

give him his daughter. But the haughty Emir only added insult to refusal; and the enraged suitor, casting back the injuries which were addressed to him, sprang towards the door that communicated with the harem, and vowed that he would force his way, and carry off his bride despite every priest in Stamboul. The affrighted father shrieking forth sacrilege and murder, clapped his hands, and a couple of stout slaves entered to whom he issued orders to seize the madman, and put him forth; but the suitor was young and vigorous, and he had already beaten down one of his antagonists, when the soldiers, perceiving from the clamor that was going on above, that the critical moment had arrived, rushed up stairs, and demanded the occasion of the outcry.

The Emir, breathless with terror, and trembling with rage, only pointed to the lover, as he exclaimed, 'To the Seraskier! Inshallah! I will have justice.'

He was instantly obeyed. The soldiers surrounded their commander, and hurried him off, followed by the panting priest; and in ten minutes more the whole party stood before the Seraskier.

The fateful moment had arrived; and the heart of the young man beat high with a thousand conflicting feelings as the Emir told his tale, and implored vengeance on the miscreant who had dared to hear him beneath his own roof, and to attempt a violation of his harem; but he was re-assured by the tone of the Pasha, as he turned towards him, when the angry father had ceased speaking, and bade him explain his motives for such unheard-of violence.

'Noble Pasha,' said the lover, 'may your days be many! I will hide nothing from you. I love this old man's daughter; and I have asked her of him for a wife. I have won her heart, no matter where nor how; but may my hours be numbered if I pollute your ears with falsehood. He has spurned me with insult because I am a soldier, he has declared the uniform of the glorious Sultan (may his shadow ever lie long upon the earth!) to be the brand of obloquy and disgrace; and had I not loved the girl more than perhaps it is altogether seemly for a true believer to love a woman, I should have given him back scorn for scorn. But I could not do this without regret, and it is through my own agency that I now stand before your excellency, to plead my cause, and to teach this hoary priest that the soldier of the Sultan is not to be taunted to his teeth, even by a white-turbaned Emir. I could not force myself into your presence, noble Pasha, to talk to you of a woman; and thus I played the part of a madman, in order that I might be dragged hither as a culprit, and learn from your own lips whether the crescent upon my breast is to make me an outcast from society.'

'Did he indeed demand your daughter for his wife?' asked the Seraskier, as he removed the chibouk from his lips, and glanced towards the priest. He was answered doggedly in the affirmative.

'Take heed, then, Emir,' pursued the Pasha. 'This looks like disaffection to his Highness: (may his end be glorious!) See that the girl become the wife of this young man ere many days roll over your head, or the holy turban that you wear shall not protect you.—What? is it for you, and such as you to sow divisions among the subjects of the most gracious Sultan? Look at this ere it be too late.'

And as the baffled Emir turned away, the Seraskier bade one of his officers take steps to secure to the victorious suitor the rank of Captain; and to pay to him five thousand piastres from his (the Pasha's) own purse, as a marriage present.

The step was a bold one, for it was the first instance in which an Emir's daughter had ever been permitted to become the wife of a soldier. A thousand long existing prejudices had hitherto rendered such an alliance impossible; and it was a great stroke of policy to break down the strong barrier of habit and fanaticism, and to create a bond of union between two jarring and jealous portions of the population.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—The *Acteon*, Capt. Lord Edward Russell, lately returned to England, was for some time employed in visiting the South Sea Islands, and subsequently, on the 11th of January, 1837, arrived at Pitcairn's Island, so well known as the last place where the principal part of the mutineers of the *Bounty* resorted to, and the descendants of whom are now living there. Immediately on our arrival, says a correspondent of the *Hants Telegraph*, several of the natives came off in canoes, dressed in the English style; they continue to live in the religious way in which they were brought up by John Adams, the last survivor of the mutineers. The women, as well as the men, work in the yam fields, and are very industrious; there were ninety-two persons living on the island, three of whom were Englishmen, who had gone out there, and two of them, Messrs. Hill and Nobbs kept schools; each had his own party, but the former person (Hill) had so far violated the limits of his situation, as to render it necessary, in Lord Edward Russell's opinion, for him to leave the island, which he promised to do. They have an abundance of goats, fowls, pigs, plantains, yams, and sweet potatoes, on the island, and appear very happy and comfortable, not at all wishing to leave the island.—*The Arcum*.

From Sketches in London. No 8.

THE CUNNING LUNATIC.

In many cases lunatics are exceedingly cunning, and display a remarkable readiness of resources in unexpected emergencies. I could mention many instances of this, but will content myself with one. There was lately, and I am not sure whether there be not now, in one of our asylums, a lunatic, who, on the loss of his reason, in the first instance—for he was repeatedly cured, though he always relapsed again—lived in a neighbouring county. Belonging as he did to a family of wealth and respectability, he was provided with a keeper as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appeared. It was hoped that the unfortunate man's lunacy would be of but temporary duration; and that, by committing him to the care of a keeper, his friends would be spared the pain of sending him to an asylum. His insanity, however, lasted much longer than his relatives had fondly hoped it would; and it was therefore eventually determined to send him to an institution for the reception of persons labouring under mental aberration, in the hope that through the superior treatment he would there receive, an additional chance of recovery might be afforded him. On the day previous to that appointed for his being sent to the asylum, he overheard his brother giving instructions to his keeper on the subject. He took no notice of the circumstance that night, nor next morning; but when told that he, accompanied by his companion—the name by which his keeper was always called—was to have a long drive in the gig that day, he expressed himself as quite delighted with the idea, and displayed a willingness to take an airing, which strongly contrasted with the reluctance he had before shown to leave the house. After breakfast, the gig was ready, and both started for the county town—about twelve miles distant—in the suburbs of which the asylum was situated. The lunatic was unusually cheerful and docile all the way. And here I should remark, that his manner was sometimes so collected and rational, that it would have been difficult to convince a stranger that his intellects were in the slightest degree affected. On reaching the principal hotel, both parties came out of the gig with a view to get some refreshment, and to enable the keeper to make some necessary preliminary arrangements for the reception of his charge into the asylum. The former, after being some time in the house, quitted the apartment into which they were shown, for a few seconds, not deeming it necessary either to take the lunatic with him, or to turn the key of the door. The latter, watching the opportunity, agreeably to a previous determination to that effect, stole out of the house the moment the other had quitted the apartment. On the keeper missing the lunatic on his return, an alarm was given, and in less than five minutes, at least a dozen persons were engaged in an active search for the unfortunate man, the suddenness of whose disappearance was quite unaccountable to his keeper. No trace of him was to be found for two hours, and the impression began to become general among all acquainted with the circumstance, that he had by some means or other destroyed himself. Just as all hopes of ever seeing him alive again were on the eve of expiration, the lunatic appeared, to the infinite astonishment and joy of the person entrusted with his safe keeping. But where he had been during his absence, was a point which, notwithstanding all the efforts that were made with that view, could not be elicited from him. Where does the reader suppose he was, or in what way employed? That was a piece of information which his keeper learned to his cost in a few hours after the lunatic's return. The latter had been to the asylum for which his friends had destined himself, and having procured access to the proper party, gave his keeper's name as his own, and represented himself as being Mr. So-and-so, the brother of Mr. ——. As it was not only well known at the asylum that the latter gentleman had a brother who was at the time labouring under insanity, but as, on the previous day, notice had been received that the lunatic was to be sent to the asylum, the remainder of his story was the more readily believed. "Now," says he, addressing himself to the manager of the institution, "the lunatic is remarkably clever, singularly cunning; and—"

"Oh, a great many of our patients are so," interrupted the superintendent of the institution. "We see instances of cunning and shrewdness every day, which the wisest of us could not exceed."

"I have no doubt of it," observed the lunatic, with the greatest apparent self-possession, and seemingly in the most rational manner possible. "I have no doubt of it; none whatever. I have seen many cases of it myself; but this unhappy man exceeds in cunning and shrewdness any one I ever heard of. Why he would almost deceive the—"

"Oh, he won't deceive us," interrupted the other hastily; "we are too well accustomed to such things."

"I am happy to hear it," continued the lunatic. "My only reason for coming out here, before taking him with me, was, that I might acquaint you with the circumstance beforehand."

"That was unnecessary: let him try all the tricks he chooses, they will be lost here," remarked the other, with a self-consequential air, as if he were beyond the power of ingenuity to deceive

"Very good," observed the lunatic, in a satisfied tone. "I shall bring him here in an hour or so: I have left him at the Fountain hotel, in the care of a friend."

"We shall be ready for him," said the superintendent of the place, in that careless sort of tone which is so characteristic of men in authority.

"Good morning, Sir," said the lunatic, turning on his heel as he was about to quit the apartment.

"Good morning," echoed the other, in the same half-civil, half-reserved tone as before.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the lunatic, hastily turning round, and advancing a few steps towards the manager of the institution; "I beg your pardon, Sir, but I entirely forgot to mention the particular way in which his madness manifests itself."

"Aye, true; that is of some importance to us," observed the other. "In what way is it?"

"Why, he has the notion that every one else is mad but himself."

"Oh! that is quite a common impression among persons in his state."

"Yes; but singularly enough, his notion is, that I am the insane party, and that he is my keeper. You may rely upon it, that the very moment we arrive, he will affirm in the most positive terms, and with the utmost earnestness of manner, that such is the fact; and then he will desire you to take me into the asylum."

"Poor fellow!" said the other, with some slight indications of feeling. "Poor fellow!—but there is nothing too extraordinary for those unhappy beings to fancy."

"I thought it right to inform you of the fact," said the lunatic, "in order that you might not be taken by surprise."

"Oh, there was not the slightest danger of that. We are too well accustomed to such things, to be deceived either by their affirmations or representations."

"Good morning, then, for the present," said the lunatic, as he quitted the superintendent's apartment.

"Good morning," mumbled the latter.

In about two hours afterwards, a gig with two persons in it, was seen to drive up to the gate of the institution: it was opened and both proceeded to the door. As they entered the place,— "Here is an unfortunate individual," said the lunatic, addressing himself to the superintendent, whom you will be kind enough, to take every care of."

The other was so confounded by the unexpected observation that he was unable, for some seconds, to utter a word.

"Very good," said the superintendent of the institution; "we'll take care of him," at the same time laying hold of the astonished keeper of the lunatic, by the breast of the coat.

"Sir—Sir—Sir!" stammered the confounded man; "you labour under a mistake: that," pointing to the lunatic, "is the person to be committed to your care. I—I—I—brought him here."

"No doubt of it," said the overseer, still dragging the hapless wight forward, assisted by another servant of the establishment, to the part of the asylum for which he was intended.

"Gracious Heavens, Sir! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the luckless party, half suffocated with astonishment and indignation, and struggling hard to disengage himself from the grasp of the parties.

"Come away, my good man, quietly with us," said the superintendent, soothingly.

"By all that's sacred, Sir!" shouted the other, with the utmost vehemence, "I'm not the lunatic; that is he," again pointing to the actual party.

"I knew it all: I told you how it would be," said the latter, in a steady voice, and with the greatest self-possession.

"This way," said the superintendent, carelessly, still dragging the unfortunate party forward.

"It's a mistake, Sir, by—"

"Oh, there's no mistake, my good man; no mistake," interrupted the guardian of the place.

"No mistake," echoed the lunatic, with the most perfect nonchalance, displaying all the while the most rational demeanour.

"Sir," shouted the unfortunate party; "Sir, are you serious? Are you aware of what you're about?"

"Perfectly serious; perfectly aware of what we're doing," replied the superintendent, drily.

"Sir, I'm not the lunatic; that is the lunatic," pointing a third time to the proper party. "Let go your hold, or you retain it at your peril," vociferated the other.

"Never mind the poor fellow: I told you how he would conduct himself, and what he would say," observed the lunatic.

A few pulls more, and the astonished and enraged party was actually dragged into his destined apartment. When both the superintendent and the inferior servant let go their hold, I leave the reader to fancy what were the feelings of the poor wright.

"Quite safe now; he's in our custody now? and you are relieved from all further responsibility," said the superintendent to