

ly pine-apples, pomegranates from Malaga, oranges from the Balearic Isles, peaches from France, and dates from Tunis.

The supper consisted of a roast pheasant garnished with Corsican blackbirds; a boars ham with jelly, a quarter of a kid with tartar sauce, a glorious turbot, and a gigantic lobster. Between these large dishes were smaller ones containing various dainties. The dishes were of silver, and the plates of Japanese china.

Franz rubbed his eyes in order to assure himself that this was not a dream. Ali alone was present to wait at table, and acquitted himself so admirably, that the guest complimented his host thereupon.

Yes, replied he, while he did the honors of the supper with much ease and grace"yes, he is a poor devil who is much devoted to me, and does all he can to prove it. He remembers that I saved his life, and as he has a regard for his head, he feels some gratitude towards me for having kept it on his shoulders.

Ali approached his master, took his hand, and kissed it.

Would it be impertinent, Signor Sinbad, said Franz, to ask you the particulars of this kindness?

20081m

Oh, they are simple enough, replied the host. It seems the fellow had been caught wandering nearer to the harem of the Bey of Tunis than etiquette permits to one of his color, and he was condemned by the Bey to have his tongue cut out, and his hand and head cut off; the tongue the first day, the hand the second, and the head the third. I always had a desire to have a mute in my service, so learning the day his tongue was cut out, I went to the Bey, and proposed to give him for Ali a splendid double-barreled gun, which I knew he was very desirous of having. He hesitated a moment, he was so very desirous to complete the poor devils punishment. But when I added to the gun an English cutlass with which I had shivered his highnesss yataghan to pieces, the Bey yielded, and agreed to forgive the hand and head, but on condition that the poor fellow never again set foot in Tunis. This was a useless clause in the bargain, for whenever the coward sees the first glimpse of the shores of Africa, he runs down below, and can only be induced to appear again when we are out of sight of that quarter of the globe. Franz remained a moment silent and pensive, hardly knowing what to think of the half-kindness, half-cruelty, with which his host related the brief narrative.

And like the celebrated sailor whose name you have assumed, he said, by way of changing the conversation, you pass your life in travelling?

Yes. I made a vow at a time when I little thought I should ever be able to accomplish it, said the unknown with a singular smile; and I made some others also which I hope I may fulfil in due season.

Although Sinbad pronounced these words with much calmness, his eyes gave forth gleams of extraordinary ferocity.

You have suffered a great deal, sir? said Franz inquiringly.

Sinbad started and looked fixedly at him, as he replied, What makes you suppose so?

Everything, answered Franz,"your voice, your look, your pallid complexion, and even the life you lead.

I?"I live the happiest life possible, the real life of a pasha. I am king of all creation. I am pleased with one place, and stay there; I get tired of it, and leave it; I am free as a bird and have wings like one; my attendants obey my slightest wish. Sometimes I amuse myself by delivering some bandit or criminal from the bonds of the law. Then I have my mode of dispensing justice, silent and sure, without respite or appeal, which condemns or pardons, and which no one sees. Ah, if you had tasted my life, you would not desire any other, and would never return to the world unless you had some great project to accomplish there.

Revenge, for instance! observed Franz.

The unknown fixed on the young man one of those looks which penetrate into the depth of the heart and thoughts. And why revenge? he asked. Because, replied Franz, you seem to me like a man who, persecuted by society, has a fearful account to settle with it.

Ah! responded Sinbad, laughing with his singular laugh, which displayed his white and sharp teeth. You have not guessed rightly. Such as you see me I am, a sort of philosopher, and one day perhaps I shall go to Paris to rival Monsieur Appert, and the man in the little blue cloak.

And will that be the first time you ever took that journey?

Yes; it will. I must seem to you by no means curious, but I assure you that it is not my fault I have delayed it so long "it will happen one day or the other.

20083m

And do you propose to make this journey very shortly?

I do not know; it depends on circumstances which depend on certain arrangements.

I should like to be there at the time you come, and I will endeavor to repay you, as far as lies in my power, for your liberal hospitality displayed to me at Monte Cristo.

I should avail myself of your offer with pleasure, replied the host, but, unfortunately, if I go there, it will be, in all probability, \_incognito\_.

The supper appeared to have been supplied solely for Franz, for the unknown scarcely touched one or two dishes of the splendid banquet to which his guest did ample justice. Then Ali brought on the dessert, or rather took the baskets from the hands of the statues and placed them on the table. Between the two baskets he placed a small silver cup with a silver cover. The care with which Ali placed this cup on the table roused Franz's curiosity. He raised the cover and saw a kind of greenish paste, something like preserved angelica, but which was perfectly unknown to him. He replaced the lid, as ignorant of what the cup contained as he was before he had looked at it, and then casting his eyes towards his host he saw him smile at his disappointment. You cannot guess, said he, what there is in that small vase, can you?

No, I really cannot.

Well, then, that green preserve is nothing less than the ambrosia which Hebe served at the table of Jupiter.

But, replied Franz, this ambrosia, no doubt, in passing through mortal hands has lost its heavenly appellation and assumed a human name; in vulgar phrase, what may you term this composition, for which, to tell the truth, I do not feel any particular desire?

Ah, thus it is that our material origin is revealed, cried Sinbad; we frequently pass so near to happiness without seeing, without regarding it, or if we do see and regard it, yet without recognizing it. Are you a man for the substantials, and is gold your god? taste this, and the mines of Peru, Guzerat, and Golconda are opened to you. Are you a man of imagination? a poet? taste this, and the boundaries of possibility disappear; the fields of infinite space open to you, you advance free in heart, free in mind, into the boundless realms of unfettered reverie. Are you ambitious, and do you seek after the greatnesses of the earth? taste this, and in an hour you will be a king, not a king of a petty kingdom hidden in some corner of Europe like France, Spain, or England, but king of the world, king of the universe, king of creation; without bowing at the feet of Satan, you will be king and master of all the kingdoms of the earth. Is it not tempting what I offer you, and is it not an easy thing, since it is only to do thus? look!

At these words he uncovered the small cup which contained the substance so lauded, took a teaspoonful of the magic sweetmeat, raised it to his lips, and swallowed it slowly with his eyes half shut and his head bent backwards. Franz did not disturb him whilst he absorbed his favorite

sweetmeat, but when he had finished, he inquired:

What, then, is this precious stuff?

Did you ever hear, he replied, of the Old Man of the Mountain, who attempted to assassinate Philippe Auguste?

Of course I have.

Well, you know he reigned over a rich valley which was overhung by the mountain whence he derived his picturesque name. In this valley were magnificent gardens planted by Hassen-ben-Sabah, and in these gardens isolated pavilions. Into these pavilions he admitted the elect, and there, says Marco Polo, gave them to eat a certain herb, which transported them to Paradise, in the midst of ever-blooming shrubs, ever-ripe fruit, and ever-lovely virgins. What these happy persons took for reality was but a dream; but it was a dream so soft, so voluptuous, so enthralling, that they sold themselves body and soul to him who gave it to them, and obedient to his orders as to those of a deity, struck down the designated victim, died in torture without a murmur, believing that the death they underwent was but a quick transition to that life of delights of which the holy herb, now before you, had given them a slight foretaste.

Then, cried Franz, it is hashish! I know that"by name at least.

That is it precisely, Signor Aladdin; it is hashish"the purest and most unadulterated hashish of Alexandria,"the hashish of Abou-Gor, the celebrated maker, the only man, the man to whom there should be built a palace, inscribed with these words, \_A grateful world to the dealer in happiness\_.

Do you know, said Franz, I have a very great inclination to judge for myself of the truth or exaggeration of your eulogies.

Judge for yourself, Signor Aladdin"judge, but do not confine yourself to one trial. Like everything else, we must habituate the senses to a fresh impression, gentle or violent, sad or joyous. There is a struggle in nature against this divine substance,"in nature which is not made for joy and clings to pain. Nature subdued must yield in the combat, the dream must succeed to reality, and then the dream reigns supreme, then the dream becomes life, and life becomes the dream. But what changes occur! It is only by comparing the pains of actual being with the joys of the assumed existence, that you would desire to live no longer, but to dream thus forever. When you return to this mundane sphere from your visionary world, you would seem to leave a Neapolitan spring for a Lapland winter"to quit paradise for earth"heaven for hell! Taste the hashish, guest of mine"taste the hashish.

Franz's only reply was to take a teaspoonful of the marvellous preparation, about as much in quantity as his host had eaten, and lift it to his mouth.

\_Diable!\_ he said, after having swallowed the divine preserve. I do not know if the result will be as agreeable as you describe, but the thing does not appear to me as palatable as you say.

Because your palate has not yet been attuned to the sublimity of the substances it flavors. Tell me, the first time you tasted oysters, tea, porter, truffles, and sundry other dainties which you now adore, did you like them? Could you comprehend how the Romans stuffed their pheasants with assafœtida, and the Chinese eat swallows' nests? Eh? no! Well, it is the same with hashish; only eat for a week, and nothing in the world will seem to you to equal the delicacy of its flavor, which now appears to you flat and distasteful. Let us now go into the adjoining chamber, which is your apartment, and Ali will bring us coffee and pipes.

They both arose, and while he who called himself Sinbad"and whom we have occasionally named so, that we might, like his guest, have some title by which to distinguish him"gave some orders to the servant, Franz entered still another apartment.

It was simply yet richly furnished. It was round, and a large divan completely encircled it. Divan, walls, ceiling, floor, were all covered with magnificent skins as soft and downy as the richest carpets; there

were heavy-maned lion-skins from Atlas, striped tiger-skins from Bengal; panther-skins from the Cape, spotted beautifully, like those that appeared to Dante; bear-skins from Siberia, fox-skins from Norway, and so on; and all these skins were strewn in profusion one on the other, so that it seemed like walking over the most mossy turf, or reclining on the most luxurious bed.

Both laid themselves down on the divan; chibouques with jasmine tubes and amber mouthpieces were within reach, and all prepared so that there was no need to smoke the same pipe twice. Each of them took one, which Ali lighted and then retired to prepare the coffee.

There was a moments silence, during which Sinbad gave himself up to thoughts that seemed to occupy him incessantly, even in the midst of his conversation; and Franz abandoned himself to that mute reverie, into which we always sink when smoking excellent tobacco, which seems to remove with its fume all the troubles of the mind, and to give the smoker in exchange all the visions of the soul. Ali brought in the coffee.

How do you take it? inquired the unknown; in the French or Turkish style, strong or weak, sugar or none, cool or boiling? As you please; it is ready in all ways.

I will take it in the Turkish style, replied Franz.

And you are right, said his host; it shows you have a tendency for an Oriental life. Ah, those Orientals; they are the only men who know how to live. As for me, he added, with one of those singular smiles which did not escape the young man, when I have completed my affairs in Paris, I shall go and die in the East; and should you wish to see me again, you must seek me at Cairo, Bagdad, or Ispahan.

20087m

\_Ma foi\_, said Franz, it would be the easiest thing in the world; for I feel eagles wings springing out at my shoulders, and with those wings I could make a tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours.

Ah, yes, the hashish is beginning its work. Well, unfurl your wings, and fly into superhuman regions; fear nothing, there is a watch over you; and if your wings, like those of Icarus, melt before the sun, we are here to ease your fall.

He then said something in Arabic to Ali, who made a sign of obedience and withdrew, but not to any distance.

As to Franz a strange transformation had taken place in him. All the bodily fatigue of the day, all the preoccupation of mind which the events of the evening had brought on, disappeared as they do at the first approach of sleep, when we are still sufficiently conscious to be aware of the coming of slumber. His body seemed to acquire an airy lightness, his perception brightened in a remarkable manner, his senses seemed to redouble their power, the horizon continued to expand; but it was not the gloomy horizon of vague alarms, and which he had seen before he slept, but a blue, transparent, unbounded horizon, with all the blue of the ocean, all the spangles of the sun, all the perfumes of the summer breeze; then, in the midst of the songs of his sailors, "songs so clear and sonorous, that they would have made a divine harmony had their notes been taken down," he saw the Island of Monte Cristo, no longer as a threatening rock in the midst of the waves, but as an oasis in the desert; then, as his boat drew nearer, the songs became louder, for an enchanting and mysterious harmony rose to heaven, as if some Loreley had decreed to attract a soul thither, or Amphion, the enchanter, intended there to build a city.

At length the boat touched the shore, but without effort, without shock, as lips touch lips; and he entered the grotto amidst continued strains of most delicious melody. He descended, or rather seemed to descend, several steps, inhaling the fresh and balmy air, like that which may be supposed to reign around the grotto of Circe, formed from such perfumes as set the mind a-dreaming, and such fires as burn the very senses; and he saw again all he had seen before his sleep, from Sinbad, his singular host, to Ali, the mute attendant; then all seemed

to fade away and become confused before his eyes, like the last shadows of the magic lantern before it is extinguished, and he was again in the chamber of statues, lighted only by one of those pale and antique lamps which watch in the dead of the night over the sleep of pleasure.

They were the same statues, rich in form, in attraction, and poesy, with eyes of fascination, smiles of love, and bright and flowing hair. They were Phryne, Cleopatra, Messalina, those three celebrated courtesans. Then among them glided like a pure ray, like a Christian angel in the midst of Olympus, one of those chaste figures, those calm shadows, those soft visions, which seemed to veil its virgin brow before these marble wantons.

Then the three statues advanced towards him with looks of love, and approached the couch on which he was reposing, their feet hidden in their long white tunics, their throats bare, hair flowing like waves, and assuming attitudes which the gods could not resist, but which saints withstood, and looks inflexible and ardent like those with which the serpent charms the bird; and then he gave way before looks that held him in a torturing grasp and delighted his senses as with a voluptuous kiss.

It seemed to Franz that he closed his eyes, and in a last look about him saw the vision of modesty completely veiled; and then followed a dream of passion like that promised by the Prophet to the elect. Lips of stone turned to flame, breasts of ice became like heated lava, so that to Franz, yielding for the first time to the sway of the drug, love was a sorrow and voluptuousness a torture, as burning mouths were pressed to his thirsty lips, and he was held in cool serpent-like embraces. The more he strove against this unhallowed passion the more his senses yielded to its thrall, and at length, weary of a struggle that taxed his very soul, he gave way and sank back breathless and exhausted beneath the kisses of these marble goddesses, and the enchantment of his marvellous dream.

#### Chapter 32. The Waking

When Franz returned to himself, he seemed still to be in a dream. He thought himself in a sepulchre, into which a ray of sunlight in pity scarcely penetrated. He stretched forth his hand, and touched stone; he rose to his seat, and found himself lying on his bournous in a bed of dry heather, very soft and odoriferous. The vision had fled; and as if the statues had been but shadows from the tomb, they had vanished at his waking.

He advanced several paces towards the point whence the light came, and to all the excitement of his dream succeeded the calmness of reality. He found that he was in a grotto, went towards the opening, and through a kind of fanlight saw a blue sea and an azure sky. The air and water were shining in the beams of the morning sun; on the shore the sailors were sitting, chatting and laughing; and at ten yards from them the boat was at anchor, undulating gracefully on the water.

There for some time he enjoyed the fresh breeze which played on his brow, and listened to the dash of the waves on the beach, that left against the rocks a lace of foam as white as silver. He was for some time without reflection or thought for the divine charm which is in the things of nature, specially after a fantastic dream; then gradually this view of the outer world, so calm, so pure, so grand, reminded him of the illusiveness of his vision, and once more awakened memory. He recalled his arrival on the island, his presentation to a smuggler chief, a subterranean palace full of splendor, an excellent supper, and a spoonful of hashish.

It seemed, however, even in the very face of open day, that at least a year had elapsed since all these things had passed, so deep was the impression made in his mind by the dream, and so strong a hold had it taken of his imagination. Thus every now and then he saw in fancy amid the sailors, seated on a rock, or undulating in the vessel, one of the shadows which had shared his dream with looks and kisses. Otherwise, his head was perfectly clear, and his body refreshed; he was free from

the slightest headache; on the contrary, he felt a certain degree of lightness, a faculty for absorbing the pure air, and enjoying the bright sunshine more vividly than ever.

He went gayly up to the sailors, who rose as soon as they perceived him; and the patron, accosting him, said:

The Signor Sinbad has left his compliments for your excellency, and desires us to express the regret he feels at not being able to take his leave in person; but he trusts you will excuse him, as very important business calls him to Malaga.

So, then, Gaetano, said Franz, this is, then, all reality; there exists a man who has received me in this island, entertained me right royally, and has departed while I was asleep?

He exists as certainly as that you may see his small yacht with all her sails spread; and if you will use your glass, you will, in all probability, recognize your host in the midst of his crew.

So saying, Gaetano pointed in a direction in which a small vessel was making sail towards the southern point of Corsica. Franz adjusted his telescope, and directed it towards the yacht. Gaetano was not mistaken.

At the stern the mysterious stranger was standing up looking towards the shore, and holding a spy-glass in his hand. He was attired as he had been on the previous evening, and waved his pocket-handkerchief to his guest in token of adieu. Franz returned the salute by shaking his handkerchief as an exchange of signals. After a second, a slight cloud of smoke was seen at the stern of the vessel, which rose gracefully as it expanded in the air, and then Franz heard a slight report.

There, do you hear? observed Gaetano; he is bidding you adieu.

The young man took his carbine and fired it in the air, but without any idea that the noise could be heard at the distance which separated the yacht from the shore.

What are your excellencys orders? inquired Gaetano.

In the first place, light me a torch.

Ah, yes, I understand, replied the patron, to find the entrance to the enchanted apartment. With much pleasure, your excellency, if it would amuse you; and I will get you the torch you ask for. But I too have had the idea you have, and two or three times the same fancy has come over me; but I have always given it up. Giovanni, light a torch, he added, and give it to his excellency.

Giovanni obeyed. Franz took the lamp, and entered the subterranean grotto, followed by Gaetano. He recognized the place where he had awaked by the bed of heather that was there; but it was in vain that he carried his torch all round the exterior surface of the grotto. He saw nothing, unless that, by traces of smoke, others had before him attempted the same thing, and, like him, in vain. Yet he did not leave a foot of this granite wall, as impenetrable as futurity, without strict scrutiny; he did not see a fissure without introducing the blade of his hunting sword into it, or a projecting point on which he did not lean and press in the hopes it would give way. All was vain; and he lost two hours in his attempts, which were at last utterly useless. At the end of this time he gave up his search, and Gaetano smiled.

When Franz appeared again on the shore, the yacht only seemed like a small white speck on the horizon. He looked again through his glass, but even then he could not distinguish anything.

Gaetano reminded him that he had come for the purpose of shooting goats, which he had utterly forgotten. He took his fowling-piece, and began to hunt over the island with the air of a man who is fulfilling a duty, rather than enjoying a pleasure; and at the end of a quarter of an hour he had killed a goat and two kids. These animals, though wild and agile as chamois, were too much like domestic goats, and Franz could not consider them as game. Moreover, other ideas, much more enthralling, occupied his mind. Since, the evening before, he had really been the hero of one of the tales of the \_Thousand and One Nights\_, and he was irresistibly attracted towards the grotto.

Then, in spite of the failure of his first search, he began a second,

after having told Gaetano to roast one of the two kids. The second visit was a long one, and when he returned the kid was roasted and the repast ready. Franz was sitting on the spot where he was on the previous evening when his mysterious host had invited him to supper; and he saw the little yacht, now like a sea-gull on the wave, continuing her flight towards Corsica.

Why, he remarked to Gaetano, you told me that Signor Sinbad was going to Malaga, while it seems he is in the direction of Porto-Vecchio.

Dont you remember, said the patron, I told you that among the crew there were two Corsican brigands?

True; and he is going to land them, added Franz.

Precisely so, replied Gaetano. Ah, he is one who fears neither God nor Satan, they say, and would at any time run fifty leagues out of his course to do a poor devil a service.

20093m

But such services as these might involve him with the authorities of the country in which he practices this kind of philanthropy, said Franz.

And what cares he for that, replied Gaetano with a laugh, or any authorities? He smiles at them. Let them try to pursue him! Why, in the first place, his yacht is not a ship, but a bird, and he would beat any frigate three knots in every nine; and if he were to throw himself on the coast, why, is he not certain of finding friends everywhere?

It was perfectly clear that the Signor Sinbad, Franz's host, had the honor of being on excellent terms with the smugglers and bandits along the whole coast of the Mediterranean, and so enjoyed exceptional privileges. As to Franz, he had no longer any inducement to remain at Monte Cristo. He had lost all hope of detecting the secret of the grotto; he consequently despatched his breakfast, and, his boat being ready, he hastened on board, and they were soon under way. At the moment the boat began her course they lost sight of the yacht, as it disappeared in the gulf of Porto-Vecchio. With it was effaced the last trace of the preceding night; and then supper, Sinbad, hashish, statues,"all became a dream for Franz.

The boat sailed on all day and all night, and next morning, when the sun rose, they had lost sight of Monte Cristo.

When Franz had once again set foot on shore, he forgot, for the moment at least, the events which had just passed, while he finished his affairs of pleasure at Florence, and then thought of nothing but how he should rejoin his companion, who was awaiting him at Rome.

He set out, and on the Saturday evening reached the Place de la Douane by the mail-coach. An apartment, as we have said, had been retained beforehand, and thus he had but to go to Signor Pastrini's hotel. But this was not so easy a matter, for the streets were thronged with people, and Rome was already a prey to that low and feverish murmur which precedes all great events; and at Rome there are four great events in every year,"the Carnival, Holy Week, Corpus Christi, and the Feast of St. Peter.

All the rest of the year the city is in that state of dull apathy, between life and death, which renders it similar to a kind of station between this world and the next"a sublime spot, a resting-place full of poetry and character, and at which Franz had already halted five or six times, and at each time found it more marvellous and striking.

At last he made his way through the mob, which was continually increasing and getting more and more turbulent, and reached the hotel.

On his first inquiry he was told, with the impertinence peculiar to hired hackney-coachmen and innkeepers with their houses full, that there was no room for him at the H tel de Londres. Then he sent his card to Signor Pastrini, and asked for Albert de Morcerf. This plan succeeded; and Signor Pastrini himself ran to him, excusing himself for having made his excellency wait, scolding the waiters, taking the candlestick from the porter, who was ready to pounce on the traveller

and was about to lead him to Albert, when Morcerf himself appeared. The apartment consisted of two small rooms and a parlor. The two rooms looked on to the street—a fact which Signor Pastrini commented upon as an inappreciable advantage. The rest of the floor was hired by a very rich gentleman who was supposed to be a Sicilian or Maltese; but the host was unable to decide to which of the two nations the traveller belonged.

Very good, signor Pastrini, said Franz; but we must have some supper instantly, and a carriage for tomorrow and the following days.

As to supper, replied the landlord, you shall be served immediately; but as for the carriage—

What as to the carriage? exclaimed Albert. Come, come, Signor Pastrini, no joking; we must have a carriage.

Sir, replied the host, we will do all in our power to procure you one—this is all I can say.

And when shall we know? inquired Franz.

Tomorrow morning, answered the innkeeper.

Oh, the deuce! then we shall pay the more, that's all, I see plainly enough. At Drakes or Aarons one pays twenty-five lire for common days, and thirty or thirty-five lire a day more for Sundays and feast days; add five lire a day more for extras, that will make forty, and there's an end of it.

I am afraid if we offer them double that we shall not procure a carriage.

Then they must put horses to mine. It is a little worse for the journey, but that's no matter.

There are no horses.

Albert looked at Franz like a man who hears a reply he does not understand.

Do you understand that, my dear Franz? no horses? he said, but can't we have post-horses?

They have been all hired this fortnight, and there are none left but those absolutely requisite for posting.

What are we to say to this? asked Franz.

I say, that when a thing completely surpasses my comprehension, I am accustomed not to dwell on that thing, but to pass to another. Is supper ready, Signor Pastrini?

Yes, your excellency.

Well, then, let us sup.

But the carriage and horses? said Franz.

Be easy, my dear boy; they will come in due season; it is only a question of how much shall be charged for them. Morcerf then, with that delighted philosophy which believes that nothing is impossible to a full purse or well-lined pocketbook, supped, went to bed, slept soundly, and dreamed he was racing all over Rome at Carnival time in a coach with six horses.

### Chapter 33. Roman Bandits

The next morning Franz woke first, and instantly rang the bell. The sound had not yet died away when Signor Pastrini himself entered.

Well, excellency, said the landlord triumphantly, and without waiting for Franz to question him, I feared yesterday, when I would not promise you anything, that you were too late—there is not a single carriage to be had—that is, for the three last days.

Yes, returned Franz, for the very three days it is most needed.

What is the matter? said Albert, entering; no carriage to be had?

Just so, returned Franz, you have guessed it.

Well, your Eternal City is a nice sort of place.

That is to say, excellency, replied Pastrini, who was desirous of keeping up the dignity of the capital of the Christian world in the eyes of his guest, that there are no carriages to be had from Sunday to Tuesday evening, but from now till Sunday you can have fifty if you please.

Ah, that is something, said Albert; today is Thursday, and who knows



what may arrive between this and Sunday?

Ten or twelve thousand travellers will arrive, replied Franz, which will make it still more difficult.

My friend, said Morcerf, let us enjoy the present without gloomy forebodings for the future.

At least we can have a window?

Where?

In the Corso.

Ah, a window! exclaimed Signor Pastrini, "utterly impossible; there was only one left on the fifth floor of the Doria Palace, and that has been let to a Russian prince for twenty sequins a day.

The two young men looked at each other with an air of stupefaction.

Well, said Franz to Albert, do you know what is the best thing we can do? It is to pass the Carnival at Venice; there we are sure of obtaining gondolas if we cannot have carriages.

Ah, the devil, no, cried Albert; I came to Rome to see the Carnival, and I will, though I see it on stilts.

Bravo! an excellent idea. We will disguise ourselves as monster pulchinellos or shepherds of the Landes, and we shall have complete success.

Do your excellencies still wish for a carriage from now to Sunday morning?

\_Parbleu!\_ said Albert, do you think we are going to run about on foot in the streets of Rome, like lawyers clerks?

I hasten to comply with your excellencies wishes; only, I tell you beforehand, the carriage will cost you six piastres a day.

And, as I am not a millionaire, like the gentleman in the next apartments, said Franz, I warn you, that as I have been four times before at Rome, I know the prices of all the carriages; we will give you twelve piastres for today, tomorrow, and the day after, and then you will make a good profit.

But, excellency" said Pastrini, still striving to gain his point.

Now go, returned Franz, or I shall go myself and bargain with your \_affettatore\_, who is mine also; he is an old friend of mine, who has plundered me pretty well already, and, in the hope of making more out of me, he will take a less price than the one I offer you; you will lose the preference, and that will be your fault.

Do not give yourselves the trouble, excellency, returned Signor Pastrini, with the smile peculiar to the Italian speculator when he confesses defeat; I will do all I can, and I hope you will be satisfied.

And now we understand each other.

When do you wish the carriage to be here?

In an hour.

In an hour it will be at the door.

An hour after the vehicle was at the door; it was a hack conveyance which was elevated to the rank of a private carriage in honor of the occasion, but, in spite of its humble exterior, the young men would have thought themselves happy to have secured it for the last three days of the Carnival.

Excellency, cried the \_cicerone\_, seeing Franz approach the window, shall I bring the carriage nearer to the palace?

Accustomed as Franz was to the Italian phraseology, his first impulse was to look round him, but these words were addressed to him. Franz was the excellency, the vehicle was the carriage, and the H<sup>Â</sup>tel de Londres was the palace. The genius for laudation characteristic of the race was in that phrase.

Franz and Albert descended, the carriage approached the palace; their excellencies stretched their legs along the seats; the \_cicerone\_ sprang into the seat behind.

Where do your excellencies wish to go? asked he.

To Saint Peters first, and then to the Colosseum, returned Albert.

But Albert did not know that it takes a day to see Saint Peters, and a

month to study it. The day was passed at Saint Peters alone. Suddenly the daylight began to fade away; Franz took out his watch"it was half-past four. They returned to the hotel; at the door Franz ordered the coachman to be ready at eight. He wished to show Albert the Colosseum by moonlight, as he had shown him Saint Peters by daylight. When we show a friend a city one has already visited, we feel the same pride as when we point out a woman whose lover we have been. He was to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, skirt the outer wall, and re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni; thus they would behold the Colosseum without finding their impressions dulled by first looking on the Capitol, the Forum, the Arch of Septimus Severus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and the Via Sacra. They sat down to dinner. Signor Pastrini had promised them a banquet; he gave them a tolerable repast. At the end of the dinner he entered in person. Franz thought that he came to hear his dinner praised, and began accordingly, but at the first words he was interrupted. Excellency, said Pastrini, I am delighted to have your approbation, but it was not for that I came. Did you come to tell us you have procured a carriage? asked Albert, lighting his cigar. No; and your excellencies will do well not to think of that any longer; at Rome things can or cannot be done; when you are told anything cannot be done, there is an end of it. It is much more convenient at Paris,"when anything cannot be done, you pay double, and it is done directly. That is what all the French say, returned Signor Pastrini, somewhat piqued; for that reason, I do not understand why they travel. But, said Albert, emitting a volume of smoke and balancing his chair on its hind legs, only madmen, or blockheads like us, ever do travel. Men in their senses do not quit their hotel in the Rue du Helder, their walk on the Boulevard de Gand, and the Caf   de Paris. It is of course understood that Albert resided in the aforesaid street, appeared every day on the fashionable walk, and dined frequently at the only restaurant where you can really dine, that is, if you are on good terms with its waiters. Signor Pastrini remained silent a short time; it was evident that he was musing over this answer, which did not seem very clear. But, said Franz, in his turn interrupting his hosts meditations, you had some motive for coming here, may I beg to know what it was?

20099m

Ah, yes; you have ordered your carriage at eight oclock precisely? I have. You intend visiting \_Il Colosseo\_. You mean the Colosseum? It is the same thing. You have told your coachman to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, to drive round the walls, and re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni? These are my words exactly. Well, this route is impossible. Impossible! Very dangerous, to say the least. Dangerous!"and why? On account of the famous Luigi Vampa. Pray, who may this famous Luigi Vampa be? inquired Albert; he may be very famous at Rome, but I can assure you he is quite unknown at Paris. What! do you not know him? I have not that honor. You have never heard his name? Never. Well, then, he is a bandit, compared to whom the Decesaris and the Gasparones were mere children. Now then, Albert, cried Franz, here is a bandit for you at last.

I forewarn you, Signor Pastrini, that I shall not believe one word of what you are going to tell us; having told you this, begin. ~Once upon a time"" Well, go on.

Signor Pastrini turned toward Franz, who seemed to him the more reasonable of the two; we must do him justice,"he had had a great many Frenchmen in his house, but had never been able to comprehend them. Excellency, said he gravely, addressing Franz, if you look upon me as a liar, it is useless for me to say anything; it was for your interest I""

Albert does not say you are a liar, Signor Pastrini, said Franz, but that he will not believe what you are going to tell us,"but I will believe all you say; so proceed.

But if your excellency doubt my veracity""

Signor Pastrini, returned Franz, you are more susceptible than Cassandra, who was a prophetess, and yet no one believed her; while you, at least, are sure of the credence of half your audience. Come, sit down, and tell us all about this Signor Vampa.

I had told your excellency he is the most famous bandit we have had since the days of Mastrilla.

Well, what has this bandit to do with the order I have given the coachman to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, and to re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni?

20101m

This, replied Signor Pastrini, that you will go out by one, but I very much doubt your returning by the other.

Why? asked Franz.

Because, after nightfall, you are not safe fifty yards from the gates.

On your honor, is that true? cried Albert.

Count, returned Signor Pastrini, hurt at Alberts repeated doubts of the truth of his assertions, I do not say this to you, but to your companion, who knows Rome, and knows, too, that these things are not to be laughed at.

My dear fellow, said Albert, turning to Franz, here is an admirable adventure; we will fill our carriage with pistols, blunderbusses, and double-barrelled guns. Luigi Vampa comes to take us, and we take him"we bring him back to Rome, and present him to his holiness the Pope, who asks how he can repay so great a service; then we merely ask for a carriage and a pair of horses, and we see the Carnival in the carriage, and doubtless the Roman people will crown us at the Capitol, and proclaim us, like Curtius and Horatius Cocles, the preservers of their country.

Whilst Albert proposed this scheme, Signor Pastrinis face assumed an expression impossible to describe.

And pray, asked Franz, where are these pistols, blunderbusses, and other deadly weapons with which you intend filling the carriage?

Not out of my armory, for at Terracina I was plundered even of my hunting-knife. And you?

I shared the same fate at Aquapendente.

Do you know, Signor Pastrini, said Albert, lighting a second cigar at the first, that this practice is very convenient for bandits, and that it seems to be due to an arrangement of their own.

Doubtless Signor Pastrini found this pleasantry compromising, for he only answered half the question, and then he spoke to Franz, as the only one likely to listen with attention. Your excellency knows that it is not customary to defend yourself when attacked by bandits.

What! cried Albert, whose courage revolted at the idea of being plundered tamely, not make any resistance!

No, for it would be useless. What could you do against a dozen bandits who spring out of some pit, ruin, or aqueduct, and level their pieces at you?

Eh, \_parbleu!\_"they should kill me.

The innkeeper turned to Franz with an air that seemed to say, Your

friend is decidedly mad.

My dear Albert, returned Franz, your answer is sublime, and worthy the ~\_Let him die\_, of Corneille, only, when Horace made that answer, the safety of Rome was concerned; but, as for us, it is only to gratify a whim, and it would be ridiculous to risk our lives for so foolish a motive.

Albert poured himself out a glass of \_lacryma Christi\_, which he sipped at intervals, muttering some unintelligible words.

Well, Signor Pastrini, said Franz, now that my companion is quieted, and you have seen how peaceful my intentions are, tell me who is this Luigi Vampa. Is he a shepherd or a nobleman?"young or old?"tall or short? Describe him, in order that, if we meet him by chance, like Jean Sbogar or Lara, we may recognize him.

You could not apply to anyone better able to inform you on all these points, for I knew him when he was a child, and one day that I fell into his hands, going from Ferentino to Alatri, he, fortunately for me, recollected me, and set me free, not only without ransom, but made me a present of a very splendid watch, and related his history to me.

Let us see the watch, said Albert.

Signor Pastrini drew from his fob a magnificent BrÃ©guet, bearing the name of its maker, of Parisian manufacture, and a counts coronet.

Here it is, said he.

\_Peste!\_ returned Albert, I compliment you on it; I have its fellow"he took his watch from his waistcoat pocket"and it cost me 3,000 francs.

Let us hear the history, said Franz, motioning Signor Pastrini to seat himself.

Your excellencies permit it? asked the host.

\_Pardieu!\_ cried Albert, you are not a preacher, to remain standing!

The host sat down, after having made each of them a respectful bow, which meant that he was ready to tell them all they wished to know concerning Luigi Vampa.

You tell me, said Franz, at the moment Signor Pastrini was about to open his mouth, that you knew Luigi Vampa when he was a child"he is still a young man, then?

A young man? he is only two-and-twenty;"he will gain himself a reputation.

What do you think of that, Albert?"at two-and-twenty to be thus famous?

Yes, and at his age, Alexander, CÃ©sar, and Napoleon, who have all made some noise in the world, were quite behind him.

So, continued Franz, the hero of this history is only two-and-twenty?

Scarcely so much.

Is he tall or short?

Of the middle height"about the same stature as his excellency, returned the host, pointing to Albert.

Thanks for the comparison, said Albert, with a bow.

Go on, Signor Pastrini, continued Franz, smiling at his friends susceptibility. To what class of society does he belong?

He was a shepherd-boy attached to the farm of the Count of San-Felice, situated between Palestrina and the Lake of Gabri; he was born at Pampinara, and entered the counts service when he was five years old; his father was also a shepherd, who owned a small flock, and lived by the wool and the milk, which he sold at Rome. When quite a child, the little Vampa displayed a most extraordinary precocity. One day, when he was seven years old, he came to the curate of Palestrina, and asked to be taught to read; it was somewhat difficult, for he could not quit his flock; but the good curate went every day to say mass at a little hamlet too poor to pay a priest and which, having no other name, was called Borgo; he told Luigi that he might meet him on his return, and that then he would give him a lesson, warning him that it would be

short, and that he must profit as much as possible by it. The child accepted joyfully. Every day Luigi led his flock to graze on the road that leads from Palestrina to Borgo; every day, at nine o'clock in the morning, the priest and the boy sat down on a bank by the wayside, and the little shepherd took his lesson out of the priests breviary. At the end of three months he had learned to read. This was not enough—he must now learn to write. The priest had a writing teacher at Rome make three alphabets—one large, one middling, and one small; and pointed out to him that by the help of a sharp instrument he could trace the letters on a slate, and thus learn to write. The same evening, when the flock was safe at the farm, the little Luigi hastened to the smith at Palestrina, took a large nail, heated and sharpened it, and formed a sort of stylus. The next morning he gathered an armful of pieces of slate and began. At the end of three months he had learned to write. The curate, astonished at his quickness and intelligence, made him a present of pens, paper, and a penknife. This demanded new effort, but nothing compared to the first; at the end of a week he wrote as well with this pen as with the stylus. The curate related the incident to the Count of San-Felice, who sent for the little shepherd, made him read and write before him, ordered his attendant to let him eat with the domestics, and to give him two piastres a month. With this, Luigi purchased books and pencils. He applied his imitative powers to everything, and, like Giotto, when young, he drew on his slate sheep, houses, and trees. Then, with his knife, he began to carve all sorts of objects in wood; it was thus that Pinelli, the famous sculptor, had commenced.

20105m

A girl of six or seven—that is, a little younger than Vampa—tended sheep on a farm near Palestrina; she was an orphan, born at Valmontone and was named Teresa. The two children met, sat down near each other, let their flocks mingle together, played, laughed, and conversed together; in the evening they separated the Count of San-Felices flock from those of Baron Cervetri, and the children returned to their respective farms, promising to meet the next morning. The next day they kept their word, and thus they grew up together. Vampa was twelve, and Teresa eleven. And yet their natural disposition revealed itself. Beside his taste for the fine arts, which Luigi had carried as far as he could in his solitude, he was given to alternating fits of sadness and enthusiasm, was often angry and capricious, and always sarcastic. None of the lads of Pampinara, Palestrina, or Valmontone had been able to gain any influence over him or even to become his companion. His disposition (always inclined to exact concessions rather than to make them) kept him aloof from all friendships. Teresa alone ruled by a look, a word, a gesture, this impetuous character, which yielded beneath the hand of a woman, and which beneath the hand of a man might have broken, but could never have been bended. Teresa was lively and gay, but coquettish to excess. The two piastres that Luigi received every month from the Count of San-Felices steward, and the price of all the little carvings in wood he sold at Rome, were expended in ear-rings, necklaces, and gold hairpins. So that, thanks to her friends generosity, Teresa was the most beautiful and the best-attired peasant near Rome.

The two children grew up together, passing all their time with each other, and giving themselves up to the wild ideas of their different characters. Thus, in all their dreams, their wishes, and their conversations, Vampa saw himself the captain of a vessel, general of an army, or governor of a province. Teresa saw herself rich, superbly attired, and attended by a train of liveried domestics. Then, when they had thus passed the day in building castles in the air, they separated their flocks, and descended from the elevation of their dreams to the reality of their humble position.

One day the young shepherd told the counts steward that he had seen a wolf come out of the Sabine mountains, and prowl around his flock. The

steward gave him a gun; this was what Vampa longed for. This gun had an excellent barrel, made at Brescia, and carrying a ball with the precision of an English rifle; but one day the count broke the stock, and had then cast the gun aside. This, however, was nothing to a sculptor like Vampa; he examined the broken stock, calculated what change it would require to adapt the gun to his shoulder, and made a fresh stock, so beautifully carved that it would have fetched fifteen or twenty piastres, had he chosen to sell it. But nothing could be farther from his thoughts.

For a long time a gun had been the young mans greatest ambition. In every country where independence has taken the place of liberty, the first desire of a manly heart is to possess a weapon, which at once renders him capable of defence or attack, and, by rendering its owner terrible, often makes him feared. From this moment Vampa devoted all his leisure time to perfecting himself in the use of his precious weapon; he purchased powder and ball, and everything served him for a mark"the trunk of some old and moss-grown olive-tree, that grew on the