The Herald.

VOL. III. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPEMBER 11, 1867. NO 48

THE HERALD

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 5th day, 7h. 19m., evening, S.
Full Moon, 13th day, 8h. 21m., evening, S.E.
Last Quarter, 20th day, 10h. 56m., evening, ENE
New Moon, 27th day, 7h. 29m., evening, WNW

MONTH DAY	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Sunday	5 22	6 35	morn.	8 14	13 10
2	Monday	26	34	1 11	9 2	8
3	Tuesday	28	31	1 55	9 38	4
4	Wednesday	30	30	2 38	10 14	2
5	Thursday	31	28	3 21	10 54	12 58
6	Friday	32	26	4 9	11 36	55
7	Saturday	33	24	5 1	morn.	52
8	Sunday	34	22	5 55	0 24	49
9	Monday	35	20	6 50	1 15	46
10	Tuesday	37	19	7 51	2 12	44
11	Wednesday	38	17	8 46	3 8	40
12	Thursday	39	15	9 33	rises	57
13	Friday	40	13	10 20	6 10	34
14	Saturday	41	11	11 4	6 40	31
15	Sunday	42 6	9	11 44	7 12	28
16	Monday	43	7	even.	7 45	25
17	Tuesday	44	5	1 3	8 26	12 22
18	Wednesday	45	4	1 47	9 7	20
19	Thursday	46 6	3	2 33	9 51	18
20	Friday	47	1	3 24	10 43	15
21	Saturday	48 5	59	4 21	11 40	11
22	Sunday	50	57	5 27	morn	7
23	Monday	51	54	6 37	0 48	2
24	Tuesday	52	51	6 37	1 53	11 57
25	Wednesday	53	48	7 45	3 3	53
26	Thursday	54	46	8 50	4 9	50
27	Friday	55	44	9 46	sets	47
28	Saturday	56	43	10 36	6 25	45
29	Sunday	57	41	11 20	7 0	41
30	Monday	58	39	morn.	7 33	36

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, September 6, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	4d to 8d
Do by the quarter,	3½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	6d to 8d
Do (small)	3½d to 6d
Mutton, per lb.,	4d to 6d
Lamb per lb,	3d to 5d
Veal, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Ham, per lb.,	1s 1d o 1s 3d
Butter, (fresh)	10d to 11d
Do by the tub,	4d to 7d
Cheese, per lb.,	9d to 11d
Tallow, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Lard, per lb.,	3d to 3½d
Flour, per lb.,	17s to 18s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	8d to 10d
Eggs, per dozen,	
Grain	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 5s
Oats per do.,	2s 3d to 2s 6d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart	7d to 9d
Potatoes, per bushel,	1s 5d to 2s
Poultry.	
Geese,	5s to 8s 6d
Turkeys, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Fowls, each,	2s 6d to 3s
Chickens per pair,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Ducks,	
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	45s to 60s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s to 1s 6d
Sheepskins,	3d to 4d
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

CHILDREN TEETHING

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

Soothing Syrup,

For Children Teething,

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Dependupon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourself, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS

We have put up and sold this article for over thirty years and can say with confidence and truth of it, which we have never been able to say of any other medicine—never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know," after thirty years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful nurses in New England, and has been used with never failing success in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC

and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the forgoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street, New York.

Price, only 25 cents per Bottle.

Oct. 6. 1866. 1y

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease,

is often the result.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthmah, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases,

Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have high testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being an article of true merit, and having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, each year finds them in the localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE MAILS for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, United States, &c., will, until further notice, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz :—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate MONDAY and WEDNESDAY evening at 8 o'clock, as follows:

Monday,	June 17	Monday	Sept 9
Wednesday,	" 19	Wednesday,	" 11
Monday,	July 1	Monday,	" 23
Wednesday,	" 3	Wednesday,	" 25
Monday,	" 15	Monday,	Oct 7
Wednesday,	" 17	Wednesday,	" 9
Monday,	" 29	Monday	" 21
Wednesday	" 31	Wednesda	" 23
Monday,	Aug 12	Monday,	Nov 4
Wednesday	" 14	Wednesday	" 6
Monday,	" 26	Monday,	" 18
Wednesday,	" 28	Wednesday,	" 20

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings at 8 o'clock; and Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per steamer, every FRIDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

Letters, to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

T. OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 22, 1867.

1867. SPRING 1867.

KENT STREET

CLOTHING STORE.

THE Subscriber has for sale

Black Broadcloths and Doeskins,

Silk Mixtures and Tweeds,

Suitable for Spring and Summer wear. He will make them up for parties, in want of Summer suits of Clothing cheap for cash or approved credit,

Also a superior lot of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Manufactured on the premises under his own immediate supervision. Parties in want of a good substantial article, would do well to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

P. REILLY.

May14th. 1867

PINE LUMBER, &C.

FOR SALE, 50,000 feet 1, 1¼, 1½, and 2 inch Pine—good quality and partly seasoned.

100,000 Square Sawed SHINGLES.

125,000 Cedar SHINGLES.

1 large Ware Room FRAME.

—ALSO—

100 Tons Port Hood COAL, a good article for home use.

A McNEILL, Auctioneer.

July 24, 1867

Select Literature.

THE TURKISH SLAVE;

OR, THE

DUMB DWARF OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

CHAPTER XII.

Alick, from the first moment of his return to reason, and of his realization of the fact that he was now on Grecian soil, had experienced the most earnest desire to join his old instructor, the priest, if indeed he was still alive, and therefore it was that he now resolved to bid farewell to Nydia and her kind parents, and seek him. He had no money with which to repay the kindness and hospitality he had so liberally received, but he bethought himself of a diamond brooch which bound together his inner vestment. It was a single stone, but of great brillancy, and, indeed, its intrinsic worth would have richly repaid mercenary services of much longer period than Alick had been at the cottage. He took the gem from beneath his vestment, and pressed it kindly upon Nydia.

'Take it, my gentle girl, not in payment, but as a token of friendship.'

'Nay,' replied the mother, interfering, 'the stone far outweighs in value our small service; besides it would be a sin to receive pay for such hospitality from a countryman.'

'I offer it only as a token of friendship,' replied the page; 'take it as such.'

Nydia courtesied, blushing, while he fastened her coarse, homespun cape together with a gem that a prince might have coveted.

He embraced the honest old fisherman of Negropont, kissed the cheek of the mother, and called upon heaven to bless her, and, pressing the hand of Nydia to his lips, he left a tear upon it, as he hastened, with a full heart, away from the cottage.

Nydia remarked that teardrop, and mingled her own with it freely.

Who could translate the mystery of that tear, or the peculiar feelings that actuated the breasts of those two young hearts at that moment? The page felt that had he met with this simple yet beautiful girl before he had known Esmah, his heart would have become irrevocably hers, ay, forever; then he felt how dearly he could have loved her. They had been much together during his gradual recovery, and Alick had leaned upon her for support when he ventured out for the first time after his sickness, and he had discovered the depth and purity of her young heart, all untainted with the world.

Too honorable to raise expectations which he could never fulfill, the page spoke not to Nydia upon any theme that might lead her young heart astray. But, alas! though neither knew it, the page had already made a deep impression there. We do not mean that Nydia had lost her heart exactly—in fact it may be doubted if she entertained any more tender thoughts towards the handsome stranger she had nursed than the page himself experienced; but there was a fire smouldering in her bosom that a single word from Alick would have blown into a flame.

It was not to be wondered at, then, that Nydia gazed thoughtfully upon the teardrop that wet her hand when they parted.

Nearly ten years had passed since Alick had left the kind old priest, who had been to him father, mother, and all, and much his heart misgave him now lest the old man should have already been laid in his final resting-place. But he pressed towards the familiar scenes of his boyhood's days with a swelling heart, and a tear now and then dimmed his manly eye, as some familiar object met his gaze, until with the setting of the sun he came to the humble home of the old priest.

The old man was indeed still alive, but that was nearly all; for age and arduous study had done their work upon him, and left their traces in his wrinkled brow and silvered hair, and every expression told the page that he was fast sinking to the grave. His joy at once more clasping Alick in his arms seemed to know no bounds, and kneeling before the rude cross that stood on one side of his apartment, he prayed long and fervently, after hearing the page's story, for the blessing of Heaven upon one whom it had in its divine wisdom evidently preserved for some peculiar and noble object.

It will be remembered that Alick was a mere boy of some dozen summers when he left the priest. From the earliest his occupations had been such as to absorb his young mind, and quiet any feeling of curiosity as to his parentage. If the subject was ever referred to it was dismissed by the priest with some remark that signified to Alick that he had best not inquire into the matter, and thus the subject was dropped. The boy was too young to place any importance on the matter of his birth, or, indeed, to feel any great curiosity; but since he had been stolen away into captivity, and learned somewhat of the world practically, he had often longed in secret to know the story of his parentage, let it be what it might.

He now saw the old man sinking fast; he felt that he could not live many days, nay, perhaps not many hours; and he determined to ask him while yet he had power to answer. He did not forget the priest's former answer to his enquiries, and he reasoned shrewdly that he had, perhaps, some good reason in which he was himself concerned, why he did not reveal the secret.

'Father,' said Alick, 'there has been one object that has been of intense interest and curiosity to me, growing with my years, and one which you can satisfy.'

'Relating to—' said the priest, hesitating, as he drew his hand across his brow, as if to clear away a cloud that had gathered there.

'To my birth, father,' said Alick.

'Ah, my son, I had thought to carry that secret with me to the grave.'

'Would that be right, father, would it be generous?' asked the page.

'Nay, you know not the circumstances; I fear I shall break my oath, so long, so bitterly kept, but something tells me that I should reveal it now; that the time, the proper time, has come at last when I can speak.'

'Ay, father, speak freely I beseech you, for now I feel more than ever how necessary it is to me to know who, and what I really am.'

'First, then,' said the priest, 'do you forgive me, Alick, from your heart and before Heaven, for the part that I have acted towards you, and for what I shall now reveal?' As he spoke, he raised himself upon his arm, and extended his hand towards the page, who, pressing it, said:

'I forgive you with all my heart, if there be aught to forgive, for you have been very good, very kind to me always.'

'Do you freely forgive me *all*?'

'All.'

'Though it shall appear that I have fearfully wronged you?'

'Even then,' replied Alick, kindly endeavouring to re-assure the excited and weak old man.

'Kiss this emblem, and swear to what you have just said,' said the priest nervously; 'it will smoothe my way, perhaps, to Paradise!'

'I swear,' said Alick, kissing the priest's sacred rosary.

But the old man seemed hardly competent to the task, for he sank back, almost fainting with the exertion that he had already made. A draught of cool water, however, revived him, and after permitting him to recover himself by some minutes of rest, Alick resumed his place by the bedside of the dying priest.

'Speak freely, father,' he said, taking the old man's hand within his own.

Gathering his strength for so trying an effort, the priest then told Alick of the feuds of an Athenian house, high in authority, and noble in blood; that there were two heirs to the honors of the house: one, the rightful heir, was motherless, the other, who would attain to the inheritance should the first be removed, was possessed of an artful and intriguing mother, a fiend in the shape of an angel. That woman so coiled herself about him, as he told the page, that he became her slave, and she soon entrammelled his soul with an oath so fearful that even then he trembled to think of it, and for years had been bowed down at heart for the fearful sin he had committed in taking it.

He told the page freely of the part he had played, and of the wiles that had thus entangled and led him on to the committing of crime; he explained those matters already well known to the reader, to the astonishment of Alick.

'And now, Alick,' said the priest solemnly, 'know that thy name is *Arasilus*! *and that thou art the rightful king of Greece*!'

Alick could not speak for wonder. He gazed fixedly, almost wildly upon the priest; then he seemed to wonder if the old man had not already become delirious, and approaching him with intense anxiety, he asked almost in a whisper:

'Art mad, old man? have I come only in time to see thee delirious?'

'By my hope of heaven,' said the priest, "I speak the truth only.'

'Heir to the throne of Greece!' repeated Alick, in amazement.

'Ay, its rightful king at this very hour,' replied the priest.

'Heaven give me strength to meet such tidings as these,' said the amazed and bewildered page, almost overcome by the weight of the discovery.

The priest was dying now, and Alick forgot his own interests in the care of the infirm old man. He listened profoundly to the counsel of the priest, which came from his lips so wise and so clear, directing the lost prince what course to pursue, and by what spirit to be governed in his purpose of establishing his rights, that the advice seemed to flow from an inspired source, and Alick felt it to be so. And now lifting his emaciated hands towards heaven, the last breath of the old man passed away in a blessing upon the young page's head.

In all communities there is a class of people restless and uneasy by nature, who gladly hail any change with delight, be it either for good or bad. This class of the populace of Athens threw high their caps, and shouted, 'Long live Arasilus!' when it was made known that the young prince, who had been so long missing, had returned to claim the sceptre of Greece; but wiser men, courtiers, and the council of state, moved with more deliberation, and carefully examined the documentary evidence that the priest had amply furnished, with his confession, and other indisputable papers.

Had they needed other proofs of the identity of the prince than the documents he had produced, they might have read it on his clear brow, in his full dark eye, and his noble bearing. Indeed, many exclaimed with admiration and astonishment, as he rode into the palace gate to be formally reinstated to his rights, 'Fore Heaven, how like his father!'

The artful widow of Amarault was dead; she did not live long to see the consummation of wishes that had cost her so dearly to accomplish. Her son, but a weakly and fragile person, in mind and body, seemed to rejoice at the return of his cousin, as it would relive him from the cares and annoyances of the throne. The contrast between the two but rendered Arsilus the more popular, for he looked the king in every motion. He was crowned in triumph, and welcomed back to the court with regal honors and celebrations.

We say that the cousin of Arasilus seemed to rejoice at his return; at least he said he was most happy to resign in his favour, and relieve himself of the cares and importunities of state, besides complimenting his cousin as being far better adapted to fill the throne than himself; but he spoke dishonestly; no such thoughts dwelt in his heart. The truth was, he at once saw that the best course for him was to yield his position gracefully, making a virtue of necessity.

'Cousin, remain by us, and share the honours of our throne, and let us learn from thee, who hast filled this high station so long and well, how best we may win equal credit as exponents of the laws.'

'Thanks, noble cousin,' replied the dissembling noble, who was outwardly all blandness and courtesy while his heart was full of gall and bitterness; and accepting a seat at the right hand of the king, he strove to impress upon the people at the coronation of Arasilus that he was still next to the throne, though another filled it.

Thus the two cousins settled down, the friends of each other, at least to all appearances, and Arasilus certainly accredited Amarault for all he protested, and trusted him freely in all things, and sought his advice in relation to matters that constantly came before him.

Arasilus had seen too much life already; he had endured too much of hardship, and seen too much of adversity and disappointment, not to be somewhat of a philosopher, even at his age, and therefore, all the splendor that surrounded him, and all the honour that waited on his steps, did not change him at all. He was the same calm, collected and manly spirit as before, governed by the same honest dictates of the heart. Unlike most men, prosperity had not spoiled the sultan's page, who now wrote himself King of Greece.

The first secret glow of joy at his good fortune brought with it the memory of Esmah to his heart, and in spirit he shared it with her. In every arrangement, his purpose and aim bore upon his hope of one day enjoying it with the object of his young and ardent love; and though far away, and surrounded by circumstances that might render the hope of a future union almost unreasonable, still he hoped on, as true to her as when he sat by her side under the bent cypress, in the seraglio gardens.

The principles of the Mussulman's religion prohibited the intermarriage of a Mahometan with a Christian. This no one knew better than Arasilus; for, when an humble page, he had often talked of this fact with Esmah. This seemed an almost insurmountable barrier to him, and he passed a long period in endeavours to overcome it; but still time went on, and news reached Athens that a mixed marriage, as it was called, had been sanctioned by the sultan. A Christian and a Mahometan were united, though both were directed to withdraw at once from Constantinople.

Arasilus saw the principal stumbling-block that had impeded his way now removed. He could propose a union to the sultan, without the fear of its being construed into an intended insult, and he resolved to do so through a trusty and discreet ambassador, representing his policy and desire to be that of a union that should insure future peace between the courts. He did not propose to make himself known to the sultan as his former page, lest it should in some way mar his plan. And with this purpose his arrangements were made, though not until some five years subsequent to his escape from the sultan's service, owing to the force of circumstances and occurrence of matters beyond his control.

It was on this service that the Greek ambassador was sent, as we have represented him, at the court of the Brother of the Sun; it was on the occasion of his arrival that the fair inhabitents of the harem rallied Esmah, and the reader is aware how the proposition of the Greek king was received by the sultan.

Thus we bring the reader even with the plot of the tale, and he will not wonder that Arasilus, King of Greece, should sue for the hand of the sultan's beautiful daughter, Esmah, 'The Pearl of the East.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURE.

The fair moon was lighting up the oriental picture that surrounds the seraglio gardens, and prying in among the mosques and palaces, the pleasant walks, dark cypresses and bubbling fountains, when Esmah stole out for one parting reverie upon the spot rendered sacred to her heart by a thousand remembrances. Her steps were turned towards the bended cypress where she had so often met the page, and where they had last parted each other. Slowly and sadly she pursues the path, musing on the past, and the new scenes that must open with the future, for to-morrow she would leave Constantinople forever.

Is that dark shadow on the edge of the path cast by her slender person? Nay, it is the dwarf, slowly stealing along in the shade, to join the princess at the spot he knows full well she will seek. How uncouth his figure, and how strangely he moves, helping himself on, with either hand placed on this side and that, with a hump upon his back like a camel. But all the while his soft, tender eyes are bent upon Esmah—how plaintive in expression, how devotedly they rested there; rendered more beautiful from the deformity of their poor owner's person, those eyes seemed as if left for a redeeming token that the *soul* was not deformed.

She sat down upon the same seat that the page and herself had occupied together five years before. How her bosom heaved, for she knew that she was there for the last time. She could almost hear her own heart beat, it was so still around, and the memories of the past crowded so thickly upon her. The moon that had fairly risen, blazed forth over the hills of Stamboul, and the sleeping city of Mahomet; long shadows were drawn across the path, and Esmah felt a superstitious awe stealing over her, she knew not why. She had been here at as late an hour a hundred times; but her mind perhaps was nervous and weak from grief and excitement, and the knowledge that she was bidding these scenes farewell, probably forever. See how she starts at that moving shadow! But she recovers again from her tremor, as the dwarf approached and coils himself at her feet. She seems to find fresh emotion even in looking upon him, for he was loved and cared for by Alick, and was devoted to the young Greek. She lays her hand kindly upon his head, and the poor thing looked up into her face with unutterable gratitude. With only her to love in the wide world, how much even the dwarf could love his mistress.

At this moment Esmah heard footsteps approaching the spot. She was the more surprised at this, because of the lateness of the hour, and also because of the sacred character of the place; but still she heard distinctly the gentle tread of approaching steps. The dwarf, too, had discovered the approach of some one, and Esmah saw a long bony hand grasp a broad blade in his bosom. She felt no fear; she knew the dwarf could protect her, if necessary; for, though misshapen and seemingly clumsy, he was as quick as thought when there was occasion.

A tall shadow crossed the path, and Esmah saw, slowly nearing the spot, the ambassador who was her father's guest, and with whom she was to depart on the morrow. How he could find access to this part of the gardens she knew not, but felt reassured at the discovery, and even the dwarf had resumed his apathy, and seemed content. She had only seen the ambassador at a distance, and had not yet been introduced to him, but presuming that he would pass by the spot without noticing her, she determined to wait for him to do so, and then to retire. But the ambassador, having discovered her, seemed inclined to speak, and drew still nearer to her seat with a respectful bearing and a low obeisance.

'The princess Esmah chooses a romantic spot