

what my blunderbuss is." They had been silent from the time I had spoken, and had withdrawn the handspike from under the door. "Ullah! Ullah!" cries one of them softly, "how sound you sleep! we have been endeavouring to waken you this hour. The king is ill; tell Yagoube to come to the palace, and open the door instantly." "Tell the king," said I, "to drink warm water, and I will see him in the morning." "Ah! Mahomet," cries Soliman, "is that you? I thought you had had a narrow enough escape in the palace the other day; but stay a little, a servant is gone over the back wall to call the Gindi, and we are here numerous enough to defend this house till morning against all the servants the king has, so do not attempt to break the door, and Yagoube will go to the king with the Gindi."

At this time one of my servants fired a pistol in the air out of an upper window, upon which they all ran off. They seemed to be about ten or twelve in number, and left three handspikes behind them. The noise of the pistol brought the guard or patrol, in about half an hour, who carried intelligence to the Sid el Coom, our friend, by whom I was informed in the morning, that he had found them all out, and put them in irons; that Mahomet, the king's servant, who met us at Teawa, was one of them; and that there was no possibility now of concealing this from Adelan, who would order him to be impaled.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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