

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 25.

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

TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1846.

[Continued from last week.]

CORALINN: A PERSIAN TALE.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, happy love! where love like this is found!
"O heart-felt rapture! bliss beyond compare,
I've passed much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me thus declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

The next day and the next, passed away without Everington's being able to hear any thing from a person in whose fate he was so deeply interested.—The merchant too, was invisible; and though Hamors faithfully watched all comers and goes to the palace, nothing of them was to be seen. He indeed learned from some one in the train of the prince, that in order more strongly to cement the friendship, which existed between the prince and his new subjects of Schiras, he declared his determination to select from the most beautiful of their women, another one to add to his harem; and report, now as before, fixed upon the daughter of the Circassian merchant as the happy individual who was to be thus honored. It was further stated that the marriage ceremony would be performed in a few days with all imaginable splendor.

To Everington who had strong reasons for believing that rumor was not in this instance the liar, which it so often is, with so much justice represented to be, this intelligence, though not unexpected, was still a great deal more than he had feared, still until now, he had whispered that the fears he felt, arose from the dread of a rival, and the intensity of his affections for the beautiful Coralinn. He spent a day in a thousand wild and useless projects. In disguise during the moonlight evenings, he examined as closely as he dared, the pile of buildings in which fancy pictured his loved one to be a prisoner. He gazed on the high walls which surrounded the palace and gardens of the prince, but was unable to catch a glimpse of her he so much wished to see. Everington recollected that the gardens in which the entertainment had been given, reached the walls of the city, and that they were washed by the Bendemire. Love is fruitful in expedients. The thought occurred to him that some spot might be found where he could from the river enter the gardens, and though the enterprise might be fraught with hazard, he determined on making the attempt. Hamors procured a light boat, and in it, when night came on, disguised as they were, on the evening of the entertainment, they mingled with the numerous parties, which in their fanciful water craft, were on the surface of the beautiful and quiet stream, enjoying all the glories of an oriental evening. The air was balmy, music came soft, and echoing over the waters—the light dipping of the numerous oars fell upon the ear with measured and soothing effect—crowds were clustered on the rose covered banks of the river—nightingales were emitting the sweet tones of the Persian lute and syrind—the fire fly was darting amidst the thick woven and deep green foliage of the pomegranate and Indian fig tree; and from the gardens of the prince, came the rich odours of the jessamine, citron and rose.

Everington & Hamors floated along through the delightful scene, the former too deeply intent on another object to fully enjoy the witchery of the present. The walls next the water were carefully and anxiously examined, but ever the searching eye of Everington could discover no place where access appeared within the limits of possibility. Sometimes mingled with the fragrance which the light evening breeze wafted from the gardens, came the melting sounds of distant music—gay and laughing voices—and once Everington started at tones which he was willing to swear were those of the charming Coralinn, and which sent the blood, thrilling, to his fingers' ends, were heard warbling one of those sweet and pathetic airs for which the maidens of their own country were so celebrated. They were about to relinquish the search as hopeless; the river was washing the last angle of the wall; the spy company had begun to disperse, and Everington was about to give Hamors orders to return, when he happened to see that from the branches of the pomegranate which arose above the wall on the inner side, a vine of that kind which produces the richest wine of Schiras, and which is sacred to the sun, had spread its tendrils upon the wall, and loaded with fruit, had descended till its clusters hung at the very water's edge.

"Who think you," said Everington as he turned the light machine in which they were seated, so as to bring them close to the wall? "What think you Hamors of making a ladder of these vines, with which to scale the wall? Is it practicable?" "Perfectly so," answered the slave as he grasped one of the vines and drew the boat to the wall; but would it not be advisable to wait until the moon has set, as at this time we shall be more likely to be observed in our attempt, than then?" "True," replied Everington; but you will remember that by waiting we shall much diminish the chance of meeting those we wish to see. Now is the hour but it will soon be passed."

"It is enough," said Hamors, and in a moment the skiff was secured to one of the vines; escape. An angle of the wall screened them, in some measure, by intercepting the light of the moon, and in a few moments Everington followed by Hamors, stood in safety on the top of the wall, a distance of thirty feet from the water. On the inside the descent was attended with little or no difficulty, and carefully reconnoitering the ground, Everington advanced

ed. It was not long before he found himself in the vicinity of the very bower, where he had met the young Coralinn and the prince on the night of the festival. Everington had already passed several groups of gay and laughing hours, but she whom he most wished to encounter, was not, he was confident, among them.

As he and his servant silent and cautiously approached the secluded and beautiful retreat, they suddenly heard voices, and listening a moment perceived they were females, conversing lowly, but earnestly. The quicker ear of Everington instantly detected the silver toned voice of Coralinn, and his heart fluttered with delight. In a whisper to Hamors he directed him to remain where he was, while he ventured to approach near enough to discover how many and what persons, and how employed.

If danger was approaching, Hamors was to communicate the intelligence by a shrill whistle. Everington then with noiseless step approached the bower, and to his joy saw that the beautiful Coralinn was reclining on the very couch which she had occupied when he performed the part of a minstrel at her feet, a place filled now by a young woman who was evidently her attendant. Near her was one of the richest sofas of Isfahan, which the prince, on her happening to mention the pleasure she took in visiting that place had ordered, without her knowledge, to be placed there, and certainly they have been destined to support the precious burden. Her hair was loosed from the diamond clasp, and flowed in rich curling tresses, around her beautiful and polished neck. She held in her hand a cluster of the fragrant white roses brought from the banks of the Nerbuddah, and while conversing, slowly scattering the pure leaves on the earth around her.

"So perish our sweetest, dearest hopes," said she with a sigh: "to-morrow, Myrtilde, you say the prince has determined this faithful ceremony shall be performed and the sacrifice completed."

"Not to-morrow madam but the day after," replied the attendant.

"One more day of happy freedom is then mine," said Coralinn; "it will become the victim, let the sacrifice be delayed to the latest hour possible!"

"It can be delayed no longer," said the servant; "you know the words of Abbas Mirza this morning?"

"I remember them too well," replied the young Circassian; "O that I could see the Frank once more, before I am lost to all hope of happiness."

Everington was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, but prudence prevented, and he listened.

"Alas my dear mistress," was the answer of the attendant; "if you should he could not help you, and he might instead of saving you only involve you in ruin."

"Allah forbid that I should bring destruction upon him," said the beautiful girl adding in a voice that trembled with deep emotion, "perhaps he thinks not of me, and I will perish rather than be to him the cause of evil, or the source of one moment's misery."

Everington waited no longer, he left his retreat, and presenting himself before them pronounced the name of Coralinn. The beautiful girl sprung from her seat and exclaimed "Allah be praised!" and in an instant was clasped to Everington's bosom.

When the first wild and unchecked gush of transport was over, the danger to which the person she so tenderly loved was exposed, rushed upon her mind, and throwing herself on her knees before him, she bathed his hand with tears.

"Fly, fly!" said the lovely creature in the low deep tones of passionate agitation "fly before ruin overtakes you; before it overtakes us both—fly and be happy, beyond the reach of a tyrant!"

"When I have seen you safe—when I have seen you free from the bondage which has been imposed on you—when I have heard my destiny from your own lips, and know whether you will fly with me, and not before," said Everington and raised Coralinn from the earth, and with her seated himself upon the sofa.

The beautiful Coralinn was before him, his arm around her slender waist, he felt the quick throbbings of her heart, as she reclined upon his bosom; it was a moment of delicious ecstasy, and the sweet kiss which he imprinted on her unpolished lip was coined in the mine of pure and hallowed affection.

"I fly with you," replied the blushing girl; "Oh, no I cannot; would to heaven I could; but the attempt would be the destruction of us both; go and leave me to my fate, and may the blessings of the Prophet attend you!"

"With you, and not without," replied Everington firmly.

At that moment the whistle of Hamors was heard, and the ear of Everington detected the voice of men at a distance.

"The guards are on their grounds—fly or we are lost forever—fly and leave me to my fate," exclaimed the agitated girl, as she flung her white arms around his neck.

"Will you meet me at this place to-morrow evening?" said Everington, who was warned by the repeated summons of his servant that he had not a moment to lose.

"I will meet you," was the hurried answer of the maiden; "I will meet you, though it can avail nothing."
The young lady who was in attendance, who on perceiving that it was Everington, had retreated a little distance from the lovers now approached.

CHAPTER IV.

So light to the coup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprang,
"She's won! we are gone over bank, bush and scum,
They'll have steeds that follow," quoth young Lockin' Scott.

The next day was spent by Everington in making necessary preparations for flight. Horses were procured and every thing arranged long before the evening came on. It was the intention of Everington to gain if possible the passes of the Heizerdera before morning with his prize; and then secrete themselves or proceed as circumstances should dictate. Among the rude and hostile natives of the mountains, he knew he could have time to determine, on his further course. He was more confirmed in this plan because Hamors had spent some years in that region when young, and not only acquainted with the Kurdistan dialect spoken there, but was familiar with the localities of that mountain region; and because from that point he could with equal ease, pursue his route to Bagdad or Tebis.

Evening came and found every thing prepared for flight. As the last rays of the setting sun gilded the peaks of the Heizerdera, Everington and Hamors placed their steeds in a thick grove of mangos at a considerable distance from the city, and but a short space from the river, down which, should they succeed in escaping from the gardens, they knew it would be necessary to float. They then procured the little skiff which they had used the evening previous and as the moon began to decline and the hour appointed Everington and his servant found themselves at the place of ascent. The boat was again secured, and again they successfully ascended the wall. Everything around them bore the same appearance of festive joyousness, which it had done the evening before. The palace was illuminated—lamps glittered in every recess, to which the moonbeams could not penetrate—gay and beautiful forms, the tenants of the harem, were gliding about, their steps followed at a respectful distance, by the black eunuchs, who had them in charge—music lent its witchery and while the adventurer carefully threaded his way through the most unfrequented walks, and at intervals caught glimpses of the majestic domes of the palace—while they listened to the sweet notes of music—while he breathed air freighted with the fragrance of a thousand flowers—he felt that the splendid scenes of oriental romance were not altogether fabulous.

Silently they approached the bower, and Everington breathed more freely, when he saw two female forms, the airy gracefulness of one of which he could not mistake, enter beneath the shadows of the orange and acacia, whose branches met and mingled over the opposite entrance. He was not mistaken for in a moment the beautiful Coralinn was in his arms, and clasped to his bosom.

"Thank Heaven, we have met, I trust never again to separate," said Everington, as he affectionately kissed the blushing girl.

"We have met," said the lovely maiden in a voice which trembled with deep feeling; we have met but it is that I may warn you of your danger, bid you farewell, and be miserable."

"Coralinn," said Everington; "if you love me think not of any danger that threatens me; think of the fate that awaits you, if you remain where you are."

"Gracious Allah protect me," exclaimed the beautiful girl as a sense of her helpless situation flashed over her mind, she instinctively clung to the arm of Everington, to whom—she scarcely knew how—she looked for protection and safety.

"We are loosing the precious time," said Everington; and taking the fearful and half-retractant Coralinn in his arms, with his lovely burden he led the way to the wall, followed by their two attendants.

Without difficulty they ascended to the summit, from whence without delay, Everington descended to the boat, into which Hamors lowered the girls, and having witnessed their safety, followed himself.

Leaving the boat from its grape vine fastenings, they floated down the river, passing numbers both on the waters and on the shores, who were enjoying the beautiful evening; and Hamors, to prevent notice, mingled the music of his lute with that, which from the shores echoed over the waters, so which the last rays of the sun-beams were tingling. Gradually the music died away; the sweet song of the nightingale rose from the bordered margin of the river, yet that was soon deserted, and Everington and his fair Coralinn, with their attendants were soon floating on in silence and alone.

Coralinn reclined on the bosom of Everington, her hand was clasped in his; and he saw that tears were trembling in her dark eyes.

"My dear," said he, "come cheer up your spirit's the danger is past, heaven will bless us, and we shall be happy."

"Allah grant the danger may be past," replied Coralinn; "but I tremble when I think what awaits us, if we are overtaken in our flight—for myself I care not, I can but die, and I will sooner than submit to the destiny to which I am destined by the prince—but for you—"

"O not of me," replied Everington, interrupting her. "I do not intend to be overtaken; if we are, do not think that I shall forsake you; I can at least die for you."

"This morning," said the blushing maiden, "the prince came to me, took my hand and requested me to walk with him into the garden. I could not do otherwise than comply." "Why so dejected," said he, as we turned into a walk which led us from the observation of the attendants; "why so dejected on the eve of an event which b had reason to believe would have filled you with pleasure?" "Gracious prince, I am unworthy of the honor you design me; forgive me, when I say that splendor and royalty has no charms for me. Let me entreat you to forget me, and in one of these Persian families, seek a bride worthy of yourself, and your destiny." The prince looked at her sternly and fixedly for a moment, and I trembled at his glance. "By the sword

of Ali, I see how it is," he exclaimed fiercely, "that rascal Frank, that accursed infidel has been beforehand with me in the winning your affection; Abbas Mirza is not thus to be thwarted in his wishes, and were it not that I have promised to delay until to-morrow, the ceremony that you are mine should take place within an hour." As he pronounced these words he laid his hand on his cimeter, and swore by the prophet, that should he discover any thing on your part, to justify the act, no punishment should be too severe for the presumption of an accursed infidel. I threw myself on my knees before him, and with tears begged him not to drive me to desperation—told him that I could not give him my heart, could never love him, and entreated him to forget me. "Sweet girl," said he "think not of my forgetfulness; I shall not try to forget you; these feelings you have you must forget—this reluctance you must overcome, and consent in the splendor of my court, to shine the brightest star in India, the most brilliant gem of the diadem of Persia's prince." I perceived that it was in vain to remonstrate, and as at that moment he was called by a slave, I was left to reflect on the ominous manner in which he repeated as he left me the words—"remember to-morrow!"

The boat had floated down the current to the place where the horses were secreted, and running the little bark on the shore, they ascended the bank, and soon found themselves seated on spirited chargers, and while Hamors led the way across the plain of Schiras, Everington rode by the side of the fair Circassian, who had, as the distance between them and the city increased, gradually recovered her spirits.—With the fleetness of the wind, they were lessening the distance that separated them from the mountain and as they approached the long sweeping range which bounded the plain on the west, the hope that in its almost inaccessible gorges and defiles the should be able to elude the pursuit which they feared, filled them with joy.

They had reached the mountains and ascended the first range of hills, as the day broke, and revealed to them in all its beauty the city and plain they had left. The rising sun threw its glories over the ruins of Persepolis, and the dark shadows of the massive columns that still remained standing, stretched like giants over the plain. Beyond the smooth flowing Bendemire, glittered, like a silver thread, amidst gardens and mosques, and groves and palaces. The blue mountains which bounded the plain to the east, had their uneven outlines marked in the first gush of the sunbeams. Seated on a velvet covered bank beneath a huge mango tree, in a little dell, overshadowed with fragrant myrtle, the party reposed themselves; while Hamors produced some wine and fruits which he had provided, and thus formed the refreshment which their rapid ride had rendered so desirable, particularly to the ladies.

After they had finished their repast, reclined on the smooth turf, they were congratulating themselves on the success which had attended their efforts to escape, when Everington observed the attention of Hamors fixed with anxiety on some object barely visible on the plain in the direction of Schiras. Everington waited a moment until he caught the eye of Hamors, when beckoning him to follow, he rose and went a short distance on a place where the opportunity of observation would be fairer, and where no alarm would be given to Coralinn.

"What see you that has riveted your attention?" said Everington, when they were alone.

"That which if it were possible my suspicions could be correct, would bode us no good," answered Hamors; unless I am much deceived, there is a party of horsemen yonder; that cloud of dust would indicate a rapid movement, and it is, I think in this direction."

"Your eyes are better than mine if you can make a party of horsemen out of that speck," said Everington; "but be it what it may, perhaps we had better be moving, as our horses by this time must be sufficiently breathless."

Coralinn and her attendant were now busily engaged in picking some of the wild berries of the mountain, and admiring the scene below, and above them; but they immediately obeyed the summons of Hamors, and they took their way to the loftiest range of mountains. After a ride of an hour through a ravine that shut from their view the plain, they emerged on a kind of table land, from which they were able to view the course they had traversed, and they now found that the conjectures of Hamors were correct, as a dozen horsemen at least were plainly to be seen rapidly following the same tract over the plain that had been pursued by themselves. Coralinn was not yet apprized of the apprehended danger; but to add to the fears of Everington, he saw from the signs of fatigue that she exhibited, although she complained not, that her delicate frame was unequal to the exertion which would in all probability be required to make their escape. It was impossible to conceal the danger longer from her, for her quick glance over the plain at once saw the party and comprehended their object.

"Everington," said she, while her blanched cheek told the agony of her feelings; "we are pursued, and it is not yet too late for you to save yourself—leave me and hasten to place that barrier of mountains between you and certain destruction."

"I regret my dear Coralinn," said Everington, "that you should have such a despicable opinion of me; as to suppose that I should forsake you now; no my love, Abbas Mirza cannot make me shrink from my purpose of saving you or perishing in the attempt."

"Let us not despair," said Hamors; "we are not as yet certain that these men are in pursuit of us, and if they are, I trust we shall find some way to evade them."

The horsemen were so near that they could be distinctly counted and their polished arms glittering in the sun, and the long white horse tail that waved from their caps indicated that they belonged to the household troops of the prince, thus dispersing every doubt of their object and destination. The fugitives now pre-

ed forward with all the speed possible, but was evident that Coralinn's strength was unequal to the task before them. Although she used every exertion to keep up her spirits, it was in vain; and the fatigue of another hour's riding, made it necessary that they should again halt.

"What can be done?" said Everington to Hamors; "can we not find some place where we may deviate from the usual route, and thus shun our pursuers, or be able to choose our own ground for defence?"

"I have thought of such a plan myself," replied the faithful Hamors, "there is such a spot a little before us, but if we choose it and are overtaken, we must die or be captured, there is no leaving it."

"Do not hesitate," said the beautiful fainting Coralinn; "in this course we must be overtaken; in that we may escape."

CHAPTER V.
There are bubbles that vanish when grasp'd in hand,
There are rosebuds that wither before they expand,
There are hopes that are blighted when brightest they seem,
And pleasures that fade like the joys of a dream.

Sketches of a Traveller.
The party of fugitives soon entered the defile of which Hamors had spoken, and wound along its rocky bed for a considerable distance without hearing anything from pursuers; and the pale features of the trembling Coralinn were re-animated by the assurances of her Everington. Suddenly Hamors stopped and listened. All were instantly silent. No one could hear any thing, except the murmur of the trees that overshadowed the deep glen, and the hollow sound of a distant waterfall. Hamors alone by his countenance betrayed his alarm. He threw himself from his horse, laid his ear close to the rock and again listened.

"It is as I feared; we are pursued, and the horsemen are close upon us," said Hamors.

"We know then what we are to do," replied Everington; "I think we can make this pass go against a dozen or more Schirans."

"I am exactly your opinion," said Hamors; "but not here can we make our defence. If the lady will ride forward, in one hour she will reach the extremity of this narrow valley, within the boundaries of Kurdistan, and there she shall be sure of a hospitable reception and safety."

"The advice of Hamors must be followed," said Everington to the ladies;—dearest Coralinn escape if you can; we will join after we have disposed of these villains."

But it was plain the strength of the fair girl was unequal to the task enjoined, and the danger to which Everington was exposed, had no tendency to tranquilize her spirits. The whole party now hastened onward to a place where the rocks approached so near together as to have only a space sufficient for one to pass, at a time; and as it was evident their pursuers were not far distant, Hamors proposed making a stand at that place, since in the narrow pass numbers could be of little advantage.

Coralinn endeavored to proceed, but dizzy faintness came over her; and had not Everington who was watching her disappearance, flew to her aid, she must have fallen to the ground. Everington caught her in his arms, sprinkled some cold water in her face, and while the girl Myrtilde hastened to the aid of her mistress, he kissed the pale forehead of the beautiful creature, and held her in his arms with a feeling of the tenderest affection.

Placing Coralinn, who had revived, on a mossy rock, which, by a turn of the ravine, was hid from the path they had traveled, he left her with her attendant, and hastened to Hamors, who had been preparing their arms for the expected conflict. Their position was such as to prevent their pursuers from riding down them, and they had hopes that by a vigorous defence they should be ultimately successful. Their pistols were loaded and primed, their cimeters were drawn, and in anxious suspense they listened to the rapid and approaching trampling of their pursuers.

It was but a minute before their foe appeared at the point of the rocks below them, and they no sooner caught a glimpse of the fugitives, than a loud shout announced their gratification, and the certainty of their triumph.—Though their horses were covered with sweat and foam, and panting for breath, they halted not a moment; but drawing their sabres, with shouts of praise to Allah and invoking the aid of the Prophet for the destruction of the infidel dog, advanced at a swift gallop and in single file to the assault. Everington and Hamors stood firm, with their cocked pistols in their right hands, and their sabres in their left.

"We must block up the road, and they must form the barrier," said Everington to his servant; "you shoot the leader's horse, and I will dispose of the rider."

"Flung down your arms you rebel dogs!" shouted the chief, who led the squadron.

The only answer given was by the pistols of Everington and Hamors, who both fired at the same instant with fatal effect. The noble beast on which the Emire was mounted, made a desperate plunge forward, then partly turned; reared on his hind feet, and while his master's hand relaxed its grasp upon the bridle, both fell lifeless in the narrowest part of the pathway.

The effect was so sudden and the assault so rapid that the second individual in pursuit was unable to check his horse before he was enticed by the fallen one, and ere he could extricate himself, his rider received a shot through the brain; while clinging with a death grasp to the reins as he fell, the affrighted steed was instantly trampling him under foot, and by his endeavors to escape, creating still greater confusion in the body behind.

"The curse of the prophet rest on the infidel dogs," cried the second in command, as he threw himself from his horse, and followed by three or four others, struggled forward to encounter the defenders of the pass, hand to hand.

They at last succeeded in reaching them, but Everington and his servant saw the coming storm, were prepared to meet it, and two more of the assailants were bleeding at their feet, one

by the pistol of Hamors, and the other by the sabre of Everington.

At this instant, in endeavoring to push the advantage gained, Hamors was thrown off his guard and received a blow from a sabre on his head, which to appearance killed him dead on the spot. Thus encouraged, the assailants pressed forward with loud shouts of "Allah Acher!" "God is mighty; but still Everington maintained his ground, and the boldest of the assailants shrunk back from his death-dealing blows.

At this critical moment a sudden scream from the females reached his ear, which was followed by a shout of exultation from the pass behind him. Turning on his heels he flew to save his fair Coralinn from this new danger, and as he turned the point of the rock that intervened between them, he saw her struggling in the hands of some of the party that had pursued them. There, while Everington and Hamors were engaged with those in front, had retraced their steps for a few rods down the ravine, then clambering up the precipice by the aid of the mantling shrubbery, had silently made their way above them, and passing on a kind of projecting ledge, had intended to take them in the rear; when on gaining the pass, they to their great surprise found Coralinn and her attendant alone, and completely within their power.

"Let go that maiden, villain," cried Everington, as he darted upon them like a tiger, and with a single blow severed to the shoulders the head of the chief who was endeavoring to secure the hands of the terrified Coralinn.

By this time those of the assailants who had been held in check came up, and those who had seized the girls finding themselves so furiously attacked, letting them go to defend themselves, Everington found himself surrounded by swords, and after a desperate struggle, was knocked down and securely bound.

"O spare him," cried Coralinn, as forgetting her own danger, she clasped the arm of the individual who appeared to have the command.

"Our orders, sweet runaway," replied the chief, "were to spare him and take him alive; or his brains would have been knocked out.—After all," continued the officer, "I much doubt whether this Frank will feel much obliged to us for the favor we have shown him, for he has a serious account to settle for the murder of this man; and with the prince, whom Allah preserve, for running away with you, sweet blossom of the mountain."

"Then he is lost!" exclaimed Coralinn; "already lost; there is not the semblance of hope in his case."

"Not in his case, certainly," answered the Emire; "and for you—ah you know the prince is merciful."

"If your prisoner dies, I die with him," said Coralinn firmly; the undaunted courage of her disposition raising as the danger which threatened Everington grew formidable and unavoidable; "I will never be the slave of Abbas Mirza, or the minion of his will."

"We shall leave these matters to be settled between you and his highness, on your return," said the officer.

"Coralinn," said Everington, who had maintained the most inflexible silence, while they were binding him, and scorned to reply to the threats and execrations showered upon him by his captors; "I know my destiny, but I hope I have lived long enough to despise the power of a tyrant, and if I die I shall do so, happy in believing that to the last I have obtained the remembrance and love of my dearest Coralinn."

"You see," said the chief, pointing towards the sun, "that it is declining, and our work is but half done; we must now return."

The orders were immediately obeyed. The horses of both parties were secured, and great was the surprise not only of Everington, but of the pursuers also, when they found that Hamors whom they left for dead, had disappeared, and that one of their fleetest horses was no where to be found. This difficulty, however, was removed by the chief, who assured his followers that Eblis had undoubtedly carried off the servant of the infidel, for his presumption in fighting against the faithful, and that the horse would probably be found somewhere down the valley, though his explanation did not prevent carrying into effect, with increased activity, his directions for an immediate descent of the mountains. Everington was mounted on one of the horses belonging to the party, and Coralinn being so fatigued as to be unable to maintain her seat on horseback, was placed behind one of the horsemen, and the whole party were retracing their steps to the plain. The dead were left unburied, the chief remarking as he passed them that they had fallen honorably, and that now since the gem was stolen, it was of little consequence what became of the casket.

A sort of undefined hope had lingered in the bosom of Everington, that Hamors had escaped, and that he would rouse some of the hardy mountaineers to their rescue; but they reached the place where they partook of the last slight refreshment in their ascent, without his wished for appearance; and here the sight of a large party of horsemen at the foot of the mountains, among which Everington not only discovered several elephants, but the black standard of Persia, convinced him at once, that his hopes were utterly futile and groundless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARCOAL.—The preservative qualities to charcoal are not so generally known as they should be, and I hope you will tell your readers that if they will embed their smoked beef and pork in some pulverized charcoal they may keep it as long as they please without regard to weather. Tell them also, that if they will take about a pint of charcoal, also pulverized, and put it into a bag, then put it into a barrel of new cider, it can never ferment, will never contain any intoxicating quality, and is more and more palatable the longer kept.—Farther, take a piece of charcoal of a surface equal to a cubic inch, wrap it in a clean cotton cloth two thicknesses, and made moist; and work about one pound of butter which has become rancid, and it will restore it perfectly.