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Poetry.

THE ORIGIN OF GLASS.

Once Genius, and Beauty and Pleasure,
Sought the Goddess of Art in her shrine;
And prayed her to fashion a treasure,
The brightest her skill could combine.
Said the Goddess, well pleased with the notion,
"Most gladly I'll work your behest;
From the margin of yonder blue ocean,
Let each bring the gift that seems best."

Beauty fetched from her own ocean-water
The sea-shell that lay on the strand;
And Pleasure the golden sands brought her
That he stole from Time's tremulous hand.
But Genius went pondering and choosing,
Where gay shells and sea-flowers shine,
Grasped a sun-lighted wave in his musing,
And found his hand sparkling with brine.

"Thou wilt," said the Goddess, as smiling,
Each offering she curiously scanned,
On her dear mysterious piling
The brine and the wrack and the sand;
Mixing up with strange spells she used them,
Salt, soda, and flint in a mass,
With the flame of the lightning she fused them,
And the marvelous compound was GLASS!

An Eastern Tale.

A TURKISH REVOLUTION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1065 of the Hegira, on the second day of the feast of Beiram, a large group of Mussulmen were assembled in a circle before the mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing, and others were sitting cross-legged on mats or carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the group was increased, as the Mussulmen issued from the temple, as passers by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on. Every eye was turned toward one point, with a look of expectation; but a cloud of black smoke slowly rising in the air proved that the gratification of their curiosity was not the only pleasure which these Mussulmen enjoyed.

In the midst of this crowd of smokers a young man of remarkably handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with swords and brass balls. He was dressed in a kind of close jacket of green silk admirably adapted to set off his light and graceful figure; a girdle of antique skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trousers, which were drawn in close at the ankle. His light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a small musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feast of Beiram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was erroneously given the name of Zingaro.

The spectators soon became so numerous that many found it difficult to get even a glimpse of the juggler's tricks. The brass balls, glittering in the sun, were flying round his head with amazing rapidity, and forming every variety of figure at his pleasure. The case and grace with which the Zingaro performed these wonders gave promise of still greater. At length, allowing the balls to drop one after the other into a resounding vase at his feet, he armed himself with a yatagan. Seizing the brilliant hilt, he drew the blade from its scabbard, and dextrously whirling it over his head, made as it were a thousand flashes of lightning sparkle around him. The Mussulmen slowly bowed their heads in token of approbation, much after the manner of those Chinese mandarins carried about by the Italian boys, that make perpetual salutations to each other.

The boldness of the zingaro terrified the usually impassive Turks; and, what was yet more surprising, he even made them smile by the amusing stories he related. Persons of his profession in Asia were generally silent, and their only powers of amusement lay in their fingers' ends; but this man possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian story-teller. He paused between almost every trick to continue a tale, again to be interrupted by fresh displays of his power; thus by turns delighting the eyes and ears of his audience. During the more dangerous of his performances even the smokers held their breath, and not a sound was to be heard but the quivering of the steel and the tinkling of the bell.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the zingaro was a man apparently about forty years of age, whose career was placed in the first circle, and whose dress denoted him to be of superior rank. This was the bostangi-bassa, superintendent of the gardens, and keeper of the privy purse to the grand signor. The juggler having at length completed his trick, the people remained to hear the conclusion of the story which had been so often interrupted; the latter continued his narrative, which was one of the wild re-

tions of the East, in pronouncing the last words of which, a melancholy expression passed over his countenance. He was aroused by the voice of the bostangi.

"Since you are such a magician," said the bostangi-bassa, "will you tell me which is the sultan's favorite flower?"

"The poppy of Aleppo; it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation. "At what time does the sultan sleep?" resumed the bostangi, after a few moments' reflection, expecting to puzzle him by this question.

"Never," said the juggler.

The bostangi started and looked anxiously around him, fearing lest other ears than his own had heard this answer. He slowly arose and beckoned the zingaro to approach him; then lowering his voice—Can you tell me, said he, the name of his favorite wife?"

"Yes," replied the juggler, in a satirical tone, it is Assarah."

The bostangi put his finger on the juggler's lips.

"Follow me," said he; and as he moved to depart, the crowd respectfully opened a passage before him.

The young man took up his yatagan, and leaving the remainder of his baggage to be carried by a slave, he followed the steps of his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of the successors of Mohammed often present little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmoud was not the first of his race, who sought to free the seraglio from those formidable guardians, Soliman III. had formed this perilous design before him, but he was put to death by the janizaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for the ostensible purpose of defending the emperor, but in reality to seize upon his throne.

The sultan Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all the anxiety and uneasiness which must ever attend the acts of a usurper and a tyrant.

At the time the Zingaro was amusing the grave subjects of his highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan in an inner apartment of the palace, seeking to drive away his ennui in watching the columns of fragrant smoke as they slowly rose from the long tube of his narghile. A slave stood beside him, holding a feathered fan of varied colors. The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort one smile from their master. The impossibility of the grand signor gave them to understand that their time was ill chosen, and that, with would be dangerous; they had, therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to re-enter at the good pleasure of the prince.

One among them, however—the favorite dwarf, and the most deformed of all the inmates of the palace—wished to make another attempt. He entered noiselessly and seating himself near the musing sultan, he took up one of the tubes of the narghile, and putting it to his lips, he imitated the looks and posture of his master. When the latter perceived that the intention of the buffoon was to parody his sacred person, he gave the unfortunate courtier a most violent push with his foot, and resumed his reverie. The head of the dwarf hit against the marble fountain, and blood flowed from the wound. The hapless jester, whose only fault lay in endeavoring to amuse his master, left the apartment with tears glistening in his eyes, and soon not a sound was to be heard throughout the immense palace but the voice of the muezzin summoning to the duties of the mosque.

Shortly afterward the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in a respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What wouldst thou?" said the sultan.

The bostangi-bassa, for it was he, replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio: "A juggler stands without; he might perchance amuse your highness."

The sultan made a sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the bostangi, "knows strange things; he can read the future."

"Let him come in!"

The bostangi bowed profoundly and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn and glistening cimeters, surrounded the imperial sofa when the zingaro was introduced. After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully upon his yatagan, awaiting the orders of the emperor.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Menaile."

"Thy country?"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thy age?"

"I am five years old when you first died on the throne of Osman."

"Whence art thou?"

"From the Morea, signor, as the janizaries pronounced."

The sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon asked, "Canst thou read the future?"

read the future. I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future, they ought to know the past!"

"You say right, signor; he who sees the evening star rise in the horizon has but to turn his head to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well! tell me how I made my ablutions yesterday."

"The first with Canary-wine, the second with wine of Cyprus, and the third with that of Chios."

"The chief of the believers" smiled and stroked his beard; he was indeed in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescriptions of the Koran.

"Knowest thou," replied the sultan, whom the zingaro's answer had put into a pleasant humor, knowest thou that I could have been beheaded?"

"Doubtless," said the juggler, undauntedly, "as you did the Spanish merchant, who watered his wine before he sold it to you."

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the zingaro. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he ventured to put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are ever superstitious, never fail to demand of astrologers—"How long have I to live?"

The grand signor assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the organ of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

Mehalle then approached the emperor, and taking his hand, he appeared to study the lines of it with deep attention. Having finished his examination, he went to the window, and fixed his eyes for some time upon the heavens. "The firm of Beiram are fighting up the cupola of the grand mosque," said he slowly; "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner: "The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signor, when the evening star appears."

The sultan made a movement of impatience; anger was depicted in his countenance, and the look which he darted on the mutes showed the zingaro that he had incurred his highness's displeasure. Curiosity, however, prevailed over every other feeling of his prince's mind; for, turning to Mehalle, he said:

"I am little accustomed to wait; I will do so, however, if thou canst amuse me till the propitious hour arrives."

"Would your highness like to see some feats of jugglery?" said Mehalle, drawing his saber from the scabbard.

"No! no!" exclaimed the sultan, making the circles of slaves close in about him, "leave thine arms."

"Would you prefer a story, signor?"

"Stories that lull an Arab to sleep under his tent? No, I must have something new. Of all known games there is but one I care for. I used to play it formerly, but now there is not a single person within my empire who understands a chess-board."

The zingaro smiled, and taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the sultan, whose wish he understood.

The words of Mustapha will require some explanation for the reader. The sultan was passionately fond of the game of chess. At the commencement of his reign he easily found adversaries, and played for considerable sums. He possessed the secret of keeping fortune always at his side; when he lost, the happy conqueror was strangled. Those of his adherents whom he admitted to the honor of his imperial company were impelled to submit either to their ruin, or if they preferred it, to their death. In a short time not a person could be found in the whole extent of the empire who knew anything of the game of chess.

Before commencing the game, however, the sultan, after a moment said:

"We are about to play; so far, so good; but if thou lose, what shall I gain?"

"Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all that I possess—this cimeter, and my liberty. But what if I win?" added the zingaro.

"Shouldst thou win, I will give thee a slave."

"For a free man, the stake is not equal."

"I will add to it my finest courser."

"I need it not; my feet are swifter than those of an Arab steed."

"What wilt thou then?"

"I will ask but one thing; it is to allow me, I win, to wear your royal mantle for ten minutes."

"I am five years old when you first died on the throne of Osman."

"Whence art thou?"

"From the Morea, signor, as the janizaries pronounced."

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glorious Soliman in one of those audiences when he made the rebellious pashas quail before him.

After a moment of respectful silence, the cry of "Long live Amurath!" shook the roof of the seraglio, and was echoed in the distance by the crowd who were thronging toward Saint Sophia. At the same moment the body of Mustapha fell lifeless to the ground. The time-piece slowly struck the hour, and the muezzin, in a solemn voice, repeated from the cupola, "It is eight o'clock."

"It is in your highness' power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha, "I will agree to the stake. A juggler upon the throne! Such a sight was never seen in the East."

The game commenced; it was short. The sultan lost, but he was in a pleasant vein, and he prepared to fulfill his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse, and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehalle in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the sultan, dressed only in those silken trousers and a richly embroidered vest, approached a clock, and placed his finger on the dial plate said:

"When the hand shall strike the hour of eight, I shall have paid my debt, and then, signor, you will become my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his faithful cimeter at his side, he ordered the door to be thrown open for numerous courtiers who had been long awaiting the good pleasure of his highness.

Seated apart upon velvet cushions, Mustapha was laughing in his sleeve at the surprise which awaited the assembly, and at the embarrassment which would doubtless be exhibited by the zingaro.

At a sign from Mustapha, the flambeaux were lighted and the room was brilliantly illuminated.

Mehalle stood with lofty bearing and majestic air. With one hand he grasped his yatagan, while with the other he motioned the assembly to rise.

"Let the standard of the prophet be raised on the grand mosque! the people will salute it from afar at the fires of Beiram!"

At these words an officer stepped forth to execute the order; but Mustapha rose to prevent him.

"Haghi Mohammed," continued the zingaro, with an imperious gesture, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehalle addressed the imauns repair to the temples, and offer up petitions for the new sultan. Cailliquier, leave the tomb of Mustapha opened in Scutari, the city of the dead."

"The sultan tried to smile."

"Keepers of the treasury," continued the juggler, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the accumulated hoardings of the late emperor."

"Enough, buffoon!" exclaimed Mustapha, in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders. The plot became alarming.

"I still command," replied the zingaro, with calm self-possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou then so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?"

"Mustapha," continued the zingaro, "thou wouldst know the time of thy death? I am about to tell thee, for the evening star has risen! I will tell thee even, in order to be generous, what death thou shalt die. Mufid, advance."

The president of the council came forward. The zingaro proceeded to—

"You, who read each day the book of our prophet, and explain it to our people, sovereign judge of the empire, tell this man how avarice and usury ought to be punished."

Great excitement now prevailed, and Mustapha, pale and deprived of all self-possession, sought the hilt of his dagger.

The multi replied in a low and grave tone, "The least of these crimes is deserving of death."

Then hearest, Mustapha it is the prophet who condemns thee!"

As he said this, he beckoned to the mutes—Mustapha tried to rush to the divan, but he was seized by the slaves, who passed the cord around his neck.

"Yes, thine hour is come," pursued the diviner; "the lives of so many victims must be paid for by thine own; I am at length come to avenge them."

"And who art thou?"

"It needs not I should tell thee, for thou knowest me! On this day fifteen years, a man fell, pierced with wounds by the hands of thy soldiers, on the very spot where within this hour thou shalt die. Thou didst seize on his possessions, thou didst invest thyself with his turban, but it wanted three feathers dyed in his blood—thou madest my father; he was the caliph—yes, I am the son of Soliman. I am the evening star!"

As he was speaking, the young prince stepped forward. His lofty brow, his firm features, his intense gaze, inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. All the courtiers pressed themselves upon the people, and they thought they were seeing the emperor.

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