

by no means endowed with the gift of languages, I can speak broken Greek as fluently as English, Italian and French.

I dined at the same table with Christodule and the other boarders in the house. The first story was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérimay. He is a short man, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, of a florid complexion, mild, and very talkative, and endowed with two master passions,—archæology and philanthropy; and is a member of various learned societies as well as of several benevolent confraternities. Although a great preacher of charity and well off, his parents having left him a considerable income, I never recollect seeing him give one cent to a poor person, and I am firmly persuaded that his knowledge of archæology was far greater than his love for the human race. He had at some time been awarded a prize by a provincial academy for an essay on the price of paper in the time of Orpheus, and encouraged by his success, had travelled to Greece to collect materials for a more important work, which was nothing less than determining the quantity of oil consumed in the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing his second Philippic.

My two other neighbours were not nearly so learned, and the occurrences of ancient times did not trouble them. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese in the employment of some consulate, who earned one hundred and fifty francs a month by sealing letters, and I fancy any other occupation would have suited him far better. Nature, which peopled the Island of Malta so that the East might never lack street porters, had given to poor Fondi shoulders, arms and hands similar to those of Croton's Milo; he was born to handle the club, and not to burn sticks of sealing-wax.

Little William Webster was an angel—i. e., an angel from the United States of America. He was twenty years of age, fair,

rosy and chubby. The house of Webster and Sons, of New York, had sent him to the East to study the trade of exportation. He worked all day long in the warehouse of the Brothers Philip, and read Emerson at night; in the early mornings, at the glistening hour of dawn, he went to the house of Socrates to practise pistol-shooting.

The most interesting member of our community was, without exception, John Harris, young Webster's maternal uncle. On the very first occasion on which I dined with this strange fellow, I understood America. John was born in Vandalia, in the State of Illinois. I am not aware whether the Harris family is rich or poor—whether they sent their son to college or let him seek his own education. One thing is certain, that at the age of twenty-seven he relied upon himself only, trusted to himself, was surprised at nothing, believed nothing impossible, never procrastinated, triumphed over every difficulty, believed all things, hoped all things, tried everything, rose again if he happened to fall, began over again if he was disappointed, never faltered, never lost courage, and went straight on his course in happy mood. He has been husbandman, schoolmaster, lawyer, journalist, gold-digger, manufacturer, trader; has read everything, seen everything, practised everything, and traversed half the globe. At the time I made his acquaintance he was commander of an advice-boat at the Piræus, manned by sixty men and four cannons; he discussed the Eastern question in the *Boston Review*, carried on business with an indigo house in Calcutta, and, besides all this, found time to come and dine three or four times a week with his nephew Webster.

As for the people themselves, I seemed to know very little of them, even after four months sojourn in Greece. Nothing is more easy than to live at Athens without associating with the natives of the country. I frequented neither *café* nor theatre, read neither the *Pandore* nor the *Minerve*, but