

Part's Corner.

LINES

Written on the death of Miss Mary Elliot, who died of Consumption, February 22, 1855.

No longer can I stay;
But, while to duty I attend,
For you I'll ever pray—

That God may give you grace to bear
Affliction's heavy load;
And in death's hour to declare,
"I am the Lord thy God!"

Fear not, though thou must shortly pass
The darkness of the grave—
"Tis then my hand shall bear thee up,
While tossed upon the wave.

But ah! the fearful knell of death
Falls now upon mine ear;
The struggle's o'er—the spirit's fled,
Far from a world of care.

Now earth thy kindred dust receive,
To mould and waste away;
But by-and-by it shall revive,
To bloom without decay.

Now, Martha, I must leave you
To rest in quiet here;
But often shall I linger
To drop the falling tear—

O'er her whose beauty faded
Just as the bloom of life,
But who by grace was aided
To end this mortal strife—

In sure and certain hope
Of brighter worlds on high,
Where flowers shall always blossom,
And bloom no more to die.

W.

1st March, 1855.

In addition to the above, I would say that I deeply sympathise with the bereaved friends and relatives who mourn the loss of one so kind and affectionate, and endeared to them by so many kindred ties. Such was her resignation to the mysterious Providence of God that she could say, "My Master's will be done." There was no tie on earth that appeared to cost her a thought, but she longed for her departure to her Heavenly home—where she could behold her Redeemer—where no troubles will ever cross her breast—where all tears will be wiped from her eyes—and where she will enjoy the society of a tender parent who had gone but a short time before.

W.

Secret Tale.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

HAMED, THE DERVISE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1823, Gustavus Raimbaud, after a brilliant examination, had the honor of receiving his degree of Doctor of Medicine, at Paris. He was a gay, sprightly young man, of an adventurous spirit, who had only studied the art of Hippocrates and Galen in obedience to the wishes of his father, who was one of the first physicians of Toulouse; and no sooner was he armed with his diploma than he left Paris and returned home, to get permission of his father to make a tour in the East. He wished to see Constantinople and to visit Greece; to offer up a sacrifice to Esculapius, in the places where that God of the healing art was formerly worshipped. His father granted his wishes, and Gustavus, being well supplied with recommendations for all our consuls, set out for Marseilles, where he embarked on board of a fast-sailing brig, and arrived without accident in the capital of the commander of the believers of Mohammed, who was reigning at that period. His first visit was to our ambassador at the Sublime Porte, who received him very kindly.

"Be careful!" said his Excellency, "for there is a report that the plague is in the city."

"Oh! your Excellency," replied Gustavus, "the plague is afraid of us physicians."

"Do you expect to remain long in Constantinople?" continued the ambassador.

"About six months, with permission of your Excellency, after which I wish to go and see *campus ubi Troja fuit*; I will then visit Argos, Athens, Delos, and the Island of Ithaca, where, as Homer says, there are no horses, but very beautiful goats."

After his visit to the ambassador, Gustavus took a stroll through the streets to see the city.

Dressed in the European fashion, his black coat buttoned to the chin, he went forward, his eye on the *qui vive*, in momentary expectation of seeing the symbolic bouque of some beautiful Sultana fall at his feet. Before he had gone far, a door opened a short distance in front of him, and an old negress, half-concealed by a white veil, came forth. The woman advanced toward the young man, and after an oriental salutation, said to him, "Hekim?"

Gustavus only knew one word of Turkish, and it was this word, which, being interpreted, means doctor.

"Yes, my good woman," replied he, "I am Doctor of Medicine, of Paris, and a pupil of Velpeau and Dupuytren—nothing less."

The negress did not understand him, for he spoke in the French language; but for her, as well as for the people of Constantinople generally, every Frank is a physician. She made a sign to Gustavus to follow her; and the young doctor, remembering all at once the words of the ambassador, said to himself—

"The plague is at Constantinople; but pshaw! I am an anti-contagionist; besides, it is my business; moreover, what is to be will be;" and following the footsteps of the negress, he entered the house which she had just quitted.

It was a palace. The interior court was spacious, and paved with slabs of many-colored marble; it was likewise surrounded with flower-beds, enamelled with beautiful flowers, and magnificent galleries, supported by magnificent colonnades. At each angle of the house arose a rich *kiosk*, adorned with arabesques and maxims from the Koran, in letters of gold. The negress conducted Gustavus into one of these kiosks, where he found the master of the house stretched upon a divan, with his pipe in his mouth, awaiting the Frank doctor.

"Al Hekim!" said the negress, who retired. The Turk arose.

"You are a Frenchman, sir?" said he, with as pure an accent as if he had been born in the Rue St. Dominique, and brought up in the lap of a nurse from Touraine.

"And you, also," boldly said Gustavus.

The Turk replied, with evident signs of displeasure—

"I am from Damascus, the holy city," and pointing to the green turban which covered his wrinkled forehead, "a descendant of the Prophet."

"Well, sir, what do you desire?" asked Gustavus, without being the least disconcerted.

"If you are equally skilled and bold," said the Turk, "you are the man of whom I am in want. My daughter is sick, and must be cured."

"I will try," replied Gustavus with nonchalance, and then added, "You Turks have singular ideas; you think a physician can always cure his patient, as if death was not sometimes inevitable, and superior to all human powers. When your wives or daughters are sick, you want them cured without allowing us to approach them, or even to look at them, and—"

The Turk's lips curled with a disdainful smile.

"Come," said he, interrupting the young physician; "come, follow me."

He raised a curtain, and introduced Gustavus into a room lighted by enormous windows, in the centre of which, upon a small bed, reclined a girl, suffering with a raging fever. Her snowy arms were marbled over with purple spots, and the silken tresses of her raven hair surrounded a face of perfect loveliness, but which was bathed in an unhealthy perspiration. The life of her dark eyes was dimmed by disease, and she had scarcely sufficient strength left to raise her transparent eyelids. Her beauty was of the Grecian type, in all its purity; and upon beholding her you might have imagined the statue of Diana to be animated, but animated to suffer, so visible was the expression of pain upon every feature of this beautiful young girl. Gustavus' acquaintance among women had heretofore been confined to the gossamers of Paris, who have their merits, but demerits of a different kind. He was dazzled, charmed; his heart was seized with one of those violent passions which strike like a thunder-bolt, and which are so rare that they are thought to be apocryphal. Forgetful of the plague, and regardless of the jealous customs of the country where he was, he advanced towards the young girl, and examined her pulse.

"You can speak to her in French," said the Turk. "Mariam speaks it with difficulty, but she understands it very well."

Gustavus availed himself of this information to interrogate his patient; and after a thorough examination, he turned to the Turk and said—

"You will have all the windows closed so as to exclude the air; the room must be darkened, for the light is too bright for the eyes; you will then have your daughter covered up well with blankets, and administer to her a potion which I will give you, and I think she will soon recover."

"I see it all," said the Turk, with a hypocritical air; "it is Eblis, the demon of evil, who wishes to take possession of my daughter, and who is struggling with the angel Gabriel."

"Oh, no!" replied Gustavus, "it is the measles."

The Turk led the young physician out of Mariam's chamber, placed in his hands a purse of sequins, and resigning him to the care of the old

negress, who suddenly presented herself, said to him—

"May Allah bless you, sir; return to-morrow."

The negress took Gustavus by the hand and led him rapidly through the marble court, and finally put him out of the door before he recovered from his surprise. He suddenly found himself in the street, gazing with astonishment upon the lower door, studded with iron bolts, and the dark wall; and if it had not been for the purse of gold which he held in his hand, he would have thought he had been dreaming. When he had turned his gaze from the wall, he perceived a man clothed in a white robe, with a shaven beard, who made a sign to him to follow. It was a dervise, a privileged class in Turkey, who accost the Grand Sultan himself to give him secret advice, with as little ceremony as they do a beggar, to partake of his *pilau*.

"Another patient," thought Gustavus, and he followed the dervise.

After passing through several streets, the dervise stopped in a dark alley.

"Christian," said he, in the *lingua Franca*, "is the child sick?"

"Yes," replied Gustavus.

"Dangerously?"

"No; she will be well in a week."

"Praise be to Allah! And the *Caimecan Miri-Alay*?"

"The Turk?" asked Gustavus.

"Yes," replied the dervise; "has he not shown you the child; have you not touched her with your hands, and gazed upon her person?"

"Certainly," replied Gustavus.

"May the head of the miscreant be cursed!" cried the dervise, grinding his teeth. Then his face became immovable, and his countenance almost serene.

"It is the will of Allah!" added he. "Hold, take this purse and be discreet. Do not mention the name of the dervise, Hahmad-Abdalah, or thy head will pay the forfeit, and—endure the child."

Gustavus refused the proffered gold; and whether from a natural disinterestedness, or for the purpose of a little display, he took the purse given to him by the father of Mariam, and scattered its contents upon the pavement.

"Allah be praised!" said the dervise; "thou art a man," and he departed.

Gustavus remained silent respecting the dervise, but he was desirous of ascertaining something about the father of Mariam. He learned that his name was Abou-Abdalah, that he was a descendant of the Prophet, that he was *Caimecan Miri-Alay*, or colonel and aide-de-camp to Mahmoud. Being a man of intelligence and learning, the sultan made him a kind of private secretary, whose ready pen composed, or at least copied, all the principal dispatches of the divan. Abou-Abdalah was therefore a superior officer, and a favourite, whose influence was a frequent source of uneasiness to the viziers. He had come from Damascus to Constantinople when his daughter was an infant, and, thanks to the governor of Damascus, had already advanced himself at court. Gustavus, after becoming possessed of this information, returned to see his patient.

He was much astonished at being always freely admitted to the young girl's chamber, whether her father was at home or abroad; and the absence of Abou-Abdalah was frequent, for the duties of his position constantly called him to the divan, or near the person of Mahmoud. Gustavus availed himself of the liberty allowed him to impart to the beautiful Mariam the sentiments of his heart. His love increased at each visit, and he soon discovered that it was returned. The only witness to their meetings was the old negress, who did not understand French, and who, moreover, had so great an attachment for Mariam that she was incapable of betraying her. Far from being a troublesome Argus, the old woman would shut her eyes when they were together; and this real or feigned sleep favored still more the intimacy of the lovers.

"People are greatly deceived in France with regard to the customs of the East," thought Gustavus. "It is easier to gain admission into the chamber of a young lady in Constantinople than into the boudoir of one of our coquettes; providing, however, one is a physician."

But the singular conduct of Abou-Abdalah must have had a motive; and even supposing that it was caused by an absence of those prejudices which characterise his countrymen, the mutual love of Gustavus and Mariam could only result in fatal issue.

"As soon as the *Caimecan Miri-Alay* discovers me," thought Gustavus, "he will have me decapitated, and will perhaps sew Mariam up in a

bag and cast her into the Bosphorus. O! what a sad fate!"

But an occurrence perhaps equally sad could not fail to happen. Mariam was cured, for the measles is frequently a trifling disease, easily relieved by a skilful physician, and Abou-Abdalah said to Gustavus—

"You have preserved the life of my child, sir; therefore accept this diamond ring, which she asks you to wear in remembrance of her, and receive the thanks of her father."

The door of Mahmoud's favorite closed upon the young physician, no more to be re-opened to him. As he was leaving the street with a sad heart, and almost in despair, the Dervise Hahmad suddenly appeared before him. The day was about declining, and in a few moments more the streets would be surrendered to those troops of wandering dogs, which are one of the scourges of Constantinople.

"May Heaven bless thee, Christian," said the dervise, thou hast cured the child, and love Mariam, and she has allowed herself to be taken with the honey of your gilded words, and the softness of your blue eyes. Do not deny it. I know all, for the angel Gabriel has told me. Thou dost not hope to re-behold her, but thou shalt see her again very soon; yes, even before the sun, who last rays gild yonder minaret, which thou beheld to the left, shall return to-morrow to regild it again. But hark! I hear a noise.

Gustavus inclined his head to listen. "It is a messenger from the Sultan," continued the dervise, with an order to Abou-Abdalah to go to his master, who is in need of his advice, or his pen.

A janizary passed before them, stopped a moment before Abou-Abdalah's door, and then continued his way. Some moments afterwards Abou-Abdalah came out of his house wrapped up in a fur cloak. The dervise made a bound, struck the *Caimecan Miri-Alay* with his yatagan, stretched him dead at his feet; then seating himself upon the still quivering body, said to the young man, who stood mute with fear and astonishment—

"Thou thinkest I have killed the father of thy love; deceive thyself; I have killed the murderer of Mariam's father. Listen to me. Eighteen years ago, when I was but a child, I lived at Damascus with my brother, Abou-Abdalah. We were under the protection of the vizier, who governed that Province in the name of the sultan, and we were happy. His Highness God bless him, sent an order to my brother, Abou-Abdalah, to come to him, for he had need of his services at court, and in the army. The sultan had never seen my brother, but he knew him to be a good soldier, and skilled in tracing our Turkish and Arabic characters, as well as in speaking several European languages. He was obliged to obey. Besides, it was a fortune for our family. The vizier of Damascus wished me to remain with him, and my brother departed with his daughter Mariam, who was then scarcely a year old, and a negress, to take charge of the infant. The people of Damascus remembered afterward that a Russian, named Alexander Nisicoff, had left the city at the same time. Now this is what took place in Constantinople. Abou-Abdalah had scarcely entered this house before Nisicoff, that northern vulture, clothed in the skin of a fox, entered likewise, putting my brother to death, buried his body on the slabs of the marble court which you have seen. He then assumed his name, took possession of papers, his daughter, and his fortune, and, cloaking himself in his garments, went and presented himself to the sultan as the true Abou-Abdalah. He spared the life of the negress, because she had a brother who was a eunuch, and employed in the seraglio; but he bribed her to keep the secret and made her swear on the Koran that she would heal nothing. He likewise threatened to kill Mariam, whom the negress tenderly loved, if she betrayed him. The sultan was the dupe of the murderer, and for ten or twelve years he has enticed him with the secrets of the empire, which the infidel has been in the habit of selling his sovereign of the north. I grew up in Damascus," added the dervise, with a fierce look, as he struck the body of his enemy with his yatagan. "I was ever desirous of rejoining my brother, but the vizier detained me near him, for I was his *aga*. At length I joined the order of dervises, for the purpose of freeing myself from the vizier, and becoming more the master of my own actions. I have been at Constantinople for three months, and Cora, the old negress—Cora, whom my good fortune threw in my way on my arrival, and who, through fear or affection, wished to keep me away from the house of Cora, whom I threatened with my yatagan, revealed to me everything. Congratulate me, Christian, for