

Though my attention was seemingly all bestowed on the ground, it may easily be conceived that under existing circumstances I was simply a prisoner and not a botanist. Doubtless Pellissier would not have amused himself with spiders had he possessed a nail with which to saw asunder his iron bars. Possibly, on this memorable day, I may have met flowers unknown, which might have made the fortune of a naturalist; certainly I passed by a splendid specimen of the *bryana variabilis*, which, as it weighed half a pound, I did not even honour with a glance. I saw but two things: Athens in the horizon, and the brigands by my side. I watched their eyes in hopes of discovering some inattention on their part, but all in vain; whether gathering their salad or watching the flight of vultures, one eye was sure to be directed towards me. At last it occurred to me to invent some occupation for them. We were in a straight path evidently leading towards Athens; to my right was a beautiful shrub of the yellow broom which Providence had caused to grow on the summit of a large rock. Feigning great anxiety to possess the plant, I several times endeavoured to scale the steep declivity, setting about the attempt so awkwardly, however, that one of my guardians, taking pity on me, offered to let me mount on his shoulders. This was not exactly what I wanted, but while compelled to accept his services, I managed, with a blow from my spiked shoes, to wound him so severely that he howled with pain and let me fall to the ground. His companion feeling interested in my success, said, "Wait a moment, I will mount in the milord's place, as I have no spikes in my shoes." No sooner said than done, he leaped on his comrade's shoulders, seized the plant by the stalk, gave a tug, a shake, pulled it out by the root, turned, and uttered a cry. But I had already started on a run, and did not look round, and their stupefaction gave me a few seconds start. Without wasting time in fruitless accusations, the brigands set

off in hot pursuit, and soon their steps were quite audible. I redoubled my speed; the road was good, and even as if made for flight, and we were going down a slope. I continued my way desperately, my arms glued to my body, never feeling the stones which rolled on my heels, or even looking where I placed my feet. But oh! the sound of those four relentless feet behind fatigued my ears. Suddenly they halt—I hear them no longer, can they be tired of the pursuit? Ten paces in front I see a small cloud of dust, two detonations resounding at the same moment. The brigands had fired! I had passed unscathed through the enemy's fire and was still running. The pursuit recommenced, two panting voices cry, "Halt! halt!" I lose the track, run on heedless of every obstacle, leap a ditch wide as a small river, which bars my way, and—I am saved! No! At the moment when freedom is almost won, an unfortunate fall decides my fate. The brigands gain upon me. Five minutes later they had caught up to me, placed handcuffs on my wrists, fetters on my feet, and were driving and pushing me towards the camp of Hadgi-Stavros.

The king received me like a bankrupt robbed of fifteen thousand francs. "Sir," said he, "I had formed a very different opinion of you. I believed myself a judge of men, but your physiognomy has strangely deceived me; I should never have thought you capable of injuring us, especially after my behaviour towards you. It cannot be matter of surprise if henceforth I adopt severe measures. You will remain a prisoner in your tent until further orders, where one of my officers will keep guard over you. This is merely a precaution; in case of a second offence you must be prepared for chastisement. Vasile, to you I commit the charge of this gentleman." Vasile saluted me with his customary politeness.

The three days spent in my allotted chamber were fearfully dull and tedious. Vasile bore me no malice; on the contrary