

[From Household Words.]

## The Modern Haroun-al-Raschid.

In the district of Ferdj' Onah (which signifies Fine Country.) Algeria, lives a Schiek named Bou-Akas-bed-Achour. He is also distinguished by the surname of Bou-Djenoni (the Man of the Knife) and may be regarded as a type of the eastern Arab. His ancestors conquered Ferdj' Onah, but he has been forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France, by paying a yearly tribute of 80,000 francs. His dominion extends from Milah to Rabouah, and from the southern point of Babour to within two leagues of Gighli. He is forty-nine years old, and wears the Rahyle costume; that is to say, a woollen gandoura, confined by a leathern belt. He carries a pair of pistols in his girdle, by his side the Rahyle flissa, and suspended from his neck a small black knife.

Before him walks a negro carrying his gun, and a huge greyhound bounds along by his side. He holds despotic sway over twelve tribes; and should any neighboring people venture to make an incursion on his territory, Bou-akas seldom condescends to march against them in person, but sends his negro into the principal village. This envoy just displays the gun of Bou-Akas, and the injury is instantly repaired.

He keeps in pay two or three hundred Tolbas to read the Koran to the people; every pilgrim going to Mecca, and passing through Ferdj' Onah, receives three francs, and may remain as long as he pleases to enjoy the hospitality of Bou-Akas. But whenever the Schiek discovers that he has been deceived by a pretended pilgrim, he immediately dispatches emissaries after the impostor; who wherever he is, find him, throw him down, and give him fifty blows on the soles of his feet.

Bou-Akas sometimes entertain three hundred persons at dinner; but instead of sharing the repast, he walks round the tables with a baton in his hand, seeing that the servants attend properly to his guests. Afterwards, if any thing is left, he eats; but not until the others have finished.

When the governor of Constantinople, the only man whose power he recognizes sends him a traveler; according to the rank of the latter, or the nature of the recommendation, Bou-Akas gives him his gun, his dog, or his knife. If the gun, the traveler takes it on his shoulder; if the dog, he leads it in a leash; or if the knife, he hangs it round his neck; and with one of these potent talismans, of which each bears its own degree of honor, the stranger passes through the region of twelve tribes, not only unscathed, but as the guest of Bou-Akas, treated with the utmost hospitality. When the traveler is about to leave Ferdj' Onah, he consigns the knife, the dog, or the gun to the care of the first Arab he meets. If the Arab is hunting, he leaves the chase; if laboring in the field, he leaves his plough; and, taking the precious deposit, hastens to restore it to the Bou-Akas.

The black-handled knife is so well known, that it has given the surname of 'Bou-Djenoni, the man of the knife,' to its owner. With this implement he is accustomed to cut off heads, whenever he takes a fancy to perform that agreeable with his own hand.

When first Bou-Akas assumed the government, the country was infested with robbers, but he speedily found means to extirpate them. He disguised himself as a poor merchant; walked out and dropped a dourro (a gold coin) on the ground, taking care not to lose sight of it. If the person who happened to pick up the dourro, put it into his pocket and passed on, Bou-Akas made a sign to his chinnax (who followed him, also in disguise, and knew the Schiek's will) rushed forward immediately, and decapitated the offender. In consequence of this summary method of administering justice, it is a saying among the Arabs, that a child might traverse the regions which own Bou-Akas's sway, wearing a golden crown on his head, without a single hand being stretched out to take it.

The Schiek has great respect for women, and has ordered that when the females of Ferdj' Onah go out to draw water, every man who meets them shall turn away his head. Wishing one day to ascertain whether his commands were attended to, he went out in disguise; and, meeting a beautiful Arab maiden on her way to the well, approached and saluted her. The girl looked at him with amazement, and said: 'Pass on stranger; thou knowest not the risk thou hast run.' And when Bou-Akas persisted in speaking to her, she added: 'foolish man, and reckless of thy life; knowest thou not that we are in the country of Bou-Djenoni, who causes all women to be held in respect?'

Bou-Akas is very strict in his religious observances; he never omits his prayers and ablutions, and has four wives, the number permitted by the Koran. Having heard that the Cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas, like a second Haroun-Al-Raschid, determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the Cadi's towns, mounted on a docile Arabian steed. He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple seizing the border of his burnous, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold. 'What dost thou want?' asked the Schiek; 'I have already given thee alms.'

'Yes,' replied the beggar, 'but the law says, not only—'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'

'Well! and what can I do for thee?'

'Thou canst save me,—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on.'

'And how can I save thee?'

'By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business.'

'Be it so,' replied Bou-Akas. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty. The strangely assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place. 'Is this where you wish to stop?' asked Bou-Akas.

'Yes.'

'Then get down.'

'Get down yourself.'

'What for?'

'To leave me the horse.'

'To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?'

'I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are in the town of the just Cadi, and if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor?'

'Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?'

'Don't you think that when he sees us two—you with your strong straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?'

'Should he do so, he would not be the just Cadi,' said Bou-Akas.

'Oh! as to that,' replied the cripple, laughing, 'although he is just, he is not infallible.'

'So! thought the Schiek to himself, 'this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge.' He said aloud, 'I am content—we will go before the Cadi.'

Arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would of course take precedence of theirs. The first was between a taleb or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the taleb's wife, whom the peasant had carried off, and whom he asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher who demanded her restoration. The woman, strange circumstance! remained obstinately silent and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, 'Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow.' The servant and the laborer each bowed and retired; and the next cause was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first:—'I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now, I swear by the Prophet, that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money, for the money is truly mine own.'

Then spoke the oil-merchant:—'This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold? I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money, so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case. Now, I swear by the Prophet that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own.'

The Cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, 'Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow.' The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the Cadi's mantle. After which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal, and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple. 'My lord Cadi,' said the former, 'I came hither from a distance, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met a cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most. That, my lord Cadi, is precisely the state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!'

'My lord,' said the cripple, 'as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!'

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the Cadi said, 'Leave the horse here and return to-morrow.'

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions. On the morrow, a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The taleb and the peasant were called first.

'Take away thy wife,' said the Cadi to the former, 'and keep her, I advise thee, in good order.' Then turning towards his chinnax, he added, pointing to the peasant, 'Give this man fifty

blows.' He was instantly obeyed, and the taleb carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. 'Here' said the Cadi to the butcher 'is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his.' Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his chinnax, 'Give this man fifty blows.' It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward. 'Wouldst thou recognize thy horse amongst twenty others?' said the judge to Bou-Akas.

'Yes, my lord.'

'And thou?'

'Certainly, my lord,' replied the cripple.

'Follow me,' said the Cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst twenty which were standing side by side.

'This well,' said the judge. Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither.'

The disguised Schiek obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

'This well,' said the Cadi; 'return to the tribunal.'

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced. 'The horse is thine,' said the Cadi to Bou-Akas. 'Go to the stable, take him.' Then to the chinnax, 'Give this cripple fifty blows.' It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the Cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. 'Art thou discontented with my award?' asked the judge.

'No, quite the contrary,' replied Schiek. But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two cases were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Schiek of Ferdj' Onah, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom.'

The Cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

'I am anxious,' said Bou-Akas, 'to know the reasons which determined your three decisions.'

'Nothing, my lord, can be more simple.—Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?'

'I did.'

'Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly—'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belong to the taleb.'

'Good,' said Bou-Akas, nodding his head.—'And the money?'

'Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?'

'Certainly, I did.'

'Well; I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, if this money belonged to the oil-merchant it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval.

'Good,' said he. 'And my horse?'

'Ah! that was a different business; and until this morning, I was greatly puzzled.'

'The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?'

'On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately.'

'How then did you discover that he was not the owner?'

'My object in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master.'

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said: 'Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be Schiek, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as Cadi!'

## How the Lion woos his Bride.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but, as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the ascerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the other, Madam impatient and dissatisfied, leads them in the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eyes of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his main in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly.—When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious.

An Arab perched in a tree one night saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion, with full grown mane: she lay down at the foot of the tree, the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen.

The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, rearing defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go towards him; but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched, and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death.

Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail in signs of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off quite regardless of the complimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gerard tells us, in example of the conjugal fidelity of millady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced to, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions.—[Westminster Review.]

MRS. PARTINGTON.—And Ike, immersed in his physiological lesson, read on: "The heart is of conical shape, is situated in the thorax, just within the sternum, a little inclining to the left side."—Mrs. Partington laid down her knitting work, and, looking over the top of her spectacles said, "Is that so, Isaac?" He assured her that it was.—She paused a moment, as a pause will occur in the breath of the winds at times, as if they went into their caves for a stimulant, preparatory to going on a fresh blow. "I'm shure," said she, striking out, "I don't see anything comical in its shape, and if it is within the sternum, the story must be true that Paul used to tell about the soldier that the tailor played such a prank on."—Ike looked up, and ceased rolling up the corner of the leaf he was reading. "He went to the tailor," continued she, "as he was going to battle, for him to put a breastplate in his uniform next to his heart; and the tailor, who was a funny man, put it in the hindpart of his pantaloons, low down in the back. The man was a coward, and ran away, and as he was getting over a wall, a soldier struck him right on the breastplate with his bayonet, and pushed him over, but didn't hurt him. He said when he got up, that the tailor knewed where his heart was better than he did. I always thought it was a joke till now." The dame smiled at the reminiscence, and the old rigid profile of the corporal on the wall seemed to borrow a ray of benignity, and Ike laughed tremendously, kicking the stove door emphatically as an accompaniment. He read on.—[Boston Post.]

VINEGAR.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator proposes the following method, by which he thinks the best vinegar can be procured at a trifling expense:—The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made up elder wine. First, wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel; cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar can be obtained without any great trouble.—[Ex.]

RATHER NICE.—A strict teetotaler of our acquaintance lately refused a most eligible match, on the ground that the young lady had such an amazing flow of animal spirits.

## WAGON---WHEELS.

THOSE MEN who took the wheels of a wagon of mine, broke down on the big mountain last fall, will save cost by calling and setting; as I know them and will proceed for trespass and damages if this request is not complied with.

17-3

S M BLAIR.

## Pay your City tax and save cost.

ALL persons interested are respectfully notified, that I am ready to receive City taxes at my office. Prompt payment will save cost. City, County, Territorial orders, flour, and grain will be taken for taxes.

J. C. LITTLE,

Office at residence, 13th ward.

City Collector.

15-3m

## TAX NOTICE.

ALL persons owing territorial or county tax in G. S. L. county, are notified, that the same is and has been due for some months; but in consequence of the scarcity, I have refrained from dunning, believing that those that could, would pay at my office, north west corner of the Council House, as the law directs. Now as the harvest and better times are at hand, you are requested to pay up previous to the first day of September and save 10 per cent, that the law directs to be added on that day, and also cost of collection.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will attend at my office myself or by deputy on Saturdays of each week during July and August. Please attend to this notice promptly, as the finances of the territory and county are such that payment must be made.

S. RICHARDS,

Ass'r and Col'fr.

18-2

## Great Salt Lake City Cemetery.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City are respectfully notified, that I am appointed by the City Council, City Sexton, and that I am now ready to dispose of lots in the burying grounds. There are choice lots in the new survey that are not taken up; and as the Corporation design to put up a substantial fence around the grounds, citizens would do well to make early selections, and thereby assist in beautifying "THE CITY OF THE DEAD." A map of the grounds may be seen at my office.

Persons wishing to bury upon their own lots in the cemetery, are required by law to report the same to me previous to burial, stating the cause of death, place and time of birth, and medical attendant, (if any).

Price of lots, including recording, deed, &c., will be from \$5 to \$12  
Price of opening grave 2 to 4  
Showing lots 1  
Coffins furnished at reasonable prices.  
15-3m J. C. LITTLE, City Sexton.