

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 27.

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

TOWANDA:
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1846.

CORALINN: A PERSIAN TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

"And to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind."—HODIBRAS.
—Speed! Malice, speed! such source of haste,
Thine active sinews never brack'd."—SCOTT.

Coralinn had scarcely taken her place amidst the mango trees, when she heard footsteps near her, and looking saw that Hamors was there, followed by three or four powerful looking men, who from their appearance and armor she at once recognized as Kurds, or natives of the mountains.

"Allah be praised that you are here," said Hamors in a whisper; "Is, the sentinel asleep?"

"He is not," replied Coralinn; "you may now see him walking on the bank."
"It would be better for him if he was," said Hamors; for now he must die. Remain where you are until I come for you, continued he, addressing Coralinn, and then speaking a few words in an under tone to his followers they descended the bank, and were soon out of sight beneath the acacias and myrtle that hung over the banks.

Soon a dark figure was seen to emerge from a cluster of shrubbery near the sentinel who stood with his back towards the spot. The twinkling of a star revealed the glittering scimitar, and in a moment the deep and hollow groan announced that the silent but fatal blow had been struck. The others now sprung forward, the dead body was tumbled into the river—the recovering of the boat was in a few minutes lost from its fastenings—and the half-insensible Everington delivered from his horrid abode. But his limbs were useless, he was unable to stand or walk, and had not the revolting spectacle he exhibited been covered by the mantle of night, his preservers must have shrunk from the attempt of delivering and keeping him alive. After a speedy abolution in the river, and while the other attendants were putting some garments on him Hamors flew to Coralinn.

"He lives," said the faithful servant, as he led her where the attendants were placing Everington in a litter which had been prepared for the purpose.—A moment was allowed for Coralinn to assure Everington that she was to accompany him and then the party, with Everington borne on the shoulders of the four mountaineers, left the banks of the Bendemire. After following the direction in which they started for a few minutes, Hamors took from a pocket of shrubbery a fine horse and mounting Coralinn behind him the whole party proceeded at a rapid rate towards the ruins of Persepolis.

"You must consent to be governed implicitly by me for some time," said Hamors; "and if your residence for a few days is not as agreeable as you could wish, we hope it will be a prelude to many days of uninterrupted happiness."
"Hamors, any place will be a paradise where I can enjoy liberty, and the company of my Everington," replied Coralinn, in accents of gratitude to her conductor.

In two hours they found themselves amid the ruins. Columns lay scattered around them, and blocked up their path. Leaving their horses they plunged deeper into the recesses, and while the jackal fled affrighted, and the owl boomed over them, led by Hamors they fearlessly advanced.

"This strong wind," said Hamors to Coralinn, as she hung upon his arm; will not pass without contributing to our success as it will obliterate any footsteps we may have made over the plain.

Suddenly he stopped where the immense pile denoted that some magnificent palace or temple had formerly stood; and removing a large stone slab which required the united efforts of the whole party, a circular opening was discovered which opened on the unknown and unseen regions below. A rope was made fast to a fallen column, and two of the company quickly descended out of sight, leaving Hamors with the others on the surface. A rope was fastened around Everington, and he was speedily lowered into the abyss.

"You may now descend," said Hamors to Coralinn, and it was not without a feeling of horror, that she found herself descending she knew not where, and into the company of she knew not whom.

No sooner was she in the subterranean apartment than the others descended, and while a light had been struck up, were soon collected below. Preceded by Hamors, Everington was borne through several turnings and windings, until they came to a wall in which was an opening similar to that through which they had descended. This was passed and the light of the lamp showed to Coralinn, a number of apartments connected with each other, gloomy indeed but apparently dry and comfortable.—In one of these was a mat, on which Everington was placed, weak and exhausted, while some wine and provisions were produced for him and the rest of the party.—The opening through which they had passed was the only one that could be discovered leading to the subterranean chambers, they occupied, and however doubtful the purpose for which they were erected might be—the huge blocks of stone which formed walls on the covering of these rooms showed that they had been built for eternity. Some pieces of carpeting was brought and spread over the stone floor; and in one of the rooms a number of skins of water and wine, with a variety of fruits and provisions, were pointed to Coralinn by Hamors. To the inquiry of Coralinn, whether he was going to leave them replied that he was.

"My remaining with you," said Hamors could not add to your safety or comfort and

might perhaps endanger all; my master is unable to fly, he must be restored, and in whose hands could I trust him if not yours? Ten days from this time I shall come provided with every thing for a successful flight.

"But if our retreat should be discovered by the prince and we should again fall into his hand?" interrupted Coralinn.

"You have nothing to fear from him or any one else," replied Hamors, "keep up your spirits and may Allah protect and bless you."

So saying Hamors rested the hand of his mistress which she had extended to him, and pressing that of Everington assured him of his fidelity, and then with his followers left the cell, carefully placing the opening through which they had entered.

The time piece with which Coralinn was furnished, marked the laps of time; but in every other respect time was as to them as if it ceased to exist.—From the world they were completely shut out; not a single sound which showed that any other beings are in existence reached them; day and night were unknown, the lamp alone shed its dim light on the walls and the lovely Coralinn shuddered when she reflected that by the capture or death of Hamors, they might be immured for ever.

The pleasure however she took in administering to the wants of Everington, of witnessing the rapid recovering of his strength and sight—in listening to the warm expressions of gratitude and affection—and in indulging the sweet visions of fancy, which his restoration to health and their escape from bondage and death, pointed out, caused the hours to pass rapidly and delightfully away.

Everington on the third day with the aid of his amiable nurse was able to rise, and leaning on the beautiful girl, he repeatedly traversed the room with a feeling of satisfaction, at being able to walk, almost equal to that which he would have felt by the bestowment of a new sense. Blistered as his face and eyelids had been by exposure to the sun, the skin some of it in large pieces; and while the inflammation in his eyes gradually subsided, reflected on the good fortune that had prevented his eyelids being fastened open, since in that case his eyes, even while they lasted, would have been devoured to their very sockets.

The singular appearance of his countenance while it was undergoing this process of renovation, was a subject of much mirth between them.

"Ah, my dear Coralinn," Everington would say, as he revenged himself for her railery by kissing the fair girl to his bosom, and tenderly clasping her—"you are welcome to laugh at me; you have indeed earned the privilege, to you I owe every thing—life, hope, and love."

"Everington you must not be displeased, said the blushing girl; for you well know that you are all the world now to me."

"And shall I not always be so? May I not always be so?" said Everington with a smile.

"O, yes, I am not afraid to promise," she hastily replied, and hid her blushing face in his bosom, while he gazed on the lovely girl, with a feeling of unmixed tenderness and admiration.

The time allotted for the absence of Hamors hastened away. Nothing had occurred to disturb them in their subterranean abode until the day before. Hamors returned, when the howling of the jackal and the shrill cry of the hyena showed not only that their retreat had been discovered by these animals, but also from the cries in various directions, that the earth around them was hollowed out into apartments similar to that they occupied; and once Coralinn was alarmed by one of these prowlers, who allured by the hope of blood, endeavored to force his way through the way by which they entered, but which the vigilant precautions of Hamors had rendered impracticable.

The time which they awaited with so much anxiety at last came. There was a sound of voices in the outer apartment—the blocks of stone which closed the communication between them was removed, and Hamors accompanied by some of his happy and hardy mountaineers, entered the dungeon. The joy at meeting was mutual, for the faithfulness of Hamors had endeared him to both Everington & Coralinn.

"We have outwitted the tyrant this time," said Hamors exultingly; after every exertion which power or ingenuity could devise, he has been completely baffled. The mystery of your escape he has never been able to reveal—the largest rewards have proved ineffectual to discover your retreat, and the pursuit has been given up as hopeless. Once again on the Heterzdera and we are safe."

Preparations were immediately commenced for a removal from the retreat which had so long afforded them security and shelter; in which the most efficient and cheerful aid was rendered by the mountain associates of Hamors.

Abbas Mirza for ever, and the brave and hospitable children of the mountain, welcomed them with patriarchal simplicity and affection to their rude mansions. Notwithstanding the affectionate kindness of Everington, it was impossible for Coralinn at once to break without emotions of regret the strong ties of affection which bound her to her father; and when she remembered that she had deserted home and friends for a stranger, she felt that she was encountering a fearful lizard, and dear as Everington was to her, she sometimes caught the tear swelling in her dark eye, as these recollections came over her young and innocent bosom.

Skilled in reading the heart Everington at once perceived the source of her regret; and sympathizing in her grief he kissed away her tears, and banished her fears in never failing love and protection. Among the kind inhabitants of the mountains, Everington thought it prudent to remain but a short time; for though the country to the west of the Heterzdera scarcely owed allegiance to the Persian crown; and the brave Kurds still maintained a tacit independence yet his fears added to the counsel of Hamors induced him to place himself and his beautiful Coralinn as soon as possible, beyond the reach of Abbas Mirza.

As soon therefore as Everington found himself completely restored, disguising himself as much as possible, with Hamors as their servant, he and the fair Coralinn, accompanied by several of the natives of the mountains, proceeded by the circuitous route of the Tigris, and Bagdad, to Bassorah, where they arrived without molestation in safety.

Everington found himself in possession of funds with which he compensated his kind companions from the Heterzdera, to the extent of their wishes, and laden with every expression of his and Coralinn's gratitude, saw them depart for their native homes. At Bassorah he found the chaplain of the English establishment at the Gulf of Persia, and was united by the tender ties to the blushing and beautiful girl who had consented to unite her fortune with his. A vessel was on the point of sailing for India, where they arrived, and embracing the favorable moment, and waited by the propitious monsoon Everington & Coralinn soon found themselves in Bombay, where the flag of Britain assured him of protection.

After the residence at Bombay for three years he was called to Calcutta; and as his intimate acquaintance with the Persian language, added to his knowledge of Indian affairs rendered him a proper person to receive such an appointment; and on the recommendation of several officers of the government, he was appointed by the Marquis of Wellesley, then Governor General of India, to the government of Arga, a port of great importance on the Upper Ganges, whither he immediately repaired, accompanied by his admired and lovely bride.

CHAPTER X.

The world is full of beauty. To the eye
Where'er it sends its wishful orb it spreads
A scene of glories. Earth, air, sky,
Are mark'd with characters which may be read
Who hath a high attainment of the mind,
A bright perception with the eternal eye,
A glowing likeness to his soul's exulting,
Of what is great and pure, and heavenly."

H. TAPPAN.

Ten years after the event we have related, had transpired, in consequence of some misunderstanding which had arisen between the Indian Government and the shah of Persia, it was deemed necessary that some individual qualified for the purpose should proceed to Teheran then to the residence of the Persian court, to make, if possible, a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties that threatened to interrupt the harmony of the two governments.

In the opinion of the Marquis of Wellesley, then governor of the immense British possessions in the east, there was no person which would execute this important trust so well as Major General Everington—for to that rank he had risen—and a young lieutenant in the Indian army, was selected to convey to him the news of his appointment. To this honorable commission of the general's, was added the privilege of visiting England, (a pleasure he had long wished, but which the disturbed state of the Indian affairs had hitherto rendered inexpedient) after the accomplishment of this mission to Teheran.

It was on a warm afternoon that the bearer of the despatches, Lieut. M'Auley, approached at once, without delay, to the mansion of General Everington. A high wall of stone surrounded the extensive pile, and when admitted within the ample portals, none but those who have witnessed the beauty of an Indian pleasure ground, in its rich freshness and sweetness, can have an idea of the enchanting nature of the place. The white blossoms of the pomegranate and the crimson lily of the citron and clustering richness of the fig tree, and beautiful green of the broad level plain—the golden orange, and the delicious mango were all there, and united to form a whole, in which the inhabitants of the frigid north can form but an imperfect estimate. The thicket of acacias, myrtle and roses, which bordered the walks, lent their charms and fragrance to make the place an earthly paradise. Through the avenues of palm could be seen the broad Ganges with the blue lotus dancing on its bright waters; and the Indian peasant and the bird of paradise displayed their beautiful plumage on the overhanging branches.

Young M'Auley was ushered into a splendid suit of rooms; and on inquiring for General Everington, was told by the servant in waiting that his master was out but would soon return.

So fascinating however were the beauties of nature without, and so delightful was the scenery around, that M'Auley was unwilling to exchange them for carpets and mirrors, though of the most splendid kind; and having drunk a glass of sherbet, told the servant he would walk until the general returned. Taking his course down one of the walks, which led beneath the trees we have mentioned, he followed it through many turnings and windings until it suddenly opened upon a large green flat,

over which hung some huge plantain branches; and in the centre of which a fountain threw up its columns of pure water, which falling into a deep marble basin, poured over its margin a thin and sparkling sheet to fall into pebble covered channel, in which it pursued its murmuring course to the river.

The refreshing coolness of the spot—the dash of the fountain—the beauty of some roses which hung over the margin of the basin, and dipped their petals in the flood, attracted the notice of the young lieutenant, and as he was advancing to it when the sweet tones of a woman's voice, and the lively, laughing prattle of children, arrested his steps. He turned his head and saw on one side of the flat, under a bower of a woven woodbine, and wild roses, the general reclining on a sofa—near him on another was a beautiful woman, and before them on the smooth green turf, two lovely girls were frolicing, in all the unrestrained gaiety of childhood and innocence. The general had been reading a book which he still held in his hand, but he had closed it to witness, with a parent's fondness, the happiness of the charming girls, and enjoy the look of affectionate exultation, as his glance met the eyes of his beautiful wife. At that moment the youngest girl noticed M'Auley, and running to her father and throwing her arms around his neck, "Pa," said she, in a hurried voice, "an officer has come to meet us, may I go and meet him?"

"Certainly my dear," was the reply, and in a moment the little girl held of M'Auley's arm and was leading him towards the bower.

As the young European officer in that region were considered, by the general as his children, he instantly rose to meet him, and with the graceful ease for which he was distinguished, M'Auley, and introduced him to his affectionate and lovely bride.

M'Auley attempted some apology for his intrusion on their retirement but was cut short by Everington who assured him that apology was needless, and that he was never more happy than when he had the pleasure of meeting his European friends. After enjoying the refreshing coolness and admiring the beauties of the place, for a little while, M'Auley followed the general and his charming family to their mansion, where everything denoted the princely munificence of the owner. Sherbert was cooling in marble basins, the finest and most delicious fruits were handed about in massive, burnished plate—air cooled by the Ganges, entered windows darkened by the richest silks of Averbore—and the softened light fell on the most splendid carpets of Isfahan. But not here as too often the case, had wealth shut out from its possessors the finer and nobler feelings of the heart. The kindness which had secured to Everington and his beautiful wife, the affection of all their dependants—which had caused the oppressed to look to him as the redeemer of their wrongs, still retained its ascendancy in their bosoms, and showered its effects in the harmony that pervaded the magic circle of their influence. The favorable impressions of the young officer were confirmed, and he was soon convinced that he had never seen a woman who so fully realized those beautiful creations of the fancy, the peris of the Persian mythology.

General Everington accepted without hesitation, the important trust conferred upon him by the government, and with the promptness which distinguished him, and soon completed the necessary preparations for his journey; and with the numerous train of servants, and the equipage usually attached to the Persian court, accompanied him; and the two charming girls accompanied him; and the difference between the manner in which they had left the dominions of the shah, and that in which they were now returning to it, was not unfrequently the subject of mutual conversation not unmingled with gratitude, between Everington and the fair Coralinn.

Traveling by easy stages—received by the Persian authorities with the deference due to the rank of the individual, and the importance of his errand—and carefully observing the indication of the public feeling on the extensive frontier, Everington at last arrived at Teheran. Here he was welcomed by the court, and the differences which had called him thither, were soon in a train of amicable adjustment. A series of splendid entertainments were given alternately by the shah and the ambassador, at which the best feelings prevailed, and the reconciliation of the conflicting interests more easily effected.

Coralinn was universally admired. The adoption of the European customs, gave her an opportunity of often appearing with the General in public; and the believers were by the beard of Ali, that in the person of his wife, the infidel Frank was possessed of a gem worthy of being placed in the diadem of the prophet.

In the midst of these rejoicings news arrived that Abbas Mirza, who had been called from the government of Schiras, to conduct the operations of the war which the shah was waging on the northern frontier of the empire with the Russians, had after a series of victories concluded a peace with the infidel dog and was on his return to Teheran. He arrived and was received by all ranks with enthusiasm; and by the shah as a son, who had proved himself worthy of succeeding to the throne of Persia. As was the custom of the representatives of the different powers at the court, they sent in congratulations to the king on the event, accompanied by such presents as they thought proper, and as the influence of the prince was all powerful at the court of his father, Everington determined by the magnificence of his to secure the favorable notice of the prince. He was successful, and as the successive articles were presented and displayed, Abbas Mirza requested him to advance to the dikan, which he occupied immediately below the throne, for the purpose of explaining to him, the use of a mathematical instrument which he had never before seen. As Everington advanced to comply with the request, the keen eye of Abbas was fixed on him, an indefinable recollection

made him start when his eye met that of the General. Concealing his embarrassment however, he listened to the explanation of Everington with interest, and giving orders for the preservation of the instrument, he ordered it to be removed to make way for presents that remained to be received from others.

The next day an Emir attached to the train of the prince presented himself at the palace occupied by Everington, with the information that his highness, prince Abbas Mirza, would, if agreeable to the Frank ambassador, pay him a visit that afternoon. Everington who well knew that this was the greatest act of condescension the prince could perform, and would be considered by the Persians as the highest honor a foreigner could receive, did not hesitate to signify the pleasure he could receive from the intended honor, and preparations were instantly ordered for his reception.

"My dear Coralinn," said Everington, as he entered the apartments devoted to the ladies, "prince Abbas Mirza confers upon us the honor of a visit this afternoon. From some movements of his, yesterday, I am inclined to think that he remembers me, and I suppose wishes know whether I have forgotten him."

"Have you accepted the honor?" asked Coralinn.

"Certainly," replied Everington; "I have no wish to refuse."

"Surely there can be no satisfaction in meeting that man," said Coralinn; "and I can hardly believe that he comes with any but the worst intentions towards you. I shall be miserable till the interview is past."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Everington, kissing his wife; "remember, Major General Everington is not the same poor unprotected Frank he was when he formerly bore the weight of Mirza's vengeance. "Yet," added he, looking tenderly on the beautiful creature he still held in his arms; "when I remember the cause of his cruelty I am more than inclined to forgive him; and cheerfully would I run the same risk to secure the same prize."

"There is one thing to which I am glad," said Coralinn; "the custom of the court renders it impossible that he should see me here." "The custom of the court prevents it, but not the custom of the Franks, by which we are governed," said Everington.

The hour fixed upon by the prince arrived, and mounted on his own elephant, which seemed perfectly conscious of the honor conferred upon him by the person he carried, and surrounded by his numerous routine of attendants, Abbas Mirza made his appearance.

Alighting from his magnificent howdah, he was received with the respect due to the prince of Persia. Seating himself by the side of Everington he said:

"Ever since I saw you yesterday, I have been haunted by the idea that I have seen your face before; if so it was in connexion with circumstances you cannot have forgotten."

"Are you the Frank that a few years since was sentenced to the punishment of the boat at Schiras, and escaped or disappeared in so mysterious a manner?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Ah that young and beautiful Circassian!" exclaimed the prince with animation; "she would have called the prophet to earth, from the seventh heaven. I was distractedly in love with her, and you threw yourself in my way; is it not surprising that I attempted to crush you? Is it not rather surprising that you escaped my vengeance?"

"I did escape, however," said Everington with a smile.

"I know you did; but how I could never conjecture," replied Abbas.

"You would not regret her escape if it had been the means of rendering her happy?" said Everington.

"Not now," replied Abbas; "but then I was unused to restraint, and fancied it was impossible for me to live without her."

"Is the worthy Hermin then living?" enquired Everington.

"He is not; he survived the loss of his daughter but a few months," was his reply.—"But," continued the prince, "I understand you have your wife with you; and if that peris is your bride, and it is not inconsistent with your ideas of decorum, I would wish to see her again. I owe her a debt, I would willingly have discharged in kindness to her father, had he lived to require it."

"Coralinn is my bride," said Everington, and there was a feeling of gratified pride in the acknowledgement; "she can appear if you wish it."

"One thing further"—said the prince; "I wish the interview to take place with none to witness it except yourself."

"You can be gratified in that," replied the general, "and you may also name your time for the interview."

"Let it be now—I am impatient to see her," was the answer of Abbas Mirza.

"The blessing of Allah always rests on the virtuous and good," said the prince, "and may he continue to do so, added he as he took Everington's hand and clasped his and the lovely Coralinn's firmly together in his own.

"Have you no children?" asked Abbas, after remaining silent a moment.

"We have," answered Everington.

"I must see them; I must know how happy it is possible for Allah to make mortals," said Mirza.

Coralinn left the apartment; and in a few minutes returned with her two beautiful girls, one in each hand.

"You have nothing to ask this side of Paradise," said the prince to Everington, with visible emotion, as he gazed on the lovely children, the picture of their mother; and he drew them tenderly to him and kissed them repeatedly.

"There is but one thing more," said Abbas, and calling an attendant, gave him some directions, and bid him not stay a moment. In a short time the servant returned and placed in the hands of the prince, two caskets of the richest workmanship and materials.

"That casket is yours," said the prince, addressing Everington; "and this one," continued he, taking a key from his pocket, "contains something that I must beg Coralinn and her two daughters to accept."

The air flew upon, and from it he took a turban of the richest materials, on which was a splendid aigrette of diamonds which he placed on the brow of the fair Circassian; and then proceeded to decorate with a caracant of pearls and gems the snowy necks of the beautiful and delighted girls.

At this moment the voice of the Imam was heard from a neighboring minaret, calling the faithful to prayers; and the prince rose to depart.

"The day is past," said he, "but by me it will never be forgotten, it has relieved me of a heavy burden. I saw you," continued he, addressing Everington, "and your countenance awakened the recollection of other days. I made inquiries and found that your wife was with you, and you know the rest. I have seen Coralinn, I know that happiness attends her, and if she is happy, all around her must be so."

Bowing to Coralinn and her daughters, the prince, accompanied to the steps by Everington, retired; and mounting the elephant which seemed sensible that he was a favorite, returned to the palace of the monarch. His visits to the palace of Everington, while he remained at Teheran, were, however, frequent; and his friendly attentions were the source of great pleasure to them all.

After accomplishing the object of his mission, Everington and his charming family proceeded to Bassorah on the Persian gulf, and from thence embarked for Europe. The beautiful Coralinn, in the circles of the metropolis, still found that admiration followed her; but disgusted at the formal heatlessness of the society, she sighed for the quiet happiness she had enjoyed in Agra, and her wishes on that point corresponding with those of the general, after residing one or two years in London, they returned to India.

Here, on the banks of the Ganges they enjoyed all the happiness of which the human mind is capable; and in the smiling countenances and heart felt blessings they received from the innocent beings which enjoy their protection, may be read proof demonstrable, that virtue is its own reward, and that happiness is diffusable.

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.—The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable lady and a certain presiding judge in—This learned functionary was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P.—was called to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had, rather not, sir."

"Zounds and brimstone, madam! take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure, is the custom elsewhere, and, therefore, I will not take off my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentleman? She pretends to know more about these matters than the judge himself! Had you not better, madam, come and take a seat on the bench!"

"No, sir, thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already."

WE FIXED THAT CHAP.—A few days ago, (says an exchange paper), a gentleman (?) came into our sanctum, took off his hat, picked up a piece of manuscript, and commenced reading very closely. We reached over and took a letter out of his hat, unfolded and commenced reading it. He was so busy that he did not discover how we were paying him in his own coin, until we asked him what it was his correspondent was writing to him about a woman?

"Why, look here, squire," says he, "you surely are not reading my private letters!"

"Certainly, sir," said we; "you are reading our private manuscript."

He was plagued—begg'd us not mention his name, promised to do so no more, and we quit even.

HIS OWNERS REVOKED.—Dr. Rastellie, who was fond of the pleasure of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered the room, & begged him to come to his wife, who was dying.

"I can't help it, my fine fellow—I can't move till I have finished my bottle." Now it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry him off on his shoulders. He did so; and while bearing his load along, the doctor, burning with rage, exclaimed, "You villain, I'll cure your wife!" and, horrid to say, he was as good as his word.

CONSPIRACY.—Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day.

The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer.

"Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't read without it."