The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1855.

VOL. 20. NO. 25.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at he following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (48 ")	1 50	2 25	3 00

Business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, will be charged the following rates:

	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
One square,	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three squares,	7 50	10 00	15 00
Four squares,	9 00	14 00	23 00
Five squares,	15 00	25 00	38 00
Ten squares,	25 00	40 00	60 00

Business Cards not exceeding six lines, one year, $4.00.

JOB WORK:

¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	2 50
1 " " " " "	4 00
BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire,	1 50
" " 4 or more quires, per "	1 00

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

[Dedicated to Miss *** of Huntingdon.]

BUT WHERE ART THOU?

BY MRS. NORTON.

When poor in all but youth and love
I clasped thee to this beating heart,
And vowed for wealth and fame to rove,
That we might weep no more to part.
Years have gone by—long weary years
Of toil, to win my station now—
Of ardent hopes and sickening fears,
And wealth is mine—*but where art thou?*

Fame's dazzling wreath for thy dear sake
Grew brighter than before to me,
I clung to all I thought could make
This lonely heart more worthy thee.
Years have gone by—the laurel droops
In mocking o'er my withered brow,
A conquer'd world before me stoops,
And fame is mine—*but where art thou?*

In life's first hour, despised and lone
I wandered through the busy crowd,
And now that life's best joys have flown,
They greet with smiles and murmurs loud.
Oh! for that voice—thy gentle voice,
To breath to me its welcome new!
Wealth, fame and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain—*for where art thou?*

Conneautville, Pa. HERBERT.

THE STARS.

BLESSED, blessed things!
Ye are in Heaven and on earth. My soul,
Even with the whirlwind's rush can wander on
To your immortal realm, but it must fall
Like your ancient Pleiad from its height,
To dim its new clad glories in the dust.
—*Prentice.*

SONG.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

Touching Rhymes, for the Times.

[We found the following lines written upon the back of a *one dollar bill*:]

"Come rest in my pocket, my last dollar bill!
Tho' the rest are gone from me, I'll cling to thee still;
Thro' temptations I'll bear thee, unchang'd and alone,
Till the Sheriff, light tapping my shoulder, cries
"*Come!*"
Yet what wert thou made for, if not to be spent?
Thou must e'en go the way that my other bills went;
Life's pleasures are fleeting, they live but a day
And like them, my *last dollar, thou'lt soon pass away.*"

"A *little word* in kindness spoken
May heal a heart that's o'ermost broken."

A Select Tale.

THE MERRY WIVES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A TURKISH TALE.

Abdool was a young Turkish greenhorn, who was dispatched by his father, with a handsome assortment of silks and stuffs, to seek his fortune in Constantinople. A pleasant voyage accomplished, Abdool found himself in the gorgeous Stamboul, where happiness and splendor are reflected in a million different forms. Transported at finding himself his own master, and not slightly vain of a well filled purse, and a very handsome, though somewhat simple visage, the young merchant hired a splendid stall in the bezestein, furnished it very handsomely, and displayed his stuffs for sale. Nor had he long to wait for customers. The public charmed with the acquisition of so easy a dupe, thronged his shop morning, noon and night, until finally his very despoilers gave him the surname of the Simple, and his fame spreading over the whole city, invited the sharks and the crocodiles in still greater numbers.

One morning, Abdool the Simple opened his last bale of merchandise. Scarcely had he completed his arrangements, when a cry of "make room, make room, true believers!" rung through the bezestein, and a lady, riding on a mule, and surrounded by about forty blacks with naked sabres, entered the market. She was richly habited, closely veiled, and by her numerous train, evidently of rank; which being observed by the young merchant, he was surprised to see her stop and dismount at his threshold, and holding her veil firmly to her waist, request the merchant, in a voice sweet as the bulbul's (nightingale's) complaining of the rose's inconstancy, to show her some of his finest stuffs.

Abdool flew to obey the order of that honied voice; his richest wares—those most remarkable for the beauty of workmanship or dye, and exquisitely scented—were displayed in great profusion; and at length the lady selected as many as she thought proper, and inquired the price.—Abdool the Simple, enchanted with the sweetness of her voice, replied, in some flowery lines from the Turkish poet Hafiz, that the sight of her lovely face would be a sufficient recompense for the loss of a throne.

'It is certainly, then, ample payment for these stuffs?' said the lady, with a slight laugh, 'and I take you at your word. But there are too many persons about us at present,—look to hear farther from me, and that ere long.'

She then beckoned to a slave, bade him take the stuffs on his head, turned to the merchant, nodded gravely, and set off, followed by her attendants.

Abdool was so intoxicated with the sweetness of her voice that for some minutes he remained immovable, bending forward in an attitude of profound acknowledgement. Abdool the Simple, indeed, looked pre-eminently so; and, as he recovered from his fit of enthusiasm, began to consider that a glance even in a houri's face was a very inadequate barter for six fine stuffs.

In the course of the day Abdool the Simple had nearly forgotten the lady as she seemed to have forgotten him. One evening, however, he beheld two figures approaching towards him. One was a powerful Nubian, not quite black, but of a dusky leaden complexion, habited richly in scarlet and blue stuffs, with a yellow shawl on his turban, and with him came a young female slave, in the Persian garb, and closely veiled.

This pair approached to Abdool, and the black, halting opposite his stall, whispered in his ear, that having heard the renown of his exceeding wealth and generosity, and having a most beautiful Persian slave to sell he had taken the liberty to bring her for purchase to his magnificence.

Confounded by the splendid eulogiums passed upon his riches and liberality, Abdool the Simple invited them to enter, and escorted them into a saloon, spread with a very rich carpet, and cushions of purple silk. There the female slave threw aside her thick muffles, and, with downcast eyes, stood before the amazed Abdool—a miracle of beauty!

'She is not dear at three thousand gold pieces, and as many bales of silk!' said the Nubian, rubbing his hands.

The words suddenly restored Abdool to his senses; he arose with an obvious change of complexion.

'Let us see her walk,' he said, in a hesitating manner, 'I hate women that walk like camels.'

'Walk, Zulima!' said the Nubian, whose name was Mustapha.

'Alas! she moves like the breath of music on the flowers!' said poor Abdool, much perplexed, and still more enamoured.

The charming slave observed his uneasiness, and roguishly increased it by every means in her power for she seemed resolved it possible to be bought by Abdool.—She complimented him on his personal charms, the vivacity of his wit, the gaiety and grace of his manner, though with little reason, for Abdool was lost in thought and perplexity. Meanwhile the merchant assiduously pointed out the beauties of his slave to eyes that needed but little directing to find them out.

'But—if I am not mistaken,' said Abdool, tremulously, 'she drinks wine. Holy prophet! what is that she is taking to her lips, and of which she has poured us each a cup?'

'It is no more wine than the Mufti's beard!' said the Nubian, passionately.—'Taste it yourself; it is only rose water, or, if it be, the sin is mine.'

Abdool tasted—and he tasted again—and he thought it tasted very like wine, and of the richest sort; but wasn't for him to dispute the assurances of a man so much older and more experienced than himself; and the laughing pledge of the bright eyes of Zulima, as she drained her cup, and chucked the drops into her mouth, as if unwilling to lose the least portion.

The melancholy position in which he found himself, prevented Abdool from enjoying the pleasure which such charming society was likely to produce; if he avowed his delight, what excuse could he make to the merchant for not concluding the purchase?

Meanwhile time wore on, and Abdool felt the expediency of coming to some decision, to save his credit. In fact Abdool began to feel fuddled. After musing on a variety of faults appropriate to women, none of which could by any possibility find in Zulima, 'Excellent Mustapha!' he said at length, 'I cannot but agree with you that the slave is well worth the trifle you ask for her. But it is not beauty I require at present; my harem is a flower-garden, comparable to those of Giamschid!'

'No more of this. Will you buy her or not?' said the merchant, advancing with his hand on his sabre.

'Take all I have! I have half a bale of the richest silks and cashmere shawls; and when the lady pays me who bought the other half yesterday, you shall have—"

'What is she to give you for them?" said the Nubian, attentively.

'Alas!' said Abdool, coloring at the recollection of his folly, 'only a look at her face!'

'The prophet has given this man's brains to a butterfly,' said the merchant, in a tone of mingled rage and contempt. The fair slave, meanwhile, tremblingly followed him to the door. Convinced then that he was about to lose sight of that divine beauty forever, and completely vanquished by love and grief, Abdool threw himself at the slave merchant's feet, and exclaimed—

'Since I cannot purchase her, let me sell myself, and become your slave, merely for the happiness of serving the same master.'

'If I buy such a simpleton, I must have something in with you,' said the merchant, disdainfully. 'When the lady pays you for her stuffs, bring the money into the bargain, and I may perhaps accept you as a slave.'

And, laughing hoarsely, he stepped forth, dragging the fair slave with him, who seemed touched with his last strong mark of affection for she looked back repeatedly as she crossed the bazaar with her master. The despairing Abdool gazed after them until they were fairly out of sight, and then with a profound sigh reentered his dwelling.

Time passed on, and Abdool had nearly forgotten all about the lady who had apparently cheated him out of his stuffs, when one noon-day a porter, carrying a heavy casket, made his appearance. "Be pleased to count the contents," he said, "and give me a receipt. It is from the lady who bought your stuffs; and she is so delighted with your civility in trusting her, that she has doubled the sum for which she purchased them!

Abdool was so stupid with grief that he contented himself with merely emptying the casket into his lap, and giving the porter a handful of pieces, he was left once more to his meditations.

In the midst of his reverie a shadow suddenly darkened his downcast eye-lids, and the loud, lusty voice of the Nubian saluted him.

'Wealth makes wants, but satisfies none. Has the richest of men repented that he did not rather gather the real fruits of beauty, than the painted glass of the genius of gold!'

Abdool started up in a flutter of delight. 'I have repented of nothing,' he said.—'The lady has paid me for the stuffs, and I am now in a condition, as I imagine, to buy the houri, your slave.'

'Let us see,' replied the merchant, deliberately; and with a calm and calculating look, began counting the pieces.

'Here are seven hundred pieces of gold, and half as many of silver,' said the Nubian. "Do you dream to purchase that priceless slave with this beggarly sum, which is scarcely sufficient for an oily negress of Ethiopia?'

'Let me purchase, then, at least, the right to be your slave, along with the adored Zulima!' returned Abdool.

'I keep my slaves in good order; they seldom see me without the chibouk,' said the Nubian; 'and I have sold the slave Zulima to a rich emir.' Abdool immediately threw himself upon his face, and wept with such vigor that the merchant seemed somewhat moved. 'If it will be any consolation for you to see her again, and you will give me this trifle you have received for my pains, I think I can contrive it,' he said at last.

Abdool looked up sorrowfully, but attentively, and instantly threw the money over to him in a turban.

'Can you play on any instrument?' asked the merchant, thoughtfully.

'On the theorbo,' replied Abdool.

'Very well. I am a dealer also in the musical cattle supplied for the entertainment of seraglios; you shall accompany me to that of the nobleman of whom I speak; and if you play your part well, your head will be in very little danger, and I will find some excuse not to sell you, whether they approve your performance or not'

Abdool procured a suitable dress. The Nubian then commanded his new slave to follow, and led the way to the sea shore, where he embarked in a little boat, rowed by two mutes, which he himself steered. After a time, Abdool observed at a distance a palace of vast extent, ornamented with innumerable towers and minarets.

'To whom belongs this magnificent structure—to some genie?' said Abdool, in great admiration.

'To a vizier, and favorite of the sultan; a man so exceedingly jealous and ferocious, that notwithstanding the character in which you go, where he not absent, I should not dare to introduce you in his harem,' replied the Nubian.

Abdool was but little alarmed at this statement, for his thoughts were absorbed in the prospect of seeing Zulima again—They landed at one of the stairs, and ascending it together, the Nubian halted in the midst of a large open dome, of white marble, supported on pillars of the same material, richly carved and silvered in the ornaments.

Abdool had scarcely satiated his gaze with the sight of all this splendor, when his ears were saluted with a soft flourish of dulcimers; and a great number of ladies appeared in various directions, ascending the steps towards the saloon. They were all veiled; but as they came on laughing and chatting together, Abdool, alarmed at the sight of so many ladies, and so richly clad, would have retreated. 'Fool!' whispered the black, 'stand firm, or you will cause both our ruins! And tell me which is Zulima.'

Looking up at the beloved name, Abdool, after an instant's scrutiny, perceived a figure which he did not for an instant doubt was that of the fair slave; and prostrating himself at her feet, as she advanced with a number of her companions, the Nubian introduced him as an Egyptian eunuch perfectly skilled in the theorbo, for whom he entreated their favor. The ladies laughed pleasantly, and Zulima exclaiming, 'Let us unveil then, and take the air,' threw off her veil, and the rest imitating her example disclosed such a diversity of beauty, that Abdool believed he was transported among the houries of paradise; but the loveliest were undoubtedly the Persian Zulima, the Ionian Aphrodite, and the Indian girl, Nourmahal, so famous for her brilliant eyes.

'It is the same, Nourmahal, that was too poor to purchase me!' said Zulima, laughing satirically; but at the same moment she turned and whispered to Abdool, 'I perceive your artifice, and applaud it, most faithful of lovers!'

Enraptured beyond measure at his reception, Abdool prostrated himself repeatedly; and the ladies, seated themselves on their sofas, when a slave suddenly appeared rushing up the steps, and calling as loudly as he could, for speed and exhaustion—'The vizier!—the vizier!'

At this cry, all stood aghast, and Abdool almost felt the stroke of a sabre on his neck.

'Cover him in the carpet!' exclaimed Zulima; and at a signal from her white hand, four blacks rushed forward, seized Abdool, who made no resistance in the bewilderment, and among them they rolled him up in a mummy shape, and marched off with their burden at the moment when the clash of cymbals announced the arrival of the vizier.

Abdool was congratulating himself as he was carried away, though nearly smothered, when suddenly a dreadful voice called to the slaves to stop.

But here we must observe that this panic was only part of a preconcerted plan.—Although Abdool the Simple was very far from imagining himself guilty of so unspeakable a sacrilege, he was now in the seraglio of the magnificent Sultan Solyman, who was absent from his capital engaged in the extirpation of the misbelieving Gebers of Persia, with his famous vizier, Ibrahim. Zulima was one of the Sultan's favorites, and the Nubian was no less a person than the chief of the eunuchs, Mustapha, so renowned for his facetious sayings. It was one of Mustapha's theories, that the only way to keep women out of mischief was to amuse them; and struck with Zulima's extraordinary account of the stuff-merchant—for it was she who had purchased the bale of him—and being a personage exceedingly fond of practical jokes, he had, with rare imprudence, fallen into her plans of diverting herself, and the other ladies of the harem, at the expense of the simple Abdool.

'What! are you hurrying from my sight?' again demanded the voice, which was, in truth, that of Mustapha Aga counterfeiting another.

'Let my lord forgive his slave!' returned Zulima, sinking on the ground at the vizier's feet. Since I must needs tell the truth, I will. I have broken my theorbo in a fit of passion, because, being hung in a damp place, it was out of tune; and ashamed of my unreasonable violence, I desired Mustapha to send it to some musician of his acquaintance, who might put it again in order.

'Take it then, Mustapha, and let your friend repair the damage without loss of time, for I take much pleasure in hearing Zulima play; two of my gardeners shall help you.' Abdool, who had listened to this dialogue in speechless terror, found himself lifted in the arms of two stout slaves, and carried along as a theorbo.—But having no doubt that Mustapha would provide for his liberation, he stiffened himself as much as possible to represent the instrument.

It seemed the unlucky theorbo was sent to a certain musician of the city to be repaired; an old, shriveled man, like most of his tribe, very peevish, and absorbed in his pursuits. He was in his shop, busily engaged in tuning the strings of a cittern, bent nearly double over it, vith his ear to the opening, and tinkling the wires with his long yellow nails. The slaves, without the least respect to his anxiety, entered with their burden, and flung it carelessly down on the carpet. 'Hark you, mummy!' said the foremost, striking the musician familiarly on the back with his lance, 'the vizier's lady has broken her theorbo, and you are to mend it before sunset, or you will find your neck in a bow-string.'

'May the vizier's lady be saved eternally!' said the musician, shaking with indignation:—'and the messengers damned for the same period!' he added, as the slaves quitted his door; and then bending his back again nearly double, he resumed his eternal tink-tink-tink.

In the midst of the most melancholy reflections, Abdool expected every moment that Ebn Hadjee, as the musician was called, would seize upon him. But Ebn, absorbed in tuning the cittern, scarcely recollected the vizier's order until he had completed the task to his satisfaction.—But suddenly recollecting the peremptory nature of the command, he cursed his forgetfulness aloud, and began searching for some tool which he appeared to have lost. Abdool fervently hoped that the search might lead him into another chamber, and was not disappointed in this one expectation; for the musician not being able to find his tool, went into a closet to look for another. The theorbo immediately took advantage of this movement, of gliding out of his carpet, and hiding himself among some straw in which the musician usually slept.

He had scarcely concealed himself ere Ebn returned with his tools, and thoughtfully unrolled the carpet—a sudden cry announced his discovery of the loss. The cry instantly attracted the notice of some passers-by, who entered the shop, and eagerly inquired the reason of the disturbance. Unluckily for Abdool, among the kind persons who run in was a dog, which came with the rest to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and quickly snuffed him out in his straw. Abdool was dragged headforemost from his concealment, and stood aghast before a crowd, who saluted him as a robber.

'Where is the theorbo, abhorred by all men?' shouted Ebn, shaking his fist in a palsy of rage; and Abdool the Simple was hurried off, without being heard a single word in justification, almost without attempting one, to the presence of the Cadi, saluted by the crowd with more execrations than would have been sufficient for them altogether. When questioned by the magistrate, Abdool declared that he himself was the theorbo! at which announcement the audience burst into a peal of laughter, from which the judge himself with difficulty refrained.

'Cut off his right hand, and throw him into the sea!' said the Cadi; and Abdool was immediately hurried out upon a stone balcony adjoining the Cadi's place of judgment, in the midst of which was a steel block, upon which lay a hatchet, a bow-string, and a knife to perform amputations. The executioner, who was a negro, overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen fast asleep in the sun; the guards went to wake the negro to his task, execrating his laziness; Abdool glanced at the deep waters, then at the executioner, who, clad in a buffalo's skin, thickly clotted with blood, awoke grumblingly from his sweet sleep. The sight gave him courage, and while the guards were occupied in explaining their mission to the yawning negro, Abdool slung himself softly over a balustrade, slid down one of the pillars, and dived deeply and silently as a fish into the waves, taking care not to rise again until he was at too great a distance to be observed. The guards and the executioner suddenly looking round, perceived that the prisoner was gone, and had no doubt that he had effected his escape; but to conceal their carelessness, they agreed among themselves to declare that the sentence was executed, and fortunately there happened to be two or three dead bodies lying about, which the black had been too lazy to remove, from which they selected a suitable hand.

Meanwhile, the ladies in the seraglio were in high good humor, expecting to hear a laughable account of the scene between Ebn and his living theorbo, when Mustapha entered the harem with a very angry countenance. The women, clinging about him, entreated him, for a long time in vain, to tell them what had happened. At last he complied, and the grief and compassion of those gentle creatures knew no bounds.

Meanwhile, the object of all this kindness swam till his strength was nearly exhausted; but as he had now reached a part of the shore principally occupied by the gardens of wealthy citizens, he landed without much danger, in an olive grove.

Flying he knew not whither, and entangled in the mazes of those vast gardens, Abdool at length came to a path which he hoped would conduct him to some exit. As he ran along it, with the rapidity of a heron flying from a hawk, he suddenly came upon two dervises who were driving an ass before them, as if they were going to the palace to beg charity.—The confusion and agitation with which Abdool inquired if they would direct him how to leave those accursed premises, instantly attracted their attention.

'We were going to beg charity, but we will rather bestow it,' returned one of the dervises, with a scrutinizing look. 'We will guide you out, on condition that you tell us by what means and for what purpose you are in.'

Touched by the kindness of these holy men, and at the same time burning with grief and indignation, Abdool solemnly promised that if they would accompany him to his home, he would satisfy their curiosity, and divide between them the little property he had remaining. The dervises readily consented, and Abdool had the satisfaction in a few minutes to find himself in the city, whence he easily found his way to his own house.

He fulfilled his promised revelations amply, and the dervises listened with many expressions of wonder and incredulity, until the circumstantial narration of Abdool obliged them to believe him. The countenance of one of the dervises grew of red hot bronze; and yet at times he could not refrain from laughing at the singularity of the adventures which Abdool the Simple had undergone. At last, having satisfied himself by the numerous questions of the truth of what he had heard, and moreover that the young man was ignorant into whose seraglio he had intruded, the chief dervise became very grave. Both gave Abdool much good advice, and after a time, alleging the necessity of attending prayers in the mosque, they went their ways.

Almost an hour had elapsed after their departure, and Abdool was about to compose his wearied limbs to rest, when he was alarmed by hearing a loud knock at the door. Opening it, he perceived with unspeakable consternation a great number of the bostangis, or armed police, commanded by one on horseback, in an extremely rich garb. Without uttering a word in explanation, the bostangis seized, bound him hand and foot, bandaged his eyes, and carried him among them to a considerable distance, when they suddenly released him.

Abdool found himself alone in a splendid apartment, but he had scarcely stood for a moment, wondering where he was when a door opened, and Mustapha Aga appeared, tremulously following the officer who had arrested Abdool.

'This is the wretch, excellent Mustapha, faithful guardian of the most slippery of things—women,' said the officer: the wretch whose boastings have reached the sublime ear, who gives out that he has been an honored guest in the seraglio during our lord's absence.'

'The monster!' groaned Mustapha.

'The sultan may be every instant expected, and he will do justice,' returned the officer. 'Meanwhile he has commanded me that I accompany you and this traitor throughout the harem, and see if he really has the knowledge which he pretends in it.'

'Mirror of thy master, sublime Ibrahim! let us see whether the villain has the impudence; but I imagine he is out of his mind!' said Mustapha

Abdool stared in dumb amazement on this revelation, and now more than suspecting that he had been made the victim of a perfidious jest, still he reflected with horror on the dreadful punishment to which, in all likelihood, Zulima would be exposed. Mustapha was so agitated that he scarcely knew whether he went on his head or on his feet; but he purposely led the way in the first place, to the women's apartment. Ibrahim, (for it was the great vizier himself,) he knew, dared not enter the sacred precincts; and under pretence of ascertaining whether the wretch pretended to have been within the oda, he led him in. The women all threw themselves at Abdool's feet, and with sobs and tears implored him to have mercy on them. Mustapha joined, in the most deplorable manner; but Abdool's heart remained steeled, while Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite knelt and embracing his knees with streaming eyes, and with their fair cheeks crimson with anxiety—large eyes glittering, and bosoms wildly palpitating; but when Zulima threw herself on his neck and exclaimed, 'Drop a tear, at least, in the sea which shall soon swallow me, in memory of one who loved you,' he was overcome.

'I know not who can have infused suspicion into the sultan, unless it was one of the treacherous dervises!' he said. 'Be not afraid, I will deny all.'

At this moment the clash of drums and cymbals was heard, and a slave rushed in to announce that the sultan had arrived, and was coming immediately to visit his ladies, to receive their compliments on his return. Comforted by Abdool's promise, the odaliskas had scarcely time to smoothen their agitated features ere the great Solyman, in all his glory and majesty, attended by all the mutes of the seraglio, with their bowstrings ready set, and the grand vizier, Ibrahim, carrying three sacks, entered.

'Let the slave who related that he had been made the guest of a certain vizier's seraglio, inform me if he recognizes this place and these persons!' said the sultan, in a tremendous tone, and all present fell prostrate, wishing it might be into some bottomless gulf.

Abdool raised himself, at length, shuddering, without daring to lift his eye, declared that he had never made any such statement to any dervise.

'Look at me, fool, but good-natured! and deny it again! returned the sultan; and glancing fearfully up, with a start of horror, Abdool recognized the dervise in the mighty sovereign himself! He could not, of course, utter another word; and the sultan commanded the mutes instantly to put Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite into the sacks, and throw them into the sea, while the bow was fitted round the neck of Mustapha. The sultan himself opened a window up to which the green waves of the sea flowed; and with shrieks of despair the unhappy ladies were stripped of their ornaments, and thrust into the sacks, while the rest of the harem looked on with tears and sobs.

The dismal sight quite overcame all feeling of revenge in Abdool's heart. He prostrated himself at the sultan's feet, and in a piteous voice implored mercy. The sultan inquired if he were willing to perish in the place of the three ladies? This was a dreadful moment; but Abdool the Simple very frankly consented.

'You shall do worse than die for them! said the sultan, after a pause of the most intense excitement—'you shall live with them! I give them to you all three for your wives and appoint you the care of my silk-worms, which is a post of great honor and profit, and requires no exertion of surpassing genius. As for you, Mustapha Aga, if in a month you do not find me a woman more beautiful than all these three put together, the bowstring shall be drawn which, until then, you are to carry about with you on your neck.'