

sitting on a pile of cushions at the upper end of the apartment, while his ministers stood near him on either hand. Mahmud'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 Sheitar, 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 Mahmud. 'You did well, aga, to remove your harem in time, for nothing will be sacred to these wretches. You are all witnesses, pachas, 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 when ever I am, there I will be king. Come, pachas, 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 Sandjag Sherief, or sacred Standard of Islam—made it 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 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 influence of religion were enlisted in favour of the former, there was no longer any hesitation: and 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 effectual 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 the 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 diedien. 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 swiftness 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 tobees entertained for him would serve to counteract their well-known sympathies for their former comrades. Thus far the expectation had been fulfilled, for the man had fought with vigour 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 cries, if not of the Ottoman Empire, at least of the reign of Mahmud. Kara Jehennem, who stood in front of his troops with his yataghan in one hand and a pistol in the other, 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.

'Aferen 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 bow-string 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, defied themselves there with desperate resolution. The aga pasha sent to inquire of the Sultan if he should endeavour 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 barred in their 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 Rajhil Pacha, closely pursued by a party of 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, were 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 them who should utter it. Twenty thousand men are supposed to have perished in consummating this brief but sanguinary revolution, for such its object 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 had no heart to take part in the massacre that followed; and was about to withdraw from the scene, when a sudden recollection flashed across 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 herem 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 persons 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 any thing but an onerous one, the trust was promptly accepted by the youthful soldier. The will, it is true, is made by a rebel who had forfeited his property by his guilt, would have been of no avail but for the favour 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 fulfil 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 Mahmud 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 subjects, to a degree in which no other Turkish sovereign ever possessed it. If, therefore, in the destruction of the Janissaries, Mahmud showed himself sanguinary, treacherous and unrelenting, it is but fair to remember that they themselves, by the character which the

poetry, is very beautifully set forth in the following article.

The only son of his mother and she was a widow.

Forth from the gates of Nain a funeral train in mournful silence came. The sunset flush was lingering still upon the hills around, the last departing ray of day yet stayed, tinged the floating clouds above with hues of crimson and of burnished gold, white heaven's pure azure seemed more soft and sweet amid these gorgeous tints; for naught within the wide world's bounds could more entrance the soul than that sunset scene among Judea's hills and plains.

Yet death was there, and even now off swept his silent train. And he who lay the stricken victim there, had died all glorious in his manly pride;—the noble form, but half concealed beneath the sable robe which wrapped it around, was cold and motionless, yet lo! how beautiful in death!—The pale and ashy lips on which the parting word seemed to tremble low, were chiseled like Apollo's—proud, soft—and wore the stamp of energy and strength,—the radiant eyes were glazed in death, in which once shone ambition's fires and gleamed youth's bright and joyous hopes in days gone, and yet the scene men clustered in gentle sleep; and mid his rich and clustering hair which lay, as if in life's warm glow, upon the pall, so soft and fair it was, the low wind moved the curls and wildly flowing locks, as when in health it had been freely flung to woo its balmy breath. A thing of light, too beautiful he seemed to die, yet was he passing to his last long home, so young and fair—his widowed mother's only stay—and she now left alone to meet the world's cold frowns and cheerless live.

Behind the bier with form bowed down and bleeding heart, she came, and as she gazed upon her noble boy, struck down amid the flush of youths bright dreams—and saw the arm on which it was her wont to lean, all stiff and palsied now in death—and looked ja vain into those dull glazed orbs, for the fond glance which there was used to beam—her bursting heart gave way; she bowed her head upon the silent corse, and wildly wept in speechless agony and woe.

But lo! as onward swept the mournful train a band of humble pilgrims met the weeping throng; and one among them came and touched the bier. 'Twas he, the lowly out-cast Nazarene. His mild blue eyes looked sadly on the group, and gushed from out his heart, all that pure love he brought from heaven, towards her whose hope was gone—was buried beneath the silent pall. The sad procession stopped, and they that bore the corse stood still. Jesus a moment gazed upon the noble form as in her woe the frantic mother had thrown back the pall from her stricken boy, a moment looked upon her, who weeping hung upon the bier, then touched the stiffened hand, and calmly said, 'Arise.' At that life-giving word the line of health began to steal upon the dead; and, like the first faint flash of dawn, the warm blood mantled to the cheek and brow, and light began to beam from out the eyes; the lips just parted caught a sunny smile; and like the leaping wave his bosom heaved beneath the dark habiliments of death, which lay upon his quickened form.

The piercing cry, 'He lives!—he lives, burst from the mourner's lips, and on the Saviour's breast she fell and wept.

CHEESE VS. CANNON SHOT.

The greatest ammunition that we have heard of lately, was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevideo Navy, who in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

'What shall we do sir?' asked his first lieutenant; 'we've not a single shot aboard—round grape, canister, and double-headed—all are gone.'

'Powder gone, eh?' asked Coe.

'No, sir—got lots of that yet.'

'We had a confounded hard cheese—a round Dutch one for desert dinner to-day, don't you remember it?' said Coe.

'I ought to—I broke a carving knife in trying to cut it sir.'

'Are there any more aboard?'

'About two dozen—we took 'em from a droger.'

'Will they go into the eighteen pounders?'

'By thunder, Commodore, that's the idea, I'll try them,' cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes the fire of the old 'Santa Maria,' (Coe's ship) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly, one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

'What the devil is that the enemy is firing?' asked Brown. 'But nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port and killed two men who stood near him, then striking the opposite bulwarks burst into fitters.

'By Jove this is no other; this is some few fangled paixib, or much—I don't like 'em in all?' cried Brown; and then as four or five more came slap through his sails, he gave the order to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a practical broadside of Dutch cheese.

This is an actual fact; our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.—Monitor.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

I won't play marbles with you no longer your dad's a drunkard, and I don't care whether you have any to play with or not; you

From Douglas Jerold's Magazine. THOUGHTS ON VISITING HIGH-GATE CEMETERY.

A place of pleasant walks, and grassy slopes, And girt about with trees as with a zone; And yet alas! the shrine of blighted hopes By age matured, or early overthrown— Whose emblems are around in stone and flower, Time honored and the worshipped of an hour.

In grave yards of our cities, rich and poor, Just as in life—Oh shame!—in death must be;

But here distinction closes not the door Against admission to spare poverty. Man equals man, in dust laid side by side, For in the grave there is no room for pride.

But rich and poor, here close in union lie, As tomb and tablet and the hillock tell; And yet the tears of sorrow are not dry, Wept for the dead the living loved too well;

For flowers are on the graves—life's symbols they. That bloom a moment—and then fade away How glorious the prospect!—and how far

It spreads around, till blending with the sky Where, sunlit here and there—as shines a star— Some distant cottage flashes on the eye; And hills on either side, slant gently down, Twixt which is seen, cloud-crowned vast London Town.

Upon a sleeping bank, where you might look For violets and cowslips, in the shade Of one tall tree and bowing shrubs, a nook Is seen, with its sweet flowers, where late was laid

One on whose tablet is revealed her life, That she—how true!—was a devoted wife. Devotion was her passion and the power By which all other hearts to hers she drew, As governed by attraction, on a flower Melt into one another drops of dew.

Loving and loved, her bright example shone, And gave to all a feeling like her own. Oh! Poverty, though you've no cenotaph Built up of stone to mark your place of rest, Nor the delusive lauding epitaph, Recording virtues few have e'er possessed You here may have green turf and fragrant air,

And where you sleep spring up the daisy fair. And though you're doomed to labor through the day, And wearily at last sink down to rest, Sweet is the sleep that waits your night away, From which the morning sees you rise refreshed;

While indolent repose hns fitful dreams And jaded strength to meet the morning's beams. Envy not man his treasures, then when wealth Can't save him, as you know, from pang or care,

While you've a greater treasure in the health He'd gladly give up all his wealth to share Health, which from labor springs—its rich reward— Freshening the heart, as rain the verdant sward.

Who feels the trill of Pleasure most? Not he Who drinks from out her cup so surfeiting, But he to whom her draught's a rarity, And taken where the wild bird loves to sing,

With the clear sky all glorious overhead— And God is thanked for the spare banquet spread. God's mercy and man's were they one,

In what could we hereafter place our trust? But rich and poor, when their career is done, Mix on equality their kindred dust, And meet so, at the last, on that great day,— When all distinctions shall have passed away

THE WIDOW OF NAIN. The touching incident in scriptural history, which has furnished the theme for so much