

indeed strongly surmised, that the Sultan Casoub himself had more than once infringed upon the prohibitory clauses in the book of the Prophet, relative to strong drinks. The Sultan's decision was triumphant for coffee, Gemaleddin and the people. He declared, with the voice of the Prophet and the power of the Sovereign, that coffee was not *coal*!—and the coffee-shops which had been closed by the ordonances of the Dervishes and newly appointed Mufti, for Gemaleddin had been deposed, he the Sultan, forthwith commanded to be re-opened. He moreover, by way of putting a signal clencher on the enforcement of his command, ordered the persecuted Gemaleddin to be immediately restored to the Muftiship, and re-instated in all his former dignities. Of the rejoicings which followed this decision of the Sultan, history saith no word; or whether the Town of Aden was illuminated, or Gemaleddin *chaired*, or borne triumphantly through the streets, on the shoulders of the people. To us, this matters but little in comparison to the fact, that the above decision of the Chief of the Believers gave an impetus to the coffee-cause, which spread it in a short time to Mocha and along the shores of the Red Sea, as well as through the whole of Arabia, Egypt and the East; until the seventeenth century saw it come into general use through a great part of Europe, including England and France, the capital of which latter country now stands equally unrivalled in the Christian world, for good coffee and good French.

All hail! to thee Paris, after our eccentric flight to Aden, Mocha and the Red Sea, borne upon gales perfumed with the aroma arising from the beautiful blossoms of the coffee-plant—all hail! to thee once more, and to the Café in the Rue de Tournon which concluded our third chapter.

“*Vive la Guerre et Abd-el-Kader!*” said De Louvencourt, as he took his seat with his friend at one of the small marble tables of the Café, prepared to discuss an excellent *côtelette*, and help its digestion with a cup of coffee *à lait*, delectable even as that which Gemaleddin first tasted with the Persian hermit. “Huzza! for Abd-el-Kader. May he live, my dear Guy, to see the flash of your steel in his Arabian sun, as he has indeed seen mine.”

“That the hero may survive long enough,” responded his companion, “to advance your glory and promotion, De Louvencourt, is my hearty wish; but I have a presentiment that neither he nor you will ever see me serving in the ranks of France.”

CHAPTER V.

“What! can you possibly then have forgotten those ideas of eighteen months since,” said De Louvencourt to his friend, “which caused you to look forward to the time when years would enable you to participate in military companionship