

"Go," cried he, "O pupil of my eye, no man shall ever possess you but in death! and thus indeed it would have been with thy master had he not lost his mate."

"Alee was taken prisoner to Larniehe, where the greater part of the population came forth to see the dreaded highwayman, and as he passed, the curses of the many were showered on his doomed head, but they were intermingled with the blessings of not a few who recognized in him a former benefactor. Fetters were now riveted on his hands and feet, and a massive iron collar with a chain that would have held a lion, was fastened round his neck. Thus secured he was taken before the Governor of the place, who ordered him to be lodged in a dungeon.

"The sultan having been apprized of the robber's arrest, issued a royal letter declaring him an outlaw, and condemning him to lose the right hand and the right foot; that then he should be released, and allowed to limp about as a moral lesson for others of like character.

"On the day appointed for the execution of this dreadful sentence, Alee was led forth to the market-place, where crowds of people had assembled from all the country around to witness the fate of him who had been the cause of such terror to this western world.

"The executioner was ready with his knife, and near at hand was placed a bowl of hot pitch wherein the stumps were to be thrust to stop the bleeding. His manacles, as I have told you, had been riveted on, and a blacksmith was about to be summoned to break them off, when Alee exclaimed, 'Is it for these toys you require a blacksmith?' and jerking back his hands, he snapped them asunder.

"His right hand was now seized by the executioner, who with three other men endeavoured to force it from the socket previous to cutting it off. 'Why do you tremble?' said Alee to the executioner; 'give me the knife, and I will do what you dare not. Fear not that I shall use the knife against you; my doom is sealed; and had I so wished, I would have escaped long ago.' The knife was given to him, and four men pulling at his hand, he with his left hand severed it with one cut, and plunged the bleeding stump into the boiling pitch without a groan. His foot was then amputated by the executioner, and then the poor wretch was abandoned to his fate.

"Two days after, Alee Boofrahee, the champion, the six-fingered, was found dead lying on the grave of Rahmana. He is said to have expired raving mad, and was buried by some charitable person near to the body of his wife.

"May God have mercy on their souls!" said the Arab, and ended the tale."

A COURT IN IOWA.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Boston Journal furnishes the following description of a Court in the Iowa Territory. It is said to be a faithful picture:

Iowa is now the finest frontier country in the west, and is settling up very fast. Judge Williams related to me some amusing scenes that he witnessed when he first started on his circuit for the purpose of organising and holding his first courts among the rude frontier people. In many counties they had not had time even to erect any kind of shelter for a court-house. The best provision which could be made was to form seats of logs beneath the shade of a large tree, with a raised seat near its body for the judge. The sheriff would open court by mounting a stump or mound, near by, and crying "Oh yes, oh yes," &c., announcing to the whole universe that the court was then opened, and inviting all who had business to attend.

The clerk sat on a block of wood, and used a shingle on his knee for a desk. After the grand jury were impanelled, and charged by the judge, they were sent in charge of the jury to a large hollow or ravine, in which they could sit in conclave beyond the view of the court, or spectators. A smaller hollow or ravine was appropriated for the use of the petit jury.

The grass grew very tall in the neighbourhood, and if the jurymen lay down in a ring in the grass, they could still more perfectly exclude themselves from observation. The judge said that, one day after having charged the grand jury, and dismissed them to their quarters in the large hollow, a tall, raw-boned, live, Yankee-looking man, with hat in hand, addressed him as follows:—

"May it please your honor, I wish to speak to you." "Order, Sir, what is it?" "Judge," continued he, with the utmost gravity, "Is it right for fellows to snake it in the grass?" "How? what is that, Sir?" "Why, you see," said the Yankee, "there's some fellows who's tural 'traid the grand jury will find something agin 'em, which they deserve, and they are snaking up to the grand jury, on their bellies in the grass, kind of trying to hear what the grand jury are talking about."

"No," responded the judge, with as much gravity as he could command, "I do not allow 'snaking.' Here, Mr. Sheriff, go station a guard round each jury's hollow, and if a man is found 'snaking,' have him to be punished. Indeed, if this 'snaking' be persisted in, I shall recommend a special act to be passed, making it a misdemeanor."