The Herald.

VOL. 14. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1867. NO 50

THE HERALD

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EDWARD REILLY,

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TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

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" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 5th day, 7h. 19m., evening. S.
Full Moon, 13th day, 8h. 21m., evening, S.E.
Last Quarter, 20th day, 10h. 56m., evening, E.N.E
New Moon, 27th day, 7h. 29m., evening, W.N.W

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Sunday	5 22	6 35	morn.	8 14	13 10
2	Monday	26	34	1 11	9 2	8
3	Tuesday	28	31	1 55	9 38	4
4	Wednesday	30	30	2 38	10 14	2
5	Thursday	31	28	3 21	10 54	12 58
6	Friday	32	26	4 9	11 36	55
7	Saturday	33	24	5 1	morn.	52
8	Sunday	34	22	5 55	0 24	49
9	Monday	35	20	6 50	1 15	46
10	Tuesday	37	19	7 51	2 12	44
11	Wednesday	38	17	8 46	3 8	40
12	Thursday	39	15	9 38	rises	37
13	Friday	40	13	10 20	6 10	34
14	Saturday	41	11	11 4	6 40	31
15	Sunday	42	6 9	11 44	7 12	28
16	Monday	43	7	even.	7 45	25
17	Tuesday	44	5	1 3	8 26	12 22
18	Wednesday	45	4	1 47	9 7	20
19	Thursday	46	6 3	2 33	9 51	18
20	Friday	47	1	3 24	10 43	15
21	Saturday	48	5 59	4 21	11 40	11
22	Sunday	50	57	5 27	morn	7
23	Monday	51	54	6 37	0 48	2
24	Tuesday	52	51	6 37	1 53	11 57
25	Wednesday	53	48	7 45	3 3	53
26	Thursday	54	46	8 50	4 9	50
27	Friday	55	44	9 46	sets	47
28	Saturday	56	43	10 36	6 25	45
29	Sunday	57	41	11 20	7 0	41
30	Monday	58	39	morn	7 33	36

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, September 20, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	4d to 7d
Do by the quarter,	4½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	4½d 5d
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 6d
Lamb per lb,	3½d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Hams per lb.,	
Butter, (fresh)	1½d to 1s 1d
Do, firkin, tub,	10d to 11d
Cheese, per lb.,	4d to 7d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 11d
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Flour, per lb.,	3d to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	17s to 18s
Eggs, per dozen,	8d to 10d
Grain	
Barley, per bushel,	4s
Oats per do.,	2s 9d to 2s 6d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 6d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese	2s to 2s 6d
Turkeys, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Fowls, each,	1s 6d to 3s
Chickens per pair,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Ducks,	
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	15s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	50s to 60s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover seed, per lb.,	4s to 6s
Homespun, per yard,	6d to 9d
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d
Hides, per lb.,	1s to 1s 6d
Wool,	4d
Sheepskins,	
Apples, per barrel,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, and do

Barrels,	Flour,
Pogies,	Bread,
Twine,	Beans,
Mackerel Hooks,	Peas,
Cod do	Butter,
Mackerel Lines,	Pork,
Cod do	Beef,
Mackerel Nets,	Lard,
Cod Leads,	Tea,
Cotton Duck,	Coffee,
Tow Bell Twine,	Sugar,
Bait Knives,	Molasses,
Splitting Knives,	Spices,
Oil Jugs,	Pickles,
Oint Horns,	Pastering,
Clam Choppers,	Boiled Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Kerosene Oil,
Sou'Westers, &c.	Vinegar,
	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL, and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Dependupon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has beenused with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It, not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC;

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 6, 1866. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, evening at 8 o clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Monday,	June 17	Monday	Sept 9
Wednesday,	" 19	Wednesday,	" 11
Monday,	July 1	Monday,	" 23
Wednesday,	" 3	Wednesday,	" 25
Monday,	" 15	Monday,	Oct 7
Wednesday,	" 17	Wednesday,	" 9
Monday,	" 29	Monday,	" 21
Wednesday	" 31	Wednesday	" 23
Monday,	Aug 12	Monday,	Nov 4
Wednesday,	" 14	Wednesday	" 6
Monday,	" 26	Monday,	" 18
Wednesday,	" 28	Wednesday,	" 20

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, while the steamer plies, TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

T. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING 1867.

KENT STREET CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has for sale

Black Broadcloths and Doeskins,

Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,

Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit.

Also a superior lot of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

May 14th, 1867. P. REILLY.

PINE LUMBER, &C.

FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1½, 1¾, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned.

100,000 Square Sawed SHINGLES,

125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.

—ALSO—

A large Ware Room FRAME,

100 Tons Port Hood COAL, a good article for home use.

A McNEILL, Auctioneer.

July 24, 1867

Select Literature.

THE

TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

After the repast, all joined in the universal pipe, while the stranger told many pleasant stories of adventures and experiences of the world that charmed the humble people. To the old man he made some interesting remarks touching the interests of the fishermen in the new laws of Greece, with which he was thoroughly conversant; to the mother he talked of matters that pleased and interested her and to Nydia and Alazar he told stories of romantic adventures and successful love, that absorbed their hearts in the issue. The hours sped on, but they heeded them not, for it was not often that they were so entertained.

At last he called Nydia one side, and told her that he had already studied her heart, and found that she loved the young fisherman who sat then by her side. He talked to her so gently, so wisely, and evinced such real interest in her faith, that she blushingly acknowledged that what he surmised was true, and that herself and Alazar were already betrothed to each other.

'And is there any impediment to your union, my good girl?' he asked.

'None save that a few years must intervene,' replied Nydia.

'And why so long a delay? You are both of goodly age,' said the stranger.

'True, but Alazar is poor—he does not even own his boat yet.'

'Ah, that is it; and yet your parents consent, I suppose?' he asked.

'They have never objected,' replied Nydia, smiling at his earnestness.

'My honest fisherman,' said the stranger, turning to the father, 'you know no objection to the union of these young people?'

'None, when Alazar shall be able to promise my daughter a competent support.'

'Very good, that part I will see to; and as an earnest of my sincerity,' said the stranger, producing from beneath his vestment a purse heavy with gold, 'there are two hundred golden ounces, a dower for you, my gentle and worthy girl.'

All started in amazement at his words, for two hundred ounces was more money than any one there had ever seen before, or, indeed, had ever expected to be worth in the world.

'Nay,' said the stranger, smiling at their amazement, 'sit down and listen to a short story that I have to tell you, and then, perhaps, you will not wonder at this small gift, which I am so happy to make this worthy child.'

'The story I am about to speak of, I have from undoubted authority.—I may say from the lips of the very person referred to. Some six years gone by, one morning there drifted on shore, at the southern point of this Island, a poor Greek youth, who had but lately escaped from servitude among the Turks at Constantinople. He was faint, wearied, and, indeed, almost at death's door from exposure and exhaustion; but as he lay there, panting upon the sand, a young girl discovered and befriended him. He was brought to her father's cottage, where a burning fever set in.

'Wild and delirious, this young Greek tossed upon his restless bed for more than a whole month, but night and day the young fisher girl tended him like a sister, unwearied, uncomplaining, denying herself the necessary sleep that nature required, in order that she might minister to his simplest whims, and smooth his fevered pillow. Well, in time the sick one recovered, slowly, and still dependant upon the kindly support and aid of his gentle, self-sacrificing nurse, until finally called by imperative duty, he bade her, and the hospitable roof that had sheltered him, farewell.

'I see that you all recognize the picture, and that you remember the poor, shipwrecked youth whom you so generously befriended. Nay, I can even discover tears in your eyes at the simple but honest relation which I have given you, for, in your self-sacrificing hospitality, you only looked upon the service you rendered as a duty, nor reviewed it in the light in which I have shown it to you.'

'We do remember the noble young Athenian, who escaped so miraculously from the bloody Turks,' said the father, dashing away a tear as he spoke.

'But the credit that you would give us for so small a service is undeserved, for who would not have done so much for a fellow-countryman?'

'You should know,' said Nydia, with deep interest, 'what became of him afterwards; we have never heard of since.'

'He stands before you!' said the speaker, throwing off the wig he wore, and wiping away the nut-brown dye that had been placed upon his face to change its colour.

The surprise of the little party can hardly be depicted in words. The happy congratulations that followed were so sincere and unaffected, that it seemed almost a sin to end them. The purse was forced upon Nydia, and the promise of a handsome gift to both her and her parents, and the happy young sailor. Alazar could not find words to express the gratification that he felt, or his thankfulness to the man who had enabled him to overstep the space of years, and marry his beloved Nydia within the month. The father grasped his hand with honest regard, and besought Heaven to bless one who had so long remembered a single act of hospitality, and so generously repaid it again.

'Nydia, I think even Alazar will not object to my imprinting one pure kiss upon that lovely brow, a brother's regard prompting it.'

As he thus spoke, Alick pressed his lips to her forehead and said:

'May your future life be as happy as I have often prayed it might be since we parted, and may its pathway be illumined by the constant rays of peace. The poor invalid never forgot his gentle and lovely nurse, and her name has been often the burthen of his prayer.'

Nydia blushed deeply.

'Has he been sometimes remembered, my gentle girl?' whispered Alick.

'Indeed, indeed he has,' she replied, 'and I shall never forget the pleasant hours that we passed together while you were recovering day by day from your sickness.'

'My gentle nurse,' said Alick.

He felt the hand tremble within his own! Perhaps Nydia remembered the single tear that he left upon her hand at parting; perhaps she recollected the feelings that had so nearly blossomed in her heart. But be it as it may, he read a deep and earnest response to his words in those beautiful eyes, that it were worth a pilgrimage to realize.

'But stay,' said the father; 'even now we know not whom we thank. My good friend, you surely will not withhold from us the name of him to whom we owe so much, who has returned our humble kindness forty fold.

'It would not help the case, believe me,' he replied.

'And yet after this pleasant re-union,' suggested Nydia, 'it would be most agreeable to know who befriended us.

'True.'

'And will you not then tell us?' she asked, with an arch smile.

'Surely you can have no object in keeping your name a secret from us now,' said the father.

'No, my object is gained. I have no further cause for disguise. I wished to see you once, as I had formerly seen you, to learn how best I could serve you. This I have accomplished, and shall take good care to strengthen by renewed and proper gifts.'

Then throwing open the rough coat that covered his inner vestment, he said:

'I am Arasilus!'

All gazed for a moment at the glittering star of royalty that blazoned upon his breast! and then kneeling exclaimed in one voice:

'It is the king!'

CHAPTER XV.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.—A HEARTLESS PLOT.

The lapse of some three years brings us to Constantinople once more; the superb, peculiar, incomparable capital of the Ottoman empire, with its chaplets of swelling cupolas, and groves of slender minarets, its avenues of glittering porticos and palaces, the glorious Bosphorus, the fairy-like seraglio, the lovely suburbs, besprinkled with valleys and streams, and its sea-beat shores, dotted by myriads of caiques, shooting hither and thither like fire-flies in the air, all still the same.

Arasilus has been summoned to the sultan on matters of grave import touching the relation of the two countries; and placing his cousin on the throne, to fill that seat for him until his return, he bade farewell to his dearly loved wife, the beautiful Esmah. He departed from Athens and came now to answer the summons of Mahomet, the Brother of the Sun. Leaving Arasilus to arrange his business at the Turkish court, we will, in the meantime, return to his wife, and the house he had left.

If Esmah was lovely when first introduced to the reader in the sultan's palace, how much more so was she now, with all the elegance of ripened womanhood, with the gently subdued air that perfect control and unruffled happiness impart? These charms, added to all her early beauty of person, rendered her almost too lovely. In her noble lord's absence, she remained almost in utter seclusion, admitting only her sacred confessor to her apartments.

Some three years had passed since Amarault had abdicated in favour of his cousin, and though in the meantime he had been treated with distinguished honour, still there had grown up in his heart bitter hatred towards Arasilus. First, because he felt that he had been the means, though innocently, of deeply wronging him, and secondly, because his noble cousin was so much more honoured and beloved, as king, than he had ever been. Besides this, he envied him the love and companionship of such a sweet being as his wife, and feeling thus, his spirit to do him evil was only augmented by the opportunity that was afforded him to execute it, since he filled a second time the throne while Arasilus was called away to the court of the sultan.

By the most insidious wiles he endeavoured to ingratiate himself into the heart of Esmah. He was of course admitted to her society, being reigning king, and her husband's cousin. He shrewdly studied the fair lady's character, and knowing that she must be attacked in no common way, he made the subject of his study how best to deceive, and perhaps even to dishonour her. Thus could he gain a double purpose; the gratification of his own passion, and the ruin of Arasilus's peace of mind and happiness forever. He sat with her alone, talked much of her absent husband, a subject that delighted her, praised him for his noble nature, his administration of authority, and referred to a hundred themes that complimented her absent lord, until Esmah began each day to look forward to his visits with pleasure.

Step by step Amarault approached his fell purpose, until a propitious moment arrived, when he shocked the pure and tender heart of the queen, with a proposal so black that she was struck dumb. She could not even denounce him in so bitter terms as she should have done, nor express the indignation that filled her breast.

'Have a care, lady,' said the villian; 'if you banish me hence, you make an enemy who will be revenged on you and yours, though it cost him his life.'

In her proud indignation, she vouchsafed not a word, but with a dignity that made even Amarault quail beneath her flashing eye, she pointed towards the door of the room for him to leave it on the instant. Nothing but stern indignation was depicted on her face while he was present; but when he had gone, and she was left alone, her woman nature burst forth, and throwing herself upon a couch, she covered her face with her hands and wept like a child, partly in anger, partly in grief, that she had been so insulted and deceived.

Esmah thought long and sorrowfully upon the event, and trembled as she remembered one remark of Amarault's that he would be avenged upon her and her lord too. She feared that some trap would be laid for Arasilus by his wily cousin, who he had a double object in view, that of gaining the throne once more, and his own safety; for she reasoned that he would expect her to revenge his insult to the king, who would be sure to punish him with the severity it merited. The thought of any danger occurring to her husband made Esmah almost crazy to think upon, and she hurriedly resolved to send for Amarault, tell him all was forgotten and forgiven, and thus disarm him of at least one incentive to harm Arasilus. She had already discovered enough of Amarault's real character to believe that he would stop at no means whereby to gain his ends, and knowing as she did the story of his mother's character, even to the foul means she resorted to with the priest to wrong Arasilus, and place her own son in the royal seat, she felt that he inherited the vileness he now displayed.

Yet, despite of the loathing that she felt at meeting again with one so vile, one who had wronged and insulted her so deeply, still for her dear lord's sake, she would count her own feelings as naught, and humble herself for his safety. Exercised by these considerations, she sent word to Amarault that she would see him at his convenience, indeed that she hoped he would come to her at once in her private closet, and with this desire expressed on paper, she sent him the note by an attendant, receiving an answer by the return of Amarault him elf. He came flushed with wine, and exalted at the idea of being thus summoned by her who had but the day before so rudely and proudly repulsed him from her presence.

Esmah suppressed the disgust she felt, and only sought to appease the anger of Amarault. She told him that perhaps she herself was more to blame than he, that her manner or her speech perhaps was not sufficiently guarded; in short, that she had been thinking most seriously of the difference between them, and wished once more to become friends with him. She assured him that she should forget that which had passed, so that he continued her husband's good friend, nor should Arasilus ever know that any misunderstanding existed between them. In her generous spirit, and her anxiety for her absent lord, she humbled herself before the heartless and revengeful cousin of the king, and begged his forgiveness, though, in fact, she had committed no fault to be forgiven.

But she mistook the man, after all, in appealing to his generosity; it was a quality which, if he possessed at all, had lain so long inactive in his heart, as to have become dormant for ever. He listened to her with a bitter smile, he looked upon her wondrous beauty with increased passion, and all heated as he was with the fumes of the wine, he could only comprehend that Esmah, in all her unequalled beauty, was before him, and a suppliant.

'Lady,' said he, 'I have gone too far, have already risked too much to turn back unrequited; either give thy favor, or I will have such revenge as neither you nor your husband dream of—you shall both be crushed in the fulfilment of my promise.'

'Think not I fear thee for myself, but alas! I would my lord were here and safe,' Esmah almost sobbed, 'here to punish thee for thy perfidy.'

The spirit of evil was burning in Amarault's breast; he approached the queen and said, 'Come, lady, it is a fitting hour for love, and we are alone.'

Esmah shrank back, trembling and dismayed at his look.

'Nay, think not to escape me,' he said, turning and fastening the door. 'We are in a wing of the palace far away from those who would answer thy call, and thou thyself hast taken care to send away thy waiting-maids. Come, I say, you have not sent for me without a purpose.'

'My lord, my lord, O, for the love of Heaven, approach me not!'

'Nay, lady, I am in earnest, be assured,' replied Amarault, seizing the queen by the arm, and drawing her towards him with rudeness.

A slight shriek burst from Esmah as he seized her, but his hand upon her mouth suppressed it, so that it could scarcely be heard beyond her own door. But scarce a moment had transpired after the faint cry was uttered, when the rich tapestry that curtained the room was lifted, and a figure leaped through a secret door in the wainscoting. Amarault started back in wonder as he saw the muzzle of a long Turkish pistol pointed at his head, held in the steady though long and bony hands of the dwarf.

Esmah, profiting by the astonishment that possessed Amarault, sprang away from him, and sinking upon the floor behind the dwarf, sobbed as though her heart would break. How strange the picture of that beautiful being, almost angelic in loveliness, guarded by so hideous a form that the eye almost ached to look upon it. Yet, though thus misshapen, the dwarf looked almost handsome now. One arm and hand were held before the prostrate Esmah, while with the other his weapon was held pointed at the villian who had attacked a defenceless woman. The eye of the dwarf, to which we have more than once referred, presented a strange appearance now; its soft, tender, woman-like beauty had vanished, and there seemed to pour from it such a flash of rage and resolution, that Amarault was satisfied that his life hung upon a thread, and that were he to advance one step towards the queen, a bullet would pierce his brain.

Almost crazed with rage, he bit his lips until the very blood started from them, and walking towards the door, turned with a meaning glance to the dwarf, and with an oath to himself, he burst away from the scene.

When he was gone, the dwarf replaced the weapon within his bosom, and in an instant his whole manner was changed. He was once more the simple, docile, forsaken-looking creature, who had followed the princess from her father's harem to Greece. His eye once more beamed softly and happily upon his mistress, and placing himself near the door whence Amarault had departed, he coiled himself in a corner, and was as inanimate, in appearance, as though life was no longer in him. Esmah could only look her gratitude to the poor dumb creature, and taking his big cold hand within her own delicate one, she pressed it to her heart with tears upon her cheek. A deep guttural sound, the only one the dwarf ever made, signified his appreciation of her gratitude. But when she had retired within the inner apartment of her chamber to seek the rest her nerves so much required, the dwarf laid the hand she had held against his own rude breast, and tears filled his eyes. Heaven only could know his inward thoughts!

Baffled in his plots, Amarault grew more resolved upon the ruin of Esmah, and he knew that if he could accomplish that, Arasilus, who held her as the apple of his eye, the very core of his heart, would also fall before the shock. He knew that if he could [illegible] the domestic bliss of the king, that he would at [illegible] retire from the court, such was his delicate [illegible]e, and, of course, his own right to the throne [illegible]reece would be undisputed. In pursuance of [illegible] heartless and villainous purpose he found it