



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 balsomine 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,
A old silver buckles did insure
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
O, 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 laps 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 gold chains all of gold,
Y'ld think their monstrous pocket-book
Was fill'd 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 coins on hand,
I guess some das'ly 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 wad-a-gone a gentleman,
You 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 earth joy,
It all dissolves 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 drown'd,
Does always strike so damp.

I will not skate—besides, in May
I could not see;
I take no snuff—for truly mine
Is not a hungry nose.

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

I never dance—what! bob my legs,
And b-since about the fl—?
I never sing—a singing man's
A nuisance and a bore.

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

CORALIAN,
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-déra, 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 Schiras. The clouds which in rude masses were piled above the Hetz-déra, were touched, on their margin, with crimson, and purple, and gold; and while they shewed, in bold relief, against the spotless, blue sky, were in all their brilliancy and magnificence, reflected from the smooth flowing, hilly, pinkish Béndemir. The fragrance of the orange groves and the beautiful banana, blended with the breath of the clustering roses which bordered the tranquil Béndemir, 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, and 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, 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 unbounded 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 glancing of scymetars, 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 Mirzâ, 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 acquired by his successful termination of the Affghanistan war.

The immense crowd had slowly made their way to near the feet of the first range of the Hetz-déra; and within view of that sublime and terrific pass, which forms almost the only opening through the mountains, and from whence the eye catches the first glimpse of the beautiful plain of Schiras, were waiting under a burning sun, with breathless impatience, the approach of the prince. In the throng, and jostled by soldier, and mullah, Emir and Saracen mingled with Armenian merchants, and dancing girls from Ispahan, 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 ataghān, 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. 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 measure had been to the displays of oriental magnificence.

Francis Everington was a young Englishman, who had accompanied Mr. Mortier, 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, Hamer, 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, 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 prostate 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 Everington and his servant were scarcely noticed, and they were standing nearly alone when a Circassian merchant, having a young woman in his company, 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 removed them. The rich, embroidered velvet pantaloons, worn by the Persian ladies, the splendid muslin robe—the sheleva, 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 person of no ordinary rank was before them.

"That is the rich merchant Herman and that female is his daughter, Coralian, 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 mother 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 single glance at the young lady shewed 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 sooner

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 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 inwardly 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 service of the prince, should she be fortunate enough to attract his notice. No sooner was her splendid turban removed, than her curling tresses, thickly sprinkled with pearls and gems, and unconfined, except by a single clasp of brilliants, flowed around her neck and bosom, in all their unrestrained luxuriance. 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 loftiness 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 now reached the foot of the mountain, where they were received with shouts by the assembled multitude; and with the most profound respect by the mullahs 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 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 menaces on the part of the soldiers, at the ostiary of the infidels, as they termed Everington, he refused to quit his station, and maintained his position beneath the orange trees; and beside the enchanting Coraline, who had been joined on the advance of the troop, by her father. Scarcely had these preparatory measures been taken, when a discharge of artillery from the mountain, announced that Abbas Mirzâ was at hand. Soon the advance guard appeared winding over the rocky crest of the pass, and in martial order slowly 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, comparison as they were when the fortune of war placed them in the possession of the Persian prince. Following these came a train of two thousand captives, the flower of the Affghanistan army, men who had escaped the hard fought but decisive battle which had sealed their fate. They were separated into divisions, 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 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 projects; and these were to serve as slaves of 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 happy lulls 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 appetites of their musulmen, and inhuman masters. They were unveiled, and as the beautiful train passed the place where young Coraline was sitting, 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 saddened 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 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 taber, were heard at intervals the spirit stirring notes of the Abyssinian trumpet; and the thundering 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 rend the air, next appeared the prince Abbas Mirzâ 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 a slow 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 Persians in Asia, like the Frenchmen in Europe, is distinguished. Then came, borne in closely covered palanquins, on the shoulders of black eunuchs, and surrounded by a guard of the same unfortunate race, the favorite wives and concubines, of the prince, those that constituted his harem; but who were now, as always, equally secluded from the gaze of those around, and 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.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLICE REPORT.

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

[The following, or something very like it, we are assured, occurred in a Police Court in Ireland.]

A smart good looking Irishman was ushered into court, backed by three of the fair sex, two Irish 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 differ, 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 women?

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, his himself 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 matter of marrying, it's the thing I was always 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 never 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 a discordant chorus.

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

The court now assumed an appearance of romantic confusion. The mischievous boys had the ascendancy. "Pilfer him," shouted one. "Hoist him into 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 Lard 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 spectacle 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 taller of the two Irish women, that ever the eye of Piggy Mulroney should look upon the darest jewel Patrick O'Flann, and he in the pillories—"Sure an' this the trial that the mother—no nor the grand mother o' me neither; ever thought her daughter would see—Patrick O'Flann put up like a *fatie boole*, and pealed like a *sign post*! 'Oh that the crows had picked his carcass two long years ago!' said Nancy.—'Weas me? but I'm a heart broken body, the day never dawns but I hear ill news aforesun-set? Pate to be tean to the pilory like a *ramscallion*, an' for makin' a bit a bargain wi' them twa randy bitches?" said the little Scotch woman. "Is there never a pardon that can be extended to the penitent christain," 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 however, 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 among 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 tinder as humanity, and it's overflowing it is, 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 termination 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 method of attacking the vermin in the bedsteads with *hot water*, is entirely useless; it will neither destroy the bug nor its eggs. Painting the bedsteads with verligris, or washing it with spirits of turpentine, are not only medicacious, but almost as loathsome as the insect.

Directions—If your bedsteads are already populated with these animals, scald them (the bedsteads) with *boiling vinegar*. The mortices and tenons should be held a minute in the hot vinegar, and upon all places where the eggs are deposited 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 again populating the bedsteads, it is necessary to brush over the bedsteads tightly with the following wash:

Alcohol, half a pint; spirits of turpentine, 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 quantity is sufficient for four bedsteads. 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 soiling, 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 scalding with vinegar, both, applied in succession, 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 bedsteads.

Fee Mail influence.—One day a bounding 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 '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!"