

teen or twenty brigands squatted round us, and the king, who had no secrets to hide, calmly proceeded to dictate his family and business letters. The chief of the band who had arrested us came up and whispered in his ear, to which he replied in a haughty tone of voice :—

“What does it matter even supposing the milord understands? I do no harm, and all the world is welcome to listen. Go and sit down, and you, Spiro, write—it is to my daughter.”

Then he proceeded with his grave and gentle voice to dictate the following letter :—

“MY BELOVED CHILD,—The principal of your school writes that your health is restored, but that the amount of application you bestow on your studies does not give satisfaction. It is asserted that you are becoming absent-minded and heedless, and that you are often seen leaning your elbow on your book, your eyes fixed on vacancy, as if your thoughts were far away. I cannot find words strong enough in which to impress fully upon you the necessity for constant application.

I coincide with you as to the necessity of a knowledge of music, but above all, you must acquire modern languages. You must be able to converse in French, English, and especially in German. You are not made to spend your life in this ridiculous little country, and I would rather see you dead than married to a Greek. The daughter of a king—you must marry a prince at least. Suitable ones can be found in Germany, and my fortune enables me to select one for you. If Germans were allowed to come and reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them in your turn. Hasten then to make yourself familiar with their language, and tell me in your next letter that you have made some progress therein. And now, my dear child, I send, along with your quarter's fee, my paternal benediction and fondest love.”

Madame Simons inclined towards me and whispered—

“Do you think he will invite us to breakfast?”

“Here comes his servant with refreshments.”

The king's *cafedgi* came towards us with three cups of coffee, a box of *rahat loukoum*, and a pot of preserves. Madame Simons and her daughter refused the coffee with disgust, for, being prepared in the Turkish manner, it was thick and muddy-looking, but I swallowed mine greedily, like an Eastern *gourmet*. The preserves also were received with equal disfavour, for there was but one spoon between the three of us—fastidious people are badly off in this easy-going country—but the *rahat loukoum* appeared delicious to them, and they emptied their box while the king dictated a business letter to Messrs. Barley & Co., Cavendish Square, London.

“Is he writing about us?” inquired Mary Anne.

“Not at present Miss; but tell me, is not your father partner in a banking house?”

“Yes, in the house of Barley & Co.”

Our examination was about beginning now. Hadgi-Stavros, instead of summoning us to appear before him, rose gravely and seated himself beside us on the ground, which mark of respect appeared to us a favourable omen. Madame Simons was evidently preparing to harangue the king, and I, fearful of the consequences, volunteered my services as interpreter. My offer was coldly rejected, and one of the bandits, a native of Corfu, called to undertake the office.

“Madame,” said the king, “you appear to be angry. Have you any complaint to make of the men who brought you hither?”

“It is an enormity!” she exclaimed. “Your knaves arrested me, threw me into the dust, stripped, robbed, and almost starved me.”

“Pray receive my apologies; I am com-