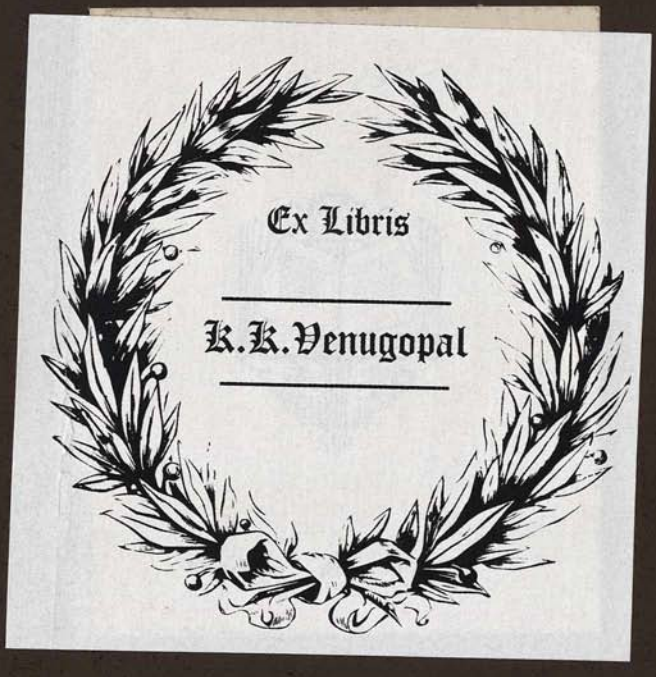
Oriental Annual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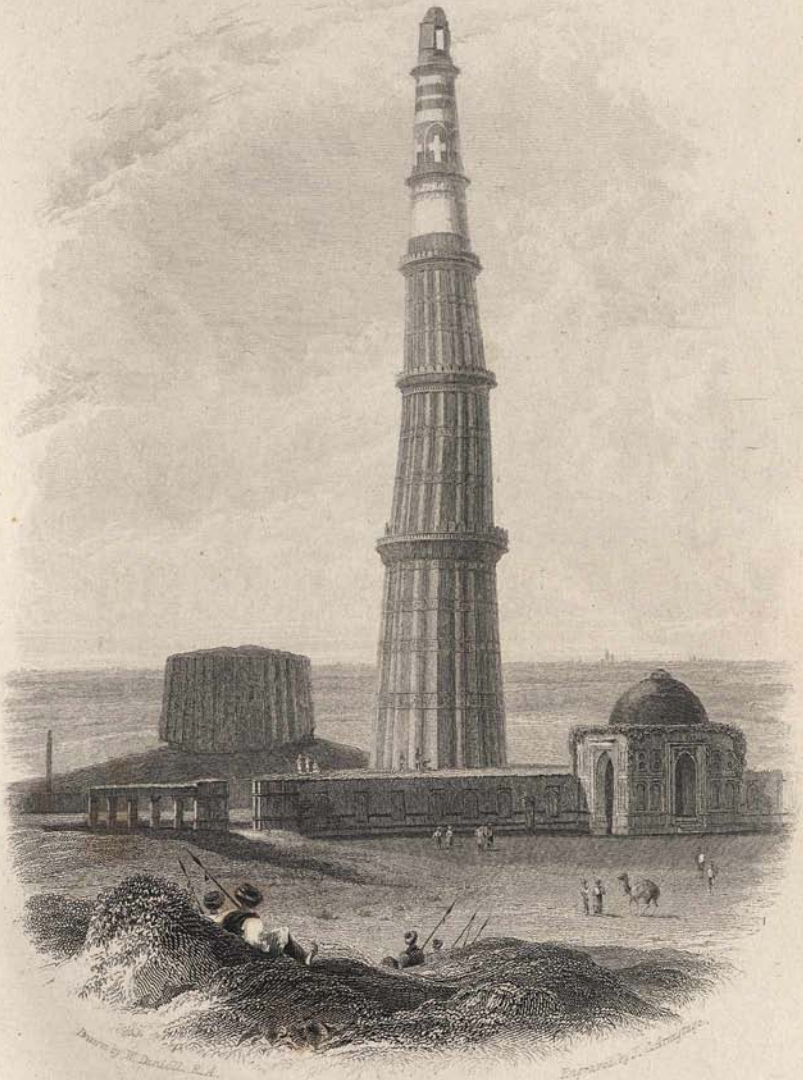
The Salaam.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.



The Cuttub Minar.

NEW YORK,

LEAVITT & ALLEN.

THE

Oriental Annual.

EDITED BY

JAMES P. WALKER.

"SHADUKIAM,"
The "*Country of Delight.*"
"In Fairy-Land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers!"

New York:
LEAVITT AND ALLEN,
379 BROADWAY.
1857

Preface.

"In the Orient—light!"

Ay! and blind must be the eyes that see it not, and dull, indeed, the brain that offers not some point of contact to the many-sided-ness of Oriental wonder, wit, or wisdom.

Small fear, however, while infancy continues to be weaned on fairy-tales, and the *Arabian Nights*—wonderful romance—survives to nourish in children the imagination and love of the brilliant and beautiful—so needful in this matter-of-fact, work-a-day age—that before such sightless orbs, or brain-obtuse, shall our book, or such as ours, be opened.

And we have woven this tissue, of

> Oriental myth and story,
> Tale of love and song of glory
> Proverb sage and mystic lore—

in full faith that the natural charms of the region, time and people, about which it discourseth in such varied measure, will find for it abundant favor.

For ourself, we claim no credit for aught save for such illustrative sketches as the admirable engravings, supplied by the publishers' liberality, have called forth ; in the composition of which we have plodded through more books than we have space to enumerate—or we would acknowledge our indebtedness to individual authors—stimulated by the hope that if they failed to entertain, they might assist to a better understanding of that gorgeous Eastern land, so full of marvels and of beauty.

For the rest, the selections have been made from an extensive range of authors, with a view of leaving no department of the general subject without some representative : in the hope that our volume might be fragrant with the genuine aroma of the "East"—our "Annual" possess perennial verdure—and prove in some modest sense, a "Country of Delight," through the streets of whose pages it should not be unpleasant, nor altogether profitless to roam ; its "lights," cheering ; its "flowers," refreshing ; and its "gems," enriching. If in this we shall have been even partially successful, we shall not have wielded in vain the pen of

THE EDITOR.

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N. C. Thurber

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Oriental Annual.

THE SALAAM.

"The same act varies from the *manner* of doing."

THE "Poetry" of oriental countries, is not confined to the province of language or ideas, but pervades no less those of costume and manners. Of all the modes of salutation which characterize the inhabitants of the various quarters of the globe, none is so graceful as the true Eastern Salaam, performed in silence, or with the accompaniment of those phrases of civility and compliment which are customary; from the "Live my Lord" of the ancient Phœnecians, to the "*Salum aleikum*," "Peace be with you," of the modern Arabs. The latter, uttered with the right hand on the heart, and eliciting the reply, "*Aleikum essalum*"—"With you be peace"—"and the mercy and blessing of God," aged people are inclined to add: words of the lips, doubtless, in most instances; but those who have lived for any considerable time where

courtesy and politeness are forgotten or unlearned arts, will appreciate and esteem even sham civility. Hence the wisdom of the Chinese aphorism,

> "'Who in politeness, Lokman, was thy guide?'
> 'The *unpolite!*' the learned sage replied."

"The most common salutation among the Greeks," (says *Dr. Potter*,) "was by clasping the right hands, the right hand being accounted a pledge of fidelity and friendship; whence Pythagoras advised that the right hand should not be given to every man, meaning that all persons were not fit to be made our friends." The "falling on the neck" frequently mentioned in Scripture, is doubtless a poetical description of the Persian custom of salutation among intimate friends, of inclining the neck over each other's neck, and pressing cheek to cheek. Courtesy of manner and speech is an element of the *religion* of the Mussulman; Mohammed especially enjoins it in the *Koran*—thus: "When ye are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same; for God taketh an account of all things." "Etiquette in the East," says a recent native writer, "is permanent and general;" and "the poorest and the richest are equally well versed in the established routine of civility." The Turkish *temennah*, or salutation, consists in placing the right hand upon the breast; or touching the lips, and then the forehead or turban, with the same hand, which afterwards falls naturally to the side. The custom of kissing the beard on meeting, after an absence of long duration, is also pre-

served in Oriental countries. In this case, the person who gives the kiss lays his right hand under the beard, and raises it slightly to his lips, or rather supports it while it receives the kiss. A Hindoo, on meeting a Brahmin, "puts the palms of his hands together and raises them far above his head, letting them fall again to his side;" the priest, meanwhile, stretching out his hands, palms upward, towards the passer-by, as if bestowing a blessing. Before addressing a superior, "he makes his *Salaam*, either by raising his right hand to his forehead, and letting it fall to its former position at the side, or bowing and touching the feet of his superior and his own forehead in three rapid successions, or in bending still lower, grasping your feet, and placing his hand on the crown of his head."

Among the Circassians, it is a mark of high respect to kiss the hand of a stranger of distinction, and place it on the forehead; and throughout the East, similar established forms of etiquette prevail, and are observed with scrupulous exactness, though performed with an ease and grace rarely acquired; and which are, indeed, inborn—a part of the national character.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF FIRDUSI.

SEE where yon plain, in various colors bright,
Tempts the young hero to the fòray fight;
Where many a grove, and many a garden, grace
The wide domain of Touran's ancient race.
In waves of silk the glossy cornfields glow;
Musk scents the air, and waters roll below;
The lily droops beneath its ample flower;
The rose breathes incense through her native bower;
Proud stalks the pheasant through the leafy glade;
The dove coos softly from the cypress shade.
Long may this earthly paradise remain
To glad our vision, long as Time shall reign.
Now up the hills, and now along the vales,
Stray the fair damsels of the Tartar dales,
Manizheh there, first daughter of the throne,
Bright as the sun with radiance all her own;
Siàtrah here, Afrasiab's second pride,
Circled by blooming maids on every side:
O'er the bright flowers a brighter glory sheds;
The rose and lily hide their vanquished heads.
See there, the wandering nymphs among the trees,

With cypress forms, and locks that scent the breeze ;
Lips bathed in wine, and eyes in balmy sleep,
And cheeks where roses endless vigils keep.
O, could we venture, for a single day,
To dare all dangers where these damsels stray,
We'd bear away some maid of peerless charms,
A glorious prize for royal Khosru's arms.

HINDOO PROVERBS.

Though a little bird soar high, will it become a kite?

Are all men, *men?* or are all stones, *rubies?*

The flower which is out of reach is dedicated to God.

Even a small rush may be of use as a tooth pick.

The fellow walks on foot, but his words are in a palan-[keen.

Friction removes not the scent of sandal wood.

Will the young of the tiger be without claws?

Can he that prospers not by truth, succeed by lies?

There is no flower that insects will not visit.

LEGEND OF THE MOSQUE OF THE BLOODY BAPTISM AT CAIRO.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he had originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returned shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capitol, of his own death, and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito,

and soon become known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants ; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honor of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. "Call it," he replied, "the mosque of Sultan Hassan." All started at the mention of this name ; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan ;" and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection : simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

A LOVE SONG.

FROM THE ARABIC.

BY SHELLEY.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thoughts clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

THE DEVOTION OF THE AVARICIOUS AND SELFISH, FRUITLESS.

STORY OF CARAZAN, MERCHANT OF BAGDAT.

BY DR. JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

"Benevolence is the silken thread that should run through the pearl chain of our virtues."—*Fuller.*

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which, by the collision of steel and adamant, is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him

constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayers; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality; and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character that he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the

prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

"To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful, be everlasting honor! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my harem, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity, through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a luster that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold; the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was passed; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could anything be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with con-

fusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me:

"'Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man; for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor around thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasure with a hand of iron; thou hast lived for thyself; and therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.' At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this

exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: 'O! that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! their society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.' While this thought passed over in my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last inhabitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succor and without society, further and further still, forever and forever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity, I would have spurned from my door, would in the dreadful solitude

to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda."

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

"While selfish hatred's storm-flood roars,
Love, like a beacon's friendly ray,
Bright-shining on man's fleshly shores,
Illumes, and yet consumes, his clay.
Mysterious slave to mortal earth,
Despotic foe to earthly leaven,
It melts the dross from out the worth,
And purifies the soul for heaven."

THE TURKISH LADY.

BY CAMPBELL.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English Knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
Where the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

"In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"
"Lady, no! the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee—

"Say, fair Princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"
"Nay, bold Knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"—
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

A DAY ON THE RED SEA.

FROM BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO EL-MEDINAH AND MECCAH.

Morning. The air is mild and balmy as that of an Italian spring; thick mists roll down the valleys along the sea, and a haze like mother-o'-pearl crowns the headlands. The distant rocks show titanic walls, lofty donjons, huge projecting bastions, and moats full of deep shade. At their base runs a sea of amethyst, and as earth receives the first touches of light, their summits, almost transparent, mingle with the jasper tints of the sky.

Nothing can be more delicious than this hour. But morning soon fades. The sun bursts up from behind the main, a fierce enemy, a foe that will compel every one to crouch before him. He dyes the sky orange, and the sea "incarnadine," where its violet surface is stained by his rays; and mercilessly puts to flight the mists and haze and the little agate-colored masses of cloud that were before floating in the firmament: the atmosphere is so clear that now and then a planet is visible. For the two hours following sunrise the rays are endurable; after that they become a fiery ordeal. The morning beams oppress you with a feeling of sickness; their steady glow, re-

flected by the glaring waters, blinds your eyes, blisters your skin, and parches your mouth: you now become a monomaniac; you do nothing but count the slow hours that must "minute by" before you can be relieved.

Noon. The wind, reverberated by the glowing hills, is like the blast of a lime-kiln. All color melts away with the canescence from above. The sky is a dead milk-white, and the mirror-like sea so reflects the tint that you can scarcely distinguish the line of the horizon. After noon the wind sleeps upon the reeking shore; there is a deep stillness; the only sound heard is the melancholy flapping of the sail. Men are not so much sleeping as half senseless; they feel as if a few more degrees of heat would be death.

Sunset. The enemy sinks behind the deep cerulean sea, under a canopy of gigantic rainbow which covers half the face of heaven. Nearest to the horizon is an arch of tawny orange; above it another of the brightest gold, and based upon these a semicircle of tender sea-green blends with a score of delicate gradations into the sapphire sky. Across the rainbow the sun throws its rays in the form of spokes tinged with a beautiful pink. The Eastern sky is mantled with a purple flush, that picks out the forms of the hazy desert, and the sharp-cut hills. Language is a thing too cold, too poor, to express the harmony and the majesty of this hour, which is evanescent, however, as it is lovely.

Night falls rapidly, when suddenly the appearance of the zodiacal light restores the scene to what it was.

Again the gray hills and the grim rocks became rosy or golden, the palms green, the sands saffron, and the sea wears a lilac surface of dimpling waves.

But after a quarter of an hour all fades once more; the cliffs are naked and ghastly under the moon, whose light, falling upon this wilderness of white crags and pinnacles, is most strange—most mysterious.

Night. The horizon is all of darkness, and the sea reflects the white visage of the moon as in a mirror of steel. In the air we see giant columns of pallid light, distinct, based upon the indigo-colored waves, and standing with their heads lost in endless space. The stars glitter with exceeding brilliancy. You feel the "sweet influences of the Pleiades." You are bound by the "bond of Orion." Hesperus bears with him a thousand things. In communion with them your hours pass swiftly by, till the heavy dews warn you to cover your face and sleep. And with one look at a certain little star in the north, under which lies all that makes life worth living through—you fall into oblivion.

THE TAJE MAHAL AT AGRA.

"POETRY TRANSMUTED INTO FORM."—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE city of *Agra* is situated on the right bank of the Jumna, in the province of *Agra*, in Hindustan, 137 miles from *Delhi*, the present residence of the Great Mogul. It was formerly a large and populous city, now fallen into decay, and containing but about 60,000 inhabitants. *Bishop Heber* says of it: "The city is large, old, and ruinous; with little to attract attention, beyond that picturesque mixture of houses, balconies, projecting roofs, and groups of people in the Eastern dress, which is common to all Indian towns. The fort is very large and ancient, surrounded with high walls and towers of red stone, which command some noble views of the city, its neighborhood, and the windings of the Jumna."

This fort or castle was built by *Akbar*, the ablest and most enlightened of the sovereigns of India, at a cost of upwards of one million of dollars. Within the walls of the fort are the palace of Shah Jehan, and the *Motee Musjid*, or Pearl Sanctuary, a celebrated mosque of white marble exquisitely carved.

But the chief and sufficient ornament of the city, admitted to be the most beautiful group of oriental archi-

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by J. Int.

The Taje-mah'l at Agra

tecture in existence, is the TAJE MAHAL, or *Crown of Edifices*, a mausoleum of unrivaled beauty, erected by Shah Jehan, grandson of the great Akbar, to the memory of his favorite queen *Noor Jehan*, (the *Nourmahal* of Moore's "Lalla Rookh,") a young Tartar girl, born in the Desert, but educated at Delhi, where she grew up to be the most beautiful and accomplished woman in India.

Jehanguire saw her and was dazzled with her charms, before mounting the throne, but she was betrothed and subsequently united to a Turkoman noble, whose assassination Jehan procured, soon after commencing his reign; an act which caused him such remorse, that for four years he declined to see her, and she lived neglected in a corner of his palace.

His passion for her was rekindled at last, and she became his favorite queen. Her name, Arjammed Banoo, was according to Oriental usage changed to *Mumtazee Zumanee*, signifying the "paragon of the age," but she was afterwards called *Noor Jehan*—"Light of the world." The *Taje Mahal* is wholly built of white marble, inlaid with precious stones, and its erection is said to have employed 20,000 men, for 22 years, and to have cost 31,784,000 rupees, or nearly *fifteen millions of dollars*. "It is finely situated on the banks of the Jumna, overlooking on every side the innumerable ruins of palaces, tombs, and mosques, which were yet in their splendor when the Taje was built. The deep ravines which intersect the city and neighborhood, and several low hills which are here and there distinguishable, all appear to have been formed by the ruins

of successive cities ; but while all has crumbled or is passing away, while empires, like palaces, have been overthrown, the Taje still stands in all its pristine beauty and brightness, looking down upon the decayed skeleton of the city around it, like some spirit watching over the mouldering body it had loved."

Bishop Heber says: "After hearing its praises ever since I had been in India, its beauty exceeded, rather than fell short of my expectations. The surrounding garden, which, as well as the Taje itself, is kept in excellent order by government, with its marble fountains, beautiful cypresses, and other trees, and profusion of flowering shrubs, contrasts very finely with the white marble of which the tomb itself is composed, and takes off, by partially concealing it, from that stiffness which belongs, more or less, to every highly finished building. The building itself is raised on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, having at its angles four tall minarets of the same material.

"The Taje contains, as usual, a central hall, in which, enclosed within a carved screen of elaborate tracery, are the tombs of Begum Noorjehan, Shah Jehan's beloved wife, to whom it was erected, and by her side, but a little raised above her, of the unfortunate emperor himself. Round this hall are a number of small apartments, corridors, &c. ; and the windows are carved in lattices of the same white marble with the rest of the building and the screen.

"The pavement is in alternate squares of white, and

what is called in Europe, sienna marble ; the walls, screens, and tombs are covered with flowers and inscriptions, executed in beautiful mosaic of cornelians, lazulite, and jasper ; and yet, though everything is finished like an ornament for a drawing-room chimney-piece, the general effect produced is rather solemn and impressive, than gaudy." Chapters from the Koran, the letters being formed of black marble, and very beautiful, are inlaid on the walls and in the passages.

Bayard Taylor, referring to a recent visit thither, says " The vault was filled with the odor of rose, jessamine and sandal wood, the precious attars of which are sprinkled upon the tomb. Wreaths of beautiful flowers lay upon it, or withered around its base."

Another traveler says : " On the tombs within the great chamber, are inlaid the most beautiful flowers, formed of the most precious gems ; in one anemone I counted above one hundred. The flowers and leaves are exquisitely shaded. There is another noble chamber below this, and equally beautifully inlaid, in which the bodies are placed in tombs fully as magnificent as those above ; the light here is dim ; the descent is by a flight of marble stairs (but the whole and every part is polished white marble) ; while here, an officer in the room above sung, every note of which came to our ears with the truest precision ; never was such an echo heard, it seemed as if the organs of St. Paul's, Westminster, York Minster and twenty others, were breathing their softest strains, slowly stealing on us, then swelling, and becoming louder, till the glorious building

rebounded and resounded the divine songs. It was all magic."

It was the intention of *Shah Jehan* to build a tomb for himself upon a scale of similar magnificence on the opposite bank of the Jumna, and to connect them both by a marble bridge with a silver railing. His misfortunes, however, came upon him before he could commence this splendid work, and at his desire he was buried beside the cherished object of his affections.

Agra was taken by the British, in the Mahratta war, October 17th, 1803. An English church has been erected there, which is represented to be very handsome.

THE WISDOM OF ALI.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said: "I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate
Thereof is Ali." Wherefore, some who heard,
With unbelieving jealousy were stirred;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.
"Let us in turn to Ali go," they said,
"And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply
To each of us, in thought, accordantly,
And yet to none in speech or phrase the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."

Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
These were the words which Ali straightway spake:

"Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes."

Unto the second he said: "Thyself must be
Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third: "By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth: "Thy goods the thief may take;
But into Wisdom's house he cannot break."

Unto the fifth: "Thy goods decrease the more
Thou giv'st; but use enlarges Wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth: "Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh: "Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth: "Wealth cannot keep itself;
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf."

Unto the ninth: "The camels slowly bring
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake:

"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame, the questioners withdrew,
And they declared: "The Prophet's words were
true;
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of Wisdom."

When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled and said: "And should
they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

THE VOW OF MUSTAPHA PASHA.

BY MRS. ROMER.

"For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ."

HAMLET.

"I have towards heaven breathed a sacred vow."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE inviolability with which a Turk keeps his vow, forms one of the distinguishing traits of the national character; and although (as must be the case with every rule subject to human direction) exceptions are occasionally to be found, they are of such rare occurrence, that the good faith and loyalty of an Osmanli, even to an enemy, have become proverbial. Where he has undertaken to protect, he *will* protect at all risks; and where he has resolved to avenge, he *will* avenge, even though his dearest affections are to be crushed by the blow. The following tragical circumstance, which occurred just previous to my visit to Turkey, will serve as an illustration to my preceding remark. It was of a description sufficiently striking to create a profound sensation even among a people so singulary apathetic to the sacrifice of human life as are the Turks; and some notice of the crime and its expiation, found its way into civilized

Europe through the public prints. At Constantinople I met with an eye witness to the closing scene of the terrible drama, from whose lips I gathered the details which lend it so strange an interest, and which I have here put together. To prevent confusion, I shall now relate them as though my informant were still the narrator.

These were his words:

I had occasion to go from Constantinople to Salonica, and I performed my journey in the Turkish fashion, on horseback, and under the guidance of a Tatar. I was furnished with credentials to Mustapha Pasha of Salonica, a man high in repute at the sublime Porte, and a personal favorite of the Sultan; and I had also a letter from an Armenian banker at Constantinople for a wealthy countryman of his residing at Mielnik, a small town on the road to Salonica: for in Turkey, where banking and mercantile business is monopolized by the Armenians, they are the most useful class of men to whom a stranger can be recommended.

On my arrival at Mielnik, I immediately repaired to the house of Pascal, the Armenian above alluded to; on inquiring for him, I was at first refused admittance, but after sending in the letter of which I was the bearer, I was ushered into his presence. I found an aged man of most prepossessing appearance, but bearing the marks of such deep grief, and I may even add, consternation, imprinted on his countenance, that I felt convinced some domestic calamity must have recently befallen him; and,

under that idea, I apologized for the pertinacity with which I had sought my ill-timed interview.

"You are wrong, and you are right, in your conjecture," he answered with Eastern brevity: "my family is unharmed, God be praised! but to-morrow my friend is to die."

This answer was calculated to awaken all my curiosity, and I contrived to throw into it such an appearance of sympathy, that before we parted, Pascal communicated to me without reserve all the particulars of the event that was weighing upon his mind. They are as follows:

In the preceding month of January, some traveling merchants who were journeying from Mielnik to Salonica, discovered at a short distance from the former place the bodies of two murdered men, one of whom was evidently a person of superior rank and the other his Tatar. The former had been killed by a pistol shot which had passed through his heart; while the faithful Tatar, who had apparently thrown himself before his master to shield him from his death-blow, had been pierced through the body by a yataghan. Their persons had been rifled of every thing except their Fez caps and under clothing; and their horses, which were found loose upon the plain, had also been stripped of their baggage. One of the merchants, addressing his companions, said:

"If we pursue our journey, we may perhaps be suspected of being the murderers of these men; let us return with the bodies to Mielnik, and denounce the crime, so that we may escape suspicion."

The horses were caught, and being charged with the bodies of their late riders, the mournful procession returned to Mielnik, were depositions were made before the Aga, and the corpses were exposed in the court of the principal mosque, in order to be recognized and claimed.

It so happened that Mustapha Pasha was on that day expected from Salonica; and the Aga awaited his arrival before any active steps were taken to discover the murderers. Upon entering the gates of Mielnik, rumors of the frightful event reached the Pasha's ears; but the persons who communicated it to him, were of course unable to tell him the names of the victims, or give him any details beyond the fact of the bodies being then lying before the mosque. Mustapha directed his horse thither, and dismounting at the gate, entered the holy precincts, followed by all his retinue.

In the center of the court, stretched upon a praying-carpet, their faces uncovered, and their feet turned towards the east, the two murdered men lay side by side. Mustapha approached, and kneeling down to examine them uttered a cry of horror; then tearing his beard, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and remained with his forehead in the dust for some time, in speechless grief. After a pause, which his attendants did not dare to interrupt, he arose; his countenance was pale, but stern and composed, as though that brief paroxysm of despair had been succeeded by the concentrated calm of some irrevocable determination; and again turning to the lifeless

bodies, he took the hand of the one nearest to him, and raising it to Heaven, exclaimed:

"Oh, Seïd Mohamet! when, in the passes of the Balkan, thou didst shield me with thy body from the fury of the accursed Russian, I swore, that from thenceforward thou shouldst be unto me as a brother; and truly didst thou become to me dearer even than the sons of my father! Now I swear by Allah and his Holy Prophet, that I will not rest until I avenge thy death upon thy murderer! I will hunt him down to the furthermost corners of the earth, that his blood may atone for thine; his eyes shall be torn out by vultures, his scattered limbs be devoured by chacals, his unburied bones bleach under the winds of Heaven! And may my soul descend, like his, to Eblis—may the grave of my father be defiled—if I keep not my vow, oh, Seid, my brother!—I have said."

Then taking a last look at all that remained of the man he had loved so well, Mustapha Pasha quitted the mosque, followed by his attendants.

His first care was, that every means should immediately be employed for the discovery of the murderers. The police of the pashalik was put into requisition; spies were employed; bribery had recourse to; and a reward of fifty purses promised to the person who should first bring him intelligence of the criminals. These preliminaries fulfilled, Mustapha retired to the house of Sereski, a rich Armenian merchant, where he had always been accustomed to sojourn during his visit to Mielnik; and

shutting himself up alone in the interior apartments, he gave way during three days and nights to unrestrained grief.

It soon became generally known at Mielnik that the murdered man was Seid Mohamet, the dearest friend of Mustapha Pasha, and that he had been the bearer of despatches from the Porte to Salonica, and had with him a treasure of eight hundred thousand piastres destined for public purposes. He had arrived at Mielnik on the afternoon preceding his murder, and had been seen by some of the inhabitants at the public bath, from whence he had gone to the mosque and performed his devotions. It was conjectured that he had fallen a victim to the daring rapacity of a band of Albanian robbers, whose depredatory habits had recently brought them to the vicinity of the high road to Salonica, where they had committed so many outrages, that contrary to the belief in fatalism, and the apathy consequent upon it which is the directing (perhaps I ought rather to say passive) principle of a Moslem's actions, few Turkish travelers would venture to pass that road without an armed escort. It was even supposed that the Albanians had emissaries in the town who secretly apprised them of the arrival of any wealthy traveler.

Sereski, the Armenian, when admitted into Mustapha's presence, was consulted by him upon the steps most advisable to be taken, in order to detect the offenders and bring them to justice ; and he zealously entered into all his views, and joined in execrating the ruthless hand that

had dared to raise itself against the life of the brave and virtuous Seid Mohamet.

"But hast thou not another friend, oh, Pasha?" said he; "and is not that friend thy servant Sereski? weep not, therefore, like one who is desolate."

"True, Sereski," replied the Pasha, "I know that thou art my friend, and that like Seid Mohamet, thou wouldst spill thy blood to save mine: but until I have avenged his murder, I cannot enjoy even thy friendship. If thou hadst died his death, so would I mourn for thee, and so would I wish to avenge thee; therefore reproach me not, Sereski! but aid me with thy counsels, that the murderers may not escape the doom I have pronounced upon them."

"So be it," replied the Armenian. And inclining himself before the Pasha, he withdrew, and left him absorbed in grief.

While, thus lost to all recollections save those of his friend's tragical fate, Mustapha reclined upon his cushions, unconscious of all outward objects, the curtain that vailed the entrance of the apartment occupied by him, was gently drawn aside, and a fairy form entered noiselessly, bearing in her hands a large basket of flowers covered with an embroidered handkerchief. It was Irene, the only child of Sereski, whose infant graces had long since captivated the Pasha's good-will. He had been the guest of the Armenian when, seven years before, his wife Esme had died in giving birth to this little girl; and from that period his affection for the father and daughter had progressively acquired such strength, that he had frequently

declared to Sereski that should fate deprive Irene of her father, he would supply his place to her, and adopt her for his own.

The little maiden seated herself silently at the Pasha's feet, and began to arrange her flowers; but after a time, perceiving that he did not notice her, she took both of his hands in hers, and looking up into his face with fond earnestness, said:

"Pasha, if you will smile upon me as you used to do, I will give you my best roses."

"I want not thy roses, child," he answered; "my heart is full of thorns!"

"Then I will give the a charm to cure the wound," she rejoined, producing an amulet.

"Keep thy roses and thine amulets, Irene," said the Pasha, "and leave me; for my soul is heavy and I cannot listen to thee."

"Nay," persisted the child, "my father sent me hither, and I will not go. I will not leave you, Pasha, until I have seen you smile. Look upon me as you are wont to do, and I will give you my treasure." And loosening the shawl that bound her waist, she took from its folds a gold ring encrusted with a sapphire of immense value, and holding it up to Mustapha, exclaimed, "This is my treasure; smile and it shall be yours!"

The wish was scarcely uttered before it was fulfilled. The Pasha seized the ring, and a smile of exultation lighted up his dark countenance with the portentous brightness of lightning flashing from a thunder-cloud. The

child clapped her hands in rapture; while Mustapha, drawing her towards him, said in a low voice, "Irene, who gave you this ring?"

She remained silent.

"Speak, I command thee," he continued.

She clasped her little hands in supplication.

"I have done wrong," she said, "but if I confess my fault to you, will you save me from my father's anger?"

"I will," he replied. "Speak, and speak truly."

"Three days ago," she continued, "early in the morning, when I went into my father's room where he keeps his money and jewels, I found him busied in filling a casket, and in his haste to close it before I approached, some of the jewels fell upon the carpet. I stooped to pick them up; and this ring having rolled to the farther end of the room unperceived by him, I put it into my bosom and carried it away. And now I dare not restore it, for my father has never yet been known to pardon theft."

"Fear not, Irene, my soul!" said Mustapha; "thy father's anger shall not fall upon thee, if thou art silent to all upon the subject. Leave me the ring, and here is a jewel in exchange;" and he gave her the diamond agraffe that fastened his vest. "Thou hast charmed away my grief, Irene; thou hast brought hope to my bosom. Leave me, child: I am happy."

She obeyed, and disappeared through the door-way as noiselessly as she had entered.

No sooner was Irene gone, than Mustapha, drawing the ring from his bosom, where he had concealed it, ejaculated:

"Allah kierim! God is great! Behold, he has chosen this young infidel as the instrument by which the death of his faithful believer shall be discovered and avenged! This is the very ring which I gave to Seid Mohamet after he had saved my life in the Balkan, and from which he swore never to part while he lived. The stone is beyond price; and here are the characters which I caused to be engraven on it: *Eternal gratitude, friendship and attachment even unto death!* There can be no mistake; this is Seid Mohamet's ring. But how came it here?"

Then approaching the curtain that vailed the entrance of the apartment, he clapped his hands thrice; and a servant appearing, he directed that Sereski should be summoned to his presence.

"Dog of an infidel!" exclaimed Mustapha, as soon as he perceived him, "how camest thou by this ring?"

The Armenian appeared thunderstruck at beholding the jewel in Mustapha's hands. A deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and his features worked convulsively as, endeavoring to surmount his emotion, he replied that he had purchased it from an Albanian, some time back.

"Who is this Albanian? Give me his name, then," resumed the Pasha, "that he may be sought for, and brought before me forthwith."

"I may not do so, O Mustapha!" replied Sereski: "when I purchased that ring, I made a solemn promise

that I would never divulge the name of him who sold it to me."

"Thou liest, dog!" exclaimed the Pasha, his eyes flashing fire; "this ring belonged to Seid Mohamet, who would only have sold it with his life. Thou art in league with his murderers; but deliver them up to me, and I will forgive thee even this treachery."

"What can I say?" replied Sereski, doggedly, "I have spoken nothing but the truth; I have nothing to reveal."

Mustapha then commanded that Sereski and all his servants should appear with him before the cadi; and when they were in the presence of that functionary, the Pasha repeated the whole transaction that had brought the ring of Seid Mohamet into his possession. Sereski persisted in his denegations, and the cadi ordered him to be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet; which sentence was immediately executed in the presence of Mustapha Pasha, and by his own *ghawasses* (guards). But the torture it inflicted wrested no admission of guilt from the Armenian. He writhed in agony and bit the ground, until nature was exhausted by the fierce struggle, and he became insensible. The punishment was then suspended.

Sereski's servants were also ordered to be bastinadoed, and several of them underwent the ordeal without making any revelation. But when it came to the turn of a Jew, who had long been a confidential servant of Sereski's, and, as such, had enjoyed the Pasha's esteem, his terror at the torture he was about to undergo was so overwhelming, that no sooner had the *ghawasses* laid their

hands upon him to bind him, than prostrating himself at Mustapha's feet he exclaimed:

"Have mercy on me, O Pasha! and I will reveal all."

The Pasha commanded his *ghawasses* to suspend their operations, and the Jew then made a full confession of his master being the murderer of Seid Mohamet. The means he had taken to effect the crime were as follows: Sereski had a garden and a kiosk at a short distance from Mielnik, on the Constantinople side of the town, which he was in the habit of visiting almost daily, and occasionally passing the night there. Having been apprised of Seid Mohamet's arrival at Mielnik, and of the treasure he carried with him, he promptly took his measures to secure it to himself without attracting suspicion, and went, as was his custom, to his kiosk, where he passed the night. But just before daylight he and the Jew arose, and disguising themselves in Albanian dresses, and with pistols and yataghans, they proceeded to the plain leading from Mielnik to Salonica, and took up their position under cover of a ruined mosque, close to which is a fountain where travelers are in the habit of refreshing their horses. They had not long been in ambush when Seid Mohamet and his guide appeared in sight, and, approaching the mosque, dismounted. Seid Mohamet spread his praying-carpet on the ground, and disposing himself for his devotions, soon became absorbed in them, while the Tatar proceeded to water the horses at the fountain. At that instant, Sereski, taking a sure and deadly aim at the good Mussulman, shot him through the heart. The Tatar,

alarmed by the report of the pistol, rushed towards him, and received the dying man in his arms as he bounded convulsively from the earth; while Sereski, quitting his concealment, threw himself upon the faithful Tatar, and passing his yataghan through his body, laid him dead by the side of Seid Mohamet. Meanwhile the Jew was busied in rifling the baggage horses; and having collected the treasure, and stripped the bodies of their victims of every article of value about them, they turned the horses loose upon the plain, and returned with their booty before sunrise to the kiosk, where they deposited it in a subterranean chamber; and departing for Mielnik at the hour they were accustomed to do, made their entrance publicly some hours before the murder was discovered. He also stated that this was not the first robbery and assassination in which the Armenian had been involved, although the apparent sanctity and austerity of his character, and his habits of charity, had hitherto placed him beyond the reach of suspicion.

The Pasha listened with amazement; and ordering the Jew to show him the place of concealment, he proceeded thither with the cadi, and found, as the delinquent had most truly stated, a subterranean chamber under the kiosk, in which was concealed a quantity of money; and among the rest the treasure of Seid Mohamet, untouched, and rolled up in the Albanian dresses that had been worn by Sereski and his servant when they committed the murder.

These proofs of Sereski's guilt were convincing to Mustapha Pasha. "Detested hypocrite," he exclaimed,

"how have I been deceived in him! This is the man whom I loved, and in whose virtue I confided above all others, except Seid Mohamet! This is the man who wept with me over my friend's murder, and called for vengeance upon his assassins! Imshallah! the call shall be answered: he shall die the death; even though he has been the friend of my bosom! for I will break my heart ere I break my vow."

It was nightfall before their return to Mielnik, but Mustapha Pasha slept not until steps had been taken to bring Sereski and his accomplice speedily to justice. One of the recent reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, which reflected the most honor upon him, had been to abrogate the power of the Pashas to inflict capital punishment; a power which formerly led to dreadful abuses not only of life but of property, and exposed the mass of the people to the caprice, cupidity, or corruption of a handful of men "dressed in a little brief authority." Courts of justice have now been established in Turkey; and when a judicial sentence has been obtained and signed by the cadi, time is allowed for the criminal to appeal against it. Sereski and his accomplice were tried according to the new laws; and their guilt being fully established, their doom was sealed. The Jew was sentenced to be hanged at his master's door at daybreak, while the Armenian was reserved for the more dreadful punishment of impalement alive. His property was to be divided into five parts, four of which were to be given to the family of Seid Mohamet, and the fifth to be reserved for his own child.

As soon as the trial was over, Sereski demanded an audience of the Pasha, in order, as he said, to make a further revelation to him. But the motive he assigned was merely a pretext to obtain an interview, which he knew would otherwise be refused to him. When admitted into Mustapha's presence, he cast himself at his feet, and in the most abject terms supplicated for life under any conditions. "Let me but live, great Pasha," said he, "and all that I possess shall be thine. I have wealth hidden that is unknown to all, even to Ishmael the Jew who has betrayed me; but what is wealth compared to life? Behold, for this boon I will beggar my child; and maimed, impoverished, disgraced as I am, I will go with her to the land of my fathers, even into Armenia, and repent me of my sins during a life of labor and privation. Hear my prayer, O Mustapha! Thou art all-powerful with the Sultan; ask for mercy and it shall be granted. See, have I not already suffered enough in the body?" and he pointed to his mutilated feet; "and is not my spirit crushed into the very dust? Sereski, the rich—the honored—and above all, the friend of Mustapha, whither has he fallen?"

The Pasha listened without once interrupting him; and when Sereski paused, and raised his eyes and hands in agony towards Mustapha, he spurned him with his foot, and answered:

"Thou hast fallen beneath my pity—nay, beneath my contempt: cruelty and cowardice were ever twin-brothers. Dost thou believe the soul of Mustapha to be so base that,

like thine own, it could barter all for gold? The wealth of Stamboul should not tempt me to spare one drop of thy blood!"

"Nay, but," persisted the unhappy Sereski, "wilt thou render Irene, the child thou lovedst, fatherless? Who shall protect her when I am gone?"

"Hast thou the bowels of a father?" replied the Pasha, "that even but this moment thou didst offer to make her a beggar, if I would give thee thy wretched life! Dog! thou art not worthy of the name of father! But the innocent shall not suffer for the guilty; Irene shall not be fatherless: henceforth she shall be unto me as a daughter."

"Thou wert ever great and noble," resumed Sereski, "be merciful as thou art generous, and so shalt thou surpass all other men."

"Base wretch!" answered Mustapha, trembling with passion, "nor bribes, nor flattery shall serve thee. Away with him!" he continued, summoning his guards; "I spit upon and defy him!"

The agony of mind, and the bodily torture undergone by Sereski, had thrown him into a violent fever, which caused the execution of his sentence to be delayed; for Mustapha Pasha had forbidden that he should undergo the last extreme penalty of the law, while suffering from bodily illness. Sereski was conveyed to prison, where he was carefully guarded, and attended by a physician of his own country, who was ordered, on pain of death, to restore him to health. Every means that a barbarous humanity could devise, were employed to heal his lacerated body,

and with such success, that health had become quite re-established; and the day following the one on which I had arrived at Mielnik, had consequently been fixed upon for his execution.

During the period of his convalescence, Sereski had made a full admission of his guilt, and confessed that he had had recourse to those cruel and unlawful means of enriching himself, that he might leave great wealth to his daughter; for which Heaven had punished him, by making that very child the instrument of bringing him to justice.

Such was the substance of Pascal's relation, and the cause of the sadness in which I had found him. The execution was to take place on the spot where the murder had been committed; the Pasha was to be present at it; and I immediately decided upon remaining another day at Mielnik, that I might witness the tragedy.

On the morrow, at noon, the whole population of the town was to be seen thronging through the Salonica gate, towards the plain on which stood the ruined mosque, near to which was to be seen a tall stake firmly planted in the ground, and tapering towards the summit, until it terminated in a steel point, which gleamed like a lance in the sunbeams. Opposite to it, a temporary platform had been erected, upon which carpets and cushions were spread for the Pasha and his suite. I placed myself as near to that spot as the guards would permit me; and shortly after I had stationed myself there, Mustapha and his retinue arrived on horseback. He dismounted at the foot of the

platform, and ascending the steps, seated himself upon his cushions ; his master of the ceremonies stood at his right hand, while his standard-bearer, cup-bearer, pipe-bearer, secretaries, and the numerous other attendants inseparable from Turkish authorities, ranged themselves in a semi-circle behind him, his guards surrounding the foot of the scaffolding.

Mustapha cast his eyes upon the ruined mosque, and the fountain on which some pious hand had engraven the words of Saadi, the Eastern poet : " *Many, like me, have beheld this fountain, but their eyes are closed in death,*" (as though to remind the wayfaring traveler of the transitoriness of everything upon earth, and that in the midst of life we should think upon death ;) and a shade of stern sorrow passed over his countenance. He then turned his eyes to the fatal stake, and a somber fire flashed from them as they measured it from the sharp point to the widening base, and appeared to calculate the mortal agonies which that brief space would soon exhibit. Then concentrating his emotions, he remained in silence and apparent indifference, awaiting the opening of the bloody scene.

A rumor in the crowd soon announced the approach of the criminal, who, clothed in the dark vestments and black kalpac of his people, his hands bound behind his back, his tottering steps supported on each side by the executioner's assistants, drew near to the fatal spot. The wretched man cast one shuddering glance at the instrument of death, and sunk motionless to the earth. At that moment two ladders were placed against the stake, and the

executioner and his assistants surrounding the culprit, quickly stripped him of his clothing. An awful and almost breathless stillness pervaded the crowd; every voice was hushed; every eye was turned towards the group at the foot of the ladders; and soon we beheld the executioner lightly ascend one of them, and wait at the summit, while his assistants guided, or rather forced upwards the unhappy Sereski. At last the topmost step was attained—the officials closed around him—for a moment they raised him above their heads—the next instant a scream of agony resounded through the air—and the men, displacing the ladders, clung to the shaft of the stake, and sliding down with the velocity of thought, left to the thousands assembled an unobstructed view of the wretched Armenian's horrible convulsions.

My heart sickened at the spectacle, and turning my eyes from it, I bent them upon the countenance of Mustapha. He had drawn his Fez cap over his eyes—was it to shade them from the sun, or to hide some trace of human emotion lurking there? His lips were closely compressed, his countenance pale but composed, and with unshaken firmness he listened to the horrible execrations and blasphemies which the fierce torments of Sereski wrung from him. In his mortal agony, the sufferer had burst the cords that bound his hands, and with desperate struggles menaced the Pasha.

"Accursed be the day I saw thee, O Pasha of evil!" he cried; "accursed be the hour when thou didst enter my house! accursed be the child that has betrayed me!

accursed be God for permitting it! accursed—" but a death-rattle checked his utterance.

"Water—water!" he gasped at last in a fainting tone.

The Pasha motioning to his cup-bearer, said, "Let the wretch drink and die!"*

The cup-bearer immediately approaching the writhing sufferer, presented a goblet of iced water to his lips; but Sereski, collecting all his energies at that moment, snatched the cup from the slave's hand, hurled it at the Pasha's head, and yelling out, "Not from thee, accursed one!" his arms fell powerless by his side, his head sunk upon his bosom, and with that last malediction the soul of the murderer passed into eternity!

The Pasha's guard then clearing a passage through the crowd, Mustapha descended from the platform with a firm step, and mounting his horse, returned with his whole retinue to Mielnik. The multitude dispersed, and I followed with them into the town, and repaired to the house of Pascal, at the door of which was a covered araba, drawn by oxen, and a few people assembled to witness its departure.

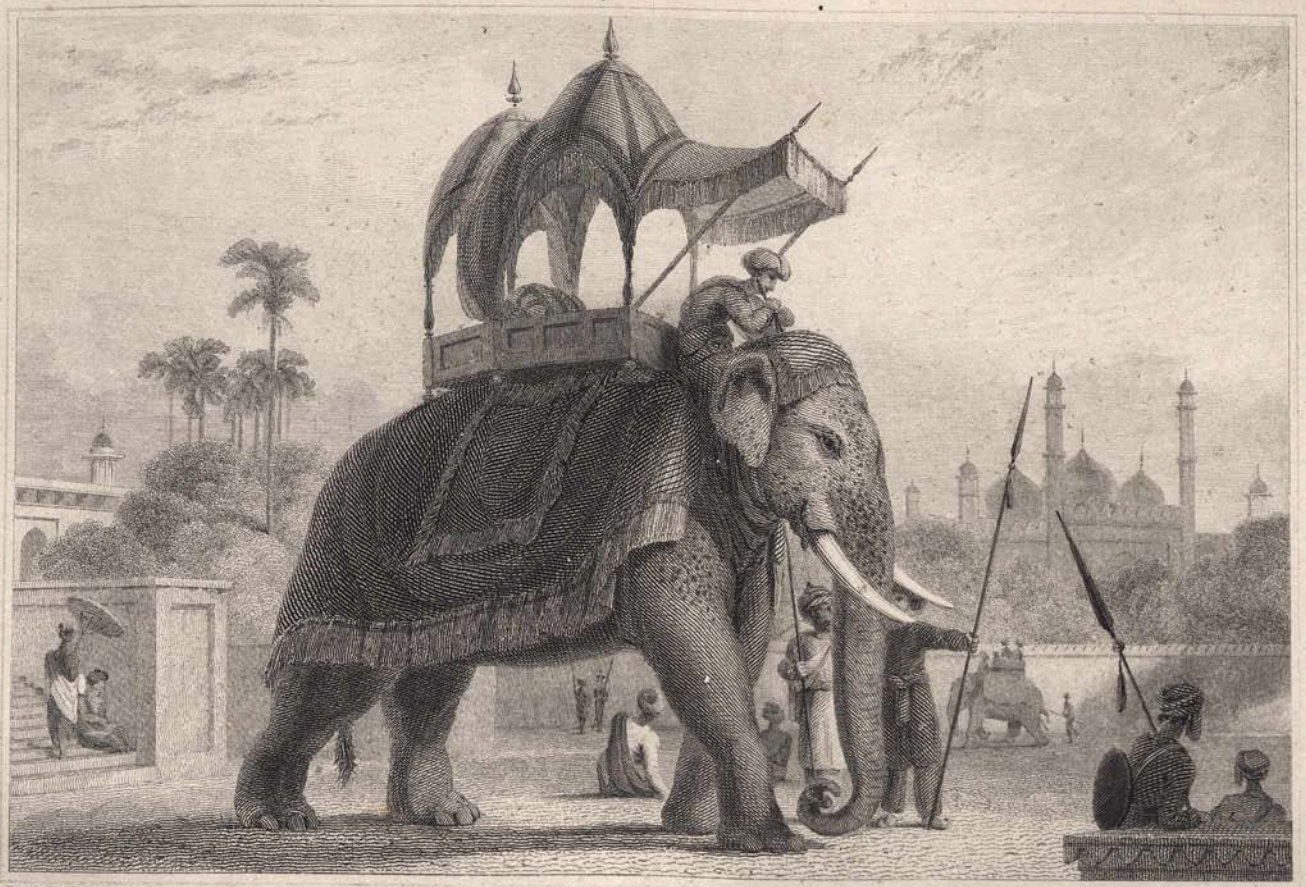
When ushered into the presence of Pascal, and after I had given him a sketch of the horrid scene I had just witnessed, I inquired the meaning of the equipage at his door.

"It is Mustapha Pasha's araba," he replied, "come to

* A single drop of water administered to an impaled criminal produces instantaneous death; and, therefore, in cases of such executions in Turkey, guards are placed round the stake to prevent such a *coup de grâce* being afforded to the sufferer, who, if a vital part has not been pierced, sometimes lingers in torments for two or three days.

bear away Irene, the child of Sereski, whom, in remembrance of his ancient promise to her father, he has adopted as *the child of his soul.** He has given the fifth share of Sereski's possessions (which had devolved to her) to be distributed among the poor, and will endow the maiden with a noble portion from his own wealth. Irene was brought to my house last evening, her father's habitation having been razed to the ground during the night by the Pasha's order. Thus you see, Mustapha has kept his vow of benevolence, as well as his vow of vengeance; and although the one might have served as a pretext for the non-performance of the other, he has observed them both with Turkish scrupulousness."

* Denomination which the Turks bestow upon children of their adoption.



Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by M.J. Starling.

A Caparisoned Elephant.

THE ELEPHANT.

"The rare white elephant is widely worshiped in Siam,
As a fit representation of the unseen I AM."

ANIMALS, insects, and even vermin enjoy in many eastern countries a consideration and protection often refused to Christians in the Occident. The doctrine of *metempsychosis*, when believed in, would naturally make a man kind and thoughtful even to his dog, when he reflects that the brute form may be animated by the spirit of his maternal grandfather, or some nearer relative. The *Koran* expressly declares: "There is no kind of beast on the earth, nor fowl which flieth with its wings, but the same is a people like unto you; unto their Lord shall they return."

In some cities, hospitals are established for the care of old and worn-out beasts of burden. At Aleppo (Turkey) is one of these establishments for *cats*, founded many years ago, and liberally endowed by some wealthy, cat-loving Mussulman. "An old mosque is appropriated to the purpose, under the charge of several directors, and here," says an American traveler, "sick cats are nursed; homeless cats find shelter; and decrepit cats gratefully purr

away their declining years." In Hindostan, the cow is an animal held sacred; and to "exact labor from a bullock when he is hungry, or thirsty, or fatigued, or to oblige it to labor out of season, is to incur a heavy fine."

The elephant, most huge and sagacious of quadrupeds, is held in especial favor. From the earliest times they have been employed in war, and have figured extensively in the more pacific occupations of royalty. "In the army of Porus, who resisted Alexander the Great, in his invasion of India, were two hundred war elephants. When Mahmoud of Ghizni invaded India, Jypal, the Raja of Lahore, came against him with an army in which were three hundred and fifty elephants. Ferishta (a Persian historian) says, that Mahmoud of Ghizni had at one time thirteen hundred war elephants; and the great *Akbar*, five thousand;" a statement not improbable, considering the immense resources and lavish expenditure of this powerful monarch, whose almost fabulous wealth and grandeur is graphically displayed in the following account (from Dr. Allen's History of India) of the festivities observed at the vernal equinox, and on the emperor's birthday. "The emperor's usual place was in a rich tent in the midst of awnings to keep off the sun. At least two acres were thus spread with silk and gold carpets and hangings, as rich as velvet embroidered with gold, pearls, and precious stones could make them. Dresses, jewels, horses, and elephants were bestowed upon the nobles. The emperor was weighed in golden scales, against gold, silver, perfumes and other substances in succession, which were

distributed among the spectators. Almonds and other fruits of gold and silver were scattered by the emperor's own hand, and eagerly caught by the courtiers.

"On the great day of each festival, the emperor was seated on his throne in a noble palace, surrounded by his nobles wearing high heron plumes, and sparkling with diamonds like the firmament. Many hundred elephants passed before him in companies, all most richly adorned, and the leading elephant of each company with gold plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds." "State elephants," says an eastern traveler, "are as necessary to the pomp of an eastern prince, as jewels to the regalia of a European monarch." Great numbers are always kept, and vast sums lavished in their care and adornment.

The stall elephants of Bulbun, Emperor of Hindostan, in the thirteenth century, whose court at Delhi was probably at that time the most splendid in the world, were caparisoned in purple and gold. Bernier, a traveler of the latter part of the seventeenth century, gives a glowing account of the grand procession of the Emperor Aurengzebee's seraglio: "There is," he says, "something very impressive of state and royalty in the march of these sixty or more elephants;" among which, were a stupendous Pegu elephant, bearing, in a mik-dember blazing with gold and azure, the sister of Aurengzebee; and five or six other elephants nearly as splendidly caparisoned, laden with the ladies attached to the household of the princess.

It is not uncommon in Arabia and Persia to dye the

manes and tails of their horses red; and the state elephants of his late highness, Rao Daisuljee, ruling prince of Cutch, in India, are tattoed and painted in the most approved style of native art. In one of the state processions of this prince, the "Balespore Rajah made his appearance seated on a remarkably tall elephant, in a large howdah overlaid with plates of solid silver, glistening in the sun, and covered with a dome-like canopy of scarlet, supported by four silver pillars richly embossed."

Elephants, to the number sometimes of ten, are attached to the temples in India for the purpose of imparting *eclat* to religious processions, &c.

The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, we are told, feasted the elephant at their theaters with prodigal magnificence; after a series of performances, exhibiting the dexterity and sagacity of the "wisest of brutes," splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, on tables of ivory and cedar, was spread the banquet of the elephants in vessels of gold and silver. The elephants came in, and at the word of command lay down in order on their couches, extended their trunks, and ate with the most praiseworthy moderation. Nor did there appear the least voraciousness in eating or drinking, or any striving to secure an undue share of the delicacies of the feast.

In the Birman Empire the white elephant is a person of the highest importance; and presents of muslins, chintzes, and silks are regularly made to him by all foreign ambassadors. The order of precedence in Ava is as follows: 1. The

king, one of whose titles is, 'Lord of the White Elephant.' 2. The White Elephant. 3. The Queen. The residence of the White Elephant is contiguous to the royal palace with which it is connected, by a long open gallery supported by numerous wooden pillars. At the further end of the hall, a curtain of black velvet, embossed with gold, conceals the august animal from the eyes of the vulgar. His dwelling is a lofty hall covered with splendid gilding inside and out, and supported by sixty-four pillars, half of which are richly gilt. His bed consists of a thick mattrass, covered with blue cloth, over which another of softer composition is spread, covered with crimson silk. His trappings are very magnificent, being gold studded with diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones. His betel box, ankle rings, and the vessel out of which he feeds, are all likewise of gold inlaid with precious stones, and his attendants and guard amount to one thousand persons.

By the Birmans, a white elephant is supposed to contain the human soul in the last stage of many millions of transmigrations, at the conclusion of which he is absorbed into the essence of the Deity, and annihilated: according to the Birman faith, the highest state of beatitude.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

BY TENNYSON.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight, my shallop, rustling through
The low and bloomèd foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
And broidered sofas on each side:

In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemmed platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the waters slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion, from the river won,
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Embowered vaults of pillared palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.

From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Through little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above, through many a bowery turn,
A walk with vary-colored shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn,
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odor in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung ;
Not he ; but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,

Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Back the garden-bowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooed of summer wind;
A sudden splendor from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame:
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank
Entrancèd with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,

And many a shadow-checkered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazèd vision unawares
From the long alley's lattice shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedar doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-basèd flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamed
Upon the moonèd domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
Hundreds of crescents on the roof

Of night new risen, that marvelous time,
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes,
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-drooped, in many a floating fold
Engarlanded and diapered
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
The good Haroun Alraschid!

THE HISTORY OF NOURADDIN AND AMANA.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip."

Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might, without presumption, hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now

approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became, in a moment, insupportable ; and, looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi, the hermit, investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigor. I soon reached the wood ; I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head and blessed me : "Heli," said he, "those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed. Sit down ; I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction." We sat down, and I listened to the counsel of an angel, or the music of paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad, the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels

alighted to give them drink ; those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandise of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her vail, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The vail of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty ; the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty ; they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt ; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman ; the merchandise which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of his desire ; he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents ; his message was received with gratitude and joy ; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first

punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire ; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured ; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval, Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation ; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, labored incessantly to supply the defect ; she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight ; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin, the caliph, was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert ; to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind ; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty ; but the power of beauty he had exhausted ; he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had

not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execrations. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt; the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair; but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near; he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: "By the smile of my lord," said he, "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favor elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her;

she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes; the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy she did not labor to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin, seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents; at the name of Amana he started, as

if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse ; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears ; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her vail with impatience, timidity, and solicitude ; but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end ; he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity ; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity ; he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself in the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

While Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with

enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion; he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed: "Let my lord," said she, "dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?" Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense; but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant, and he commanded Am-

ana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the women who had returned to Amana when the caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger; the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay, and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throes of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: "If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin, and Osmin, Nouraddin!" The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder, and a being, whose ap-

pearance was more than human, stood before him. "Nouraddin," said the vison, "I am of the region above thee, but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin, and as far as this wish is possible, it shall be accomplished ; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance and to exercise his power! I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude, as in the presence of a friend, and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power : "As often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin." The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient ; he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward, with a violent but interrupted pace, and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agita-

tion of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy, and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hasted instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard, that was now commanded by Caled; a tumult ensued, and Caled, being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the frenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden, to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly

stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor—the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the meantime, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa, and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the caliph, and were received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate. In the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which, having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone, pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread and aversion had written in her countenance were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and, springing forward, threw his arms about her in an ecstacy of tenderness and joy, which was still heightened when he perceived that, in the character of Osmin, those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor; he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms, but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy,

and sustaining her in his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other ; told her by what means he had intercepted her message, and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed, then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. "In the bowl," said she, "which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison ; a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me that him who drank the potion, it would inevitably destroy."

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden ; his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim ; he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak ; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned, and fell backwards. In his fall, the talisman again smote his breast, his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were

impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment, with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected, and, by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

"Such," said the companion of Rhedi, "was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the vail; let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility."

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapor from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi, the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue, and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with the Divine Intelligence. "Hamet," said he, "the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis, the genius by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling

the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.

"Now, therefore, let virtue suffer adversity with patience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict; for, by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom."

LESSON OF SUBMISSION.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SAADI.

A PILGRIM, bound to Mecca, quite away his sandals wore,
And on the desert's blistering sand his feet grew very sore.
"To let me suffer thus, great Allah is not kind nor just,
While in his service I confront the painful heat and dust."
He murmured in complaining tone, and in this temper came
To where, around the Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every name;
And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom beat,
A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but also *feet*.

CIRCASSIAN WAR SONG.

Hark! O hark! the fife and drum!
Onward, on, the Cossacks come!
Sound the war-cry; sword and lance
Gleam in the air—advance, advance!

Raise, O raise the banner high!
Arm, arm all, for *Attéghéi!*
Guard the valley, guard the dell!
Hearth and home, farewell, farewell!

We will dare the battle strife,
We will gladly peril life;
Death or liberty 's the cry!
Win the day, or nobly die!

Who would fly when danger calls?
Freemen's hearts are freedom's walls!
Heaven receives alone the brave—
Angels guard the patriot's grave!

Beats there here a traitor's heart,
Duped by wily Muscov art,
Who his land for gold would give?
Let him die, or childless live!

Hark! O hark! the cannons roar!
Foe meets foe, to part no more!
Quail, ye slaves, 'neath freemen's glance!
Victory 's ours! Advance! Advance!

CHANTICLEER.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

When the dawn tints the sky with a rosy suffusion,
And spreads all her sweets round in boundless profusion,
Dost thou know why the bird of the morning complains?
Dost thou know what he says in his harsh chiding strains?
He says that 'tis shown, in the mirror of day,
A whole night of thy life has unseen passed away,
Whilst thou on thy soft couch of indolence lay.

THE WOMEN OF DAMASCUS.

FROM LAMARTINE'S VOYAGE L'ORIENT.

However high the idea I entertained of the beauty of the Syrian women, or the conception left in my mind by that of the Roman and Athenian females, the sight of the Armenian women and young girls of Damascus outstripped them all. Almost everywhere we met faces that the European pencil has never drawn, eyes to which the serene play of the soul imparts a hue of somber azure, and casts rays of softened moisture, such as I have never seen glitter in eyes before ; features of such delicacy and purity, that the most skillful and persuasive hand could give no imitation ; and a skin so transparent, and at the same time so suffused with lively tints, that the softest hues of the rose-bud could not shadow forth its subdued freshness. The teeth, the smile, the natural sweetness of expression and movement, the clear, melodious, and silvery tone of the voice—all is harmonious in these beautiful creatures. They converse with elegance and a modest reserve, but without embarrassment, and as if accustomed to the admiration they inspire. They ap-

pear to preserve their beauty for a long time in this conservative climate, and in an indoor existence of quiet leisure, where the factitious passions of society consume neither mind nor body. In almost all the houses into which I was admitted I found the mother as handsome as the daughters, although the latter seemed fifteen or sixteen years old : they enter the marriage state at twelve or thirteen. The costume of these ladies is the most elegant and imposing that we have yet admired in the East. The head uncovered, and the luxuriant hair bound in tresses, interwoven with flowers, passing in several folds upon the brow, and falling in long plaits on both sides of the bare neck and shoulders ; pieces of gold and strings of pearls scattered in festoons upon the hair, and on the crown a small cup of carved gold ; the breast almost naked ; a short vest, with wide and open sleeves, of silken stuff, worked in gold or silver ; a pair of wide white pantaloons, falling in folds to the ankle ; the naked foot fitted in a slipper of yellow morocco ; a long silk robe of brilliant color, descending from the shoulders, open in front, and clasped round the waist by a sash whose ends fell to the ground. I could not draw my eyes from these fascinating females ; our visits and conversations were always considerably prolonged, and I found them as amiable as beautiful. The customs of Europe, the dresses and habits of females in the West, formed the general subject of discourse. They appeared in nowise to envy the existence of our ladies ; and when we converse with these charming creatures, when we find in their language and manners that

gracefulness, and perfect artlessness, that benevolence, serenity, and peace of mind and heart, which are so faithfully preserved in the family life, we know not what they have to envy in our women of the world, who know everything except what produces happiness in the domestic circle of a family, and who waste in a few years, amid the tumultuary movement of our societies, their mind, their beauty, and their health. These eastern females occasionally visit amongst themselves, and they are not entirely debarred from the society of men ; but this intercourse is limited to a few young relations or friends of the family, out of whom a bridegroom is at an early age chosen for them, with reference to their own inclinations as well as to family projects. This bridegroom, when affianced, mixes from time to time like a son in the domestic recreations.

FALSE ECONOMY.

FROM BROUGHTON'S SPECIMENS OF HINDOO POETRY.

It is usual for the *Buniyas*, or merchants, to distribute alms to beggars, by giving a handful of flour to each as he passes their door. A frugal Buniya, who had a beautiful young daughter-in-law, appointed her to deal out this daily pittance ; pleasing himself with the idea, that as her hands were much smaller than his own, he should at once save his grain, and not lose his reputation for charity. The event is told in the following stanza : and it is common to this day, when a man gives charity with an ill grace, to say "he gives it by his daughter-in-law."

"The frugal father's sage commands,
Dealt by his daughter's smaller hands
His daily pittance to the poor.
Bad thrift! her beauty to behold,
In beggar guise both young and old,
Came thronging round the crowded door."

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

Choultry at Ramiseram.

CHOULTRY AT RAMISSERAM.

Throughout India, on the main roads, at distances of ten or twelve miles, are erected, for the accommodation of travelers, large buildings, called Choultries (or *Serai*, by the Mahommedans). These structures are usually entirely open on the side next the road, and unfurnished. The interior is divided into two apartments, in one of which travelers spread their carpets and sleep, while their attendants prepare food in the other.

It is customary to erect them near a spring of water for the convenience of pilgrims in performing their pious ablutions; and the inhabitants of the neighboring towns see that a supply of food is provided. As the great majority of those who make use of these buildings are pilgrims, their erection and maintenance is regarded by the Hindoos as a praiseworthy act of charity. The choultry represented in the engraving, a fine stone structure, is one of several located at *Ramisseram*, a small island about twenty miles in circumference, situated in the gulf of Manaar, about half way between the northern extremity of Ceylon and the coast of Hindostan, with which it was connected by a neck of land till 1480. The fabled origin of this island is so remarkable, that we cannot refrain from giving a somewhat circumstantial account of it. The seventh

incarnation of Vishnu* was that of Rama, or Ramchundra. This prince was son of Dushurath, king of Ayodhya, the modern Oude. He was married in early life to Seeta, a daughter of Mithili. Some domestic troubles compelled him and Seeta to retire to the forest. While in this seclusion, Rawun, king of Singul-Dwip, now Ceylon, is said to have carried away Seeta to his own capitol. Rama then collected a large force, and, assisted by allies in the Deckan, proceeded towards Ceylon, and, *building a causeway across the strait of the sea*, invaded the island, defeated and killed Rawun, recovered his wife, and returned to Ayodhya. Rama subsequently threw himself into the river and was reunited to the Deity.

This island would seem to be the sole remains of the causeway miraculously built by Rama. It is regarded as holy ground—the whole island being devoted to purposes of religion. "No plow is allowed to break its soil; and no animal, wild or tame, to be killed within its precincts."

Besides the great Pagoda, there are numerous beautiful temples. The entrance to the Pagoda is by a lofty gateway, one hundred feet high, covered with carved work to the top. The door is forty feet high. The number of pillars within this temple amounts to two thousand six

* *Vishnu*, the second of the Hindu triad, is considered as the preserver of the world; and his incarnations, of which there have been nine, are forms which he assumes in the accomplishment of his purpose, as preserver of the race. He is commonly represented as a dark man, "with four arms, holding in one hand a war club; in another, a conch shell; in another, a weapon called chuckra; and in the fourth, a water-lily. The vehicle upon which he rides is a creature partly human and partly bird."

hundred and twenty-eight. Some idea of its immense extent may be formed from the fact, that its surrounding wall, between which and the building is very little space, measures eight hundred and thirty feet by six hundred and twenty-five—inclosing not less than twelve acres.

Upwards of two hundred Brahmins are engaged in the offices of this temple; and in fact the island is chiefly inhabited by priests, who are supported by the produce of certain lands in Coromandel, and the donations of the myriads of pilgrims and devotees who crowd thither, so great is the veneration for the spot.

The number of these pilgrim shrines in India is very great; an interesting account of several will be found in the article on Hindoo Temples, page two hundred and forty-one.

IN THE EAST.

BY W. W. STORY.

Drop a rosebud from the grating,
Just at twilight, love,
Underneath I shall be waiting,
And will glance above ;
If you hear a whistle, answer,
All below is right,
Drop into my arms, we'll vanish
Far into the night.

At the gate, the slaves are ready
With the palanquin—
Ah! my heart is so unsteady,
Till our flight begin—
Through the level tombs we'll hurry,
Leaving death behind,
And in Shiraz' morning splendor,
Love and Life we'll find."

LEGEND OF THE ROOKHEES, OR SEVEN HOLY MEN OF DAMASCUS.

In North Western India, in the Province of Cutch, among other wrecks of time, are the ruins of the ancient city of Poomgud, or *Poom-ka-Gud* (the fort of Poom), founded by King Poom, during whose reign, a sect composed of seven holy men, called Rookhees, came from Damascus to Cutch, that they might be enabled to worship, in solitary contemplation, the attributes of their god Juck, who, gratified by their zealous homage, bestowed on them supernatural power. It would seem that the power of these holy recluses had bestowed the much-desired boon of a son on the wife of the chief musician at the court of King Poom; and the queen, who was herself pining for want of an heir to the throne of her husband, learned the particulars of the affair from the wife of the musician, and in the hope of equal good fortune, herself determined to apply to the Rookhees.

Fearing, however, that her wishes might meet with opposition from the king, she directed a private passage to be excavated between the palace and the sacred hill of the Rookhees. After proffering her services to the holy men,

she made her request, that they would bestow on her a son; but it was met by the assurance, that the gods would be deaf to her prayers, until the oppression of the king her husband over his people should be expiated by sacrifices, and by a perusal of the Holy Shastras.

The queen immediately prepared a sacrifice, to which she invited the seven Rookhees; but, coming in haste, they forgot the deer skins on which they slept, and which contained the essence of their supernatural power. Thus they fell into the hands of King Poom, who surprised them before the conclusion of the sacrifice.

The king ordered them to be fastened together, and compelled them to trample on iron hooks, as bullocks are made to tread out grain. One Rookhee, getting released, ran to the top of a hill, and called his brother Juck to his assistance. Juck, with his seventy-one brothers, and a sister called Saruree, came from Damascus, and seated himself on the hill where the Rookhees had worshiped. The hill, however, unable to sustain so much purity, began to sink, and he left it, calling it Nunnow; and so moved on from hill to hill from the same necessity, and bestowed on each the name it now bears. At last, finding the search for a resting place vain, they each took a stone from their horse's grain bag, and, seating themselves on it, remonstrated with Poom, from a hill called Kuckerbit, where a temple has been built in honor of Juck.

Finding Poom refuse to let the Rookhees go, Juck ordered his brothers to shoot him; but an amulet which he wore rendered their arrows harmless. Observing this,

the sister of Juck transformed herself into a mosquito, and bit Poom, so that he called for water to bathe. Juck seized the opportunity, and as he laid aside his amulet, caused an arrow to be fired on the corner of the building where Poom bathed, so that it fell, and crushed him. On the death of the king, Juck cursed the city—its people, and its stones. Thus the city of Poom-ka-Gud was built, and deserted in two years; and the people of the present time dare not remove its stones, lest the curse of Juck fall also upon them.

THE SOUND AND THE HEARER.

ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY.

Mewlana Dschelaleddin once proclaimed
That music was the noise of heaven's gates:
A foolish man, who heard this speech, exclaimed,
"So harsh the heaven-doors sound, it through me grates."
Mewlana Dschelaleddin straight replied,
"I hear those gates on opening hinges ride,
But you, when on the closing hinge they gride."

A CHINESE ODE.

PARAPHRASED BY SIR WM. JONES.

Behold, where yon blue rivulet glides
Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
And frolic in the gale.

So shines our prince! in bright array
The virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smiled th' auspicious day,
That raised him o'er our state.

As pliant hands in shapes refined,
Rich ivory carve and smooth,
His *laws* thus would each ductile mind,
And every passion soothe.

As gems are taught by patient art
In sparkling ranks to beam,
With *manners* thus he forms the heart,
And spreads a general gleam.

What soft, yet awful dignity!
What meek, yet manly grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! a sky-born crowd
Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise.

THE FALL OF THE JANISSARIES.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"WHO is this that cheapens pistols, when he rather needs a coat of mail?"

On hearing these words, pronounced in a low, significant tone, the handsome young soldier turned quickly, and beheld near him two female figures shrouded in dark-blue mantles, and long yashmaks, or vails, of white muslin. One of them, however, chanced to be in the very act of adjusting her vail, and thus allowed the yuzbashi, or captain—for such his scarlet pelisse, and the golden star embroidered on his jacket, bespoke him—to catch a glimpse of a youthful face of ravishing beauty. The eyes were fixed on the ground, and a deep blush suffused the rounded cheeks. In another instant the vail was replaced, and the two muffled figures moved on and mingled with the throng, leaving the soldier in a state of extreme astonishment and perplexity.

The principal bazar of Constantinople presented that day, as usual, a scene of great brilliancy and animation. The numerous arcades, with rows of shops on either hand,

were crowded by people of all classes and every race of the East. Grave Turks, in flowing robes, and turbans of various hues, shuffled slowly along, followed by slaves who carried their masters' purchases; Persian and Arab traders, Bedouin chiefs, Armenian merchants, Greek islanders, Arnauts from Albania, Mangrebins from Northern Africa, Toorkomans, Khoords, Tartars, and now and then a Frank of some western nation, all added, by their varied costumes, to the picturesque liveliness of the shifting panorama. Women, whose large languishing eyes were alone visible from within the muffled folds of their vestments, flitted incessantly from shop to shop, displaying quite as much fondness as their western sisters for the delightful trouble of bargaining. Rich young Osmanlis, mounted on handsome steeds, with splendid housings of velvet and gold, rode slowly along in the central avenues; and an araba, or carriage, like a huge cage, all lattice-work and gilding, occasionally stopped to allow one or two shrouded figures to issue forth and join the moving throng.

One customary element of variety, however, was wanting, the absence of which excited no little remark. Very few of the Janissaries—whose crimson pelisses, white turbans, red shawl-girdles, and silver-mounted weapons, usually made a conspicuous appearance, as they swaggered through the crowd—were now to be seen. The cause of their absence was no secret. This was the 14th of June, 1825, a year and a day memorable in the annals of the Ottoman empire. On the previous day the Grand Vizier

Selim Mehmed Pasha, and the celebrated Aga Pasha Hussein, commander of the forces, had assembled the Janissaries in their great square—called the Etmeidan, or "Place of Meat," because there they received their daily rations of soup—and had announced to them the new regulations to which they would be required thenceforth to submit. These regulations, which affected not merely their organization, but also their pay and perquisites, their dress and their weapons, were all of a nature to be highly distasteful to the members of that lawless and intractable corps. The precautions of the sultan and his ministers, who had previously gained over or put out of the way many of the leading and most dangerous characters, prevented any open expression of feeling. The Janissaries listened in sullen silence, and retired quietly to their kislas, or barracks, when the ceremony was over. The grand vizier beheld this apparent submission with great satisfaction, and congratulated his fellow-minister on the easy success of their master's favorite project. But the Aga Pasha, better acquainted with the character of his old comrades, shook his head and said, "It will not be done without much blood."

This day, the 14th, was appointed for the first drilling of the new companies which were to be drawn from each orta, or regiment, of Janissaries, and placed under Egyptian officers of the army of Mehemet Ali. Those of the corps who were not in the companies were collected either in the Etmeidan, or in their barracks, anxiously discussing the nature and probable effect of the new regulations, and

the course to be pursued by the body at the present crisis. Thus it was that very few of them made their appearance that day in the bazar ; and their place was but poorly supplied by the soldiers of the regular troops—the seymens (infantry), topjees (artillery), bostanjees (seraglio-guard), and galionjees (marines), who were present in considerable numbers, and in their ungraceful summer uniforms of white cotton jacket and trousers, with the red cloth fez, or skull-cap, and leathern belt, made anything but a pleasing appearance in the eyes of the Mussulmen beholders. Their officers, however, in their embroidered jackets, and the scarlet mantles which they were allowed to retain, were seen to more advantage. Of this number was the young soldier who has been already mentioned, and who was at once known by his uniform to be a captain of the corps of gunners. Nor did those who were familiar with the various races of the East fail to perceive in the tall and well-set figure, the bold military bearing, the keen blue eye, chestnut locks, and classically-moulded head and features, the marks which denoted his Circassian or Georgian blood.

"Who is this that buys a bridle when he more requires a spur?"

The voice was the same that had before struck his ear ; and on turning, he again beheld the lovely face, over which the yashmak was just falling. This time the large dark eyes were fixed on him for a moment, with an expression of timid anxiety. The soldier stood and gazed at the retreating forms with still greater astonishment

than before. The women were evidently of the higher class; and the words which had been uttered seemed to imply some knowledge of an interest in him. Yet he had been but four months in Constantinople, and of that time the greater part had been spent in his barracks at Tophana, out of which he had hardly an acquaintance. If it were a frolic of two laughter-loving damsels, making their sport of the foreign soldier, why did she who partially unvailed her face assume an expression so little akin to mirthfulness? And why did her companion, who, he felt assured, was the one that had spoken, keep her countenance carefully concealed?

While pondering upon this mystery, and pretending to be absorbed in the examination of some Farangee shawls, which were displayed upon the stall of an Armenian merchant, he caught sight of two muffled figures, whose approach caused his heart to beat with a kind of instinctive presentiment. This time his hand was slightly touched, and a soft voice murmured beside his ear, "To-night, before the mosque of Raghil Pasha." The figures passed slowly on, and the soldier followed at a little distance, until he saw them enter a carriage, which immediately drove away. The young man, however, easily kept it in sight, until it passed out of the gate of the bazar. Here a number of Jew porters were seated, waiting to offer their services to any one who might seem to require them. Dropping a coin into the hand of one of them, he said, "Tell me, Jew, know you whose carriage it was that just now passed the gate?"

"Truly, effendi," replied the Jew, "I know it well, for it is one often seen in the bazar. It is the araba of the Chorbajee Osman, of the seventeenth orta."

"Osman, a chorbajee* of Janissaries," said the soldier to himself, as he drew his mantle about him, and moved slowly away. "I have heard of him as a favorite leader among his comrades, and a violent partisan of the old institutions? But how can I have become known to any in his harem? There is some mystery, and I will not renounce the adventure until I know more. At all events, there can be no harm in spending an hour or two before the mosque of Raghil Pasha."

Thus meditating, the young man was preceding in the direction of the Etmedian, when he encountered a brother officer, who was hastening rapidly towards the port. "How, Soujouk Saduk," said the latter; "are you not for Tophana? Have you not heard the news?"

"What! Have the Janissaries risen?"

"Not yet," replied the other; "but the Etmedian is all in commotion. An Egyptian officer has struck one of the men in his company, and all the rest have thrown down their arms and torn off their new uniforms. The ortas are assembling; and there will be burning and bloodshed, if something is not quickly done to appease them. I am going to inform the topjee bashee."†

"I will wait and learn more," returned Saduk, "and will follow you in a few hours."

* An officer answering nearly to our colonel; the word, however, means literally, "master of rations," or soup distributor. † Chief or general of the Artillery.

With these words he took leave of his companion, and directed his course through the most unfrequented streets leading towards the mosque of Raghil Pasha, which was beyond the barracks of the Janissaries. It was now sunset, and he made a wide circuit, in order to allow the night to close in before he reached the place of rendezvous. The few persons whom he met on his way hurried by with looks expressive of fear and agitation. He could not doubt that some calamitous event was apprehended; and knowing that an outbreak of the Janissaries was always preceded or accompanied by extensive conflagrations, he easily understood the anxiety of the citizens.

On reaching the mosque, he took post in an obscure angle within its shadow, and remained there motionless for two or three hours. At length, just as he was about to quit the spot, with the conviction that he had been the subject of a very annoying practical jest, a vailed female figure hastily approached the mosque, and, after a moment's hesitation, came towards him. Uncovering her face sufficiently to let him perceive that she was an Abyssinian slave, the woman inquired, "Are you the yuzbashi who buys pistols and bridles, as though he were still a rider on the hills of Attéghéi?"

"I am he whom you seek," replied the young man, much surprised at the latter part of the question.

"Then," continued the negress, "I am sent to bid you follow me to the presence of a daughter of Attéghéi."

Attéghéi is the name which the natives of Circassia give to their country. Saduk at once concluded that some

female of his nation, the slave, or perhaps the wife of the Chorbajee Osman, desired to speak with him, for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the friends whom she had left in her native land. With this idea, and excited by the hope of once more seeing the face of the beautiful young houri whom he had met that morning, he bade the messenger lead on without delay. The negress obeyed, and after a walk of some length, through several narrow by-streets, she stopped before a small postern door. Opening this with a key, she introduced him into a low, dark passage, and producing a small lantern from beneath her mantle, directed him to move forward as noiselessly as possible. In this way they passed through several rooms, and at length the slave, drawing aside a curtain, said, "Enter, effendi, for the mistress awaits you."

Saduk advanced, and found himself in a small apartment, furnished in a costly and luxurious style. A divan of crimson velvet encircled three sides of it; on this, and on the Persian carpet, were heaped numerous cushions, covered with red cloth and morocco. The ceiling was painted in fresco; and from the center hung a lustre of four lights, which illumined the apartment. A veiled figure was seated at the upper end of the room, and a voice—the same that he had heard in the bazar—said in Turkish, "*Khosh geldin, Cherkess*"—("You are welcome, Circassian").

Before he could reply, the veil was drawn aside, and the soldier beheld, to his astonishment, what he would have said was the same face that he had seen in the

bazar, but with the addition of some fifteen or sixteen years to its age. The features and expression were the same. The eye was as large, dark, and languishing; but the sparkle of youth was gone. The cheek was as beautiful in its outline, but without the glow and smoothness of early years. Was it possible that his momentary glimpse could have so much deceived him?

As he stood thus embarrassed, the lady, who seemed rather to enjoy his perplexity, said with a smile, in the Circassian tongue, "Sit, my friend, while I speak a few words on a subject near to my heart. You are a son of Attéghéi, of the family of Soujouk, and the tribe of Natukaitsa. This I have heard from those who have made inquiries respecting you."

"It is true, lady," replied the young man, "however you have learned it."

"I, too, am a child of Attéghéi," continued his hostess, "of the tribe of Shegakeh. Yours is a great tribe, and a noble family, but mine is obscure and poor. Yet perchance you may have known the Dar Khaldeer of Malskoy?"

"Unhappily," replied the young man, "I know too little of my native land. When I was a boy of fifteen, the Muscov* and Cossacks crossed the Kouban, and ravaged all the neighboring valleys. The Natukaitsa assembled, and drove them back over the river; but my father and my elder brother were killed in the battle, and I was

* Muscovites, or Russians proper.

wounded, and taken prisoner. They carried me with them to Tscherkask, where my wound was healed, and afterwards I was sent to the military college to receive the education of a Russian officer, in the expectation that I would do them good service in the war against my own country. Seven years I remained at the college and in the Russian army, and at length I was sent to fight against my brethren of Attéghéi. But I laughed at the beards of the Muscov, and escaped, and fled to the army of my own people, and fought among them until our enemies were driven once more from the land. But when I returned home, my heart was heavy, for there were none to welcome me. My mother and my brothers were dead, and our uncles had taken or sold our property; so, rather than make ill blood and dissension in the family, I said to myself—'I understand the science and the discipline of the Franks: I will go to Stamboul, and offer myself to the sultan, to serve in his new army. Perhaps I may find favor, and rise to honor, as many others of my countrymen have done.' So I came hither four months ago, and presented myself before the padishah; and when he heard my story, and especially that I knew the art of founding cannon, he was greatly pleased, and made me a yuzbashi at once. This is my history, hanoum;* and thus it is that I know so little of my country, and cannot inform you respecting your friends, for which misfortune I am greatly grieved."

"So be it," said the fair Circassian with a sigh; "they

* Lady.

are under the protection of Allah. If it be their fate to be well and prosperous, they will be so; and if not, who can alter it?" With this philosophical reflection her disappointment seemed to be assuaged, for she proceeded in a different tone: "Tell me, my young friend, did you see my daughter's face in the bazar when I bade her put aside her yashmak? And did she please you?"

"Was she your daughter?" asked the young man. "Truly she is a houri—the loveliest of maidens. I have never seen her equal. Happy will be the man who shall possess such a light of his harem!"

"Can you not guess, my friend," asked the lady with a smile, "what a mother means when she allows her daughter to uncover her face before a man?"

"Is it for me that you intend this happiness?" asked the youth, at once astonished and delighted. Then, as the thought of his situation occurred to him, he continued in a despondent tone, "But, alas! what can I say to the chorbajee? What shall I offer as the dowry of his daughter?—I, a poor yuzbashi, with nothing but my mantle and my sabre?"

"You are rich in the favor of the Sultan," replied the lady. "Think you not that all these matters are known in the harems of Stamboul as well as in your barracks at Tophana? You have the knowledge of Frank arts of war, which the Sultan prizes above everything else. In a year you will be a bin-bashi (a colonel of artillery), in five years you will be a bey; in ten years, imshallah—please God—a pasha. I will answer for it, that when your mes-

senger comes to the chorbajee, he will send back words pleasant to your heart. Even now, you can do more to win his friendship than if you could offer him the dowry of a pasha's daughter. You know that the evil advisers who surround the sultan, and pervert his mind, have persuaded him to take away the ancient privileges of the Janissaries, and alter their laws and customs, which were established by the great and wise Sultan Urkhan, and the holy dervish Hadjee Bectash. But the Janissaries are strong, and will maintain their rights in spite of traitors and evil counselors; and when they meet in all their ortas, with their camp-kettles borne before them, and require the restitution of their old laws and privileges, and demand the heads of their enemies, be assured that they will obtain both the one and the other. But whether they will prevail without much fighting and bloodshed, is another matter. Allah only knows. But this, dear Saduk, is what I would teach you, that you may know how to win the favor of the chorbajee. Of all the troops of the Nizam Djedid, there are none which are not as dust, as bosh (nothing) in the eyes of the Janissaries, save only the artillery. Most of these, as you know, were formerly Janissaries, or friends of the Janissaries, and will be loath to fight against them. It is their officers alone who are strangers and enemies to the Janissaries. If now there could be found one officer of the topjees—one yuzbashi—who, in the hour of conflict, would say to his men, 'Do not fire upon your brethren, the children of Hadjee Bectash,' they would all obey at the word, and the victory would be secure to the good

cause without more blood. Surely, Saduk, dear friend, child of Attéghéi," she said, bending forward, and looking imploringly into his darkening face, "you would not fire upon my husband—upon the father of my daughter Shereen?"

"This is a snare!" exclaimed the soldier, rising hastily from his seat, and gathering his mantle about him. "What dust is this that you would have me eat? Shall I dishonor my father's grave? Shall I break my oath to the sultan for a handsome face? Is this becoming a daughter of Attéghéi, to mislead her countryman to disgrace and ruin? Know that for seven years I have carried my life in the hollow of my hand, ready to throw it away at the first warning; but my faith I have kept secure, holding it a thousand times dearer to me than life. This is the law of Attéghéi. Have you never heard the history of Mehemet Gherrai, my ancestor, how he gave himself up to death to redeem his word? Farewell, hanoum; I truly believe that your daughter knows nothing of this deception, else she would have been with you. For her sake, and the sake of our common blood, I pardon you this evil design, and may hereafter do you good."

So saying, before the dame could recover from her confusion, he hastily thrust aside the curtain which concealed the entrance to the room, and seizing the slave by the arm, drew his poinard, and bade her show him the way to the door. The terrified negress obeyed without hesitation, and Saduk presently found himself in the street. Taking, as near as he could judge, the direction of the port, he

hurried forward until he reached the aqueduct of Valens. Here, while he stood concealed in the shadow of an arch, he heard the tramp of a body of men approaching, and presently about a hundred soldiers, in the Janissary uniform, completely armed, passed at a rapid pace within a few feet of him. From the course which they pursued, he had no doubt that their object was to surprise their aga, who was especially obnoxious to them, from the part which he had taken in favor of the new regulations. This, then, was the commencement of the insurrection. As soon as they were out of hearing, he turned and hurried in another direction toward the Ayazmah landing. On arriving, he roused a boatman from his slumbers, and bade him row as rapidly as possible to Tophana. Twenty minutes brought them thither; and the young man hastened directly to the quarters of his commander, the topjee-bashi. The latter had directed his slaves to awaken him on the arrival of any important intelligence, and Saduk was quickly ordered before him. When the commander heard his statement, he said, "You bring great news, yuzbashi. This must go directly to the padishah. We will proceed to Beshiktash together in the caïque which brought you hither. Beybars," he continued, turning to his orderly in waiting, "tell Kara Jehennem to make sure that his gun-carriages are in good order, and that his men are stanch. I foresee," he added, "a day of bloody work, in which we topjees shall have to bear the heaviest share."

So saying, he proceeded with Saduk to the landing, and put off in the caïque for Beshiktash. They were half an

hour in reaching the palace, where they found that the sultan, as became a sovereign whose empire was trembling in the balance, had been up all night, engaged in close consultation with his ministers. The grand vizier, the mufti, the aga pasha, the Janissary aga, the capudan pasha, and other great officers of state, were present in the council. The topjee-bashi was admitted at once, and Saduk was presently summoned to the council-chamber. He found the sultan sitting on a pile of cushions at the upper end of the apartment, while his ministers stood near him on either hand. Mahmoud's dark-blue eyes glittered with vindictive pleasure, and his naturally sallow cheek was flushed with joyful excitement. "Ha!" he exclaimed, as Saduk approached, and made his military obeisance, "it is the Cherkess who has brought the good news. You have done well, yuzbashi: it shall not be forgotten. At what hour did you see these dogs of Sheitan, and how many were there of them?"

"Asylum of the world!" replied the Circassian, "it was shortly after midnight, when your servant saw about a hundred of the rebels, on their way seemingly to the dwelling of his lordship the aga."

"The curs! the miscreants!" exclaimed Mahmoud. "You did well, aga, to remove your harem in time, for nothing will be sacred to these wretches. You are all witnesses, pashas, that it is they who have begun the conflict, and not I. This day shall decide who is to govern henceforth in Stamboul—the Sultan or the Janissaries. If it be these dogs, I will retire to Asia, and leave the city and

the western empire to them. But wherever I am, there I will be king. Come, pashas, now that the work is commenced, our place is in the city. Let every one perform his part, according to the plan which we have sanctioned."

With these words the council broke up. The sultan and his principal ministers proceeded immediately to the seraglio, and walked from thence in solemn procession to the imperial mosque of Sultan Ahmed, near the ancient Hippodrome. Here a ceremony of great importance took place. The Sandjak Shereef, or sacred standard of Islam —made, it is said, of the apparel of the Prophet, and only produced on the most momentous occasions—was brought out from the treasury, in which it had lain for fifty years, and set up on the pulpit. Standing beneath it, the sultan, the mufti, and the ulemas—the three heads of the Mohammedan faith—pronounced a solemn anathema upon the rebels, and devoted the whole body of the Janissaries to destruction. The news of this proceeding quickly spread through the city, and produced a decisive effect. The mass of the population had previously been wavering between their devotion to their sovereign and their ancient sympathies for the rebellious troops. But when the influences of religion were enlisted in favor of the former, there was no longer any hesitation : the great majority of the citizens came forth in a tumultuous throng, and swelled the number of the forces which were advancing from all sides against the insurgents.

The latter, after sacking the palaces of the Janissary aga and the grand vizier, and making an ineffectual assault

upon the seraglio, had retired to their square, the Etmeidan; and there, having inverted their camp-kettles, according to their usual custom when in a state of revolt, they appointed a deputation to lay before the Sultan their final demands—namely, the restoration of all their ancient privileges, and the death of the four ministers whom they considered their chief enemies. But while thus engaged, they neglected, with unaccountable infatuation, to take any precautions against the approach of the various corps of regular troops which were gradually occupying every avenue leading to the Etmeidan. Thus, when the Janissaries received the positive refusal of their demands, together with the alternative of submission or instant destruction, they found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the hated forces of the Nizam Djedid. A sense of their dangerous position then first seized them, and they made a furious and simultaneous effort to break down the living barriers which enclosed them, with the intention of spreading themselves over the city, and setting fire to it in every quarter.

The principal rush was directed towards a narrow street, occupied by a body of flying artillery, with two guns loaded with grape. The leader of this body was an officer noted for his great size and strength, his swarthy and forbidding countenance, and his relentless determination, all of which traits had procured him the appellation, by which he was usually known, of Kara Jehennem, or the "Black Infernal." It was supposed that the dread and respect which the topjees entertained for him would serve to

counteract their well-known sympathies for their former comrades. Thus far the expectation had been fulfilled, for the men had fought with vigor in repelling the attack of the Janissaries upon the seraglio. But now, when the mighty mass came rolling towards them, calling on the sacred names of the Prophet and Hadjee Bectash, and shouting to the gunners the watchwords of their ancient fellowship, the hearts of the latter failed them, and they drew suddenly back from their guns, carrying their officers with them. In another moment the pieces would have been in the possession of the insurgents. It was the crisis, if not of the Ottoman empire, at least of the reign of Mahmoud. Kara Jehennem, who stood in front of his troops, with his yataghan in one hand and a pistol in the other, when he found himself thus left alone by their retreat, took his resolution with the unhesitating boldness of his character. He shook his sabre, with a terrible imprecation, at his recreant soldiers, and then, springing to one of the guns, fired his pistol over the priming. The Janissaries were close upon the piece when it was discharged, and the effect of the grape upon their dense column was tremendous. The whole mass recoiled in confusion, which the discharge of the second gun, by another hand, turned to a headlong flight.

"*Aferin, Cherkess!*"—("Well done, Circassian!")—exclaimed Kara Jehennem; "that shot has made you a colonel. Come on, dogs, cowards, sons of burnt fathers!" he shouted to the topjees. "Your guns to-day, or the bowstring to-morrow."

The gunners needed no further menace to make them return to their duty, and the guns were quickly manned and brought forward to take part in the deadly shower of grape and musketry which was now pouring, with fearful effect, upon the rebels in the Etmeidan. Presently a cry was raised among the latter, "To the kislas—to the barracks!" The barracks of the Janissaries adjoined the Etmeidan, and the revolted troops, now taking refuge in them, defended themselves there with desperate resolution. The Aga Pasha sent to inquire of the sultan if he should endeavor once more to make terms with the insurgents before proceeding to the last extremity. The answer was brief and decisive—"Set fire to the kislas!"

The stern command was unhesitatingly obeyed. In a few moments the barracks were enveloped in flames; but not even the prospect of the dreadful and inevitable death which awaited them could induce the Janissaries to sue for the mercy which they had before rejected, and which they probably felt would now be refused them. They fought on, with the fury of despair, until the greater number were buried in the burning ruins. A portion of them sallied forth, and attempted to cut their way through the line of their enemies. In the conflict which ensued, Kara Jehennem fell, with a bullet through his hip. "Die, dog!" shouted an old chorbajee, rushing towards him with uplifted yataghan; "down to Jehennem, where you belong!"

"Not yet, Uncle Osman," replied the "Black Infernal," and raising himself on his left elbow, he fired his pistol at

the Janissary, saying, "Take that, old friend, for your good wishes."

The chorbajee stopped suddenly, and struck his hand to his side; then, springing like a tiger upon the ranks of the topjees, he cut down two men by successive blows of his yataghan, and fled swiftly up the street, towards the mosque of Raghil Pasha, closely pursued by a party of the soldiers. All resistance was now at an end, but the work of destruction did not cease. Every Janissary who was found within the walls of Stamboul, whether concerned in the late revolt or not, was put to death without mercy. The bowstring and the Bosphorus completed what the cannon and the sabre had begun; and within twenty-four hours, that formidable body, which for four centuries and a half had been by turns the bulwark and the scourge of the Ottoman empire, was utterly annihilated. Its very name was made accursed, and a heavy penalty denounced upon any one who should utter it. Twenty thousand men are supposed to have perished in consummating this brief but sanguinary revolution, for such its objects and its consequences entitle it to be called.

During the conflict, Saduk had distinguished himself both by his courage and presence of mind. But he felt no disposition to take part in the massacre which followed; and was about to withdraw from the scene, when a sudden recollection flashed upon him, and caused an immediate change of purpose. Collecting a few of his men, he hastened towards the dwelling of the Chorbajee Osman, which he had no difficulty in discovering. He arrived just

in time. The old Janissary, mortally wounded by the pistol shot of Kara Jehennem, had fled to the privacy of his harem, to die. In ordinary times, even the executioners of the law do not venture to violate this sacred refuge; but the solemn anathema pronounced upon the rebels removed all scruples of this nature, and Osman's pursuers had just broken into the apartment where the affrighted women were clustered in speechless horror about the dying man. Saduk's appearance saved him from the last indignity of the bowstring, and preserved the females from insult. In gratitude for this service, the old chorbajee, by a will pronounced on the spot, as the Moslem law allows, bequeathed to the young man all his wealth, on condition that he continued to extend his protection to Shereen and her mother. This condition being anything but an onerous one, the trust was promptly accepted by the youthful soldier. The will, it is true, as made by a rebel who had forfeited his property by his guilt, would have been of no avail but for the favor of the sultan, who not only confirmed it, but also bestowed upon the Circassian the rank which Kara Jehennem had promised him. Shereen, it is hardly necessary to add, became the wife of the fortunate adventurer; and her mother, with the third of her late husband's ample fortune, was able to fulfill a long-cherished vision, of returning in splendid state to the land of her nativity.

To revert for a moment to the more important subject of our narrative. It has been remarked by many writers, that after the destruction of the Janissaries, the character

of Sultan Mahmoud seemed to undergo a decided change for the better. His previous reign had been marked by numerous instances of the treachery, cruelty, and rapacity which we have learned to consider inseparable from the nature of Oriental despotism. In his after-life he showed himself not only a liberal legislator—which might proceed from mere selfish policy—but also, on many occasions, a really benevolent, well-meaning ruler; and, in spite of the political misfortunes which clouded his later years, he succeeded in securing the affection of the mass of his people, and particularly of the Greek rajahs, and other subject races, to a degree in which no other Turkish sovereign ever possessed it. If, therefore, in the destruction of the Janissaries, Mahmoud showed himself sanguinary, treacherous, and unrelenting, it is but fair to remember that they, themselves, by the character which their fierce, lawless, and bigoted disposition imposed upon his government, had fostered in his mind the very vices from which they afterwards suffered. Viewed in this light, the catastrophe assumes the aspect of a simple moral retribution, and we lose our commiseration for the sufferers in our sense of the justice of the punishment.

THE COSSACK AND HIS MAIDEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEGE.

BY BASKERVILLE.

OLIS.

Lovely Minka, we must part;
Ah! thou feelest not the smart,
In the joyless desert's heart,
Far from thee to be!
Gloomy will the day appear,
O'er my cheek will course a tear,
Grove and mountain, they shall hear,
Minka, but of thee.

Ne'er from thee my thoughts I'll wend,
With my lips and with my hand,
From the distant hills I'll send
Greetings unto thee.
Many a moon will wax and wane
Ere I see thee, love, again—
Ah! hear then my prayer! remain
Fair and true to me!

MINKA.

Wilt thou, dearest Olis, go?
Ah! my cheek will cease to glow,
I shall hate all pleasures, though
Friendly be their mien.
Days and nights will hear the tale
Of the loss that I bewail—
I shall ask of every gale,
"Hast thou Olis seen?"

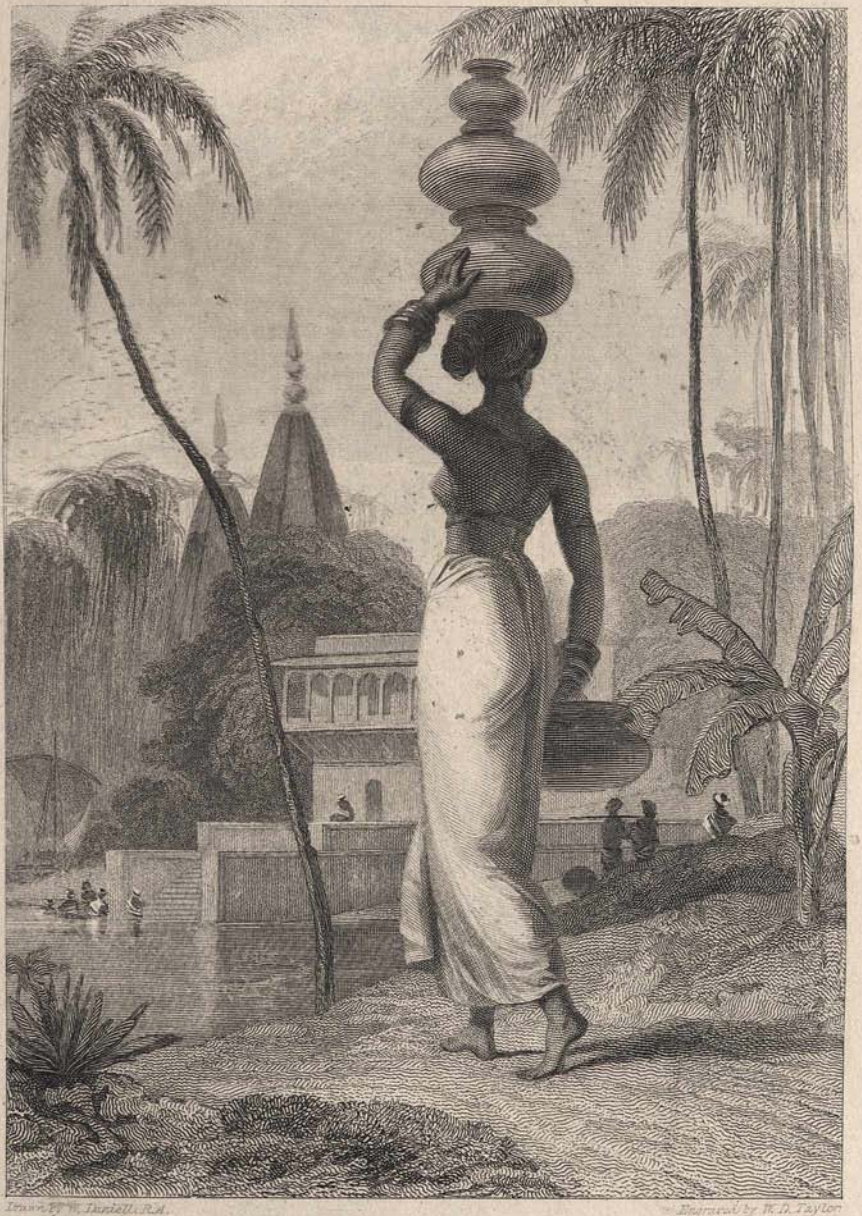
Hushed and silent is my strain,
On the ground my looks remain;
But—should I see thee again
Then no more I'll pine.
Though thy rosy tints be fled,
Though thy bloom of youth be dead—
Yes, with scars and gashes red,
Sweetest, thou art mine.

THE HINDOO FEMALE.

"Maidens in whose Orient eyes
More than summer sunshine lies."

[The following sketch of female life among the Hindoos is abridged chiefly from *Mr. Ward's* interesting and valuable work on India and the Hindoos ; *Dr. Allen's* important History of that country ; and a recent work on the connection of Women with Religion and Civilization, by *S. W. Fullom*.—Ed.]

The birth of a daughter in India, in comparison with that of a son, is a domestic calamity. Her mother has to endure ten extra days' purification. Her early marriage is a matter of great importance ; for if a girl among the Brahmins remains unmarried until she is eleven years old, the family is suspended from caste. Boys are generally married at ages varying from seven or eight, to twelve or fifteen years, and girls at an earlier age. A Hindoo wife is never under any circumstances to mention the name of her husband. "He"—"the Master"—"Swamy," &c., are titles she uses when speaking of, or to her lord. A Hindoo and his wife should never be seen walking together in the streets, or exchanging expressions of affection in the presence of others. The female members of a family never take food in company with the more honored sex.



Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by W. B. Taylor

A Hindoo Female.

A guest never inquires after the health of the wife of his host. If absent, she is not asked for; if she enters, no salutations greet her; if she is present, she is unnoticed.

A widow of the Brahminical caste, whether she has ever lived with her husband or not, is not allowed again to enter the marriage state. She is not allowed to wear hair, or any ornaments, or to be present at marriages or any other festive occasions.

India abounds in schools for boys, but none for girls. In the sacred books of the Hindoos are such directions and statements as the following: "A woman is not allowed to go out of the house without consent of her husband; nor to laugh without a veil over her face; nor to stand at the door; nor to look out at the window." "She was made for servitude to her husband. She has no fitness for his equal companionship." After this picture of the social condition of the sex in India, we fancy our fair readers will hardly be disposed to envy them their personal charms, of which travelers speak in such glowing terms, but which seem to be so powerless in enhancing their consideration among their own people. A writer in the *Asiatic Journal* says: "In spite of the color of their skin, perhaps no part of the world can present more perfect specimens of feminine beauty than can be found in Hindostan. Travelers are struck with admiration at the appearance of many of the women filling their water pots at the ghauts and wells, or going about the towns and villages in pursuit of their daily avocations. Their fine

erect forms, set off by the graceful drapery, wound in so picturesque a manner around them, are highly attractive, even when the vail casts its shroud over the face, leaving 'half an eye to do its worst of witchery.' The custom of carrying light burdens upon the head from childhood, gives great breadth to the chest, uprightness to the figure, and freedom to the movements; and the unfrequent use of shoes, or the substitution of an easy slipper for the tight ligatures worn in Europe, imparts a beauty which few, save Oriental females, possess—that of a perfect foot. Though seldom much below the middle height, and occasionally tall, all the native females are delicately framed; their hands and feet are exquisite. The beauty of feature, though not quite, is almost as common as that of figure; all have the splendid, dark, gazelle-like eyes, which form the characteristic mark of Orientals." The costume of Hindoo women is peculiarly becoming. It consists of a long piece of silk or cotton tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterwards brought over the body in negligent folds; under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen.

Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls, and precious stones, fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from wrist to elbow. They have also gold and silver charms round the ankles, and abundance of rings on their fingers and toes;

among the former is often a small mirror. This description belongs of course to the wealthy classes; but so fond are they of jewelry and ornaments, that the woman must be poor indeed who cannot boast one or more pairs of gold bracelets, ear-rings, &c.

They perfume their hair with oil of cloves, cinnamon, sandal, and sweet-scented flowers; and they make use of henna, kohol, and antimony to heighten their beauty.

"While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depths they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the kohol's jetty die,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye."

"Glass rings are universally worn by the women of the Decan, as an ornament on the wrists; and their applying closely to the arm is considered as a mark of delicacy and beauty, for they must of course pass over the hand. In doing this, a girl seldom escapes without drawing blood, and rubbing part of the skin from her hand; and as every well-dressed girl has a number of rings on each arm, and as these are frequently breaking, the poor creatures suffer much from their love of admiration;" a species of petty torture which we smile at in these simple-minded pagans; but how would they wonder at the ingenious and permanent suffering and deformity to which our women subject themselves, that their waists may be encircled by belts a

few inches shorter, or their feet be encased in shoes a size or two smaller than nature intended.

At domestic festivals and gatherings, the women of the house anoint their female guests, and even braid their hair, pencil their eyebrows, and sprinkle them with costly perfumes ; while barbers of their own sex, found in every hamlet, pare and trim their nails.

Notwithstanding the brutality with which Hindoo women are treated, and the iniquitous and debasing character of the mariage laws, in no country have the sex evinced more devoted affection for their husbands, or a higher sense of conjugal duty.

THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

Hebrew maiden! veil thy beauty!
Lest my heart a rebel prove,
Breaking bonds of holy duty,
For the silken cords of love.

Look not on me, fair deceiver!
Though thy young eyes beam with light;
They might tempt a true believer
To the darkest shades of night.

Hebrew maiden! while I linger,
Hanging o'er thy melting lute,
Every chord beneath thy finger,
Strikes a pulse that should be mute.

Hebrew maiden! we must sever!
Eyes that could my life renew,
Lips that mine would cling to ever,
Hebrew maiden, now adieu!

AN ORIENTAL LANDSCAPE.

THE VALLEY OF LEBANON.

FROM LAMARTINE'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

HAVING climbed the high mountains of Lebanon, which separate Digioun from Deïr-el-Kammar, or the Convent of the Moon, the palace of the Emir Beschir, sovereign prince of the Druzes, we arrived in a deep, narrow, picturesque valley, which we followed two hours, reaching at noon the highest mountains we had to clear.

We began to descend again by the steepest paths, where our horses' feet trembled on the loose stones which alone separated us from the precipices. After an hour's descent, we perceived, on turning a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin, near to Deïr-el-Kammar. We uttered a cry of surprise and admiration, and with an involuntary movement we stayed our horses to contemplate the novel, picturesque, and truly Oriental scene which opened before us.

A few paces from us, an immense sheet of foaming water rushed from a mill-dam, and fell from a height of fifty or sixty feet upon a bed of rocks, which broke it into

fleeting shreds : the noise of this waterfall, and the freshness which it spread in the air, moistening our burning foreheads, gave us a delicious preparation for the rapture which our senses were eager to enjoy. Above the cascade, which was lost in the bottomless abyss, unfathomable to our eyes, a vast and deep valley opened through a vista planted from the bottom to the top with mulberries, vines, and figs, and in which the earth was everywhere clothed with the freshest and lightest verdure ; some beautiful villages were suspended like terraces on the declivities of all the mountains which surrounded the valley of Deïr-el-Kammar. On one side only the horizon stretched, and permitted the Sea of Syria to be seen over the least elevated summits of Lebanon. "*Ecce mare magnum !*" said David. "See below the great blue sea, with its waves, and its roarings, and its immense reptiles !" David was *there*, perhaps, when he uttered this poetical exclamation ! In fact, we perceive the Sea of Egypt, tinctured with a deeper blue than that of the sky, and confounded at a distance with the horizon, in the foggy and purple vapor which veils all the coasts of this part of Asia. At the bottom of this immense valley, the hill of Dptedin, on which the emir's palace is erected, took root, and arose like an enormous tower, flanked with rocks covered with ivy, and shoots of waving verdure hanging from their fissures and indentations. This hill rose to a level with the precipice on which we ourselves were suspended ; a narrow and groaning abyss separated us from it. On its summit, the Moorish palace of the

emir stretched majestically over all the table-land of Dptedin, with its square towers and battlements; long galleries rising one above the other, and presenting extended rows of projecting arcades, light as the trunks of the palms which crowned them with their aërial plumes; vast courts ranged by lofty steps from the top of the hill to the outward walls of the fortification. At the extremity of the largest of these courts, on which our eyes plunged from the height on which we were placed, the irregular façade of the women's palace presented itself to us, ornamented with slender and graceful colonnades, which in irregular and unequal forms reached to the roof, and bore, like an umbrella, a light covering of painted wood, serving as a portico to the palace. A marble staircase, decorated with balustrades sculptured in arabesque, led from this portico to the door of the women's palace; this door, inlaid with wood of various colors, with frames of marble, and surmounted with Arabic inscriptions, was surrounded by black slaves, magnificently attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols and with Damascus sabres glittering with gold and chasings; the large courts which faced the palace were likewise filled with a crowd of servants, courtiers, priests, and soldiers, in all the varied and picturesque costumes which distinguish the five populations of Lebanon—the Druzes, Christians, Armenians, Greeks, Maronites, and Metualis. Five or six hundred Arab horses were attached by the feet and head to cords which stretched across the courts, saddled, bridled, and covered with shining cloths of all colors; several groups of camels

were lying, standing, or bent on the knee, to receive or discharge their loads; and on the most elevated terrace of the inner court some young pages were throwing the djerid, rushing with their horses upon each other, crouching down to evade the blow, returning at full speed upon their disarmed adversary, and going through, with an admirable grace and vigor, all the rapid evolutions which this warlike sport requires.

EASTERN PROVERBS.

FROM TRENCH.

Two friends will in a needle's eye repose;
But the whole world is narrow for two foes.

Oh, seize the instant time! you never will,
With waters once passed by, impel the mill.

The lily, with ten tongues, can hold its peace;
Wilt thou, with one, from babbling never cease?

AN ARAB TO HIS MISTRESS.

AGAINST ANGER.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
Thou whose passion swells so high;
See those ruins, that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.

'Twas a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
Till he came, who, deaf to pity,
Tossed the imploring arm away.

Spoiled and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought;
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?

Strong are cities; rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?

All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to wrath! another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.

Night may send, to rave and ravage,
Panther and hyena fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazelle.

When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love,
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

THE CUTTUB MINAR.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

"'*La illah il' Allah!*' the muezzin's call
Comes from the minaret, slim and tall,
That looks o'er the distant city's wall.

"'*La illah il' Allah!*' the Faithful heed,
With God and the Prophet this hour to plead:
Whose ear is open to hear their need."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As the slow orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!"

MOORE.

"REGULARLY perform thy prayer at the declension of the sun, at the first darkness of the night, and the prayer of daybreak; for the prayer of daybreak is borne witness unto by the angels," saith the *Koran*.

Five times a day—before sunrise, at dawn, at noon, at four o'clock, and at sunset—the *muezzin* from the minaret announces the hour of prayer. At dawn he tells them that "prayer is better than sleep;" and, at dinner time, that "prayer is better than food;" and again, that

"prayer is better than business;" and at nightfall, that "prayer is better than repose." All eastern travelers speak of the singular and impressive effect of this custom; especially when in the silence of the morning, the loud call, resounding from a hundred mosques, and always concluding, "*La Illah, Il-Allah, Mohammed Ressoul-Ullah*"—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God," breaks upon the ear; and the response, "There is no power, no strength, but in God Almighty," falls from ten thousand tongues. *Dr. Olin* remarks, "When the hour of prayer arrives, the peasant stops his oxen, or lays aside the implements of labor. If circumstances permit, he performs the prescribed ablutions, and turning his face towards the holy city, bows his head to the earth, and repeats the appointed words with the utmost seriousness." "Those who happen to be near a mosque," says another traveler, "enter it for the purpose of performing their devotions; others are in their own houses; many prostrate themselves by the wayside, or even on board the daily steamers—no one seeming to wish to conceal his devotions.

"On roofs, in streets, alone, or close beside his brother,
Each Moslem kneels, his forehead turned towards Mecca's shrine,
And all the world forgotten in one thought divine."

The *minaret* is a round tower, usually encircled by balconies, from one of which the *muezzin* chants his call.

One of the most celebrated of these structures in Hindostan, and pronounced to be the "finest single tower in the world," is that at *Cuttub*, a small town in the presidency of Bengal, thirteen miles south-west of Delhi. It was erected early in the thirteenth century, during the reign of Cuttub-ud-Dean, and has excited universal admiration from travelers, by one of whom it is thus described: "It is a round tower rising from a polygon of twenty-seven sides, in five stages, gradually diminishing in circumference, to the height of two hundred and forty-two feet. The lowest stage (ninety feet in height) is fluted into twenty-seven semi-cylindrical and angular divisions, inscribed in a very ancient Arabic character, with sentences from the Koran. The second stage is composed simply of semi-cylindrical fluting, and rises fifty feet. The third, of forty feet, consists of only angular divisions. Thus far the pillar is of an exceedingly fine red granite. The fourth stage, rising twenty-three feet, as well as the last, is of very fine white marble, the blocks being rounded to an even surface.

"Between each of the stages, a balcony runs round the pillar, supported on large stone brackets. These appear to have been designed chiefly for ornament, but battlements have been erected upon them, as if to prevent those who might go onto them from falling. A majestic cupola crowns the whole, springing from four arcades of red granite. A spiral staircase of three hundred and eighty-four steps leads to the summit."

There is little else of interest at *Cuttub*, save the tombs

of several Mogul emperors. Near the Minar is a mosque in an unfinished condition, which, "for grandeur of design, and elegance of execution, is said not to be excelled by any in India."

This incomplete structure the Hindoos, who claim the *Cuttub Minar* to be of Hindoo, and not Moslem origin, affirm, was commenced by the Mohammedans as a rival of the famous Minar, but abandoned when it was found impossible to surpass that renowned edifice.

THE GIFT IN THE TEMPLE

TRENCH'S POEMS FROM EASTERN SOURCES.

His splendid pilgrimage to Mecca done,
Within the temple great Almansur's son
Showered, with a bounty prodigal and proud,
Enormous gifts among the struggling crowd;
And every day those gifts he multiplied—
Vexed every day and humbled in his pride,
That one who seemed the poorest pilgrim there,
Remained aloof with calm, abstracted air,
Indifferent, and contended not nor pressed,
To share his scattered largess with the rest.
Until at last, when he had shed in vain
Gold, jewels, pearls, he could no more refrain,
But cried to him, "And dost thou naught desire,
And wilt thou nothing at my hands require?"
Who answered, standing where before he stood:
"Great shame it were for me, if any good,
While thus within the house of God I stand,
I asked or looked for, saving at His hand."

ALMERINE AND SHELIMAH.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

In those remote times when, by the intervention of fairies, men received good and evil which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the East. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favorite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince."

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of that aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was

placable and benevolent ; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting ; she therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, "that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, withw hich Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world ; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah as some reproach to themselves ; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina that she would, by any intellectual endowment, alleviate miseries which they could not prevent, but semed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disapointment ; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant whom they could not behold

with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed that "to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her should, in her estimation, be equal to clothes of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast." To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning, of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was reverenced by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty

and fierce ; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive ; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover ; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity ; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury ; but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life ; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant ; how they expand and quicken by degrees ; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which, rising from the root, hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in color, and taste, and smell ; of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known ; but of Nourassin she became enamored to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to

the king, when they entered their eighteenth year ; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation ; he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced, like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavored to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished ; this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay ; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity ; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife ; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken

after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him; "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity; to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine; who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, inquired the cause of her distress; this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from further importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

Nourassin, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women, who could not be dismissed; but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigor which she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant, who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behavior, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstand-

ing, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and, that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet; her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected; Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances

were the presages of recovery, and showed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and, in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept, which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whose judgement has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and

the treachery of unrivaled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by vice, beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence which, without virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family, she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But, amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she

formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out, with others, to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation, with great attention, and when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and, with great ceremony, entreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her that she was, without doubt, the person whom nature and Soliman had destined for their queen. Shelimah replied, with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect; her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eyes, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an

invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd; she stood awhile with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having, with much importunity, prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne; "Let the king," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honored? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honored it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription, in letters of gold:

"Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives, the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honor, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed must now be obtained by an effort of thy own; that which gives relish to the coarsest food is temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince are equal in the estimation of humanity; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of piety to the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to nature the effects of his own folly."

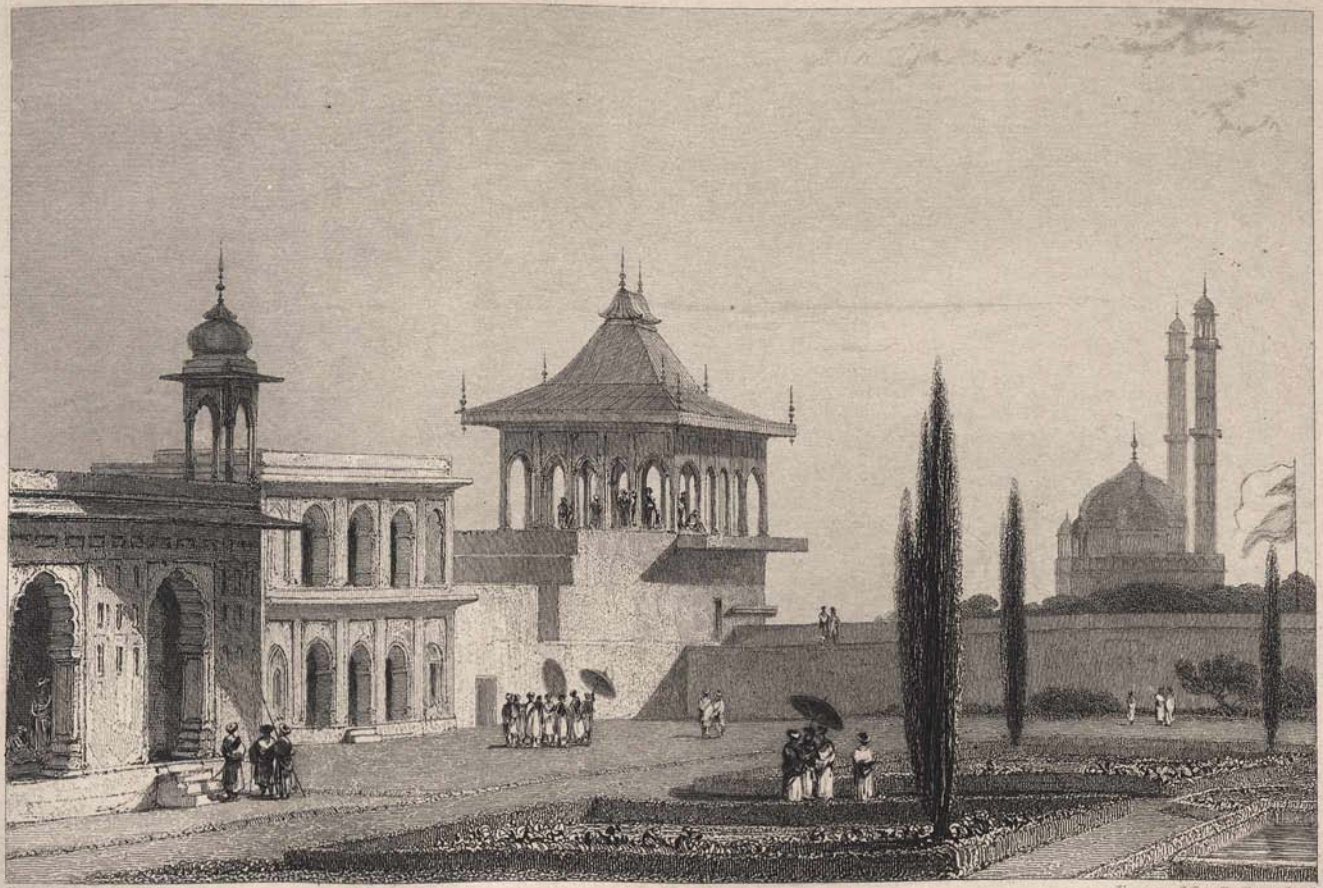
The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and, with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

THE SONG OF ANTAR.

FROM THE ARABIC.

BY GEORGE CROLY.

Ibla, I love thee. On my heavy eye
Thine flashes, like the lightning on the cloud.
I cannot paint thy beauty; for it leaves
All picturing pale. Were I to say the moon
Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,
Where is the wild, sweet sparkling of thine eye?
Or that the palm is like thy stately form,
Where is thy grace among its waving boughs?
Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun;
Thine ebon tresses wreathing it like night,
Like night bewilder me; thy teeth like pearls,
In moist lips rosier than the Indian shell.
But now my world is darkness, for thou'rt gone!
Thy look was to my life what evening dews
Are to the tamarisk: thy single glance
Went swifter, deeper, to thy lover's heart,
Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,
For thou, like her, art bright, like her above me.



Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

View in the Garden of the Palace, Lucnow.

LUCKNOW—ITS PALACE AND GARDENS.

"In Eastern lands, they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."—*Percival.*

"To walk among orchards, gardens, bowers, mounts, and arbors, artificial wildernesses, green thickets, arches, groves, lawns, rivulets, fountains, and such like pleasant places, like that Antiochian Daphne, brooks, pools, fish-ponds, between wood and water, in a fair meadow, by a river side, to disport in some pleasant plain, park, run up a steep hill sometimes, or sit in a shady seat, must needs be a delectable recreation."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

OUDE, though among the smallest of the Indian provinces, is a delightful and productive country, well watered and carefully cultivated. *Lucknow*, its capital, a city of imposing and picturesque appearance, is situated on the south bank of the river Goomty. Its numerous minarets, gilded cupolas, and brilliantly colored mosques and sepulchres, impart an air of grandeur and magnificence when seen from a distance; but except in the quarter where the palace is located, its streets are generally narrow and crooked, dirty and densely crowded. In the quarter of the city occupied by branches of the king's family, or persons attached to his court, the streets are

broad and handsome, containing many splendid houses and religious edifices, built partly in the European, and partly in purely Oriental style.

In the center of the street *Husan Abad*, running parallel to the river, is a lofty portal ornamented with many small towers; and at the further extremity is the *Imaum Barree* (holy palace), a structure of great beauty, and highly ornamented, where the vizier *Asolph ud Dowlah* is buried. A space between this street and the river, contains the royal palace and gardens.

Lucknow has long been the residence of the nabobs of Oude, whose state processions, in the days of their glory, rivaled even those of the Court of Delhi.

An interesting account of the marriage of *Vazeer Allee*, eldest son of the nawab *Asolph ud Dowlah*, given in the *Asiatic Journal* for May 1816, extracted from a private letter dated at Lucknow, Feb. 28th, 1795, affords a very good idea of Oriental magnificence and splendor, even in its period of decadence.

"We went in the evening to the celebration; our party consisted of four ladies and twelve gentlemen; we went all on elephants, caparisoned. On the plains which border on the city of Lucknow, the nawab had pitched many tents, but two large ones in particular, made of strong cotton cloth, lined with the finest English broadcloth in stripes of different colors, with cords of silk and cotton. These two tents alone, cost five lacs of rupees, or above £50,000 sterling.

"Nawab received us very politely: he was covered

with jewels to the amount of at least £2,000,000 sterling. About seven at night the bridegroom, Vazer Allee, the young nawab, appeared, loaded so absurdly with jewels, that he could scarcely stagger under the precious weight. We then mounted our elephants to proceed to a rich and extensive garden which was about a mile off; the procession was grand beyond conception. It consisted of above 1,200 elephants richly caparisoned, and drawn up in a regular line, like a regiment of soldiers: about one hundred of the elephants had castles lashed on their backs, which were covered with silver. In the center was the nawab mounted on an uncommonly large elephant, covered with cloth of gold, and a rich howdah, covered with gold and studded with precious stones. All the ground, from the tents to the garden, over which we moved along, was *inlaid* with fireworks, and at every step the elephants took, the ground burnt before us, and threw up artificial stars in the heaven, besides innumerable rockets, serpents, bees, etc., and the whole of this grand scene was further lighted by above 3,000 flambeaux, carried by men hired for the occasion." This gorgeous display lasted *two hours* —the time consumed in traversing the short distance from the tents to the gardens—so stately and majestic was the march of this imposing procession. "The garden was illuminated by countless lanterns of various colors; and an elegant and sumptuous collation of European and native dishes was served up: a hundred dancing girls meanwhile dancing and singing their sprightly airs. The feast was kept up three days."

Besides the palace in the city of Lucknow, the late King of Oude had another on the river Goomty, about nine miles from thence, built after the English plan, and to this retreat he was in the habit of making excursions, in a small steamboat, constructed for him in 1819, by an English engineer—the first steam vessel known in India.

The state carriage of this monarch is of English construction, and is drawn by eight black horses; his palkee—a sort of throne, on which he sometimes appears in processions—is of wrought gold, and carried by bearers habited in scarlet vests and fine turbans profusely ornamented.

No native power, it is said, has given the English so much trouble as the Nabob of Oude; negotiations were opened, treaties were made, altered and broken, till at last the Governor-General dictated a treaty, and prepared with a sufficient force to execute it. The Nabob reluctantly submitted, and relinquished to the English more than half his territories, having an annual revenue of $7,000,000. The gardens of the nabob are very extensive and handsome.

"Verily for the pious are prepared, with their Lord, gardens of delight," declareth the *Koran;* and the soothing pleasure of ample shade, with the enchanting delight of rich and brilliant flowers, "roses and tulips like the bright cheeks of beautiful maidens, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew," enter largely into the dreams of bliss, terrestrial or celestial, of the luxurious and sensuous Mussulman; and this love of flowers is

found even among the humblest classes, before whose doors, roses and evergreens may be seen in abundance. The cypress tree is a prime favorite with them, and rears its tall head in every grove or garden.

Most of the gardens in India belonging to Mahommedan princes, are kept at very great expense; a separate piece of ground is usually allotted for each kind of plant; thus, one plat is filled with rose trees, another with pomegranates, &c., the effect of which, viewed from an elevation, must be indescribably beautiful.

The gardens of Kalimar, near Delhi, which were made in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the Emperor Shah Jehan, are said to have cost £1,000,000 sterling. They are about one mile in circumference; and though now in decay, must have been extremely beautiful. A channel of white marble for water, with little fountain pipes of the same material, carved like roses, is carried here and there among the parterres and at the end of the terrace is a beautiful octagonal pavilion, also of marble, lined with mosaic flowers, with a marble fountain in the center, and a beautiful bath in a recess on one of the sides. Generally the pleasure gardens in India are laid out in regular sections, with shady walks and bowers; and large tanks or sheets of water are sunk into the earth, the margin of which, or the stone steps leading down to the water, are covered with cushions on which the owner of this "Paradise of Leaves," loves to while away the sultry hours of the day.

The vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, in Southern India,

is thus poetically described : as, " where the blue water-lilies bathe their azure blossoms in the crystal waves of the 'Lake of Pearl,' (Motee Talab) near whose teeming banks the 'bird of a thousand songs' serenades his lovely rose, and where the stately elephant reposes under the shade of the high palmetto and the spreading tamarind."

In Patna, in the province of Bahar, are gardens of roses, to the extent of seventeen acres, cultivated for distillation.

The Island of *Ceylon* is called the " garden of India," all the productions which India or the Indian Islands can boast, are to be met with within its precincts—besides some peculiar to itself; and we have a fine word painting of the road towards the English capital of the island, which fully sustains its claim to the title. " The road commences through a deeply shaded avenue, equal in beauty and elegance to any combination which the vegetable kingdom is capable of exhibiting, and the whole country displays the most magnificent and luxurious garden which a fertile imagination can picture. The jack, the bread fruit, the jambo, and the cashew tree weave their spreading branches in an agreeable shade, amidst the stems of the areka and the cocoa nut. The black pepper and betel plants, creep up the sides of the lofty trunks; coffee, cinnamon, and an immense variety of flowering shrubs, fill the intermediate spaces: and the mass of charming foliage is blended together with a degree of richness that beggars the power of description."

The cinnamon tree grows in different parts of Ceylon, and is also cultivated by government, in four or five large

gardens. Nothing, we are told, can exceed the luxury of riding through the cinnamon groves in the cool of the morning, when the air is clear, and the sweetness of the spring is blended with the glow of summer. Every plant in the gardens is at all times clothed with a fresh and lively green, and when the cinnamon laurels put forth their flame colored leaves and delicate blossoms, the scenery is exquisitely beautiful. Gentle undulations of the ground and clumps of majestic trees, add to the picturesque appearance of the scene ; and a person cannot move twenty yards into a grove without meeting a hundred specimens of beautiful plants and flowers growing up spontaneously.

The Buddhists of Ceylon venerate the colossal trunk of the sacred fig tree of Anurahdepura. The *Banian*, which takes root by its branches, often attains a thickness of thirty feet, and forms a "leafy roof resembling a many pillared tent.*

This tree, the Hindoos regard as an emblem of the Deity, from its long duration, its out-stretching arms, and overshadowing beneficence.

"Near these trees their most esteemed pagodas are generally erected ; under their shade the Brahmins spend their lives in religious solitude ; and the natives of all castes and tribes are fond of recreating in the cool recesses, beautiful walks and lovely vistas of this umbrageous can-

* "In the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a *pillared shade*,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."
MILTON, *Book IX.*

opy, impervious to the hottest beams of a tropical sun. The largest Banian known, the famous Cubbeer Burr, a name given to it in honor of a celebrated saint, grows on an island in the Nerbedda, in the province of Guzerat. It is 2,000 feet in circumference ; the chief trunks, exceeding in size our oaks and elms, number 350 ; the smaller stems are more than 3,000. It is said 7,000 persons find ample room to repose under its shade.

One of the prettiest specimens of Hindoo poetry celebrates the history of a youth, who soon after his marriage, being compelled to make a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden belonging to his house. There he plants a spikenard ; and enjoins her to watch over it with the most assiduous care. "As long as this plant flourishes," said he, "all will be fortunate with me : but should it wither away, some fatal misfortune will assuredly happen to me." Business of an important nature detained the bridegroom from his home several years. On his return he assumed the garb of a Hindoo mendicant, in order to see whether his wife had been faithful to him or not, during his absence.

Thus disguised he calls at his house, and being admitted into the garden, beholds his wife lost to every pleasure, but that of weeping over the spikenard, which still flourished under her care.

Among the Mahommedans, and particularly in Egypt, the *Aloe* is a kind of symbolic plant, and dedicated to the offices of religion.

Pilgrims on their return from Mecca, suspend it over

their doors, as an evidence of having performed that holy journey.

To this day the Orientals make extensive use of aromatics, upon all festive occasions, sprinkling the apartments, and the persons of their guests, with all sweet smelling odors, as a mark of respectful attention.

The East is eminently the land of flowers and perfume :

"Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year."

The gardens of *Persia* are said to vie in beauty and luxury with any in the universe, and in them they make the great ostentation of their wealth. The prodigality of nature in strewing even their common fields with "tulips like the ruddy evening streaked," makes them less mindful of filling their gardens with flowers, as we do, but they are rather desirous of having them full of all kinds of fruit trees. Eastern Persia is represented as one entire and continuous parterre from September to the end of April.

"Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream."

Towards Media and the northern frontiers of Arabia the fields produce of themselves, tulips, anemones, single ranunculuses, of the most beautiful red, and crown imperials ; and in other places round Ispahan, jonquils are wild and flowering all winter.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the peach trees, so completely covered with flowers as to obstruct the view through the branches ! *Sir Robert Kerr Porter* thus ex-

presses his amazement on viewing celebrated gardens in this "province of the Sun."

"On first entering this bower of fairy land, I was struck with the appearance of two rose trees, full *fourteen feet high*, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion; and of a bloom, and delicacy of scent, that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume: indeed I believe that in no country in the world, does the rose tree grow in such perfection as in Persia—in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. Their gardens and courts are crowded with its plants—their rooms ornamented with vases, filled with its gathered branches, and every bath strewn with the full blown flower. But in this delicious garden of Negauvistan, the eye and the smell were not the only sense regaled; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of nightingales whose warblings seemed to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favorite flowers."

The roses of the gardens of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are of wonderful size and sweetness, and "mattrasses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."

The garden of Azar Gerib, in Ispahan, one mile in length, is devoted to the culture of the most esteemed fruits.

The prevailing plan of Persian gardens is that of long parallel walks shaded by even rows of tall umbrageous planes, interspersed with a variety of fruit trees and every kind of flowering shrubs. Canals flow down the avenues,

generally terminating in large marble basins, containing sparkling fountains. The effect is described as amazingly grand.

Gardening in Asia, says Loudon, differs from that of Europe, chiefly in the absence of turf, and of open gravel walks; the heat of the climate preventing the growth of the one, and rendering unsuitable the use of the other.

The gardens of Damascus are described as perfect Paradises, being watered by the copious streams from Lebanon. The city is encompassed with gardens extending in common estimation not less than thirty miles around. In the neighborhood of the city is a plain celebrated for its roses, which are extensively cultivated for the purpose of producing the celebrated *Attar of Roses;* and its *rose-tarts*—conserves made of dried cakes of roses—are said to be delicious beyond comparison.

Bayard Taylor thus describes his approach to Damascus. "You look down on a world of foliage and fruit and blossom, whose hue, by contrast with the barren mountains and the yellow rim of the desert which encloses it, seems brighter than all other gardens in the world.

We rode for an hour through gardens, before entering the gate. The fruit trees, of whatever variety—walnut, olive, apricot, or fig—were the noblest of their kind. Roses and pomegranates in bloom starred the dark foliage, and the scented jasmine overhung the walls."

THE DERVISE ALFOURAN; OR THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE GENII.

BY REV. JAMES RIDLEY.

ALFOURAN, by the sanctity of his manners and the abstemiousness of his diet, had gained the hearts of the whole province of Eyraca ; but none was more captivated with the holy dervise than Sanballad, the son of Semi, a merchant in Bassora, whose father intended to bring him up in the mercantile business, which he himself professed.

The hermitage of Alfouran was situated in a wood, near the suburbs of the city. It was formed out of a stupendous rock in the side of a mountain, and contained two cells, the outermost of which served for the common purposes of life, and the innermost was set apart for the private devotions and religious ceremonies of the sanctified dervise.

A small spring, which ran trickling down the rock, supplied him with the purest water, and fell into a basin which the industrious Alfouran had scooped out of the bottom of the rock, from which the water, overflowing, descended in a gentle rill to the wood, and ran purling

among the trees ; sometimes discovering itself by its glittering surface, and sometimes gliding imperceptibly through the thickest bushes which grew upon its banks. A little plain opened before the door of the cell, which, by the shade of the lofty trees that surrounded it, and the constant attention of the sage to sprinkle its surface, ever preserved a most beautiful verdure. The tall straight cedars and palms which overshadowed this delightful retreat, at once secured it from the scorching sun, and afforded a most beautiful and majestic appearance, mixed with an awful solemnity, which struck the heart and demanded the reverence of every beholder.

To this habitation of Alfouran did thousands resort, at the rising of the sun, to hear the instructions of his mouth, and dwell upon the sweet accents of his persuasive tongue : even the labors of the day were forgotten while he charmed their ears ; and the poorest subjects of Bassora refused not to follow the sage Alfouran, though the work of their hands was neglected and undone. The pious Sanballad was ever a constant attendant at these captivating lectures, and drank deep of the instructions of the dervise of Bassora. His soul was animated by the example of the self-denying sage ; he scorned the mean employments of a dirty world, and sought earnestly to bury himself in the glorious solitude of Alfouran.

One day, after the dervise had been exhorting his hearers to trouble themselves no longer with the concerns of life, nor the transactions of mortality, Sanballad presented himself before him, and having done obeisance to the

holy man, he entreated Alfouran to initiate him into the mysteries of his happy life.

Alfouran looked earnestly at the youth; he beheld his complexion, his modest beauties, his eyes streaming with penitential tears, and his heart heaving with the full sighs of sorrow and contrition.

"And canst thou, O young man!" said the dervise, "leave the vanities of this life, to spend in solitude and abstemiousness the sprightly hours of youth? Canst thou quit all worldly connections, thy friends, thy relations, thy engagements, thy business, and thy pleasures, and prefer before them the constant company of an aged dervise? If thou art resolved, let me first have a trial of thy faith and submission. Ascend this craggy rock by the steps which I have hewn in its side, and sit on the stone which is dedicated on its surface to the pure solar fire; there remain while the sun melts thee by day, and the moist, unwholesome dew falls on thee by night, till three days are accomplished. And I will bring thee of the choicest viands which the rich men of Bassora send daily to tempt my appetite; of which if thou tastest, or to which if thou dost incline thy mind, the curse of the god of fire be upon thee!"

At this command Sanballad arose with joyful looks, and began to ascend the holy mountain. He spent the first day in a solemn silence, not daring even to look up or move from his posture, but kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and in secret implored the strengthening assistance of the founder of his faith.

The second day Alfouran set before him a sumptuous banquet, which his disciples, at his command, had brought him from the city: for it was daily the custom of Alfouran to receive such presents at their hands; not, as he said, for his own use, but to fix him steadfastly in his forbearance from those pampering repasts. They stood every day exposed on a table formed out of the living rock in his cell; and at noon the dervise ascended the hill, to burn them in the holy fire, which he kindled from the sun. Sanballad looked not at the tempting viands till Alfouran commanded him, and then persisted religiously in his resolutions; which, when the dervise perceived, he extolled his faith, and exhorted him to continue obedient to the instructions he had received.

The third day the poor youth was nearly exhausted with watching and fatigue: nevertheless, Alfouran endeavored by the most artful temptations to draw him from his purpose, but in vain; the pious Sanballad triumphed over his temptations, and at length fulfilled his commands. But now partly initiated, the dervise, after having fed him, conducted him down from the mountain to the cell beneath; and leaving him for some time to rest and refreshment, he alone ascended with his daily offerings to the altar of fire. In this act of devotion Alfouran continued the remainder of the day; during which time Sanballad heard the most ravishing music, which seemed to descend through the mountain, and filled the cells with its enchanting harmony.

And thus was the dervise's time divided: in the

morning he preached to the multitude, whilst the careful Sanballad received their offerings, and laid them on the stone table in the cell. At noon the dervise ascended with the offerings, and the young man was ordered to pursue his private devotions in the innermost cell, and was taught to expect those heavenly sounds if his prayers were accepted. When the sun left the horizon, Alfouran descended to the place where Sanballad spread some roots on the turf by the spring, and the dervise and his scholar made their single and abstemious meal. The young dervise was enraptured at the precepts and sanctity of his master; and the inhabitants of Bassora brought daily their riches and fine vestments and delicacies, that Alfouran might sacrifice some of these unworthy objects of their affection on the altar of the sun. Nor were the prayers of Sanballad rejected, for he daily obtained a grateful token from the powers he worshiped, and was charmed with the heavenly music that sounded through the rock. In this manner did Alfouran and his pupil dedicate their time to the invincible powers of fire, till the whole city of Bassora was converted to the religion of the dervise; and neglecting their trade, all flocked regularly to imbibe the instructions of his lips.

But what, even in the midst of his sanctity, preyed upon the heart of Sanballad was, that his master Alfouran did not suffer him to ascend the mountain. When he asked the dervise the reason why he was denied that holy office, Alfouran would answer—

"Know, O young man! that he only is fit to make

such a sacrifice, who, by long and patient abstemiousness, has sanctified his mind, and purged it from the desires of mortality. No, Sanballad, you must serve a longer term of years, and persist in your religion for many suns, ere you be admitted to that, the greatest and noblest work of man: wait, therefore, with submission; and doubt not but when thou art accepted, the deity of fire will call you to his service."

If Sanballad's impetuous desires to serve, like Alfouran, in the cell of the worshipper of fire, could drive him, against the inclination and commands of his parents, to act under the banners of Alfouran, it is not to be wondered that he was now as eager in desiring to be jointly admitted into all the services of his master.

The bed or resting-place of Sanballad was on the stone table in the outward cell; Alfouran slept on a floor of flints within.

It was the hour of midnight, when Sanballad, still revolving his favorite desires in his mind, heard the wind rustle through the grove; the moon played on the surface of the water in the basin which stood without; when, on a sudden, Sanballad discerned at the door of the cell the figure of a little old man; he immediately endeavored to cry out to Alfouran, but he found his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth.

The little figure advanced, and stood before the astonished and motionless Sanballad.

"I am," said the spectre, "the good genius which presides over thy wayward fate. Alfouran this very night

did meditate thy death, and intended to sacrifice thee to his barbarous god. You are, young man, too inquisitive for this mysterious religion, which requires a blind and unsuspicious faith; but, in compassion to thy youth, and being willing to vindicate the truth of thy much injured prophet, I have taken this opportunity, while he is in his first sleep, to warn thee of thy danger. I must not assist thee further; for Alfouran possesses the signet of the genius Nadoc, which he stole from a brahmin of the most exalted piety. But if thou art resolute, go fearless into his cell, and boldly thrust thy hand into his bosom, where it ever lies concealed. If thou canst but for a moment snatch it from him, thou art safe; for when it is in thy hand, its virtues will be obedient to you its possessor; be confident, therefore, and forget not, when thou hast it it in thy hand, to make a proper use of it."

"And how is it to be used?" replied the astonished Sanballad.

"Wish," said the genius, "for whatever you desire, and it will not be denied you. But hasten, O young man! for I foresee Alfouran will in a few minutes awake."

At this exhortation Sanballad arose from his bed, and entered the cell of the treacherous Alfouran. He felt gently for his master, who was stretched upon the flints.

Sanballad having found his bosom, boldly put his hand therein, and felt the signet of the genius Nadoc, which he immediately pulled out, and by the force of his arm awakened the affrighted dervise.

Sanballad, seeing Alfouran awake, wished that he had

completed his purpose, that he might have escaped out of his cell while the dervise had slept. No sooner had Sanballad formed this wish, than Alfouran sunk again into a deep sleep; and the young man, perceiving the power which the signet of the genius Nadoc had given him, blessed Mahomet his prophet and hastened out of the cell. On the plain before the door he met his faithful genius Mamlouk.

"I see," said his instructor, "thou hast wisely prevailed; and now, O Sanballad! we will together ascend this mountain, and I will convince thee of the folly of thy worship."

Having thus said Mamlouk led the way, and having climbed to the altar, on the surface of the mountain, the genius desired Sanballad to move the altar from its place.

"O Mamlouk!" said Sanballad, "that is far beyond my strength; for when I sat on this stone, as a probationer before the sun, I assayed with all my strength to move it, and could not."

"That was," replied Mamlouk, "because Alfouran commanded it to continue firm and fixed; but now his power is no more."

Sanballad then set his shoulder against the stone, and moved it from its place. The stone, being removed, discovered a dark winding staircase cut out of the rock, which descended into the body of the mountain. Mamlouk commanded Sanballad to descend, and fear not: "For," said the genius, "I will attend you, though invisible, and instruct you in what manner you are to behave;

but be resolute in preserving the signet of the genius Nadoc."

The astonished son of Semi, emboldened by the presence and speech of the genius Mamlouk, began to descend into the entrails of the mountain, by circular steps, which wound about a solid pillar of stone. After he had passed three hundred stairs, he met with a strong wicket, which he commanded to open, and then continued to pursue his way through a dark and close passage, cut out of the living rock. At the end of this passage he found a door of solid iron, which at his command creaked on its hinges, and opening, presented to his view a large cavern, illuminated in the center with an enormous glowing carbuncle.

Around this spacious vault hung all the rich and valuable garments which the deceitful Alfouran had begged from the deluded inhabitants of Bassora, as offerings to his god.

"And what," said Sanballad, to his invisible guide, "was the design of Alfouran in collecting these riches, since he never makes any use of them?"

"Proceed," said Mamlouk, "and observe." In one corner of this cavern Sanballad perceived a chasm in the rock, which he immediately commanded to open, and which let him through its sides into another passage wider than the first, supported by two rows of pillars, and enlightened with a variety of carbuncles.

As soon as Sanballad entered this passage, he heard the sound of many instruments, playing the most plaintive notes; and presently, at the lower end, he saw a number

of close-veiled matrons marching with solemn steps along the avenues of the passage.

"May I, O Mamlouk!" said Sanballad, "wish these may receive me as they used to receive Alfouran?"

"Yes," replied Mamlouk; "I find thou hast wished in thine heart, for they already begin to acknowledge thee."

As Mamlouk said this, the matrons all came round Sanballad, some kissing his hands, some his feet, and others kneeling, and in the highest acts of devotion touching the skirts of his clothing. Thus surrounded, the fictitious dervise passed to the further end of the passage, where a spacious portal opened into a gloomy temple, hewn out of a solid rock of adamant; in the center of this temple was an altar, or hearth, raised from the ground, on which a large fire, fed with oils and aromatic woods, burned incessantly day and night, and was renewed with all the incense and perfumes which Alfouran had obtained from the deluded inhabitants of Bassora.

As soon as Sanballad advanced to the fire, the orgies began. The female votaries worked themselves up into the most frantic fits of enthusiastic madness, groaning, weeping, lashing themselves, falling into trances and fits; till at length, tired and fatigued with their wild religion, they sunk into slumbers round the flame which they had adored.

"Now, Sanballad," said Mamlouk—"now must thou be resolute and brave; canst thou resist temptation?"

"Alas!" replied Sanballad, "I thought so once; but it was a vain opinion."

"Your diffidence," answered the genius, "is prudent, and manifests an humble mind; but as the temptation may be too severe for your new-born faith in the prophet, he has permitted me to personate Alfouran, and carry you invisibly through these mazes of bewitching error."

Thus saying, Mamlouk put on the appearance of Alfouran; and Sanballad having wished himself invisible stood beside the metamorphosed genius.

Mamlouk then waved his hands on high, and clapped them together in the air; at the sound of his clapping the matrons awoke, and the fictitious dervise commanded the cup of pleasure to be produced. Four ancient matrons immediately brought forward a large bowl from the innermost parts of the temple, of which the transformed genius and his females partook. No sooner were they replete with this liquor, than they began to sing the most profane songs, till at length, being worked into a passionate madness, they threw off their formal appearance of sanctified matrons and discovered themselves to be confirmed votaries of sensual pleasure.

The genius, having revealed thus much of the mysteries of Alfouran, took Sanballad by the hand, and led him to the top of the mountain. As they arose from the cavern, the beams of the sun began to play upon the east, and tinge the dusky cloulds with its early light.

"And who," said Sanballad to his guide as they arose, "Who are these abominable wretches?"

"They are," replied Mamlouk, "weak and deluded women, who have at different times stolen in the dead of

night from Bassora, to hear the doctrines of the sanctified Alfouran. But be silent, for I see the multitude approaching to hear and adore the hypocritical dervise."

"And will Alfouran awake and instruct them?" said Sanballad to the genius.

"No," answered Mamlouk, "the prophet will no longer permit his villainies to remain unexposed. But let us hasten to meet the credulous followers of Alfouran."

Having thus said, Mamlouk descended from the hill, and stood before the cell of the dervise. The crowds gathered around him, for he still personated the form of Alfouran. Some blessed him with tears in their eyes, others nearly worshiped the fictitious idol of their affections. In the midst of this ill-placed adoration Mamlouk lifted up his voice, as though it had been the voice of a whirlwind, and said in the ears of all the inhabitants of Bassora:

"O deluded idolators! why have ye left the worship of your prophet, to follow the lies and fables of the enchanter Alfouran?"

As he spoke these words, the genius shook off the appearance of the dervise, and shone before them in all the native beauty of his heavenly race.

The multitude were astonished at the change, and the genius proceeded:

"I am Mamlouk, the guardian genius of your city, which I have with sorrow of late beheld strangely deviating from the worship of the prophet. The fates decreed that you should be tempted by Alfouran: he came there-

fore into this grove ; and, under the specious mask of sanctity, gained the hearts of your people inasmuch that ye neglected the public works of the city, and the social duties which ye owed one to another, and all herded to hear and offer to Alfouran yourselves and your substance. Alfouran was possessed of the signet of the genius Nadoc, by means of which he has commanded the slaves of that signet to form, in the spacious womb of this mountain, the secret haunts of his wickedness and lust, which I will now disclose unto you."

Having so spoken, the genius commanded Sanballad to go into the cell, and awaken Alfouran ; which he did, the dervise trembling as he came forth from a consciousness of his guilt. As soon as the multitude beheld Alfouran, they were so infatuated at his presence, that the luminous appearance of the genius scarce withheld them from worshipping and adoring the dervise ; which when Mamlouk perceived, he said unto them—

"O inhabitants of Bassora, how vain are my labors to bring you to Mahomet! but ere you too foolishly refuse to hear the directions of your prophet, let me expose to your view the entrails of this mountain."

As he spoke these words, the people all looked towards the mountain, which began to crack and open its sides, till by degrees the temple and caverns within were made manifest to the wondering populace. Out of this nest of profaneness and intemperance came the miserable females who had so degraded themselves ; but how was the misery of their condition heightened, when they beheld such

crowds of their neighbors and kinsmen standing as witnesses of their shame.

Nor were the men of Bassora less disgusted, to find among the private hoards of the hypocritical dervise, their wives and their daughters. They were now all resolute in destroying the monster Alfouran from the face of the earth, and were so incensed, that they tore the pretended saint into ten thousand relics ; and he was most applauded who could show the most marks of his vengeance.

Mamlouk, having suffered them to execute their vengeance on the hypocritical Alfouran, exhorted them to follow obediently the law of their prophet, and ever to despise such teachers as should preach up a mysterious, unintelligible, and hidden religion ; or expect that they should blindly give up their substance and social duties, to follow the direction of a sanctified and lustful drone.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

BY MRS. NORTON.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, thy dark and fiery eye—
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again, thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold,
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread prepare,
Thy silken mane, I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be.
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes! thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house, from all these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer my steed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that rest on thee, may count each starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the same hand that casts thee off command thee to return?

Return? Alas, my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eyes, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne me on:
And sitting down by that green well, will pause and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy head when last I saw him drink.

When last I saw him drink! Away! the fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long;

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou
wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their
gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains—
Away!—who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his
pains!

PERSIAN PROVERBS.

Speech is silvern; silence is golden.

Of thine unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee.

A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way.

Be not all sugar, or the world will swallow thee up; nor yet all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out again.

A RURAL SCENE IN SYRIA.

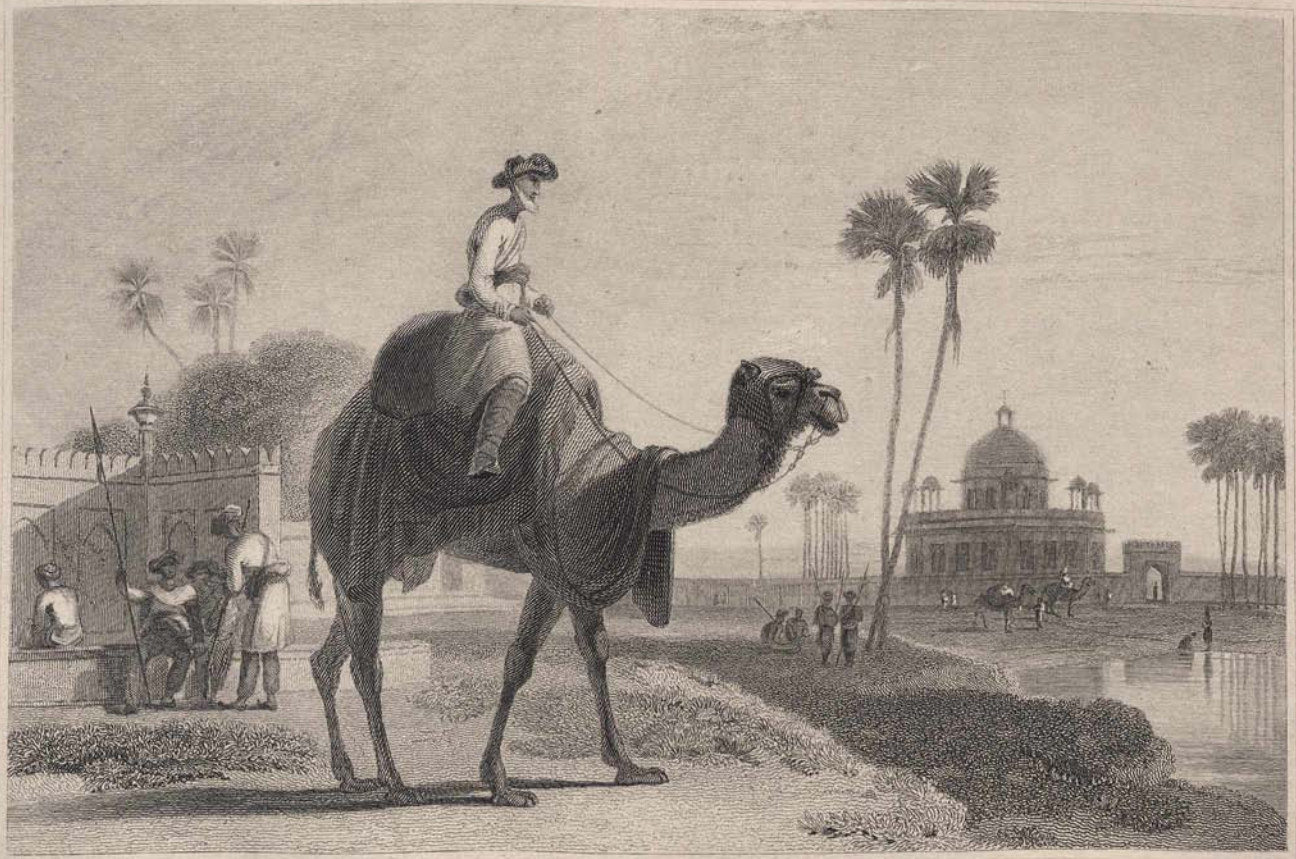
BY LAMARTINE.

The Greek, Syrian, and Arab cultivators who dwell in the houses at the foot of Lebanon have nothing savage or barbarous about them; better educated than the peasants in our provinces, they all can read, and all understand two languages, Arabic and Greek; they are mild, laborious, peaceable, and decorous; occupied all the week in the labors of the field, or the working of silk, they refresh themselves on Sundays by assisting with their families in the long and showy rites of the Greek or Syriac creed; they return afterwards to their houses to enjoy a repast, somewhat more sumptuous than on ordinary days; the women and girls, adorned in their richest clothes, their hair plaited, and all strewed with orange-flowers, scarlet wall-flowers, and carnations, seat themselves on mats before the doors of their dwellings, with their friends and neighbors. It is impossible to describe with the pen the groups so redolent of the picturesque, from the richness of their costume, and their beauty, which these females then compose in the landscape. I see amongst them daily

such countenances as Raphael had not beheld, even in his dreams as an artist. It is more than the Italian or Greek beauty; there is the nicety of shape, the delicacy of outline, in a word, all that Greek and Roman art has left us as the most finished model; but it is rendered more bewitching still by a primitive artlessness of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by a heavenly clearness, which the glances from the blue eyes, fringed with black eye-lids, cast over the features, and by a smiling archness, a harmony of proportions, a rich whiteness of skin, an indescribable transparency of tint, a metallic gloss upon the hair, a gracefulness of movement, a novelty in the attitudes, and a vibrating silvery tone of voice, which render the young Syrian girl the very *houri* of the visual paradise. Such admirable and varied beauty is also very common; I never go into the country for an hour without meeting several such females going to the fountains or returning, with their Etruscan urns upon their shoulders, and their naked legs clasped with rings of silver.

On a Sunday, the men and boys seat themselves on mats stretched at the foot of some spreading sycamore at a short distance from a fountain; this is their complete relaxation. There they remain motionless for hours, relating marvelous tales, and drinking from time to time a cup of coffee or fresh water. Others go to the tops of the hills, and there, grouped under the vine or olive-trees, appear to enjoy with ecstasy the sea-view which these heights command, the transparency of the atmosphere, the singing of the birds, and all those instinctive pleasures of

the pure and simple mind, which our populations have lost in the blustering drunkenness of the tavern, and the stupefactions of revelings. Never were more beautiful scenes in the creation so prolific of chaste and agreeable impressions ; here nature is in truth a perpetual hymn to the bounty of the Creator, and no false refinement, no spectacle of misery or vice, disturbs for the stranger the enchanting melody of this hymn ; men, women, birds, animals, trees, mountains, sea, sky, climate—all are beautiful, natural, splendid, and disposing to religion.



Drawn by T. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by W.R. Cooke.

The Arabian Camel.

THE CAMEL.

"With strength and patience all his grievous loads are borne,
And from the world's rose bed he only asks a thorn."

If gravity of countenance and sedateness of demeanor are indices of profound knowledge, then surely is the *Camel* entitled to the denomination—"wisest of quadrupeds," as the *Owl* is of birds. But unhappily for the consistency of our criticism and judgement concerning brute humanity, while we thus dignify the "bird of Minerva," the solemn, meditative pace and subdued aspect of our desert friend, has procured for him the less flattering appellation of "connecting link between the animal and the machine."

But whatever he is *called*, it would be difficult to overestimate his value in those hot, sandy regions, where he is chiefly found, and to which he seems specially adapted. The Arab, with reason, cherishes for the camel a peculiar affection. At the moment of its birth, it is joyously welcomed with the exclamation—"another child is born to us."

A good anecdote illustrative of the Arab's love for the beast, is told by one of a party of desert travelers, among whom had sprung up a discussion relative to the matter. It was agreed to test the truth of it upon an approaching

company of natives. Accordingly as their parties drew towards each other, Hamed bawled out to the foremost of the opposite party, "May the Almighty break the legs of your camel." Without a moment's hesitation, the stranger threw himself from his beast, and advanced sword in hand on Hamed, who would probably have had but little reason to congratulate himself upon his experiment, if several of his party had not thrown themselves before him and explained the story. But the Arab still appeared deeply offended, and replied to all that was brought forward in explanation, by asking why he abused his camel, and in what manner it had harmed him? The matter was only adjusted by considerable presents.

No description of the camel equals in eloquence and graphic power that of *Volney*, who says: "Designing the camel to inhabit regions where he could find but a scanty supply of nourishment, nature has been economical of material in his whole organization. She has not given him the fullness of form of the ox, the horse, or the elephant; but limiting him to the purely indispensable, she has bestowed upon him a small head, almost without external ears, supported by a fleshless neck. She has stripped his thighs and legs of every muscle not essential to their movements, and has furnished his dry and meagre body with only the vessels and tendons required to knit its framework together.

She has supplied him with a powerful jaw to crush the hardest aliments; but that he might not consume too much, she has narrowed his stomach and made him a

ruminant. She has cushioned his foot with a mass of muscle, which, sliding in the mud, and ill adapted for climbing, unfits him for every soil but a dry, even and sandy surface, like that of Arabia. She has condemned him to servitude, by refusing him all means of defence against his enemies. Possessing neither the horns of the ox, the hoof of the horse, the tusks of the elephant, nor the speed of the stag, how can he resist the attacks of the lion, the tiger, or even the wolf? Nature, therefore, to save the species from extirpation, has hidden him in the bosom of boundless deserts, whither no vegetable luxuriance attracts the beasts of the chase, and whence the more voracious animals are banished by the scarcity of their prey; and it was not till the sword of the tyrant had driven out its victims from the habitable earth and chased them into the wilderness, that the camel became the slave of man."

This invaluable quadruped is divided into two species: the *Bactrian*, having two humps; and the *Arabian*, or *Dromedary*, having one hump. The latter designation is, however, most commonly applied to the running or swift camels, those trained for rapid travel. Some of the most remarkable performances of these creatures are recorded in Mr. Marsh's interesting account of the camel. "Mehemet Ali, when hastening to the capital to accomplish the destruction of the Mamelukes, rode without changing his camel, from Suez to Cairo, eighty-four miles in twelve hours.

"The owner of a fine dromedary laid a wager, that he

would ride the animal from Esneh to Keneh and back, a distance of 125 miles, between sun and sun. He accomplished 115 miles, occupying twenty minutes in crossing and re-crossing the Nile by ferry, in eleven hours, and then gave up the wager.

"A camel belonging to a sherif of Mecca, often accomplished the distance from Cairo to Suez and back, 168 miles, in twenty-four hours.

"By means of relays, Mehemet Ali once sent an express to Ibrahim Pasha, from Cairo to Antioch, 560 miles, in five days and a half."

The motion of the camel is peculiar, and is thus forcibly described by a traveler:

"A singular and half dreamy sensation is that of first riding a camel—the very opposite to the quickening of the pulse which comes to us on horseback. Your seat on a broad pile of carpets is so easy and indolent, the pace of the animal so equal and quiet—instead of the noisy clatter of hoofs, you scarcely hear the measured and monotonous impress of the broad soft hoof on the yielding sand—the air fans you so lazily as you move along; from your lofty post your view over the desert is so widely extended, the quiet is so intense, that you fall by degrees into a state of pleasurable reverie, mingling early ideas of the East with their almost fanciful realization.

"And thus the hours pass away, till a sense of physical uneasiness begins to predominate, and at length becomes absorbing. . . To lose your sense of weariness you seek to urge the animal to a trot; but a few such experi-

ments suffice—fatigue is better than downright dislocation; and you resign yourself perforce to the horrible see-saw and provoking tranquillity of your weary pace, till the sun's decline enables you to descend and walk over the shining gravel."

Some of the pagan Arabs, when they died, *Sale* informs us, had their camel tied by their sepulchre, and so left without food or drink to perish, and accompany them to the other world, lest they should be obliged at the resurrection to go on foot, which was accounted very scandalous. All affirmed that the pious, when they come forth from their sepulchres, shall find ready for them, white-winged camels, with saddles of gold.

Southey thus alludes to the custom, in his "Curse of Kehama:"

"It chanced my father went the way of man,
He perished in his sins.
The funeral rites were duly paid;
We bound a camel to his grave,
And left it there to die,
So if the resurrection came
Together they might rise."

Accompanying the caravans of Mahommedans, making the holy pilgrimage to Mecca, is always one camel, selected for his size and beauty, to be the bearer of the Koran. This favored animal is decked with cloth of gold, and its bridle studded with jewels. It is escorted by two priests; and bears upon its back, in a box, the sacred books of the prophet.

ALADDIN'S WIFE; OR, NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The wondrous lamp stood rayless near,
No glittering gem revealed it;
No token of its magic sphere—
Its power—the rust concealed it!

A voice came down the Eastern fold,
A foot at midnight ranged it;
"New lamps for old! New lamps for old!"
Aladdin's wife exchanged it!

Ah! such the wisdom here on earth,
The trial we're prepared for:
It is the show, and not the worth;
The tinsel's all that's cared for!

How did the new the old surpass!
It gleamed more gay than any;
What though the gleam was only brass—
Brass stands for gold with many!

Thus fortune oft is cast aside
Because its looks deceive us ;
Truth comes not always like a bride,
But oft with words that grieve us ;

Yet such the wisdom here on earth,
The trial we're prepared for :
It is the show, and not the worth ;
The tinsel's all that's cared for !

PERSIAN PRAISE OF VERSE.

"FINE sentiments delivered in prose are like gems scattered at random ; but when confined in a poetical measure, they resemble bracelets and strings of pearls."

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

Whoe'er enjoys the untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blessed;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.

FRANCIS.

AMLET, the dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed steadfastly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

"Amlet," said the stranger, "thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed

with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasuries of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me; for this purpose I am come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest like all the former, it should be disappointed." Amlet listened with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out his hand towards heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the prophet, I will communicate to thee.

"As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple, pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. 'Wretched mortals,' said I, 'to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is

it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familliar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect or variety of images relieves the traveler from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which, in a moment, may bury him in the sand, and of thirst, which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitudes of day and night are not known; who sigh in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternation of insensibility and labor? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?'

"While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca dis-

appeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. 'Almet,' said he, 'thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding; it is again open before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.'

"I looked up, and beheld an enclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty; on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the others were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

"While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace;

his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and, having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but he was impelled forward by some invisible power; his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed upon the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and, turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: 'The book of nature,' said he, 'is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.' I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed, and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence; sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was

pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

"I turned again towards the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: 'Almet,' said he, 'remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end; the value of this period is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which he did not yet enjoy; the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

"'What, then, has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by virtue, and virtue is possible to all. Remember, Amlet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.'

"While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude had retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

"Such, my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris; but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversations be above. Thou shalt thus rejoice in hope, and look forward to the end of thy life as the consummation of thy felicity."

Amlet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

ROMANCE OF THE MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

The following outline of a graceful and charming romance, by the Persian Poet *Aalee*, is an admirable example of the abundant use of *metaphor*, peculiar to Oriental writers.—Ed.

"Love, who is the offspring of Madness, coming of age, dispatches a messenger called Sight of the Eyes to seek for him a wife. Sight of the Eyes speedily meets Beauty, sporting in the meadows of Fancy, and woos her to become the bride of Love. Beauty, after consulting with her parents, Dignity and Sweetness, and with her guardian, Discretion, consents, and Joy departs with the news. When the marriage-day arrives, Love and Beauty proceed towards the temple of Possession. Beauty is arrayed in the ear-rings of Secresy, the necklace of Modesty, and the bangles of Agitation.

She is attended by her nymphs, Fair-color, Ruby-lips, and Soft-heart; and followed by the genii of Exaction, Ill-temper, and Conceit, who bear a dowry of restlessness and sighs to bestow upon Love, who meets her, attended by his followers, Jealousy, Hope, Tenderness, and Desire. Affection, hand in hand with Admiration, departs to seek

a moolah ; but the moolah declines to unite the pair, on the ground of the union being a worldly one. In this dilemma, Eagerness and Inclination set forth, and return with an old cazi, called Mutual Agreement, who solemnizes the compact, and concludes by declaring that the happy couple shall enjoy eternal youth, that Beauty shall be always attended by Love, and Love shall never cease to be attracted by the musk-shedding tresses of Beauty."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calumniators.

He who laughs at an impertinence, makes himself its accomplice.

In a field of melons, tie not thy shoe; under a plum tree adjust not thy cap.

Drawn by W. Daniell R.A.

Engraved by M. J. Starling.

The Hill Fort of Bidzee Gurh

HILL FORT OF BIDZEE GUR.

HILL FORTS, or *droogs*, common in many of the elevated plains of India, are precipitous mountains or rocky eminences, which rise like natural fortresses, and from their position, require but little aid from art to transform them into formidable and almost impregnable fortifications.

A siege against them was attended with no little labor, from the difficulty of establishing works upon the steep and craggy sides of the hills, and conveying cannon to the batteries; in additionto which, the besieged frequently toppled down huge masses of granite upon the assailants.

During the conquest of Mysore, the British by great effort took several of the most celebrated of these fortresses.

Not unfrequently, the residences of the zemindars and other men of note, consist of these forts.

Bidzeeghur is a decayed fortress in the presidency of Bengal, in the district of Mirzapoor, forty-seven miles south of Benares; and was formerly the stronghold of the rajahs of that city. It was taken, and destroyed as a fortification, by the British in 1781.

A TALE OF LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM THE CIRCASSIAN.

A MAIDEN loved a chieftain brave,
Who led a warlike band;
Each pulse of Azim burned to save
His own, his native land.

"The war-cry sounds! now fare thee well
Nay, weep not, dearest maid;
For hid in memory's deepest cell,
Thy image ne'er shall fade."

What sound is heard at Leila's gate?
Is Azim here once more?
Ah, no! his faithful war-steed waits
Alone at Leila's door.

"Where is thy master? say, oh why
Dost thou, mute friend, survive?"
Then uttering one loud piercing shriek,
"Thou only art alive!"

Forth from her home fair Leila fled,
And sought the battle plain ;
"Is he I love—is Azim dead ?"
He sleeps among the slain !

Closed is his eye, and cold his hand,
Their reign of life is o'er ;
The bark is wrecked on that dread strand
Whence man returns no more.

One parting kiss, the world can't chide,
'Tis from the lips of death ;
Then softly on the night wind died
Poor Leila's parting breath.

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE natives of India have for ages been noted for their extraordinary personal activity and ingenuity—qualities which fit them to be the most expert thieves and jugglers in the world. The performances of London or Parisian freebooters sink to nothing, in comparison with the daring feats of the Dacoits of Hindostan, from whom in all probability the wandering gipsies of Europe drew their origin. The stories told of Dacoits are almost too marvelous to be credited. When sleeping in your tent, the experienced Dacoit will not scruple to burrow in the earth, in order to obtain an entrance, unseen by the sentinel at the door; or swimming down the river in the night, his head covered with an earthen vessel, he will glide unnoticed under the windows of your budgerow, and noiselessly creeping in at the window, make off with everything you have, while you and your family are indulging in a pleasant nap; and finally, when caught and condemned to death, he will walk straight up to a piece of artillery, and pressing his chest against its muzzle, allow himself without a struggle, or even a look of regret, to be blown into atoms

—a death inflicted in the field on Dacoits and other marauders.

One would think that the Hindoo must have a constitutional aptitude for theft, his body is so slim, yet so muscular, his motions so snake-like, his agility so astonishing. In fact, after a little practice, he is like a man made of india-rubber, and seems to proceed without the slightest reference to the fragility of any part of his frame. Mr. Fane tells us that, at Delhi, he saw several fellows jumping sheer down into a well *ninety* feet deep, in pursuit of a rupee thrown in to tempt them. There was a slanting passage on the opposite side, by which they got out again; but the perpendicular plunge was the feat expected, and this they performed again and again with the utmost readiness, men and boys rushing in emulation, each anxious to be the first to spring into the abyss after the prize.

Mr. Tennant supposes that the superiority of the Hindoos in feats of agility and legerdemain arises from their pursuing these arts as a distinct and constant (and he might have added hereditary) profession. However this may be, he tells us that their doings surpass all credibility. In balancing, for instance, which is an effort of skill without the possibility of deception, a man frequently places five of the common earthenware water-pots, one over the other, upon his head, and a girl climbing to the uppermost, he dances with this extraordinary coiffure round the field. On another occasion, "the same person balances a pole of sixteen feet long, the bottom of which is fixed into a thick cotton sash or girdle; another man gets upon his back,

and from thence runs up the pole, his hands aiding his feet, with the nimbleness of a squirrel. He then proceeds first to extend himself on the pole upon his belly, and then upon his back, his legs and arms both times spread out. He next throws himself horizontally from the pole, which is all the while balanced on the girdle, holding only by his arms. This attitude among the tumblers is called the flag. Thirdly, he stands upon his head on the top of the pole, holding below the summit with his hands. Finally, he throws himself from this last position backwards down the pole, holding by his hands, then turns over again, holding by his feet; and this is repeated over and over till he reaches the ground. These, and a thousand other feats, constitute the amusement of the idle and the subsistence of a numerous class of strollers."

The most beautiful of all the feats performed by Indian jugglers, is the well known tossing of six balls, which are sustained in the air, or made to revolve round the head, by a gentle touch of the hand. This is anything but an unintellectual exhibition. There is in it no pretension to legerdemain, no deception of the eyes. It is a feat of honest skill, and to the thoughtful is philosophically curious. It demonstrates an extraordinary calculation as to keeping time, and shows perhaps more than anything else the power of concentrating the mind on a single subject of thought. We feel assured that the mountebank who can perform the clever manœuvre of making half a dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. "This," says he, "was a mere bungler, and, I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known; when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favorite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows."

Broughton describes a less "clumsy" theft committed in the Mahratta camp, of which he gives a life-like picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maha-rajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into

the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:

General S——, who considered himself able to outmanœuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him a thief whose misdemeanors had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

"You are a Dacoit?"

"I am."

"You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?"

"If such be my *nussed* (destiny), I am prepared to meet it."

"Would you avoid it?"

"Decidedly."

"Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes that several of our cavalry horses are not stolen. In spite of our constant vigilance, in spite of sentinels, and every other precaution, they are carried off. Do you know how this is effected?"

"I do."

"Well, then, on one condition your life shall be spared: show us the mode in which these extraordinary robberies are committed, and I will not only set you free, but give you one hundred rupees."

The Dacoit almost sneered at the offer of the bribe; but after a moment's pause, he replied, "I am ready."

"Bravo!" cried S——, well pleased. "Now we'll get at the secret. Let the captains and officers commanding troops be ordered instantly to attend at my stable tent to see the trick, and be able to guard against it. Desire two cavalry soldiers and two grooms also to be there; and let them make haste, for I am all impatience to see the feat performed."

In a quarter of an hour all was prepared. A very spirited and valuable horse of the general's was selected for the trial, one that allowed none save his master or his feeder to approach him. But the robber rather exulted in this, as he declared it would the better display his dexterity.

In the first place, the horse was tethered, as all cavalry horses in the field in India are, beneath an open tent, his fore legs being each made fast by a rope to a staple in the ground. The hind legs were similarly secured. A groom lay on one side of him, a grass-cutter (forager) on the other. The soldier to whom he was supposed to belong was stretched immediately behind him, and another very near, with orders that if they could in any way detect, by noise or touch, the tread of the robber, they were instantly to start up and seize him. Till then, they were to close their eyes and affect to sleep.

The Dacoit, on the other hand, threw himself on the grass, and, like a snake, crawled up to the first guard, and lay quietly by the side of him for a moment, to ascertain if he were asleep; then gently rising over him, he crept between the groom and the horse, till he actually lay beneath the spirited animal, which extraordinary to say, never attempted to stir. With the greatest nicety he undid one of the hind tethers, or spansills, then one of the fore; then he paused a while, and the horse stirred not. He then undid, with great care and nicety, the other two, and creeping out between his fore legs, managed to substitute a native bridle for the head-stall. The spectators were lost in admiration, particularly the old general, whose praise was unbounded. But still the most difficult part of the task remained to be done—namely, to get the horse away. This was effected by turning him round. The Dacoit now quickly raised himself up by his arms, and the next moment was on the animal's back. Then walking him up to his supposed guard, the horse stepped over his legs, which were close together, and in the next instant he stood clear of all impediment, when the ingenious rider struck both his heels into him, and set off down the lines in a hand gallop.

General S—— was pleased beyond expression with the man's address; and though he hardly knew how to guard against such expert thieves, yet he now saw the modes employed by the robbers, and it might be possible to invent some means to thwart them.

In the meantime the adroit native had arrived at the extreme outskirt of the camp, when the general, who

began to think he had shown them enough of his skill, called on him to come back. "None are so deaf as those who will not hear." From that moment to the hour of his death, the worthy commander never saw his favorite charger, and what was still worse, he was ever afterwards bound to blush at his own simplicity whenever the word "Dacoit" was mentioned in his presence.

Numerous villages in Central India are entirely populated by Dacoits, who carry their depredations westward to the banks of the Indus, and southward to Bombay and Madras. In the British territories, Colonel Sleeman says there are likewise whole colonies of them, a thousand of such families being located in the Upper Doab alone. The landholders and police officers frequently make large fortunes by their share of the spoil; and thus robbery is a very safe business when carried on at some distance from home. But independently of the venality of the functionaries, it is extremely difficult—in some cases impossible—to get witnesses to appear; and this state of things must continue till the meshes of justice are drawn closer, and men are not ruined by the loss of time attending a prosecution. Till then, the wonderful ingenuity of a considerable portion of the Hindoos must continue to be turned towards the arts of knavery, instead of enriching their country by such masterpieces of industry as the famous muslins of Dacca, which have not yet been surpassed even by the science of Europe.

SONG OF THE MAMELUKES.

BY BOWRING.

Dull clouds gather round the pale beams of the Crescent,
The flags of the infidel shine in the sun—
Al hamdu li illah!—the bright evanescent
Is veiled—let the will of high Allah be done.
We dream of the past, but the past is deserted;
We look to the future, it wears a black pall;
Al hamdu li illah! the brave are faint hearted,
The mantle of destiny girdeth us all.

Time was, when the palms in Granada we planted;
The palms flourish still, but the planters are gone:
Time was, when our song by the Darro we chaunted;
Al hamdu li illah!—the Darro flows on.
But our voices are choked—our Alhelis faded,
Thick deepens the darkness foretold by the seer,
Al hamdu li illah!—our Stamboul invaded—
And where is the standard of Mahomet—where?

HADDAD-BEN-AHAB; OR, THE TRAVELER.

A TALE OF STAMBOUL.

BY JOHN GALT.

"'Gramercy, Sir Traveler, it marvels me how you can carry between one pair of shoulders the weight of your heavy wisdom. Alack, now!—would you but discourse me of the wonders you saw ayont the antipodes!'

"'Peace, ignoranimous!—'tis too good for thy ass's ears to listen to. The world shall get it Caxtonized in a great book.'"—*The Traveler and the Simpleton.*

HADDAD-BEN-AHAB was a very wise man, and he had several friends men of discernment, and partakers of the wisdom of ages; but they were not all so wise as Haddad-Ben-Ahab. His sentences were short, but his knowledge was long, and what he predicted generally came to pass, for he did not pretend to the gift of prophecy. The utmost that he said in that way was, that he expected the sun to rise to-morrow, and that old age was the shadow of youth.

Besides being of a grave temperament, Haddad-Ben-Ahab was inclined to obesity; he was kindly and good-

natured to the whole human race; he even carried his benevolence to the inferior creation, and often patted his dogs on the head and gave them bones; but cats he could not abide. Had he been a rat he could not have regarded them with more antipathy; and yet Haddad-Ben-Ahab was an excellent man, who smoked his chibouque with occasional cups of coffee and sherbet, interspersed with profound aphorisms on the condition of man, and conjectures on the delights of paradise.

With his friends he passed many midnight hours; and if much talk was not heard among them on these occasions, be it remembered that silence is often wisdom. The scene of their social resort was a little kiosk in front of one of the coffee-houses on the bank of the Tigris. No place in all Bagdad is so pleasantly situated. There the mighty river rolls in all the affluence of his waters, pure as the unclouded sky, and speckled with innumerable boats, while the rippling waves, tickled, as it were, by the summer breezes, gambol and sparkle around.

The kiosk was raised two steps from the ground; the interior was painted with all the most splendid colors. The roof was covered with tiles that glittered like the skin of the Arabian serpent, and was surmounted with a green dragon, which was painted of that imperial hue, because Haddad-Ben-Ahab was descended from the sacred progeny of Fatima, of whom green is the everlasting badge, as it is of nature. Time cannot change it, nor can it be impaired by the decrees of tyranny or of justice.

One beautiful day Haddad-Ben-Ahab and his friends

had met in this kiosk of dreams, and were socially enjoying the fragrant smoke of their pipes, and listening to the refreshing undulations of the river, as the boats softly glided along; for the waters lay in glossy stillness, the winds were asleep, even the sunbeams seemed to rest in a slumber on all things. The smoke stood on the chimney-tops as if a tall visionary tree grew out of each; and the many-colored cloths in the yard of Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, hung unmolested by a breath. Orooblis himself was the only thing, in that soft and bright noon, which appeared on the land to be animated with any purpose.

Orooblis was preparing a boat to descend the Tigris, and his servants were loading it with bales of apparel and baskets of provisions, while he himself was in a great bustle, going often between his dwelling-house and the boat, talking loud and giving orders, and ever and anon wiping his forehead, for he was a man that delighted in having an ado.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab, seeing Orooblis so active, looked at him for some time; and it so happened that all the friends at the same moment took their amber-headed pipes from their mouths and said—

"Where can Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, be going?"

Such a simultaneous interjection naturally suprised them all, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab added—

"I should like to go with him, and see strange things, for I have never been out of the city of Bagdad, save once to pluck pomegranates in the garden of Beys-Addy-

Boolk." And he then rose and went to the boat which Orooblis was loading, and spoke to him; and when it was ready they seated themselves on board and sailed down the Tigris, having much pleasant discourse concerning distant lands and hills whose tops pierced the clouds, and were supposed to be the pillars that upheld the crystal dome of the heavens.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab rejoiced greatly as they sailed along, and at last they came to a little town, where Orooblis having business in dye-stuffs to transact, went on shore, leaving his friend. But in what corner of the earth this little town stood Haddad-Ben-Ahab knew not; for, like other travelers, he was not provided with much geographical knowledge.

But soon after the departure of Orooblis he thought he would also land and inquire. Accordingly, taking his pipe in his hand, he stepped out of the boat and went about the town, looking at many things, till he came to a wharf where a large ship was taking merchandise on board; and her sailors were men of a different complexion from that of the watermen who plied on the Tigris at Bagdad.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab looked at them, and as he was standing near to where they were at work, he thought that the ship afforded a better opportunity than he had enjoyed with Orooblis to see foreign countries. He accordingly went up to the captain and held out a handfull of money, and indicated that he was desirous to sail away with the ship.

When the captain saw the gold he was mightily civil, and spoke to Haddad-Ben-Ahab with a loud voice, perhaps thinking to make him hear was the way to make him understand. But Haddad-Ben-Ahab only held up the fore-finger of his right hand and shook it to and fro. In the end, however, he was taken on board the ship, and no sooner was he there than he sat down on a sofa, and drawing his legs up under him, kindled his pipe and began to smoke, much at his ease, making observations with his eyes as he did so.

The first observation Haddad-Ben-Ahab made was, that the sofa on which he had taken his place was not at all like the sofas of Bagdad, and therefore when he returned he would show that he had not traveled without profit by having one made exactly similar for his best chamber, with hens and ducks under it, pleasantly feeding and joyously cackling and quacking. And he also observed a remarkable sagacity in the ducks, for when they saw he was a stranger, they turned up the sides of their heads and eyed him in a most curious and inquisitive manner—very different, indeed, from the ducks of Bagdad.

When the ship had taken on board her cargo, she spread her sails, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab felt himself in a new situation; for presently she begun to lie over, and to plunge and revel among the waves like a glad creature. but Haddad-Ben-Ahab became very sick, and the captain showed him the way down into the inside of the vessel, where he went into a dark bed, and was charitably tended by one of the sailors for many days.

After a season there was much shouting on the deck of the ship, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab crawled out of his bed, and went to the sofa, and saw that the ship was near the end of her voyage.

When she had come to a bank where those on board could step out, Haddad-Ben-Ahab did so; and after he had seen all the strange things in the town where he thus landed, he went into a baker's shop—for they eat bread in that town as they do in Bagdad—and bought a loaf, which having eaten, he quenched his thirst at a fountain hard by, in his ordinary manner of drinking, at which he wondered exceedingly.

When he had solaced himself with all the wonders of that foreign city, he went to a fakier, who was holding two horses ready saddled; beautiful they were, and, as the fakier signified by signs, their hoofs were so fleet that they left the wind behind them. Haddad-Ben-Ahab then showed the fakier his gold, and mounted one of the horses, pointing with the shaft of his pipe to the fakier to mount the other; and then they both rode away into the country, and they found that the wind blew in their faces.

At last they came to a caravanserai, where the fakier bought a cooked hen and two onions, of which they both partook, and stretching themselves before the fire which they had lighted in their chamber, they fell asleep, and slept till the dawn of day, when they resumed their journey into remoter parts and nearer to the wall of the world, which Haddad-Ben-Ahab conjectured they must

soon reach. They had not, however, journeyed many days in the usual manner when they came to the banks of a large river, and the fakier would go no farther with his swift horses. Haddad-Ben-Ahab was in consequence constrained to pay and part from him, and to embark in a ferry-boat to convey him over the stream, where he found a strange vehicle with four horses standing ready to carry him on towards the wall of the world, "which surely," said he to himself, "ought not to be far off."

Haddad-Ben-Ahab showed his gold again, and was permitted to take a seat in the vehicle, which soon after drove away; and he remarked in a most sagacious manner, that nothing in that country was like the things in his own; for the houses and trees, and all things ran away as the vehicle came up to them; and when it gave a jostle, they gave a jump; which he noted as one of the most extraordinary things he had seen since he left Bagdad.

At last, Haddad-Ben-Ahab came to the foot of a lofty green mountain, with groves and jocund villages, which studded it, as it were, with gems and shining ornaments, and he said, "This must be the wall of the world, for surely nothing can exist on the other side of these hills! but I will ascend them and look over, for I should like to tell my friends in Bagdad what is to be seen on the outside of the earth." Accordingly he ascended the green mountain, and he came to a thick forest of stubby trees: "This is surprising," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, "but higher I will yet go." And he passed through that forest of

trees and came to a steep moorland part of the hill, where no living thing could be seen, but a solitude without limit, and the living world all glittering at the foot of the mountain.

"This is a high place," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, "but I will yet go higher," and he began to climb with his hands. After an upward journey of great toil he came to a frozen region, and the top of the world was still far above him. He was, however, none daunted by the distance, but boldly held on in the ascent, and at last he reached the top of the wall. But when he got there, instead of a region of fog and chaos, he only beheld another world much like our own, and he was greatly amazed, and exclaimed with a loud voice—"Will my friends in Bagdad believe this?—but it is true, and I will so tell them." So he hastened down the mountain, and went with all the speed he could back to Bagdad; saying, "Bagdad," and giving gold to every man he met, until he reached the kiosk of dreams, where his friends were smoking and looking at the gambols of the Tigris.

When the friends of Haddad-Ben-Ahab saw him approach, they respectively took their pipes from their mouths and held them in their left hands, while they pressed their bosoms with their right, and received him with a solemn salaam, for he had been long absent, and all they had heard concerning him was only what Oroob-lis, the Armenian dyer, on his return told them: namely, that he was gone to the wall of the world, which limits the travels of man. No wonder that they rejoiced with

an exceeding gladness to see him return and take his place in the kiosk among them, as if he had never been a day's journey away from Bagdad.

They had questioned him about his adventures, and he faithfully related to them all the wonders which have been set forth in our account of the journey; upon which they declared he had made himself one of the sages of the earth.

Afterward they each made a feast, to which they invited all the philosophers in Bagdad, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab was placed in the seat of honor, and being courteously solicited, told them of his travels, and every one cried aloud, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

When they had in this manner banqueted, Haddad-Ben-Ahab fell sick, and there was a great talk concerning the same. Some said that he was very ill; others shook their heads and spoke not; but the world is full of envy and hard-heartedness, and those who were spiteful because of the renown which Haddad-Ben-Ahab, as a traveler who had visited the top of the wall of the world with so much courage, had acquired, jeered at his malady, saying he been feasted only over much. Nevertheless Haddad Ben-Ahab died; and never was such a funeral seen in all Bagdad, save that of the caliph Mahmoud, commonly called the Magnificent. Such was the admiration in which the memory of the traveler was held, the poets made dirges on the occasion, and mournful songs were heard in the twilight from the windows of every harem. Nor did the generation of the time content itself with the

ceremonies of lamentation: they caused a fountain to be erected, which they named the Fountain of Haddad-Ben-Ahab, the traveler; and when the slaves go to fetch water, they speak of the wonderful things he did, and how he was on the top of the wall of the world, and saw the outside of the earth; so that his memory lives for ever among them, as one of the greatest, the wisest, and the bravest of men.

WORTH OF WISDOM.

ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY.

VISHNU asked Bal to take his choice,
With five wise men to visit hell,
Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
And chose in hell with the wise to dwell;
For heaven is hell, with folly's bell;
And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM THE TURKISH.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed with secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well;
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But would not bear a stranger touch;
That lute was sweet, till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound
That chain which shivered in his grasp;
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute;
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu!
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute!

THE FOUNDATION OF CONTENT.

A STORY OF MECCA.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated, the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thy eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive, with humility, both good and evil; yet hide not

thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with this request.

"It is now six years, since our mighty lord the caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress and restraining oppression; the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labor, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavored to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name. "Hassan," said he, "I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he

who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan," said he, "forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered: "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan," he replied, "I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away; thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate or obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition; to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue." He then rose up, and, commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labor. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated; I neglected my labor, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigor, I dreamed of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my movables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

"In the first moon of the following year, the caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity.

I had often wished for another opportunity to address the caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan,' said he, 'what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labor of thy own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied: 'Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb forever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed; thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?'

"When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice,

and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.' I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle ; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy ; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanserai in which he lodged ; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio ; I was attended by his own servants ; my provisions were sent from his own table ; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labor procured an appetite ; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited ; and no time so well enjoyed as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret ; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they incumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

" Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigor of his life, expired suddenly in the bath ; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

" His son, Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy ; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace ; a command which my enemies executed with so

much rigor, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have traveled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return." Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son," said he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labor, only because they were become habitual; and when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labor no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was

but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labor; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet; to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labor with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARK.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."
Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience:
"He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisements rejoice."
Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, "O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by R. Pollard.

Hindoo Temple, at Muddunpore, Bahar.

HINDOO TEMPLES.

"Sacred religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit decked!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear!
What stately piles we prodigal erect!"

ALL the "antiquities" of other lands, Egypt alone excepted, seem but as of yesterday, compared with the remarkable architectural remains of India, the remoteness of whose origin chronology has no figures to indicate. Accepting the assertions of the native historians, many of these structures were erected three or four thousand years before the Christian era—long before the foundations of the pyramids were laid—but in the opinion of the best informed Oriental scholars, the oldest of them cannot rightfully claim a greater antiquity than five centuries before Christ: even this, however, is sufficient to render them venerable. But not upon their age alone, or chiefly, do they rely for power to engage our interest, as we shall speedily perceive.

HINDOO TEMPLES, built rather to contain the idol or idols than to accommodate a congregation of worshipers, are usually small, though greatly varying, from age to age, in form and style. Many of the early structures in particular are of great beauty and profusely ornamented.

Although, as we have said, greatly varying in style, we

may divide them into two general classes: those excavated from the solid rock; and the Pagodas, built of loose material in the ordinary manner.

The former, though in some instances subsequently occupied by the Brahmins, are chiefly of *Buddhistical* origin*, not more than one hundred being Brahminical, out of the one thousand distinct specimens existing, according to the estimate of *Mr. Fergusson*, the celebrated explorer of Indian antiquities.

The reason why there exist no very ancient Brahminical temples—erected while the Hindoos preserved the pure Vedanic faith, which is now overloaded with a mass of superstition and ceremony—is, because "throughout the Vedas there is no allusion to temples nor to images, nor indeed to any public form of worship. Every man stood forth in the presence of his God, and without intercessions offered up his prayers with the prescribed forms, or gave utterance to those hymns of praise which he thought acceptable."

The most remarkable of these "*rock-cut temples*" are at *Elephanta* (so called from a life size figure of an elephant,

* Of Buddhistical origin, *i. e.*, erected, or excavated, by the Buddhists—a sect of Hindu religionists, established about one thousand years before Christ, by *Buddha*—a celebrated reformer of the religion of Brahma, whose hostility to the established religion was marked by his rejection of their sacred Books—the Vedas, of the distinction of Castes, &c. For sometime this heresy, as of course it was considered, was permitted, till it became almost the exclusive religion of India, and prevailed till A. D. 400, when it was expelled from the kingdom, and its adherents compelled to seek refuge in China, Siam, Thibet, Mongolia, &c. The present number of Buddhists in the world is estimated at 222,000,000; while the number of Christians, of all sects, is but 270,000,000. *Buddha*, (a title meaning "the Sage") is the *Fo-ta*, or *Fo* of the Chinese.

shaped from very hard rock, near the landing place) a small island, a few miles east of Bombay: at *Elora*, a town in the province of Dowlatabad, two hundred and sixty miles from Bombay; and in the island of *Salsette*, situated about twenty-five miles north of Bombay.

At *Elephanta*, the principal temple and adjoining apartments are two hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and fifty feet broad; with "four rows of massive columns cut out of the solid rock, uniform in their order and placed at regular distances, so as to form three magnificent avenues from the principal entrance to the grand idol which terminates the middle vista." The central image, which is richly ornamented, is composed of a bust with three colossal heads, reaching nearly from the floor to the roof, a height of fifteen feet. On each side of the principal idol is placed a gigantic figure leaning upon a dwarf. Innumerable figures and sculptures adorn the sides. From the right and left avenues of the principal temple, are passages to smaller excavations on each side. Many of the columns and sculptured panels are mutilated by the iconoclastic zeal of the Portuguese vandals, who, while ravaging the country, placed cannon at the entrance of the temples and discharged whole volleys of ball into the inclosures—happily the principal figures escaped their missiles.

At *Elora*, a lofty mountain or range of mountains of red granite is pierced with a series of temples, extending not less than two hundred leagues, each of which is about one hundred feet high, one hundred and fifty feet long by

sixty wide. The magnificent decorations, variety of curious foliage, minute tracery, highly-wrought pillars, colossal statues of any one of them would entitle it to our wonder and admiration; but when their great number is considered, and the fact of their excavation out of the solid rock, at a period long anterior to the use of gunpowder, we may well reckon them not merely among the wonders of the world, but, considered as monuments of human labor and skill, entitled to be regarded as the most stupendous works of man.

Besides the *excavations* at *Elora*, is a complete temple known as the *Kylas* (Paradise), hewn from the solid mountain: *i. e.*, the rock has been cut away externally as well as internally.

The temples at *Salsette* are in some respects the most remarkable of all, from their lofty pillars and concave roofs. "In some of the older caves the walks are covered with stucco, and ornamented with painting: the paintings on the roofs are almost invariably architectural frets and scrolls, often of extreme beauty and elegance."

The *Pagodas*, erected after the period of the rock-cut temples, are represented as usually overloaded with ornaments and grotesque sculptures; though those of the present day are generally sufficiently plain and upretending. The ancient temples in many localities have been destroyed by the Mahommedan conquerors of India, whose custom it was to despoil them for the purpose of employing their abundant and valuable material in the erection of mosques in honor of their prophet. "There is, per-

haps, no country in the world," says Fergusson, "where temple building has received so extraordinary a development as in Southern India, taking the amount and the circumstances of the population into account. This country is covered with temples, which for extent and the amount of labor bestowed on them, may rival Karnac, and the most extensive temples of Egypt, and surpass even the cathedrals of the middle ages in complexity of design and variety of detail."

A description of one or two of the most famous of these temples, will give a general idea of their character.

"At Jejury," says Doctor Allen, "is the celebrated temple of Khundoba. It is built of fine stone, is situated on a high hill in a beautiful country, and has a very majestic appearance. Attached to it is, (or was) an establishment of dancing girls, amounting to two hundred and fifty in number. The temple is very rich, six thousand pounds being annually expended on account of the idol, who has horses and elephants kept for him, and, with his spouse, is daily bathed in rose and Ganges water, although the latter is brought from a distance of more than a thousand miles. The endowed temples," he adds, "have sometimes a band of music attached to them, who attend on festival days, and who also, every morning at sunrise, and again at sunset, celebrate the praises of the god."

"The women of the idol, or dancing girls," says Maurice, "have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices."

When *Mahmoud* invaded India, A. D. 1004, there was located in the province of Guzerat, the village of Somnaut, renowned for the wealth and splendor of its temples. Attached to the great temple were two thousand Brahmins, five hundred dancing girls, and three hundred musicians, and other attendants in great numbers. On the capture of the place, Mahmoud ordered the demolition of the idols. The principal idol of the great temple, was a gigantic figure, which he was importuned by the Brahmins to spare, accompanying their entreaty with the offer of immense sums of money. He hesitated but for a moment, then declaring that he was a *destroyer, not a buyer of idols*, buried his mace in the body of the image, when lo! there poured from the fracture a stream of pearls, rubies and diamonds of almost incalculable value: exceeding, many times, the amount offered as its ransom by the cunning priests.

By far the most splendid temple in India, is the great pagoda at Tanjore: its base measures eighty-two feet each way, it is two stories in height, and its pyramidal roof rises through fourteen stories to a height of one hundred and eighty, to two hundred feet. Within, is a bull carved from a block of black granite; considered an excellent specimen of Hindoo sculpture. This remarkable structure was probably erected in the tenth or eleventh century.

The temple at *Muddenpoor*, represented in the engraving, is described as wearing the aspect of "extreme antiquity," and is doubtless one of the earliest of its class.

The pagoda of *Seringham*, (an island six miles north

west of Trinchinopoly) is square, surrounded by seven walls of stone, twenty-five feet high, and four feet thick; with a gateway in the middle of each. The space between the walls is so great, that the length of the outer wall is one mile on a side—four miles in all. In the center is the sanctuary of Vishnu, a chapel 1024 feet square. Many parts are adorned with mystic figures. This shrine is held in high estimation, and "pilgrims come here from all parts of India, with offerings of money to procure absolution." Formerly the Brahmins who inhabited the pagoda, numbered, with their families, not fewer than forty thousand.

Besides the circular and square forms, some pagodas are built in the form of a cross. The great temple of *Juggernaut* (Lord of Creation), on the sea coast of Orissa, is probably best known to the majority of general readers, from the extensive figuring of the famous "Car of Juggernaut" in all missionary accounts of India. The temple is circular, of immense size; the image, a frightful figure made of dark wood, stands on an elevated altar in the center. The building is lighted only by one hundred lamps. This temple is one of the oldest in India, being known to have existed eight hundred years.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so;"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But clearly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEGEND OF VERE AND VICRAMDITYA, GRANDSONS OF INDRA.

GUNDHUROU-SENU, (the Indian Vulcan) son of Indra, King of Heaven, having become enamored of the surpassing beauty of an Upsura, (celestial courtezan), conducted himself so indecorously in the presence of his father, that Indra, incensed at his want of delicacy and respect, condemned him to take the form of an ass, and to remain on earth, until, according to the form of the curse, "the smell of the ass's skin should arise as incense to the throne of Heaven." Gundhurou-Senu was precipitated to the lower world, and found himself close to a poor potter, who was laboring at his vocation in the populous city of Raipoor. The potter was sorely puzzled to guess whence he came; but, seeing he was a good and serviceable ass, he put him into a stable with his other beasts.

At night, as the honest potter sat within with his family, he heard a voice from amongst the asses, exclaim, "Go to King Dharm, and tell him I demand his daughter in marriage." The potter with great astonishment identified the speaker, and found him to be the ass he had become so miraculously possessed of, and replied, "What is

this, and how can I, who am only a poor potter, speak to a powerful Rajah in behalf of an ass, and how could he give his beautiful daughter in marriage to thee?" Gundhurou-Senu, however, reiterated his demand, and the fame of it brought crowds of persons, and at length even the king came, to prove the existence of the miracle.

Gundhurou-Senu related to King Dharm the curse under which he suffered; and as the son of Indra, demanded the princess in marriage. The king hesitated to believe the singular story, and although fearing the anger of Indra might attend his refusal, desired anxiously to save his lovely daughter from so disgusting a marriage.

After some reflection King Dharm demanded some proof of his power, and withheld his consent to the alliance, until Gundhurou-Senu should cause his fort to become iron, its turrets silver, and its gates brass.

Satisfied of the safety of his daughter, King Dharm returned to the city; but as he arose in the morning, great was his dismay, to perceive the strict fulfillment of his demand.

To retreat was now impossible, and the ceremonies for the marriage of Gundhurou-Senu with the beautiful daughter of King Dharm, took place with songs, dances and festivity. The queen, however, shocked at the appearance of the bridegroom, instead of her daughter imposed upon him a Loundhi, or waiting woman; but the son of Indra, who by a modification of his original curse was permitted to doff his ass's hide during the night, appeared with a radiance of such god-like beauty, that

the Loundhi found no reason to lament her extraordinary fate.

Time passed; and the queen, unable to gain any explanation from the wife of Gundhurou-Senu of her husband, stole on their privacy, and dazzled by his beauty, showed him to her daughter, who became violently enamored of him. The princess becomes his wife; but betraying the secret of Indra's mitigation of his curse to her father, King Dharm, anxious to emancipate his son-in-law, burns the ass's hide. The smoke ascends; Gundhurou-Senu is released from the power of the curse, and returns to his father's court. The city which witnessed his disgrace is destroyed, and only these his wives are saved from its population. They travel to a far country, and bring forth two sons, Vere and Vichram, who, after meeting with a variety of adventures, proceed towards Hindustan. Vichram as he journeys thither, is told in a dream that he will reach a mighty river, down which will float a dead body, bearing on its arm a taweed or charm, which will enable him to become king of Oojein (capital of the Mahratta possessions). Vichram, obeying the injunctions thus communicated, proceeds onwards, and in accordance with the prophetic vision, becomes possessed of the taweed.

On the evening of the brother's arrival at Oojein, they put up with a potter, whose family were grievously lamenting as for one dead.

On inquiring, they learned that the city of Oojein was possessed by a Bacus (or demon) named Aguah Beytal,

and that the people were by turns elected to the supreme power, the Bacus devouring, nightly, a king of Oojein.

The potter's turn had come, and hence his family's despair. Vichram confronted them, and bade the potter be of good cheer, as he would present himself fully armed, to his sleeping apartment. Aguah Beytal arrived, and, after whetting his appetite with ghee, rice, and sugar, which were always laid for him, placed himself at the door of Vichram's apartment, and commanded him to come forth.

Vichram replied, "Tarry yet awhile; I entreat you to go to the court of Indra, and inquire from Gundhurou-Senu the age of Vichram king of Oojein." Aguah Beytal complied; but, on his return, again urged Vichram to come forth. Vichram, however, entreated him, and said, "Go once again, and beg him to lengthen, only one hour, the ordained life of the King of Oojein." Aguah Beytal returned saying, "My power is not enough to do this."

Then Vichram sprang out and felled him to the ground, crying out, "Then how canst thou hope to conquer one of god-like origin?"

And he commanded Aguah Beytal to depart out of the city; so was Oojein relieved from this dire calamity, and Vichram being proclaimed king, ruled his people long and peacefully.

TRUST IN YOUR FRIEND.

FROM THE BOSTON TRAVELER.

HASSAN MAYMENDEE never had been known
In all his goodly life to eat alone.
If but a single date he had to eat,
The friend around him shared the frugal treat.

One day a man a humble present made—
Three melons, small, half ripened in the shade,
Not luscious, like the favorites of the sun;
And Hassan pared and ate them one by one.

A bitter morsel Hassan found the first,
The next was bitterer still, the last the worst;
His startled friends in silence stood and gazed
At his strange conduct, wondering and amazed.

They only saw him eat the fruit alone;
Its bitterness to them was all unknown;
A generous return he made the man,
And when he left them Hassan thus began:

"The fruit was bitter, so you would have said;
And he in shame would have hung down his head,
If you had eaten of it; so, unshared,
His gift I swallowed, and his feelings spared.

"To you I seemed to act a lawless part,
But kept the precept written on my heart—
A hospitable heart that loves the law—
The deed I did was not the thing you saw."

Trust in your friend; some questionable deed
His friendly words in time shall help you read;
And then what seemed a fault shall clearly prove
His better title to your perfect love.

THE ORIENTAL BATH.

"*El mâ, wa el khòdra, wa el widj el hassan*"—runs the Arab proverb—"water, verdure, and a beautiful face, are three things which delight the heart;" and, if the latter "delight" be among the rare joys of earth, happily, the two former are abundant, and easily secured. Bathing is the only democratic "institution" in the world. However its *accessories* may differ, from the luxurious silver-paved, and silken-screened bath-rooms of the wealthy Roman ladies, to the limpid brook, pebble-paved, and violet-fringed, into which the country lad plunges for a morning tonic, *water*—the element wherein consists the bath—is common to all. Despite the perfumes and unguents, the baths of wine and the baths of milk, of the effeminate Pompeians—seeking wearily a "new pleasure," the departure from pure water is always made at the expense of some portion of the true enjoyment—the expuration and the invigoration. Among Orientals, the numerous daily ablutions enjoined by the religion of Mohammed, renders the public bath as indispensable an auxiliary as the mosque, or the minaret, or even the muezzin himself. Besides being a religious duty, the climate naturally invites to the frequent enjoyment its refreshing and exhilarating influence.

Hence the baths are among the most conspicuous objects in an eastern city; are often of great architectural beauty, gorgeously decorated, and most sumptuously furnished.

The exquisite pleasure of a true eastern bath is graphically described by *Bayard Taylor* in the narrative of his visit to the city of Brousa, situated at the north foot of Mount Olympus. "After coffee, we went to see the baths. The finest one, called the Kalputcha Hamman, is at the base of the hill. The entrance hall is very large, and covered by two lofty domes. In the center is a large marble urn-shaped fountain, pouring out an abundant flood of cold water. Out of this, we passed into an immense rotunda, filled with steam and traversed by long pencils of light, falling from holes in the roof. A small but very beautiful marble fountain cast up a jet of cold water in the center. Beyond this was still another hall, of the same size, but with a circular basin, twenty-five feet in diameter, in the center. The floor was marble mosaic, and the basin was lined with brilliantly-colored tiles. It was kept constantly full by the natural hot streams of the mountains. There were a number of persons in the pool, but the atmosphere was so hot that we did not long disturb them by our curiosity. We then ascended to the Armenian bath, which is the neatest of all, but it was given up to the women, and we were therefore obliged to go to a Turkish one adjoining. The room into which we were taken was so hot that a violent perspiration immediately broke out all over my body, and by the time the dellèks were ready to rasp me, I was as

limp as a wet towel, and as plastic as a piece of putty. The man who took me was sweated away almost to nothing; his very bones appeared to have become soft and pliable. The water was slightly sulphurous, and the pailfuls that he dashed over my head were so hot that they produced the effect of a chill—a violent nervous shudder. The temperature of the springs is 180° Fahrenheit, and I suppose the tank into which he afterwards plunged me must have been nearly up to the mark.

"When at last, I was laid on the couch, my body was so parboiled that I perspired at all pores for full an hour—feeling too warm and unpleasant at first, but presently merging into a mood which was wholly rapturous and heavenly. I was like a soft white cloud, that rests all of a summer afternoon on the peak of a distant mountain.

"I felt the couch on which I lay no more than the cloud might feel the cliffs on which it lingers so airily. I saw nothing but peaceful, glorious sights; spaces of clear blue sky; stretches of quiet lawns; lovely valleys threaded by the gentlest of streams; azure lakes, unruffled by a breath; calms far out on mid ocean, and Alpine peaks bathed in the flush of an autumnal sunset. My mind retraced all our journey from Aleppo, and there was a halo over every spot I had visited. I dwelt with rapture on the piny hills of Phrygia, on the gorges of Taurus, on the beechen solitudes of Olympus.

"Would to heaven that I might describe these scenes as I then felt them! All was revealed to me; the heart of Nature lay bare, and I read the meaning and knew the

inspiration of her every mood. Then, as my frame grew cooler, and the fragrant clouds of the narghileh, which had helped my dreams, diminished, I was like the same summer cloud, when it feels a gentle breeze and is lifted above the hills, floating along independent of Earth, but for its shadow."

CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT.

BY COLERIDGE.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendant boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed ;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colors not a few,
Till it reached the moon at last :
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich, an amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti ;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud it floats away,
Away it goes ; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay.
Its hues are dim, its hues are gray—
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image, leave my mind,
And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky,
Thin and white, and very high ;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud :
Perhaps the breezes that can fly,
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
Of lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks for ever :
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into a gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes :
It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head :

Voice of the night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

TURKISH HONESTY.

FROM MISS PARDOE'S "CITY OF THE SULTAN."

An open gallery, extending along the whole of the northern side of the edifice (Solimanie, at Constantinople), is filled with chests of various sizes and descriptions, piled one on the other, and carefully marked; these chests contain treasure, principally in gold, silver, and jewels, to a vast amount, and are all the property of individuals, who, in event of their leaving the country, family misunderstandings, or from other causes, require a place of safety in which to deposit their wealth.

Each package being accurately described, and scrupulously secured, is received and registered at Solimanie by the proper authorities, and there it remains intact and inviolate, despite national convulsions and ministerial changes. No event, however unexpected or however extraordinary, is suffered to affect the sacredness of the trust; and no consideration of country or of religion militates against the admission of such deposits as may be tendered by persons anxious to secure their property against casualties. On one side may be seen the fortune of an orphan confided to the keeping of the directors of

the institution during his minority; on the other, the capital of a merchant who is pursuing his traffic over the seas. All classes and creeds alike avail themselves of the security of the depository; and although an individual may fail to reclaim his property for twenty, fifty, or even an unlimited number of years, no seal is ever broken, no lock is ever forced.

And despite that this great national bank, for such it may truly be considered, offers an easy but an efficient and abundant means of supply, no instance has been known in which the government has made an effort to avail itself of the treasures of Solimanie.

The End.

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