

neighbourhood. I was informed in a mysterious whisper by a Cypriote "that this man was a notorious robber, whose occupation was gone since the arrival of the British;" he had formed one of a gang that had infested the mountains, and his brother had murdered a friend of Georgi (the van-driver), and was now in gaol at Rhodes for the capital offence. The Turk was very intelligent, and thoroughly conversant with the various methods of breech-loading firearms; he examined several rifles and guns belonging to me, and at once comprehended the mechanism, and explained it to the admiring crowd. When this individual left our camp in the evening, the story that I had heard in outline was corroborated by the driver Georgi, who asked me to exert my influence to procure the hanging of the murderer now at Rhodes, as the Turkish authorities would never execute a Turk for the murder of a Greek unless influenced by foreign pressure. It appeared that the Cypriote had informed against one of the gang for cattle-stealing, accordingly several members of the fraternity picked a quarrel with him at a drinking-shop one evening at Dali, and stabbed him fatally. My new acquaintance, the Turk, was not present during the fray, and I could not promise Georgi the intervention he desired.

On the following morning seven natives of Dali appeared—all Greeks—accompanied by the ex-robber, whom I regarded as "a wicked man who had turned away from his wickedness," with whose antecedents I had no concern. They had brought their guns, which were at once submitted to me for an opinion of their merits, with a vain expectation that I should pronounce them to be "English." I was to be guided to a spot about an hour's march distant, where partridges and