes of the population, rarely light a fire for their meals; they eat cold meat and raw vegetables. I remarked that all those who pressed round us religiously observed the law of abstinence. We were at the Eve of Ascension, and these worthy fellows, of whom the most innocent had at least one man's death on his conscience, would not have liked to load their stomachs with the leg of a fowl. Arresting two English ladies at the end of their muskets seemed to them an insignificant peccadillo: Mrs. Simons had sinned much

more gravely by eating lamb on the Wednesday before Ascension.

The men who formed our escort copiously regaled the curiosity of their comrades. They overwhelmed them with questions, and they answered everything. They displayed the booty they had obtained, and my silver watch caused a renewed success, which flattered my self-esteem. Mary Anne's smelling-bottle was less noticed. In this first interview, public consideration was directed to my watch, and some of it was reflected on myself. In the eyes of these simple men the possessor of so important an article could not be less than a milord.

The curiosity of the brigands was exciting, but not insolent. Not one of them displayed any desire to treat us as conquered persons generally are. They knew we were in their hands, and that they should exchange us sooner or later for a certain number of gold pieces; but they did not take advantage of this to ill-treat us or fail in respect. Good sense, that imperishable genius of the Greek people, showed them in us the representatives of a different and, to a certain extent, superior race. Victorious barbarism rendered a secret homage to conquered civilization. Several of them now saw for the first time an European coat. These moved round us as the inhabitants of the New World did round Columbus's Spaniards. They furtively felt the stuff of my paletot to find out of what tissue it was made. They would have liked to be able to take off all my clothes, in order to examine them in detail. Perhaps, too, they would not have been sorry to break me in two or three pieces to study the internal

structure of a milord ; but I am sure they would not have done so without apologizing and asking my pardon for the great liberty.



A CURIOSITY.

Mrs. Simons speedily lost patience ; she was annoyed at being examined so closely by these cheese-eaters, who did not offer her any breakfast. It is not everybody who likes to make a show of himself. The part of a living curiosity greatly displeased the good lady, although she could have played it advantageously in any quarter of the globe. As for Mary Anne she was fainting with fatigue. A ride of six hours, hunger and emotion suppressed, had had an easy bargain of this delicate creature. Just imagine a young lady brought up in wadding, accustomed to walk upon

drawing-room carpets, or the rye grass of the finest parks. Her boots were already torn by the roughness of the road, and the brambles had frayed the bottom of her dress. She had drunk tea on the previous evening in the saloons of the English Legation, while turning over Mr. Wyse's admirable albums ; she found herself transported without transition to the middle of a frightful country and a horde of savages, and she had not the consolation of saying to herself "it is a dream," for she was neither lying down nor sitting, but standing, to the great despair of her dainty little feet.

A new band arrived, which rendered our position intolerable. It was not a band of brigands, but much worse. The Greeks bear about with them an entire menagerie of little, active, capricious, unseizable animals, who keep them company day and night, employ them even in their sleep, and by their leaps and stings, accelerate the movement of the mind and the circulation of the blood. The brigands' fleas, of which I can show you some specimens in my entomological collection, are more rustic, strong, and agile than those of townsmen, for the fresh air has such powerful virtues. But I found only too soon that they were not contented with their lot, and found a daintier meal on the fine skin of a young German than on the tanned hide of their masters. An armed emigration invaded my poor legs. I first felt a lively itching round my instep : it was the declaration of war. Two minutes later a division of the vanguard threw itself on my right calf. I quickly put my hand to it ; but, by favour of this diversion, the enemy advanced by forced marches towards my left wing, and assumed a position on the

heights of the knee. My centre was forced, and all resistance was unavailing. Had I been alone, in a retired corner, I should have had a guerilla warfare with some chances of success. But the fair Mary Anne was before me, red as a cherry, and, perhaps, also tortured by some secret enemy. I dared neither complain nor defend myself; I heroically devoured my woes without lifting my eyes to Mrs. Simons, and for her sake I endured a martyrdom of which she will never be aware. At length, when my patience was exhausted and I decided on flight through the ascending flood of invasion, I asked to be taken before the king. This remark recalled our guides to their duty, and they asked where was Hadji Stavros. They received the answer that he was at work in his office.

“At last,” Mrs. Simons said, “I shall be able to sit down in a chair.”

She took my arm, offered her own to her daughter, and walked with a deliberate step in the direction whither the crowd conducted us. The office was not far from the camp, and we reached it in less than five minutes.

The king's office resembled an ordinary office as much as the robber's camp did a real camp. There were no tables, chairs, or furniture of any description. Hadji Stavros was seated tailor-wise on a square carpet, beneath the shade of a pine-tree. Four secretaries and two servants were grouped round him. A lad of from sixteen to eighteen was incessantly engaged in filling, lighting, and cleaning his master's chibouk. He carried in his girdle a tobacco-pouch embroidered with gold and precious stones, and a pair of silver pincers

to pick up a coal. Another servant spent the day in preparing cups of coffee, glasses of water, and confectionery, intended to refresh the royal mouth. The secretaries, seated on the bare rock, were writing on their knees with split reeds. Each of them had within arm's length a long copper box, containing reeds, a knife, and an ink-bottle. Some tin boxes, like those in which French soldiers keep their discharge, served as dépôts for the archives. The paper was not native, for sufficient reason, each page bore the word *BATH* in capital letters.

The king was a handsome old man marvellously well preserved, tall, thin, supple as a watch-spring, clean and glistening as a new sabre. His long white moustaches hung down below his chin like two marble stalactites. The rest of the face was carefully shaved, the skull bald to the crown, where a heavy tress of white hair rolled up under his cap. The expression of his features appeared to me calm and thoughtful. A pair of small light-blue eyes and a square chin announced an inflexible will. His face was long, and the arrangement of the wrinkles rendered it still longer. All the wrinkles in his forehead were broken in the centre, and seemed to meet the eyebrows, while two wide and deep furrows descended perpendicularly to the corners of the lips, as if the weight of the moustaches had dragged down the muscles of the face. I have seen a good many septuagenarians ; I have even dissected one who would have lived to a hundred, if the Osnaburgh diligence had not passed over his body ; but I never remember to have noticed a greener or more robust old age than that of Hadji Stavros.

He wore the dress of the Isles of the Archipelago. His red cap formed a large fold at its base round the forehead. He wore a jacket of black cloth edged with black silk, immense blue pantaloons that contained more than twenty yards of cotton stuff, and long supple and solid Russian leather boots. The only rich thing about his dress was a waist-belt embroidered with gold and precious stones, which might be worth a hundred pounds. It contained in its folds an embroidered Cashmere purse, a Damascus handjar in a silver sheath, a long pistol mounted with gold and rubies, and the corresponding ramrod.

Motionless amid his clerks, Hadji Stavros only moved the tips of his fingers and lips; the lips to dictate his correspondence, the fingers to count the beads of his rosary. It was one of those handsome rosaries of clouded amber which are not employed to count prayers, but amuse the solemn indolence of the Turks.

He raised his head on our approach, guessed at a glance the accident that brought us, and said to us, with a gravity which had nothing normal about it—

“You are welcome. Be seated.”

“Sir,” Mrs. Simons cried out, “I am an English lady, and——”

He interrupted her speech by clacking his tongue against the teeth of his upper jaw—superb teeth indeed.

“I will attend to you presently,” he said, “I am engaged now.”

He only understood Greek, and Mrs. Simons only knew English: but the face of the king was so speak-

ing, that the good lady easily comprehended without the help of an interpreter.

We sat down in the dust. Fifteen to twenty brigands squatted round us, and the king, who had no secrets to hide, peacefully dictated his family and business letters. The leader of the party who arrested us whispered something in his ear, and he haughtily replied,—

“What matter if the milord understands! I am doing no harm, and everybody can hear me. Go and sit down. You, Spiro, write: it is to my daughter.”

He employed his fingers very skilfully as a handkerchief, and dictated in a grave and gentle voice:—

“My dear eyes, your schoolmistress has written to me that your health was improved, and that the nasty cough went away with the winter. But she is not so well pleased with your application, and complains that you have learned nothing since the beginning of April. Madame Macros says that you have become absent, and are seen hanging over your books, with your eyes fixed on air, as if thinking of something else. I cannot tell you too often that you must be an assiduous pupil. Follow the example of my whole life. If I had rested, like so many others, I should not have attained the rank I now occupy. I wish you to be worthy of me, and that is why I make such heavy sacrifices for your education. You know that I never refused you the masters or books you asked me for, but I do not like to throw away my money. The edition of Walter Scott has arrived at the Piræus, as well as the ‘Robinson’ and the other English books you expressed a desire to read: have them fetched from the custom-house by

our friends in Hermes-street. You will receive by the same opportunity the bracelet you asked for, and the steel-machine to stick out your skirts. If your Vienna pianoforte is not good, as you tell me, and you *must* have an instrument of Pleyel's, you shall have it. I will do one or two villages after the sale of the crops, and the deuce will be in it if I do not find the price of a pretty piano. I think, with yourself, that you ought to know how to play ; but what you must learn before all is foreign languages. Employ your Sundays in the way I told you, and profit by the politeness of our friends. You must be in a position to speak English, French, and especially German. For, after all, you are not sent into the world to live in this ridiculous little country, and I would sooner see you dead than married to a Greek. As the daughter of a king, you can marry no one under a prince. I do not mean a contraband prince, like all our Phanariotes, who boast of being descended from the Emperors of the East, and whom I would not have for my servants ; but a reigning and crowned prince. Very suitable ones may be found in Germany, and my fortune enables me to select you one. If the Germans could come to reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them in your turn. Hasten, then, to learn their language, and tell me in your next what progress you have made. With this, my child, I embrace you tenderly, and send you, with your six months' school, my paternal blessing."

Mrs. Simons bent over to me, and whispered in my ear :—

"Is he dictating our sentence to those brigands ?"

I answered :

“No, madam, he is writing to his daughter.”

“About our capture?”

“About pianofortes, crinolines, and Walter Scott.”

“That may last a long time. Will he not ask us to have some breakfast?”

“Here is his servant with some refreshments for us.”

The king's cafedgi was standing before us with three



THE KING'S CAFEDGI.

cups of coffee, a box of rahat-loukoum, and a pot of preserves. Mrs. Simons and her daughter declined

the coffee in disgust, because it was prepared in the Turkish fashion, and thick as soup. I emptied my cup like a true Oriental connoisseur. The preserves, which were quinces with rose-leaves, obtained but a slight success, because we were obliged to eat them with only one spoon. Particular people are badly off in this land of simplicity. But the rahat-loukoum, cut in pieces, tickled the palates of the ladies without too greatly infringing on their habits. They took handfuls of this prepared starch jelly, and emptied the box, while the king was dictating the following letter :—

*“ To Messrs. Barlee and Co.,
“ 31, Cavendish Square, London.*

“ I see by your favour of the 5th April, and the account current that accompanies it, that I have at present 22,750*l.* to my credit. You will be pleased to invest this amount, half in shares of the Credit Mobilier, before the coupon is detached, and half in the English three per cents. Sell my shares in the Royal British Bank ; I have no great confidence in that undertaking : buy me instead, London Omnibus shares. If you can get me 8000*l.* for my house in the Strand (it was worth it in 1852), you will buy me Vielle Montagnes to that amount. Send to Rhalli Brothers one hundred guineas as my subscription to the Hellenic School of Liverpool. I have seriously weighed your proposal, and after ripe reflection, I have resolved to persist in my line of conduct, and carry on business for cash exclusively. Time bargains have a speculative character about them, which every honest father of a family should distrust. I am well aware that you

would only risk my capital with the prudence which has always distinguished your house ; but even if the profits to which you allude were certain, I should, I confess, feel a certain amount of repugnance in leaving my heirs a fortune augmented by gambling."

"Is he talking about us?" Mary Anne asked.

"Not yet, Miss. His Majesty is settling some accounts."

"Accounts here? I thought they were only kept in England."

"Is not your father a partner in a banking house?"

"Yes—the firm of Barlee and Co."

"Are there two bankers of the same name in London?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Have you ever heard whether the house had dealings with the East?"

"With the whole world."

"And you live in Cavendish-square?"

"No, the bank is there. Our house is in Piccadilly."

"Thanks, Miss. Permit me to listen to the rest. This old gentleman carries on a most attractive correspondence."

The king dictated without any hesitation a long report to the shareholders of his band. This curious document was addressed to M. George Micrommatti, orderly officer of the palace, that he might read it to a general meeting of the persons interested.

*Account of the Proceedings of the National Company of
the King of the Mountains for the Year 1855-1856.*

“The Royal Camp, April 10, 1856.

“GENTLEMEN,

“The Manager you have honoured with your confidence now brings before you for your approval, for the fourteenth time, the statement of his labours during the year. Since the day when the deed constituting our company was signed in the office of Master Tsappas, Notary Royal of Athens, our enterprise has never met with more obstacles, or the progress of our labours been impeded by more serious difficulties. We have been compelled to keep an eminently national institution at work in the face of a foreign occupation, and under the eyes of two armies, which, if not hostile, are at least ill-disposed toward us. The Piræus held by a military force, and the frontier of Turkey watched with a jealousy without precedent in history, have restrained our activity within narrow limits, and imposed insurmountable obstacles to our zeal. In this confined sphere, our resources were further reduced by the general penury, the scarcity of money, and the insufficiency of the crops. The olive trees have not carried out their promise; the production of the cereals has been moderate and the vines are not yet cured of the oïdium. Under such circumstances it was extremely difficult to profit by the tolerant spirit of the authorities and the mildness of a truly paternal Government. Our undertaking is so closely connected with the interests of the country, that it can only flourish in the general pros-

perity, and it feels the counterstroke of all public calamities ; for from those who have nothing, nothing, or very little, can be taken.

“Foreign travellers, whose curiosity is so useful to the kingdom and ourselves, have been very rare. English tourists, who formerly composed an important part of a revenue, have been totally absent. Two young Americans arrested on the Pentelican road defrauded us of their ransom. A spirit of distrust, fed by a few English and French journals, keeps aloof from us those persons whose capture would be most useful to us.

“And yet, Gentlemen, such is the vitality of our institution, that it has withstood this fatal crisis better than commerce, trade, and agriculture have done. Your capital entrusted in my hands has produced a profit, not so good as I might have desired, but much better than any one could expect. By the subjoined accounts, you will perceive that after paying all expenses, including repairs of roads, which had become so impracticable that no travellers were left to arrest on them, we are enabled this year to pay interest at the rate of nearly 82 per cent.

“Such, Gentlemen, are the results of the last campaign. You can now judge of the future which is reserved for us when the foreign occupation has ceased to weigh on our country and our operations.”

The king dictated this report and the figures, with which I have not troubled you, without hesitating for a second. I could not have believed it possible that an old man of his age could have so ready a memory. He put his seal at the bottom of the three letters—

that is his way of signing. He reads fluently, but he never found the time to learn to write. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great were, I have heard, in the same case.

While the Under-Secretaries of State were transcribing this correspondence to be deposited in the archives, he gave audience to the subaltern officers, who had returned with their detachments during the day. Each of these men sat down before him, saluted by laying his hand on his heart, and gave his report in a few words with respectful conciseness. I declare to you that St. Louis beneath his oak did not inspire the inhabitants of Vincennes with deeper veneration.

The first who presented himself was a little man with ugly looks, a thorough face for an assize court. He was an islander of Corfu in trouble about some cases of arson: he had been well received, and his talents secured his promotion. But his chief and his men held him in but slight esteem. He was suspected of putting away a part of the plunder for himself. Now the king was intractable in matters of honesty. When he detected a man in a fault, he expelled him ignominiously, and said to him, with crushing irony, "Go and turn magistrate."

Hadji Stavros asked the Corfiote:—

"What have you done?"

"I went with my fifteen men to Swallow Valley, on the Thebes road. I met a detachment of the line: twenty-five men."

"Where are their guns?"

"I left them to them: they were all percussion locks—of no use as we had no caps."

“ Good. Next ? ”

“ It was market-day ; I stopped those who returned. ”



THE CORFIOTE.

“ How many ? ”

“ One hundred and forty-two persons.

“ And you have brought—— ”

“ Sixty-five pounds about. ”

“ Seven shillings a-head. That is little. ”

“ It is a good deal for peasants. ”

“ Then, they had not sold their goods ? ”

“Some had sold, others bought.”

The Corfiote opened a heavy bag he was carrying on his arm, and spread out the contents before the secretaries, who began counting out the amount. The receipts consisted of some thirty or forty Mexican dollars, some handfuls of Austrian zwanzigers, and an enormous quantity of copper. A few ragged pieces of paper were here and there visible; they were two-shilling bank notes.

“You have no jewellery?” the king asked.

“No.”

“Then, there were no women?”

“I found none worth the trouble of carrying.”

“What’s that I see on your finger?”

“A ring.”

“Gold?”

“Or copper: I don’t know.”

“Where did you get it from?”

“I bought it two months ago.”

“If you bought it, you would know whether it was gold or copper. Hand it here.”

The Corfiote pulled it off with ill grace. The ring was at once placed in a small box full of jewellery.

“I pardon you,” the king said, “on account of your education. People of your country dishonour robbery by mingling trickery with it. If I had only Ionians in my band, I should be obliged to put turnstiles on the roads, like those at the gates of the Great Exhibition, to count the travellers, and receive the money. Let another come.”

The next who came was a fat, good-looking lad, with a most agreeable face. His round eyes flush with

his head evidenced rectitude and simplicity. His half-opened lips displayed through their smile two magni-



VASIL.

ficent rows of teeth. He attracted me at the first glance, and I said to myself, that if he had got into bad company, he would be sure to find the right road again ere long. My face pleased him, too, for he bowed to me most politely before sitting down in front of the king. Hadji Stavros said to him :—

“What have you done, my Vasili ?”

“I went last night with my six men to Pigadia, the village of Senator Zimbelis.

“Good.”

“Zimbelis was absent as usual, but his relations, his farmers and tenants, were all at home and a-bed.”

“Good.”

“I went to the khan ; I woke up the khanji ; I bought twenty-five trusses of straw of him, and in payment, I killed him.”

“ Good.”

“ We laid the straw before the houses, which are all planks or reeds, and we set fire to it at seven places at



IN PAYMENT, I KILLED HIM.

once. The matches were good, the wind blew from the north, and all caught.”

“ Good.”

“ We withdrew quietly to the well. All the villagers were aroused together, and began yelling. The men came with their leathern buckets to fetch water. We drowned four of them we did not know ; the rest bolted.”

“ Good.”

“ We returned to the village. There was no one left there but a child forgotten by its parents, and which cried like a little crow that had fallen out of the nest. I threw it into a burning house, and it didn't cry any more.”

“ Good.”

“ We then took torches and set fire to the olive-trees. The thing turned out famously. We started for camp, supped and slept half way, and returned this morning at nine o'clock, all well, without a single burn.”

“ Good. Senator Zimbelis will make no more impertinent remarks about us. Let another come.”

Vasili retired, bowing to me as politely as when he came up, but I did not return his salute.

His place was at once taken by the tall devil who had captured us. By a singular caprice of chance, the first author of the drama in which I was summoned to play a part was called Sophocles. At the moment when he began his report, I felt something cold running through my veins. I implored Mrs. Simons not to risk an imprudent remark. She replied that she was English, and knew how to behave. The king begged us to be silent, and leave the word to the speaker.

He, in the first place, displayed the property of which he had robbed us ; then he drew from his girdle forty Austrian ducats, forming a sum of eighteen pounds.

“ The ducats,” he said, “ come from the village of Castia ; the rest was given me by the Milords. You

told me to beat up the neighbourhood, so I began with the village."



THE MODERN SOPHOCLES.

"You did wrong," the king answered ; "the people of Castia are our neighbours, and we must leave them alone. How should we live in safety if we made enemies at our gate? Besides, they are worthy people who can lend us a helping hand in case of need."

“Oh! I took nothing from the charcoal burners. They had disappeared in the woods without leaving me time to speak with them. But the Paredros had the gout, and I found him at home.”

“What did you say to him?”

“I asked him for his money; he declared he had none. I shut him up in a sack with his cat, and I don't know what the cat did to him, but he began crying out that his treasure was behind the house under a large stone. That's where I found the ducats.”

“You were wrong. The Paredros will set the whole village on us.”

“Oh, no! on leaving him I forgot to open the sack, and the cat must have scratched out his eyes.”

“That's better—but listen to me, all of you. I will not have our neighbours incommoded. You can go.”

Our interrogatory was about to begin. Hadji Stavros, instead of making us appear before him, gravely rose and sat down on the ground by our side. This mark of deference appeared to us a favourable augury. Mrs. Simons prepared to give him a regular good lecturing. For my part, foreseeing only too well what she might say, and knowing the intemperance of her tongue, I offered the king my services as interpreter. He thanked me coldly, and called the Corfiote, who spoke English.

“Madam,” the king said to Mrs. Simons, “you seem angry. Have you any complaint against the men who brought you here?”

“It was shameful,” she said; “your rogues stopped me, threw me in the dust, plundered me, and starved me.”

"I belong to the highest London society."

"Deign to take back this money which belongs to you. Are you wealthy?"

"Certainly."

"Does not this housewife belong to you?"

"It is my daughter's."

"Pray take back what belongs to your daughter also. You are very rich?"

"Very rich."

"Do not these articles belong to your son?"

"That gentleman is not my son, he is a German. As I am English, how can I have a German son?"

"That is too true. I suppose you have seven hundred a-year?"

"More."

"A carpet for these ladies. May I say twelve hundred?"

"We have more than that."

"Sophocles is a rascal I will punish. Logothete, order dinner to be prepared for these ladies. Is it possible, madam, that you are a millionaire?"

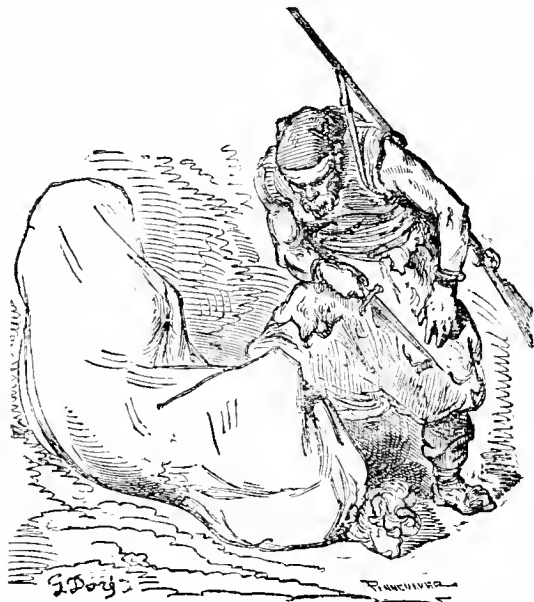
"I am."

"And I feel confounded at the manner in which you have been treated. You have, doubtless, valuable acquaintances at Athens?"

"I know the English Minister, and if you had dared——"

"Oh, madam! You know, perhaps, merchants and bankers?"

"My brother, who is at Athens, is acquainted with several bankers in that city."



ONE WAY OF GIVING THE SACK.

“Pray accept my apologies. I am compelled to employ men of no education. Believe me, madam, that they did not act thus by my orders. You are English?”

“From London.”

“I have been in London : I know and esteem the English. I know that they have a good appetite, and you may have remarked the eagerness with which I offered you refreshments. I know that ladies of your country do not like running about rocks, and you ought to have been allowed to walk at your own pace. I know that persons of your nation, when travelling, only take necessary articles with them, and I shall not pardon Sophocles for having plundered you, especially if you are a lady of rank.”

“I am delighted. Sophocles, come here! Ask pardon of these ladies.”

Sophocles growled some apology between his teeth. The king continued :—

“These are English ladies of distinction ; they have a very large fortune ; they are received at the English Embassy ; their brother, who is at Athens, knows all the bankers in that city.”

“That’s right,” Mrs. Simons exclaimed.

The king went on—

“You should have treated these ladies with all the respect due to their fortune.”

“Good !” said Mrs. Simons.

“Brought them here gently.”

“What to do !” Mary Anne murmured.

“And abstained from touching their luggage. When you have the honour to meet on the mountains two persons of the rank of these ladies, you should bow to them respectfully, lead them to the camp deferentially, guard them circumspectly, and offer them politely everything necessary for existence, until their brother or their ambassador sends us a ransom of four thousand pounds.”

Poor Mrs. Simons! dear Mary Anne! neither of them expected this conclusion. For my part, I was not surprised, for I knew with what a crafty scamp we had to deal. I boldly took the word, and said in his teeth :—

“You can keep what your men plundered me of, for that is all you will have of me. I am poor, my father has nothing, my brothers often eat dry bread. I know no bankers nor ambassadors, and if you support

me in hope of a ransom, you will be money out of pocket, I pledge you my word."

A murmur of incredulity ran round the audience, but the king appeared to believe me.

"If it be so," he said to me, "I will not commit the error of keeping you here in spite of yourself. I would sooner send you back to the city. The lady will give you a letter for her brother, and you will start this very day. If, however, you need a day or two's rest in the mountains, I will offer you my hospitality; for I do not suppose you have come thus far, with that big box, to look at the scenery."

This little speech procured me notable relief, and I looked around with a glance of satisfaction. The king, his secretaries, and soldiers appeared to me less terrible; the neighbouring rocks seemed to me more picturesque since I could regard them with the eyes of a visitor and not of a prisoner. The desire I felt to see Athens suddenly toned down, and I yielded to the idea of spending two or three days on the mountains. I felt that my advice would not be useless to Mary Anne's mother, for the worthy lady was in a state of exaltation which might ruin her. If by any chance she refused to pay the ransom! Before England could come to her help, she had time to attract some misfortune on a charming head. I could not leave her without telling her, for her guidance, the story of the two little girls of Mistra. What more shall I add? You know my passion for botany, and the flora of Parnassus is most seductive at the end of April. Five or six plants as rare as they are celebrated can be found there; one especially, the *Boryana variabilis*, dis-

covered and christened by Mr. Bory de St. Vincent. Ought I to leave such a gap in my herbal, and present myself at the Hamburg Museum without the *Boryana* ? I therefore answered the king :

“ I accept your hospitality, but on one condition.”

“ What is it ?”

“ You will give me back my box.”

“ Agreed ;—but on one condition on my side——”

“ Name it ?”

“ You will tell me what you use it for.”

“ Of course : I employ it to hold the plants I gather.”

“ And why do you look for plants ; to sell them ?”

“ Fie !—I am not a tradesman ; but a professor.”

He held out his hand to me, and said with visible joy,

“ I am delighted. Knowledge is a fine thing. Our ancestors were learned, and our grandchildren will be so too, perhaps. As for ourselves, we have wanted the time. Are professors held in high esteem in your country ?”

“ Infinitely so.”

“ They receive good appointments !”

“ Sometimes.”

“ They are well paid ?”

“ Decently.”

“ Small ribbons are fastened to their chest ?”

“ Now and then.”

“ Is it true that cities dispute who shall have them ?”

“ That is true in Germany.”

“ And their death is regarded as a public calamity ?”

“ Assuredly.”

“ What you tell me affords me sincere pleasurc.

Then you have no reason to complain of your fellow-citizens?"

"On the contrary; for it is their liberality which has allowed me to visit Greece."

"You travel at their expense?"

"For the last six months."

"Then you are well educated?"

"I have a doctor's diploma."

"Is there a superior degree in science?"

"None."

"And how many doctors may there be in your city?"

"I do not know exactly; but there are not so many doctors in Hamburg as there are generals in Athens."

"Oh, oh! I will not deprive your country of so rare a man. You will return to Hamburg, Doctor. What would they say if they heard you were a prisoner in our mountains?"

"They would regard it as a misfortune."

"Come!—sooner than lose a man like you, the city of Hamburg will willingly make the sacrifice of £600. Take up your box. Run about; botanize, and pursue the course of your studies. Why do you not put that monecy back in your pocket? It is yours, and I respect professors too much to plunder them. But your country is rich enough to pay for its glory. Happy young man! you can now recognise how much the doctor's title adds to your personal value! I should not have asked a farthing of ransom from you, had you been an ignorant fellow like myself."

The king would not listen either to my objections or Mrs. Simons' interjections. He broke off the audience, and pointed out our sitting-room. Mrs.

Simons went down to it, protesting that she would devour the meal, but not pay the bill. Mary Anne seemed very downcast ; but such is the mobility of youth, that she uttered a cry of delight on seeing the pleasant spot where our table was laid. It was a little nook of verdure nestling in the grey rock. A fine and close grass formed the carpet ; a few clumps of privets and laurels formed an awning, and hid the rugged walls. A lovely blue arch was expanded over our heads, and two long-necked vultures soaring in it seemed suspended there to please our eyes. In one corner of the hall, a stream limpid as diamonds silently filled its rustic cup, spread over the lips, and ran in a silvery course down the slippery side of the mountain. On this side the prospect extended to the Pentelicus, that huge white palace towering over Athens ; the wood of gloomy olive-trees, the dusty plain, the greyish back of the Hymettus, curved like an old man's spine, and that admirable Saronic gulf, so blue that it might be called a strip that had fallen from heaven. Assuredly Mrs. Simons had not an admiring turn of mind, and yet she confessed that to rent such a fine view would be expensive at London or Paris.

The table was served with heroic simplicity : bread baked in a field oven smoked on the turf, and affected the sense of smell by its heady vapour. The curdled milk trembled in a huge wood bowl ; large olives and green pimentos were heaped up on badly planed waiters ; a shaggy skin expanded its wide paunch by the side of a quaintly carved copper cup ; a sheep-milk cheese rested on the linen that had pressed it, and of which it still preserved the imprint. Five or six appetizing

lettuces offered us a fine salad, but there was no dressing. The king had placed at our disposal his field-service of plate, consisting of spoons carved with a knife, and we had, as additional luxury, the fork of our five fingers. The collation had not been carried to such an extent as to give us meat, but on the other hand, the golden Almyros tobacco promised us an admirable digestion.

An officer of the king was appointed to wait on and to listen to us. It was the hideous Corfiote, the gold-ring man, who understood English. He cut up the bread with his dagger, and handed it to us abundantly, begging us to stand on no ceremony. Mrs. Simons, while not losing a mouthful, addressed some haughty remarks to him :—

“Pray, sir,” she said, “does your master seriously suppose that we shall pay him a ransom of £4000 ?”

“He is sure of it, ma’am.”

“Then he does not know the English nation.”

“He knows it very well, ma’am, and so do I. At Corfu I was acquainted with several English persons of distinction—judges, indeed !”

“I compliment you on it ; but tell this Stavros to arm himself with patience, for he will have to wait a very long time for the money he reckons on.”

“He ordered me to tell you that he should wait till the stroke of twelve on May 15.”

“And if we have not paid by that time ?”

“He will be sorrowfully compelled to cut your throat, as well as the young lady’s.”

Mary Anne let the hand fall she was raising to her lips.

"Give me a little wine," she said.

The brigand offered her a eupful ; but she had scarce raised it to her lips ere a ery of terror and repugnance escaped her. The poor child imagined that the wine was poisoned. I reassured her by emptying the eup at a draught.

"Fear nothing," I said to her, "it is the resin."

"What resin?"

"Wine would not keep in these skins, unless a certain quantity of resin were added to prevent it becoming tainted. This mixture does not make it more pleasant, but you see it can be drunk without danger."

In spite of my example, Mary Anne and her mother had water brought them. The brigand ran to the spring, and was back again in three strides.

"You understand, ladies," he said, with a smile, "that the king would not be so foolish as to poison persons so dear to him as you are." He added, as he turned to me, "I have orders to tell you, Mr. Doctor, that you have thirty days to complete your studies and pay the money. I will give you, as well as the ladies, all the necessary materials for writing."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Simons ; "we will think about it in a week, if we are not delivered."

"And by whom, madam?"

"By England."

"That is a long way off."

"Or by the gendarmes."

"I only hope you may. In the meanwhile, is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

"Yes ; I want a sleeping apartment."

"We have near here some grottos, called the stables; but you would not be comfortable there. Sheep were kept in them through the winter, and the smell has remained. I will have two tents fetched from the peasants below, and you will camp here—until the arrival of the gendarmes."

"I also want a lady's maid."

"Nothing is easier. Our men will go down to the plains and arrest the first peasant woman that passes—of course if the gendarmes permit it."

"I require clothes, linen, my toilet articles, soap, a looking-glass, combs, scents, my Berlin-wool frame, a——"

"That is a great deal, madam; and we should be obliged to take Athens by storm in order to find all that; but we will do the best we can. Count on me, and count no more on the gendarmes."

"May the Lord have pity on us!" Mary Anne said.

A vigorous echo replied, "*Kyrie Eleison!*" It was the good old man who had come to pay us a visit, and sang as he walked to keep himself in breath. He bowed to us cordially, put a vessel full of honey before us, and sat down by our side.

"Take and eat," he said to us; "my bees offer you a dessert."

I squeezed his hand; but Mrs. Simons and her daughter turned from him in disgust. They insisted on seeing in him an accomplice of the brigands; but the poor fellow had not wit enough for that. He only knew how to say his prayers, attend to his little insects, sell their harvest, collect the income of the monastery, and live in peace with all the world. His

intellect was limited, his knowledge none, and his conduct innocent as that of a well-regulated machine. I do not believe that he could clearly distinguish right from wrong, or make a great difference between a thief and an honest man. His wisdom consisted in eating four meals a day, and being always in a half-and-half state of fuddle. He was, moreover, one of the best monks of his order. I did all honour to the present he had brought us. This half-wild honey resembled that you eat in France, as the flesh of a kid does that of a lamb. You might fancy that the bees had distilled in an invisible alembic all the perfumes of the mountain. I forgot, while eating my slice of bread and honey, that I had only a month in which to find 600*l.*, or die.

The monk, in his turn, asked our permission to refresh himself, and not awaiting an answer, took the cup and filled a bumper. He drank to each of us in succession. Five or six brigands, attracted by curiosity, stepped into the banqueting hall; he addressed them by name, and drank to each of them through a spirit of justice. But I soon had reason to curse his visit; for within an hour of his arrival, half the band was seated in a circle round our table. In the absence of the king, who was enjoying his siesta in his office, the brigands came, one after the other, to cultivate our acquaintance. One offered us his services, another brought us something, and a third introduced himself without pretext or embarrassment, like a man who feels himself at home. The more familiar asked me in a pressing way to tell them our history; the more timid kept behind their comrades, and pushed them up gradually to us. After looking at us sufficiently,

some stretched themselves on the grass, and snored most inharmoniously, disregarding Mary Anne's presence. And the fleas still mounted, while the sight of their former masters rendered them so daring that I caught two or three on the back of my hand. It was impossible to dispute with them the right of pasturage, for I was no longer a man but a common. At this moment I would have given the three finest plants in my herbal for a quarter of an hour's solitude. Mrs. Simons and her daughter were too discreet to inform me of their feelings, but they proved by some involuntary starts that we had a community of ideas. I even surprised a despairing glance between them, clearly signifying, "the gendarmes will deliver us from the robbers, but who will free us from the fleas?" This dumb complaint aroused in my heart a chivalrous feeling. I was resigned to suffer, but to witness Mary Anne's torture was something beyond my strength. I rose resolutely, and said to our annoyances:—

"Be off, all of you! The king has lodged us here to remain quiet till the arrival of our ransom. The rent is quite high enough for us to expect the sole use of our apartments. Are you not ashamed to collect round a table like fawning dogs? You have nothing to do here. If we want anything of you, it is your absence. Do you fancy we can escape? In what way? by the cascades? or by the king's apartments? Leave us in peace, then. Corfiote, turn them out, and I will help you, if you like."

I joined action to words. I pushed the laggards, woke up the sleepers, shook the monk, forced the Corfiote to come to my assistance, and ere long the flock

of brigands, a flock armed with daggers and pistols, yielded to my will with sheep-like docility, while taking little steps, resisting with the shoulders, and looking back, after the fashion of scholars driven into school after the bell has rung.

We were at length alone with the Corfiote, and I said to Mrs. Simons :—

“These are our quarters now, madam : would you wish our apartment to be divided into two ? I only want a little corner where to put up my tent. Behind those trees I shall be tolerably comfortable, and all the rest will be yours. You will have the spring close to you.”

My offers were accepted with considerable ill grace. These ladies would have liked to keep all for themselves and send me to sleep among the brigands. It is true that British cant would have gained something by this separation, but I should have lost sight of Mary Anne. And, besides, I was determined to sleep far away from the fleas. The Corfiote backed up my proposition, which rendered his watch the easier, as he had orders to guard us day and night. It was arranged that he should sleep near my tent, and I insisted on a distance of six feet between us.

The treaty concluded I established myself in a corner to hunt my domestic game. But I had scarce given the first view halloo, when the curious brigands reappeared in the horizon, under the pretext of bringing our tents. Mrs. Simons uttered loud cries on perceiving that the house was composed of a single strip of coarse felt, folded in the centre, the ends fastened to the ground, but open on both sides. The Corfiote

swore that we lodged like princes, excepting in case of rain or wind. The entire band prepared to plant the piquets, lay our beds, and bring the coverlids. Each bed was composed of a carpet, covered with a large goat-skin cloak. At six o'clock, the king came to assure himself, by personal observation, that we wanted for nothing. Mrs. Simons, more wroth than wise, answered that she wanted for everything. I formally demanded the exclusion of all unnecessary visitors. The king established strict regulations, which were never followed out, for discipline is a word very difficult to translate into Greek.

The king and his subjects retired at seven o'clock, and our supper was served. Four torches of resinous wood lit up the table. Their red and smoky light strangely coloured Miss Simons's slightly paled face. Her eyes seemed to go out and be rekindled in their orbits, like the revolving light of a lighthouse. Her voice, broken by fatigue, assumed at intervals a singular brilliancy. On listening to her, my mind strayed into a supernatural world, and all sorts of reminiscences of fantastic tales occurred to me. A nightingale sang, and I fancied I saw its silvery voice playing round Mary Anne's lips. The day had been rude for us, and even I, who have just given you brilliant proofs of my appetite, soon recognised that I only hungered for sleep. I wished the ladies good night, and I withdrew beneath my tent. When there, I forgot, in a second, nightingale, danger, ransom, and bites; I double-locked my eyes, and slept.

A frightful fusilade made me leap up, and I did so suddenly that I struck my head against one of the

piquets of my tent; at the same time I heard two female voices shrieking—

“We are saved! Here are the gendarmes!”

I saw two or three shadows run confusedly through the night. In my joy and trouble, I embraced the first shade that passed; it was the Corfiote.

“Halt!” he shouted. “Where are you running to, if you please?”

“Dog of a robber!” I replied, as I wiped my mouth, “I am going to see if the gendarmes will soon have finished shooting your comrades.”

Mrs. Simons and her daughter, guided by my voice, came up to us. The Corfiote said:

“The gendarmes do not march on this day. It is the Ascension and the First of May—a double festival. The noise you heard is the signal for rejoicing. It has gone midnight. Till to-morrow at the same hour our comrades will drink wine, eat meat, dance the Romaika, and burn powder. If you like to witness this fine sight, it will cause me pleasure. I shall guard you more agreeably by the side of the lamb than by the spring.”

“You are not telling the truth,” said Mrs. Simons. “It is the gendarmes.”

“Let us go and see,” Mary Anne added.

I followed them. The noise was so great that it would have been lost time to try and sleep. Our guide led us through the King’s Cabinet, and showed us the robbers’ camp, lit up as if by a fire. Whole fir-trees were blazing at intervals. Five or six groups collected round the fire were roasting lambs, spitted on sticks. In the midst of the crowd a long string of dancers moved

slowly to the sound of some ear-piercing music. Guns were being fired on every side. One was pointed at us, and I heard a bullet whistle past within a few yards of my ear. I begged the ladies to hurry on, hoping that nearer the king we should be further from danger.

The king, seated on his eternal carpet, was solemnly presiding over the amusements of his people. Around him the skins were emptied like sample-bottles. The lambs were cut up like partridges, and each guest seized a leg or a shoulder, which he carried off in his fist. The orchestra was composed of a deaf tambourine, and a shrill flageolet ; the tambourine had become deaf through constantly hearing the cries of the flageolet. The dancers had taken off their shoes to be more nimble : now and then, one of them quitted the ball, swallowed a cup of wine, took a bite of meat, fired a gun, and returned to the dance. All these men, excepting the king, drank, ate, yelled, and bounded ; but I did not see a single one laugh.

Hadji Stavros apologized politely for having awakened us.

“I am not to blame,” he said ; “it is the custom. If the first of May were to pass without firing, these worthy fellows would not believe in the return of spring. I have here only simple beings brought up in the country, and attached to old associations. I carry on their education as well as I can ; but I shall die before I have tamed them. Men cannot be made into a new shape in a day, like silver dishes. I, such as you see me, once took a pleasure in these coarse sports. I drank and danced like any one else. I did not know

would be proportional : a regular tax, because it has ever been raised since the heroic age. We would simplify it, if required, by an annual payment. For a certain amount once paid, the natives could have a safe conduct, strangers a visa on their passport. You will say to me, that by the terms of the Constitution no tax could be imposed without the consent of the two Chambers. Ah, sir, if I had but the time ! I would buy up the whole senate ; I would nominate a Chamber of Deputies of my own ! The law would be passed unanimously, and, if needed, a Ministry of the Highways would be created. It would cost me several thousands to establish ; but, in four years, I should recover my expenses, and would keep up the roads in the bargain.

He gave a deep sigh, and then continued :—

“ You see how openly I converse with you on my affairs. It is an old habit which I shall not put off. I have ever lived, not only in the open air, but in the open day. Our profession would be disgraceful if carried on clandestinely. I do not hide myself, for I am afraid of nobody. When you read in the papers that I am being pursued, say without hesitation that it is a parliamentary fiction ; they always know where I am. I fear neither ministry, nor army, nor criminal courts. The ministers all know that by waving my hand I can change the cabinet. The army is with me, and supplies me with recruits when I need them. I borrow soldiers from it and give it back officers. As for the judges, they are aware of my feelings towards them. I do not esteem them, but I pity them. Poor, and badly paid, they cannot be expected to be honest.

European civilization. Why did I set out on my travels so late in life? I would give a good deal to be only fifty years of age again. I have ideas of reform which will never be carried out; for I see myself, like Alexander, without an heir worthy of me. I dream of a new organization of brigandage, free from disorder, turbulence, and noise. But I am not supported. I ought to have an exact census of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, with an approximate statement of their property. As for the strangers who land among us, an agent established at each port ought to let me know their names, itinerary, and, as far as possible, their fortunes. In that way I should know what loss each can suffer; I should not run the risk of asking too much or too little. I should establish on each road a post of cleanly, well-educated and clothed officials; for what use is there of frightening clients by an improper attire and repulsive looks? I have seen in England and France robbers elegant to an extreme. Did they carry on their business any worse for that?

“I should demand from all my clerks the utmost politeness, especially from those employed in the arrest department. I should have, for persons of distinction like yourself, comfortable lodgings in a good atmosphere, with gardens; and do not imagine that they would be more expensive—quite the contrary. If all those who travel in the kingdom must necessarily pass through my hands, the tax on each would amount to a trifling sum. Let each native and stranger only pay me a quarter per cent. on his fortune, and I should gain by taking a quantity. In such a case brigandage would only be a tax on circulation; a just tax, because it

I feed some and clothe others of them. I have hung very few in my time; I am, therefore, a benefactor to the magistracy."

With a magnificent gesture, he pointed to the sky, the sea, and the scenery.

"All that," he said, "is mine. All that breathes in this kingdom is subjected to me through fear, friendship, or admiration. I have made many eyes weep, and yet there is not a mother who would not rejoice to have a son like Hadji Stavros. The day will come when doctors like yourself will write my history, and the isles of the Archipelago dispute the honour of having seen my birth. My portrait will be hung in the cabins with the sacred images bought at Mount Athos. At that day, my daughter's grandchildren, even were they sovereign princes, will speak with pride of their ancestor, the King of the Mountains!"

Perhaps you will laugh at my German simplicity, but such a strange speech deeply affected me. I involuntarily admired this grandeur in crime. I had never yet had the opportunity of meeting a majestic scoundrel. This devil of a man who was to cut my throat at the expiration of a month, inspired me with a species of respect. His large rigid face, serene amid the orgies, appeared to me like the inflexible mask of destiny. I could not refrain from answering him:—

"Yes, you are really a king."

He said, with a smile:—

"In truth I am, since I have flatterers even among my enemies. Do not defend yourself! I can read

faces, and you looked at me this morning like a man you would wish to see hanged."

"As you invite frankness from me, I confess that I felt angry for a moment. You asked an unreasonable ransom of me. That you should ask four thousand pounds of those ladies, who have the money, is a natural thing, and connected with your trade; but I can never admit your right to ask six hundred pounds of me who do not possess a farthing."

"And yet nothing is more simple. All the travellers who come to our country are rich, because the journey is expensive. You assert that you do not travel at your own charges, and I am willing to believe you. But those who sent you here give you at least a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a year. If they go to that expense, they have their reasons for it, as nobody gives anything for nothing. You therefore represent, in their eyes, a capital of three to four thousand pounds. By buying you back for six hundred, they make a handsome profit."

"But the establishment that pays me has no capital, only revenue. The budget of the Botanical Garden is annually voted by the senate; its resources are limited; such a case was never foreseen—I do not know how to explain to you, for you will not be able to understand——"

"And even if I did," he said, with a haughty air, "do you suppose I should go back from my word? My words are laws: if I wish them to be respected, I must not violate them myself. I have the right to be unjust, but I have no right to be weak. My injustice only injures others, a weakness would ruin me. If I

were known to be exorable, my prisoners would try entreaties to conquer me, instead of seeking the money to pay me. I am not one of your European brigands, who combine rigour with generosity, speculation with imprudence, causeless cruelty with inexcusable tenderness—to end, like the asses they are, on a scaffold. I have said before witnesses, I will have six hundred pounds, or your head. You can do as you please, but, in one way or the other, I will be paid. Listen : in 1854, I condemned two little girls, of the same age as my dear daughter. They held their arms to me with tears, and their cries made my paternal heart bleed. Vasili, who killed them, was obliged to try several times, for his hand trembled. And yet I was inflexible, because the ransom was not paid. Do you fancy, after that, that I shall forgive you? Of what use would it prove to me having killed those poor creatures, if people learned that I had let you go for nothing?"

I let my head sink without finding a word in reply. I was a thousand times in the right, but I knew nothing to oppose to the pitiless logic of the old executioner. He drew me from my reflections by a friendly tap on the shoulder.

"Courage," he said to me. "I have looked death more in the face than you have, and yet I am as healthy as an oak. During the War of Independence, Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians. Six bullets missed ; the seventh struck me on the forehead without entering. When the Turks came to pick up my body, I had disappeared in the smoke. You have, perhaps, longer to live than you fancy. Write to all your friends at Hamburg. You have received a good

education, and a doctor must possess more than six hundred pounds-worth of friends. For my part, I should be glad of it. I do not hate you ; you never did me any harm ; your death would not cause me any pleasure, and I am pleased to believe that you will find means to pay your debt in cash. In the meanwhile, you and those ladies had better retire. My fellows have drunk a cup too much, and are looking at the Englishwomen with eyes that mean no good. These poor devils are condemned to an austere life, and are not all seventy years of age, like myself. In ordinary times, I keep them in check by fatigue, but if the young lady remained here for an hour longer, I would answer for nothing.”¹

In fact, a menacing circle had formed round Mary Anne, who examined their strange faces with childish curiosity. The brigands, squatting before her, were talking loudly and chanting her praises in terms which she fortunately did not understand. The Corfiote, who had made up for lost time, offered her a cup of wine, which she haughtily repulsed, and the liquid sprinkled the faces of the company. Five or six drinkers, more inflamed than the rest, were fighting and exchanging heavy blows, as if to embolden them to other exploits. I made a sign to Mrs. Simons, and she rose with her daughter. But at the moment I offered Mary Anne my arm, Vasili, red with wine, stumbled forward, and was going to catch her round the waist. At this insult wrath rose to my brain ; I leaped on the wretch, and made him a neckcloth of my ten fingers. He put his hand to his belt and felt for the hilt of his knife ; but before he had found it he

was torn from my clutch and hurled ten yards back by the powerful hand of the old king. A murmur ran along the fellows. Hadji Stavros raised his voice above the row, and shouted :—

“Silence! Show that you’re Hellenes, and not Albanians.” Then he added in a whisper, “Let us be off. Corfiote, do not leave me. Mr. German, tell the ladies I shall sleep across their bedroom door.”

He started with us, preceded by his chiboudji, who never left him night or day. Two or three drunkards prepared to follow him, but he roughly thrust them back. We were not a hundred yards from the mob when a musket-ball whizzed through the middle of us. The old pallikar did not deign even to turn round. He looked at me with a smile, and said, softly :—

“I must be indulgent with them, for it is Ascension Day.”

As I went along I profited by the distraught state of the Corfiote, who staggered at every step, to ask Mrs. Simons for a private interview.

“I have,” I said to her, “an important secret to tell you. Allow me to enter your tent, while our spy is sleeping the sleep of Noah.”

I know not whether this biblical comparison appeared to her irreverent; but she answered me very drily, that she was not aware of any secrets she could have in common with me. I insisted, but she held out. I told her that I had discovered a method of saving us all without injuring our purses. She gave me a suspicious look, consulted with her daughter, and at length granted me what I asked for. Hadji Stavros favoured our interview by keeping the Corfiote near him. He

had his carpet carried to the top of the rustic ladder leading to our encampment, laid his weapons within reach, told his chiboudji to lie down on his right, the Corfiote on his left, and wished us golden dreams.

I prudently remained under my tent until the moment when their distant snores assured me that our guardians were asleep. The noise of the festival was sensibly diminished, and only two or three muskets that were behindhand troubled at intervals the silence of the night. Our neighbour, the nightingale, tranquilly pursued the song it had commenced. I crawled along beneath the trees to Mrs. Simons' tent: mother and daughter were awaiting me on the damp grass, for English manners forbade my entrance into their bed-room.

"Speak, sir," Mrs. Simons said to me, "but make haste. You know whether we have need of rest."

I replied boldly, "Ladies, what I have to say to you is certainly worth an hour's sleep. Will you be free in three days?"

"Good gracious, sir, we shall be so to-morrow, or England is no longer England. Dimitri must have informed my brother, at five o'clock; my brother saw our minister at dinner-time—orders were given before nightfall—the gendarmes are on their way, in spite of what the Corfiote said, and we shall be liberated to-morrow morning in time for breakfast."

"Do not deceive yourself; time presses. I do not count on the gendarmes: our conquerors speak too lightly of them to fear them. I have always heard say that in this country sportsmen and game, gendarmes and brigand, lived on very pleasant terms together. I suppose that at the most a few men will

be sent in search of us. Hadji Stavros will see them coming, and lead us by remote roads to another den. He has the country at his fingers' ends; all the rocks are his allies, all the thickets his accomplices, all the ravines his receivers. Parnassus is on his side against us; he is King of the Mountains!"

"Bravo, sir! Hadji Stavros is a god, and you are his prophet. He would be affected on hearing with what admiration you speak of him. I had already guessed you were one of his friends, by seeing the friendly way in which he tapped your shoulder, and the confidential way he talked to you. Did he not suggest the plan of escape you wish to propose to us?"

"Yes, madame, it was he, or rather his correspondence. I found this morning, while he was dictating his letters, an infallible way to deliver ourselves gratis. Be kind enough to write to your brother to get together the sum of 4600*l.*, for your ransom and mine, and send it as quickly as possible by a sure man; say Dimitri."

"By your friend Dimitri to your friend the King of the Mountains? I am very much obliged to you, my dear sir! that is exactly the way to liberate us for nothing."

"Yes, madame. Dimitri is not my friend, and the King of the Mountains would have no scruples about cutting my throat. But I continue. In exchange for the money, you will insist on the king signing a receipt."

"That will be a valuable document."

"By means of it you will recover your 4600*l.*, and I will now show you how."

"Good-night, sir. Pray do not take the trouble

to say anything further. Since we landed in this unhappy country, we have been robbed by everybody. The customs officers at the Piræus robbed us ; the coachman who brought us to Athens robbed us ; our landlord robbed us ; our guide, who is not your friend, placed us in the hands of robbers ; we met a respectable monk, who shared our plunder with the robbers ; all those gentlemen drinking over there are robbers ; those sleeping at our doors to protect us are robbers. You are the only honest man we have met in Greece ; and your advice is the best in the world ; but good-night, sir, good-night."

"In Heaven's name, Madame, I do not justify myself ; think what you please of me. Let me only tell you how you can recover your money."

"And how would you have me recover it, if all the gendarmes in the kingdom cannot recover us ? Hadji Stavros, then, is no longer King of the Mountains ? he doesn't any longer know the hidden roads ? the ravines, thickets, and rocks are no longer his receivers and accomplices ? Good night, sir. I will render testimony to your zeal ; I will tell the brigands that you have performed their commission ; but, one for all, good-night."

The good lady gave me a push between the shoulders, while crying good-night in so shrill a voice that I trembled lest she should arouse our guardians, and I fled pitiously beneath my tent. What a day, sir ! I tried to recapitulate all the incidents which had hailed on my head since the hour when I left Athens in search of *Boryana variabilis*. The meeting with the English ladies, Mary Anne's glorious eyes, the brigands'

muskets, the dogs, the fleas, the six hundred pounds to pay, or my life at stake, the orgie of the Ascension, the bullets whistling round my ears, Vasili's drunken face, and, to crown all, Mrs. Simons's insults! After so many trials, the last was to be taken for a robber myself! That sleep which is a consolation for everything, did not come to my aid. I had been over-excited by events and could not drop off.

The day rose on my painful meditations. I followed with exhausted eyes the sun as it rose on the horizon. Confused sounds gradually succeeded the silence of the night. I did not feel courage to look at the hour by my watch, or turn my head to see what was going on around me. All my senses were dulled by fatigue and discouragement. I believe that if I had been rolled to the foot of the mountain, I should not have stretched out my hands to prevent it. In this annihilation of my energies, I had a vision, half dream, half hallucination, for I was neither asleep nor awake, and my eyes were as badly closed as they were badly open. I fancied that I had been interred alive; that my black felt tent was a catafalque adorned with flowers, and that prayers for the dead were being chanted over my head. A great fear fell on me; I tried to shriek, but the voice stuck in my throat, or was drowned by the sound of the chanting. I could hear the verses and responses distinctly enough to recognise that my funeral was being performed in Greek. I made a violent effort to move my right arm; but it was of lead. I stretched out my left arm; it moved easily, struck against the tent, and made something fall that resembled a nosegay.

I rubbed my eyes, sat up, dreamed of flowers that had fallen from the sky, and recognised among them a superb specimen of the *Boryana variabilis*. It was certainly it! I touched its leaves, its gamosepalous calyx, its corolla composed of five oblique petals, attached at the base by a stem, its ten stamina, its ovary with its five cells. I held in my hand the Queen of the Malvaceæ! But by what accident was it at the bottom of my tomb? and how could I send it such a distance to the Botanic Gardens at Hamburg? At this moment a sharp pain attracted my attention to my right arm. It seemed as it were a prey to a colony of ants. I shook it with my left hand, and it gradually returned to its normal condition. It had supported my head for several hours, and the pressure had numbed it. But in that case what meant the funeral chant so obstinately buzzing in my ears? I rose. Our apartment was in the same state as on the previous evening. Mrs. Simons and Mary Anne were fast asleep. A large nosegay like mine was hanging from the top of their tent. I remembered at last that the Greeks were accustomed to hang flowers all about their houses on the night of May 1st. These flowers, and the *Boryana variabilis*, emanated therefore from royal liberality.

The funeral chant pursued me. I went up the steps leading to Hadji Stavros's apartment, and perceived a sight more curious than any which had surprised me on the previous day. An altar was raised under the royal pine. The monk, attired in magnificent robes, was celebrating the divine service with imposing dignity. Our toppers of the past night, some standing, others kneeling in the dust, but all religiously un-

covered, were metamorphosed into little saints. One devotedly kissed a painted wooden image, another crossed himself incessantly as if for a wager, while the most fervent beat their heads against the ground and swept it with their hair. The king's young Chiboudji was walking through the ranks, crying, "Give alms: whoso gives to the poor lends to the Lord." And the pence showered in front of him, and the clatter of copper falling on copper accompanied the voice of the priest and the prayers of the congregation.



THE KING'S YOUNG CHIBOUDJI.

When I joined the company of the faithful, each of them saluted me with a discreet cordiality that recalled

the early times of the church. Hadji Stavros, who was standing by the side of the altar, made me room by him ; he held a large book in his hand, and judge of my surprise when I found that he was intoning the lessons in a loud voice ! The brigand was officiating ! he had taken in his youth the second of the minor orders : he was reader, or anagonsst ; one degree further and he would have been exorcist, and invested with the power to expel demons ! Assuredly, sir, I am not one of those travellers who are astonished at everything, and I practise most energetically the *nil admirari* ; but I stood quite confounded before this strange ceremony. On seeing the genuflections, on hearing the prayers, I might have supposed that the actors were only culpable of a little idolatry. Their faith seemed lively and their convictions deep ; but I, who had seen them at work, and knew how little Christian they were in their actions, could not refrain from saying to myself, " Who is deceived here ? "

The mass lasted till some moments after twelve. One hour later, the altar had disappeared, the brigands had begun drinking again, and the good old man was holding his own with them.

Hadji Stavros drew me aside and asked me whether I had written. I promised him to set to work that very instant, and he gave me reeds, ink, and paper. I wrote to John Harris, Christodulos, and my father. I implored Christodulos to intercede for me with his old comrade, and tell him how incapable I was of finding 600%. I recommended myself to the courage and imagination of Harris, who was not the man to leave a friend in the lurch. " If any can save me," I wrote

him, "it is you. I know not how you will set about it, but I trust in you with all my soul; you are such a desperate fellow! I do not expect that you can find the money to rescue me, for you would have to borrow it of M. Mérinay, and he does not lend. Besides, you are too thorough an American to consent to such a bargain. Act as you please; set fire to the king; suppose everything beforehand; but lose no time. I feel that my head is weak, and that reason may change its quarters before the end of the month."

As to my unhappy father, I was very careful not to tell him at what sign I had put up. What was the use of dealing him a death-blow by showing him the dangers from which he could not rescue me? I wrote to him, as I did on the first of every month, that I was well, and hoped that my letter would find my family in a good state of health. I added, that I was travelling in the mountains, that I had discovered the *Boryana variabilis*, and a young English lady, lovelier and richer than the Princess Ypsoff, of romantic memory. I had not yet succeeded in inspiring her with love for me through want of favourable circumstances, but I should possibly ere long find an opportunity to render her some great service, or display myself before her in the irresistible coat of my Uncle Rosenthalere. "Still," I added, with an invincible feeling of sorrow, "who knows if I may not die a bachelor? In that case it will be for Franz or John Nicholas to make the fortunes of the family. My health is more flourishing than ever, and my strength has not yet broken down; but Greece is a treacherous country, which has a cheap bargain of the most vigorous

man. Were I condemned never to see Germany again, and end here, by some unforeseen stroke, my life and labours, believe me, dear and excellent father, that my last regret would be to die far from my family, and my last thought would fly toward you."

Hadji Stavros came up at the moment I was wiping away a tear, and I believe that this mark of weakness injured me in his esteem.

"Come, young man," he said to me, "have courage ! It is not yet time to weep over yourself. Hang it all !



CONSOLATION.

you look as if you were following your own funeral ! The English lady has written a letter of eight pages and has not let a tear drop into the inkstand. Go and keep her company for a while ; she needs some amusement. Ah ! if you were only a man of my stamp ! I swear to you, that at your age, and in your position, I should not have long remained a prisoner. My ransom would have been paid within two days, and I know who would have found the money. You are not married ?”

“ No.”

“ Well, then, don't you understand ? Return to your apartment, and make yourself agreeable. I have furnished you with a splendid opportunity to make your fortune. If you do not profit by it you are an ass, and if you do not rank me among your benefactors you will be an ingrate !”

I found Mary Anne and her mother seated near the spring. While waiting for the lady's-maid promised them, they were shortening their riding-skirts with their own hands. The brigands had supplied them with thread, or rather with white twine, and needles suited to sew the sails of a vessel. Every now and then they broke off their task to take a melancholy glance at the houses of Athens. It was hard to see the city so near them, and not be able to go to it under 4000*l*. I asked them how they had slept, and the dryness of their reply proved to me that they could have dispensed with my conversation. It was at this moment that I noticed Mary Anne's hair for the first time. Her head was uncovered, and, after making an ample toilette in the stream, she was letting her hair dry in the sun. I

could never have believed that one woman possessed such a profusion of silky locks. Her long chestnut hair fell down her cheeks and her shoulders ; but it did not hang absurdly like that of all the women who emerge from the bath. It bent in crispy waves, like the surface of a little lake rustled by the wind. The light, playing through this living forest, coloured it with a soft and velvety lustre ; her face in this framework exactly resembled a moss rose.



SHE WAS LETTING HER HAIR DRY IN THE SUN.

I have told you, sir, that I never loved any woman, and I certainly would not have begun with a girl who

took me for a robber. But I may confess, without contradicting myself, that I should have been willing, even at the risk of my life, to save this lovely hair from Hadji Stavros' claws. I conceived on the spot a bold but not impossible plan of escape. Our apartment had two issues ; it opened out on the king's office and a precipice. To fly by the first was absurd ; for we should have to cross the robbers' camp, and then the second line of defence, guarded by the dogs. The precipice remained. By bending over the abyss, I perceived that the rock, though perpendicular, afforded sufficient fissures, tufts of grass, small shrubs, and accidents of every description, to render a descent possible



THE PRECIPICE.

without smashing oneself. The thing that rendered flight dangerous on this side was the cascade. The stream that emerged from our room formed a horribly slippery path on the flank of the mountain. Besides, it was not easy to keep one's coolness, and descend safely, with such a douche on one's head.

But were there no means of turning the torrent ? Perhaps so. On examining more closely the apartment in which we were lodged, I acquired most certain proof that the water had dwelt there before us. Our cham-

ber was only a dried-up pond. I raised a corner of the carpet, and discovered a thick sediment, deposited by the water of the spring. One day, either that the earthquakes, so frequent in these mountains, had broken the dyke, or a softer vein of rock than the rest had given passage to the current, the whole liquid mass had been thrown out of its bed. A canal of ten feet long by three wide led it to the side of the mountain. It would not take two hours' work to close this sluice, which had been opened for years, and imprison the waters in their former reservoir. An hour at the most would suffice to let the damp rocks drip, and the night breeze would soon dry our road. Our flight, thus prepared, would not occupy twenty-four minutes. Once we reached the foot of the mountains, we had Athens before us; the stars served as our guide; the roads were detestable, but we ran no risk of meeting a brigand on them. When the king came in the morning to pay his visit, and ask how we had passed the night, he would see we had passed it in running away; and as people can learn at any age, he would discover, at his own expense, that a man must only reckon on himself, and a cascade will not always guard prisoners.

This plan appeared to me so feasible, that I at once told it to her to whom I owed the inspiration. Mary Anne and Mrs. Simons listened to me at first as conspirators do to a supposed inciting agent of the government. At length the young English girl measured the depth of the ravine without trembling.

"It is possible to descend," she said; "not alone, but with the help of a firm arm. Are you strong, sir?"

I answered, without knowing why—

“I should be so if you had confidence in me.”

These words, to which I attached no particular meaning, doubtless contained some stupidity, for she blushed as she turned her head away.

“It is possible, sir,” she said, “that we have been mistaken in you ; but misfortune is apt to sour the temper. I should be glad to believe that you are a worthy young man.”

She might have found something more polite to say to me ; but she insinuated this serious compliment in so sweet a voice, and with such a piercing look, that I was moved to the very bottom of my soul. So true it is, sir, that the air makes the song pass muster.

She had offered me her charming hand, and I had stretched out mine to take it, but she suddenly reflected, and said, as she struck her forehead—

“Where shall we find the materials for a dyke?”

“Under our feet—the turf?”

“The water will wash it away.”

“Not for two hours. After us the deluge——”

“Good,” she said.

She gave me her hand this time, and I raised it to my lips ; but this capricious hand was suddenly withdrawn.

“We are guarded day and night, have you thought of that?”

I had not dreamed of it for a moment ; but I was too far advanced to recoil before obstacles. I answered with a resolution that astonished myself—

“The Corfiote ! I will take charge of him. I will fasten him to the trunk of a tree.”

“He will shout.”

“I shall kill him, then.”

“And your weapons?”

“I will steal them.”

Stealing, killing—all seemed to me natural, since I had all but kissed her hand. You can judge from this, sir, of what I should be capable were I ever to fall in love.

Mrs Simons lent me her ears with a certain show of kindness, and I fancied that I noticed that she approved of me by glance and gesture.

“My dear sir,” she said to me, “your second idea is better than the first, infinitely better. I could never have condescended to pay a ransom, even with the certainty of recovering it. Tell me once more, then, if you please, what you propose doing to rescue us.”

“I answer for everything, madame. I will procure a dagger this very day. To-night our brigands will go to bed early and sleep soundly. I will rise at ten o'clock, bind our keeper, gag him, and, if necessary, kill him. It is not an assassination, but an execution—he has deserved twenty deaths for one. At half-past ten I tear up fifty square feet of turf; you carry it to the side of the stream, and construct the dyke. Total, one hour and a half. It will then be midnight. We will work to strengthen our building while the wind is drying our road. One o'clock strikes. I take Miss Simons under my left arm. We glide together down to that crevice; we hold on by those two tufts of grass; we reach that wild fig; we rest against that evergreen oak; we go along that projection to the group of red rocks; we leap into the ravine and are free!”

“Well, and what is to become of me?”

This *me* fell on my enthusiasm like a bucket of iced water. A man cannot think of everything, and I had forgotten all about saving Mrs. Simons. I could not



THE LADIES' ATTENDANT.

dream of going back to rescue her. The ascent was impossible without ladders. The good lady perceived my confusion, and said to me, with more pity than spite—

“My poor sir, you see that romantic projects always break down somewhere. Permit me to adhere to my first idea, and wait for the gendarmes. I am English, and it has long been a habit of mine to confide in the law. Besides, I know the gendarmes of Athens. I saw them parading on the Palace-square. They are handsome men, and rather clean for Greeks. They have long moustaches and percussion muskets. With your permission they shall get us out of this scrape.”

The Corfiote arrived just in time to save me from answering. He brought with him the ladies' attendant. She was an Albanian, and rather good-looking, in spite of her flat nose. Two brigands prowling about the mountains, had carried her off, in her Sunday clothes, from between her mother and her affianced. She uttered shrieks enough to rend marble, but was consoled on hearing that she would be set at liberty in a fortnight, and be paid into the bargain. She made up her mind bravely, and almost rejoiced at a misfortune which would increase her dowry. Happy country!



PLEASANT PERFUME.

where wounds of the heart are cured by five-franc pieces! This philosophical maid was no great assistance to Mrs. Simons, for of all the tasks peculiar to her sex, she only understood ploughing. For my part, she rendered life unsupportable through a habit she had of munching a bulb of garlic as a dainty, just as

the Hamburg ladies amuse themselves with nibbling sugar-plums.

The day came to an end without any accident. The morrow seemed to us all intolerably long. The Corfiote did not leave us for an inch. Mary Anne and her mother sought the gendarmes on the horizon, and could see nothing coming. I, who am accustomed to an active life, blushed at my indolence. I could have wandered about the mountains and botanized, under a good guard ; but a something kept me by the side of the ladies. During the night I slept badly ; for my plans of escaping obstinately trotted about my head. I had noticed the place where the Corfiote laid his dagger before going to bed ; but I should have fancied I was committing an act of treachery by escaping without Mary Anne.

One Saturday morning, between five and six, an unusual disturbance drew me to the King's cabinet. My toilette was soon finished, for I went to bed ready dressed.

Hadji Stavros, standing in the centre of his band, was presiding over a tumultuous council. All the brigands were on a war footing, armed to the teeth. Ten or twelve boxes I had not noticed before were resting on litters. I guessed that they contained the baggage, and that our hosts were about to raise their camp. The Corfiote, Vasili, and Sophocles were deliberating noisily, and talking all at once. The advanced sentinels could be heard barking in the distance. A ragged messenger ran up to the King, yelling—

“The gendarmes !”

CHAPTER V.

THE GENDARMES.

THE King did not appear greatly affected. Still, his eyebrows were closer than usual, and the wrinkles on his forehead formed an acute angle between his eyes. He asked the new comer—

“Which way are they marching?”

“From Castia.”

“How many companies?”

“One.”

“Which is it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Wait a minute.”

A second messenger arrived at full speed to fire the alarm. Hadji Stavros shouted to him as soon as he saw him—

“Is it Pericles’ company?”

The brigand answered—

“I do not know; I cannot read the figures.”

A shot was fired in the distance.

“Silence!” said the King, drawing out his watch.

The audience observed a religious quietude. Four other shots succeeded each other at intervals of a minute. The last was followed by a violent detonation resembling a platoon fire. Hadji Stavros returned his watch to his pocket with a smile.

“All right,” he said; “take the baggage back to your depôt, and bring some Egina wine; it is Pericles’ company.”

He saw me in my corner, just as he had finished his sentence, and called me with a mocking look.

“Come, Mr. German, you are not in the way. It is good to rise early, for you can see curious things. Is your thirst awake yet? You will drink a glass of wine with our worthy gendarmes.”

Five minutes later three enormous skins were brought up from some secret cellar. A laggard sentinel came running up to the King at this moment—

“Good news! Pericles’ gendarmes!”



THE GENDARMES.

Some of the brigands hastened to meet the company. The Corfiote, who was a fine speaker, hurried to make the captain an harangue. The drum was soon heard;

the blue flag fluttered in the breeze, and sixty well-armed men defiled two deep in front of Hadji Stavros' cabinet. I recognised M. Pericles, through having admired him at the Patissia promenade. He was a young officer of thirty-five, brown, beloved by the ladies, a splendid waltzer at court, and wore his block-tin epaulettes gracefully. He resheathed his sabre, ran up to the King of the Mountains, and kissed him on the mouth, saying—

“ Good morning, godpapa.”

“ Good morning, little one,” the King replied, tapping him on the cheek. “ You have been in good health ?”

“ Thanks—and you ?”

“ As you see—and the family ?”

“ My uncle the bishop has a fever.”

“ Bring him to me, I'll cure him. Is the Prefect of Police better ?”

“ A little. He sends his kind regards to you ; so does the Minister.”

“ Is there anything new ?”

“ A ball at the Palace on the 15th ; it is settled, the *Siècle* says so.”

“ You still dance, then ; and how are matters on Change ?”

“ There is a heavy fall.”

“ Bravo ! Have you any letters for me ?”

“ Yes ; here they are. Photini was not ready ; she will write by the post.”

“ A glass of wine. Here's your health, little one !”

“ Heaven bless you, godpapa ! Who is that Frank listening to us ?”

“A German of no importance. You know nothing for us to do?”

“The paymaster-general is sending £1000 to Argos. It will pass by the Scironian rocks to-morrow night.”

“I’ll be there. Shall I want many men?”

“Yes; the chest is escorted by two companies.”

“Good or bad?”

“Detestable fellows, who will let themselves be killed.”

“I will take all my men. In my absence you will guard our prisoners.”

“With pleasure. By the way, I have the strictest orders. Your Englishwomen have written to their ambassador: they summon the whole army to their aid.”

“And I supplied them with the paper! That’s the result of putting confidence in people.”

“I must write my report in consequence. I will give them a desperate battle.”

“We will draw it up together.”

“Yes. This time, godpapa, I must gain the victory.”

“No!”

“Yes. I wish to be decorated.”

“You shall be so another day. What an insatiable fellow! It’s only a year since I made you a captain.”

“But you should think, dear godpapa, that you have an interest in being defeated. When it is known that your band is dispersed, confidence will spring up, travellers will come, and you have a gold mine to work.”

"Yes; but if I am conquered, shares will rise, and I am speculating for a fall."

"At any rate, then, let me massacre a dozen men."

"Very good; that will hurt nobody. On my side, I must kill ten."

"How so? They will see on our return that the company is complete."

"Not at all; you will leave them here. I want recruits."

"In that case I recommend little Spiro, my adjutant, to you. He has just come from the school of the Evelpides; he is well educated and intelligent. The poor fellow only receives three pounds a month pay, and his parents are not in good circumstances. If he remains in the army, he will not be a sub-lieutenant for the next five years; the lists are crowded. But allow him to distinguish himself, Government will try to bribe him, and he will have his nomination in six months."

"Done for little Spiro! Does he understand French?"

"Decently."

"I shall keep him, perhaps. If he does my business, I will give him an interest in the company; he shall become a shareholder. You will give the accounts of the year to the proper parties; I pay 82 per cent."

"Bravo! my eighth share will bring me in more than my captain's pay. Ah! godpapa, what a trade mine is!"

"What would you have? You would be a brigand were it not for your mother's notions. Here's your

health—and yours, too, Mr. German. Let me introduce to you my godson, Captain Pericles, a charming young man, who speaks several languages, and will be good enough to take my place during a temporary absence. My dear Pericles, I present to you this gentleman, who is a doctor, and worth £600. Can you believe that this great doctor, doctor though he is, has not yet contrived to make our Englishwomen pay his ransom! The world is degenerating, young fellow; it was better in my time.”

Upon this he sprung up actively, and ran to give some orders for the start. Was it the pleasure of taking the field, or joy at having seen his godson? He seemed twenty years younger; he laughed, jested, and shook off his regal majesty. I should never have supposed that the only event capable of unwrinkling a brigand's brow was the arrival of the gendarmes. Sophocles, Vasili, the Corfiote, and the other chiefs made the King's pleasure known throughout the camp. Everybody was soon ready to start, thanks to the morning's alarm. The young adjutant, Spiro, and the nine men picked from the gendarmes, exchanged their uniforms for the picturesque attire of the bandits. The new brigands testified no regret for their first profession, and the only persons who murmured were those who remained under the flag. Two or three grey moustaches said aloud that selection was too much favoured, and the claims of seniority overlooked. Some growlers boasted of their length of service, and asserted that they had a right to be discharged into the brigand ranks. The Captain pacified them as well as he could by promising that their turn should come.

Hadji Stavros, before starting, handed over all his keys to his substitute. He showed him the wine grotto, the flour-case, the cheese crevice, and the trunk of the tree in which the coffee was kept. He taught him all the precautions that could prevent our flight and keep so precious a capital. The handsome Pericles answered with a smile—

“What do you fear? I am a shareholder.”

At seven in the morning the King started, and his subjects defiled one by one behind him. The whole band proceeded in a northern direction, turning their backs on the Scironian rocks. It returned by a long but convenient road through the ravine which passed under our apartment. The brigands were singing at the top of their voices while marching in the water of the cascade. Their warlike march was a song of four lines, a song of Hadji Stavros's youth.

“A black-eyed robber marched down to the plains,” &c.

You must know it, though, for the little boys at Athens sing nothing else when going to catechism.

Mrs. Simons, who was sleeping by her daughter's side and dreaming, as usual, of gendarmes, woke up with a start and ran to the window, that is to say, the cascade. She was cruelly disabused on seeing enemies when she expected saviours. She recognised the King, the Corfiote, and several others. What surprised her most was the importance and number of their early expedition. She counted sixty men following Hadji Stavros.

“Sixty,” she thought; “they are only twenty left to guard us.”

The idea of an escape, which she had repulsed on the day before, presented itself again to her mind with some authority. In the midst of her reflections, she saw the rear-guard march past, what she did not expect, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty men! Why, there was no one left in the camp. The marching past still continued: the band consisted of eighty persons, and she had counted ninety! A dozen dogs closed the march, but she did not take the trouble to count them.

Mary Anne rose at her mother's cry, and rushed out of the tent.

"Free!" Mrs. Simons screamed; "they are all gone. What do I say? more have gone than there were. Let us hasten, my child."

They ran up the steps, and saw the King's camp occupied by the gendarmes. The Greek flag floated triumphantly from a fir-bush, and Hadji Stavros' place was occupied by Captain Pericles. Mrs. Simons rushed into his arms with such eagerness that he had some difficulty in parrying the embrace.

"Angel of Heaven!" she said to him, "the brigands have departed."

The Captain answered in English:

"Yes, madam."

"You have put them to flight?"

"It is true, madam, that they would be here still, were it not for us."

"Excellent young man! the battle must have been brisk."

"Not very so. I had only a word to say."

"And we are free!"

"Of course."

"And can return to Athens?"

"When we please."

"Well, then, let us be off."

"Impossible for the moment."

"What have we to do here?"

"Our duty as victors. We hold the field of battle!"

"Mary Anne, take that gentleman's hand."

The young lady obeyed.

"It is Heaven who sends you, sir," Mrs. Simons continued. "We had lost all hope. Our only defender was a young German, of middle class, a professor who collects herbs, and wished to save us by the most fearful roads. At length you have arrived! I was quite sure we should be delivered by the gendarmes, was I not, Mary Anne?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You must know, sir, that those brigands are the vilest of men. They began by taking from us all we had about us."

"All?" the Captain asked.

"All; excepting my watch, which I was careful to hide."

"You did well, madam. And they kept what they took from you?"

"No: they restored us twelve pounds, a silver housewife, and my daughter's watch."

"Are those articles still in your possession?"

"Of course."

"Did they take your rings and earrings?"

"No, sir."

"Be kind enough to give them to me."

“Give you what?”

“Your rings, earrings, a silver housewife, two watches, and the sum of twelve pounds.”

Mrs. Simons sharply exclaimed—

“What, sir! you wish to take from us what the brigands restored to us?”

The Captain answered with dignity—

“Madam, I know my duty.”

“Is it your duty to strip us?”

“It is my duty to collect all articles required for the trial of Hadji Stavros.”

“Then he will be tried?”

“As soon as we have caught him.”

“I fancy that our jewellery and money will be of no service, and you have abundant evidence to hang him. In the first place, he has arrested two English ladies; what more is needed?”

“The forms of justice must be observed, madam.”

“But, my dear sir, among the objects you ask me for, there are some on which I set a special value.”

“The greater reason, madam, to entrust them to me.”

“But if I have no watch, I shall not know——”

“Madam, I shall always be delighted to tell you what o'clock it is.”

Mary Anne remarked, in her turn, that she had a repugnance to remove her earrings.

“You are lovely enough, Miss,” the gallant Captain replied, “not to require ornaments. You can do better without your jewellery, than your jewellery can do without you.”

“You are too kind, sir; but my silver housewife is an indispensable article.”

“You are a thousand times in the right, Miss ; I implore you not to insist on this point. Do not redouble the regret I already feel at legally stripping two persons of such distinction. Alas ! Miss, we soldiers are the slaves of duty, the instruments of the law. Deign to take my arm, and I will have the honour of conducting you to your tent. There we will proceed to draw up the inventory, if you will permit me.”

I had not lost a word of this dialogue, and restrained myself to the end ; but when I saw this scoundrel of a gendarme offer his arm to Mary Anne to strip her politely, I felt myself boiling, and I walked straight up to him to tell him my mind. He must have read in my eyes the opening of my address, for he gave me a threatening glance, left the ladies at the head of the steps, placed a sentry at the door, and returned to me, saying—

“It is our turn now.”

He led me, without another word, into the King’s cabinet. He placed himself before me, looked in my face, and went on—

“You understand English, sir?”

I owned the soft impeachment. He added,—

“You understand Greek, too?”

“Yes, sir.”

“In that case, you are too clever. Can you understand my godfather discussing our matters in your presence ? He may do so with his own, for he has no necessity to hide them. He is a king, and only depends on his sabre. But I—hang it all—place yourself in my place. Mine is a delicate position, and I have a good deal to manage. I am not rich ; I have only

my pay, the esteem of my chief, and the friendship of the brigands. A traveller's indiscretion may cause me to lose two-thirds of my fortune."

"And you expect that I shall maintain secrecy as to your infamy!"

"When I expect anything, sir, my confidence is rarely deceived. I do not know if you will leave these mountains at once, or if your ransom will be paid. If my godfather is obliged to cut your head off, I am at my ease, and you will not chatter. If, on the contrary, you return to Athens, I advise you, as a friend, to be silent about what you have seen. Imitate the discretion of the late Duchess of Piacenza, who was arrested by Bibribi, and died ten years later, without telling a soul what had happened to her. Do you know the proverb that says, 'The tongue cuts the throat?' Meditate on it seriously, and do not place yourself in a position to verify its correctness."

"Threats!"

"I do not threaten you, sir; I am too well-bred a man to descend to such; I warn you. If you chatter, I shall not avenge myself. But all the men of my company are devoted to their captain. They take my interests to heart more warmly than I do myself, and they would be merciless, to my great regret, to any imprudent man who caused me annoyance."

"What do you fear if you have so many accomplices?"

"I fear nothing from the Greeks; and in ordinary times I should not insist so strongly on my recommendations. We have certainly among our chiefs some enemies who assert that the brigands should be treated like the Turks; but I should also find valuable

defenders, if the affair were discussed in the family. The misfortune is that the diplomatists might interfere ; for the presence of a foreign army doubtless injures the success of my cause. If any accident happened to me through your fault, just see to what you would be exposed ! You cannot walk four paces in the kingdom without meeting a gendarme : the road from the Piræus to Athens is under the inspection of these hot-heads, and an accident so easily happens.”

“ Very good, sir ; I will reflect.”

“ You promise me secrecy ?”

“ You have nothing to ask of me, and I have nothing to promise you. You warn me of the danger of indiscretions ; I make a note of it, and consider it said.”

“ When you are in Germany you can tell anything you please ; speak, write, print, and I shall not care. The works published against us do no one any harm, except, perhaps, the authors. You are at liberty to attempt it. If you faithfully depict what you have seen, the good people of Europe will accuse you of blackening an illustrious and oppressed people. Our friends—and we have many among the folk of sixty years of age—will tax you with feebleness, caprice, and even ingratitude. You will be reminded that you were a guest of Hadji Stavros and mine ; you will be reproached with betraying the sacred laws of hospitality. But the most pleasant part of the affair is that you will not be believed. The public only give their confidence to probable falsehoods. Go and try to persuade the people of London, Paris, or Berlin, that you saw a captain of gendarmes embrace a brigand chief ! a company of picked troops guard Hadji Stavros’s prisoners

to give him time to plunder the army chest! the highest functionaries of the State form a company to rob travellers! You might just as well tell them that the men of Attica have formed an alliance with the cats, and that the lambs seek their food in the wolf's throat. Do you know what protects us against the anger of Europe? It is the improbability of our civilization. Fortunately for the kingdom, all the truth written against us will be always too violent to be believed. I might mention to you a small book, which is not in our praise, though it is true from one end to the other.* It has been read a little everywhere; it was considered curious in Paris; but I know of one city where it appeared true: Athens. I do not forbid you adding a second volume, but wait till you have gone; if not, there may perhaps be a spot of blood on the last page."

"But," I remarked, "supposing an indiscretion is committed before my departure, how will you know that it emanates from me?"

"You are alone in my secret. The Englishwomen are persuaded that I am delivering them from Hadji Stavros, and I undertake to keep up the error till the King's return. It is a matter of two days, then, at the most. We are forty-nine stadia from the Scironian rocks; our friends will arrive there to-night. They will deal their blow to-morrow evening, and whether conquerors or conquered, will be here by Monday

* M. About alludes here to his own first political work, "La Grèce Contemporaine," which created a considerable sensation on its first appearance, but is now forgotten.

morning. We will contrive to prove to our prisoners that the brigands have surprised us. So long as my godpapa is absent, I will protect you against yourself by keeping you apart from these ladies. I borrow your tent, too. You must see, sir, that I have a more delicate skin than worthy Hadji Stavros, and cannot expose my complexion to the ruggedness of the climate. What would be said at the Court ball of the 15th, if I were seen as rough as a peasant? Besides, I must be company to the afflicted prisoners; it is my duty as liberator. As for you, you will sleep among my soldiers. Permit me to give an order which concerns you. Yanni, Corporal Yanni! I entrust the guard of this gentleman to you. Place round him four sentinels to watch him day and night, and accompany him everywhere with shouldered muskets. You will relieve them every two hours. March!"

He bowed to me with slightly ironical politeness, went down the stairs singing, and the sentry presented arms to him.

From this moment commenced for me a punishment of which the human mind can form no idea. Every one knows, or can guess what a prison is like; but try to imagine a living and perambulating prison, whose four walls come and go, retreat, draw nearer, turn and return, rub their hands, scratch themselves, cough, shake themselves, and obstinately fix eight large black eyes on the prisoner. I essayed a walk; my dungeon with the eight paws regulated its pace by mine. I pushed on to the frontiers of the camp; the two men before me stopped short, and I ran my head against their uniform. I came back; my four walls turned on

their axis like the scenes of a theatre. Altogether weary of this, I sat down. My prison began marching round me ; I resembled a drunken man who sees his house going round him. I closed my eyes, but the cadenced sound of the military step soon wearied my tympanum. "If these four warriors would only talk to me," I thought to myself. "I will try them with Greek ; that is a way of seduction I have always found successful with sentries." I tried, but it was lost time. The wall possibly had ears, but the use of their voices was interdicted them ; men must not talk when on duty. I tried bribery and corruption ; I drew from my pocket the money Hadji Stavros had restored me, and which the Captain had forgotten to take from me, and distributed it to the four cardinal points of my lodging. The gloomy, frowning walls assumed a laughing physiognomy, and my dungeon was illumined as if by a sunbeam. But a few minutes later the corporal came to relieve the sentries ; I had been a prisoner exactly two hours.

The day appeared to me long ; the night eternal. The Captain had confiscated my bed with my tent, and the rock that served me as a couch was not as soft as down. A small rain penetrating as air made me feel cruelly that roofing is a fine invention, and slaters render real services to society. If at times, in spite of the rigours of the sky, I managed to fall asleep, I was almost immediately aroused by Corporal Yanni giving the word of command. Lastly—shall I tell you?—asleep or awake, I fancied I could see Mary Anne and her respectable mamma pressing the hands of their liberator. Ah, sir, how I began to do justice

to the good old King of the Mountains! how I withdrew the maledictions I had hurled against him! how I regretted his gentle and paternal government! how I prayed for his return! Fervently I said, "May the victory remain with Hadji Stavros! may all the soldiers of the kingdom fall before him! may the chest, and even the last crown of this imperial army fall into his hands! and may the brigands soon return to deliver us from the gendarmes!"

As I concluded my vows, a well-sustained file-fire was heard in the centre of the camp. This surprise was repeated several times during the day and the following night. It was another trick of that fellow Pericles; in order to deceive Mrs. Simons, and more fully to persuade her that he was defending her against an army of bandits, he ordered his men to fire a volley every now and then.

This fancy all but cost him dear. When the brigands reached the camp at dawn on Monday morning, they fancied they had to do with real enemies, and replied with several bullets, which unfortunately struck nobody.

I had never before seen a routed army when the King of the Mountains returned. This sight had, therefore, all the attraction for me of a first performance. My vows had not been fulfilled: the Greek soldiers had defended themselves with so much fury, that the fight was prolonged into the night. Formed in square round the two mules that carried the chest, they had answered Hadji Stavros' sharpshooters by a well-sustained fire. The old Pallikar, despairing to knock over one by one a hundred and twenty men who

would not give way, charged them sabre in hand. His comrades assured us that he had performed marvels, and the blood with which he was covered showed that he had exposed himself bravely. But the bayonet had the last word. The troops killed fourteen brigands, a dog being among them. A bullet had checked the promotion of young Spiro, that promising officer. I saw sixty men arrive, exhausted with fatigue, dusty, bleeding, battered, and wounded. Sophocles, who had a bullet in his shoulder, was carried : the Corfiote and some others had remained on the road—some with shepherds, others in a village, on a rock, or by the wayside.

The whole band was gloomy and discouraged : Sophocles howled with pain. I heard some murmurs against the imprudence of the King, who exposed the lives of his comrades for a paltry sum, instead of quietly plundering real travellers.

The most satisfied, jolly-looking, and freshest of the band was the King. You could read in his face the proud satisfaction of a duty accomplished. He recognised me at once between my four men, and cordially offered me his hand.

“ My dear prisoner,” he said to me, “ you see a very badly-used king. Those dogs of soldiers would not let the chest go. The money was theirs : they would not have risked death for any other person’s money. My trip to the Scironian rocks has brought me in nothing, and I have expended fourteen fighting men, without counting several wounded, who will not recover. But no matter ; I fought well. Those rogues were more numerous than we, and had bayonets. If they had

not! Come, this day has made me younger: I proved to myself that I still had blood in my veins."

And he hummed the first verse of his favourite song. He then went on:—

"By Jupiter (as Lord Byron used to say), I would not have remained at home since Saturday for another thousand pounds. That will also be put in my history. They will say that when beyond the age of seventy, I rushed sabre in hand among the bayonets, cut down three or four soldiers with my own hand, and walked ten leagues over the mountains to drink my cup of coffee here. Cafedgi, my lad, do your duty; I have done mine. But where the deuce is Pericles?"

The pretty Captain was still reposing under my tent. Yanni went to fetch him, and brought him back all sleepy, with his moustaches out of curl, and his head carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief. I know nothing so adapted to wake a man as a glass of cold water or bad news. When Captain Pericles learnt that little Spiro and two other gendarmes were left on the ground, it was a very different sort of defeat. He pulled off his handkerchief, and had it not been for the tender respect in which he held his person, he would have torn out his hair.

"It's all over with me," he exclaimed. "How can I explain their presence with you? and in a brigand's dress, too! They will have been recognised: the others are masters of the battle-field. Shall I say that they deserted to join you? that you made them prisoners? They will ask why I did not say so before. I was waiting for you to make my grand report. I wrote yesterday evening that I was pressing you closely

on Parnassus, and that all our men were admirable. Holy Virgin ! I shall not dare show myself on Sunday at Patissia ! What will they say, on the 15th, at the court ball ? All the diplomatic corps will be enraged with me. The council will be assembled : shall I even be invited ?”

“ To the council ?” the brigand asked.

“ No ; to the court ball.”

“ Get out, you jackanapes.”

“ Good Heavens ! who knows what will be done ? If it were only a question about these Englishwomen, I should not trouble myself ; I would confess all to the minister of war. Englishwomen—there are enough of them. But to lend my soldiers for an attack on the army chest—send Spiro against the line ! I shall be pointed out ; I shall never dance again.”

Who was it that was rubbing his hands during this monologue ? It was my father’s son, between his four soldiers.

Hadji Stavros, peacefully seated, was swallowing his coffee in little gulps. He said to his godson :—

“ You are in a terrible trouble ! Remain with us ; I guarantee you £400 a year at least, and enlist your men. We will take our revenge together.”

The offer was seductive. Two days sooner it would have gained many votes ; now, it seemed but slightly to please the gendarmes, their captain not at all. The soldiers said nothing ; but they looked at their old comrades ; they inspected Sophocles’ wound ; they thought of the dead, and stretched out their noses in the direction of Athens, as if to sniff the succulent smell of the barracks.

As for Captain Pericles, he answered, in visible embarrassment :—

“ I thank you, but I must consider about it. My habits are those of a town ; I am of delicate health ; the winters must be rude in the mountains, and I have caught a cold as it is. My absence would be remarked at all the parties. I am in great request down there, and good marriages have often been proposed to me. Besides, the evil may not be so great as we suppose. Who knows if the three clumsy fellows were recognised ? Will the news of the affair arrive before us ? I will go first to the minister, and assume an official air, no one will come to contradict me, as the two companies are pursuing their march to Argos. Decidedly I must go and run the risk. Take care of your wounded—good-bye !”

He made a sign to the drummer.

Hadji Stavros rose, stood before me with his godson, whom he stood over by a head, and said to me :—

“ This is a Greek of to-day, sir ; I am a Greek of the olden time ; and yet the papers assert that we are progressing !”

At the rolling of the drum, the walls of my prison sundered like the ramparts of Jericho. Two minutes later I was before Mary Anne’s tent. Mother and daughter started from their sleep ; Mrs. Simons saw me first, and cried—

“ Well ! are we off ?”

“ Alas ! madam, we have not reached that point yet.”

“ What have we reached, then ? the Captain gave us his word for this morning.”

“How did you like the Captain?”

“He was gallant, elegant, delightful! a little too much a slave to discipline, but that is his only fault.”

“A rogue and a villain, a coward and boaster, a liar and a thief! Those are his real names, madam, and I will prove it to you.”

“Dear me, sir, what have the gendarmes done to offend you?”

“What have they done, madam?” Be good enough to come with me only to the top of the steps.”

Mrs. Simons arrived just in time to see the soldiers defiling, the drummer at their head, the brigands installed in their place, and the Captain and the King, lip to lip, exchanging a farewell kiss. The surprise was a little too great. I had not prepared the good



SHE FAINTED.

lady enough, and was punished for it, as she fainted her whole length, and nearly broke my arms. I carried her to the spring. Mary Anne lapped her hands,

and I threw a handful of water in her face. But I am inclined to believe it was her fury brought her to.

“The wretch !” she shrieked.

“He plundered you, did he not ? He stole your watches and money ?”

“I do not regret my jewels ; let him keep them ; but I would give 500*l.* to recal the shakes of the hand I gave him. I am English, and do not take everybody’s hand.”

This regret of Mrs. Simons’ drew a heavy sigh from me. She burst out afresh, however, and let the whole weight of her anger fall on me.

“It is your fault,” she said ; “could you not warn us ? You should have told me that the brigands were, comparatively speaking, saints.”

“But, madam, I warned you that you must not count on the gendarmes.”

“You said it badly ; you told it me slowly, heavily, phlegmatically. Could I believe you ? Could I guess that this fellow was only Hadji Stavros’ jailer ? that he kept us here to allow the brigands time to return ? that he terrified us with imaginary dangers ? that he feigned nocturnal attacks in order to have the air of defending us ? I guess all now ; but say whether you told me anything.”

“Good Heavens ! madam, I told you what I knew—I did what I could.”

“German that you are ! in your place an Englishman would have risked death for us, and I would have given him my daughter’s hand.”

Peonies are certainly red, but I became more so on hearing Mrs. Simons’ exclamation. I felt so troubled,

that I did not dare raise my eyes, or reply, or ask the dear lady what she meant by these words. For, in fact, how could a person so straitlaced as herself have been induced to employ such language before her daughter and myself? By what gate could this idea of marriage have entered her mind? Was Mrs. Simons really the woman to decree her daughter, as honourable reward to the first liberator that came? There was no appearance of it. Was it not a bitter irony rather, addressed to my most secret thoughts?

When I descended into myself, and recognised with legitimate pride the innocent lukewarmness of my feelings, I rendered myself this justice, that the fire of passion had never raised by one degree the temperature of my heart. At every moment of the day I exercised myself in thinking of Mary Anne, in order to try myself. I built castles in the air constantly, of which she was the mistress. I manufactured romances, of which she was the heroine and I the hero. I supposed the most absurd circumstances. I imagined events as improbable as the history of the Princess Ypsoff and Lieutenant Reynauld. I even went so far as to represent the pretty English girl seated at my right hand in a postchaise, and passing her exquisite arm round my long neck. All these flattering suppositions, which would have agitated a soul less philosophical than mine, did not trouble my serenity. I experienced none of those alternations of fear and hope which are the characteristic symptoms of love. Never, never had I felt those mighty convulsions of the heart, of which there is question in romances. Hence I did not love Mary Anne; I was a man without reproach, and I could

walk with head erect. But Mrs. Simons, who had not read my thought, was very capable of deceiving herself as to the nature of my devotion. Who knew if she did not suspect me of being in love with her daughter, and had wrongly interpreted my trouble and timidity ? and if she had not uttered the word marriage to force me to betray myself ? My pride revolted against so unjust a suspicion, and I answered her in a firm voice, though not looking her in the face :—

“ Madam, if I were happy enough to get you away from this spot, I swear to you that it would not be to espouse your daughter.”

“ And why not ? ” she said, in a tone of pique. “ Is not my daughter worth marrying ? I call that a good joke, upon my word. Is she not pretty enough ? or rich enough ? or of a sufficiently good family ? have I brought her up badly ? and do you know anything to say against her ? To marry Miss Simons, my little gentleman, is a fine dream ; and the most difficult man to please would be satisfied to do so.”

“ Alas, madam ! you have greatly misunderstood me. I confess that Miss is perfect ; and did not her presence render me timid, I would tell you what passionate admiration she has inspired me with since the first day. It is precisely on that account that I have not the impertinence to dream that any accident could raise me to her.”

I hoped that my humility would bend this terrible mother, but her anger was not lowered even half a note.

“ Why ? ” she exclaimed, “ why do you not deserve my daughter ? Come, answer me.”

“ Well, madam, I have neither fortune nor position.”

“ A very fine idea ! No position ! You would have one, sir, if you married my daughter. You have no fortune ! Pray have we ever asked you for money ? have we not enough for ourselves, for you, and for plenty more ? Besides, will not the man who gets us away from here make us a present of 4000*l.* ? It is not much, I grant ; still, it is something. Can you say that 4000*l.* is a contemptible sum ? In that case, why do you not mean to marry my daughter ? ”

“ Madam, I am not—— ”

“ Come, what are you not ? you are not English.”

“ Oh, not at all.”

“ Well, do you suppose us so absurd as to make a crime of your birth ? Well, sir, I know very well that it's not granted to everybody to be English. The whole earth cannot be English—at least, not for some years. But a man may be honest and clever without being positively born in England.”

“ As regards probity, madam, it is an estate handed down from father to son in our family. As for sense, I have just enough to be a doctor. But, unfortunately, I can indulge in no illusion as to my personal defects and—— ”

“ You mean to say you are ugly, I suppose ? No, sir you are not ugly. You have an intelligent face. Mary Anne, has not this gentleman an intelligent face ? ”

“ Yes, mamma,” said Mary Anne.

If she blushed as she answered, her mother saw it better than I did, for my eyes were obstinately nailed on the ground.

“ Besides,” Mrs. Simons added, “ if you were ten

times uglier you would not be so ugly as my late husband. And yet I would have you to know that I was as good-looking as my daughter on the day I gave him my hand. What will you say to that?"

"Nothing, madam, except that you overwhelm me, and that it will not depend on me if you are not to-morrow on your road to Athens."

"What do you propose doing? this time try and find an expedient less absurd than that of the other day."

I hope that you will be satisfied with me, if you will be kind enough to hear me to the end."

"Yes, sir."

"Without interrupting me."

"I will not interrupt you. Have I ever interrupted you?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Never, madam. Hadji Stavros has all his money in the hands of Messrs. Barlee and Co."

"Our firm?"

"31, Cavendish-square, London. Last Wednesday he dictated a letter in our presence addressed to Messrs. Barlee and Co."

"And you did not tell me so before!"

"You never allowed me the time."

"It is really monstrous! Your conduct is inexplicable. We should have been at liberty a week ago! I should have gone straight to him and told him our relations."

“And he would have asked ten or twelve thousand pounds of you! Whereas, madam, the best thing is to say nothing at all to him. Pay your ransom, make him give you a receipt, and in a fortnight transmit him an account current containing the following item :

“‘Four thousand pounds paid you personally by Mrs. Simons, our partner, for which she holds a receipt.’

“In this way you will recover your money, without the help of the gendarmes. Is that clear?”

I raised my eyes, and saw Mary Anne’s charming smile, all radiant with gratitude. Mrs. Simons shrugged her shoulders furiously, and only seemed moved by vexation.

“In truth,” she said to me, “you are a surprising man! You proposed to us an acrobatic escape, when you had such simple means to rescue us! and you have been aware of that since Wednesday morning! I shall never pardon you for not having told us of it on the very first day.”

“But, madam, be kind enough to remember that I urged you to write to your brother and ask him to send four thousand six hundred pounds.”

“Why four thousand six hundred pounds.”

“I mean to say four thousand pounds.”

“No, four thousand six hundred pounds. That is perfectly correct. Are you quite sure that this Stavros will not keep us after receiving the money?”

“I answer for that. The brigands are the only Greeks who never break their word. You understand, that if they once kept their prisoners after receiving their ransom, no one would pay for his liberty again.”

“That’s true. But what a strange German you are, not to have spoken sooner.”

“You always stopped me.”

“Still, you ought to have spoken at all hazards.”

“But, madam !”

“Be quiet, and lead us to that wretched Stavros.”

The king was breakfasting on roast turtledoves, under his tree of justice, with the sound officers left him. His toilet was completed ; he had washed the blood off his hands, and changed his coat. He was inquiring with his guests into the most expeditious means of filling up the gaps death had made in his ranks. Vasili, who came from Jamina, offered to go and raise thirty men in Epirus, where the vigilance of the Turkish authorities had compelled more than a thousand brigands to retire from business. A Laco-nian proposed to buy up for cash the Spartan Pavlos’ small band, which was working the province of Magna.

The king, still imbued with his English ideas, thought of the press-gang, and carrying off all the shepherds of Attica. This system seemed the more advantageous, as it entailed no outlay, and the flocks would be obtained in the bargain.

Interrupted in the middle of the deliberation, Hadji Stavros gave his prisoners an icy reception. He did not even offer Mrs. Simons a glass of water, and, as she had not breakfasted, she was sensibly affected by this want of politeness. I spoke in the name of the English ladies, and, in the absence of the Corfiote, the King was compelled to accept me as intermediiator. I told him that, after the disaster of the previous day, he would be glad to hear Mrs. Simons’ resolve ; she

was determined to pay both her ransom and mine, in the shortest possible period ; the money would be deposited the very next day either at the Bank of Athens, or any other spot he indicated, in exchange for his receipt.

“ I am glad,” he said, “ that these women have given up their idea of summoning the Greek army to their aid. Tell them that all they require for writing shall be given them for the second time ; but they must not abuse my confidence or draw soldiers hither. At the first plume that appears on the mountains I will have their heads chopped off. I swear it by the Virgin of Megaspilion, which was sculptured by the hand of St. Luke himself.”

“ Do not be alarmed. I pledge the word of these ladies and my own. Where do you wish the money to be paid in ?”

“ At the National Bank of Greece. It is the only one which has not been bankrupt yet.”

“ Have you a sure man to carry the letters ?”

“ I have the good old man. He shall be sent for. What o'clock is it ? Nine. His reverence has not drunk enough yet to be overtaken.”

“ Done for the monk ! when Mrs. Simons' brother has paid the money and taken the receipt, the monk will bring us the news.”

“ What receipt ? Why a receipt ? I never gave one. When you are all at liberty, it will soon be seen that you have paid me what is due to me.”

“ I fancied that a man like yourself would do business in the European fashion. As a good tradesman——”

“ I do business in my way, and am too old to change my method.”

“ As you please. I asked you that on behalf of Mrs. Simons. She is guardian to her daughter, who is a minor, and must account to her for the whole of her fortune.”

“ She must settle that ! I care as little for her interests as she does for mine. Supposing she had to pay for her daughter, where is the great harm ? I never regretted what I laid out for Photini. Here are paper, ink, and reeds. Be good enough to watch the language of the letter, for your head is at stake.”

I rose all confounded and followed the ladies, who guessed my confusion, though unable to detect its cause. But a sudden inspiration made me turn back. I said to the King :—

“ Decidedly you did well to refuse the request, and I was in the wrong to ask for it. You are cleverer than I ; youth is imprudent.”

“ What do you mean ?”

“ You are right, I tell you. A man must be on his guard. Who knows if you may not undergo a second defeat more terrible than the first ? as you will not always have the legs you had when a boy of twenty, you might fall alive into the hands of the soldiers.”

“ I !”

“ You would be tried like any ordinary criminal, for the magistrates would no longer fear you. In such a case, a receipt for £4600 would be crushing evidence against you. Do not give justice weapons to employ against you. Perhaps Mrs. Simons or her heirs might bring

an action to recover what they have been robbed of. Never sign receipts!"

He answered, in a thundering voice,—

"I will sign it. Sooner two than one. I will sign as many as they want! I will sign them for everybody. Ah! the soldiers imagine they will have a cheap bargain of me, because for once chance and unnumbers gave them the advantage! I am to fall alive into their hands, eh! I who laugh at fatigue and whose head defies bullets! I shall go and sit on a bench before a judge, like a peasant who has stolen cabbages. Young man, you do not know Hadji Stavros yet. It would be easier to uproot Parnassus and plant it on the crest of the Taygetus than to tear me from my mountains and place me in the dock! Write me in Greek Mrs. Simons' name. Good! and yours too."

"It is not necessary, and——"

"Write, I say. You know my name, and I feel sure you will not forget it. I wish to have yours as a reminiscence."

I scribbled my name as well as I could, in the harmonious language of Plato. 'The King's lieutenants applauded his firmness, not fancying that it would cost him £4600. I ran, satisfied with myself and with a light heart, to Mrs. Simons' tent. I told her how her money had a narrow escape, and she deigned to smile on hearing how I had contrived to rob the robbers. Half an hour later she submitted the following letter for my approval:—

"Parnassus, among Hadji Stavros' demons.'

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The gendarmes you sent to our assistance cheated and robbed us scandalously. I

beg you to have them hanged. A gallows a hundred feet high will be needed for their captain, Pericles. I shall make a special complaint about him in the despatch I intend sending Lord Palmerston, and give him an entire paragraph in the letter I propose writing to the editor of the *Times*, so soon as you have set us at liberty. It is useless expecting anything from the local authorities. All the natives are in league against us, and the day after our departure the Greek people will assemble in some corner to share our spoils. Fortunately, they will get but little. I have learned from a young German, whom I at first took for a spy, and who is a very honest gentleman, that this Stavros, called Hadji Stavros, has his money placed in our house. I will ask you to verify the fact; and if it be so, nothing prevents us paying the ransom he asks of us. Deposit in the Bank of Greece £4600, in exchange for a regular receipt with this Stavros' seal attached. The sum will be debited to him, and nothing more need be said. Our health is good, although life in the mountains is not at all comfortable. It is monstrous that two English ladies, belonging to the greatest empire in the world, should be compelled to eat their cold meat without mustard or pickles, and drink water like the commonest fish.

“In the hope that you will speedily restore us to our old habits, I am, dear brother, very sincerely yours,
“REBECCA SIMONS.”

I carried the good lady's autograph myself to the King. He took it suspiciously, and examined it with so piercing a glance that I trembled lest he had guessed

its meaning. And yet I was quite sure that he did not understand a word of English. But this devil of a man inspired me with a superstitious terror, and I believed him capable of miracles. He did not seem satisfied till he arrived at the figures £4600, and he then saw that the letter did not refer to gendarmes. It was deposited with other papers in a tin case. The good old man was fetched, who had swallowed exactly enough wine to render his legs active, and the King gave him the letter-box with precise instructions. He started, and my heart ran with him to the end of his journey. Horace did not follow with a tenderer glance the ship that bore Virgil away.

The King grew much gentler when he could regard this great affair as terminated. He ordered a regular feast for us ; he had double rations of wine served out to his men ; he went to visit the wounded, and with his own hands extracted Sophocles' ball. Orders were given to all the bandits to treat us with the respect due to our money.

The breakfast I made without witnesses, in the company of these ladies, was one of the most joyous meals I can recal. All my misfortunes were at length at an end ! I should be free after two days of sweet captivity. Perhaps, even, after emerging from the hands of Hadji Stavros, an adorable chain—— ! I felt myself quite a poet. I ate as heartily as Mrs. Simons, and certainly drank with greater assiduity. I indulged in the Ægina wine as I used to do in the Santorino. I drank to the health of Mary Anne, to the health of her mother, to the health of my good parents, and of the Princess Ypsoff. Mrs. Simons wished

to hear the story of that noble foreigner, and, on my word, I made no secret of it. Good examples are never too well known. Mary Anne paid the most charming attention to my narrative. She expressed her opinion that the princess had done right, and that a woman must take her happiness where she finds it. What a pretty remark! Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and sometimes their happiness. I was in the seventh heaven of prosperity, and felt myself flying toward some unknown earthly paradise. Oh, Mary Anne! the sailors who navigate the ocean never had two such stars as your eyes to guide them!

I was seated in front of her. While handing her the wing of a chicken, I drew so near her that I saw my image twice reflected in miniature between her black eyelashes. I found myself handsome, sir, for the first time in my life. The frame imparted such value to the picture. A strange idea crossed my mind:—I fancied I read in this incident a decree of fate. It seemed to me as if Mary Anne had in her heart the portrait which I discovered in her eyes.

All this was not love, I am perfectly aware, and I do not wish to accuse myself of, or defend myself against, a feeling which I never knew; but it was a substantial friendship, sufficient, I believe, for the man who is going to enjoy a domestic life. No turbulent emotion shook the fibres of my heart, but I felt them slowly melting like wax in the fire of a bright sun.

Under the influence of this reasonable ecstasy, I told Mary Anne and her mother all my past life since the first day. I described to them the paternal house, the

great kitchen in which we took our meals together, the copper stewpans ranged along the wall in sizes, the garlands of hams and sausages inside the chimney, our modest and often difficult existence, the future of each of my brothers—Henry would succeed to papa, Frederick was apprenticed to a tailor, Franz and John Nicholas had enlisted for eighteen years—the first was a corporal in the cavalry, while the other already had his serjeant's stripes in the infantry. I narrated to them my studies, my examinations, the little successes I had achieved at the university, the pleasant prospects I had before me as a Professor, with at least one hundred a year. I know not how far my narrative interested them, but I took an extreme pleasure in it, and poured out a cup of wine for myself every now and then.

Mrs. Simons did not allude again to our matrimonial projects, and I was not sorry for it. It was better not to speak about them at all than converse speculatively when we were so slightly acquainted. The day slipped away for me like an hour—I mean an hour of pleasure. The morrow seemed a little long to Mrs. Simons: for my part I should have liked to arrest the sun in its course. I taught Mary Anne the first elements of botany. Ah, sir, the world does not know what tender and delicate feelings may be expressed in a lesson of botany!

At length, on the Wednesday morning, the monk appeared on the horizon. He was a worthy man, take him altogether, that little monk. He had risen before the day to bring us liberty in his pocket. He handed the King a letter from the governor of the bank, and

Mrs. Simons one from her brother. Hadji Stavros said to her—

“You are free, madam, and can take your daughter with you. I trust that you will not carry away too painful an impression of our rocks. We offered you all we had ; if the bed and table were not worthy of you, it came from circumstances beyond our control. I displayed recently a degree of ill-temper which you will kindly forget ; something must be pardoned a defeated general. If I dared offer the young lady a small present, I would beg her to accept an antique ring, which may be taken in to fit her finger. It does not come from brigandage ; I bought it from a merchant at Nauplia. She will display the trinket in England while describing her visit to the King of the Mountains.”

I faithfully translated this little speech, and myself slipped the King’s ring on to Mary Anne’s finger.

“And I,” I asked good Hadji Stavros ; “will you not give me something to remember you by?”

“You, my dear sir ? why, you remain here. Your ransom is not paid.”

I turned to Mrs. Simons, who handed me the following letter :—

“MY DEAR SISTER,—After verifying the account, I have paid the £4000 and taken a receipt. I could not advance the other £600 because the receipt was not in your name, and it would have been impossible to recover them. I am, waiting your dear presence, ever truly yours,

“EDWARD SHARPER.”

I had read Hadji Stavros too good a lesson. As a

good tradesman, he thought he must send two receipts! Mrs. Simóns whispered in my ear:—

“You seem very troubled, but there is no reason to make such faces. Show that you are a man, and do not look so downcast. The greatest thing is done, as we are saved without it costing us anything. As for you, I am of easy mind. You will easily manage to escape. Your first plan, worth nothing for women, becomes admirable when you are alone. Come, on what day shall we expect a visit from you?”

I thanked her cordially, she offered me so splendid an opportunity to display my personal qualities and make a bold leap into Mary Anne’s esteem.

“Yes, madam,” I said to her, “count on me. I shall leave this place as a brave man, and all the better if I run a little danger. I am very glad that my ransom has not been paid, and I thank your brother for what he has done for me. You will see if a German does not know how to get out of a scrape. Yes, you will soon hear from me.”

“Once away from here, do not fail to call on us.”

“Oh, madame!”

“And now pray that Stavros to give us an escort of five or six brigands.”

“For what purpose, in Heaven’s name?”

“Why, to protect us against the gendarmes!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE.

IN the midst of our leavetakings, a strong smell of garlic that almost choked me spread around us. It was the waiting-maid who had come to recommend herself to the ladies' generosity. This creature had been more troublesome than useful, and for two days her services had been entirely dispensed with. Still Mrs. Simons regretted that she could do nothing for her, and asked me to tell the King how she had been stripped of her money. Hadji Stavros appeared neither surprised nor scandalized; he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, between his teeth,—

“That Pericles!—a bad education—the city, the Court—I might have expected that.”

Then he added aloud—

“Beg the ladies not to trouble themselves. I gave them a servant, and I must pay her. Tell them that if they need any money to return to town, my purse is at their service. I will have them escorted to the foot of the mountain, although they run no danger. The gendarmes are less to be feared than is generally supposed. They will find breakfast, horses, and a guide at Castia; all is prepared and paid for. Do you think that they will do me the pleasure of offering me their hand in sign of reconciliation?”

Mrs. Simons needed some persuasion; but her daughter boldly held out her hand to the old Palikar. She said to him in English, with considerable humour—

“You do us a deal of honour, my very interesting friend ; for at this moment we are the robbers and you the victim.”

The King replied confidently—

“Thanks, miss ; you are really too kind.”

Mary Anne’s pretty hand was crumpled like a piece of pink satin which has been in the shop window during the summer months. Still, I did not hesitate to put my lips to it. I then kissed Mrs. Simons’ bony knuckles.

“Courage, sir !” the old lady said, as she retired.

Mary Anne said nothing, but she gave me a look capable of electrifying an army. Such glances are equal to a proclamation.

When the last man of the escort had disappeared, Hadji Stavros took me on one side, and said—

“I see that we have committed some stupidity.”

“Alas ! yes. *We* have not been clever.”

“Your ransom is not paid. Will it be so ? I think it. You seem to be on excellent terms with the English ladies.”

“Do not trouble yourself. Within three days I shall be far from Parnassus.”

“All the better ; for I am terribly short of money, as you know. Our losses on Monday will press heavily on the exchequer. Our ranks will have to be filled up.”

“You have no reason to complain, I should imagine, when you have just pocketed four thousand pounds.”

“No ; only £3600. The monk has deducted his tithe. Though that sum may seem to you enormous, not more than £800 will come to me. Our expenses

are considerable ; and we have heavy salaries to pay. How would it be, then, if the meeting of shareholders decided on founding an invalid hospital, as has been proposed ? the only thing left to do would be to give pensions to the widows and orphans of the brigands. As fevers and gunshot wounds annually rob us of thirty men, you see to what that would lead. Our expenses would be scarcely covered, and I should be compelled to find some of the money, my dear sir."

"Did it ever happen to you to lose by an affair ?"

"Only once. I had received two thousand pounds on account of the company, and one of my secretaries, whom I have hung since, ran away to Thessaly with the cash-box. I was obliged to cover the deficit, as I am responsible. My share amounted to three hundred pounds ; so I had a clear loss of seventeen hundred pounds. But the scoundrel who robbed me paid dearly for it. I punished him in the Persian fashion. Before hanging him, all his teeth were drawn, one after the other, and driven into his skull with a hammer—as a warning example, you understand ? I am not cruel, but I will not allow myself to be cheated."

I rejoiced at the idea that the Pallikar, who was not cruel, would lose three thousand two hundred pounds by Mrs. Simons' ransom, and hear the news when my skull and teeth were no longer within his reach. He passed his arm through mine, and said familiarly :—

"What do you propose doing to kill the time till your departure ? You will miss these ladies, and the house will appear large to you. Will you take a look at the Athens papers ? The monk has brought them to me. I hardly ever read them, for I know the exact value

of a newspaper article, as I pay for them. Here are the *Official Gazette*, the *Hope*, the *Pallikar*, and the *Caricature*. All these will talk about us. Poor subscribers! I will leave you. If you find anything curious you can come and tell me."

The *Hope*, written in French, and intended to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, had published a long article to contradict the latest news about brigandage. It merely laughed at the simple travellers who saw a robber in every ragged peasant, an armed band in every cloud of dust, and who ask mercy of the first shrub that catches the sleeve of their coat. This truthful paper boasted of the security of the roads, celebrated the disinterestedness of the natives, and exalted the calmness and retirement sure to be found on all the mountains of the kingdom.

The *Pallikar*, edited by some personal friend of Hadji Stavros, supplied an eloquent biography of its hero. It stated that this Theseus of modern times, the only man of our age who had never been conquered, had attempted a great *reconnaissance* in the direction of the Scironian rocks. Betrayed by the cowardice of his companions, however, he had retired with a trifling loss. But, urged with a profound disgust for a desperate profession, he would henceforth give up the profession of brigandage. He was about to quit the soil of Greece, and expatriate himself to Europe, where his gloriously acquired fortune would enable him to live like a prince.

"And now," the *Pallikar* added, "come and run over the plains and mountains, bankers and merchants, Greeks, foreigners, travellers! You have nothing more

to fear. The King of the Mountains, like Charles V., preferred to abdicate at the height of his glory and power."

Next I read in the *Official Gazette* :—

"On Sunday, the 3rd ultimo, at five in the evening, the military chest that was being conveyed to Argos, with a sum of 800*l.*, was attacked by the band of Hadji Stavros, known by the name of the King of the Mountains. The brigands, three or four hundred in number, rushed on the escort with incredible fury. But the two first companies of the 4th Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion, under the command of the brave Major Nicolaidis, offered an heroic resistance. The savage assailants were repulsed at the bayonet's point, leaving the field of battle covered with dead. Hadji Stavros, we hear, is dangerously wounded. Our loss is trifling.

"On the same day, and at the same hour, his Majesty's troops gained another victory, at the distance of ten leagues. On the summit of Parnassus, at four stadia from Castia, the second company of the 1st Battalion of Gendarmes defeated the band of Hadji Stavros. Here again, according to the report of brave Captain Pericles, the King of the Mountains received another wound. Unfortunately, this success was dearly paid for. The brigands, sheltered by rocks and shrubs, killed or dangerously wounded ten gendarmes. A young officer of great promise, M. Spiro, a pupil of the school of the Evelpides, met with a glorious death on the field of battle. In the presence of such great misfortunes, it is no slight consolation to reflect that the victory remained on the side of the law, as it ever loes."

The *Caricature* contained a badly-drawn lithograph, in which I recognised, however, the portraits of Captain Pericles and the King of the Mountains. Godpapa and son were in a close embrace. At the foot of the drawing the artist had written the following device :—

“HOW THEY FIGHT!”

“It seems,” I said to myself, “that I am not the only person taken into confidence, and that Pericles’ secret will soon resemble that of Punchinello.”

I folded up the papers, and while awaiting the King’s return, I meditated on the position in which Mrs. Simons had left me. It was assuredly glorious only to owe my liberty to myself, and it was better to get out of prison by a display of courage than by a school-boy trick. I could, by the morrow, assume the character of a hero of romance, and become an object of admiration to all the young ladies in Europe. No doubt Mary Anne would adore me when she saw me safe and sound again after so perilous an escape. Still my foot might fail me in this formidable attempt. Supposing I broke an arm or a leg, would Mary Anne look pleasantly on a limping hero? Moreover, I must expect to be watched day and night. My plan, ingenious though it was, could not be executed till after the death of my keeper. Killing a man is no slight affair; not even for a doctor. It is nothing to speak about, especially when speaking to a woman you love. But since Mary Anne’s departure, my head was no longer turned topsy-turvy. It seemed to me less easy to secure a weapon, and less convenient to make use of it. A dagger stab is an operation which must make

every right-thinking man's flesh creep. What do you say, sir? I thought, for my part, that my future mother-in-law had acted somewhat lightly with her son-in-law that was to be. It would not have cost her much to send the six hundred pounds, and I would have allowed her to deduct them from Mary Anne's dowry. Six hundred pounds would be a trifle to me on my wedding day, but it was a good deal in my present situation. When on the eve of killing a man, and going some hundreds of feet down a ladder without rungs, I began cursing Mrs. Simons as cordially as most sons-in-law curse their mothers-in-law in all civilised countries. As I had some strong language to spare, I bestowed it on my excellent friend, John Harris, for abandoning me to my fate. I said to myself that had he been in my place I would not have left him a long week without news. I could forgive Bobster, for he was still a boy; Giacomo, who only represented brute strength; and M. Mérinay, whose thorough egotism I was acquainted with. You easily pardon treachery in egotists, because you have grown into the habit of not reckoning on them. But Harris, who had risked his life to save an old negress at Boston! Was I not worth a negress? I honestly believed, without any aristocratic prejudices, that I was worth at least two or three.

Hadji Stavros arrived to change the current of my thoughts, by offering me a more simple and less dangerous means of escape. I should only require my legs—and, Heaven be thanked, they are a blessing I am not deficient in. The King surprised me at a moment when I was yawning like the humblest of animals.

“You are growing tired?” he said to me; “it comes from reading. I never could open a book without danger to my jaws. I see with pleasure that doctors cannot resist it better than I do. But why not employ the time left you more profitably? You came here to cull plants on the mountain, and it does not appear as if you had filled your box in the last week. Shall I send you for a walk under the escort of two men? I am too kind-hearted a fellow to refuse you that slight favour. Every one must carry on his business in this nether world. You go in for plants and I for money. You will tell the persons who sent you here, ‘These are herbs plucked in the kingdom of Hadji Stavros!’ If you happen to find one that is handsome and curious, and has never been heard of in your country, you must give it my name, and call it the Queen of the Mountains.”

“After all,” I thought to myself, “if I were a league from here between two brigands, it would not be so difficult to outrun them. There is not a doubt but that the danger would double my strength. The man who runs best is he who has the greatest interest in running. Why is the hare the swiftest of all animals? Because it is the most threatened.”

I accepted the King’s offer, and on the spot he placed two guards about my person. He gave them no minute instructions, but simply said,

“This milord is worth six hundred pounds; if you lose him, you will have to pay it or find a substitute.”

My acolytes did not at all resemble Chelsea pensioners—they had neither wounds, contusion, nor impediment of any sort: their muscles were made of

steel, and there was no hope of their boots crippling them, as they wore very wide mocassins that allowed the heel to be seen. On inspecting them I noticed, not without regret, two pistols as long as boys' toy guns. Still I did not lose courage. Through frequenting bad company, the whistling of bullets had become familiar to me. I put my box on my shoulders and started.

"I wish you luck," the King cried to me. "Farewell, sir."

"Not farewell, if you please, for we shall meet again!"

I led my comrades in the direction of Athens, for it was so much gained on the enemy. They offered no resistance, but allowed me to go where I pleased. These brigands, much better educated than Pericles' four gendarmes, gave all desirable latitude to my movements. I did not feel their elbows digging into my sides at every step. They were botanising, too, for the evening meal. For my part, I seemed very hard at work! I tore up right and left patches of turf; I feigned to select a blade of grass from the mass, and deposited it carefully in my box, while being careful not to overload myself, for I carried quite sufficient weight. I had seen at some races an admirable jockey lose through carrying an overweight of four pounds. My attention seemed fixed on the ground, but you can imagine that it was not so. Under such circumstances a man is no longer a botanist, but a prisoner. Pellisson would not have amused himself with spiders if he had possessed but a nail to saw his bars. I dare say I found on that day unknown

plants which would have made the fortune of a naturalist ; but I cared as little for them as for a dandelion. I am sure I passed close by the bulb of a *Boryana variabilis* which must have weighed at least half a pound. I did not even honour it with a glance ; I only saw two things—Athens on the horizon, and the brigands at my side. I watched the eyes of my scamps, in the hope that a favourable diversion might deliver me from their attention ; but whether they were ten yards off or close to me—whether engaged in plucking salad, or watching the flight of the vultures—they had for all that an eye fixed on my movements.

The idea occurred to me of finding them some profitable employment. We were on a very narrow path, which ran evidently in the direction of Athens. I saw on my left a splendid tuft of broom, which the kind attention of Providence permitted to grow on the top of a rock. I pretended to envy it like a treasure ; I escaladed the scarp slope that protected it five or six times without success. I behaved so cleverly, that one of my watchers took pity on my embarrassment, and offered to convert his back into a ladder. That was not exactly my object ; I was compelled, however, to accept his services, but in climbing on his shoulders I gave him such a kick with my iron-shod shoes, that he uttered a yell of pain and let me fall to the ground. His comrade, who felt interested in the success of the enterprise, then said,

“Wait ! I will get up in milord's place, as I have no nails in my shoes.”

No sooner said than done,—he sprang up—seized the plant by the stem—pulled it up, and uttered a cry. I was running away already, without looking back. Their stupefaction gave me at least two seconds' start ; but they did not lose time in abusing one another, for I soon heard their footsteps pursuing me in the distance. I redoubled my speed. The road was fine, smooth, level, and the very thing for me. We were going down a sharp descent ; I ran on madly, with my arms fixed to my side, not feeling the stones that rolled away beneath my heels, or when I put my foot down. Space fled beneath me—rocks and shrubs seemed running in the opposite direction on either side the road. I was light, I was rapid ; my body weighed nothing : but this noise of four feet worried me. At length this stopped, and I heard nothing more ! Could they be tired of pursuing me ? A small cloud of dust rose ten paces before me ; a little further on a white spot was suddenly marked upon the rock. Two discharges caught my ear at the same moment. The brigands had fired their pistols ; I had received the enemies' fire, and still ran on. The pursuit began again. I heard two panting voices shouting, " Stop ! stop !" I did not stop ; I quitted the road, and still ran on, not knowing whither I was going. I came to a ditch as wide as a small stream, but I was in too full a swing to measure distances. I leaped—I was saved. My braces broke—I was lost.

You laugh ; but I should like to see you running without braces, and holding up your trowsers-waist-belt with both hands. Five minutes later, sir, the brigands had caught me up. They clubbed their

apparel to put handcuffs on my wrists and hobbles on my legs, and they drove me with sticks to Hadji Stavros' camp.

The King received me like a fraudulent bankrupt who had carried off £600 belonging to him.

"I had a different idea of you, sir," he said; "I thought I could read men, but your face has sadly deceived me! I should never have thought you capable of wronging us, especially after the way in which I have behaved to you. Do not be surprised, therefore, if I take severe measures in future, for you compel me to do so. You will be confined to your room until further orders, and one of my officers will keep you company in your hut. This is only a precautionary measure, however: in case of a further attempt you may expect punishment. Vasili, I entrust the guard of this gentleman to you."

Vasili bowed to me with his usual politeness.

"Ah, scoundrel!" I thought to myself, "it is you who threw the baby into the fire! You took Mary Anne round the waist! You tried to stab me on Ascension day! Well, I would as soon have to deal with you as any other."

I will not describe to you the three days I spent in my room in Vasili's company. The scoundrel procured me a dose of *ennui* which I should not like to share with anybody. He wished me no harm; he even felt a certain degree of sympathy for me. I believe that if he had made me prisoner on his own account, he would have let me go without ransom. My face had pleased him on our first meeting. I reminded him of a younger brother he had lost at the assize court. But

his demonstrations of friendship annoyed me one hundredfold more than the worst treatment. He did not await daybreak to wish me good morning ; at nightfall he never failed to wish me prosperities whose list would be long. He shook me in my deepest sleep to ask me if I had sufficient covering on me. At meals he waited on me like a faithful servant ; at dessert, he told me stories or requested me to tell him some. And then, his paw was always extended to squeeze my hand ! I opposed an obstinate resistance to his goodwill. Apart from the fact that I considered it unnecessary to enrol a child-burner on my list of friends, I was in no way curious to press the hand of a man whose death I had resolved on. My conscience certainly permitted me to ill him, for it was a case of legitimate defence ; but I should have scrupled to kill him by treachery, and I was at any rate bound to put him on his guard by my hostile and threatening attitude. While repelling his advances, disdaining his politeness, and refusing his attentions, I anxiously waited for the opportunity to escape ; but his friendship, more vigilant than hatred, did not lose me out of sight for an instant. When I leant over the cascade to engrave on my mind the nature of the ground, Vasili dragged me from my contemplation with maternal solicitude.

“Take care,” he said to me, as he pulled me by the coat ; “if you were by any chance to fall, I should reproach myself with it my whole life.”

When I tried at night to rise stealthily, he would spring out of bed, asking if I wanted anything. Never did I come across a more watchful villain ; he turned round me like a squirrel in its cage.

What rendered me most desperate was the confidence he placed in me. I expressed a desire one day to inspect his weapons, and he put his dagger in my hand. It was a Russian blade of Damascene steel, from the Toula factory. I drew it from the sheath, tried the point on my finger, and placed it against his chest, carefully selecting the spot between the fourth and fifth ribs. He said to me with a smile, "Do not press or you would kill me! Certainly, sir, by pressing a little I could have done justice on him, but something restrained my arm. It is to be regretted that honest men have so much hesitation in killing assassins who feel so little about killing honest men. I returned the dagger to its sheath. Vasili handed me his pistol, but I refused to take it, telling him that my curiosity was satisfied. He set the hammer, showed me the priming—put the muzzle to his head, and said to me,

"One pull—and you would have no keeper!"

No keeper!—why, hang it, that was what I wanted. But the opportunity was too fine, and the traitor paralysed me. Had I killed him at such a moment, I could not have sustained his last glance. It would be better to deal the blow during the night. Unfortunately, instead of concealing his weapons, he laid them openly between his bed and mine.

At length I discovered a way of escaping without awakening him or killing him. This idea occurred to me on Sunday, May 11th, at six o'clock. I had noticed, on Ascension-day, that Vasili was fond of drinking, and had a weak head. I invited him to dine with me: this display of friendship got into his head, and the *Ægina* wine did the rest. Hadji Stavros, who had not

honoured me with a visit since I no longer possessed his esteem, still behaved like a generous host. My table was better served than his own ; I could have drunk a skin of wine, or a barrel of rhaki. Vasili, admitted to take his share in these magnificences, began the meal with affecting humility. He sat three feet from the table, like a serf invited to dine with his lord. By degrees the wine reduced the distance. At eight o'clock my guardian explained his character to me ; at nine he described to me, with sundry hiccups, the adventures of his youth, and a series of exploits which would have made a magistrate's hair stand on end. At ten o'clock he fell into a philanthropic state, his cast-steel heart melted in rhaki, like Cleopatra's pearl in vinegar. He swore to me that he had turned brigand through his love of humanity ; that he intended to make his fortune in ten years, found an hospital with his savings, and then retire into a monastery on Mount Athos. He promised not to forget me in his prayers. I took advantage of this excellent disposition to exhibit an enormous cup of rhaki. Had I offered him burning pitch, he was too sincere a friend to refuse anything at my hands. He soon lost his voice ; his head shook from right to left, and from left to right, with the regularity of a pendulum. He offered me his hand, but seized instead the bone of a leg of mutton, which he cordially shook, and then fell back sleeping that sleep of the Egyptian sphynxes, whom the French cannon did not awaken.

I had not an instant to lose, for minutes were worth gold. I took his pistol, which I threw into the ravine ; I seized his dagger, and was about to hurl it in the

same direction, when I reflected that it might serve me in cutting patches of turf. It was eleven by my big watch. I put out the two fires of resinous wood which illumined our table ; for the light might attraet the King's attention. It was a fine night ; there was no moon, but a profusion of stars—in fact, it was the very sort of night I wanted. The turf, cut in long strips, was lifted like a piece of cloth, and my materials were ready at the expiration of an hour. As I bore them to the spring I kicked against Vasili ; he woke up and asked me, as usual, if I wanted anything. I dropped my bundle, sat down by the drunkard, and begged him to drink once more to my health.

“Yes,” he said, “I am thirsty.”

I filled the copper cup for the last time. He drank half, spilled the rest over his chin and neck, tried to rise, fell on his face, stretched out his arms, and did not



A TROUBLESOME FRIEND.

stir again. I ran to my dyke, and, novice though I was, the stream was solidly barred in forty-five minutes ; it

was now a quarter before one. The noise of the cascade was succeeded by a profound silence, and I began to feel frightened. I reflected that the King must sleep lightly, like all aged persons, and that this unusual silence would probably awaken him. In the tumult of ideas that filled my mind, I remembered a scene in the *Barber of Seville*, where Bartholo wakes up so soon as he leaves off hearing the piano. I glided along under the trees to the staircase, and peeped into Hadji Stavros' apartment. The King was peacefully reposing by the side of his chiboudji. I went on about twenty yards from his fir tree, but everybody was asleep. I returned to my dyke through a pool of icy water which already rose to my ankles, and I bent over the abyss.

The side of the mountain glistened slightly with a few cavities in which the water had remained at sundry intervals. I took careful note of these, for they were so many places where I could set my foot. I returned to my tent, took down my box hanging over my bed, and fastened it on my shoulders. As I passed the spot where we had dined, I picked up half a loaf and a piece of meat which the water had not yet saturated, and placed these provisions in the box for my morrow's breakfast. The dyke was famous ; the breeze must have dried my road ; it was nearly two o'clock. I should have liked to have carried off Vasili's dagger, for fear of accidents, but it was under water, and I had no time to lose in looking for it. I took off my shoes, fastened them together by the strings, and hung them to the straps of my box. At last, after thinking of everything, taking a parting glance at my levelling works,

evoking the memories of my paternal abode, and sending a kiss in the direction of Athens and of Mary Anne, I put a leg over the parapet, seized with both hands a shrub that hung over the abyss, and began my journey.

It was a rough job, rougher than I had supposed when looking at it from above. The badly dried rock produced on me a sensation of damp cold, like contact with a serpent. I had judged distances badly, and the resting-places for my feet were much rarer than I had expected. Twice I went out of my way by bearing to the left, and was compelled to return through incredible difficulties. Hope often entirely deserted me, but not my will. My foot slipped. I took a shadow for a projection, and fell some twenty feet, pressing my hands and entire body against the rock, but finding no hold-fast. The root of a fig-tree caught me by the cuff of my paletôt. You can see the marks here. A little further on, a bird hidden in a hole flew out between my legs so suddenly, that fright almost made me fall back. I walked on my feet and hands, but chiefly on my hands. My arms seemed dislocated, and I felt the sinews tremble like the strings of a harp. My nails were so injured that I no longer felt them. Perhaps I should have had more strength could I have measured the distance I still had to go ; but when I attempted to look down, I was attacked by a dizziness, and felt as if I must lose my hold. To sustain my courage I upbraided myself ; I spoke aloud between my clenched teeth, saying, "Another step for my father ! another step for Mary Anne ! another step for the confusion of the brigands and the rage of Hadji Stavros !"

Although my feet rested on a wider platform, I fancied that the ground had changed its colour. I bent my legs, sat down, and timidly looked round. I was only ten feet from the stream; I had reached the red rocks. A flat surface, on which the water still rested in small holes, allowed me to draw breath and rest myself a little. I drew out my watch; it was only half-past two. For my part I could have believed that my journey had lasted three nights. I felt my legs and arms to see if I was complete in all my limbs; for on such expeditions you know what starts, but you do not know what arrives. I had been lucky, for I had escaped with a few bruises and two or three grazes. The most ill-treated was my paletôt. I raised my eyes aloft, not to thank Heaven, but to assure myself that nothing was stirring in my old domicile. I heard nought but the few drops of water that filtered through my dyke. All was going well; my rear was covered; I knew where to find Athens; so farewell to the King of the Mountains.

I was about to leap into the ravine, when a white form rose in front of me, and I heard the most furious barking that ever aroused the echoes at such an hour. Alas! sir, I had reckoned without my host's dogs. These enemies of man prowled round the camp at all hours, and one of them had scented me. The fury and hatred I felt at the sight of it is impossible to describe; for no one detests an irrational being to such a point. I would sooner have been face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a polar bear—noble animals, which would have devoured me without saying a word, but would not have denounced me. Wild beasts go out hunting

on their own account ; but what could be thought of this horrible dog, which was about to devour me noisily in order to pay court to old Hadji Stavros ?

I overwhelmed it with insults ; I called it by the most odious names ; but whatever I might do, it out-talked me. Then I changed my key, and tried the effect of pleasant words. I addressed it gently in Greek, the language of its fathers, but it had only one answer to all my offers, and that answer shook the mountains. I was silent, and that was a good idea, for the dog was silent too. I lay down in the puddle, and the dog stretched itself out at the foot of the rock, growling between its teeth. I pretended to sleep ; it slept. I glided insensibly towards the stream ; it leaped up, and I had only just time to return to my pedestal. My hat remained in the hands, or rather the teeth, of the enemy. A moment later, it was but a paste, a marmalade, a hat stew ! Poor hat ! I pitied you, for I put myself in your place. If I could have got out of the affair with a few bites, I should not have looked into it so closely, but put up with the affront. These monsters, though, are not satisfied with biting people, they devour them ! I imagined that the dog was doubtless hungry, and that if it found something to stay its hunger, it might bite me probably still, but not eat me. I had provisions, and sacrificed them ; my only regret was, that I had not a hundredweight. I threw it half my meat ; it swallowed it at a snap : just imagine a pebble falling into a well. I looked piteously at the little I had to offer, when I saw in a corner of the box a white packet that gave me an idea. It was a little supply of arsenic, intended for my zoological

preparations. I used it to stuff birds, but no law prevented me putting a few grains under the skin of a dog. My cross-questioner, whose appetite was aroused, was only anxious to continue its meal.

“Wait a minute,” I said to it; “I will give you a dish of my dressing.”

The packet contained about two ounces of a pretty white and glistening powder. I put about a quarter into a little puddle of clear water, and the remainder into my pocket. I waited till the arsenious acid was properly dissolved, then I plunged a piece of bread into the solution, which drunk it all up like a sponge. The dog leaped up and swallowed its death in a mouthful.

But why had I not provided myself with a little strychnine, or any other poison more rapid than arsenic? It was past three o'clock, and the results of my invention were cruelly delayed. At about the half hour, the dog began yelling with all its strength. I did not gain much by this; barking or howling, cries of fury or of agony, all tended to the same point; that is to say, Hadji Stavros's ears. The animal soon writhed in horrible convulsions; it foamed, it became sick, and made violent efforts to get rid of the poison that devoured it. It was a very agreeable sight for me, and I enjoyed fully the pleasure of the gods: but the death of the enemy could alone save me, and that death would not come. I hoped that the animal, overcome by pain, would allow me to pass, but it was furious with me, showed me its blood-stained throat, as if to reproach me with my presents, and tell me that it would not die unavenged. I threw my pocket-

handkerchief to it, and it tore that up as vigorously as it had done my hat. The sky was beginning to grow lighter, and I soon foresaw that I had committed an useless murder. Within an hour the brigands would be on my heels. I looked up towards that confounded spot which I had left without any expectation of returning, and which the power of a dog would force me to re-enter. At this moment a formidable cataract threw me face downward on the ground.

Lumps of turf, pebbles, and fragments of rock rolled round me with a torrent of icy water. The dyke had burst, and the whole lake was emptied on my head. I began to tremble ; each succeeding flood carried off a few degrees of my animal heat, and my blood turned as cold as that of a fish. I turned my eyes on the dog ; it still lay at the foot of my rock, struggling with death, with the torrent, with everything ; its mouth open, and its eyes fixed on me. I must put an end to it. I took off my box, seized it by the straps, and struck the hideous head with such fury that the enemy surrendered the battle-field to me. The torrent attacked it on the flank, rolled it over two or three times, and carried it I know not whither.

I leaped into the water ; it came up to my waist. I clung to the rocks on the bank ; I emerged on dry land, shook myself, and shouted,—

“ Hurrah for Mary Anne ! ”

Four brigands sprung from the ground and seized me by the collar, saying,—

“ Here you are, then, assassin. Come here, all of you ; we have got him ! the King will be pleased, and Vasili be avenged ! ”



THE CATARACT.

It seems that, without knowing it, I had drowned my friend Vasili.

At that time, sir, I had not killed any man. Vasili was my first. Since then I have settled several in my own defence and solely to save my life; but Vasili is the only one who caused me any remorse, though his end was the result of a very innocent act of imprudence. You know what the first step is! No assassin discovered by the police, and handed from station to station till he reaches the scene of his crime, hung his head more humbly than I did. I did not dare look at the worthy people who had arrested me. I had not the strength to endure their reproving glances. I foresaw with horror a terrible trial. I was sure of appearing before my judge, and being placed in presence of my victim. How face the eyebrows of the King of the Mountains after what I had done? How see once more, without dying of shame, the inanimate corpse of the unhappy Vasili? More than once my knees gave way, and I should have remained on the road had it not been for the kicks that followed close in my rear.

I crossed the deserted camp—the King's cabinet—occupied by some wounded, and went, or rather fell, to the bottom of the stairs leading to my room. The water had retired, leaving stains of mud on all the walls and trees. A puddle had collected at the spot where I had cut the turf. The brigands, the King, and the monk, were standing in a circle round a greyish and muddy object, the sight of which made my hair stand on end: it was Vasili. May Heaven preserve you, sir, from ever seeing a corpse of your own manufacturing! The water and mud, on retiring, had

left a hideous coating upon him. Have you ever seen a bluebottle fly which has been caught for three or four days in a spider's web? The net manufacturer, unable to get rid of such a guest, surrounds it with a greyish web, and changes it into a shapeless and unrecognisable mass. Such was Vasili a few hours after he had supped with me. I found him about ten yards from the spot where I had left him. I do not know whether the brigands had moved him, or he had transported himself there in the convulsions of agony: still I am inclined to believe that his death was easy. Full of wine as I had left him, he must have doubtless succumbed to some congestion of the brain.

A growl of evil augury saluted my arrival. Hadji Stavros, pale and with frowning brow, walked straight up to me, seized me by the left wrist, and dragged me so violently that he nearly put my arm out. He hurled me into the centre of the circle with such vivacity that I thought I should step on the body of my victim: hence I started back.

“Look!” he shouted to me in a thundering voice—“look at what you have done! Rejoice in your handiwork! Glut your eyes with your crime! Wretch! where will you stop? Who could have told me, on the day I received you here, that I was opening my door to an assassin?”

I stammered a few apologies. I tried to prove to the judge that I was only culpable through imprudence. I honestly accused myself of having intoxicated my keeper for the purpose of escaping his surveillance, and flying from my prison without obstacle; but I defended myself against the crime of assassination.

Was it my fault if the collecting waters drowned him an hour after my departure? The proof that I meant no harm would be found in the fact that I had not stabbed him when he was dead drunk, and I had his weapons in my hands. If his body were washed, it would be seen that he had not a single wound.

“Confess, at any rate,” the King replied, “that your conduct was hastily selfish and most culpable. When your life was not threatened, when you were only kept here for a sum of money, you fled through avarice; you only thought about saving a few crowns, and paid no attention to that poor wretch whom you left to die behind you! You did not care for me whom you were about to deprive of an indispensable ally! And what a moment did you select to betray us?—the day on which all misfortunes assailed us at once: when I had experienced a defeat—when I had lost my best soldiers—when Sophocles was wounded—when the Corfiote is dying—when young Spiro, on whom I built hopes, was dead—when all my men were wearied and discouraged! It was at such a moment that you had the heart to rob me of my Vasili! Why, you cannot possess human feelings! Was it not a hundred times better to pay your ransom honourably, than allow it to be said that you had sacrificed a man for £600?”

“Hang it all!” I exclaimed in my turn, “you have killed plenty, and for less.”

He replied, with dignity—

“It is my profession, sir, but not yours. I am a brigand, and you are a doctor. I am a Greek, and you a German.”

To that I had no answer. I clearly felt, by the trembling of all the fibres of my heart, that I was neither born nor educated for the profession of slayer of men. The King, encouraged by my silence, raised his voice a note, and went on as follows—

“Do you know, unhappy young man, who the excellent being was whose death you have caused? He was descended from those heroic Suliote brigands, who waged such rude wars in defence of their religion and their country with Ali Teleben, Pasha of Jauinca. For four generations all his ancestors have been hanged or beheaded, not one of them died in his bed. It is not six years since his brother died in Epirus in consequence of a condemnation to death; he had assassinated a Mussulman. Devotion and courage are hereditary in his family. Vasili never failed in his religious duties; he gave to the churches, he gave to the poor. On Easter day he lit a taper larger than all the others. He would have sooner let himself be killed than violate the laws of fasting, or eat meat on a day of abstinence. He was saving in order to retire to a monastery on Mount Athos. Did you know it?”

I humbly confessed that I did.

“Did you know that he was the most resolute of all my comrades? I do not wish to take anything from the personal merit of those who are listening to me, but Vasili was blindly devoted, wonderfully obedient, and displayed a zeal that withstood any trial. No task was too rude for his courage, no execution was repugnant to his fidelity. He would have cut the throat of the whole kingdom had I ordered him to do

it. He would have plucked out the eye of his best friend at a sign from my little finger. And you have killed him. Poor Vasili, when I have a village to burn, a miser to put on the gridiron, a woman to cut in pieces, or a child to flay alive, who will take your place?"

All the brigands, electrified by this fervent oration, shouted unanimously, "We! we!" Some held out their arms to the King, others drew their daggers, the most zealous aimed at me with their pistols. Hadji Stavros placed a curb on their imagination; he made me a rampart of his person, and continued his address in these words—

"Console yourself, Vasili; you shall not be un-avenged. If I only listened to my sorrow, I would offer the head of your murderer to your manes; but it is worth 600*l.*, and that restrains me. Even you, could you speak as formerly at our council, would pray me to spare his life—you would refuse such expensive vengeance. Under the circumstances in which your death has left us, it is not fitting for us to commit acts of folly and throw money out of the window."

He stopped for a moment, and I breathed again.

"But," the King went on, "I shall behave so as to reconcile interest and justice. I will punish the culprit without touching the capital. His chastisement will be the finest ornament of your funeral; and from the abode of the Pallikars to which your soul has fled, you will look down with joy on an expiatory punishment which will not cost us a halfpenny."

This peroration carried the audience away. Everybody was satisfied save myself; I racked my brains to

guess what the King reserved for me, and was so little reassured that my teeth chattered fit to break. Certainly, I must esteem myself lucky in having my life spared, and the preservation of my head seemed to me no slight advantage ; but I knew the inventive imagination of the Greeks of the highway. Hadji Stavros, while not inflicting death on me, might dishonour me by such a punishment as would make me detest living. The old villain refused to tell me for what punishment he reserved me ; and had so little pity on my anguish that he compelled me to be present at his lieutenant's funeral.

The body was stripped of its clothes, carried to the spring and washed. Vasili's features were hardly altered—his half-opened mouth still had the painful smile of the drunkard, his wide eyes retained a stupid expression. His limbs had lost none of their suppleness ; for the rigidity of a corpse does not set in for a long time with those who die by an accident.

The King's *cafedji* and pipe-bearer proceeded to dress the dead man—Hadji Stavros paying the expenses in his quality of heir. Vasili had no family, and all his property reverted to the King. The body was clothed in a fine shirt, a petticoat, and a jacket embroidered with silver. His damp hair was placed in a nearly new cap. Red silk gaiters were fastened round the legs which were never to run again, and *papooshes* of Russian leather were placed on his feet. In his lifetime poor Vasili had never been so clean or smart. Carmine was put on his lips ; his face was painted like that of a lover just going on the stage. During the whole operation, the brigands' orchestra performed a

lugubrious air, which you must have heard more than once in the streets of Athens. I congratulate myself on not having died in Greece, for it is abominable music, and I could never have consoled myself, had I been buried to that melody.

Four brigands began digging a grave in the middle of the room, on the site of Mrs. Simons' tent, at the very spot where Mary Anne had slept. Two others ran to the storehouse to fetch wax candles, which they distributed to everybody, myself among the number. The monk struck up the funeral service. Hadji Stavros sung the responses in a firm voice, which affected me to the very soul. There was a little wind, and the wax from my candle fell on my hand in a burning shower; but it was, alas! very slight compared with what awaited me. I would gladly have submitted to it, if the ceremony had never ended.

It finished, however. When the last orisons were said, the King walked solemnly up to the litter on which the body was deposited, and kissed its lips. The brigands, one by one, followed his example. I shuddered at the thought that my turn would come, and hid myself behind those who had already gone through the ceremony; but the King detected me, and shouted:

“It's your turn. Go on. Surely you owe him that.”

Was this the expiation with which he had threatened me? A just man would have been satisfied with less. I swear to you, sir, that it is no child's play to kiss the lips of a corpse, especially when you reproach yourself with being the cause of death. I walked up to the litter. I looked on this face whose widely-opened eyes seemed laughing at my embarrassment. I bent my head,

and grazed the lips. A facetious bandit gave me a push on the nape of the neck. My lips flattened on the ice-cold mouth; I felt the contact of those icy teeth, and I sprang up, staggering with horror, and taking with me a deadly scent, which contracts my throat at this moment I am speaking to you. Women are very fortunate, for they can have recourse to fainting.

The body was then laid on the ground, and on it were thrown a handful of flowers, a loaf, an apple, and a few drops of Ægina wine—a thing he wanted least. The grave was filled up quickly—more quickly than I liked. A brigand remarked that two sticks were wanting to make a cross; but Hadji Stavros answered him:

“Wait a while, my lads, sticks will be used.”

I leave you to guess whether my heart beat at these words. What sticks? What was there in common with myself and sticks?

The King made a sign to his chiboudji, who ran to the office, and returned with two laurel sticks. Hadji Stavros took the funeral bier and laid it on the tomb. He laid it on the freshly stirred soil, raised it at one end, while the other rested on the ground, and said to me with a smile:

“I am working for you. Have the goodness to take your shoes off.” He must have read in my eyes a question full of agony and terror, for he answered the request I did not venture to address to him:

“I am not cruel; and have always detested useless severity. That is why I intend to inflict on you a punishment which will spare us the trouble of watching you in future. For the last few days you have had a

mania for escaping. I trust when you have received twenty blows of the stick on the soles of your feet, that you will no longer need a guardian, and your love for travelling will be calmed down for some time. It is a punishment I am acquainted with ; the Turks made me undergo it in my youth ; and I know by experience that people do not die of it. It causes a good deal of pain, and you will cry out, I warn you. Vasili will hear you from the bottom of his tomb, and he will be pleased with us."

At this announcement my first idea was to use my legs while I still had them at my disposal. But it must be supposed that my will was very sick, as I could not put one foot before the other. Hadji Stavros raised me from the ground as easily as we pick up an insect on the road. I felt myself bound, and my shoes removed, before a thought emanating from my brain had time to reach the extremity of my limbs. I know not on what my feet were rested, or how they were prevented contracting to my head at the first blow. I saw the two sticks turning before me, one on the right, the other on the left ; I closed my eyes and waited. I did not wait, I am convinced, the tenth part of a second ; and yet, in so short a space, I had time to send a blessing to my father, a kiss to Mary Anne, and more than a thousand curscs, to be shared between Mrs. Simons and John Harris.

I did not faint for a single instant ; it is a feeling in which I am deficient, as I told you. Thus I lost nothing. I felt all the blows of the stick, one after the other. The first was so furious that I fancied there was nothing left for the others to do. It caught me

in the middle of the sole, under that little elastic arch in front of the heel, and which supports the body. It was not the feet that pained me this time; but I believed that the bones of my poor legs were about to break into pieces. The second caught me lower down, just under the heels; it gave me a profound and violent shock, which disturbed the whole vertebral column, and filled my palpitating brain, which was ready to burst, with a frightful tumult. The third was right across the toes, and produced a sharp, piercing pain, which made the whole of the front of my body quiver, and believe for a second that the end of the stick had struck the tip of my nose. The blood, I believe, started now for the first time. The blows succeeded in the same order, and on the same places, at equal intervals. I had sufficient courage to be silent at the two first; I cried at the third; I yelled at the fourth; I groaned at the fifth and the ensuing ones. At the tenth blow, the flesh itself had no strength left to complain—I was silent. But the annihilation of my physical vigour in no way diminished the clearness of my perceptions. I should have been unable to raise my eyelids, and yet the slightest sound reached my ears. I did not lose a word of what was said around me. This is an observation I shall remember in aftertimes, if ever I practise medicine. The doctors think nothing of condemning a patient when only a yard from the bed, without thinking that the poor devil has probably sufficient ears to hear them. I heard a young brigand say to the King:—

“ He is dead. Why fatigue two men without profiting anybody ?”

And Hadji Stavros answer :—

“Fear nothing. I received sixty, and two days later I danced the Romaika.”

“How did you manage it?”

“I employed the pomade of an Italian renegade, called Luigi Bey—where are we? how many has he had?”

“Seventeen.”

“Three more, children; and pray mind the last.”

It was of no consequence. The last blows fell on a bleeding but insensible matter. Pain had almost paralysed me.

I was removed from the bier: the cords were untied, my feet were wrapped up in bandages of cold water, and as I was feverishly thirsty, a large glass of wine was given me to drink. My wrath returned with my strength. I do not know if you are built like myself, but I know nothing so humiliating as physical punishment. I cannot endure the idea that the Sovereign of the world should become for a minute the slave of a vile stick. To be born in the nineteenth century, master of steam and electricity, possess a good half of nature's secrets, thoroughly know all that science has invented for the comfort and security of man, cure fevers, prevent small-pox, and yet not be able to defend oneself against the blow of a cane: it is, indeed, a little too strong! Had I been a soldier and subjected to corporeal punishment, I should have inevitably killed my chiefs.

When I found myself seated on the sticky ground, with my feet enchained by pain, and my hands dead—when I saw around me the men who had beaten me,

him who had ordered the beating—and those who had seen me beaten—anger, shame, the feeling of outraged dignity, of violated justice and brutalized intelligence swelled up in my weak body to a feeling of hatred, revolt, and vengeance. I forgot everything—calculation, interest, prudence, and future ; I gave free outlet to all the truths that choked me ; a torrent of boiling insults rose straight to my lips, while the extravasated bile flowed over in a yellow foam even to the whites of my eyes.

Assuredly I am no orator, and my solitary studies had not exercised me in the use of language ; but indignation, which has made poets, lent me for a quarter of an hour the savage eloquence of those Cantabrian prisoners who rendered up their souls with insults, and hurled their last sigh in the teeth of the victorious Romans. All that can outrage a man in his pride, his tenderness, and his dearest feelings, I said to the King of the Mountains ; I placed him in the rank of unclean animals, and denied him even the name of man. I insulted him in his mother, in his wife, in his daughter, and in the whole of his posterity. I wish I could repeat to you textually all I compelled him to listen to ; but words fail me to-day when I am cool. I forged all sorts of words to be found in no dictionary, but which were understood for all that, as my audience of jail birds howled beneath my words as a pack of dogs does under the lash of the whipper-in.

But though I watched the face of the old Pallikar, spied all the muscles of his face, and quietly investigated the smallest wrinkles on his forehead, I did not surprise there a trace of emotion. Hadji Stavros did

not wince more than a marble bust would have done. He answered all my insults by the motionless insolence of contempt. His attitude exasperated me to madness; I believe I was insane for a moment. A cloud red as blood passed before my eyes. I rose suddenly on my wounded feet, tore a pistol from the girdle of a brigand, cocked it, and fired straight in the king's face. As I fell back, I muttered—

“I am avenged!”

It was himself who picked me up. I regarded him with the same stupefaction as if I had seen him rise from Hades. He did not appear affected, but smiled calmly like an immortal. And yet, sir, I had not missed him. My ball had struck him on the forehead, about a quarter of an inch above the left eyebrow: a bleeding mark testified to the fact. But, whether the pistol was badly loaded, or the powder was bad, or the ball had glided along the bone, my shot had only produced a graze!

The invulnerable monster seated me gently on the ground, stooped over me, and said, as he pulled my ear—

“Why do you attempt impossibilities, young man? I warned you that my head was bullet proof, and you know that I never lie. Did I not tell you the story, too, how Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians, and yet did not get my hide? I hope that you do not pretend to be stronger than seven Egyptians. But do you know that you have a very light hand for a Northern? Hang it, if my mother, of whom you spoke lightly just now, had not constructed me solidly, I should have been fit to fill a hole in the ground by

this time. Any other in my place would have died without saying thank you. As for me, those things make me younger ; they remind me of my good times. At your age I exposed my life four times a day, and it only improved my digestion. Come, I am not angry with you, and pardon your impetuosity. But as all my subjects are not bullet proof, and you might give way to some fresh act of imprudence, we will to-morrow apply the same treatment to your hands as we have to your feet. Nothing need prevent us from beginning at once ; still, I wait till to-morrow, for the sake of your health. You see that the stick is a courteous weapon which does not kill ; you have just proved, yourself, that a bastinadoed man is worth two. The ceremony of to-morrow will occupy you, for prisoners do not know how to spend their time. It is this idleness which gave you such bad advice. Besides, be at your ease ; as soon as your ransom is paid, I will cure your bruises. I have some of Luigi Bey's balsam still by me. Nothing will be visible in two days' time, and you will be able to waltz at the palace ball without telling your partners that they are in the arms of a horsewhipped gentleman."

I am not a Greek, and therefore insults wound me as deeply as blows. I shook my fist at the old villain, and shouted at the top of my voice—

"No, scoundrel, my ransom will never be paid. I have not asked money of anybody ! All you will have of me is my head, which will be of no service to you. Take it at once, if you think proper. You would do me a benefit and yourself too. You will spare me two weeks' torture, and the disgust of seeing you, which is

the worst of all. You will save my food for a fortnight. Do not miss it, for it is the only profit you will make of me."

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and answered :—

"Ta, ta, ta, ta ! There are my young fellows ! everything with them is by extremes. They throw the handle after the axe. If I listened to you, I should regret it within a week, and so would you. The Englishwomen will pay, I feel assured. I know women yet, although I have lived so long in retirement. What would people say if I killed you to-day, and the ransom arrived to-morrow ? The report would be spread that I had broken my word, and my future prisoners would let their throats be cut like sheep, without asking a farthing of their relatives. We must not spoil the trade !"

"Ah, you fancy your English have paid you, you clever fellow ! Yes, they paid you as you deserved."

"You are very kind."

"Their ransom will cost you 3600*l.*; do you understand ? 3600*l.* out of your pocket."

"Do not say things of that sort. I might fancy the sticks had struck you on the head."

"I speak the truth. Do you remember the name of your prisoners ?"

"No ; but I have them in writing."

"I will help your memory. The lady's name was Mrs. Simons."

"Well, what of that ?"

"Partner in the firm of Barlee & Co., London."

"My bankers ?"

"Precisely so."

“How do you know my bankers’ name?”

“Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?”

“After all, what matter? They cannot rob me; they are not Greeks, but English. I will serve a writ on them.”

“And you will lose. They hold your receipt.”

“That is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?”

“Because I advised you, my poor fellow.”

“Villain! badly baptised dog! schismatic of hell! you have ruined me! you have betrayed me! you have robbed me! 3600*l*! I am responsible. If the Barlees were only the company’s bankers, I should lose but my share. But they hold my capital. I shall lose it all. Are you quite sure that she is a partner in the firm?”

“As sure as I am of dying to-day.”

“No; you shall not die till to-morrow; you have not suffered enough. You shall have 3600*l*. worth of suffering. What punishment shall I invent? 3600*l*.; three thousand six hundred deaths would be too little. What did I do to that traitor who robbed me of 1600*l*.? Pooh! a child’s play, a jest. He did not yell for two hours. I will find out something better. But may there not be two firms of the same name?”

“31, Cavendish Square.”

“Yes; that is the place. Fool! why did you not warn instead of betraying me? I would have asked them double. They would have paid; they have the means. I would not have given a receipt; I will never give another—no, no, that is the last time. Received 3600*l*. of Mrs. Simons! What an absurd phrase! Was it really I who dictated it? but I remember, I did not sign it. Yes; but my seal is as

good as a signature. They have twenty letters of mine. Why did you ask me for a receipt? What did you expect from those two ladies? 600*l.* for your ransom. Egotism everywhere. You should have opened your mind to me; I would have let you go for nothing; I would even have paid you. If you are poor, as you say you are, you must know what a fine thing money is. Can you form an idea of 3600*l.*? Do you know what space it occupies in a room? how many pieces of gold there are in it? and how much money can be gained in business with such capital? It is a fortune. Wretch, you have robbed me of a fortune! you have stripped my daughter, the only being I love in the world. It is for her I labour. But, if you knew my affairs, you must be aware that I run about the mountains a whole year to gain 1800*l.* You have deprived me of two years of my life; it is as if I had been asleep for two years!"

I had at length found the sensitive chord! The old Pallikar was touched to the heart. I knew that my account was settled. I hoped for no mercy, and yet I felt a bitter joy in removing this impassive mask and agitating this face of stone. I liked to follow in the furrows of his face the convulsive movement of passion, as the shipwrecked man lost in a furious sea admires the distant wave which is about to swallow him up. I was like the reed, which the brutal universe crushes with its weight, and which consoles itself in dying by the haughty consciousness of its superiority. I said to myself, with pride—

‘I shall perish in tortures, but I am the master of my master, the executioner of my executioner.’”

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN HARRIS.

THE King contemplated his vengeance as a man who has fasted for three days regards a good dinner. He examined the dishes—I mean the punishments—one after the other : he passed his tongue over his parched lips, but he did not know where to begin or what to choose. It seemed as if the excess of hunger destroyed his appetite. He drove his fist against his head, as if to knock something out ; but the ideas emerged so rapidly and hurriedly, that it was difficult to seize one in its flight.

“Speak, then !” he shouted to his subjects. “Advise me. Of what good are you, if you are unable to give me advice ? Must I wait till the Corfiote returns, or Vasili lifts up his voice from the tomb ? Find me, brutes that you are, a punishment worth 3600%.”

The young chiboudji said to his master :

“I have an idea. You have an officer dead, another absent, and a third wounded. Put up their appointments to competition. Promise us that those who avenge you best shall succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote, and Vasili.”

Hadji Stavros smiled complacently at this invention : He caressed the boy’s chin, and said to him :

“You are ambitious, my little fellow. Very good—ambition is the mainspring of courage. Agreed for competition. It is a modern, an European idea, and that pleases me. To recompense you, you shall give

your opinion first, and if you discover anything grand, Vasili shall have no other heir than yourself."

"I propose," the lad said, "to pull out some of milord's teeth, put a bit in his mouth, and make him gallop till he falls with fatigue."

"His feet are too bad: he would fall at the second step. Come, you others—Tambouris, Moustakas, Coltzida, Milolis. Speak! I am listening to you."

"I," said Coltzida, "would crush boiling eggs under his arm-pits. I have tried it on a woman of Megara, and it is such fun."

"I," said Tambouris, "would lay him on the ground, with a rock weighing half a ton on his chest. A fellow puts out his tongue, and spits blood; it is very grand."

"I," said Milolis, "would put vinegar in his nostrils, and bury thorns under all his nails. It is grand to see a fellow sneezing, and not knowing where to put his hands."

Moustakas was one of the cooks of the band. He proposed to roast me at a slow fire. The King's face expanded.

The monk was present at the conference, and allowed them to speak without giving his opinion. Still he took pity on me, so far as his sensitiveness permitted, and helped in accordance with his intellect.

"Moustakas," he said, "is too cruel. It is easy to torture milord without burning him alive. If you feed him on salt meat and allow him no liquor, he will last a long time; he will suffer extremely, and the King will satisfy his vengeance without incurring that of heaven. I give you very disinterested advice, as I shall

gain nothing by it ; but I should like everybody to be satisfied, since the monastery has received its tithe."

"Stop, then," the cafedji interrupted. "Good old man, I have an idea worth more than yours. I condemn the milord to die of hunger. The others may do him all the harm they please ; I do not pretend to prevent them. But I will stand sentry before his mouth, and take care that not a drop of water or a crumb of bread enters it. Fatigue will double his hunger. The wounds will excite his thirst, and all the labours of the others will eventually turn to my profit. What do you say to that, sire ? Is my reasoning good, and will you appoint me Vasili's successor ?"

"Go to the deuce, all of you !" the King said. "You would argue less at your ease if the scoundrel had robbed you of 3600*l*. Carry him off to the camp and amuse yourself with him. But woe to the awkward man who might imprudently kill him ! This man must only die by my hand. I insist that he shall repay me in pleasure all that he has taken from me in money. He shall shed his blood drop by drop, like a bad debtor paying penny instalments."

You cannot imagine, sir, how the most wretched man will cling to life. Certainly, I was very prepared to die, and the happiest thing that could have befallen me would have been to die at one blow. Still, something caused me pleasure in this threat of Hadji Stavros. I blessed the length of my punishment. An instinct of hope gently tickled my heart. Had a charitable soul offered to blow out my brains I should have thought twice of it.

Four brigands seized me by the head and legs, and

carried me, like a howling package, through the King's cabinet. My voice awoke Sophocles in his bed. He called his comrades, asked the news, and wished to see me closer. It was a sick man's fancy, and I was thrown on the ground by his side

"Milord," he said to me, "we are very low both of us; but I would bet heavy odds that I get up again sooner than you do. It seems that they are already thinking of giving me a successor. How unjust men are! My commission is put up to competition! Well, I intend to try for it too. You will depose in my favour, and attest by your groans that Sophocles is not dead. Your limbs will be tied, and I undertake to torture you with one hand as pleasantly as the strongest of these gentlemen."

To please the scoundrel, my limbs were tied. He had himself turned to me, and began plucking out my hairs one by one with the patience and regularity of a professional hair-remover. When I saw to what this new punishment was reduced, I fancied that the wounded man, touched by my misery, and rendered tender-hearted by his own sufferings, wished to liberate me from his comrades and grant me an hour's respite. The extraction of a hair is not nearly so painful as the prick of a pin. The first twenty came out one after the other without leaving a regret behind, and I cordially wished them a pleasant journey. But I was soon obliged to change my key. The scarf-skin, irritated by a multitude of small tinglings, became inflamed. An itching, that grew momentarily sharper, and at last intolerable, ran round my head. I tried to raise my hands to it, but then I understood why the villain had

me bound. Impatience augmented the evil ; all my blood rushed to my head. Each time that Sophocles' hand approached my scalp, a painful shudder spread over my whole body. A thousand inexplicable itchings tortured my arms and legs. The nervous system, exasperated at all points, enveloped me in a net more painful than Dejanira's garment. I rolled on the ground, I screamed, I asked for mercy, I regretted the blows on the soles of my feet. The torturer had no pity on me till his strength was utterly exhausted. When he felt his eyes troubled, his head heavy, and his arm fatigued, he made a final effort, plunged his hand into my hair, seized a handful, and fell back on his bed, tearing from me a cry of despair.

"Come with me," said Moustakas, "you shall decide by the corner of the fire whether I am equal to Sophocles and deserve a lieutenantancy."

He picked me up like a feather and carried me to the camp before a pile of pitchy logs and brushwood. He untied my cords, removed my clothes and shirt, and left me no other garment but my trousers.

"You shall be," he remarked, "my assistant ; we will light the fire and prepare the King's dinner together."

He lighted the pile and laid me on my back at two feet distance from a mountain of flame. The wood crackled ; the red-hot coals fell like hail around me. The heat was insupportable. I dragged myself on my hands some distance, but he returned with a frying-pan, and kicked me back to the spot where he had laid me.

"Look here," he said, "and profit by my lessons.

This is the fry of three lambs ; there is enough for twenty men. The King will choose the most delicate morsels, and distribute the rest to his friends. You are not one of them for the moment, and if you taste my cookery it will only be with your eyes."

I soon heard the fry bubbling, and this sound reminded me that I had fasted since the previous evening. My stomach joined my torturers, and I counted one enemy more. Moustakas placed the pan before my eyes, and made the appetizing hue of the meat flash again. He shook under my nose the titillating perfumes of the fried lamb. All at once he perceived that he had forgotten any seasoning, and ran off to fetch pepper and salt, while confiding the frying-pan to my good offices. My first idea was to steal a lump of meat ; but the brigands were only two paces distant ; they would have prematurely stopped me.

"I only wish I had my packet of arsenic," I thought to myself.

What could I have done with it? I had not returned it to my box. I felt in my two pockets and drew out a dirty piece of paper and a handful of that beneficent powder which might save me, but at any rate avengc me.

Moustakas returned at the moment when I had my right hand open over the pan. He seized my arm, looked in my eyes, and said in a menacing voice,

"I know what you have been up to."

My arm fell passively by my side. The cook continued—

"Yes, you have thrown something in the King's dinner."

“What have I thrown?”

“A spell. But no matter. My poor milord, Hadji Stavros is a greater conjurer than you are. I will serve him up his dinner. I shall have my share, and you shall not taste a morsel!”

“Much good may it do you!”

He left me in front of the fire, recommending me to the care of a dozen brigands who were nibbling bread and raw olives. These Spartans kept me company for an hour or two, and maintained my fire with the care of a sick nurse. If I at times tried to drag myself a little distance from my torture, they shouted, “Take care, you will be chilled!” and they thrust me up to the flames with burning sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin rose in agonizing blisters, my eyebrows frizzed in the heat of the fire, my hair exhaled a smell of burnt hair; and yet I rubbed my hands at the idea that the King would eat of my cooking, and that there would be something new on Parnassus before the end of the day.

Hadji Stavros’ guests soon reappeared in camp with well-lined stomachs, sparkling eyes, and pleased faces.

“Come,” I thought to myself, “your joy and health will fall like a mask, and you will sincerely curse every mouthful of the meal I seasoned for you.”

The celebrated Locusta must have spent some happy quarters of an hour during the course of her life. When you have any reason to hate mankind, it is very pleasant to see a vigorous man, coming, going, laughing, and singing, while he bears in his intestinal canal the seeds of death which must spring up and devour him.

It is almost the same delight as a good doctor experiences at the sight of a dying man whom he knows he can recal to life. Locusta prescribed exactly in the opposite way, and so did I.

My hateful reflections were interrupted by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a breathless messenger appeared on the plateau with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, Christodulos' son. A few stones hurled by the brigands freed him from his escort, and he shouted,—

“The King! I must speak to the King!”

When he was twenty yards from us, I called to him in a heartrending voice. He was horrified at the state in which he found me, and shouted—

“The imprudent fellow! Poor girl!”

“My good Dimitri,” I said to him, “where do you come from? Will my ransom be paid?”

“Don't talk about ransom! but fear nothing. I bring you good news. Good for you, but wretched for me, for him, for her, for everybody. I must see Hadji Stavros; there is not a moment to be lost. Until my return, do not allow anybody to hurt you; she would die of it. You hear, you fellows! do not touch milord, at the risk of your lives. The King will have you cut in pieces. Lead me to his Majesty!”

The world is made so that every man who speaks like a master is sure to be obeyed. There was so much authority in this domestic's voice, and his feelings were expressed in so imperious a tone, that my amazed and stupid watchmen forgot to keep me near the fire. I crawled a short distance away, and rested my body deliciously on the cold rock until Hadji Stavros' arrival.

He did not appear less affected or agitated than Dimitri. He took me in his arms like a sick child, and carried me straight to that fatal room where Vasili was buried. He deposited me on his own carpet with maternal care ; then he fell back two paces and gazed at me with a curious mixture of hatred and pity. He said to Dimitri—

“My child, it is the first time I ever left such a crime unpunished. He killed Vasili ; but that is nothing. He tried to assassinate me ; but I pardon him. But he robbed me, the villain did ! £3600 less for Photini’s dowry ! I was seeking a punishment equal to his crime ! Oh, do not be alarmed, I should have found it ! Wretched man that I am, why did I not subdue my wrath ? I treated him very harshly, and she will suffer the penalty of it. If she were to receive twenty blows on her little feet, I should never see her again. Men do not die of it, but a woman ! a girl of fifteen !”

He ordered the brigands, who were pressing round us, to leave the room. He softly untied the blood-stained linen that covered my wounds. He sent his chiboudji to fetch Luigi Bey’s balsam. He sat down before me on the damp grass, took my feet in his hands, and contemplated my wounds. Incredible to tell, he had tears in his eyes !

“Poor child,” he said, “you must suffer cruelly. Pardon me. I am an old brute, a mountain wolf, a Pallikar ! I have been trained in ferocity since the age of twenty. But you see that my heart is good, since I regret what I have done. I am more wretched than you, for you have dry eyes, and I weep. I will set

you at liberty without losing a moment ; or rather, no, you cannot depart in such a state. I must cure you first ; the balsam is a sovereign remedy. I will nurse you like a son, and your health will soon return. You must be able to walk to-morrow. *She* must not remain a day longer in the hands of your friend."

"In Heaven's name do not tell anybody of our yesterday's quarrel ! you know that I do not hate you ; I told you so frequently ; I felt a sympathy for you ; I gave you my confidence ; I told you my most intimate secrets. Remember that we were friends until Vasili's death. An instant of passion must not make you forget twelve days' kind treatment. You would not wish a father's heart to be lacerated. You are a worthy young man ; your friend must be as good as yourself ?"

"But who is he ?" I shouted.

"Who ? that accursed Harris !—that American demon !—that execrable pirate !—that kidnapper of children !—that assassin of maidens ? That scoundrel I should like to hold with you to pound you in my hands, and throw your dust to the winds of my mountains. You Europeans are all alike, a race of traitors who do not dare attack men, and have only courage against children. Read what he has written me, and tell me if any torture is cruel enough to punish a crime like his !"

He brutally threw me a crumpled letter. I recognised the handwriting at first glance, and read—

"On board the *Fairy*, Salamis Roads, Sunday, May 11.

"HADJI STAVROS—Photini is aboard my vessel,

under the safe guard of four American guns. I shall keep her as an hostage so long as Hermann Schultz remains a prisoner. She shall pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth, head for head. Answer me without delay, else I shall come and pay you a visit.

“JOHN HARRIS.”

On reading this it was impossible for me to restrain my joy.

“That excellent Harris!” I exclaimed aloud; “and I had been accusing him. But explain to me, Dimitri, why he did not help me sooner.”

“He was away, Mr. Hermann,—he was chasing the pirates. He returned yesterday morning, very unfortunately for us. Why was he not shipwrecked!”

“Excellent Harris! he has not lost a single day. But where did he unearth this old scoundrel’s daughter!”

“At our house, Mr. Hermann. You know her very well, Photini; you have dined with her more than once.”

“The King’s daughter was, then, that flat-nosed boarding-school miss who sighed for John Harris?”

I concluded that the girl had been carried off without any extreme resistance on her part.

The chiboudji returned with a packet of cloth and a bottle filled with a yellowish pomade. The King dressed my feet like an experienced practitioner, and I at once felt a certain amount of relief. Hadji Stavros was at this moment a fine subject for a psychological study. He had as much brutality in his eyes as there was delicacy in his hands. He rolled the bandage

so softly round my ankles that I hardly felt it, but his eyes evidently said, "I wish I could put a cord round your neck as easily!" he put in pins as adroitly as a woman, but with what zest would he have planted his handjjar in my body!

When the bandages were arranged, he shook his fist in the direction of the sea, and said with a savage howl—

"I am no longer a king, then, since I am not allowed to satisfy my wrath. I who have ever commanded, now obey a threat. The man who makes a million of his fellow-beings tremble, is afraid! They will doubtless boast of it, and tell it to all the world. How is it possible to impose silence on these chattering Europeans? they will put it in newspapers, perhaps even in books. It serves me right; why did I marry? Ought a man like myself to have children? I was born to cut down soldiers, not to nurse infants. The thunder has no children, the cannon has no children; if they had, no one would longer fear the lightning, and the bullets would remain on the road. That John Harris must laugh heartily at me! Suppose that I declared war on him, and carried his ship by boarding! I attacked many others, at the time I was a pirate, and did not care a fillip for twenty guns. But my daughter was not on board, little dear. You knew her, then, Mr. Hermann? Why did you not tell me that you lodged with Christodulos? I should have asked nothing of you; I would have set you at liberty on the spot for love of Photini. I am anxious she should learn your language, for she will be a German princess some of these days. Will she not be a

lovely princess ! But I have an idea, since you know her, you will forbid your friend doing her any injury. Would you have the heart to see a tear fall from her dear eyes ? She has done you no harm, poor innocent. If any one should expiate your sufferings it is myself. Tell Mr. John Harris that you galled your feet when out walking, and you can do me all the harm you think proper."

Dimitri checked his flood of words.

"It is very annoying," he said, "that Hermann should be wounded. Photini is not in safety among those heretics ; and I know Mr. Harris, he is capable of anything."

The King frowned. The lover's suspicions went straight to the father's heart.

"Be off with you," he said to me ; "I will carry you to the foot of the mountain ; you will wait at some village for a horse—a carriage is better. I will supply all that is needed ; but let me know this very day that you are free, and swear, on your mother's head, that you will not tell a soul of the injuries inflicted on you."

I did not know exactly how I should endure the fatigue of the transport, but anything seemed to me preferable to the society of my torturers. I feared lest a fresh obstacle might arise betwixt myself and liberty, and I said to the King—

"Let us be off. I swear by all that is most sacred that not a hair of your daughter's head shall be touched."

He lifted me in his arms, threw me over his shoulder, and ascended the stairs. The whole band ran to meet

him and barred our way. Moustakos, quite livid, said to him—

“Where are you going? The German has cast a spell on the fry. We are all suffering agonies. We shall die through his fault, and we insist that he should die with us.”

I fell from the pinnacle of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri—the providential intervention of John Harris—the change in Hadji Stavros—the humiliation of that haughty head at his prisoner’s feet, all these events, piled up in a quarter of an hour, had troubled my brain; I was forgetting the past, and rushing headlong into the future.

At the sight of Moustakos the poison recurred to my mind; I felt that every minute would precipitate a terrible event. I clung to the King of the Mountains. I knotted my arms round his neck. I adjured him to carry me away without delay.

“Your glory is at stake,” I said to him; “prove to these madmen that you are the King! Do not answer, for words are needless. Pass over their bodies. You do not know yourself what interest you have in serving me. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am sure of it, for she confessed so to me.”

“Wait,” he answered; “we will pass first and talk afterwards.”

He laid me gently on the ground, and ran with clenched fist among the bandits.

“You are mad!” he shouted; “the first who touches milord will have to deal with me. What spell do you suppose he threw? I ate with you; am I ill? Let him be gone; he is an honest man, and my friend.”

Suddenly he changed countenance ; his legs gave way under the weight of his body. He sat down by my side, leant down to my ear, and said to me with more of sorrow than of anger—

“Imprudent ! why did you not warn me that you had poisoned us ?”

I seized the King’s hand—it was cold ; his features were decomposed ; his marble face had assumed an earthy hue. At this sight my strength utterly failed me, and I felt myself dying. I had nothing more to hope for in this world, for had I not condemned myself by killing the only man who had an interest in saving me ? I let my head sink on my chest, and remained motionless by the side of the livid and cold old man.

Moustakos and some others were already stretching out their hands to seize me, to make me share the pain of their agony. Hadji Stavros had no strength left to defend me. From time to time a formidable hiccup shook his great body, just as the axe of the woodman fells an autumnal oak. The bandits were convinced that he was giving up the ghost, and that the old invincible was at length about to fall, conquered by death. All the bonds that had attached them to their chief,—ties of interest, fear, hope, and gratitude, broke like the threads of a spider’s web. The Greeks are the most restive nation on earth ; their fickle and intemperant vanity gives way at times, but only like a spring ready for the rebound. They know, when it is necessary, how to lean on a stronger party, or glide modestly after a cleverer man, but they never forgive a master who protects or enriches them. For thirty

centuries or more this people has been composed of egotistic and jealous units, whom necessity collects, whom inclination divides, and whom no human power could melt into a whole.

Hadji Stavros learned at his own expense that a man does not command sixty Greeks with impunity. His authority did not survive for a moment by moral vigour or physical strength. Without attending to the poisoned men, who shook their fists at us while reproaching us with their sufferings, the healthy men assembled in front of their legitimate King round a tall brutal peasant of the name of Coltzida. He was the most boastful and daring of the band, an impudent scoundrel, without talent or courage; one of those men who hide themselves during an action, and carry the flag after victory; but in accidents like the present fortune is with the impudent and boasters. Coltzida, proud of his lungs, pelted Hadji Stavros' body with insults, just as the grave-digger throws mould on the coffin of the dead.

“Here you are, then,” he said. “You, the clever man, the invincible general, the omnipotent king, the invulnerable mortal! What fools we were to trust in you! What have we gained in your company? in what have you served us? You give us a paltry two pounds a month, the pay of mercenaries. You fed us on black bread and mouldy cheese which the dogs would not have touched, while you were making your fortune and sending off ship-loads of gold to all the foreign bankers. What have we earned by our victories and the brave blood we have shed on the mountains? Nothing. You kept all for yourself,

plunder, spoil, and the ransom of the prisoners. It is true that you left us the bayonet stabs ; that was the only profit of which you never took your share. For the two years I have been with you, I have received fourteen wounds in the back, and you have not a single scar to show ! It would have been different had you known how to lead us and chosen good opportunities, where there was little risk and plenty of gain ! But you allowed us to be thrashed by the line ; you were the executioner of your comrades ; you placed us in the wolf's throat ! You were very anxious to get rid of us and retire ! You are so eager to see us all buried by the side of Vasili, that you surrender us to that accursed milord, who has cast a spell over our bravest soldiers. But do not hope to escape our vengeance. I know why you wish him to be gone ; he has paid his ransom. But what do you intend doing with that money ? will you carry it with you to the other world ? You are very ill, my poor Hadji Stavros. The milord did not spare you. You will die, too, and serve you right. My friends, we are our own masters, we will no longer obey anybody, we will do what we please, we will eat of the best, we will drink up all the Ægina wine, we will burn whole forests to roast whole flocks, we will pillage the kingdom, take Athens, and encamp in the gardens of the palace. You must only let me guide you, for I know all the best spots. Let us begin by throwing the old man into the ravine with his well-beloved milord, and I will tell you what to do next."

Coltzida's eloquence very nearly cost us our lives, for the audience applauded. Hadji Stavros's old

comrades, ten or twelve devoted Pallikars, who might have come to his aid, had eaten at his table, and were writhing in a colic. But a popular orator does not rise to power without exciting jealousy. When it seemed demonstrated that Coltzida would become leader of the band, Tambouris and some others equally ambitious turned round and joined our side. Captain for captain, they loved the man who knew how to guide them better than this audacious boaster, whose nothingness was repulsive to them. They foresaw, too, that the King had not long to live, and that he would choose his successor among the faithful who remained around him. This was not a matter of indifference; the odds were heavy in favour of the directors ratifying the choice of Hadji Stavros, rather than a revolutionary election.

Eight or nine voices were raised in our favour. Ours, for we henceforth were only one. I clung to the King of the Mountains, and he had passed an arm round my neck. Tambouris and his friends agreed with very few words; a plan of defence was improvised; three men profited by the uproar to run off with Dimitri to the arsenal of the band, lay in a stock of arms and cartridges, and form a powder train along the path. They directly returned and joined the mob. The two parties were momentarily becoming more clearly indicated; insults flew from one group to the other. Our champions, with their backs leaning against Mary Anne's chamber, guarded the stores, formed us a rampart with their bodies, and drove back the enemy into the King's cabinet. In the height of the disturbance a pistol shot was fired; a ribbon of

fire ran along the dust, and the rocks were thrown up with a fearful crash.

Coltzida and his partisans, surprised by the explosion, hurried to the arsenal. Tambouris did not lose a minute ; he carried off Hadji Stavros, went down the steps in two strides, laid him in a sure place, returned for me and hurled me at the King's feet. Our friends intrenched themselves in the chamber, cut down trees, barricaded the steps, and organized their defences, ere Coltzida had returned from his excursion and surprise.

We then counted our force. Our army was composed of the King, his two servants, Tambouris with eight brigands, Dimitri, and myself, in all fourteen men, of whom three were unable to fight. The cafedji had been poisoned with his master, and was beginning to feel the first effects. But we had two muskets a-piece and cartridges at discretion, while the enemy had only the arms and ammunition they carried about their persons. They had, on the other hand, the advantage of number and ground. We did not know exactly how many sound men they counted, but we might expect twenty-five to thirty assailants. I need not describe to you the besieged spot, as you have known it a long time. You may believe, however, that the appearance of the spot had greatly changed since the day when I breakfasted there for the first time, under the eyes of the Corfiote, between Mrs. Simons and Mary Anne. Our pine-trees had their roots in the air, and the nightingale had fled far away. What is important for you to know is that we were defended right and left by rocks inaccessible even to the enemy. He attacked us above by the King's cabinet, and watched

us from the bottom of the ravine. One side his fire plunged on us ; on the other, we fired down on his sentinels, but at such a distance that it was like putting salt on a sparrow's tail.

If Coltzida and his friends had possessed the least notion of strategy, it was all over with us. They should have carried the barricade, entered by force, and driven us against a wall or down the ravine. But the idiot, who had more than two to one, thought proper to spare his ammunition, and place as sharpshooters twenty clumsy fellows who did not know how to aim. Our men were not much more skilful, but being better commanded and cleverer, they cracked five skulls before nightfall. The combatants all knew each other by name. They addressed one another from a distance after the fashion of Homer. One tried to convert the other by aiming at him, the other replied with a bullet as an argument. The fight was only an armed discussion, in which gunpowder had every now and then a word to say.

Lying in a corner, protected from the bullets, I was all this while trying to undo my fatal handiwork and recal the poor King of the Mountains to life. He suffered cruelly ; he complained of ardent thirst, and a sharp pain in the epigastrium. His very hands and feet were violently contracted. His pulse was slow ; his breathing asthmatic. His stomach seemed struggling with an internal torturer whom it could not expel. Still his mind had lost none of its vivacity or presence ; his sharp and penetrating glance sought on the horizon Salamis Roads and Photini's floating prison. He said to me, as he convulsively pressed my hand,—

“Cure me, my dear boy! You are a doctor, and bound to cure me. I do not reproach you with what you have done to me; you were justified in doing it; you were in the right to kill me, for I swear to you, that had it not been for your friend Harris, I should not have let you off! Is there nothing to extinguish the fire that is burning me? I do not cling to life; I have lived long enough; but if I die, they will kill you, and my poor Photini will be butchered. I suffer. Feel my hands; they seem as if they no longer belonged to me. But do you believe that American has the heart to carry out his threats? What did you tell me just now? Photini loves him! Unhappy girl! I had brought her up to be the wife of a king, and would sooner see her dead than——No, I am very well satisfied, after all, that she is in love with that young man. He will take pity on her, perhaps. What are you to him? A friend, nothing more, not even a fellow-countryman. A man can have as many friends as he likes, but it is not easy to find two women like Photini. I would willingly strangle all my friends, if I found it worth while, but I could never kill a woman who felt love for me. If he only knew how rich she is! The Americans are practical people; at least they are called so. But the poor innocent does not know the amount of her fortune; I ought to have warned her. Now, how can I let her know that she will have a dowry of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds? We are the prisoners of a Coltzida. Cure me, then, by all the saints in Paradise, in order that I may crush that vermin.”

I am not a physician, and only knew so much toxicology as is learned in elementary treatises; still, I

remembered that poisoning by arsenic is cured by a method slightly resembling that of Dr. Sangrado. I tickled the sick man's œsophagus in order to deliver his stomach of the burden that tortured it. My fingers served as an emetic, and I soon had reason for hoping that the poison was in a great measure expelled. The phenomena of reaction next displayed themselves; the skin became burning, the pulse accelerated its beating, the face grew coloured, and the eyes were suffused with red shoots. I asked him if one of his men was competent to bleed him. He bound his arm himself, and quietly opened a vein, amid the noise of the firing and the bullets that splashed him. He let a good pound of blood run on the ground, and asked me in an agreeable and calm voice what he had next to do. I ordered him to drink, and keep on drinking, until the last of the arsenic was washed away by the torrent. Fortunately the skin of white wine which caused Vasili's death was still in the room. This wine, mingled with water, served to restore life to the King. He obeyed me like a child. I even fancy that the first time I offered him the cup, his poor old suffering majesty took my hand to kiss it.

About ten at night he was better, but his cafedji was dead. The poor devil could neither get rid of the poison, nor warm himself. He was hurled into the ravine over the cascade. All our defenders seemed in good condition, without a single wound, but hungry as wolves in December. As for myself, I had fasted for twenty-four hours, and my stomach was beginning to cry cupboard. The enemy, in bravado, passed the night in eating and drinking over our heads. They threw us down mutton bones and empty skins, t

which our fellows responded with a few shots fired at hazard. We distinctly heard the cries of joy and cries of death. Coltzida was drunk; the wounded and the sick howled together; Moustakas did not yell for long. The tumult kept me awake the whole night through by the old King's side. Ah, sir, how long the night seems to the man who is not sure of the morrow!

Tuesday morning was gloomy and rainy. The sky was overclouded at daybreak, and a drizzling rain fell impartially on our friends and enemies. But if we were wide awake enough to protect our arms and cartridges, General Coltzida's army had not taken the same precautions. The first engagement was entirely to our honour; the enemy kept themselves badly concealed, and fired with a shaky hand. The game seemed to me so fine, that I took up a musket with the rest. What occurred, I will write and let you know in a few years, if I set up as a medical man. I have already confessed murders enough for a man who does not commit them professionally. Hadji Stavros tried to follow my example, but his hands refused him their service; his extremities were swollen and painful, and I told him, with my ordinary frankness, that this incapacity for work would probably last as long as himself.

At about nine o'clock the enemy, who seemed very attentive to answer our fire, suddenly turned their backs on us. I heard a wild fusilade, which was not addressed to us, and concluded from it that Master Coltzida had allowed his rear to be surprised. Who was this unknown ally that served us so well? Was it prudent to effect a junction and demolish our barricades? I asked for nothing better; but the King was dreaming of the Royal infantry, and Tambouris

was biting his moustache. All our doubts were soon removed : a voice which was not strange to me, shouted, "All right !" Three young men, armed to the teeth, bounded in like tigers, leaped the barricades, and fell in a heap among us. Harris and Bobster each held in his hand a six-chambered revolver. Giacomo brandished a musket, with the butt in the air, like a club ; that is his way of employing fire-arms.

If a thunderbolt had fallen into the room, it would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these three men, who distributed bullets by handfuls, and seemed to have death at their fingers' ends. My three fellow-lodgers, intoxicated with the noise, merriment, and victory, noticed neither Hadji Stavros nor myself ; they only saw men to kill, and Heaven knows whether they set to work rapidly. Our poor champions, astonished and stunned, were put out of fighting condition before they had time to defend themselves or look round. I, who was anxious to save their lives, shouted in vain from my corner ; my voice was drowned by the noise of the gunpowder and the exclamations of the victors. Dimitri, hidden behind Hadji Stavros and myself, in vain wedded his voice to mine. Harris, Bobster, and Giacomo fired and struck, each counting the blows in his own tongue :—

"One !" said Bobster.

"Two !" Harris answered.

"*Tre, quarto, cinque !*" Giacomo yelled.

The fifth was Tambouris. His head cracked under the musket-butt like a fresh nut under a stone. The brains flew around, and the body sunk into the spring, like a packet of dirty linen a washerwoman throws down by the river-side. My friends were glorious to look

on in this fearful labour. They killed with intoxication ; they took a pleasure in the justice they dealt out. The wind and the ride had carried off their hats, their hair floated behind them, their eyes sparkled with so deadly a flash, that it was difficult to discern whether death came from their glances or their hands. When all were levelled around them, and they saw no other enemies than the three or four wounded men lying on the ground, they stopped to breathe. Harris was the first to remember me. Giacomo had only one anxiety ; he did not know if among the number he had cleft the skull of Hadji Stavros. Harris shouted at the top of his voice—

“ Hermann, where are you ?”

“ Here !” I replied ; and the three destroyers rose up at the sound of my voice.

The King of the Mountains, weak though he was, rested a hand on my shoulder, leant against the rock, regarded fixedly these men who had killed so many people, only to reach him, and said, in a firm voice :—

“ I am Hadji Stavros.”

You know that my friends had long been anxious for the opportunity to punish the old Pallikar. They had promised themselves his death as a festival. They had to avenge the two girls of Mistra, a thousand other victims, myself, and themselves. And yet I had no necessity to hold their arms. There were such remains of grandeur in this hero in ruins, that their wrath fell of itself, and gave way to astonishment. They were all three young, and at that age you cannot find weapons to attack an unarmed enemy. I told them in a few words how the King had defended me against the whole band, dying as he was, and on the

very day when I had poisoned him. I explained to them the battle they had interrupted, the barricades they had cleared, and the strange combat in which they had interfered to kill our defenders.

“All the worse for them,” said John Harris. “Like Justice, we wore a bandage over our eyes. If those villains had a good impulse before dying, they will be given credit for it in another world; I shall not oppose it.”

“As for the help you were unable to afford us,” Bobster said, “do not trouble yourselves about that. With two revolvers in our hands, and two others in our pockets, we were worth twenty-four men each of us: we have killed three, and the others need only come on. What do you say, Giacomo?”

“I,” said the Maltese, “could floor an army of bulls; I feel in the humour! And then to think that two such hands are employed in holding a stick of sealing-wax!”

In the meanwhile the enemy, recovered from their stupefaction, had recommenced the siege. Three or four brigands had thrust their noses over our ramparts and perceived the carnage. Coltzida knew not what to think of these three scourges, whom he had seen blindly attack both his friends and foes, but he conjectured that iron or poison had freed him from the King of the Mountains. He ordered our defensive works to be prudently demolished. We were out of sight, sheltered behind a wall, about ten paces from the steps. The noise of the materials being removed warned my friends to reload their weapons. Hadji Stavros allowed them to do so, and then said to Harris:—

“Where is Photini?”

“Aboard my vessel.”

“You have done her no injury?”

“Have I taken lessons from you in the art of torturing girls?”

“You are right; I am a wretched old man; pardon me. Promise me you will pardon her!”

“What the deuce would you have me do with her? Now that I have recovered Hermann, I will restore her to you.”

“Without ransom?”

“You old ass!”

“You shall see,” the King said, “whether I am an old ass.”

He passed his left arm round Dimitri's neck, stretched out his quivering hand to the hilt of his sabre, slowly drew the blade from the scabbard, and proceeded toward the steps, toward which Coltzida's bandits were coming with considerable hesitation. They recoiled at the sight of him, as if the earth had opened to allow the Great Judge of Hades to emerge. They were fifteen or twenty, all armed to the teeth; but not one of them dared to defend himself, excuse himself, or fly. They trembled before the terrible face of the resuscitated King. Hadji Stavros walked straight up to Coltzida, who was hiding himself, paler and more trembling than all the rest. He threw back his arm with an effort impossible to describe, and with one blow cut off the fellow's ignoble head. The trembling attacked him again; he let the sabre fall by the side of the corpse, and did not deign to pick it up.

“Let us go,” he said. “I take my empty scabbard with me; the blade is no longer fit for anything, or I either. I have finished.”

His old comrades approached him to ask forgiveness.

Some implored him not to abandon them ; for they knew not what would become of them without him. He did not honour them with a single word in reply. He begged us to lead him to Castia, to take horses, and thence to Salamis to find Photini.

The brigands allowed us to depart without resistance. After going a few steps, my friends perceived that I dragged myself along with difficulty, Giacomo supporting me. Harris asked if I were wounded. The King gave me an imploring look—poor man ! I told my friends that I had attempted a dangerous escape, and that my feet had come off second best. We slowly descended the side of the mountain. The cries of the wounded and the voices of the bandits pursued us for a quarter of a mile. As we drew nearer the village, the weather cleared up, and the roads dried under our feet. The first sunbeam appeared to me very beautiful. Hadji Stavros paid slight attention to the external world ; he was looking into himself. It is something to break with the habits of fifty years.

On reaching the first houses of Castia, we met the monk, who was carrying a swarm of bees in a sack. He was very polite, and apologized for not having come to see hissons the previous day ; but the musket-shots had terrified him. The King waved his hand to him and passed on.

My friends' horses were awaiting them, with the guide, near the well. I asked them how they came to have four horses, and they told me that Mr. Mérinay formed part of the expedition, but had got down to inspect a curious stone, and had not reappeared.

Giacomo Fondi lifted me into the saddle at arm's length, as usual. The King, aided by Dimitri, painfully got into his. Harris and his nephew leaped into

theirs ; and Dimitri, the Maltese, and the guide preceded us on foot.

On the road, I drew up to Harris, and he told me how the King's daughter had fallen into his power.

"Just imagine," he said, "that I had returned from my cruise, tolerably satisfied with myself, and quite proud of having sunk half a dozen pirates. I anchored off the Piræus at six o'clock on Sunday, went ashore, and as I had been boxed up with my officers for a week, I promised myself a slight conversational debauch. When I reached Christodulos' house, I found a general consternation prevailing. I could not have believed it possible that so much discomfort could be found at a pastrycook's. All the party were assembled at supper, not forgetting the usual Sunday guest, more dressed in Sunday clothes than ever. William told me of your affair, and it is unnecessary to describe how I raved. I was furious with myself for not having been there. The little one assured me that he did all he could. He beat up the whole city for 600*L.*, but his parents have opened a very limited credit for him, and, in a word, he could not get the amount. In his despair he applied to Mr. Mérinay ; but that gentle gentleman assured him that all his money was lent to intimate friends, far, far away, farther than the end of the world.

"'Hang it all!' I said to Bobster, 'we must pay the old villain in leaden coin. What is the use of your being more skilful than Nimrod, if your talent is only employed on the walls of Socrates' prison? We must organize a Pallikar chase. I once refused to join in a trip to Central Africa, and have regretted it ever since. There is a double pleasure in firing at game

that defends itself. Lay in a stock of powder and bullets, and to-morrow morning we will take the field.'

"William rose at the bait, and Giacomo gave a heavy blow on the table with his fist—you know Giacomo's blow. He swore he would accompany us, provided we got him a single-barrelled gun. But the most furious of all was Mr. Mérinay. He wanted to wash his hands in the blood of the villains. His services were accepted; but I offered to buy the game he brought back. He swelled his little voice in the most comical way, and said, as he held up his young lady's fist, that Hadji Stavros should have to settle with him.

"I laughed heartily, the more so because a fellow is always gay on the eve of a battle. Bobster became quite excited at the thought of showing the brigands the progress he had made. Giacomo could not contain himself for joy; the corners of his mouth went up to his ears: he cracked his nuts with the force of a Nuremberg nutcracker. Mr. Mérinay had a halo round his head; he was no longer a man, but a firework.

"With the exception of ourselves, all the guests had faces an ell long. The fat pastrycook's wife was busy crossing herself; Dimitri raised his eyes to heaven; and the Lieutenant of the Phalanx recommended us to think twice before coming into collision with the King of the Mountains; but the flat-nosed girl, whom you christened *Crinolina invariabilis*, was plunged into a state of grief most comical to witness. She gave vent to sighs that would have split wood; she only pretended to eat, and I could have put in my left eye all the supper she placed in her mouth."

"She is a good girl, Harris."

"Good as you like; but I consider that your indul-

gence toward her goes beyond all bounds. I have never been able to forgive her her dress that got under the legs of my chair, the smell of patchouli she spreads around her, and the love-sick glances she shoots round the table. You might say, on my word, that she is incapable of looking at a water-bottle without making eyes at it ; but if you like her as she is, there is nothing to be said. She went away at nine o'clock to her school. I wished her a pleasant walk. Ten minutes later I shook hands with my friends, after making an appointment for the next morning ; I went out, woke my coachman, and whom do you think I found in the coach ? *Crinolina invariabilis*, with the pastrycook's maid-servant !

“ She laid her fingers on her lips. I got in without saying a word, and we started.

“ ‘ Mr. Harris,’ she said to me, in rather decent English, on my honour ; ‘ Mr. Harris, promise me to give up all your projects against the King of the Mountains.’

“ I began to laugh ; she began to cry ; she declared I should be killed ; I replied that I should kill the others ; she opposed any killing of Hadji Stavros ; I wished to know why ; and at length, her eloquence being exhausted, she exclaimed, just as in the fifth act of a drama :

“ ‘ He is my father !’

“ Upon this, I began reflecting seriously—once in a way does not constitute a habit. I thought that it might be possible to recover a lost friend without risking two or three others. So I said to the she-bandit :

“ ‘ Does your father love you ?’

“ ‘ More than his life.’

“ ‘Has he ever refused you anything?’

“ ‘Nothing I want.’

“ ‘And if you were to write to him that you wanted Mr. Hermann Schultz, would he send him to you by return of post?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘You are sure of that?’

“ ‘Quite.’

“ ‘In that case, madam, there is only one thing to be done. I shall carry you aboard the *Fairy*, and hold you as a hostage until Hermann’s release.’

“ ‘I was going to propose it to you,’ she said. ‘For that price, papa will restore you your friend.’”

I here interrupted John Harris’s narrative:—

“ ‘Well,’ I said to him, “do you not admire the poor girl who loves you sufficiently to put herself in your power?”

“ ‘A very fine affair,’ he replied. “She wanted to save her honest man of a father, and knew perfectly well that once war was declared, we should not miss him. I promised to treat her with all the respect a gentleman owes to a woman. She cried till she reached the Piræus, and I consoled her as well as I could. She muttered between her teeth, ‘I am a lost girl!’ I proved to her by A plus B that she would find herself again. I made her get out of the carriage, and put her in my boat along with the servant—the same boat that is waiting for us down there. I sat down and wrote the old brigand a categorical letter, and sent the good woman to town with the little message for Dimitri.

“ ‘Since that time the fair mourner has held undivided possession of my cabin. I gave orders for

her to be treated like the daughter of a king. I awaited her father's answer till Monday evening ; then patience failed me ; I returned to my first idea ; I took my pistols, made a sign to my friends, and you know the rest. Now it is your turn ; you must have a whole volume to tell me."

"I am at your service," I said ; "but let me first say a word to Hadji Stavros."

I went to the King and whispered in his ear—

"I do not know how it was I told you Photini loved John Harris. The fight must have turned my head. I have just been speaking with him, and I swear to you on my father's head that she is as indifferent to him as if he had never spoken to her."

The King thanked me, and I proceeded to tell John my adventures with Mary Anne.

"Bravo !" he said. "I fancied that the romance was not complete for want of a little love. There is plenty of it now, but that is no harm."

"Excuse me," I said to him. "There is no love in all this, but an honest friendship on one side, and a little gratitude on the other. But no more is required, I think, to produce a reasonably-assorted marriage."

"Marry, my friend, and take me as witness of your happiness."

"You have well earned it, John."

"When shall you see her again ? I would give something to be present at the interview."

"I should like to offer her a surprise, and meet her as if by accident."

"That is a good idea. The day after to-morrow, at the Court Ball. You are invited, and so am I ; the letter is lying on your table at Christodulos'. Till that

time, my boy, you must remain aboard my ship to get yourself round a little. Your head is rusty and your feet sore ; but we have time to remedy all that."

It was six in the evening when the boat put us all aboard the *Fairy*. The King was raised to the deck in a chair, for he could no longer stand. Photini rushed into his arms crying. It was a good deal to see that all she loved had survived the battle, but she found her father twenty years older. Perhaps, too, she had suffered from Harris' indifference. He handed her over to the King with a thoroughly American want of ceremony, saying—

"We are quits. You have restored my friend, and I give you back Miss. Short reckonings make long friends ; and now, august old man, beneath what blessed climate will you go and seek your hangman ? for you are not the man to retire from business."

"Excuse me," he answered, with some haughtiness ; "I have said good-bye to brigandage, and for ever. What should I do on the mountain ? All my men are dead, wounded, or dispersed. I could enlist others, but these hands which have bowed so many heads refuse me their service. Younger men must take my place, but I defy them to equal my fortune or renown. What shall I do with this remnant of old age you have left me ? I do not know yet, but be assured that my latter days will be well occupied. I have my daughter to establish, my memoirs to dictate. Perhaps, too, if the shocks of this week have not too greatly agitated my brain, I shall devote my talents and experience to the service of the State. If Heaven but grant me a sound mind, I shall be President of the Council within six months."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURT BALL.

ON Thursday, May 15, at six in the evening, John Harris, in full-dress uniform, led me back to Christodulos'. The pastrycook and his wife gave me an honourable reception, not without some sighs, intended for the King of the Mountains. For my part, I heartily embraced them. I was delighted at the thought of being alive, and only saw friends around me. My feet were cured, my hair cut, my stomach satisfied. Dimitri assured me that Mrs. Simons, her daughter, and brother, were invited to the Court Ball, and that the washerwoman had just carried a dress home to the Strangers' Hotel. I enjoyed beforehand Mary Anne's surprise and joy. Christodulos offered me a glass of Santorino wine. In that adorable beverage I fancied myself drinking liberty, wealth, and happiness. I mounted the stairs leading to my room, but before going in I thought it my duty to rap at Mr. Mérinay's door. He received me in the midst of books and papers.

"My dear sir," he said to me, "you see a man overwhelmed with work. I found above the village of Castia an antique inscription which deprived me of the pleasure of fighting for you, and which for the last two days has been torturing me. It is absolutely unpublished, as I have assured myself. No one ever saw it before me. I shall have the honour of the discovery, and expect to attach my name to it. The stone is a small monument of limestone, about thirty-five inches by twenty-two, and accidentally planted by the wayside-

The characters belong to a good period, and are sculptured in the perfection of the art. Here is the inscription as I copied it in my pocketbook :—

S. T. X. X. I. I.

M. D. C. C. C. L. I.

If I succeed in deciphering it my fortune will be made. I shall be elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature at Pont Audemir ; but the task is long and difficult. Antiquity retains its secrets with jealous care. I greatly fear I have stumbled across a monument referring to the Eleusinian Mysteries. In that case two interpretations will, in all probability, have to be found ; the one the vulgar or Demotic, the other sacred or hieratic. You must give me your opinion.”

“ My opinion,” I answered him, “ is that of an igno-ramus. I fancy you have discovered a milestone, and that the inscription which has given you so much trouble may, without inconvenience, be translated thus :—‘ Stadia, 22, 1851.’ Good-bye, my dear Mr. Mérinay ; I am going to write to my father, and put on my handsome red coat.”

My letter to my parents was an ode, a hymn, a song of joy. The intoxication of my heart flowed on the paper between the nibs of my pen. I invited the family to my marriage, not forgetting good Aunt Rosenthaler. I urged my father to sell his inn as soon as possible, even at a sacrifice. I demanded that Franz and John Nicholas should leave the service ; and I adjured my other brothers to change their trades. I took everything on myself ; I undertook to provide for all our family in future. Without the loss of a

moment, I sealed the despatch and had it carried by express messenger to the Piræus on board an Austrian Lloyd's, which would sail at six o'clock on Friday morning.

"In that way," I said to myself, "they will enjoy my happiness almost as soon as I do so myself."

At a quarter to nine, military time, I entered the palace with John Harris. Neither Giacomo, Bobster, nor Mr. Mérinay was invited. My three-cornered hat had a rather rusty tinge; but by the blaze of the candles, this slight defect was not noticeable. My sword was seven or eight inches too short; but what matter? courage is not measured by the length of the blade, and I had, without vanity, the right of passing for a hero. The red coat was tight and cut me under the arms, and the embroidery of the cuff was a long way from my wrists; but then the gold lace looked very grand, as papa had prophesied.

The ball-room, decorated with a certain taste and brilliantly lighted, was divided into two camps. On one side were the chairs reserved for the ladies, behind the king and queen's throne; on the other were those intended for the uglier sex. I eagerly surveyed the space allotted to the ladies, but Mary Anne was not there.

At nine o'clock, I saw the king and queen enter, preceded by the mistress of the robes, the marshal of the palace, the aides-de-camp, ladies in waiting, and orderly officers. The king was magnificently dressed as a Pallikar, and the queen wore an admirable toilet, whose exquisite elegance could only come from Paris. The luxury of the toilets and the brilliancy of the national costumes did not dazzle me so as to make me

forget Mary Anne. I had my eyes fixed on the door, and I waited.

The members of the diplomatic corps and the principal guests ranged themselves in a circle round the king and queen, who conversed affably with them for about half an hour. I was in the last row with John Harris. An officer standing before us fell back so awkwardly that he stepped on my foot and drew a cry of pain from me. He turned his head and I recognised Captain Pericles freshly decorated with the order of the Saviour. He apologized, and inquired how I was. I could not refrain from answering that my health did not concern him; and Harris, who knew my history from one end to the other, politely said to the captain—

“Have I not the honour of addressing Mr. Pericles?”

“You have.”

“I am delighted at meeting you. Would you be kind enough to accompany me for a moment into the card room? it is still empty, and we shall be alone.”

“At your orders, sir.”

Captain Pericles, paler than a soldier coming out of hospital, followed us with a smile. On reaching the room he faced John Harris, and said to him,

“I am awaiting your good pleasure, sir.”

In reply, Harris tore from him his cross with the new ribbon, and put them in his pocket, with the remark—

“That is all I had to say to you.”

“Sir!” the Captain exclaimed, as he fell back a step.

“No disturbance, sir, I beg. If you have a liking for this plaything, have the goodness to send two of

your friends to demand it of Mr. Harris, commanding the *Fairy*.

“Sir,” Pericles continued, “I do not know by what right you take from me a cross, whose value is fifteen shillings, and which I must replace at my own expense.”

“Do not let that disturb you, sir. Here is a sovereign bearing the effigy of the Queen of England,—fifteen shillings for the cross, five shillings for the ribbon. If anything is left over, you can drink my health.”

“I have only to thank you, sir,” the officer said, as he pocketed the coin.

He bowed to us without adding a word, but his eyes promised us nothing good.

“My dear Hermann,” Harris said to me, “you will act prudently by leaving this country as soon as possible with your wife. That gendarme appears to me a finished brigand. For my part, I shall remain here a week to give him time to send me the change out of my sovereign, after which I shall obey the despatches ordering me to Japan.”

“I am very vexed,” I answered him, “that your vivacity carried you so far. I did not wish to leave Greece without a specimen or two of the *Boryana invariabilis*. I had an imperfect one minus the roots, and that I forgot up there with my tin box.”

“Leave a drawing of your plant with Bobster and Giacomo, they will make a pilgrimage on your account to the mountains. But for Heaven’s sake make haste to secure your happiness.”

In the meanwhile my happiness did not arrive at the ball, and I almost burst my eyeballs in looking at all the dancers. About midnight I lost hope ; I left the

large room, and planted myself sadly in front of a whist-table, where four skilful players were making the cards fly about with admirable dexterity. I was beginning to feel interested in the game, when a burst of silvery laughter made my heart leap. Mary Anne was there behind me. I did not see her, and did not dare turn toward her, but I felt her presence, and joy contracted my throat almost to choke me. What caused her hilarity I never learned. Perhaps some absurd costume, for you see them in all countries at official balls. The idea occurred to me that I had a mirror in front of me. I raised my eyes and saw her without being myself seen, between her mother and uncle, more lovely and radiant than the day on which she appeared to me for the first time. A triple collar of pearls undulated softly round her neck, and followed the delicious outline of her divine shoulders. Her splendid eyes sparkled in the light of the tapers, her teeth laughed with inexpressible grace, the light played like a will-o'-the-wisp through the tangled thicket of her hair.

Her toilet was that of all young girls ; she did not wear, like Mrs. Simons, a bird of paradise in her head, but she was only the more lovely through its absence ; her skirt was held up by a few bouquets of natural flowers ; she had flowers, too, in her waistbelt and hair—and what flowers, sir ? you may guess a hundred times, and not hit on the right one. I thought I must die of delight on recognising the *Boryana invariabilis*. All fell upon me from the sky at the same moment. Can anything be more sweet than to botanize in the hair of the woman one loves ! was the happiest of men and of naturalists. The excess of happiness carried

me beyond all the bounds of politeness. I turned suddenly to her, held out my hands, and exclaimed—

“Mary Anne, it is I!”

Could you believe, it, sir; she fell back as if frightened, instead of falling into my arms. Mrs. Simons tossed her head so high that I fancied I saw the bird of paradise flying toward the ceiling. The old gentleman took me by the hand, led me on one side, examined me like a curious animal, and said to me—

“Have you been introduced to these ladies, sir?”

“That is not worth talking about, my worthy Mr. Sharper, my dear uncle. I am Hermann—Hermann Schultz, their companion in captivity—their saviour. Ah! I have gone through strange scenes since their departure. I will tell you all that at our house.”

“Yes, yes,” he answered; “but English habits, sir, absolutely demand that you should be introduced to ladies before you can tell them stories.”

“But they know me, my good excellent Mr. Sharper; we dined together more than ten times. I rendered them a service worth 4000*l.*; of course you know it, at the King of the Mountains.”

“Yes, yes; but you have not been introduced.”

“But you cannot know that I exposed myself to a thousand deaths for my dear Mary Anne.”

“Very good; but you have not been introduced.”

“Lastly, sir, I am going to marry her: her mother has sanctioned it. Has she not told you that I am going to marry her?”

“Not before being introduced.”

“Introduce me yourself, then.”

“Yes, yes; but you must first be introduced to me?”

“Wait a minute.”

I ran like a maniac through the ball-room ; I upset more than six parties of waltzers. My sword got between my legs, I slipped along the floor, and fell scandalously my whole length. It was John Harris who picked me up.

“What are you looking for ?” he said.

“They are here ; I have seen her. I am going to marry Mary Anne ; but I must be first introduced to them. It is the English fashion. Help me ; where are they ? Have you not seen a tall woman wearing a bird of paradise ?”

“Yes ; she has just left the room with a very pretty girl.”

“Left the room ! why, my friend, it is Mary Anne’s mother.”

“Calm yourself ; we shall find her again. I will have you introduced by the American minister.”

“That will do. I will point out to you my uncle Sharper. I left him here. Where the deuce can he be got to ? He cannot be far away.”

Uncle Edward had disappeared. I dragged poor Harris to the palace square, in front of the Strangers’ Hotel. Mrs. Simons’ apartments were lighted up. After a few minutes all the lights were extinguished, everybody was a-bed.

“Let us do as they do,” Harris said ; “sleep will calm you. To-morrow, between one and two, I will settle your affair.”

I passed a night worse than the worst nights of my captivity. Harris slept with me—that is to say, he did not sleep at all. He heard the carriages from the ball rolling along Hermes-street, with their cargoes of

uniforms and toilets. At about four o'clock, fatigue closed my eyes. Three hours after, Dimitri entered my room, shouting :

“ Great news !”

“ What ?”

“ Your English are off !”

“ Where to ?”

“ For Trieste.”

“ Wretch ! are you sure of it ?”

“ Quite ; for I conducted them to the vessel.”

“ My poor friend,” Harris said, as he squeezed my hand, “ gratitude is a burden, but love cannot be dictated.”

“ Alas !” said Dimitri. There was an echo in the lad's heart.

From that day, sir, I have lived like the beasts, eating, drinking, and swallowing the air. I sent my collections to Hamburg without a single specimen of the *Boryana invariabilis*. My friends conveyed me to the French steamer on the day after the ball. They found it prudent to travel during the night, through fear of meeting Captain Pericles' soldiers. We arrived without opposition at the Piræus ; but when twenty-five yards from the shore, half a dozen invisible muskets sung round our ears. It was the farewell of the pretty captain and his lovely country.

I visited the mountains of Malta, Sicily, and Italy, and my herbal is richer than I am. My father, who had the good sense to stick to his inn, let me know at Messina that my specimens are highly appreciated. Perhaps I shall find a situation on arriving ; but I have laid it down as a rule never to count on anything in future.

Harris is on the way to Japan. In a year or two I hope to hear from him. Little Bobster wrote me at Rome that he still practises pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues to seal letters by day and crack nuts at night. Mr. Mérinay has found a new interpretation for his stone, far more ingenious than mine. His great work on Demosthenes may appear from the press any day.

The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities. He is building a large house in the Pentelican-road, with a lodge where twenty-four Pallikars can reside. In the meanwhile he has hired a small mansion in the modern city, on the banks of the great stream. He receives a great number of visitors, and is actively trying to obtain the appointment of Minister of Justice ; but it will require time. Photini is his housekeeper ; and Dimitri frequently goes there to sigh and sup in the kitchen.

I never heard anything more of Mrs. Simons, Mary Anne, or Mr. Sharper. If this silence continues, I shall soon leave off thinking about them at all. At times, in the middle of the night, I dream that I am standing before her, and my long, thin face is reflected in her eyes. Then I wake up, weep bitter tears, and bite my pillow furiously. What I regret, believe me, is not the lady, but the fortune and position that have slipped from my grasp. I had hard work not to surrender my heart, and I daily thank the stars for my natural coldness. What an object of pity I should be, my dear sir, had I by any misfortune fallen in love !

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM ATHENS.

ON the very day when I was sending Mr. Hermann Schultz's narrative to the press, my honourable correspondent in Athens sent me back the manuscript with the following letter :—

“SIR,—The history of the King of the Mountains is an invention of an enemy of truth and the gendarmes. None of the persons mentioned in it ever set foot on the soil of Greece. The police never countersigned any passport in the name of Mrs. Simons. The harbour-master at the Piræus never heard of the *Fairy*, or of Mr. John Harris. Philip Brothers do not remember having had a clerk of the name of Mr. W Bobster. No diplomatic agent ever had in his office a Maltese of the name of Giacomo Fondi. The National Bank of Greece may be reproached for many things, but it never received in trust funds resulting from brigandage. If it had received them it would have considered it a duty to confiscate them to its own profit.

“I send you herewith a list of our officers of gendarmes. You will not find in it any trace of a M. Pericles. I only know two men of that name ; one is an innkeeper in Athens, the other a grocer at Tripolitza. As for the famous Hadji Stavros, whose name I hear to-day for the first time, he is a fabulous being, who must be referred to the mythological era. I confess, with the utmost sincerity, that there were formerly a few brigands in the kingdom. The principal of them, however, were destroyed by Hercules and Theseus, who may be regarded as the founders of the

Greek gendarmerie. Those who escaped the blows of these two heroes, fell beneath the attacks of our invincible army.

“The author of the romance you have done me the honour to send me has displayed as much ignorance as good faith in affecting to consider brigandage a contemporary fact. I would give a good deal to see his story published, either in France or England, with the name and portrait of Mr. Schultz. The world would at length know what clumsy artifices are employed to render us objects of suspicion to all the civilized nations.

“As for you, sir, who have always done us justice, I beg you to accept the assurance of all the good feeling with which I have the honour to be,

“Your very grateful servant,

“PATRIOTIS PSEFTIS,

“Author of a volume of dithyrambics on the regeneration of Greece, Editor of the *Hope* Journal, Member of the Archæological Society of Athens, Corresponding Member of the Academy of the Ionian Isles, and shareholder in the National Society of Paviors the Spartan.”

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR RESUMES.

My worthy Athenian friend, the truest stories are not those which have really happened.

THE END.

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