

eagle could have followed. After two days further journeying, we entered a most lovely but secluded valley, opening to the south. It was well cultivated and thickly peopled. Far below lay the plains and marshes of Mingulia; while the blue haze, on the open horizon in the west, pointed out the distant Black Sea. In this unknown spot, buried, as it were, in the bosom of the mountains, I remained some months, and quite won the affections of its simple but savage inhabitants. Wearied of quiet, and anxious to return, if it were practicable, to France, I accompanied then some of our mountaineers through the Georgian passes to Tiflis. There I learned the fate of the Empire; and thence wrote to my beloved uncle (through whose act I am now a prisoner) of my fate. My child, my *amie*, my mother, were ever in my thoughts. The post goes not, however, very regularly in Turkey. It was three years after that I received a reply. It was a terrible blow: they were all gone—all—mother, *amie*, child! Life was without object henceforth.

"I had long before this passed into the service of the Turkish Governor, as a "*Maitre d'Armes*." Solindin Pacha repaired my fortunes. My coffers grew full when I had no motive to save; but the old man loved me. War had made him childless, and the Russian was his deadly foe—these were the points of contact that united us. How long I might have remained I know not, had my master lived; perhaps I had left my bones there. It chanced, however, otherwise. One morning, when present at the exercise of an artillery company, a gun burst. One of its fragments settled the earthly account of poor Solindin; another maimed me as you see. Thanks to an Italian in the old Pacha's service, I got well enough to travel. Through a mercantile house at Odessa, I transmitted half a million of francs to Paris. Then bidding a final farewell to Tiflis, by the route of the Danube I returned to '*La Belle France*.' Having settled my affairs at Paris, I felt an extreme desire to re-visit my native place. No sooner had I arrived, than visiting the old Notary, my uncle, I contrived to get into a most laughable and notable scrape. But go along with us to St. Joppe; you'll hear it all better than I can tell it—and what is more, it is worth the hearing. I believe I must to bed. Monsieur will excuse me."

Saying this, and calling for a candle, he was ushered by the host to his sleeping room. I also began to nod, and intimating my wish, was conducted to a very clean apartment by the hostess. There, after a few minutes, during which French, Russians, and one legged men, danced through my brain in many revels, I sank into deep sleep.

The morning sun shone brightly in at the window when I awoke. Many voices were loudly talking below, half laughing, half angry, at the moment they had doubtless disturbed me.