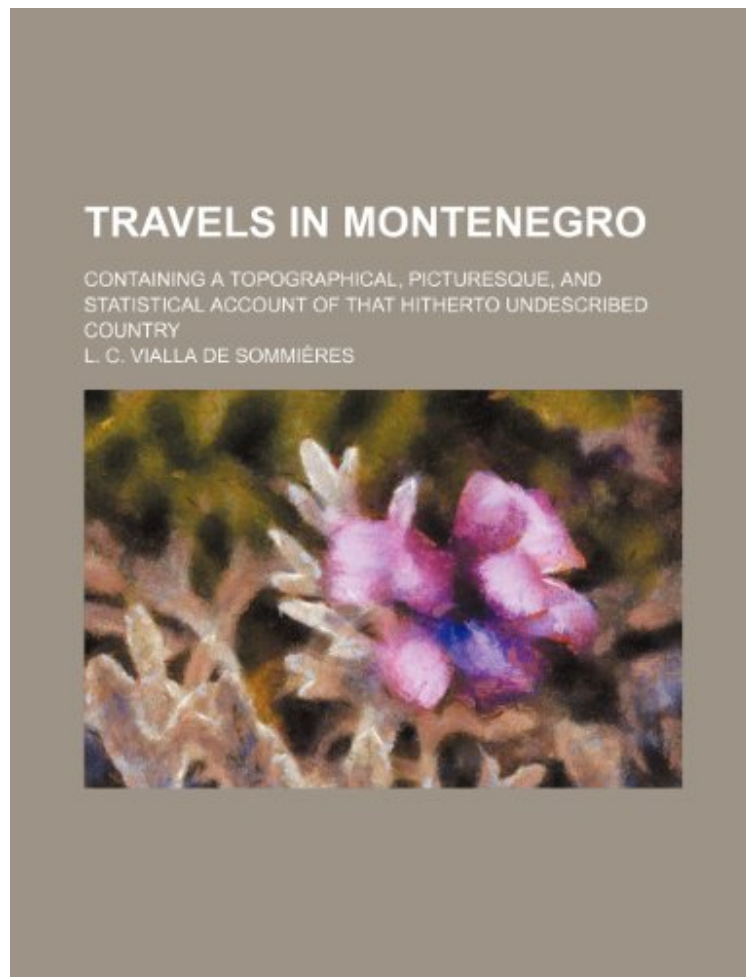


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## **Travels in Montenegro; containing a topographical, picturesque, and statistical account of that hitherto undescribed country**

*L. C. Vialla de Sommières*

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engagement, but it appeared that none of the escort knew who commanded our troops on that occasion. One of the speakers observed, that the commander was a colonel who served under me at the time; I told him he was mistaken. "It does not signify," replied he, "be the commander who he may, he would have been beaten if we had attacked him again. On hearing' this, I could not remain silent. "I know the commander, said I, "it was myself. Would to God that you had returned to the charge! My measures were taken; not one of you would have escaped." Upon this (he Montenegrine rose and advanced towards me. I rose also, and when we were face to face, "Audacious man," said he, "you are here in our power and you dare to brave us!"--"What," replied I, " because you may dishonour yourself by assassinating me, ought I to sacrifice my honour among people who so dearly prize their independence."--" Do you forget that you are alone?" retorted he.--" No; but which of you would commit a useless crime? I can but die; no matter whether a little sooner or a little later. But see, I am without arms." Upon this the Montenegrine, embracing me, exclaimed, "Brother, brother, your frankness pleases and honours us. Why will so many of your countrymen still believe that we are barbarians? May God preserve you!" The spectators joined in the approbation which this man bestowed on me, and from that time they treated me with more respect than ever. I slept soundly during the night, on some mantles spread on the ground, and in the morning the chiefs of the escort of the Upper Mountains took leave of me with many expressions of regret. We re'commenced our journey by a very difficult ...