LATORS

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ONTAGUE BRIDGE, ten
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P. NORTON, THOS. ANNEAR,
, Charlottetown, and to the
Machine, the celebrated
Mill View, the Honble. Jas.
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CLARKE.

T AND SAFEST
TOR.

Y'S PILLS.

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King's Evil	Weakness, from
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Gravel	

of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244
London, and by all respectable
dicine throughout the civilized
: 1s. 1½d., 2s 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s.,

saving by taking the larger

guidance of patients in ever
Pot. dec. 5—1y

amiliar Science
EVERYBODY
tended for the use of Families
a vast fund of useful information
000 questions on every conceiv-
n language so plain as to be un-
and Pupils preparing themselves
teaching, as well as for any com-
not have a more useful boook.
E. REILLY.
t, Dec.

SEED!
er Bushel.
by the Government of Prince
r, is now on Sale at the Royal
tore, and, to encourage the
d at the low price of 7s. 6d.
5, 1867.

HERMEN.
n hand at Cascumpec, 3,000
Barrels, manufactured the
old in lots to suit purchasers
RENS in Charlottetown, or a
npec.
GEORGE W. HOWLAN
1867. 3m

TO DEBTORS.
to the subscriber by Book Ac-
are requested to come and
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le with my partner, A. A. Mc-
d to give receipts for all am-
A. A. McSWEEN,
1867.

The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1867. NO 45

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
BY
EDWARD REILLY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance,	£0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance,	0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING
Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 21h. 56m., morning, N.W.
Full Moon, 15th day, 6h. 25m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 5h. 10m., evening, N.
New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 52m., morning, N.

MOON'S PLAT	DAY OF WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Thursday	4 47	7 25	morn.	8 18	14 38
2	Friday	48	24	0 6	8 55	35
3	Saturday	49	23	0 54	9 28	31
4	Sunday	50	22	1 39	10 0	32
5	Monday	51	21	2 25	10 30	30
6	Tuesday	52	19	3 9	11 3	27
7	Wednesday	53	17	3 55	11 39	20
8	Thursday	54	15	4 45	morn.	19
9	Friday	55	14	5 41	0 14	18
10	Saturday	56	13	6 33	0 56	16
11	Sunday	57	11	7 33	1 40	13
12	Monday	59	10	8 27	2 30	10
13	Tuesday	5 0	9	9 18	3 23	8
14	Wednesday	1	7	10 5	4 18	5
15	Thursday	2	5	10 51	rises	2
16	Friday	3	4	11 29	7 37	0
17	Saturday	4	2	even.	8 8	13 56
18	Sunday	5	0	0 47	8 38	53
19	Monday	6 6	58	1 28	9 10	50
20	Tuesday	7	57	2 9	9 44	48
21	Wednesday	8	56	2 52	10 22	46
22	Thursday	9	54	3 40	11 8	42
23	Friday	10	52	4 35	11 56	39
24	Saturday	12	50	5 37	morn	36
25	Sunday	13	49	6 47	0 50	34
26	Monday	4 14	47	7 58	1 53	30
27	Tuesday	15	45	9 6	3 0	27
28	Wednesday	17	43	10 5	4 10	24
29	Thursday	18	41	10 59	sets	20
30	Friday	19	39	11 45	7 25	16
31	Saturday	21	37	morn.	7 57	14

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, August 16, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	6d to 9d
Do by the quarter,	3d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 7d
Lamb per lb,	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Butter, (fresh)	11d to 1s
Do by the tub,	4d to 7d
Cheese, per lb.,	9d to 11d
Tallow, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Lard, per lb.,	3½d to 3½d
Flour, per lb.,	17s to 18s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	8d to 10d
Eggs, per dozen,	
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 5s
Oats per do.,	3s to 3s 3d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Poultry.	
Geese,	5s to 8s 6d
Turkeys, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Fowls, each,	2s 6d to 3s
Chickens per pair,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Ducks,	
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	50s to 60s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s
Homespun, per yard,	6d to 9d
Calfskins, per lb.,	4tl
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 6d
Wool,	9d to 1s
Sheepskins,	
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the differnt branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Claw Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. WINSLOW,
An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,
For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and wonderful virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and risk our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here assert. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.
Price only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 6. 1866. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Pulic Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz :—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Monday,	June 17	Monday	Sept 9
Wednesday,	" 19	Wednesday,	" 11
Monday,	July 1	Monday,	" 23
Wednesday,	" 3	Wednesday,	" 25
Monday,	" 15	Monday,	Oct 7
Wednesday,	" 17	Wednesday,	" 9
Monday,	" 29	Monday	" 21
Wednesday	" 31	Wednesda	" 23
Monday,	Aug 12	Monday,	Nov 4
Wednesday	" 14	Wednesday	" 6
Monday,	" 26	Monday,	" 18
Wednesday,	" 28	Wednesday,	" 20

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

T. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING. 1867.

KENT STREET
CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has for sale

Black Broadcloths and Doeskins,
Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,

Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit.

Also a superior lot of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

P. REILLY.

May 14th, 1867

PINE LUMBER, &c.

FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1½, 1¾, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned.
100,000 Square Sawed SHINGLES.
125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.
1 Large Ware Room FRAME.
—ALSO—
100 Tons Port *Hood* COAL, a good article for home use.

A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.

July 24, 1867

Poetry.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

[From "Songs with Preludes," by Jean Ingelow.

The racing river leaped and sang,
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with song of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming,
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown,
Beyond the customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unwitting:
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give us meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushet's coo, the waters falling.

But now it is a year ago,
But now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart to grow
And fill the hollow place forever.

Select Literature.

THE

TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN A TURKISH HAREM.

FIVE years have passed since the close of the last chapter—years of bustle and toil, of pleasure and of sorrow, in life's varied picture; but still the bright and luxuriant emporium of the East shines forth in all its Oriental splendour. Its bazaars still teem with prodigality in all matters of comfort, necessity and elegance. The caravans which move through the heart of Asia, still bring with them the rich silks and teas of China, the delicate muslins of Bengal, the gorgeous shawls of Cashmere, the costly gems of Golconda, and the pure gold and ivory of Africa; nor has modern nautical discovery and enterprise essentially affected this vast and endless tide of inland commerce.

And there rolls the far-famed Bosphorus still, with all the tragical interest of the past lingering about it, its blushing waters yet made the grave of suspected beauty, where remorseless jealousy has rudely buried so many charms. Here of old, crossed the countless hosts of Persia in their fierce invasion of Europe; and over this stream, too, passed the Vandal and the Goth, to devastate, like a blight upon the land, the fairest portion of earth, and to lay waste the records and monuments of genius!

Could anything be more beautiful than the Bosphorus? with an extent of half a dozen leagues from Constantinople to the Black Sea, separating Asia and Europe by but half a mile of blue waters, and its shores lined the whole distance with villages, palaces, mosques, and minarets—with little fairy-like houses, decked by endless ornaments, half hidden by the trees,—and the lofty, solemn cypresses that shade the beautiful cemeteries, held so sacred in the East,—with valleys stretching back from the shore into picturesque hills, and summits crowned with fairy-like kiosks, and a hundred other beauties that are so Oriental in their character. 'See Naples and die,' the Italians say; but a modern writer has substituted for Naples, Constantinople and the Bosphorus!

While all the rest of the busy world is steadily advancing in intelligence and general civilization, the Turk is ever the same; he changes not, but, associating his minutest actions with his religion, he looks upon every deviation from the example of his ancestors as a criminal departure from the spirit and principles of the Koran. Even experience fails to teach him improvement, and, being too vain to be taught by others, he is also too lazy to teach himself. Give him his pipe, coffee, and dish of kibaub, and you may have all the rest of the world, provided you do not cast too inquiring glances towards the door of his harem.

In his adherence to the dress of his nation, the Mussulman shows a prominent trait of his character. It is not the classical elegance and richness of the Cashmere that makes him love the turban, but it is the fact that his ancestors wore it before him; it is because they fought and bled beneath it—because they bowed with it upon their toil-worn brows towards Mecca. But the war-spirit of his ancestors has passed from him, and he takes to the tented field only on compulsion, and as the last resort, fighting as one whose soul is lingering behind him among the soft dreams of his harem and his home.

In drawing the character of our heroine, we must exhibit those influences which went far towards forming that character, and we are thus particular because we would show the reader that it was among such a race that Esmah lived. The soft romance and delicate thoughtfulness of her disposition received its impressions from the institutions and belongings that wait upon such a people as we have described. Though born of the fairest slave that the vales of Circassia had ever sent to Constantinople, still she was one of this race, her father's blood was in her veins, and she had breathed only the air of Turkey.

Save the instruction that she had so aptly received from the page—and how apt a pupil she was, the reader may easily imagine—she had been reared like all other children of the harem. Her amusements were ever childlike and simple, but, like childhood's self, were all freshness and joy, while her simplest sports had heart in them. The seclusion to which the strict rules and habits of her nation consigned her, had debarred her from those sources of information that the females of other countries enjoy, and had also shut her out from all the triumphs that youth and beauty thus obtain. Moving on from day to day in a life of the most listless and luxurious inactivity, the eastern female necessarily becomes capricious, and her caprice is dear to her; she connects a mystery and meaning with the slightest incident of her every-day life. Were a flower that she had nursed and loved to wither untimely, she would see in its faded stem the perished beauty of some fond hope. With her, the merest casualty is pregnant with hidden mystery, and omens and signs are taught to her from her earliest infancy. She has but one steadily engrossing object, and that is love; aside from this, she has no care, no solicitude, and beyond it, she has nothing to anticipate.

At the hour in which we would introduce the reader to the gorgeous harem of the Sultan Mahomet, the lovely inmates were listlessly chatting to each other after the mid-day meal, sipping cool and variously colored sherbets, and playing with the roses and dainty flowers that bloomed in profusion all about the luxuriant and fairy-like apartment. Thoughtless happiness beamed from the faces there in their careless indolence. Their sensibilities had never been awakened, they knew comparatively little of the world, and dreamy glances of passionate love, or sparkling beams of merriment, were the almost unchanging expression of their eyes, and affording a true picture of the higher classes of the sex in the East.

Their forms were carelessly bestowed upon the luxuriant cushions about the regal apartment, and, all thoughtless of the fact, not one of them but presented in her fair and beautiful form, and the easy, graceful attitude that nature had dictated, a model for art. But there was one among the group whose heart was not with the merry jest or playful feat. Her large, expressive eyes gave token of a depth of thought, and a soft sigh stole ever and anon from her bosom. The single diamond brooch that closed the gauze about her full and snowy breast, discovered her rank—its value might have ransomed a kingdom!

The wearer was Esmah, the Pearl of the East, as her father proudly called her, the queen-like daughter of the sultan.

She sat among the accumulated and fairy-like prodigality of riches like a queen, outshining in her surpassing loveliness each sparkling gem that decked her person, and a Persian Jew who trafficked in diamonds, though they are said to make men mad by their power, who buy and sell them for a living, would have turned from the keen sparkling brilliancy of the gem upon her breast, to the eyes of the wearer, so much more piercing and beautiful were they. Their dreamy indolence told that the heart of the owner was far away; she nodded approvingly, perhaps, now and then, to the soft strains of a guitar that a slave touched lightly for her amusement, or answered vacantly the questions of her fair companions of the harem. And then, again, she would fall into a mental sleep, though with her eyes still open to the scene that lay about her.

In this mood one approached her more nearly, yet pausing respectfully lest she should disturb the reverie of the princess, but she turned listlessly, and met the new comer with a kind glance, that seemed to say, speak on.

'Art well?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, very well,' sighed Esmah.

'But you seem so absent of late.'

'Do I?' she asked, absently.

'Ay, indeed, you do.'

'Saw you, Esmah, the gallant ambassador that came from the south to-day, to woo thee for the bride of a king?' asked a rosy-cheeked Circassian, of the princess.

'Nay, sister,' replied Esmah, for thus they call each other, and indeed all are sisters in the harem.

'Then you should have seen him, sister, for by the beard of the prophet, there is not so handsome a man in all Stamboul.'

'Such a superb horseman,' suggested one of those nearest the Circassian, as she tipped her fingers daintily with henna dye.

'Superb, indeed! and so commanding in figure,' said a third.

'Ever since the errand of this new comer was made known, I have fancied that you were more unhappy and melancholy than before, sister," said a young Bulgarian girl to Esmah, while she picked a cinnamon rose to pieces, and strewed the leaves at the princess's feet upon the soft cushion.

'Nay, it is but a passing vision, sister, that makes me thoughtful; it is nothing more,' replied the princess.

'And thou wilt be the wife of a king,' said the first speaker, smoothing Esmah's glossy hair away from her clear, white forehead, and gazing with undisguised admiration upon the loveliness before her. For the sweetness of Esmah's disposition won the hearts of them all.

'The wife of a king!' repeated two or three, in admiration.

'Nay, it is not settled upon, sisters,' replied Esmah.

'They say there are no harems in Greece, sister, and that women are unveiled to the eyes of the world. Is it not strange, Esmah?' asked the first speaker.

'Custom, sister, alone makes the difference,' said Esmah.

'But would you not rather be bride to a rich pasha, and live in Constantinople, Esmah,' continued the Circassian.

'I had rather not be a bride at all,' sighed the princess.

'Not be a bride!' exclaimed the Circassian, in astonishment.

'Not be a favorite wife!' exclaimed two or three others, in a breath.

'Yes, sisters, if my heart alone were consulted, I would die as I have lived.'

As Esmah said this, she arose, and walking away from the group of fair girls, left them to wonder how it was possible such a beautiful princess could desire not to be married at all, not even to a king. The princess threw on her yasmac, and passing out upon the green sward, followed the path that led to the bent cypress, where she had so often met the page, and where they had so often exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. How often had she repaired hither alone and to weep! Her gentle heart had made it her altar of grief, and here she came daily to think of and to weep over the loss of her heart's idol. She had not sat there long musing to herself, before a slight noise was heard in the path, and in the next moment the person of the dwarf was by her side. He drew close to her person, and settling himself upon the ground at her feet, looked up into her face for the sympathy that he never failed to find there. She laid her hand kindly upon his misshapen head, and the poor deformed creature seemed to be happy. It was a strange sight to see so much loveliness and so much of hideousness side by side.

Brumah, in his rounds of household duty, happening to pass, paused for a moment to look upon the two as they sat there. Upon the dwarf he frowned, as much as to say, you are too intimate with the princess, you have no business here; but to Esmah, he said:

'Still you muse sorrowfully, fair princess; but if I mistake not, there is that in progress which will cheer you up again, and dispel the grief which has so long crowded your brow.'

'I have no grief that I know of, or that you should have noticed,' said Esmah, somewhat severely, for she had never borne the chief officer of the household either regard or respect, and in fact most of the inmates of the harem looked upon him more as jailer than in any other light, for he is literally their guard and keeper.

'True, honored princess; but your solitary strolls in the garden, and your seeming depression of spirit, led your slave to fear that grief might dwell in your heart.'

'We should not judge by outward appearance, Brumah,' said Esmah. 'Here is this dwarf, with such an unseemly mould; to judge by his make, his spirit must be sour, his mind diseased, and his heart, if he has one, cold and malicious, and yet all this is wrong. He is kind, gentle, and as loving as a child. Appearances are deceptive, Brumah.' And as she spoke, she kindly fondled the poor creature by her side, who could only repay her by an eloquent glance of his fine, clear eye.

'True, my honored princess,' said the officer, humbly. 'Far be it from your slave to suppose you were sorrowful, if such a conclusion be unpleasant to you.'

The household officer bowed low, and passed on his way, while Esmah turned again towards the harem. The news that she had heard troubled her mind constantly. Her heart and soul wedded to one whom she could only address in spirit, for she felt that if any entered paradise, it would be such as Alick. Feeling thus, and loving his memory as she had done on the day that his death was reported, how could she but dread the idea of a marriage with any one?

At the door of the harem she met her mother. Rarely had her parent attempted to reason with her upon any subject, or to urge the adoption of any measure upon her child; but now, doubtless, having received direction from the sultan so to do, she opened the subject to her child, showed her the honor that laid in store for her, and marked well Esmah's reply.

'You will consent to the wish of both your father and myself?' asked her mother.

'I will obey you,' replied the fair girl, sadly, and with a sigh that came from the depth of her heart.

'Nay, but will you do so willingly, Esmah, of your own free will?' continued her parent.

'Mother,' said Esmah, half inclined to fall upon her neck, and weeping there, tell her the secret of her heart, the long-buried secret that had been kept so sacred.—But she hesitated; she did not dare to do it, and she merely said, 'Your desire is my duty;' and then turned away to sigh alone.

What would Esmah not have given then, for one in whom she might confide, a heart to lean upon, one to whom she might go for advice at such a time? But her mother was not such a person; she could not share in her daughter's feelings, because they were such as she had never experienced herself, and indeed was hardly able to understand at all, much less to appreciate or sympathize with.

At this moment, a slave entered with a message from the sultan to Esmah, desiring her to repair to his side. She knew the object, and felt like one who goes to receive the sentence of death, for it must prove the death of her future peace of mind.

'In the sight of heaven, I am Alick's bride,' she exclaimed to herself, 'how, how can I be another's wife?'

CHAPTER IX.

A HOLIDAY AT THE COURT.

On the day previous to that on which we have introduced the reader to the harem of Sultan Mahomet, a holiday was given in Constantinople; for a foreign ambassador, accompanied by a large and superbly appointed retinue, came to seek conference with the 'Brother of the Sun.' Guns were fired, banners displayed, and a myriad of troops paraded before the gates of the royal palace, while the Ottoman fleet thundered forth from its brazen throats in the harbour. Everything was done in the elaborate manner and with the costly elegance of the East.

With a treasury at his command only equalled by that of his great rival of Russia, the sultan seemed to pride himself on the liberal display of his wealth.

Amid all the hearlding and flourishes of trumpets that might have graced an ancient tournament, the ambassador of Arasilus, king of Greece, was granted audience of the sultan. It was at a period when a temporary peace existed between the two countries, when the latter country was under the protection and support of the Venetians, and the bloody struggle between the Greeks and Turks was for a time suppressed; a struggle that had known little cessation for a period of many years, and which was not long afterwards renewed with increased fury.

The ambassador entered the palace, and walked in the presence of the sultan like one whose noble blood gave him confidence and ease. Pipes were interchanged, and the ordinary courtesy of the royal presence duly observed—until the proper moment for speaking.

'May it please your serene highness,' said the ambassador to the monarch, 'I am deputed by my royal master, to make his highest respect and love to the 'Brother of the Sun,' and to lay his duty at your feet.'

'God is great!' said the sultan,' and our royal brother is most courteous.'

'Wars and contentions have too long torn our borders, and divided the interests of thy people and his. He would plant a lasting flag of truce on the dividing lines of Greece and Turkey, and cause friendship to reign forever between the Mussulman and the Greek.'

'By the beard of the prophet, you speak well, Sir Ambassador,' said the monarch, really pleased with the manner and matter of his words.