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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 24, 1862.

Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter.)

FLOATING ALONG.

Floating along! we glide together,
Down the silent river of time;
Now we enter the swiftest current,
Bearing us on to another clime!
Floating along!

Fading away! the shore of childhood,
Tinged with the morning's rosate hue—
Scenes where my thoughts still love to linger,
Slowly receding from my view.
Fading away!

Over the stream! the shore of childhood,
Shadows envelope the other shore;
Many a craft in its clouds and darkness,
Pass from my vision evermore—
Over the stream!

Headlessly on! the sons of folly
Eagerly crowd the swelling sail;
Careless alike of storm and breaker,
Speeding along before gale—
Headlessly on!

Lanched from the shore! a fairy shallop,
Love at the helm and hope at the prow—
Eager to join in life's regatta,
Breaks on my wondering vision now—
Off from the shore!

River of Time! O, bear her onward,
Not where the darkest currents flow;
Engulf her not in the giddy whirlpool,
Hide her not in the cave below—
River of Time!

NEW YORK, NOV. 1861. M.

Miscellaneous.

An Incident of the Revolution.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was seen entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river; his appearance was that of a person above common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of squire, and from his manner, have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society would inform you there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles; yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for a by path leading among the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travelers. He had not left the house where he had inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount; traveling became dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods assunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day he was about to make such dispositions of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the further he advanced; the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house. The watch-dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.
"A friend who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the reply.
"Come in, sir," added the first speaker; "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must provide for the weary companion of my journey," replied the other.

But the former undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse into a well stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveler, he observed:

"That's a noble animal of yours, sir."
"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him, so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him. But I have yet to thank you for the kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But, Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half-reproachful look—"why have you not given this gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a short time before, in that neighborhood, and as report stated that they were all well dressed, her mind suggested that this might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation between the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night's rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highway-men, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself, after all, my dear?" for they do say he travels just so, all alone sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of the guest, who was now engaged in private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and then asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued: "And now Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a name among the nations of the earth, may we be enabled to show our gratitude for Thy goodness by endeavoring to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible to their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace.—Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of him thou hast called Thy Beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveler, declining the pressing solicitation to stop to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering a part of his purse as compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," he continued, "since you will not permit me to compensate you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also adding to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listeners silent for a moment; then after successfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshments, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is only of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the great source whence these blessings came. As the dark cloud of war is now over the land Washington loved so well, and in whose behalf he fought so nobly and endured so much of trial and hardship, let those who are now rallying round her standard and bearing her flag aloft, remember and imitate his example.

Let Washington's God be our trust, our shield, our hope.

Enlistment of State Troops—Important General Order.

HARRISBURG, July 7.

The following important General Order has just been issued:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 28.

In organizing the quota required from Pennsylvania, under the late call of the President of the United States, it is ordered:

First. Troops will be accepted by squads or companies, as hereinafter indicated, and will as rapidly as possible be organized into companies and regiments.

Second. Persons proposing to organize Companies will be accepted under the following provisions and not otherwise, viz: To be commissioned a Captain, the applicant must have furnished forty or more men who have passed the surgeon's examination and been mustered into the United States service. To be commissioned a First Lieutenant, from twenty-five to forty men must have been furnished, as above. To be commissioned a Second Lieutenant, from fifteen to twenty-five men must have been furnished, as above.

Third. Transportation to the Central Depot, Camp Curtin, will be furnished on application, in person or by mail, to Capt. R. J. Dodge, U. S. A., Superintendent of the Volunteer Recruiting Service for Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, to whom report must be made.

Fourth. The actual and necessary expenses for boarding and lodging of troops raised under this order will be paid by the United States disbursing officer at this post, for a period not exceeding twenty days, at a rate not exceeding forty cents per day for such men mustered into the service of the United States, on the affidavit of the officer furnishing the men, supported by the receipts of the party to whom the money was paid.

Fifth. Squads will be organized into companies at Camp Curtin, as rapidly as possible. The companies formed into regiments, field offi-

cers appointed and commissioned by the Governor, and the regiments immediately placed at the disposal of the War Department.

Sixth. As a reward for meritorious conduct and, also, to secure valuable military experience, appointments will be made (except under peculiar circumstances) from men now in actual service. By order of

A. G. CURTIN,
Governor and Commander in-Chief.
A. L. RUSSELL, Adjutant General.

Each new recruit will receive one month's pay in advance, immediately on his muster in to the service of the United States and joining a regiment already in the field, or, if enlisted for a new regiment, on the mustering of his company into the service of the United States. Each new recruit will also receive a bounty of \$25, in advance, to be paid in like manner as his one month's advance pay.

A. L. RUSSELL,
Adjutant General.

Thrilling Narrative.

The following thrilling narrative was related to a Fortress Monroe correspondent of the New York Herald, by Lieut. N. J. CAMP, son of ISRAEL CAMP, of Wyalusing, this county. It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Lieut. CAMP, in this county, to know that he is now safe within the Union lines. The narrative portrays some of the hardships of a soldier's life.—[Ed.]

By the arrival of the supply steamer Massachusetts at this place last evening we have the very interesting narrative of seven Union officers who escaped from Macon, Georgia, in a most wonderful manner. They traversed a distance of several hundred miles before they reached our gunboats on the sea-coast. The following are the names of the escaped prisoners:

Lieut. G. W. Brown, Twenty-third Missouri.
Lieut. N. J. Camp, Twenty-third Missouri.
Lieut. H. W. Mayes, Ninth Kentucky.
Lieut. J. S. Agy, Fourteenth Iowa.
Lieut. G. H. Logan, Fourteenth Iowa.
Sergeant J. N. Rhodes, Fourteenth Iowa.
Sergeant Milton Rhodes, Fourteenth Iowa.

These gentlemen are perhaps the most intelligent and cute men whose adventures I have seen my lot to chronicle.

Lieut. Camp has furnished me with the following details of their capture and subsequent escape. He says that they were stationed at Pittsburg Landing, and on the morning of the 6th of April a despatch informed them that the enemy were within three miles, and advancing. At eight o'clock in the morning they engaged the enemy and fought hard until half past five o'clock P. M., when they were surrounded and captured. There were two thousand and seventy who fell into the hands of the enemy. That evening they were taken six miles towards Corinth, and were kept standing up all night during a heavy rain. In the morning each man was served out with one small cracker.

At five o'clock A. M. took up the line of march towards Corinth, where they arrived at six in the evening. Here they remained for a few hours, and then, taking the cars, reached Memphis on the evening of the 8th. The journey was soon recommenced, and on the 16th of April they reached Montgomery, Alabama, having passed through Granddad, Jackson and Mobile, General Prentiss and staff being left at Selma. The privates were sent to Tuscaloosa. At Montgomery they were quartered in a cotton shed, where, in a half-furnished condition, they were daily subjected to the curses of the citizens and the vile language of the rebel troops. On the 5th of May it was rumored that an exchange of prisoners was soon to take place; but this proved false.

On the 1st of May a brutal murder took place, which caused the most intense excitement among our men. The facts are substantially these:—Lieutenant W. S. Bliss, of the Second Michigan battery, being sickly, had obtained a permit from the Provost Marshal to purchase milk. In going for it a sentry disputed his right, and because he asserted it he sentry shot him in cold blood.

On the 24th of May the privates were sent to Chattanooga for exchange. On the 30th they were also ordered to prepare to leave for Macon, Georgia, and left the next day on the cars. At seven o'clock they arrived in Columbia, and on the first day of June arrived in Macon, and were sent up to the Fair Grounds, a camp of instruction, called Camp Ogletrope which was in charge of Maj. Rylander, of the Tenth Georgia battalion. He occupied two hours in speechmaking to them, and stated "that the fortunes of war have placed you in my power, and if you conduct yourselves like gentlemen you will receive such treatment as a gallant officer vows to furnish to unfortunate prisoners." They found here quite a number of noncommissioned officers who had been there since May.

On the 16th of June Lieut. G. W. Brown, Lieut. N. J. Camp, of the Twenty-third Missouri Volunteers, and Lieut. H. W. Mayes, of the Ninth Kentucky Volunteers, agreed to escape that night. The night was dark and stormy and in every way well calculated to aid them in their perilous undertaking. At nine o'clock in the evening Lieut. Mayes started ahead, Brown next, and Camp last. The last had several narrow escapes. At one time a prisoner appeared at the door of a house, and the rays of light from a candle revealed his position; but, fortunately, the guard did not discover him. Camp met his comrades in the edge of the wooded outskirts, and made the timber, intending to pass around the artillery camp, and thence to the river bank about three miles below the town. The barking of hounds informed them when they were near the pickets; but they were not scouted out. Reaching the street that passes the Fair Grounds, they put on a bold face and ran the gauntlet of the guards, singing "Dixie" and whistling anything but "Yankee Doodle."

At the gate of the Fair Grounds they met Major Rylander with a lantern in his hand, but escaped his particular notice, nor did they shed a tear at their departure from this illustrious scene of Southern chivalry. Great difficulty was experienced in passing through the swamps, and it was ten o'clock when they reached the river. They searched for a boat,

and after some time found one locked to a large tree by a heavy chain and lock. At midnight they had filed the chain, and with a tin pan and a canteen for paddles they started on their perilous voyage down the Ocmulgee river.

On the morning of the 17th they were twenty-five miles from Macon, and stowed away in a canoe, eating their allowance of six ounces of bread for the day. They started with only six pounds of bread for the three persons. All day they lay in the willows in sight of a white man and two negroes, who were felling trees. At sundown they started again and rowed about ten miles, when it became so dark that they tied up till the moon rose. They found a negro cabin, and six slaves and the little son of their master, the able occupants. A supper was prepared for them of bacon, corn bread and molasses. They passed for rebel soldiers, and the slaves were afraid of them and gave them the best they had.

At one o'clock A. M., they started, and having constructed some rude paddles, pushed off with increased speed. They had not gone far before they discerned a boat ahead. They tried to avoid the new comers, but finally hailed them, supposing them to be rebels, and the strangers were of the same opinion. But after much dodging they proved to be runaways, like themselves.

This new party consisted of Lieutenant J. S. Agy, Lieutenant G. H. Logan, Sergeant J. N. Rhodes and Sergeant Milton Rhodes, all of the Fourteenth Iowa Volunteers. They all agreed to tie their frail canvass together and share a common fate. The new comers told of the manner of their escape. They procured cloth and made sacks resembling bundles, which they filled with rice, flour and dried apples. These sacks were tied around their bodies. Files and a small meat saw, with a little salt, were secreted in their boats. Thus provided, and dressed in rebel uniform, they left the grounds. On passing the gate of the Fair Grounds they were asked by the guard if they belonged to the battalion. An affirmative answer passed them out. The four went to the river side at a distance of three miles below the town, where they secreted themselves until night; and then by sawing down with a meat saw a quite good sized tree, they procured a boat and started in search of freedom. Several hundred miles lay before them; but they were as anxious as men could be, and were, in fact, desperate.

The two boats were now lashed together and fitted with rowlocks. The runaways used moss to muffle them, and the same material for their beds and covering. At three o'clock P. M., on Wednesday, 18th, they landed, built a fire and cooked some rice. At eleven o'clock they were in sight of Hawkinsville. Here they saw three steamers apparently deserted. Passing the town, on the opposite shore, they escaped observation, although several men were on the bank fishing by the light of a large fire. After passing the town they pulled for dear life, and on the morning of Thursday, the 19th, were forty miles from Hawkinsville. At eight o'clock they went on shore and cooked two fish which they had caught. One was struck by an oar and killed and the other jumped into the boat. Taking a short nap, they again took their oars, pulling four all the time.

They were frequently hailed from the shore and always gave the late news of a rebel victory and cheer for J. B. Davis. At times they passed for detectives; but if they had been taken, or rather forced to go on shore, they had the following order prepared for inspection:

SPECIAL ORDERS—NO. 12.

HEADQUARTERS, TENTH GEORGIA BATTALION,
CAMP OGLETROPE, MACON, GA., June 1, 1862.

SERGEANT H. HAYNES, with privates Jackson, Smith, Newton, Logg, Milton and Johnson, of Captain Bell's and Private's companies, Tenth Georgia Battalion, are hereby detailed on detached service (per special order No. 14, Headquarters, Department at Savannah), and ordered to proceed under command of Sergeant Henry Haynes to execute the private orders issued on the 13th inst. All Confederate forces that may come in contact with them are hereby ordered to not molest them, but pass them in peace through their lines, assisting them all they can, in accomplishing a work that will be of vast importance to our only and just cause. By order,

J. B. RYLANDER,
Major Commanding Tenth Georgia Battalion.

L. H. CANNON, Adjutant.

All along the river bank they saw poor old men and women fishing for a scanty livelihood while their friends of the sterner and more hardy sex were in the ranks of the rebel army.

On Sunday, the 23d, at eight o'clock A. M. they suddenly came upon two steamers tied up to the bank. It was too late to retreat, and they pulled boldly by them without seeing a soul on board. They were probably at their breakfast. Three miles below they saw the bridge of the Savannah and Gulf Railroad, and again sought the friendly shelter of the willows on the river bank. Here they suffered terribly with the mosquitoes, which nearly devoured them. At sundown they heard the drums beat, but were determined, however, as soon as it was dark, to run the gauntlet of the bridge. They had become desperate men, and were determined to go by it if it should cost them their lives. At dark they dropped carefully down to the bridge. Passing close to it, they heard men talking, but pushed on by the left hand shore. So close did they go that they saw a sentinel on the abutment; but he did not discover them. A picket did, however, hailed and ordered them to pull ashore. An answer was given in the affirmative; but they kept their course down the stream, and pulled like demons. After being hailed once more the picket fired, and the ball passing over their heads, and before he could load again they were out of the range of his gun.—For the next eight hours they pulled for dear life, and at daylight in the morning of Monday the 24th, they were safely stowed away in the canoe, where they lay all day, surrounded by alligators. A fire was made by discharging a cartridge of a pistol into a rotten tree.—By this they cooked a scanty meal, and at dark pulled for the sea-coast, distant about thirty miles. At midnight they passed Darien but did not see a living being, although the coast and surrounding country were guarded by about 500 cavalry. At two o'clock they

were in salt water. At sunrise saw Wolf Island, where they landed with some difficulty, and lay down exhausted to get some rest. It was now Tuesday, the 24th, and the Atlantic Ocean was in sight. After taking a little rest they pulled for the lighthouse, which was deserted, in the hope of finding something to eat, but were, however, disappointed, and they then proceeded in their frail craft over to Sappelo Island, narrowly escaping from shipwreck. Here they found some dirty meal and green peaches, and with these made out to get a meal. They spent the night at the lighthouse. The following day they wandered all over the island, and at sundown a gunboat came into the sound and anchored about five miles therefrom. The runaways waded their coats from the tower, but failed to attract attention, and, fearing that she might go away and leave them, they embarked in an old yawl they had found and started for her. They took the precaution to take a lantern with them, and on nearing the vessel showed a light which attracted attention, and a boat, with ten armed men, in charge of Master's Mate Geo. F. Goodrich, came out to meet them.—They hailed three times before the runaways heard them, when they answered by a yell of joy which caused the rescuers to suspect treachery, and they commenced firing upon the poor fellows, who were afterwards taken on board the gunboat, which proved to be the Wamsatta, Lieutenant Commanding Semmes, who kindly cared for them. The officers gave them some clothing, and the following morning they were transferred to the Florida, Lieut. Goldsborough, who treated them very kindly and issued orders for necessary clothing. On the morning of the 1st of July they were transferred to the Massachusetts, arriving here this evening. They say they cannot thank their deliverers too much for their kindness, and trust they may be enabled in due time to do for them as they have been done by.

These gentlemen speak of a considerable amount of Union feeling in that portion of the South. They go North to-night, and will soon return to their homes in the West.

The Persians.

When a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage broker waits upon him, and endeavors to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred toman, or, say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes a wife of some khan, rich enough to afford himself such luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts at the end of the year might note down thereupon such a day he bought a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle; only the price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than that of the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding day may be a delightful surprise, or a gloom of disappointed, according to circumstances.

A Persian bride, when first brought is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweets for the occasion, and seditively smeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court plaster cut into arches stuck upon her face. I saw a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck fast on each side of them, in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, fingernails, and toe nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself, generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shrivelled and brant up with caustics and poisoned pricks or needles.

This odd, undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trousseau possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and pretty chemise of some light white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arm, and leg, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever flaw it may have; a pearl is a pearl, whatever its shape or color may be.—She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely unenlightened. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and night gales, with an under current of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

One of the first visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she left it, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband to buy her father a new young wife. Indeed, the proceeding of taking a lady on

a short lease, is common even among Christians residing in Persia. A friend of mine informed me that he visited Vanneck, a village near Teberan, some years ago, for the purpose of making a marriage of this kind. He and a companion sat down under a tree, smoking kaleson, while the village damsels, under the command of the priests, filed past for inspection. When his choice was fixed, the lease was drawn out in due form. Forty toman (a high rent—about twenty pounds) was paid for dresses and fine cloths, and thirty toman more were agreed upon as the price of divorce. The average price of an American lady is from ten to fifteen toman. They are horribly coarse and ugly. The small-pox makes shocking ravage among them, too.

Boys usually marry between twelve and fourteen. They frequently marry their cousins, but the race does not degenerate in consequence, as it has been clearly ascertained to do in other countries.

Children are not the source of embarrassment even to poor people that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilized countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men, too.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the great khans to propose for his daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused so inconvenient an honor, for that when his Majesty had enjoyed her society for a month, he would probably forget all about her, and she must then according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his Majesty is said to have expressed such sentiments at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appeared to be no such things as a mesalliance in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fatahi, Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life.—The king tried to joke the young man out of this strange fancy, "Ah, sir," replied prince, "if you could only see her with my eyes!"—This vague answer sententious oriental flavor was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections—which perhaps it did. Even the present king has illustrated the prevailing sentiment of his subject very prettily. His queen and favorite wife, Geiran, or she-Antelope, was a peasant's daughter, who attracted his Majesty's attention one day as he rode through a village, and whom he has loved ever since with an unchanging affection and most manly tenderness. His passion for her appears to be the master feeling of his life. Once upon a great day, when her son was declared heir apparent to the throne, and when all his woman-kind appeared before him arrayed in their best apparel, his quick eye saw at once that the was not among them; turning coldly away from the rest, he asked, "Where is the Khanum?" No festival could be a festival without her, and there was no light for him in his palace or his court until she came.

Persians have not the same jealousy of their women as the Turks have. If you are really very intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the ante-room is by no means classed like the harem.

The woman's apartment are usually very dirty and slovenly, untidy and out of order.—Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jeweled pipes, everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweets, the sherbets, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are equally abominably dirty.

There is great license in manners in Teheran; women of the highest rank pay visits to men without scruple—usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and stop all day, smoking and eating, and bragging about their clothes and their husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned; and if a lover should be indiscreet, he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unseen hand in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabreez, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves up with everything in Persia; nothing is done without them; they have immense political influence; and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune tellers who hag around the ante-rooms, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

Human life is held cheap in Persia; and the majesty of death has neither awe nor terrors there. A criminal who has been executed will be left a ghastly and a fearful object in the market-place for the dogs to gnaw at. My horse has often stumbled and shied at the uncanny thing; but the heedless crowd, any one of whom might be singled out in a minute for the same fate, pass by jesting or unconcerned.

THE FURLOUGH QUESTION.—Joe Robison enlisted in the 99th Regiment of State Volunteers. The men were in camp, and their friends were often visiting them. Joe's brother, John, came to see him, and found Joe very homesick. He begged so hard for John to get him a furlough, that his brother went to the Colonel and told him that his sister was dead, and he wished leave for his brother to go home for a few days. Consent was given, and as they were leaving the ground, one of the men who heard of Joe's affliction, and wished to say something consoling, asked him how long his sister had been dead? Joe said: "Only about ten years."

One day last Summer a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night his wife, not to be out done by him, cradled three babies.