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## Wounded.

Let me lie down,  
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,  
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may  
see  
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear  
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;  
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!  
Like the tempest we charged, the triumph to  
share;  
The tempest, its fury and thunder were there;  
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
With the foe under foot and our flag over head;  
Oh, it was grand!

Wearied and faint,  
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,  
With the shot-shattered head, and the sub-  
merged breast?  
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,  
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!  
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel  
and shell,  
Through without flinching, clear through with a  
yell,  
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom!  
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!  
Some things are worthless, and some others so  
good,  
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;  
For Freedom and Union, each man owes his  
part,  
And here I pay my share all warm from my  
heart;  
It was my duty!

Dying at last!  
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,  
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!  
Oh that I now lay on your pillow, breast,  
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest;  
Dying at last!

I am no saint!  
But boys, say a prayer. There's one that be-  
gins;  
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our  
sins!"  
Don't forget that part, say it strongly, and then  
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!  
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark!—there's a shout!  
Raise me up, comrades, we have conquered I  
know;  
Up, up on my feet with my face to the foe!  
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star spangles  
bright,  
The promise of glory, the symbol of Right!  
Well may they shout.

I'm mastered out!  
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,  
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong,  
O hand of earth's hope, on thy blood-red-  
dened  
rod  
I die for the Nation, the Union and God!  
I'm mastered out!

## Strong Drink.

Only suppose there were a n y other  
power, such as machinery or railways,  
however much good they might do, from  
which one thousandth part of the evils  
that are wrought every day by strong  
drink should be produced, it would not  
be tolerated in existence for a single  
week—the whole power of our humanity  
would rise up in a noble and indignant  
protest against it, and say it must not  
and shall not be. The fact is, as we  
have said, we can never grasp the  
thought of the evil of a thousand kinds  
that is ever being thus poured in upon  
society.

I walked a few weeks since saw the  
scene of the Sheffield fire in the room  
dead bodies lying, been borne, saw the  
into which they that were overwhelmed  
into isolation and wretchedness, saw  
the wreck and ruin that on every hand  
appalled and saddened the heart, saw  
survivors sitting amid the wreck of all  
they once rejoiced in, bereft of all that  
were dear to them, drunk and careless  
in their awful agony. I walked up the  
bed of the course down which that torrent  
had swept, till the heart was crushed un-  
der the burden of woe, and sank within  
me. Then, as I turned from the spot,  
the thought arose upon the mind, if it  
were possible to call up to the view the  
ruin wrought by strong drink, the deso-  
lated homes, the blasted prospects, the  
slaughtered bodies, the scenes of violence,  
and cruelty, and woe that from this source  
fill the land, that would be a picture be-  
fore which this would be as nothing.—  
And that is a flood which does not mere-  
ly flow itself out for an hour and then  
subside, but is ever flowing on and com-  
mitting its devastations as it has done in  
villages, and is doing still. It is not so  
merely in one place either, but cutting  
for itself a million channels and pouring  
itself all through the land, and it is only  
because men have become so accustomed  
to its frightful curse that they can live in  
the midst of its ravages at all. Look at  
the degradation that springs from this  
source, and that abounds on every hand,  
degradation alike of body and soul, and  
then say whether the drink is not that  
by which men are made to stumble, and  
from which it is well that we should ab-  
stain.—The Nation.

## Doubtful Joshua.

BY EZRA OLIVER WENDELL.

The situation was this, so far as  
it is not contraband to tell at once:  
Joshua Daggard had had a fall from  
a haycock when he was very young,  
and it bumped his head some, and  
made him feel otherwise unpleasant;  
but no serious consequences were  
supposed to have occurred to him  
at the time, as his pretty face was  
not marred, and he ate heartily, and  
his sleep was sound immediately af-  
terwards. But as he grew up his  
grandfather said that that fall had  
made him over-cautious and withal  
undecided. His grandmother died;  
and when his parents followed suit,  
Joshua thought he could do no bet-  
ter than to hire out to Farmer Daisy,  
who had a wife and two daughters.

Lena was two years older than  
Joshua, and Fatima was two young-  
er; and one day when Joshua was  
twenty, he leaned upon his hoe by the  
pigsty, and thus considered:

"Let me see. I am a pretty fel-  
low, and which do I love best, Lena  
or Fatima? I have lived for several  
years in this small family, and am a  
likely young man, as I am likely to  
live one year longer, and then be 21.  
But I have my doubts which I ought  
to marry. Of course, I could have  
either, but which? Lena is older  
and leaner, and Fatima is younger  
and fatter. But here I am in doubt.  
Should a wife be older or younger  
than her husband? If she is older,  
doesn't she have more experience?  
If she is younger isn't she likely to  
mild him better? This is one set  
of doubts—then here comes another  
set. A wife ought to be healthy, as  
it costs less. But which promises  
most health, fat or lean? Some say  
lean, some say fat. For my part I  
have a leaning towards fat, which  
would be Fatty. But then it is a  
doubt whether Fatty, in four years,  
wouldn't be as lean as Lena—per-  
haps leaner. Time tries all. And  
again Lena might pick up and grow  
fat again; and then again she might  
not be so well off as she is now.—  
They are about equal in other re-  
spects. I am much troubled to choose  
between these two Daisies. But per-  
haps love is the main thing, and I  
guess I'll wait and have the one who  
loves me best. But how shall I go  
to work to find that out? I must  
plan a plan."

When next the doubtful swain  
found them together, he told them  
in confidence that he was going to  
get married, but would not say to  
whom, and he watched the effect  
on them.

Lena looked grave, and him a  
laughed at him. This he felt vexed  
new set of doubts, a-

"This is hap- work than farming.  
What do you girls mean? Perhaps  
what do you mean because she's jeal-  
ous. Lena shows she loves me. And  
outspoke Fatty laughs and pretends  
he don't care, in order to hide her  
love. And perhaps she snickered  
because she thinks I am going to  
have her. I ought to be very care-  
ful, however. I mustn't be rash, or  
I may take the wrong one. I wish  
one would die, and then there would  
be no bother. But which one? I  
can't say. I wish I wasn't in love.  
But which do I love best? for that  
amounts to something. I don't know  
—I shan't understand myself till I  
understand them. And then, per-  
haps, the one I loved would give me  
the mitten as soon as I showed love.  
And I ought might love me better.—  
And perhaps the one that loved me  
most wouldn't be the best for me.—  
And perhaps the one who said she  
loved me would only say so to take  
the shine off her sister, and so I'd  
be deceived. This love is a very  
unpleasant piece of business and al-  
ready it has placed me in a state of  
most doubtful uncertainty. I have  
tried one plan, and am in more  
doubt than ever. But Joshua Dag-  
gard, keep on! You'll get at the  
rights of it at last. Plan another  
plan."

The effects of the haycock, ac-  
cording to his grandmother's prophe-  
cy, became more and more visible  
in the cautious proceedings of the  
doubtful Joshua. His next experi-  
ment was to ascertain which of the  
two sisters had the soundest, steady-  
est mind, so that she would be the  
less liable to change after he had  
accepted her.

His idea was ingenious in its phi-  
losophy. He made each the present  
of a kitten, that each pet might test  
the affection of their natures. He  
watched the about equal degrees of  
fondness bestowed upon the animal,  
and when he thought love was es-

tablished in that quarter, he stole  
them away, and found that Fatima  
showed the greatest concern, morn-  
ing for a week, and tearing more  
clothes in the hunt.

But this plunged him into more  
doubt. "As to kittens—kittens may  
be no rule to judge by. Fatty may  
love kittens, while Lena may be  
more partial to dogs and men. This  
is a great consideration, for a loss  
which is no loss should not be much  
cried about; and besides, those who  
are so much wrapped up in dumb  
beasts may have not enough of ten-  
derness to spare for their partners.  
It is fortunate that I have such a  
thoughtful turn of mind, or my good  
looks might be the ruin of me. I  
must plan another plan, and I will  
try their affection towards me. I  
will get up a little game of jealousy  
between them, and see which suffers  
most, and piles in the victuals in the  
unhappiest manner. I shall pity  
them, but I am acting for their peace  
of mind in the future. So I will be-  
gin by taking Lena to the horse race to-morrow."

Lena saw the show and went  
home with Joshua in high spirits,  
while Fatima delighted him much by  
smashing a plate at his feet when he  
returned, and leaving his bed un-  
made, and his handkerchief unhem-  
med. Continuing his exclusive at-  
tention to the elder sister for a  
time, the cunning Joshua perceived  
by their increased sulkiness that he  
was breaking the heart of the ne-  
glected one; and so commenced up-  
on the opposite track, by turning  
his back upon Lena and going to a  
candy scrape and quilting party  
with Fatima, and picking so many  
posies, for her alone, that Lena ac-  
tually broke the vase, and refused  
to make the usual seven turnovers  
for him—once for each day in the  
week—when she superintended the  
baking.

"I don't mind the turnovers," mus-  
ed Joshua gravely, "but it is time to  
turn over a new leaf with these two  
girls. I don't see that I have proved  
any thing yet. Which showed  
the greatest love by showing the  
greatest spite? If the turnovers off-  
set the handkerchief, I think the  
vase is about equal to the plate.—  
And it's about up and tick-a-boo—  
respect. They're both silly enough  
when they're mad—love? If either  
spite a sure sign. Couldn't she be in dan-  
ger of being my head? They've  
not yet harmed me yet; but they  
might, when they felt more in-  
timate. I think it's no use to go all  
round Robin's barn when you can  
go straight in at the door. I think  
the best plan will be to ask them  
both together, which is the deepest  
in love with me. The old folks are  
going to prayer-meeting to-night and  
I'll do my moral duty at home by  
speaking square out."

While the two sullen sisters were  
picking beans and paring apples that  
evening, at opposite ends of the  
kitchen, Joshua suddenly stopped  
whittling, shut up his jackknife, and  
told them he had been experiment-  
ing with both, and what was on his  
mind.

"Now, which," said he, stretching  
out his boots towards them, with his  
hands in his pockets, "which of you  
two girls can honestly say that she  
loves me the best?"

Here was a proposition for a lov-  
er; but they felt that Joshua was  
honest, and answered with equal  
bluntness:

"I don't care that for you!" said  
Lena, independently, flinging an ap-  
ple paring at him.

"And I think about as much of you  
as that!" exclaimed Fatima, snap-  
ping a bean at his face.

Joshua was so amazed at this  
double-breasted surprise, that he  
drew his legs with a sudden jerk  
that upset his chair; and rising from  
the floor with thoughts mutterable,  
he went off to bed to escape their  
laughter and train his thoughts to  
some reasonable bearing:

"Wonders of Jerusalem and a  
sick boss to let! Did they mean  
that? I don't believe it. Can't be.  
They were afraid to tell the truth.  
I ought to have gone at 'em single.  
Luckily I didn't say I loved them or  
they'd been pulling hair over their  
heads. I'll bet a bushel of beans to a barrel  
of apples that neither of them girls  
will sleep a wink to-night, for think-  
ing of me, and how high I came to  
the point. It must be very aggra-  
vating to their feelings. But so  
much the better. They'll be getting  
more jealous, and all they want is to  
catch me alone."

What Joshua was not able to do  
for himself, the two sisters now did  
for him, as they went on with their

beans and apples. Self-esteem was  
wounded, and each wished to escape  
ridicule from the other.

"That awkward fool!" said Lena,  
"to think that I cared for him!"  
"You love him quite as well as I  
do."

"I don't!"  
"You do, and better. Poh!"  
"You needn't poke at me, or at  
him either—for he is good enough  
for you if he is awkward."

"He's too good for you—and you  
needn't sneer at him, for he isn't  
half as awkward as you are."  
"That shows you love him. But  
he wouldn't have you at any rate."  
"He wouldn't take up with you,  
and I could have him if I said the  
word."

"You couldn't!"  
"I could. I am four years young-  
er than you, and you're too old."  
"Don't you call me old, you jade!  
I'll pull your hair! You're dying  
to get married!"

The arrival of their parents just  
then put an end to the threatening  
aspect of things; but the two sisters  
slept apart that night, and each re-  
solved that the next day she would  
do all she could to get Joshua to  
pop the question, just to spite her  
sister. And, accordingly, they de-  
tected each other in such affection-  
ate conversation with Joshua in the  
course of the day, that a fierce quar-  
rel ensued, and Joshua finally stood  
up straight, and declared that if they  
did not let him alone he would not  
weed his onions.

"All I have to say is, that you'll  
never be happy with her."  
"As happy as he would be with  
you, I'll be bound."

Joshua now had a happy thought.  
"I'll tell you what I'll do with you  
two girls. To stop the quarrel I'll  
turn up a cent—heads for Lena, tails  
for Fatty. But two in three. Will  
that satisfy?"

"Well—yes."  
He tossed, and Lena won the  
prize.

"I don't think she would agree to  
it," said the disappointed Fatima.

"Yes she would, too."  
"You know she wouldn't. He is  
too young."

"I know she would," said the con-  
fident Lena, "and I'll agree to what  
she says and go this minute."

And both ran to the house to ask  
ma, leaving Joshua in a state of great  
excitement.

"I'm in doubt if this is right," he  
mused aloud. "Suppose ma makes  
a choice. I might be dissatisfied. I  
don't want to be compelled. The  
cent says Lena. Suppose ma says  
Fatty. That's pulling both ways.  
The cent might be in the right; but  
the cent would have no voice. Sup-  
pose ma agrees with the cent; even  
then I might be on the wrong scent,  
for Lena might not be the right one  
for me to have, although it would  
look as if it was so ordered. I am  
in a great doubt. Now suppose that  
cent—"

"You needn't suppose any more,  
Josh!" here said Farmer Daisy, who  
had just stepped from behind a barn  
and overheard his agitated solilo-  
quy. "You can't have either of my  
darters, for at present you're so  
young you're as shifty as a weather-  
cock. You'll have to wait a spell  
of years first, that's sartin!"

This was a view of the case which  
the mortified Joshua had never in-  
cluded in his list of doubts; and it  
gave him no relief when the two  
girls came running to him to say  
that, though ma wouldn't have her  
darters tossed up for, she didn't  
care which he married.

"Makes no odds now!" said Josh,  
gloomily, "since the old man says I  
can't have either. But one thing I'm  
in no doubt about. I leave off work  
here this day, and mean to go to  
sea. I may take it into my head to  
be gone two years. But keep up a  
good heart, girls, till I come back  
to take my pick."

The girls expressed much groan-  
ing grief at parting with Joshua,  
and this cheered his heart during  
his whaling voyage with Captain  
Surge, who took him to his house  
on his return, and offered him a cot-  
tage and his blooming daughter to  
go together. But Joshua was in  
doubt till he should see Lena and  
Fatima, and if they had worn well,  
so he paid them a visit.

"You can't have Fatty, Josh," said  
Lena, "she's engaged."

"Then as you are the true-blue,  
I'll take you."

"Can't that neither, for I'm mar-  
ried."

"Then you may both go, and I'll  
have the Captain's daughter. She's  
a clean girl, with a cottage too."

Joshua now hastened back to

Capt. Surge, and said he guessed he  
would accept Petrelina. But Petre-  
lina had been married three days be-  
fore, and the angry old tar now  
kicked him out for a doubtful son of  
the sea-cook.

This effectually removed Joshua  
and all his doubts, and planted in  
their stead a permanent conviction  
that the doubts of a bachelor will  
save him from many worse ones.

## Death of a Christian Soldier.

The following account of the death of  
Edward M. Scheider, of the 37th Mas-  
sachusetts, son of the well known mis-  
sionary in Turkey, is given by "Carle-  
ton," of the Boston Journal:

"When the regiment was formed he  
was a student in Phillips Academy, An-  
dover. From motives of patriotism,  
against the wishes of his friends, he left  
the literature of the ancients, the history  
of the past, to become an actor in the  
present, and to do what he could for the  
future. While preparing for the charge  
upon the enemy's works on the 17th, be-  
yond the Dunn House, he said to the  
chaplain, 'I intend to be the first one  
to enter their works.' The brave young  
soldier tried to make good his words."

With eager feet he led the advance,  
breaking out from the line and keeping a  
rod or two in advance. He was almost  
there—not quite—almost near enough to  
feel the hot flash of the rebel musketry  
in his face—near enough to be covered  
with the sulphurous cloud from the can-  
non—when he fell shot through the bo-  
dy. When told by the chaplain that his  
wound was fatal, he said, 'Do not weep,  
it is God's will. I wish you to write to  
my father, and tell him that I have tried  
to do my duty to my country and to my  
God.'

He disposed of his effects, giving \$10  
to the Christian Commission, \$20 to the  
American Board, and some trifles to his  
friends. Then, in the simplicity of his  
heart he said: 'I have a good many  
friends, schoolmates and companions.—  
They will want to know where I am—  
how I am getting on. You can let them  
know I am gone, and that I die content.  
And chaplain, the boys in the regiment,  
I want you to tell them to stand by the  
dear old flag. And there is my brother  
in the navy, write to him and tell him to  
stand by the flag and cling to the cross  
of Christ.' The surgeon came and ex-  
amined the wound, and said: 'It is my  
duty to tell you that you will soon go  
home.' He said: 'Yes, doctor, I am go-  
ing home. I am not afraid to die. I do  
not know how the valley will be when I  
get to it, but it is all bright now.' Then  
gathering up his waning strength, he re-  
peated the verse often sung by the sol-  
diers, who amid the whirl and excite-  
ment of the camp and battle field, never  
forgot those whom they have left be-  
hind them—mother, sister, father, broth-  
er. Calmly, clearly, distinctly, he re-  
peated the lines—the chorus of the song:

"Soon with angels I'll be marching  
With bright laurels on my brow!  
I have for my country fallen  
Who will care for sister now?"

One week ago this morning he passed  
through the dim of the dry, hot, dusty,  
bloody field of battle to that land where  
peace floweth like a river forever more.  
I have stood by the mouldering dust  
of those whose names are great in history,  
whose deeds and virtues are cut in brass  
and marble, who were revered while liv-  
ing and mourned for when dead—but  
never have I felt a more profound rever-  
ence for departed worth than for him—  
asleep beneath the pines, uncondemned,  
unshrouded, wearing, as when he fell,  
the uniform of his country. His last words,  
the message to his comrades, to his faith-  
er and to his brother, will live as long as  
the flag of our country shall wave, or the  
cross of Christ endure. "Stand up for  
the dear old flag, and cling to the cross  
of Christ!" They are the emblems of all  
our hopes for time and eternity. Short,  
full, rounded, complete his life. Glorious  
such a death!

PROGRESS.—The general conference  
of the M. Episcopal Church, at its late  
meeting, so modified the rules of the  
church as to permit Bishops to locate  
preachers for three years instead of two  
years. Until 1804 no rule existed on  
the subject, and the matter was left to  
the discretion of the Bishop, and hence  
some Methodist preachers remained, says  
the Christian Advocate, until all except  
themselves were satisfied that a change  
ought to be made, and it was found diffi-  
cult to remove them. Hence the two  
years rule, which has been a yoke too  
easy to be borne.

A TREE HEWN BY BULLETS.—Most  
people have doubted the literal accuracy  
of the dispatch concerning the battle near  
Spottsylvania, fought on the 12th, which  
alleged that trees were cut down under  
the concentrated fire of Minnie balls.—  
We doubted the literal facts ourselves,  
and would doubt it still but for the indis-  
putable testimony of Dr. Chas. McGill,  
an eye-witness of the battle. The tree  
stood in the rear of our breastworks,  
at a point upon which, at one time, the  
most murderous musketry fire that ever  
was heard of, was directed. The tree  
fell inside our works, and injured several  
of our men.

After the battle Dr. McGill meas-  
ured the trunk and found it 22 inches  
through, and 61 inches in circumference,  
actually hacked through by the awful  
avalanche of bullets packing against it.  
The foliage of the tree was trimmed off  
as effectually as though an army of lo-  
custs had swarmed in its branches. A  
grasshopper could not have lived through  
the pelting of that leaden storm, and but  
for the fact that our troops were protect-  
ed by breastworks, they would have been  
swept away to a man.—Richmond En-  
quirer.

KEY TO A PERSON'S NAME.—By the  
accompanying table of letters the name  
of a person, or any word, may be found  
out as follows:

Let the person whose name you wish to know  
A B D H P  
name you wish to know C E F I Q  
tell you in which of the E F F J R  
upright columns the first G G K S  
letter of his name is con- I J L L T  
tained. If it be found in K K M M U  
but one column, it is the M N N V V  
top letter; if it occurs in O O O W W  
more than one column, Q R T X X  
it is found by adding the S S V Z Y  
alphabetical numbers of U V V Y Z  
the top letters of these W W W  
columns, and the sum Y Z

will be the number of the letter sought.  
By taking one letter at a time in this  
way, the whole name can be ascertained.  
For example, take the word JANE. J  
is found in the two columns commencing  
with B and H, which are the 2d and 8th  
down the alphabet: their sum is 10, and  
the 10th letter down the alphabet is J,  
the letter sought. The next letter A ap-  
pears in our one column, which stands at  
the top. N is seen in the columns  
headed B, D and H: these are the 2d,  
4th and 8th letters of the alphabet,  
which being added give the 14th, or N;  
&c. The use of this table will excite no  
little curiosity among those unacquainted  
with the above explanation.

A STRANGE SCENE.—The two ar-  
mies in Georgia met, the other day, in  
the persons of some of their superior of-  
ficers,—G e n s, Clayborne, Cheatham,  
Hindman and Maney,—parties having  
been detailed from each by mutual ar-  
reement, for the burial of their dead.—  
Grouped together in seemingly fraternal  
unity were officers and men of both  
contending armies, who but five minutes  
before were engaged in the work of  
slaughter and death. Cheatham looked  
rugged and healthy, though seemingly  
sad and despondent. He wore his "fat-  
igue" dress, a blue flannel shirt, black  
neck-tie, grey home s p u n pants, and  
slouch black hat. Colonel Clancy,  
of the 52nd Ohio, in talking to Generals  
Maney and Hindman, remarked that it  
was a sad state of affairs to witness hu-  
man beings of a common origin and na-  
tionality dig two hours every day to  
bury the dead of twenty minutes' fight-  
ing. "Yes, yes, indeed," said one; "but  
if the settlement of this thing were left  
to our armies there would be peace and  
good fellowship established in two hours."  
"General," said a Federal officer, ad-  
dressing long-haired Hindman, "what do  
you think if the result of this contest  
were left to your division and ours in a  
fair field?"

"I'd abide the result, and would as  
soon fight Davis' division as any other,"  
quoth Hindman. "I would want," said  
General Maney, "that our force should  
be equalized.—Davis' division may be  
stronger than ours." "O, it matters lit-  
tle as to superiority of numbers on our  
side," said the Federal officer; "you can  
whip us, one rebel to five Yankees."  
Maney, applying the flask to his mouth  
and complimenting our Commissary  
Department, said: "Bosh! if any of our  
people ever believed that, I think by  
this time that idea is damned well play-  
ed out!"

"Mad dogs are running wild in some  
of the southern counties of Pennsylvania.  
Between the bites of the dogs and the  
nips of the rebels, the Dutch farmers are  
driven nearly crazy."

## Power of the Stick in Persia.

No rank or position in life is beyond  
the reach of the stick in Persia, and the  
people really seem only to admire and  
respect those who have the power and  
the will to use it. I have seen a Per-  
sian minister whose toe-nails had been  
beaten off by the shah, and whose feet  
were so lacerated that they festered, and  
he was obliged to keep his bed for six  
months in consequence; but he seemed  
to feel no anger, irritation, or shame upon  
the subject, but spoke of it without hesi-  
tation or reserve. "He is a very great  
king, the shah! A very great king in-  
deed!" he would say. "Look at my  
feet!"

The King of Persia is called "king of  
kings," and "the center of the world."—  
He often concludes an official document  
with the information that if the receiver  
does not obey the commands contained in  
it he shall have a kick from which he  
will not recover in this world.

A kind and merciful man was, not long  
ago, appointed governor of a province  
through the influence of one of the Eu-  
ropean embassies, and he had got, some-  
how, many new-fangled ideas into his  
head. Among other things, he desired  
to govern with justice and moderation as  
far as the rapacity of the court would al-  
low him, and for some time, he could not  
understand how it happened that he was  
so universally unpopular. There was no  
overlooking the fact that the people not  
only disliked, but they despised him. In  
his perplexity he asked counsel of one of  
the oldest inhabitants of the city which  
was the seat of his government. The  
venerable sage, who had been brought to  
his presence with some difficulty, eyed him  
slyly. "We are," said he, "accus-  
tomed to be beaten, and you do not beat  
us; we, therefore, naturally suppose that  
you cannot and dare not do so, and we  
consider it as an affront that a person of  
so little consequence has been appointed  
to rule over us." "If this is the case,"  
returned the governor, reconverted at  
once to the faith and customs of his coun-  
try by an argument so unanswerable,  
"you shall be satisfied to your heart's  
content; and to mark my respect for your  
person, I will have you beaten first." The  
old man made no objection, and, some  
time after, hobbled away with sore feet  
to tell his admirers that the governor was  
not really such a contemptible person as  
he seemed. The opinion was confirmed  
on the following day, when all the chief  
merchants were seized and flogged, after  
which the governor got on very well with  
them, till, in due time, he was, of course,  
replaced by one who had no European  
prejudices at all. These stories would  
have no salt in them if they were not  
true; but, indeed, the stick is the prin-  
cipal element in the life of a Persian.—  
There was a klan with whom I was in  
the habit of dining while in Persia, and  
one day it must be confessed that the pi-  
laff was less succulent than could have  
been wished. I innocently confided my  
sentiment upon the subject to my enter-  
tainment, and shortly afterwards we heard  
some shrill cries. "It is," said my host,  
politely, in answer to my inquiring glance,  
"the cook; we shall have a better pilaff  
next time." And, in truth, when I dined  
with the klan again the pilaff was quite  
a gastronomic triumph. The stick and its  
uses are so well known in Persia that it  
is considered the extreme of ill manners  
to enter a house with a cane in one's  
hand.

Of course such a state of things as this  
could only exist together with extreme  
ignorance, and truly the ignorance of the  
Persians can hardly be surpassed, though  
they have indeed great natural wit.

My life is a frail life; a corrupti-  
ble life; a life which, the more it increas-  
eth, the more it decreaseth; the farther  
it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death;  
a deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of  
snares of death. Now I rejoice, now I  
languish, now I flourish. Now I live,  
and straight I die; now I seem happy,  
now miserable; now I laugh; now I  
weep; thus all things are subject to mu-  
tability, that nothing continueth an hour  
in one estate. O joy above joy, exceed-  
ing all joy, without which there is no  
joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I  
may see my God that dwelleth in thee?  
—Augustine.

According to recent investigation  
in France, the public and private insti-  
tutions for the insane were found to con-  
tain 26,000 inmates, or one insane person  
to every 1350 inhabitants.

Some tomatoes were sold in Rich-  
mond a few days ago, at \$20 a dozen.