







Tight Binding

PO

Literature

NONE BUT THREE.

In the still silence of the voiceless night... When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee...

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness; Nimble feet forget their lightness; Pearly teeth may know decay...

THE DEAN OF DENHAM.

Whether it pleased the countess or not, she had no resource, and good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given...

the ennu of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irrepresible passion, was certain...

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly as he had told it to Edith...

"I beg pardon, my lady? I thought it right to come in and inform the countess. Mr. Chester's gone."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten. They carried the news to the countess...

THE PASHA'S OATH.

The Pasha quitted the child, and begged her, whilst she said nothing about it to her father, to let him keep the ring, and released her apparently quieted. As soon as he was alone, he cried: "Allah Kurim! God is great! He has chosen the child of the unbeliever to furnish the discovery and avenging of crime! Yes, it is the ring which I gave Cid Mahomet when he saved my life..."

get this ring!" The Armenian was as if struck by lightning when he saw the ring in the Pasha's hand. A deathly paleness overspread his face, and his limbs trembled convulsively.

"Where is the Albanian?" asked Mustapha, angrily, "name him to me." "That I cannot, sire," answered Sereski, whilst he bent his head to the ground. "I do not know him."

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her after dinner doze, and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House, no pomp or show; six or eight servants composed the whole household...

"They had not been long stationed here, when Cid Mahomet and the Tartar appeared and alighted at the well. Whilst the horses drank Mahomet spread a carpet upon the ground, and with his face turned towards Mecca, threw himself upon his knees, in order like a good Mussulman, to say his prayers. At this moment Sereski fired his pistol, and when the Tartar, terrified by the shot, hastened to him, he found the traveller upon the carpet in the death-struggle, and before he had time to recover from the shock of the surprise, the Armenian had hewn him down with his yataghan. During this occurrence, the Jew took the portmanteaus from the horses, the Armenian plundered the murdered, and the whole booty was placed in safety in the celler under the villa. Long before the merchants returned to Melenik with the bodies, the Jew and the Armenian were in the city again."

"Such hypocrisy astonished the Pasha. In order to convince himself more exactly of the truth of this communication, he accompanied the Jew to the Mosque, and examined the collar of the villa, where he found the Cid's piasters and precious stones, and the Albanian clothes, with which the murderer were disguised. "Before evening the Pasha and the Jew were again in Melenik. Still the punishment of the crime could not immediately follow. A reform in the government of the Empire, which does the greatest honor to the Sultan, Mahomet, is without doubt the ordinance, which takes away from the Pasha the criminal law. There are now criminal tribunals established in Turkey, which grant an appeal to the condemned, and subject the sentence of the Kadi to a trial. This same time passed before the sentence could be executed, which condemned the Jew to be hanged upon his master's door, while the latter would expect the stake. The property of the Armenian was divided into three parts, four parts of which fell to the family of Cid, the fifth part remained for Irene."

Mustapha turned to his cup-bearer, and said quietly: "Let him drink, unfortunate being, and die."

"As soon as the sentence was passed, Sereski desired an interview with the Pasha, and besought him with tears and entreaties to spare his life; still Mustapha remained immovable, and the Armenian was carried away more dead than alive. A severe fever threatened to end his life before his punishment, but medical aid and careful nursing prolonged the days of the unfortunate man, who was entirely restored when the day of execution arrived."

A distant bustle gave warning of the approach of the condemned. Sereski was dressed in rich festive garments, his hands bound upon his back. His eyes shined, with a shudder, the sight of the terrible stake, and he bent himself to the ground, to which his head seemed, in despair, to be chained. Two ladders, one on either side, were placed against the stake, the executioner and his assistants quickly divested the Armenian of his clothes. A dead stillness reigned amongst the crowd, every mouth was dumb, every countenance fixed upon the group, which the executioners and their victim formed. At last we saw one executioner rise by degrees above the crowd; he quickly ascended one of the ladders and waited at the top, whilst upon the other his comrades hoisted, so to say, the unfortunate Sereski. When he arrived at the top, they all formed a circle around him so that nothing more could be seen of him. A moment afterward they raised him above their heads, and immediately there sounded mournfully through the air the first shriek of his heartrending death-anguish. Then the executioners threw the ladders away, and as quick as thought slid one after the other, down the stake; and from all sides of the plain the breathless crowd could behold the convulsions of the unfortunate Armenian."

"Curse," he cried, "curse the day when I saw thee, Pasha of the infernal regions! Curse the hour when thou didst enter my house! Curse my child who betrayed me! Curse God who forsakes me! Ah! Curse!"

"Water, water," he at last murmured, in a hoarse whisper...

A single drop administered to the executed, while he is upon the stake, causes instant death. Therefore, guards usually stand around the stake, who administer this finishing blow, when the condemned lingers more than two days in his torture, as it often happens that the point of the stake does not pierce any vital part.

His arms fell at his side, his head sank upon his shoulders, he turned himself once, like a snake around a tree, and, with a curse, sank into the lap of eternity.

The Pasha returned to Melenik, the crowd dispersed, and I hastened to Pascal's house. Before the door stood an Arabian carriage, a crowd of people stood around gazing at it. "To whom does this carriage belong?" I asked, as the Armenian approached me.

"The Pasha will send Irene, whom he would adopt, to Salonica, in conformity with a promise made to her mother. The fifth part of the parental property he has given to the poor, for he will himself give her a rich dowry. Irene is now in my house, as her father's house, will be torn down."

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.—It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington, "two hours in advance of the mail."

By night it flies over the world, gathering news to serve up to us at breakfast. By day it flies all over the world here congratulating a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, here buying pork by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stock bargains, for the harmonies of a concert, and the discords of convention, for lay-making and law-breaking, the fall of Empires and the fall of Thermometers, the candidates for the Penitentiary. Truly, the romance of the Arabian Nights is tame beside the reality of the Electric Wire!

We have all heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a young gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

THE FOUNDER OF THE PEEL... In Mr. Smiles' "Self Help"... interesting account of the first baronet, commenced a cotton printer, in a "mill, near the then insignificant... His uncle, James Haw... William Yates, of Blackbus... in the enterprise, the wh... which they could raise amou... amounting to only £500, the... of which was supplied b... "The frugal sty... shes continues, "in which... lived may be inferred... owing incident in their... William Yates, being a ma... ch a family, commenced h... on a small scale, and to o... was single, he agreed to... a lodger. The sum whic... st paid for board and lodg... as a week; but Yates, c... too little, insisted on t... yment being increased a... which Peel at first demur... rence between the part... nce, which was eventuall... sed by the lodger paying... s'pence a week. Will... der child was a girl name... very soon became a spe... the young lodger. O... on his hard day's work... round," he would take t... on his knee, and say... Kelly, thou bonny little d... wife?" to which the... dly answer, "Yes," a... could do. "Then I'll wa... dly; I'll wed thee, and... and Robert Peel did wa... ed grew in beauty towards... determination to wait... strengthened; and after... n years—years of own a... business, and rapidly inc... then—Robert Peel marrie... her she had completed d... ear; and the pretty chil... mother's lodger and father... sed upon his knee, ... feel, and eventually La... brother of the future Prin... England. Lady Peel was... beautiful woman, fitted f... tation in life. She p... powers of mind, and was... ncy, the high-souled... counsellor of her husban... years after their marriage... nautensis, conducting... part of his business cor... Mr. Peel himself was an... almost unintelligible writ... in 1803, only three years... nety had been confer... husband. It is said th... shonable life—so unlik... been accustomed to at... injurious to her health... Yates was afterwards... say, "If Robert had... a lady, she might h... get!"

A LONG TIME TO DO... The following good stor... us by a gentleman of th... reready, we have never... question:

About ten years ago... the St. Charles road, n... in this city, a family... Stringer. The eldest... Jack Stringer, as he w... most eccentric genius... occasion to show his od... while sitting before th... chingle, his mother sai... I want you to go to t... half a mile distant) an... ter's worth of sugar... north of soap. Now... you, Jake, and be qui... Jake raised himself... whittlings from his lap... on his errand, clothed... breeches, and vest of t... and a thick woolen sh... goat. He did not ret... his mother waited lo... for her sugar and soap... years passed by, and... heard of the errand b... as the family were sitt...







