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Glandular	Sore-throats
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Piles	Tumors
Rheumatism	Ulcers
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The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1867. NO 44

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

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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 AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 7th day, 21h. 56m., morning, N.W.
Full Moon, 15th day, 6h. 25m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 5h. 10m., evening, N.
New Moon, 29th day, 8h. 52m., morning, N.

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

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, August 2, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	6d to 9d
Do by the quarter,	4d to 6d
Pork, (carcass)	
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 7d
Lamb per lb,	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 1d
Butter, (fresh)	10d to 11d
Do by the tub,	
Cheese, per lb.,	4d to 7d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 1½d
Lard, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Flour, per lb.,	3½l to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	17s to 18s
Eggs, per dozen,	9d to 10d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 5s
Oats per do.,	2s 9d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s 6d to 2s 9d
" new, per quart,	6d to 8d
Poultry.	
Geese,	
Turkeys, each,	5s to 8s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	2s 6d to 3s
Ducks,	none
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,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	70s to 80s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	6d
Wool,	1s
Sheepskins,	9d to 1s
Apples, per doz.,	
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, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Pork,
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Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rings,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

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Select Literature.

THE

TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

Continued.

'He is often thus,' replied the mate, evasively. But at the same time he resolved to probe his captain, and satisfy his own curiosity; and for this purpose he engaged in some ordinary piece of a seaman's duty that should bring him upon the quarter deck of the lugger.

'You are gloomy, captain,' said the second in command, respectfully saluting the page. 'Surely this is no time for regrets, when we are getting on so well.'

'True, true, said the page hurriedly; 'as you say, this is no time for grief, for we have been thus far very successful.'

This remark was followed by an order or two from the page, in relation to the sailing gear of the lugger, and then he relapsed into his thoughtful mood again, secretly regretting that he had ever proposed an enterprise that could possibly separate him from Esmah, and actually wishing himself back again once more by her side in quiet, and unsuspected of treachery to his late master the sultan.

'Perhaps you are sick?' suggested the mate, whose business again brought him near to his commander's side, and who wondered at the moody spirit of Alick.

'O, no, not at all, my good friend. I was thinking of the romantic legends that attach themselves to these headlands hereaway. This is a most interesting spot, crowded with legend and story,' replied the page, struggling to regain his wonted cheerfulness.

'I don't see much of interest here,' said the mate, listlessly.

'You have sailed in these waters before?' asked the page.

'O, yes, from a boy, until captured and carried to Constantinople.'

'And never heard of the past history of these points.'

'Nothing particularly. There was a big English ship cast away just off the Fures within my memory.'

'I mean the legends of the years gone by, of olden times, when mighty deeds marked the passage.'

'Well, now, the sinking of a big ship is something to remember,' said the mate.

'Very, no doubt, so, to be sure,' replied the captain; 'but I am talking of the records of history—facts that occurred long before our time or that of our fathers.'

'Yes. That's a good way back though captain.'

'See you naught of interest here?' said the page, rather thinking aloud than addressing his assistant.

'I have heard a good deal said about the Dardanelles and the Upper Ægean, but I don't see anything very remarkable here,' said the mate, glancing first at the European and then at the Asiatic shore of the pass. 'I have had my eyes on those two forts, there, that flank the near approach of the two continents, but we are out of reach of them now,' continued the mate, with evident satisfaction

The page headed not the remark of his less romantic and intelligent companion, but as if aroused to a different train of thought by his own reference to the history of the scenes about them, he looked thoughtfully around.

'Here was drowned Helle, daughter of Athamas, king of Thebes,' said the page, still musing to himself.

The mate looked in all directions with staring eyes, as though he expected to see the ghost of the dead princess arise from the sea.

'And here, too, the gallant Leander perished,' continued the page thoughtfully.

As to Leander, the mate seemed to be puzzled, but shrewdly thought he might have been captain of some fishing-smack of the Archipelago.

'And here' between Sestos and Abydos, Xerxes's ill-fated host crossed in their bridge of boats,' still mused the page, half leaning upon the bulwarks as he looked off towards the point he referred to.

This reference to the history of the past contemplated the mystification of the mate, who, in his bewilderment, began to scan the distance, rather than the view nearest to them, when suddenly he seemed to discover something that was calculated to arouse both him and his master from their musings on the past, to a most vivid realization of the present and its vicissitudes.

'Look hither, captain,' said the mate. 'See you not, just off the castle of Atoito, a sail that looks much like one of the sultan's ships we left anchored off the Seraglio Point, when we slipped our cable this morning?'

The page started from his thoughtful attitude at these words, and seizing a glass, looked intently in the direction indicated by his second in command The lugger had already swept with a fine breeze that came tripping off the shores of Asia far to the south, and some three leagues already lay between her and the fortress referred to Trusting to the fleet character of the yacht, the page had scarce a doubt that he should be able to escape without trouble; but the sail now referred to seemed to indicate that the most prompt exertions had been adopted to overtake him. Besides, a glance told him that the frigate had made far better time than the lugger, for she must have lost at least an hour in getting under weigh after the alarm was given.

'By this light, it is the Mahomet—the fastest frigate in the sultan's fleet!' said the page, still examining her through the glass.

'Tis the Mahomet, indeed,' said the mate, despondingly.

'Star board your helm a bit,' said the page, 'and bring her head more to the south.'

'Starboard,' repeated the man at the helm, as he obeyed the order.

The bows of the lugger fell off a couple of points, taking the full force of the land breeze right aft, and jibing his foresail, the page skimmed along in the favourite style of a fore-and-aft rig. But still the Golden Horn, even in this her best point of sailing, did not seem to distance her pursuer so fast as to make any gain apparent to the now anxious eye of the page The fact was, Alick had put the lugger on this point to test the fact to his own satisfaction, for he knew very well that he could not long stand upon that course, and that he must soon tack, to weather the Isle of Shoals.

This was soon the case, for the mate, who had been sent forward in the lookout at the bows, declared the water to be shoaling fast, which was met with a prompt order from the page to go about. This manœuvre brought the lugger's head to the south-ward and east-ward, and the wind having also hauled a little to the north-ward, enabled her to lay a more southerly course, close-hauled, and to speed merrily on towards the Isles of the Archipelago, where Alick felt that he could take advantage of his old knowledge of the varying channels and reefs, to puzzle the commander of the sultan's ship, who would not dare to follow him into such shoal water and so precarious navigation.

In the meantime the mate had been rigging up a sort of jigger-sail aft, the spar being stepped just by the tafferel, as a sort of additional impetus to the lugger—a sail much used in those days, and more latterly in these inland seas, to crowd the bows of the craft well up to the wind, enabling them to steer small as sailors say, close in the wind's eye. But the new sail was a mere speck compared with the broad and lofty sheets that the frigate was every moment adding to her studding-sail booms, which had not until now been set.

The mate desisted from his job of rigging out a jigger, and at a suggestion from Alick, even took it in, as it could do them no good. The lugger was making all the speed she could, before a fair wind, but the wind was as favourable for the ship as it was for the lugger, and while the latter had been tacking, the ship had laid her course steadily for the south, hoping, evidently, to head the lugger off from the islands and the open sea beyond. By means of her loftier sails, she was now gaining perceptibly upon the yacht, so that by nightfall, as the land breeze died away, and a dead calm set in, the two vessels were little less than two leagues from each other, and almost motionless.

'I would have staked my all on the speed of the lugger,' said the mate to Alick; 'but she has seemed to drag along like a sick cur to-day.'

'You mistake,' replied the page. 'Consider first your impatience, and the extraordinary speed of the Mahomet, and you will see she has done well.'

The mate saw the force of the remark, but looked disappointed, nevertheless.

'He has overhauled us hand over hand ever since we first made him out at the Dardanelles,' continued the mate.

'True,' replied the page, 'but his spread of canvas itself is immense.'

'Only enough to make up the increased depth of water that she draws,' continued the mate, sadly dissatisfied with their luck, and inclined to lay all blame upon the lugger, which Alick, true seaman-like, was anxious to defend.

'Remember that a deep craft *with* the current is all the better,' said the page. 'We who set so lightly upon it, feel but half its power.'

Alick was too much of a philosopher and too good a seaman for his mate to argue with him, had not discipline forbade such familiarity — for although they were in common there, all Greeks, endavoring to escape from a barbarous slavery, still all looked up to the page with respect and duty, for his very nature was such as to command these tokens from those about him.

'Get out a couple of sweeps forward,' said the page, 'and we will keep her in motion.'

The night was remarkably clear, and even at the distance which intervened between the two vessels, the crew of either could see the others busy at the sweeps; in addition to which, the frigate had a half dozen boats out ahead towing, but if any change was perceptible in the relative positions of the two, it was in favor of the lugger, as her light draft of water rendered her more manageble in calm weather, and more obedient to the sweeps.

It was an anxious night on board the yacht. Not an eye was closed, not a hand unemployed, and every one worked as though life depended upon the issue. But the longest night must have an end, and as day broke, a slight breeze sprang up with the sun, and both the frigate and the lugger felt its enlivening power at the same instant, and at once began to move through the water with lifelike spirit and motion.

The lugger was manned by about a score of Greeks, besides Alick and his mate, but the idea of resistance seemed almost preposterous under the existing circumstances, as a single broadside from the frigate, if fairly aimed and within gunshot, would inevitably blow the lugger out of water. Still Alick knew that the guns he carried were of a remarkable bore, and designed for the long shot, and as the frigate came up now hand over hand, he felt that his vessel bore a sort of charmed life, since no shot from the frigate had touched her.

It seemed for awhile as though the lugger herself rejoiced at the lucky shots that had been fired from her decks, for she seemed to have gathered renewed powers and was shooting like a bird on the wing down the southern current that makes towards the Grecian Archipelago. But the frigate's people, as if all patience were lost by the effect of the shots from the lugger, yawned gracefully to for a moment and fired a dozen well-aimed shots towards the Golden horn, at a single discharge.

'Luff—luff quick, I say!' shouted the page, as he saw the movement of the frigate; for as he was stern on, her broadside must have raked him fore and aft had the lugger not minded her helm and rounded up, gracefully fore-reaching twice her own length.

'That touch at her fore-rigging hit in a tender spot,' said Alick to the mate, who was on the quarter-deck tending the guns.

'Yes, and so he's sending us his compliments—there they come, ripping up the sea, and tossing the water like mad.'

'Half of those will go astern of us, thanks to the manner in which the lugger fore-reaches,' said Alick, marking well the course of the shot as they came.

All eyes were now watching the dread messengers.

'Down, for your lives, every one of you—flat, I say, upon the deck!' shouted the page, with an energy of tone that thrilled the crew.

In the meantime the yacht was shaking in the wind, and yet forging slightly ahead from the impetus of her headway when the helm was put down, and these incidents that have taken so much space to describe, had transpired in about two minutes of time.

'Steady, there!' said Alick, as a last word of warning to his crew.

The shot came dancing as merrily over the waves as though their mission were not a bloody one. But alas! a fearful crash was heard on board the yacht, as the splinters flew from her side, and the groans of two wounded men followed the discharge from the frigate.

As soon as the iron messengers had done their mission, the bows of the lugger were once more brought to the south. This was not done, however, without some considerable trouble, as the current had now got the craft broadside on, and was sweeping it thus with its courses. There being no longer any headway on the lugger, of course she could not mind her helm. A few moments' labour at one of the sweeps on the weather bow soon brought her round, and as soon as she took the wind in her fore-sail, all was right again, and she was once more thoroughly in hand.

The commander of the Mahomet, in his eagerness to deliver his broadside into the lugger, came near getting into the same difficulty, and came round to his course again most lazily, though he was enabled to do so with his topsails—an advantage that a square-rig has over a plain fore-and-after. The confusion caused on board the frigate by the wounded spars and sails referred to, was very manifest on board the lugger, and Alick remarked:

'Another such mishap, my friend Hafiz, and you will have to lay by and repair damages.'

'Fire high,' continued Alick, to one of the men by his side, who was now pointing one of the pieces; 'it's his rigging we want to harm.'

The man obeyed, and taking the hint, fired another shot among the fore-sheets that sent a couple of ropes upon the deck by the run, and dropped the top-gallant-sail upon the cap beneath.

'Well done,' said Alick; 'keep up that play, my man.'

Again the captain of the frigate brought his broadside to bear upon the lugger, and again Alick performed the same manœuvre as before, taking care this time not to lose command of the lugger so far as before, and after receiving the shot without further damage, he turned again to the south.

The mate went forward at a sign from his young commander, to help the wounded, while Alick ground his teeth in silence, and all the fire of his native spirit seemed roused by the blood he saw spilled from his fellow-countrymen. A cool determination of spirit seemed to be overspreading his countenance, and he became calmer than he had seemed at any previous moment during the chase.

The wounded men were conveyed below. Not a word was spoken on board the lugger. The page had himself taken the helm, and still the beautiful yacht sped on like a wounded deer, as fleet as ever, no vital spot being touched, and she seemed to be only spurred forward by the shot that had struck her hull and rigging. The calm determination of purpose evinced in the page's face had also communicated itself to his crew, and they stood there unmoved and resolved.

CHAPTER VII.

It is proverbial that the Turks are bad sailors, but the captain of the Mahomet happened to be an exception to the general rule, and he was now out-manœuvring the lugger, notwithstanding the loss of some of his head sails, and was fast closing with her. As the crisis approached, the native fire in the bosom of the page burned clearer and brighter. He summoned his men aft, and asked them if they would stand to their arms, and fight to the last, to which they all enthusiastically responded in the affirmative—for they had no wish to return to Constantinople to die by the bowstring, or be strangled in the open streets, as an example to their former companions in slavery. Realizing that this would be their inevitable fate if they were taken by the frigate, the Greeks declared that they would rather sink with the lugger than fall again into the hands of the Turks.

The page had now duly considered their situation, and he fully comprehended its danger. He did not feel authorized to risk the lives of the crew further, unless by their own free consent. For himself, he would gladly fight to the last, and die with his sword in his hand. He summoned them aft, pointed out to them that their lives were at stake,—that if taken by the frigate, some of them, perhaps, might be pardoned, but the majority would doubtless be made examples of in Constantinople. He told them that he would be governed by their own wishes as to yielding up the lugger. But one voice came from those dauntless men. They declared that they would fight to the last, and that death itself was preferable to a return to their former state of slavery.

'It is well,' said the page, after hearing their decision; 'to your duty, then.'

A hearty cheer rung from the little band as they went once more to their stations, although the light of hope must have beamed very dimly in their hearts.

The small arms of the lugger's armament had already been dealt out to the men, and the guns on the quarter-deck were kept hot by constant use. But splinters were flying from the sides of the Golden Horn as the frigate drew nearer, and three or four Greeks now lay severely wounded upon the deck forward; they only cheered on their companions, however, and some good marksmen among them were picking off the crew and officers of the frigate as she neared them; and the excitement on board the Mahomet told how fatal the Greeks were in their aim. Indeed, as it afterwards appeared, the three lieutenants were thus killed. At this moment a lucky shot from the lugger, striking near where a former one had hit, brought down the foretopmast of the frigate from the cap, and greatly impeded the way; by the wreck that dragged alongside, as well as entangling the rest of the fore sheets.

'Hurra!' shouted the excited Greeks from their little craft.

'This is encouraging,' said the page to his mate; 'haul the sheets well aft, and trim her close down to it. The frigate must fall off a little now.'

'Minutes are hours to us now,' replied the mate, obeying the order.

The wounding of the Mahomet's foremast enabled the lugger to shoot ahead once more, almost out of gunshot from the frigate, before the latter could sufficiently repair the damage to resume her wonted speed. But the captain of the sultan's frigate was now exasperated; and although he had refrained from pouring his entire broadside into the lugger, from a hope of re-taking her without much injury to her hull and spars, he now resolved to pour all his fire upon the devoted yacht. For this purpose his guns were double-shotted, and orders had been given to fire *low* at the hull and decks of the Golden Horn.

The northern headlands of Negropont had already hovered in sight, and Alick and his remaining companions were spurred on to renewed exertion by the sight of their native land, towards which they were gradually approaching. The Golden Horn, now sadly wounded and torn by the shots, with more than one large leak from those that had struck her about the water line, and her deck stained with blood, still held on towards the rocky and dangerous shore of Negropont, and this, too, although the prudent captain of the frigate had shortened sail, for he knew the dangerous character of the navigation, and he had already run in as near as he dared to do with his draft of water. But the lugger could hold on safely much longer.

'How is the water forward?' asked the page of his mate at this critical moment.

'We are shoaling it fast, and the lugger settles every moment,' was the reply.

'How many of the men are alive yet, forward there?' asked the page.

'Seven,' was the reply.

'Shoal water is our only hope, said the page. 'Heaven send that we find enough to carry us to the shore without touching!'

'We are settling every moment,' said the mate, measuring the draft of water.

Alick still hoped to reach the shore before the lugger should sink, but the leaks were gaining fast upon them, and she could hold on but a short time longer. Now and then a shot would strike her from the frigate, and the splinters would fly like a shower of hailstones about his head, while his comrades lay dead and dying about him. His own guns had been silenced for some time, but he held the tiller with a firm hand, and looked sternly towards the rock-bound coast before him. Hope was still in his heart and stern resolve beamed forth from his eye.

'Farewell, brother!' said the mate to Alick, waving his hand to him from under one of the guns, which he had managed so well during the action, and where a spent ball had now laid him fatally wounded.

'Farewell, my brave comrade. God speed you to paradise!' replied the page, leaning over and pressing the hand of the dying man.

'Greece and liberty!' shouted the mate, faintly, and fell back a lifeless corpse.

Scarce half a dozen of the Greeks were left alive, and all these were more or less wounded. But, with earnest eyes bent on their young commander, they remained silent, and unmoved by any outward token, awaiting his order or their fate.

It was already night once more, so stubborn and so close had been the chase. Flitting clouds swam swiftly in the mrial sea, the young moon was now hidden for a moment, and all was darkness as if a frown came from the sky upon the fearful scene below; the next instant the frigate's people saw the lugger suddenly stop short, tremble, and fall to pieces, while the waves seemed to engulf her hull and spars as if by magic. Her bows had struck a sunken rock, some half league from the shore, and her already weakened frame proved too frail to survive the shock. No sign of life remained of the lugger or her people. All, all were gone!

"O, was the spoiler's vessel nigh?
Yes! there becalmed in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver, dark,
Brooding, it frowned—that evil bark!"

HEMANS.

Humanity is no part of a Turk's composition, at least so far as it regards his converse with his fellow-man, more particularly if he happens to be a Christian, though to the animal kingdom his strict adherence to the principles and directions contained in the Koran leads him to show the tenderest solicitude. And thus the captain of the Mahomet did not so much as lower a boat to see if any of the drowning men might be saved. Not he! it would have been more natural for him to listen to their cries for help with gratification. The frigate lay by the spot until the morning, and then, seeing no signs of any of the lugger's crew, nor so much as a single spar left of the ill-fated yacht, she squared away her sails and deliberately laid her course to the north through the Dardanelles.

In due time the frigate arrived safely at her moorings in the Bosphorus, and after her sails were furled, and everything done in the slow, tedious etiquette of the Turkish style, the captain's report was made in person to the sultan.

'Say you he fought so resolutely?' asked the sultan, musing.

'Highness, he fought like one resolved to sell his life dearly.'

'And your loss in killed was how many?' asked the sultan.

'Three good officers, highness, and a score of able seamen.'

'He had the guns on the quarter-deck, you say?' continued the sultan, musing; for he, too, felt a pride in the lugger, and all that was attached to her.

'Yes, highness, pointing them with his own hands,' replied the captain of the Mahomet.

'And had nearly reached the coast of Greece?' continued the sultan, much interested.

'The lugger sunk off the northern coast of Negropont,' replied the officer.

'By the beard of the prophet, but we loved the boy,' said the sultan musing still.

'He knew the lugger, highness, and sailed her like an old seaman.'

'There was true metal in Alick,' replied the sultan.

'No seaman could deny that,' said the master of the Mahomet.

The fate of the Greeks who had attempted to escape in the sultan's yacht, was published in all parts of the city, by the officers of the household, as an example to deter others from committing a like offence. But the sultan was sad, for he had really loved the boy who had been so long with him; indeed, he had grown to need the services of one who half studied to meet his every want, and even to anticipate them. The page had arranged his minutest matters for the sultan, who now felt like one lost without his valued services.

It was true that Esmah had been detected in the disguise that she had assumed to wear on board the lugger, and that her mother had raised the alarm that had led to the note which the princess sent to him. But the mother fearing that the strict rules of the Turkish creed would be performed upon her child, managed shrewdly to hush the matter up, and made it appear that Esmah was in no way to blame; and indeed the sultan came to the conclusion that Alick only sought his own liberty and that of his comrades.

To prevent suspicion, Esmah was forced to a display of cheerfulness, that, although it belied her heart, yet dispelled all doubts as to her innocence. She was even gayer than usual, not from fear for herself, but lest the page's memory should suffer by any suspicion.

In private, however, the gentle girl gave full vent to the pent up feelings of her heart. Alas! how bitterly did Esmah mourn! Her young heart seemed to be broken, for it was wholly given to the lost page. The first shock of the sad news was almost too much for her. First it caused her brain to reel, and [illegible]