THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." NUMBER 24.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1846.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Whilst wandering in this vale of tears,
Beset with sorrows and with fears,
We turn our anxious eyes abroad,
To seek a pathway, find a road,
To lead us to a happier home,
Where neither grief nor pain can come—
Our search is vain, our hopes betray,
Unless we turn to Thee—the Way.

Though ponderous volumes lie before
Our earnest gaze—the learned lore
Imprinted on their pages wide,
Will fail our faltering steps to guide—
Not cast a ray of light to clear
The doubts and gloom which meet us here;
And trembling age, and ardent youth,
Alike must turn to Thee—the Truth.

Though proud Ambition lures us on,
And Fancy paints the goal as won—
That goal which places on our brows
The richest prize aconquerbr knows;
And Fame, with all that power can give,
Records our names and bids them live—
Vain is the conquest, vain the strife
Unless we turn to Thee—the Life.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
And hearts, that with presumption rife,
Would seek through other means to gain
Ligh', truth, and life, but toil in vain.
Thy hands alone controls our way
Thy truth bids darkness turn to day;
And they eternal life have gain'd
Whose names are written on Thy hand.

CORALINN:
A PERSIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Here said I, here once flourished an opulen city; here was once the seat of a powerful empire."
—VOLNEY.

The sun had passed the meridian; and the shadows of the rocky peaks of the Hetzerdera, or the summits of the thousand mountains, as they have been called in the glowing poetical language of Ferdosi, had begun to stretch themselves over one of the most rich and beautiful districts in Persia; the fertile plain Persepolis, and Schiras. The clouds which in rude masses were piled above the Hetzerdera, were touched on their margin with crimson, and purple and gold; and while they showed in bold relief, against the spotless blue sky, were in all their brilliancy, &magnificence, reflected from the smooth flowing, lilly sprinkled Pendemire. The fragrance of the orange groves and the beautiful banana, blended with the breath of the clustering roses, which bordered the tranquil Pendemire, came over the senses in all their sweetness: and the ripe tempting blush of the delicious peach of Persia, was mingled in the same garden with the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate.

The towering and majestic columns of ruined Persepolis, raised their proud heads in the midst of silence and desolation; and their shadows as they lengthened across the ruins, darkened dust formed by the accumulation of mortal mould for countless centuries. What a place for moralizing! Persia's proud monarchs where were they? Cyrus, the man destined by Heaven, to humble Babylon—Cambyses, who brought to a final close the long line of the Pharoahs, and caused the sun of Egyptian glory to set in desolation and blood; and here marshalled the legions—here displayed their unbounded magnificence and power;—but now perhaps that very whirlwind which is sweeping throughout the columns of that stupendous temple, is sporting with their dust and mingling it with that of their meanest and veriest slaves. Here, too, Schiras lifts its towers, spreads its beautiful gardens, and from its minarets is heard the follower of Ali calling the faithful to prayers. But the bustle of Schiras is hushed, its streets are deserted; the crowds have poured forth from its gates; and the prancing of Persian steeds, the glancing of cimiters, and the clouds of smoke, plainly designate the course pursued by the immense cavalcade. Schiras was indeed that day empty. All who could possibly join the throng had willingly assisted to swell the tide of human beings that Schiras had that day poured forth to greet the triumphant entry of Abbas Mirza, the son of the reigning Shah, who had been appointed governor of the province, and who, in addition to the usual parade on such occasions, had resolved to make a magnificent entry, graced with the splendor and renown he had acquired by his successful termination of the Affghanistan war. The immense crowd had slowly made their way to near the foot of the first range of the Hetzerdera, and within view of that sublime and terrific pass, which from almost the only opening through the mountain, and from whence the eye catches the first glimpse of the plain of Schiras, were awaiting under the burning sun, with breathless impatience, the approach of the prince.—In the throng jostled by soldier and moolah, Emire and Saracen mingled with Armenian merchants and dancing girls from Ispahin—the flower of its Harem, and pilgrims from the Ganges, was to be seen a solitary Englishman, mounted on a spirited Persian charger, and accompanied by a single attendant whose turban and attaghan sufficiently showed his Asiatic origin. Murmurs of impatience and dissatisfaction had begun to buzz through the multitude; when a band of Persian cavalry approached descending the pathway, and instantly hushed every symptom of disapprobation. These heralds of approach of the prince was far more richly and splendidly dressed than any thing which Francis Everington had seen, in the displays of oriental magnificence.

Francis Everington was a young Englishman who had accompanied Mr. Morier in his embassy to Persia; but who had been left sick at Ispahin, when the embassy left that country, and was now with his faithful attendant, Hamors, on his way to Bassorah, on the Persian Gulf, with the intention of obtaining a passage to India, and from thence to Europe. He had taken a position beneath a cluster of orange trees, which served in some measure, to shade him from the intense heat of the sun, on a small eminence, from whence he had a fine view of the mountain pass, the descending cavalry and the multitude by which he was surrounded. He had stationed himself too, fortunately, at the point where the prince was to pass, at whose feet with a ready submission of eastern slaves, all were now anxiously waiting to prostrate themselves.

The attention of the mass of human beings, was so much engrossed by the party which were considered as the harbingers of the prince, that Everington and his servant were scarcely noticed, and they were standing nearly alone when a Circassian merchant, having a young women, were seen making their way through the crowd and approaching the orange trees. The dress of the man sufficiently indicated to the eye of Everington, his rank and wealth; but had either been doubtful a single glance at his companion would have instantly removed them. The rich embroidered velvet pantaloons, worn by the Persian ladies, the splendid muslin robe of the sheleva or girdle by which it was confined—the turban fastened over a profusion of the finest locks, by diamonds, but which was thrown carelessly over her head and served when necessary the purpose of a veil; all demonstrated that a person of no ordinary rank was before them.

"That is the rich merchant, Herman; and that female is his daughter, Coralinn, the most beautiful girl ever seen in Persia," said Hamors to Everington, as the strangers came up.

With the instinctive politeness which characterized Everington, he removed from his station beneath the orange trees, that the young lady and her father might have the benefit of the shade. The young lady accepted the offer, but the father declined; and motioned to Everington to resume his station, which thus brought him in immediate contact with the fair Circassian.

A glance at the young lady showed that she was tall and elegantly formed, and the symmetry of her person, was shown by the dress which Persian ladies know so well how to arrange. Partly overcome by the fatigue of the ride and partly by the excessive heat of the sun, she no sooner found herself screened from its rays in this bower, than she directed her attendant to divest her of her head dress; and Everington had the happiness of seeing the beautiful creature unveiled, and in all her loveliness. Never had our young Englishman beheld such a vision of beauty, as met his eyes in the surpassing girl before him, and while he inward y admitted the truth of Hamors' assertion he cursed the custom and the fate that doomed such a lovely creature to be offered in the market to minister to Persian vanity and lust. It was evident as had been hinted by Hamors, that she was intended by her father for the harem of the prince, should she be fortunate enough to attract his notice. No sooner was her splendid turban removed than her curling tresses, thickly sparkled with pearls and gems, and unconfined except by a single clasp of brilliants, flowed around her neck and bosom, in all their restrained luxurance. She had not alighted from her high spirited and snow white steed, which with proudly arching neck, and pointed ears, seemed justly proud of his burden; but with a countenance in which lofty feeling was mingled with conscious purity, and virgin innocence, she sat, hardly sensible of the interest she excited, and like the goddess of beauty an object worthy of the involuntary homage paid by all around her.

The troop of cavalry had already reached the foot of the mountain where they were received by the shouts of the assembled multitude, and found respect by the mufti and judges of the city. They announced that the prince might be expected in half an hour, and they as harbingers of his approach, were ordered to make the arrangements for his reception. They therefore speedily commenced dividing the multitude into two divisions, which lined the road for a great distance on both sides. In spite of some grumbling and menaces on the part of the soldiers, at the obstinacy of the infidel, as they termed Everington, he refused to quit his station, and maintained his position beneath the orange trees and by the side of the enchanting Coralinn, who had been joined on the advance of the troop by her father. Scarcely had these preparatory steps been taken when a discharge of an artillery from the mountain announced that Abbas Mirza was at hand.—Soon the advance guard appeared winding over the rocky crests of the pass, in martial order slowly descending to the plain. First came the advance guard splendidly attired, mounted on black horses; the long horse tails of their caps streaming in the wind and their cimiters flashing like lightning in the bright rays of the sun. Then came twenty elephants, the first of the trophies of his victories over the rebellious Affghans. They moved in single file down the pass caparisoned as they were when fortune of war placed them in possession of the Persian prince. Following this came a train of two thousand captives, the followers of the Affghaniston army, men who had escaped the hard fought but decisive battle which had sealed their fate. They separated into division, by detachments of the cavalry; and though bound and bare headed they showed no marks of cowardly dejection, but bore the undaunted air of men, unfortunate indeed, but conscious that the cause in which they were suffering was just. One hundred of the bravest of their number had been selected and put to death as an example to those who might hereafter engage in such projects: and these were reserved to serve as slaves for the victor in carrying on those works of improvement he had already projected. Then came a train of two hundred Affghan maidens, who had been torn from the hoppy hills and valleys of their native homes, to swell the train of the conquerer, and in all their budding beauty of youth, destined to increase the captor's wealth by their sale, or minister to the licentious appetites of their musslemen, and inhuman masters. They were unveiled, and as the beautiful train passed the place where young Coralinn was sitting, the sight swelled her gentle bosom, and Everington saw a tear trembling in the silken lashes of her dark eye as she gazed with interest on their sullen features, and contrasted her situation with theirs.

"Alas!" thought Everington, as he looked with admiration on the lovely girl, and saw these proofs of her sensibility; "how little difference is there between their doom and that to which you are destined."

Next came a train of five hundred led horses attended by a slave, and their rich caparisons, their long waving manes and tails; their proud walk, and curving necks—were a full proof of their value, and the estimation in which they were held. Then came the imperial flag of the empire, borne by the king's standard bearer, its broad folds of silk decorated with the arms of Nadi Shah, waving in the wind. This splendid memento of Persian greatness was alwas guarded by a chosen body of nobles, who had sworn on the Koran to preserve it or perish. The prince's band of music next showed in the procession, and over the sweet notes of flute and tabor, were heard at intervals the spirit stirring notes of Abyssinian trumpets and the thundering peals of the gong, and tumbaloa, echoed from summit along the mountain, and over the plain.

Amidst the discharges of cannon, and the shouts of the immense multitude which seemed to rend the air, next appeared the prince Abbas Mirza himself, dressed in the most rich and splendid manner,—his apparel glittering with gold and diamonds,—his beautiful milk white steed richly caparisoned, and impatiently spurning the ground, over which the pace of the procession compelled him to move at so slow a rate. The prince appeared to be not far from thirty; of fine and commanding figure, and an exterior which denoted the successor to the crown of Persia. He managed his horse without the least effort—and exhibited in every movement, that grace and ease, for which the Persian in Asia, like the the Frenchman in Europe, are distinguished. Then came borne in closely covered palaquins, on the shoulders of black eunuchs, and surrounded by a guard of the same unfortunate race, the favorite wives and concubines of the prince, that constituted his Harem; but who were now as always, effectually secluded from the gaze of those around, and the critical observation of the multitude. Then came another detachment of guards, and the procession was closed by an immense rabble of all classes, similar to that which awaited their arrival in the plain.

CHAPTER II.

——This, my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures—SHAKESPEARE.

"The two hours had already elapsed since the signal which announced the appearance of the prince, was given, yet he had scarcely reached the plain, and to the eye of the observer there was no end to the throng that continued to pour down the defile. When Abbas Mirza appeared among his new subjects, loud and repeated shouts rent the air,—the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were exhibited—and as he passed along the avenue which had been kept clear for the procession, the moolahs invoked the blessing of Ali and the Prophet upon him, not forgetting imprecations upon the followers of Omar, and the accursed infidels.

As the prince slowly passed, the multitude fell on their faces, and remained in that humiliating posture until he had passed. Not so with Everington, he had dismounted from his horse as a proper tribute of respect to the prince; but when he saw the crowd prostrating themselves, and ready to lick the dust, he flung his arms over the neck of his steed, and remained standing, notwithstanding the entreaties of Hamors, who pulled his master's coat, and requested him at least, to comply so far as to kneel. With a feeling which partly belonged to his spirit as an Englishman, and partly to his curiosity, to see as much of the proceedings as possible; he replied that no orders had been issued to that effect, and therefore he should act at his pleasure."

At this incident Everington cast his eyes on the fair Circassian, and saw with surprise that she had imitated his example, and was standing by the side of her horse, from which her father had assisted her to alight. Accustomed however to pay implicit obedience to her father's command, she kneeled, but it was not until the position of Everington had drawn the eyes of the prince, and guard upon them.

"You are lost forever," said the terrified Hamors, in an under voice, when he heard one of the officers whisper to Cadi, "see that infidel dog; shall I not give his carcass to the ravens!"

The Cadi hesitated a moment, then in answer which was inaudible to Hamors, appeared to postpone the punishment of the temper which had dared to offer such an insult to the prince. Perhaps Everington was the more insensible to danger which awaited himself from the circumstance of his attention being drawn at that moment to his fair companion.

She was in the act of kneeling, at the moment that the boldness of Everington had attracted the notice of Abbas Mirza, but by some accident the veil which she resumed, occasioned by her haste to obey the orders of her parent, fell off, and exhibited to the charmed and fascinated eyes of the prince, all that blushing beauty which had so enraptured Everington. He involuntarily paused for a moment, while she hastened to replace her veil, and escape from the gaze to which she saw she was subjected. The prince ordered her father to approach. Hardly understanding the nature of the command, he arose and advanced a few steps, and seeing the eye of Mirza was still fixed upon him, again dropped upon his knees.

Rise, said the prince, in a gracious manner, "I wish to speak with you."

Herman obeyed.

"Is that beautiful maiden your daughter?"

Herman answered in the affirmative. The prince spoke a few words to a young gallant officer near him; and then directing an attendant to bestow a purse of gold on Herman passed on. During the interview, every nerve of Everington trembled with agitation: and ere his heart had acknowledged the interest he felt in the lovely girl near him, he found himself cursing the ill luck which had thus given him so powerful a rival. The procession moved on towards Schiras, and the multitude followed in the rear in the same tumultuous and irregular manner which had characterized their march from the city. Everington assisted Coralinn in mounting her steed, and as he did so, pressed one of the fairest, softest hands he had ever seen, to his lips, and the slight proof of her hand, convinced him that she understood the language it was intended to convey.

It was with considerable difficulty that Everington and his attendant managed to keep near the merchant and his fair daughter; although she seemed evidently to wish to remain near them. When they reached the gate of the city where they were to separate, Everington, who was at her side, saw her lift the veil unnoticed by her father, and the sweet smile that accompanied her motioned farewell, caused his blood to flash over him as quick as the electric stream. He bowed—she reached forth her hand, and pressing it with ardour, he hastily obeyed the signal of Hamors to retire.

"By heavens," said Everington to Hamors, as they left the possession, and taking another direction endeavored to free themselves from the confusion and bustle of the entry of the cavalcade; "that young Coralinn is one of the most charming creatures I ever saw; she is one of your Peris descended from paradise to enchant and bless mankind."

"So thinks Abbaz Mirza," answered Hamors, with as much coolness as if he had never mentioned the subject nearest to the heart of Everington; "and unless I am mistaken, she is soon to add another to the beauties he has already collected in his Harem."

"Against her will, she shall never become his," said Everington; with vehemence; "I would tear her from him by force. I would beard the lion in his den, rather than see that beautiful girl become his victim."

"Hush, for Ali's sake!" said Hamors; "if you are overheard, it would be death to us both. You may depend on being closely watched; your offence at the foot of the Hetzedera will be sufficient to condemn you if you should be guilty of the smallest action here that could be construed into a crime."

"Amors," replied Everington, "I fear not for my self; I defy the power of Mirza; but I cannot rest easy until I learn the destination of Coralinn; we are now at the gate of our mansion, do you return to the crowd and if possible learn the residence of Harman and his daughter. Get her if you can," and taking a fine brilliant from his finger added, "give her this ring; the motto, I will never forsake," will announce to her my determination."

"My dear master," said Hamors, as he took the ring, "if you value your liberty, or your life, listen for once to me; forget that Coralinn exists, give up all hopes of her becoming yours, if you have for a moment entertained the idea. I heard the prince give orders to Cadi to provide for Herman and his daughter, and to attempt to gain her from him, will be certain destruction."

"She shall be taken from him," said Everington firmly, "unless she chooses to remain with him: and much am I mistaken if she would not prefer the desert and liberty, to being the slave or the wife of Abbas Mirza."

Hamors departed, and Everington highly displeased with the Persian etiquette which prevents a lady from allowing herself to be addressed in public, and had thus prevented an explanation he so much desired, threw himself upon the carpet to await with the anxiety and impatience of a lover, the return of his servant.

He came at last but had been unsuccessful. He had indeed learned from a friend, that by the direction of the prince Herman and his daughter had been conducted to a palace, though what one he could not learn, and that the prince had openly avowed his admiration of the beauty of Coralinn, and his intention at no distant day to make her his bride.

"You have indeed been unfortunate," said Everington; trying to restrain his impatience, "but she must be found."

"She *shall* be found," was the reply of Hamors."

"Hamors I do not question your fidelity, said Everington, who thought he discovered in his servant's voice, a fear that he was deemed unfaithful.

"While life remains I will serve you," said the attached and faithful Hamors; "and be able to aid you in your wishes. The prince gives to night a splendid entertainment at the palace of the king; I have some skill on the kanoon; I will endeavor to obtain admittance as a musician, and see if I cannot there meet or discover the object of your anxiety."

"Stay," said Everington; "a sudden thought has entered my imagination. We will change situations, I will now be your servant, and accompany you, and trust to my skill on the lute to make me welcom."

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed Hamors; "you will certainly be discovered and then your fate would be inevitable."

"You remonstrate in vain," said Everington, "my resolution is taken and, we have not a moment to lose in making our preparations."

These were soon completed, and in the guise of Persian wandering minstrels they soon left their mansions and mingled in the crowd that were hastening to catch a glimpse of the imposing gorgeous spectacle. Everington had spent much of his life in the east that he was familiar with the Persian language and music, and he trusted to the tact and experience of Hamors, to extricate himself from difficulty, should any occur. They were not long reaching the palace; and passing the double line of guards were admitted into the splendid apartments. Accustomed as Everington had been to eastern magnificence, the scene which now burst upon him was like enchantment—the collonades—the glittering lamps—the numberless mirrors that threw back in redoubled brilliancy the sparkling lights and beautiful forms that were mingling in the endless maze—and the crowd of moolahs and Emirs, with their waving plumes and glittering cimiters, attendants upon the prince, together with the uncertainty he felt in regard to his success and the certainty of death should he, presumptuous infidel, be detected in the retreat of the faithful, almost made Everington's head dizzy, and he half repented his hazardous undertaking. With as much confidence however as he could assume, he and his servant mingled with the throng and slowly made their way through the first to the second room of state, where the prince was receiving the homage of the new dignitaries of his government, and the salutation of all those whose situation or wealth entitled them to enter the palace. Everington arrived as these ceremonies were closed, and the assembled multitude had begun to indulge in the festivities which the prince had prepared for the occasion. The wide folding doors which opened on the gardens of the palace, were, as they entered, thrown wide open.—Soft strains of music were heard, and the lute and syrinda broke the spell which seemed to enchain the faculties of all present. Roses strewn over the rich Persian carpets, and the very air was perfumed—hundreds of the most bright and beautiful were gliding to and fro—parties of beautiful dancing girls from India, brought to swell the train of the prince, their swelling bosom scarcely veiled, their white feet glancing in brilliant light of the lamps, and their robes hung round with small silver bells, were mingling in the voluptuous dance—around declined on sofas splendidly dressed in the robes and shawls of Cashmere, their turbans sparkling with diamonds and pearls, were to be seen the loveliest of women, and at their feet, their lovers, busy in pointing out the most striking parts of the animated scene. The musicians moved through the apartments, as fancy or inclination prompted; now called to strike the lively kitar, or tabor, to a company whose feet were moving in the gay mazes of the dance; in another part the soft kanoon might be heard as some impassioned lover poured forth his soul in his song, and drew tears from the breathless listeners. But while the talents of Everington and his attendant were frequently put in requisition, he in vain sought among the sparkling eyes and peri forms which made the place seem a second paradise of the faithful, the object of their wishes. The superior tones of his lute made him welcome wherever he presented himself, but his wanderings were frequently checked to breathe forth some of the so melting airs which never fail to enchant the soul, and "lap it in elysum." The throne which had been placed at one extremety of the apartment, had been vacated—the cushion made of the richest silks, and filled with down from the cygent of the Ganges, were not now pressed by their princely owner; he had left his marble steps and ivory chair, to mingle in the sweet confusion, to catch at a less distance the bright glance of beauty, and in a thoughtless pleasure and hilarity of a subject, forgot for a moment the cares of government.

Everington passed on to the doors that led to the gardens of the prince. The cool air was freighted with fragrance from the groves of myrtle and accacia, and perfumes from the cedar, the pomegranate and the orange. The musk rose of the Bendemir, too, lent its blossoms and its fragrance, and the south wind came over the fevered brow, and anxious spirit of Everington with balmy effect. The moon was shining bright on kiosk and minaret; martial music was heard from the camp; and nearer the undefined bustle of the city and palace, was mingled with the tripping of the light feet—the melting strains of music—and the light hearted laughter of beings that seemed to have never known care.

Wearied by the fatigues of the day and the exertions of the evening, and a prey to a feverish anxiety, Everington and his attendant Hamors, after enjoying the beauties of the evening for a short time, entered an accaria, bower and seated themselves on one of the raised and moss covered banks. Hamors took his kitar and touched the strings to so sweet and lively a prelude that a number were soon collected around them. Soon came a party of three or four whose unconstrained and graceful movements, the richness of their robes, and the precious stones which glittered in their turbans, plainly denoted to be individuals of no ordinary rank. Attracted by the music, they approached, they paused, and pleased they seated themselves. Here was one young lady, who after listening some time to the praise bestowed on the gay and lovely serenade of Hamors, asked if there was not one who could strike the strings to a sadder note, some tale of hopeless, helpless love; and her voice had something in it; which showed that such a theme would be far more congenial to her feelings.

The lady who made this request, was seated on a rich Indian shawl which her attendants had spread for her, and at her feet was the person who was evidently her lover. The ends of the silver woven turban which enriched his head hung gracefully behind his shoulders; a cimiter handle, which was studded with gems, was suspended at his side; and as the dancing moonlight fell upon his head, the diamond crescent which ornamented the front of his turban revealed to Everiegton the prince Abbas Mirza, and the person of a female could no longer be doubtful. Everington did not wait a second invitation from the lady to perform that which lay nearest to his heart; but moving himself nearer to her feet touched the strings to the lute to a sweet and simple air, which he had learned at Delhi. His voice slightly faltered as he sung the last stanza, in which this noble youth replies to the command of the weeping maiden, to forget her forever, as heaven had forbid their union:—

"Forget thee?—bid the white wing'd dove
Forsake the lov'd one's nest,—
Roll back the sun as slow she sinks
To grace the gorgeous west.
Bid spring's flowers and golden fruit
To gem the leafless grove—
All may be done, ere my fond heart
Shall once forget thee, love.

There was a deep and breathless silence, as with a voice that trembled with emotion, he sung the air, and when he closed there was a general murmur of approbation.

"By the head of Ali the musician must have felt what he has described, and should be rewarded by us, said the prince as he flung Everington a piece of gold."

The lady said nothing, but it was a custom for them to reward the minstrel she took out some gold, and as Everington kneeled before her, placed in his hand, and repeating at the same time in a low but emphatic manner, the last word which had just fallen from his lips.

There was a slight agitation of her hand as she touched it; there was that same witching melody in her voice which accompanied the farewell at the gate which, together was enough; felt as though the sun had burst forth from the midst of clouds and storms. Danger indeed was there; difficulties to be overcome, yet, who with such bright eyes beaming, and such sweet tones encouraging, would have thought of danger or difficulties? Everington could not while the delicious tones that assured him that the beautiful girl Coralinn was faithful, was sounding in his ears. Hamors now struck up a sprightly lay, and the prince and his beautiful companion, and their attendants left the bower, and as they did so a light breeze wafted aside the veil, and in the moonlight, Everington saw that the eyes of the maiden were upon him with such an appealing glance of tenderness, that had a doubt of her feelings existed before that look would have removed them all. Everington replied by placing his hand on his heart; and after the prince had departed, soon followed to the palace. Here after indulging a little longer in the mirth and festivities—listening to the music, which from the gardens, the banks of the Bendemire, and the city rose, as if by magic, and mingled in the stillness like strains of the houris in the mussulman paradise; Everington and Hamors, left the palace in the same way they entered it, passed the guards without being discovered, and reached their lodgings in safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DISCOVERY OF WINE.—Sir J. Malcom, in history of Persia, states that wine was first discovered by Jemsheed, one of the earliest monarchs of the empire, by the following accident:

He was moderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; their juice was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous; he had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each; these were placed in a room. It happened that one of his favorite ladies was affected with nervous headache; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death; observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed the contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy; she repeated the dose so often that the king's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jemsheed and all his court drank of this new beverage, which, from the manner of its new discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name zehere-khoosh, or the delightful poison.

POISON.—Cyrus, of Persia, when a young prince, visited his uncle Cyaxares; and to show that there was no merit in being a good cupbearer took the cup from Sacas, who acted in that capacity.

Astyages, history informs us, admired his skill, but laughingly observed, "the young waiter has forgotten one thing."

"What have I forgotten?" asked Cyrus.

"To taste the wine before you handed it to me and your mother."

"I did not forget that, but I did not choose to swallow poison."

"Poison!" exblaimed the King.

"Yes, there must be poison in the cup, for they who drink it sometimes grow giddy and sick, and fall down."

"Then you never drink in your country?" inquired Astyages.

"Yes but we only drink to satisfy thirst, and then a little water suffices."

This occured nearly two thousand four hundred years ago, yet it is as true as if it were an event of yesterday—that intoxicating drink is a "poison."

A DEACON CAUGHT.—Some of our temperance journals occasionally let off first rate good 'uns.—Here is one:

One of our Washingtonians says that he served his time at the grocery business with a rum-selling deacon, and that his master was in the habit of making his own port Wine. He says that he has often been told to go up stairs and *grind some logwood* as the *port Wine* was most out. One Sunday the deacon was hard at work over a large cask with a pole in his hand stirring up the home-made wine, when a member of the same church entered unobserved. After looking with astonishment for some minutes, he exclaimed, "Halo! deacon, what are you doing!" The deacon jumped round in great confusion, and after a little hesitation replied, "Why I was afraid of getting off in a boat some of these times and I was *learning how to scull*."

A GOOD ONE.—The Springfield Gazette tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse on Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: "O that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out; "I know where he is! He's in Deacon Smith's barn."