

from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village to which he went. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him: perhaps they have forced him, with a friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight, and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamour; a well-known step is on the stairs, and a man enters, a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the fore-finger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand, he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favoured aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say, "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but, in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

From Miss Pardoe's *Beauties of the Bosphorus*.

#### A TURKISH APARTMENT.

"The moveables were prodigally rich;  
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,  
So costly were they: carpets every stitch  
Of workmanship so rare, that made you wish  
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish."

ByRON.

Nothing can exceed the beautiful cleanliness of a Turkish harem, save its order: not a grain of dust, not a footmark, sullies the surface of the Indian matting that covers the large halls whence the several apartments branch off in every direction; while the furniture of the rooms themselves is always rich, and scrupulously arranged. The ceilings are elaborately ornamented; and in the houses of the rich, where the apartments are of great size, a curtain of tapestry is frequently used as a mean of reducing their extent. The windows are always closely set together, and very numerous; and where the room chances to be situated in an angle of the building, the three unconnected sides have very much the appearance of a lantern.

At the lower end of each apartment are large closets for the reception of the bedding (for none are appropriated exclusively as sleeping chambers), and the slaves of the household no sooner ascertain that the visitor has risen, than half a dozen of them commence removing every vestige of the couch, and depositing within the closet the mattresses of embroidered satin, the sheet of gauze, or worked muslin, the half-dozen pillows of brocaded silk, and the wadded coverlets, rich with silver fringe, and gay with party coloured needle work, which have formed the bed. A low sofa or divan runs round the three other sides of the apartment, luxuriously supplied with cushions, and richly covered with cut velvet or embroidered satin; and the floor is invariably spread with soft and handsome carpets.

It is an amusing fact, that an idea of impropriety is attached by Europeans who have never visited the East, to the very name of a harem; while it is not less laughable, that they can never give a reason for the prejudice! How little foundation exists for so unaccountable a fancy must be evident at once, when it is stated that the harem, or women's apartments, are held so sacred by the Turks themselves, that they remain inviolate even in cases of popular disturbance, or individual delinquency; the mob never suffering their violence to betray them into an intrusion on the wives of their victims; and the search after a fugitive ceasing the moment that the door of the harem separates him from his pursuers.

It is also a fact, that although a Turk has an undoubted right to enter the apartment of his wives at all hours, it is a privilege of which he rarely, if ever, avails himself. One room in the harem is appropriated to the master of the house, and therein he awaits the appearance of the individual with whom he wishes to converse, and who is summoned to his presence by a slave. Should he, on pass-

ing to this apartment, see slippers at the foot of the stairs (a token that a female visitor is in the harem), he cannot, under any pretence whatever, intrude himself into her presence; it is a liberty which every woman in the empire would resent; and when guests are on a visit of some days, he sends a slave forward to announce his approach, and thus gives them time and opportunity to withdraw.

Every good harem has a commodious bath, and a garden gay with flowers and fountains attached to it, where the women may wander at will among the leaves and birds, or dream the sultry hours in their pretty kiosques overhanging the Bosphorus; where from behind the shade of their latticed casements they can breathe the cool air from the water, and mark the arrowy speed of the graceful caïques, as they fly along the channel.

The amusements of the harem are few and simple;—the bath is the greatest luxury, the remainder of the day being spent in lounging on the divan, listening to the music of the zebec, played by one of the slaves, and accompanied by the voices of others; in the arrangement of the jewels worn upon the turban; in playing with the birds whose gilded cages glitter upon the walls; in spoiling all the children within reach; in eating sweetmeats, and drinking water; or amid the cool shadows of the garden, hearkening to the fall of the fountains and the whisperings of the leaves, or listening to the wondrous tales of the Massaldjhe, ever a welcome guest in the harem, where her marvellous narratives are received with a deep attention and a perfect faith eminently inspiring. Then there is the namaz or prayer, five times a day, never neglected by Turkish women; when deeply veiled, as unworthy to appear before Allah with a bare brow, they spread their prayer-carpet, and, turning their faces Mecca-ward, they humbly and earnestly perform their devotions. These are their home-occupations; but it is a great fallacy to imagine that Turkish females are like birds in a cage, or captives in a cell;—far from it; there is not a public festival, be it Turk, Frank, Armenian, or Greek, where they are not to be seen in numbers, sitting upon their carpets, or in their carriages, surrounded by slaves and attendants, eager and delighted spectators of the revel. Then they have their gilded and glittering caïques on the Bosphorus, where, protected by their veils, their ample mantles, and their negro guard, they spend long hours in passing from house to house, visiting their acquaintance, and gathering and dispensing the gossip of the city.

All this may, and indeed must appear startling, to persons who have accustomed themselves to believe that Turkish wives were morally manacled slaves. There are, probably, no women so little trammelled in the world; so free to come and to go unquestioned, provided that they are suitably attended; while it is equally certain that they enjoy this privilege like innocent and happy children, making their pleasures of the flowers and the sunshine; and reveling like the birds and bees amid the summer brightness, profiting by the enjoyment of the passing hour, and reckless or thoughtless of the future.

#### THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant maid,  
"O! be not thus of my suit afraid!  
Fly with me from this garden small,  
And thou shalt sit in my castle hall."

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,  
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;  
Here with my sword and my horse I stand,  
To bear thee away to my distant land."

"Take, thou fairest, this full-blown rose,  
A token of love that as ripely blows."  
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,  
And it fell from the gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir Knight,  
Thy fingers of steel can only smite;  
And like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,  
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shatter'd."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell,  
But she turned from the Knight, and said, "farewell!"  
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,  
I heed not thine words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,  
And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel;  
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,  
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,  
But swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;  
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,  
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue,  
That morning the maiden was sweet to view;  
But the evening sun its beauty shed  
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

#### ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

##### THE FIRE JUMP.

When crossing the mountains from Toas into Santa Fe, we passed along the brink of a frightful precipice, called the "Fire Jump," about which our guide told us the following story:—Col. Tom was half bred, well known a few years ago through all the village of Toas—living at times with the Indians—a shrewd, cunning fellow, not brave, but exceedingly wicked. He was the son of an American trapper, who perished in the snow one night in the mountains, while Tom was yet an infant. Tom obtained the title of Colonel from the Americans, on account of a martial and commanding manner which he was fond of assuming. He spoke Spanish, and knew enough of English to mingle with the traders, and be useful to them as an interpreter, being also conversant with the language of his Indian mother. Though known to be a great rascal, he was tolerated by the Americans and Spaniards on account partly for his usefulness when he chose to make himself serviceable, and partly for his reckless and humorous disposition, but the Indians hated him with deadly hostility. His superior intelligence made him feared among them, and they were jealous of the white blood that ran in his veins. Living under the Spanish rule they could not kill him without being punished for it, and this made their hatred the more bitter. He knew well the hostile feelings of the Indians with whom he mingled, and the delight of his existence seemed to consist in planning schemes of devilry and rascality to aggravate them. He would steal from the whites whiskey enough to make a whole Indian town drunk, and in the midst of the carousal he would drive off the horses and sell them to the Spaniards. He would interpret for the Indians when selling their skins to the traders, and always contrive to make to himself one half the advantage of the trade.

At length his depredations became so notorious and of so villainous a nature, that the Spaniards would no longer protect him, and the Indians commenced hunting him for his life. He had been chased a whole day through the valley and up the mountain side, by a band of the Apachis Indians, when his horse gave out just at this spot, now known as the "Fire Jump." The animal fell near the edge of the precipice, and to prevent the Indians discovering him by his fallen steed, he exerted his strength and actually pushed the poor dying horse over the rock into the gulf below. A hollow log lay near the spot; he heard the approach of his pursuers, and jumping into the log, he turned it over, and lay concealed, as he thought, beneath it.

But the Indians had seen the action, and fiendish revenge entered their heads. They came to the spot, pretending to believe that their prey had escaped them, and manifesting great vexation and disappointment. They dismounted, and seating themselves upon the log, rehearsed to each other what they had intended to do with Colonel Tom had they caught him. Thus the cunning savages sat till night was dark around them, when they gathered dry branches and leaves, and commenced building their fire against the hollow log where the enemy was hidden. The wretched victim then knew too well that he was discovered, and a horrid death was designed for him. He peeped from beneath the log, and saw that each man had his arrow in his bow, ready for use.

The fire kindled rapidly, and the Indians laughed aloud as the flames curled over the rotten log. Tom was not brave, but if would seem as if the miserable wretch had, while lying there, formed the desperate resolution of dying by the fire rather than give them the delight of killing him with their arrows. This, however, was a feat not in human nature to perform, and after enduring the torture to the last moment, the doomed wretch dashed off the burning log, and sprang to his feet with his deer skin dress wrapt in a sheet of flame. He threw himself upon the ground and rolled, but the fire still clung to him. The Indians yelled with delight. He rose again, and rushing to the precipice, sprang over the brink. A dozen arrows pierced him at the moment, and with a frantic scream of agony he sped like a lightning flash into the dark gulf below. The Indians threw themselves upon their faces and peeped over into the gulf to see the burning body dash from rock to rock until it disappeared beneath a projecting crag, hundreds of feet down the frightful ravine; after which they calmly smoked their pipes around the still blazing log; and the terrible precipice, whose brink is almost the very summit of the mountain, has ever since been pointed out to travellers as "the Fire Jump."

REMARKABLE CURE OF LOCK-JAW IN A MARE.—Owing to the adoption of a remedy suggested in the columns of the Hereford Journal, a good while ago, a valuable mare, the property of Mr. Stanbury, supervisor, Ludlow, was recently effectually saved from death by lock-jaw by mal-treatment for sand-crack. We give the detail of the circumstance in the words of the owner of the animal: "In consequence of one of the tendons being injured by the smith, lock-jaw ensued; the best advice was procured, but it proved of no avail; the mare gradually sunk, day by day, for upwards of a fortnight, and all attempts to support nature failing, my distress at seeing a creature which had been my companion for years suffer so much, induced me at last to give directions that she should be shot. I left home at nine o'clock in the morning, and mentioned the circumstance to a friend who is a subscriber to the Hereford Journal, and to my surprise he pointed out a case of cure of lock-jaw mentioned in an old number of the paper. Many minutes did not