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CLARKE.

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OINTMENT.

Sores, Bad Breasts,
Wounds.

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Fistulas	Skin-diseases
Gout	Sore-nipples
Glandular	Sore-throats
swellings	Scurvy
Lumbago	Sore-heads
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P. REILLY.

The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1867. NO 42

THE HERALD
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
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For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " 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 JULY.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 1st day, 5h. 56m, evening, E.
First Quarter, 8th day, 1h. 19m., evening, E. S. E.
Full Moon, 16th day, 3h. 44m., evening, N. E.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 10h. 20m., morning, S. W.
New Moon, 31st day, 0h. 31m., morning, N.

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

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, July 26, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	6d to 9d
Do by the quarter,	6d to 7d
Pork, (carcass)	4d to 5d
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 7d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 7d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 1d
Butter, (fresh)	9d to 10d
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.,	3½d to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	17s to 18s
Eggs, per dozen,	7d to 9d
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 6d
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.,	4d
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,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
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 Hoops,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'-Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

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

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

POETRY.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the Clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest the lull of the waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud the radient rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadow river—rest!

IN THE MEADOW.

Idle, and half in love with idleness,
Caught in the network that my oak tree weaves
Of light and shadow with his thrilling leaves,
And charmed to hear his easy song no less.—
On the shorn grass I lie, and let the excess
Of summer life seem only summer play,
Even to the farmers working far away,
Where one man lifts and strenuously heaves
A bristly hay-cock up to him who stands
Unsteadily upon the swaying load,
Which, while the shuffling oxen slowly pass,
Touched into wakefulness by voice and goad,
He shapes and smooths, and, turning in his hands,
The long fork glistens like a rod of glass.

—*R. K. Weeks in the Nation.*

Select Literature.

THE

TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER II.

Continued.

'Is he thy boy?' asked the sultan of the captain. 'He is my slave,' replied the master of the Trebizond Ship, as he bowed low in the eastern style before the Sultan Mahomet.

'From whence do you come?' continued the sultan.

'From the south, highness,' replied the slaver, again bowing low.

'And this boy?'

'Is a Greek.'

'And from whence?'

'He was taken from the fishermen of the Archipelago, highness,' replied the man.

'Tis well. God is good, and the law is sacred. Take thy proaerty,' said the sultan.

'Highness, I kiss your hand,' replied the captain, bowing to the thwarts of his boat.

At this moment there struggled through the crowd a strangely deformed creature, and seized the boy, he looked strangely into his face for a moment, and placing a ring upon his finger, again disappeared within the curtains of the boat. Hardly understanding this singular gift, the boy seemed to be pleased with the ring, which was one of rare workmanship, in gold, supporting a small diamond of surpassing brilliancy. The boy had marked the giver, who seemed to be a privileged person in the sultan's barge, though deformed and horrible to look upon.

In the meantime the sultan turned to the cushions of his caique, to attend to the half-drowned child that had been so providentially rescued from a watery grave. The boy returned at once to the slaver with his master, thinking lightly of what he had done. The royal boat swept on to the Seraglio Point, and in a couple of hours the whole affair was forgotten, or at least apparently so, among a people who are stoics both by practice and by nature, and who die or live, as the fates may decree, without a murmur, or even a thought that by any possible act of their own they might in any way avert the decree of fortune. They are devotedly and sincerely fatalists, and live up to the dictates of their belief most religiously.

What seaman who has sailed in the Black Sea, or among the isles of the Grecian Archipelago, has not seen these Turks resign themselves and their well found crafts to the mercy of a wild storm, and lighting a pipe, sit down contentedly on the deck to await the fate that is ordained for them, saying, 'If we are to die, no effort of ours can avail us; if we are to be saved, we shall be so without any agency of our own. Allah needs not the aid of such as we to carry out his will. What availeth our exertions?'

Far be it from us to disparage entire reliance upon Divine Providence, more especially in time of imminent danger; but a storm at sea calls for a cool head and a prompt spirit on the quarter-deck, with ready activity to back them on the forecastle. Resignation is a very good spirit to possess, but a worthless servant.

CHAPTER III.

SLAVE MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was just one week subsequent to the accident that had occurred on board the sultan's caique, in the harbor of Constantinople, that a public sale of the cargo of slaves brought by the Trebizond ship took place in the bazaar. A curious scene was presented, with its group of males and females, to be bargained for and sold like so many cattle. There were rosy-cheeked Circassian girls and boys, stout, manly Greeks, captured from their fishing-boats in the Ægean Sea, Persians, Georgians, the latter mostly young and beautiful girls, brought expressly to grace the harems of the rich and noble Mussulmans, each one destined to be the plaything of some 'malignant and turbaned Turk.'

At one corner of the bazaar there stood quietly by himself, a small boy, of some twelve or thirteen summers, dressed in the fisherman's costume of the Greeks of Negropont. The most casual observer might easily perceive that he was no common boy. His active eye took in every movement of the crowd, and all that transpired in the thronged bazaar. He was quick, observant, thoughtful and handsome. His light form displayed flexibility of limb and strength of body, well combined, and the feat in the harbor showed his promptness and daring, for it was he who saved the child that fell from the sultan's caique but a few days before.

A perfume merchant had set his eyes upon the boy, as peculiarly adapted for his service in his bazaar, and a captain of the sultan's guard had already resolved to purchase him, as a lackey to tend his horse and trappings, while some half dozen others, struck with his remarkable manner and appearance, had also made up their minds that he must be theirs.

'Wouldst like me for thy master, boy?' said the perfume merchant, accosting the young Greek.

The boy looked at him with a singular mixture of contempt and curiosity depicted in his face, and being attracted by some passing event, he heeded not the question that the man of perfumes had made.

'Wouldst like me for a master, boy?' repeated the Turk.

'You *smell* well,' said the boy, with a quick, sarcastic wit, that raised a shout of laughter among the mixed assembly.

The merchant turned away, resolving to buy him, if only for the pleasure of revenging himself for the insult of the young rogue. The captain of the cavalry, having marked the scene between the boy and the perfume merchant, liked him all the better for his wit and spirit, and approaching him said:

'I'm a soldier, my lad—how would you like to be my page, and have the care of my horses' trappings?'

'I care not to whom I'm sold,' said the boy, listlessly.

'But you should, my little fellow. It may make vast odds to you.'

'Am I not a slave in any instance?' asked the young Greek, turning his fine eye upon the soldier with an expressive and meaning glance.

'In the name, thou art; but with a good master it is of little account.'

'I care not,' replied the boy, 'whether my cage be barred with golden walls or iron; it is a cage all the same to me.'

'I like thee, nevertheless,' said the soldier, 'and will try for thee.'

The boy answered not further, but turned listlessly away to gaze at the scene that surrounded him in the slave bazaar, while his handsome face expressed many contending emotions, elicited by the doings there. He seemed utterly unconscious of the attention that was bestowed upon himself, and the general admiration that his appearance elicited from all.

Circassian after Circassian was "knocked down" to the highest bidder, stout Greeks and Bulgarian lads were sold at a bargain, intermingled with the beautiful Georgians, till the Greek fisher boy was offered at last to close the sale. He was announced by the Jew who acted as salesman, as a fisher boy from the Archipelago, and, as an instance of his promptness and ability, his late service to the sultan was related. The boy stood with a proud and curling lip as he was offered there for sale, but remained passive and speechless. The bids ran high, and already the boy was going at a price far exceeding that of the highest Georgian, much to the delight and surprise of his owner, the captain of the slave ship, when the dwarf who placed the ring upon his finger hobbled into the bazaar, and hurrying to the side of one who wore the livery of the sultan's household, made a sign to him, and disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

In the next moment the well-known voice of Brumah, the sultan's chief eunuch, put a stop to the sale, by offering twice the sum that had been already bidden; and taking the boy by the hand, he laid a bag of gold on the owner's stand, and walked away with his purchase. It was thus that Alick the Greek was introduced into the palace of the sultan—and Esmah, the lovely princess, was the child whom he had saved from a grave in the waters of the Bosphorus.

Alick was too young to know much of his own history. He knew that he was born at Athens, that having lost both his parents while yet quite a child, an old priest had adopted him, with whom he had lived on the island of Negropont ever since. This he had been told an hundred times, in answer to his natural, childlike inquiries. The priest had never been a father, and with all his supposed knowledge of human nature, knew little of the proper way to educate or bring up a child, but he tutored him profoundly in such branches as were deep study even for himself. Thus, from his earliest childhood, the boy had begun to learn those things which are supposed to be within the compass only of maturer minds. This constant application and hard study had tended in some degree to affect the health of one so young as Alick, and the good priest, realizing this, had given him a few months' vacation; and to strengthen and develop his young frame, as well as to humor a natural taste that he seemed to possess for anything relating to the sea, he placed him in charge of a fisherman of the isle, who belonged to Negropont; and from this craft the boy had been taken by the piratical slaver, while on a fishing excursion off the isle of Scio.

Already greatly prepossessed in favor of Alick, the sultan kept him near his person, vastly entertained by his conversational powers, for his young mind was richly stored with tales and legends of his country, told him by the priest, besides numberless Greek songs and ballads, which the boy would sing, accompanying himself upon the guitar, which he played with skill, thanks to the undivided attention of his ghostly instructor. The sultan, appreciating his many excellent acquirements and intrepidity of character, made Alick his body page, and the young Greek grew up to be of the utmost importance to the comfort of his royal master, from the fact that his shrewdness had led him to make the sultan's wants his study, and had also taught him the art to please and serve him faithfully. Like Othello the Moor, he sat before Esmah and her father, and told his stories to the delight of their leisure hours, and winning the daughter's heart little by little, till it was all his own.

'And did this old priest teach thee all these things?' the sultan would often ask, after listening delightedly to the boy's relation of some old romantic story.

'All, highness.'

'But you must have been an apt pupil, Alick, to remember so well?'

'I loved to listen to them, highness, for I knew no other pleasure.'

'And you were an orphan, Alick?' asked the monarch, sympathizingly.

'While yet almost an infant, highness,' replied the page.

'And never knew a parent's care?' continued the sultan, whose sympathy was vastly promoted by the drug he was now inhaling.

'Never, highness, save that of the kind old priest who adopted me.'

'Think of it, Esmah,' the sultan would say, turning to his daughter, while she showed by the language of her eyes how much she thought of all that concerned the page.

'God is great—we will be a father to thee,' the sultan would say, as his eye-balls gradually dilated under the narcotic influence of the strong potations of the dreamy drug, and visions of delight floated in his half-conscious imagination.'

All the while Esmah was regarding Alick with a tender but silent eloquence, that words would only have marred, and little did the Greek boy think of his servitude. Little did he realize, under such circumstances, that he was a slave!

Time flew with fairy-like wings for him. He heeded not its passage. Days, weeks, months, all unheeded, went into the lap of time, uncounted and unrecorded by him, for his heart was full and rich in contentment, so that he was but loved by Esmah, and permitted, even thus in secret, to exchange those sweet promises and assurances that made them both so happy. Who could find fault with their intimacy? They were scarcely more than children, and there was such a native grace and dignity in the manner of the Greek boy, that he seemed fully the equal of Esmah in station, though his tongue and bearing seemed so humble and dutiful. Yes, they were sweet playmates, and many an eye looked with envy upon the page, to see how much the fair and youthful princess regarded and relied upon him for amusements.

There were times, latterly, as Esmah grew up towards womanhood, that Brumah, the chief of the sultan's private household, looked with jealous eye upon the intimacy of the children, and once or twice he had even ventured to separate them when they were engaged in their games in the seraglio gardens, and send Alick to some other part of the palace; but he did not often take this liberty, for Esmah administered to him a reprimand that cut him keenly, child as she was; and the chief eunuch really feared the child whom he knew to be so strong a favourite with the sultan, that the monarch was easily swayed by her will, upon any ordinary subject. Therefore he took care to offend her no further.

Time passed on, day by day. Alick and Esmah were much together, playing among the beautiful fountains and fragrant flowers of the seraglio gardens. They were but children, and no one in that proud household regarded their intimacy, even for a moment, in any other light than of childish mates. Still the intelligent young Greek knew the part he played too well not to appear, more especially before others, to show the most profound respect towards her whom he already loved as a dear sister. Their young minds were moulded thus alike from childhood, by constant communion, and Alick, having imbibed a taste for study, soon mastered her native tongue, and taught her his own. Indeed, the sultan seemed pleased at this, and rewarded Alick for the instruction he imparted, with a diamond-hilted stiletto of great value, containing a Damascus blade of rare workmanship and unrivalled temper. The sultan forgot, that in Esmah's learning Alick's native tongue, the young couple were enabled to converse upon any subject that they chose, in a language to which himself and household were utter strangers.

While Alick had instructed Esmah in his native language, he had also taught her his religion, the Christian's faith, as it had been impressed upon his mind daily, by the old priest of Negropont, and the young girl joined him often in tender and heartfelt prayer. But O, how secretly! Had they been detected, Alick knew full well that even the sultan's earnest friendship would not save him from instant death by the bow-string. Indeed, there were constant examples to this effect exhibited almost daily before his eyes. Perhaps the very consciousness of the danger that they shared in their religious sentiments, by bowing the knee together in Christian prayer, lent to the ceremony additional force and interest.

Under these circumstances, it is no wonder of surprise that they grew to love each other so tenderly and devotedly. Esmah, from contrasting the character of the females that surrounded her with the picture of those which Alick had often drawn for her, and from the representations of the respect in which her sex was held by Christian nations, was led to look upon the real homage that the Greek paid her as something actually sacred, and she loved him accordingly, with all the wealth and devotedness of her pure soul.

'But O, how thoroughly hopeless is such love as ours, Esmah,' said the young Greek, as they sat alone in a shaded alcove one afternoon, after the sultan had dropped away, overcome by his favorite drug, in dreamy bliss.

'Hopeless indeed,' sighed Esmah.

'There are so many barriers to our union, that even love cannot hope.'

'Thy want of rank, Alick, is all, is it not?' she asked.

'Not all dearest.'

'Why not all, since I love thee, and thou lovest me, and my father, too, loves thee well?'

'You forget one other reason,' replied Alick seriously.

'Ah, true—your religion; nay, *my* religion, Alick, for I, too, am a Christian. But among the high and noble, even mixed marriages have been tolerated by my father and his advisers,' replied Esmah.

'Aye, perhaps an emperor might be sanctioned in a marriage with thee: but not an humble personage—much less a page. I could never consent to change my faith, even for thee, dearest, and that alone would separate us in this country.'

'Were you disposed to do so, Alick, I could not love you so well as I now do; for I feel that the depth of my affection is founded much upon your Christian character, your native honesty and truth,' replied the thoughtful girl.

'Dear girl, you make me feel that I am unworthy of such love,' said the page, expressing his honest feelings.

'Nay, Alick,' said the gentle girl, drawing affectionately nearer to his side.

'But I speak honestly, dearest. Am I not the humblest of the humble, while you are the princess of the Sultan Mahomet, the proud master of the East?'

'You have levelled all barriers of birth, Alick, in opening to me the intellectual field that I should otherwise never have enjoyed. Your talent, and our happy faith, the true religion that you have taught me, levels all rank,' said the princess, earnestly.

'Be this even so, Esmah, how am I so worthy as thou art? What sacrifice do I make? None! I rise in seeking your love: you *come down* to me in accepting and returning it. What have you to gain? Nothing, save the true love of this poor heart. What to lose? Position, riches, splendour—everything.'

'Nay, Alick, you distress me by talking thus, said Esmah, earnestly.

'What are you, Esmah? A princess!'

'Alick, Alick.!' interrupted the fair girl, holding up both her hands.

'Who am *I*? A slave!' continued the Greek with bitterness. Esmah started to her feet. It was not often that the word was uttered between them, but when she did hear it, it cut her to the very soul. She could not bear to think that he whom she loved, nay almost adored, was her father's slave, bought with gold; aye, and liable to be sold again in the slave bazaar to-morrow. She covered her face with her hands as he spoke, and her soft, white bosom heaved audibly to the internal emotion that her struggling heart evinced.

One gentle pressure of her hand to his breast, one single assurance that, come what might, he should love her to the last, and with his whole soul, re-assured and calmed her, and they were happy again—happy in the present joy that each realized in the society of the other, and in shutting their eyes to the lowering darkness of the future. How hopeful is youth!

The most thoughtless reader will at once realize the imminent danger of the page's situation, even had he lived in a Christian land, and dared to aspire to the love of one so vastly above him. But here, where the least intimacy between a Christian and the females of the Turks is regarded with the utmost jealousy, and when the sultan's displeasure, however trifling, amounts generally to instant death, without so much as a hearing on behalf of the victim, it will be seen that the young Greek was not unlike a man sleeping upon a mine of powder, that at any instant was liable to explode, and totally destroy him.

But we must on to more vivid and intricate portions of our story, where the reader may follow us with an awakened and increasing interest.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURKISH SLAVE MASTER OF THE SULTAN'S YACHT.

We left Alick just after he had escaped, by the dwarf's assistance, from the custody of the infidel, who was made to bite the dust by the well-directed blow from the page's dumb but faithful friend. With Alick's means of access to the sultan's palace, he was almost instantly by his royal master's side again, and apparently as unconcerned as before the late fatal business in which he had been engaged. A slight investigation of course followed the death of the Turk, and some witnesses were examined; but Alick would have been the last person on whom suspicion would rest, more especially as the dwarf, who was present at the examination of the subject, seemed to intimate by signs that he knew the murderer to be a Mussulman, and that he had escaped by the sea-wall of the seraglio in a boat on the Bosphorus.

This singular being, who has more than once been referred to in this story, was a privileged person about the court: indeed, he was looked upon with a sort of mysterious dread by most of the household, who attached some superstitious fear to his person, as do nearly all inhabitants of the East to deformity of any character, evinced in the human species. This, however, was not the case with Esmah or Alick; both seemed to regard the dwarf only with the utmost kindness; and he poor, deformed creature—probably loved them better than all else in the world for the spirit they had ever evinced towards him. He was born in the sultan's service, and possessed no small degree of importance, from the fact that such a person in a family is supposed by the Turks to prevent what they call the visit of the *evil eye*, a peculiar superstition of the East.

It so happened that Alick had once, by his intrepidity, and by great personal risk, saved the dwarf's life, at a time when one of the buildings where he was sleeping had become completely enveloped in flames. The dwarf had retreated to the upper part, and sat trembling with fear upon the very roof, not daring to approach the ordinary passages of egress, from the fact that they were already enveloped in flames. At this moment Alick rushed into the burning mass, and by almost superhuman exertion of strength, brought out the dwarf in his arms, though both were so severely burnt in their bodies as to suffer for a long time afterwards. Of course this caused the dwarf to regard Alick as his benefactor and best friend. Besides this, the page often served him in a manner that others would hardly have paused to consider.

The dwarf was permitted to roam where he pleased, and having the most unbounded liberty within the royal apartments and the palace itself, was often the medium of passages from Esmah to Alick; and the reader will remember, in the opening of this story, of his presenting the page with a rose, which Alick thrust into his bosom with secret delight. The dwarf was possessed with a vast deal more intelligence than was generally accorded to him. He realized fully the situation of the page and Esmah; he knew that they loved each other, and he knew, too, how secretly and how hopelessly. They were the only two beings that the dwarf loved in the world; and he made them, and how he might serve and please them, his constant study.

They knew full well how devoted the poor creature was to them; but yet they knew not the extent and depth of that devotion, prompted by gratitude and love, in a heart peculiarly susceptible to these gentle influences, though fortune, in the outward make of the dwarf, had belied all gentle sympathies. Esmah and Alick scarcely met together that he was not a silent and deaf watcher over them, unseen and unheeded. Like a faithful dog, denied the power of expressing his affection, save by deeds, and by constant attendance and watchfulness, the poor dwarf could only thus manifest his warm affection for his young mistress and the page. Though naturally timid, because he could not understand the principle that moved things about him, yet, in their cause, he was brave to recklessness, and would not have hesitated to lay down his poor life in the defence of either. Poor dwarf! more human far than most of the worldly in thy disinterested devotedness, and the sincerity of thy humble love.

Sometimes, when Esmah resorted to the shade of the tall, proud cypresses to read in the open air, the dwarf would crouch at her feet, and, curling himself in a fold like an animal, lay his head by her side, and seem to sleep; while the princess would