

POETRY.



The Good Old Times.

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago,
I can't imagine what can make
The tailors change them so;
When I was in my youth, I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hair tied in a cue.

And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knee,
And silver buckles did insure
The best of company;
Our breeches were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh, how I wish those broad-brimmed hats
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a full half yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The lappet will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes,
And where the fashions will arrive,
The tailor hardly knows.

The dandies of the present day
Have guard chains all of gold,
You'd think their monstrous pocket-books
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch,
And also a good steel chain,
And well I recollect his straight
Old pewter-headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coin on hand,
I guess some dusty friends of mine,
Would find it rather hard
To pay for coats they're wearing now,
At two pounds ten per yard."

But as for me, I wish I had
My silver dollars back,
I'd recollect my father's ways,
And tread the same old track;
I'd never do as I have done,
Risk hundreds on a bet,
Nor be obliged so oft to cry,
"Clean pockets here to let."

Nothing to do.

So we have now a gentleman,
As sure you never knew;
I am a wretch that has not got
A single thing to do.

I never drink—for I have not
A grain of sense to spare—
I never smoke—poor earthy joy,
It all goes down in air.

I never swear—I reckon that
The stupidest of sins—
I will not game—I've nought to lose,
And no one ever wins.

I cannot swim—my system has
A tendency to cramp;
I never sail—that getting down'd,
Does always strike so damp.

I will not skate—besides, in May
I could not, if I chanced;
I take no snuff—far truer mine
Is not a hungry hand.

I cannot study—for my head's
The worst of thoroughfares;
I never hunt—I hold my life
Worth thirty thousand hares.

I never dance—what! hob my legs,
And bounce about the floor?
I never sing—a singing man's
A nuisance and a bore.

I can't compose—I cannot see
Where lies an author's bliss;
Composed! why, bless my foolish pen!
Why, only look at this!

CORALIN,
A PERSIAN TALE.
CHAPTER I.

"Here, said I, here once flourished an
opulent 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 Hetz-dera, or the summit 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 of Persia—
the fertile plain of Persepolis and Schi-
ras. The clouds which in rude mas-
ses were piled above the Hetz-dera,
were touched, on their margin, with
crimson, and purple, and gold; and
while they showed, in bold relief, a
against the spotless, blue sky, were in
all their brilliancy and magnificence,
reflected from the smooth flowing, bi-
ly sprinkled Banderir. The fragrance
of the orange groves and the beautiful
havana, blended with the breath of
the clustering roses which bordered
the tranquil Banderir, 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 deso-
lation; and their shadows, as they

lengthened across the ruins, and dark-
ened dust formed by the accumulation
of mortal mould for countless centuries.
What a place for moralizing! Persia's
proud monarchs, where were they?
Gyrus, the man destined by Heaven
to humble Babylon! Cambyzes, which
brought to a final close the long line
of the Pharaohs, and caused the sun
of Egyptian glory to set in desolation
and blood, had here marshalled their
legions—here displayed their un-
bounded magnificence and power; but
now perhaps that very whirlwind,
which is sweeping through the columns
of that stupendous temple, is sporting
with their dust, and mingling it with
that of their meanest and vilest slaves.
Here too, Schiras lifts its towers—
spreads its beautiful gardens, and from
its minarets is heard the followers of
Ali calling the faithful to prayers. But
the bustle of Schiras is hushed, its
streets are deserted; its crowds have
poured forth from its gates, and the
prancing of Persian steeds, the glanc-
ing of scymetars, and the clouds of
smoke, plainly designate the course
pursued by the immense cavalcade.
Schiwas 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 triumph-
ant entry of Abbas Mirza, the son of
the reigning Shah, who had been ap-
pointed 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 acquired by his
successful termination of the Afghan
war. The immense crowd had slowly
made their way to near the feet
of the first range of the Hetz-dera;
and within view of that sublime and
terrible pass, which forms almost the
only opening through the mountains,
and from whence the eye catches the
first glimpse of the beautiful plain of
Schiwas, were waiting under a burning
sun, with breathless impatience, the
approach of the prince. In the throng,
and jostled by soldier, and moolah,
Emir and Saracen mingled with Ar-
menian merchants, and dancing girls
from Ispahan, the flower of its Harem,
and pilgrims from the Ganges, was to
be seen a solitary Englishman, mount-
ed on a spirited, Persian charger, and
accompanied by a single attendant,
whose turban and attaghan, sufficient-
ly showed his Asiatic origin. Murmurs
of impatience and dissatisfaction had
begun to buzz through the multitude;
when a band of Persian cavaliers ap-
proached, descending the pathway, and
instantly hushed every symptom of dis-
approbation. Those heralds of the
approach of the Prince, were far more
richly and splendidly dressed than any
thing which Francis Everington had
seen, accustomed, as he in some mea-
sure had been to the displays of orien-
tal magnificence.

Francis Everington was a young
Englishman, who had accompanied Mr.
Montei, in his embassy to Persia, but
who had been left sick at Ispahan, when
the embassy left that country, and was
now with his faithful attendant, Ham-
mors, on his way to Bassorah, on the
Persian Gulf, with the intention of ob-
taining 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 moun-
tain pass, the descending cavalry, and
the multitude by which he was sur-
rounded. He had stationed himself
too, fortunately, at the point where the
prince was to pass, at whose feet with
the ready submission of eastern slaves,
all were now anxiously waiting to pro-
strate themselves.

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

"That is the rich merchant Herman
and that female is his daughter, Cora-
lin, the most beautiful girl ever seen
in Persia," said Hammors, to Ever-
ington, 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 mo-
tioned to Everington to resume his
station, which thus brought him in im-
mediate contact with the fair Circas-
sian.

A single glance at the young lady
showed that she was tall and elegantly
formed; and the exact 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 day, she no soon-
er found herself screened from the sun,
by the orange bower, than she directed
her female attendant to divest her of
her head dress, and Everington had
the happiness of seeing the beautiful
creature unveiled, and in all her lov-
eliness. Never had our young English-
man beheld such a vision of beauty,
as met his eyes in the surpassing girl
before him; and while he inwardly ad-
mired the truth of Hammors' 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 Hammors, that
she was intended by her father for the
harem of the prince, should she be for-
tunate enough to attract his notice.
No sooner was her splendid turban re-
moved, than her curling tresses, thickly
sprinkled with pearls and gems, and
unconfined, except by a single clasp of
brilliant, flowed around her neck and
bosom, in all their unrestrained luxu-
riance. 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 invol-
untary homage paid by all around her.

The troop of cavalry had now reach-
ed the foot of the mountain, where
they were received with shouts by the
assembled multitude; and with the
most profound respect by the mulla
and judges of the city. They announ-
ced that the prince might be expected
in half an hour, and they, as harbin-
gers of his approach, were ordered to
make the necessary 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 murmurs
on the part of the soldiers, at the con-
fiscation of the infidel, as they termed Ev-
erington, he refused to quit his station,
and maintained his position beneath
the orange trees; and beside the en-
chanting Coralin, who had been joined
on the advance of the troop, by her
father. Scarcely had these prepara-
tory measures been taken, when a dis-
charge of artillery from the mountain,
announced that Abbas Mirza was at
hand. Soon the advance guard ap-
peared winding over the rocky crest
of the pass, and in martial order slow-
ly descending to the plain. First came
the advanced guard, splendidly attired
and mounted on black horses; the long
horsetails of their caps streaming in
the wind, and their scymetars 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 Afghans. They
moved in single file down the pass, ca-
parisoned as they were when the for-
tune of war placed them in the posses-
sion of the Persian prince. Following
these came a train of two thousand
cavaliers, the flower of the Afghani-
stan, men who had escaped the hard
fought but decisive battle which had
sealed their fate. They were separa-
ted into divisions, by detachments of
the cavalry; and though bound, and
bare headed, they showed no marks of
cowardly dejection, but bore the un-
daunted air of men, unfortunate in
deed, 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 pro-
jects; and these were to serve as slaves
of the victor in carrying on those works
of improvement he had already pro-
jected. Then came a train of two
hundred Afghan maidens, who had
been torn from the happy hills and
valleys of their native homes, to swell
the train of the conquerors, and in all
the budding beauty of youth, destined
to increase the captor's wealth by their
sale, or minister to the licentious ap-
petites of their Mussulmen, and unhu-
man masters. They were unveiled,
and as the beautiful train passed the
place where young Coralin was sit-
ting, the sigh swelled her gentle bosom,
and Everington saw a tear trembling
on the silken lashes of her dark eye, as
she gazed with interest on the sadden-
ed features, and contrasted her situa-
tion with theirs.

"Alas!" thought Everington, as he
looked with admiration on the lovely

girl, and saw these proofs of her sensi-
bility; "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 wav-
ing 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 always 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 followed in the
procession, and over the sweet notes of
flute and tabor, were heard at inter-
vals the spirit stirring notes of the
Arabian trumpet; and the thunder-
ing peals of the gong and tambour,
echoed from summit to summit along
the mountain and over the plain.

Amidst the discharges of cannon,
and shouts of the immense multitude
which seemed to read the air, next ap-
peared the prince Abbas Mirza him-
self, dressed in the most rich and splen-
did 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 a slow rate.
The prince appeared to be not far from
thirty; of fine and commanding figure,
and an exterior which denoted the suc-
cessor to the crown of Persia. He
managed his horse without the least
effort—and exhibited in every move-
ment, that grace and ease, for which
the Persians in Asia, like the French-
man in Europe, is distinguished. Then
came, borne in closely covered palan-
quins, on the shoulders of black
eunuchs, and surrounded by a guard
of the same unfortunate race, the fa-
vorite wives and concubines, of the
prince, those that constituted his ha-
rem; but who were now, as always,
effectually secluded from the gaze of
these around, and critical observation
of the multitude. Then came another
detachment of guards, and the proces-
sion was closed by an immense rabble
of all classes, similar to that which
awaited their arrival in the plain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLICE REPORT.

We find the following in a Belfast
paper. It will edify our more grave
recitals.

[The following, or something very like
it, we are assured, occurred in a Police
Court in Ireland.] A smart good look-
ing Irishman was ushered into court,
backed by three of the fair sex, two Ir-
ish and one Scotch, who signified to
the court "that here was a jewel of a
boy, who had married every three of
them, and that they were determined
to leave it to his Honor's pleasure to
make up the diffy, by saying which of
them was to get him." The court was
crowded to excess, but to describe the
tattered squad is impossible.

Judge.—What have you to say for
yourself, sir? Do you acknowledge
that you are married to these three wo-
men?

Pat.—Och, your Honor, it was a pet
of a day that I was stepping down to
the shore to look—

Judge.—No invasion, sir, answer the
question.

Pat.—It's coming to it I am, but a
man may tell his own story his own way,
with the pleasure of your honor.—
(Cries of hear him, your honor, its him-
self that can speak the desaving truths.)
Judge.—Answer me, Sir? Did you
marry these three women? (Cries of
that's the ticket.) Och Pat you've
your foot in a box with a nail in it?)

Pat.—Sure your honor, for the mat-
ter of marrying, it's the thing I was al-
ways for to do; but to tell your honor
the plain holy truth, it's more than I'm
able to keep the three, though the ne-
ver a better workman lifts a tool, but
these same wives, bad luck to them, lift
the whiskey bottle as often as I do the
spade, an' your honor must know from
experience, that the like wont do at all
at all! (Cheers) Out upon you for a
falsifying liar, shouted the three with
discordant chorus.

Judge.—Silence. I must tell you,
Sir, that I will take other measures to
make you answer my question. If con-
victed, you will be put in the pillory.

The court now assumed an appear-
ance of romantic confusion. The mis-
chievous boys had the ascendancy. "Pill-
or him," shouted one. "Hoist him in
to the nate little box," roared another.
"Bad luck to the eggman's basket, that
I can catch hold," said a diminutive
grey-eyed Irishman. "Whist a wee,
chaps, wi' ye'r hawering till we hear
what the Lord says," bawled a Scotch
pedlar. (Here Pat struck in.) "Bad
scram to the noddle that gives birth to
the thought of making a big public spi-
acle of a tinder-hearted christian that
wouldn't harm the wool upon a lamb's
back." The trio struck the same chord
in succession. "Och, the darkness of

the night has cum upon me," said the
raller of the two Irish women, that ev-
er the eye of Piggy Mulroney should
look upon the darrest jewel Patrick O'-
Flinn, and he in the pillories—Sure
an' this the trial that the mother—no
nor the grand mother o' me neither; ev-
er thought her daughter would see—
Patrick O'Flinn put up like a "latie bog-
gle," and pelted like a "sign post." "Oh
that the crows had picked his carcase
two long years ago!" said Nancy.—
"Weas me? but I'm a heart broken body,
the day never dawns but I hear ill news
afore sun-set! Pate to be tean to the
pillory like a rascalion, an' for makin'
a bit a bargain wi' thea twa randy hizzies?"
said the little Scotch woman. "Is
there never a pardon that can be ex-
tended to the penitent christian?" roared
Pat in anguish. Thus the party
went on to the infinite amusement of
the court, and the Judge was unable to
maintain his gravity. It appears how-
ever, on investigation, that neither of
the three were regularly married to
Pat, further than by consent of parties.
The Judge dismissed the case, saying
to Pat that he left them to settle it a-
mong themselves. The wives agreed to
let Pat have his choice. "Oh," said
Pat, "I'll please ye all, I'll engage you,
if you'll just houl' your lip till I thank
his honor. Sure, your honor, my heart's
as soft as a mushroom, and as tender as
humanity, and it's overflowing it, with
the kindness of your honor. May a
thousand sweet angels speak peace to
you on your mortal couch, and may the
dews of the blue heavens fall soft on
your honor's grave." At the termina-
tion of which aspiration, he was borne
off by the three rivals, followed by a
host of applauding urchins.

To Clean Bedsteads.

We copy the following directions for
cleaning bedsteads, from the New Haven
Register. The method appears to be
novel—at least we have never seen the
same directions in print before, and we
think with the writer, those who will
take the trouble to follow them, may be
pretty certain of comfortable beds for the
rest of the season. The common meth-
od of attacking the vermin in the bed-
steads with hot water, is entirely useless;
it will neither destroy the bug nor its
eggs. Painting the bedsteads with ver-
digris, or washing it with spirits of tur-
pentine, are not only medicaments, but
almost as noxious as the insect.

Directions.—If your bedsteads are al-
ready populated with these animals,
scald them (the bedsteads) with boiling
vinegar. The mattresses and pillows should
be held a minute in the hot vinegar, and
upon all places where the eggs are de-
posited the hot liquid should be suffered
to remain about a minute, or to run over
them that length of time. The bed cord
should be taken out and dipped in the
boiling vinegar.

This will destroy not only the bugs,
but the eggs, the acid of the vinegar
eating off the lime that constitutes the
shell of the egg. This operation should
be performed upon all the bedsteads in
the house at the same time. To prevent
waste of the vinegar, a large kettle or
tub should be placed so as to catch the
vinegar as it is poured on. Remember
that the vinegar should be boiling hot.

But this will not prevent the bugs
from again infesting the bedsteads, if any
should happen to have hid themselves in
the bedclothes, or cracks of the floor or
the partition. To prevent them from a-
gain populating the bedsteads, it is ne-
cessary to brush over the bedsteads
thoroughly with the following wash:

Alcohol, half a pint; spirits of turpen-
tine, half a pint; camphor, half an ounce
—mix together. The articles may be
had at the apothecaries or druggists, and
will cost a shilling. The above quanti-
ty is sufficient for four bedsteads. I use
a painter's brush to put on the wash, but
a few bristles tied together will do as
well. The whole of each bedstead should
be touched lightly with the wash. It
dries instantly and is agreeable in its smell,
and possesses the advantages of not soil-
ing or staining the bedding or curtains,
though freely applied even to them.

If the bedsteads are not old, nor much
infested with the insects the wash above
mentioned will be sufficient without scald-
ing with vinegar, both, applied in suc-
cession, are absolutely infallible, in the
worst cases. If thoroughly performed,
not a bug will ever appear in the house
again, unless brought there in other bed-
steads.

Fee Mail influence.—One day a boun-
cing country lass stepped into the post-
office in a neighboring town, and inquired
if there was a letter for her. The
post-master overhauled his stock and
produced one bearing her name, and
told her it was ten cents. "Ten cents?"
said she, why I got a good deal bigger
one the other day for fourpence; can't you
take less? "O no ma'am," said the
man of letters, "that's Uncle Sam's price,
and we cannot vary from it in the least."
"Well, where is your Uncle," said the
other, "I wish you'd be good enough
to call him. I don't believe but what
he'd take three cents for such a little
mite as that are is!"