

lived quietly at home with my hosts, my herbarium, and John Harris. I might have been presented at the Palace, thanks to my diplomatic passport and my official title; and, having handed my card to the master of the ceremonies, I could count on an invitation to the first court ball, and for this occasion kept in store a scarlet coat, embroidered with silver, which my aunt Rosenthaler brought for me on the eve of my departure from home. It had been the uniform of her late husband, assistant tutor of natural history at the Philomathic Institute at Minden. My good aunt—sensible woman—knew that a uniform, especially a red one, is invariably well received in every country.

Unfortunately, there was no dancing at court during the whole season: the delights of winter were the blossoming of the almond, peach, and citron trees. There were vague rumours of a grand ball to take place on the 15th of May. It was mere town-talk, however, accredited only by some semi-official papers, and not to be relied on. My studies, like my pleasures, progressed slowly. I knew the botanical garden of Athens thoroughly from end to end; it is not very extensive, and contains but few varieties. The royal garden offered more resources. An intelligent Frenchman collected all the vegetable riches of the country, from the island palms down to saxifrage from Cape Sunium. I spent many long days in the midst of Mr. Bareaud's plantations. The garden is open to the public only at certain hours, but, fortunately for me, I could speak Greek to the sentinels, and out of love for the language they let me in. Mr. Bareaud and I never wearied of discussing botany and conversing in French.

Every day I herborized to some extent in the surrounding country, but never dared venture very far, as there were brigands encamped in the neighbourhood of Athens. and, although by no means a coward, as the sequel to this narrative will prove, I yet cling to life. It is a gift from my parents,

and I desire to retain it as long as possible in memory of them. During the month of April, 1856, it was dangerous to leave the city, and even imprudent to dwell within its walls. The brigands do not by any means spare their own countrymen and reserve their harsh treatment for strangers alone, but a Greek despoiled by his brethren resignedly submits to his fate, saying to himself that, after all, the money does not go out of the family. The populace sees itself robbed by the brigands as a woman among the common people allows herself to be beaten by her husband—admiring the manner in which he deals his blows. Native moralists bemoan the excesses committed in the country as a father deplores the pranks of his son; he is scolded in public and admired in secret, and is far preferred before, the neighbour's son who has never caused himself to be spoken of.

This is really a fact, and at the time of my arrival the hero of Athens was truly the scourge of Attica. In the salons and *cafés*, at the barbers' and druggists', in the miry streets of the bazaars, in the theatres and Sunday entertainments, everywhere Hadgi-Stavros was spoken of, sworn by, and admired. Hadgi-Stavros the invincible, the terror of the gendarmes—Hadgi-Stavros, king of the mountains.

One Sunday, when John Harris was dining with us, I led on Christodule to speak of Hadgi-Stavros. In former times our host had frequently associated with him, especially during the War of Independence, when robbery was less inquired into than it is now-a-days.

Emptying his glass of wine and smoothing his grey moustache, he commenced a long story, frequently interrupted by sighs. He informed us that Stavros was the son of a priest of the Isle of Tino, born no one knows exactly in what year—Greeks in the good old times but rarely knew their age, for civil registers date only from the downfall of the country. His father, intending him for the