

to me, now fast stepping into early womanhood, and a still greater fancy for the handkerchief I wore round my head, which he insisted upon having. No other head covering was given me in its place; and though I reminded the sheik of his promise of a turban, or a veil, he refused to supply my loss, or to force his son to restore what he had so unjustly taken away, which was the pretty India handkerchief given me by the faithful steward. In France, the loss of a bonnet, or cap, is a great inconvenience; but in Africa, a dreadful deprivation. I was obliged to assist the male slaves, that day; in harvesting the maize crop; and, suddenly, was struck to the earth with a *coup de soleil*, fainted, and was carried home in a burning fever. The ignorant and inhuman sheik, as soon as he saw me, instead of considering my illness as the result of working bareheaded in the sun, imputed it to my having swallowed the water with which he had obliterated my former letter, which, you may remember, he took for a charm to bring some calamity upon his house, which had now, as he thought, returned upon my own head, by his prudent management. He imparted his suspicions to Gulbeyaz and his household; and the consequences of this absurd conjecture was, that I was left to shift for myself, or perish with hunger.