

and, prostrating myself at his feet, supplicated him to have pity on me. He called me 'his wife, his princess,' and vowed he would kill me rather than part with me. 'Kill me, then, cruel Aladin,' said I; 'shorten my misery, for if you detain me any longer in slavery, I shall die of grief.'

"Overcome by my emotions, I swooned away, Aladin raised me up in his arms, all pale and motionless,—he believed that I was dead. He rent his clothes, he bathed me with his tears, and ran with me to his mother Gulbeyaz's apartment, sending forth the most bitter cries.—Gulbeyaz believed me to be dying, added her voice to her son's; the noise they made brought Fatmè and the whole household to my assistance, and I began to come to myself. I had sufficient command over my feelings, however, to appear still in a profound swoon; and the lamentations of the women brought the Sheik and the deputation to the spot where I lay. That avaricious chief bemoaned the loss of my ransom in terms so ludicrously pathetic, that I could hardly resist smiling.

"Far different were the feelings of his son, he truly loved me, was touched by my grief, and agonized by my deathlike appearance. I felt his tears fall fast upon my hands, I heard him sob as if his heart would break. 'Oh! Alla,' cried he,