

A POOR EXCUSE.
The Knickerbocker furnishes the following
"Poetical Epistle" from J. G. S., to a bache-
lor friend urging him to enter at once into the
connubial state. He thinks it is "the sover-
eignest thing in creation!"

Don't tell me you haven't got time,
That other things claim your attention;
There's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention;
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
Your duty is done when you say "em":
And you'll never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to "fry 'em."

You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry.
And here I'm willing to own
(After soberly thinking upon it),
I'd very much rather be known
Through a beautiful son, than a sonnet.

Don't be frightened at quizzical stories
By gossiping grumblers related,
Who argue that marriage a bore is,
Because they've known people misrelated;
Such fellows if you have in your arms,
Because some "bad bargains" are made
Would propose as a sensible measure,
To lay an embargo on trade!

Then, Charles, bid your doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms;
I'll be sworn you're a girl in your eye
That you ought have had in your arms;
Some beautiful maiden, God bless her!
Unnumbered with pride or with pelf,
Of every true charm the possessor,
And given to no fault but yourself.

To procrastination be deaf!
(A caution which came from above),
The second's not only "the Thief
Of Time," but of Beauty and Love.
Then delay not a moment to win
A prize that is truly worth winning;
"Gallies," Charles, is a sin,
And sadly prolific of sinning.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
For choosing the "double estate";
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
Though it may be adapted to LATE.
To one's parents 'tis (cautiously) due;
Just think what a terrible thing
'T would have been, sir, for me and for you,
If ours had neglected the ring!

Then there's the economy (clear
By poetical algebra shown);
If your wife has a "grifio" or a fear,
One half, by the law, is your own.
And as to the "joys," by division
They somehow are doubled, 'tis said;
'Tough I never could see the addition
Quicker plain in the item of bread!

Remember I do not pretend
There's anything perfect about it,
But this I'll maintain to the end,
Life's very in-perfect without it,
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it,
(As doubtless there may be to those
Who know how to find and to spin it),
But 't will warrant you excellent prose.

Don't search for an angel a minute,
For suppose you succeed, in the sequel,
After all, the duce would be in it,
For the match would be highly unequal;
The angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon,
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest,
You'll be better content with a woman.

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed,
For a sensible fellow like you;
It is high time to think of a bed
And a board, and fixins, for two.
Don't think about "something else" first,
A poet "almost in the air" is;
A "major" is—and not married yet!
You should do "nothing" else for a year!

THE FARMER'S COMPLAINT.
Four daughters I have, and as prettily made,
As handsome as any you'll see;
And lovers they count—but still I'm afraid
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters and talking of love,
They are foolishly spending their time;
One gives them a ribbon, and one a new glove,
And thus they are passing their time.

With idle romance my book-case is stord,
That teach not to raise nor to pay;
And the bible itself is discharg'd from the board,
Where once was Jack Bunyan, it lay.

These bucks of the town, with their elegant
coats,
I'm sick of their horses and chairs;
'They plunder my hay and pilfer my oats—
Am I keeping a tavern in my dears?

These suitors and lovers, that never can love,
Content with a squeeze of the hand—
'Tho' often the subject of Hymen I move,
'Tis a subject they can't understand.

This courting, courting, and never concluding
Is nonsense—I'm sorry to say—
Your kissing and playing is rather intruding,
Unless—you will take them away.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.
She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.

Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a new snow flake white and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

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NO. 50.

LANCASTER, June 24, 1862.

Dear Col:

Enclosed I send you a "slip," that came to me in a letter all the way from the Sandwich Islands, which contains an interesting history of "Soldier life in Missouri," during the first three months of the present war. The author of the history is Mr. Ralph Delamater Zublin, a son of Llewellyn Zublin—a native of Marietta—one of the fast friends of my juvenile days. Indeed it rarely happens that a correspondence between persons continues so long as that between the latter individual named and myself, commencing when he first "went away to sea," in his boyhood, (1829) and continuing up to the present day. The writer of the history gives his own experience and that of his compatriots in arms, and it will be seen that they differ somewhat from the experiences of the Pennsylvania "three months' men." As the names of both father and son may be somewhat familiar to some of the readers of the "Mariettian," who may feel an interest in all that relates to them, I have thought the slip of sufficient interest to have a republication in the columns of your paper, and more particularly so, because it reflects a phase of the campaign in which the gallant Gen. Lyon lost his life, somewhat different from any other view we have had of it; and also exhibits the relative "pluck" of the men he had under his command.

These individual experiences are always interesting, and will constitute the richest material to future generations, for a real and impartial history of the present unhappy war; giving, as they do, a more minute and truthful account of the feelings, the sacrifices, and the sufferings of "the men who do all the hard work" as well as the patriotism and physical endurance which enabled them to do it.

If the pious and charitable religionist has any extra prayers to offer up, it seems to me they ought to be offered specially in behalf of the common soldier; and in order to insure their availability on a material plan, the hearts of men ought to be in the palms of their elevated and extended hands.

Yours, truly,
S. S. R.
SOLDIER LIFE IN MISSOURI.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 6, 1861.

A long time has passed since my hastily-penned letter, informing you of my being on the way to the war, was sent off. The gap in writing could not, under the circumstances in which I was for some months placed, be helped—writing was generally impossible, and had letters been dropped into post-offices on a march, it is not likely they would have got out of the State.

It is not an easy matter to give a clear idea of my summer's tramp—it was a hard one—and I am now astonished at my endurance to the end. When speaking of myself, you will of course understand that thousands of others were in the same "fix."

The "First Regiment Iowa Volunteers," to Company "I" of which I belonged, left Keokuk, near the Missouri line, in May, going to Hannibal, in that State, where we took possession of the St. Jo. Railroad. After stopping awhile at Hudson, Macon county, the junction of the North Missouri Railroad with the St. Jo. and apparently settling "seesaw" in the neighborhood, orders came attaching the regiment to Gen. Lyon's brigade, then lying at Booneville, on the Missouri River. We went down the North Missouri Railroad about 60 miles, and then took the woods. The men had ten days' rations, and crossing the country from Monroe, through Randolph and Howard counties, arrived at Booneville a day after the battle there between Lyon and Jackson.

Soon news came that Southwest Missouri was in arms against the Union, when we started on another tramp down through the State. We left Booneville on the 2d of July, and in the following three weeks our winding course exceeded 600 miles. Never did July weather blaze more fiercely; and to make the case worse, we were short of food, often without it entirely for some time. We passed from Cooper county to Pettis, through Johnson, Henry, St. Clair, Bates, Cedar, Polk, Dodge and Green counties, encamping near Springfield, and making a junction with Col. Sigel, who had just fought his way from Cartilage, in Jasper county. His force was only about 900 men—ours rising 3500.

In this long march, the army performed quite a feat—in my opinion, at all events. Our commander, hearing that Sigel was hard pressed by the enemy, and anxious to succor him, started us from the Osage River, near Osceola, and before we stopped, in 20 hours, made 47 miles. A fraction over two miles an hour don't look big—but what with crossing creeks and rivers, often breast-deep—dragging artillery over the Ozark Mountains, (the horses had given out)—melting weather and nothing to eat—the march was certainly a great one. Every man that day worked like mad, in the hope of reaching and hemming in Jackson. But we were disappointed.

We stopped awhile at Springfield, where the army again ran out of provisions, (which means three crackers and a small piece of pork to a man per diem.) Two weeks we lived on what was called "chicken-feed." At length Gen. Lyon started a mill grinding corn, and then we had "mush," with an occasional cake of meal and water, for two weeks more: the cake, however, was a luxury, which accounts for the sparing manner in which it was furnished—high living being, probably, considered unwholesome to soldiers. Mush diet (don't name milk—nectar to us!) cannot be very nourishing, for under it we soon became much emaciated, and almost unfit for duty.

Now, a portion of the force made another move: we started for Forsyth, in Taney county, where "secesh" was said to be doing much mischief. On this march I broke down, for the first time, dropping in the road like a dead man. One of my comrades carried me out of the ranks, when, after the dust of the passing column had subsided, I revived, but delicious. Fortunately, a couple of women came along in a light wagon, and seeing my condition, kindly took me to Springfield. I went to the hospital, where a tumbler of spirits was given me, which had such an enlivening effect that I gained the camp again, 12 miles away, in four hours. We laid out that night, having no tents, and at 3 o'clock in the morning pushed on, and made during the day 31 miles, the last four in "double quick"—had a fight, too, or rather skirmish, for the scamps did not stand long, though their position (Forsyth being on top of a mountain) seemed strong enough to bid defiance, with their number, to four times ours. Up the hill the men scrambled, yelling like Indians, and ragged, wet and dirty, from wading the creeks, looking worse than savages. The enemy fled, but were kind enough to leave suppers cooking and many tables set, with the victuals yet warm—none of which we left to spoil. Returned to Springfield next day. Nobody killed yet.

After a short rest, some 1500 of us took a turn through the mountains in Lawrence and Barry counties, and had a couple of skirmishes with the advance of McCulloch's army, which was quietly moving from Arkansas on Springfield, in three divisions, said to be 10,000 men each. A prisoner to our company said so, and we laughed at him for a joker. But it was soon found that a large force—certainly over 20,000—really was coming. "Ben," and his friends had acted cunningly—the skirmishes we had, were only got up by them to engage our attention until they could surround us. We made quick time back to Springfield. In the two fights we had 5 men killed, and 8 or 10 wounded—the enemy not less than 70 killed, for that was the number we buried when our men were interred.

Gen. Lyon's army was yet under 6,000 men. It was known that nearly or quite that number were coming against it. Lyon called a council of his officers, who, it was said, advised an attempt to retreat to Rolla in Pulaski county, 115 miles. The General, however, concluded to fight, and soon put us into it. The rest, as a whole, no doubt, you know—the Union papers generally had accounts not varying much from the fact, so far as I have seen them.

The "Iowa First" only got fully into the battle when ordered to take the place of a Missouri regiment, which was almost exhausted with the desperate work of driving and keeping back the strong enemy pitted against it. It is said that Gen. Lyon had expressed a fear about the Iowa when they should be brought into action. But just before he was killed, his mind was lightened of that weight—he specially complimented us highly.

Our regiment was once rather staggered. The Texans, who had revolving

rifles, delivered a tremendous volley (perhaps you can imagine such a shower, or stream rather, of balls,) and just then, Lyon's "Regulars" broke and rushed through our ranks. Both together, rather the latter, however, threw us into considerable confusion; but we soon straightened up again, and gaining the brow of the hill, gave the famous "Rangers" a dose of "Minie" they did not relish. They gave way, and scattered in the valley. Thanks to my early hunting practice, shooting came handy. There is much in such a time in being used to a gun—I hope mine did good service. The Texan Rangers fought well; but I did not see (and my eyes were on them, you may believe) any of the desperate recklessness of life they have so often been credited for. When they prepared to charge upon us, I confess to a misgiving as to the result—there seemed no escape from death. But there was nothing left us but to "pitch in" strong, and they were whipped. Hereafter, big stories of the prowess of these famous men-of-war, will be taken by me with a large grain of allowance.

Our term of service was up four days before the Battle of Springfield. We remained for the fight, and had it—and I must be allowed some pride of having belonged to the "First Iowa."

Rebel reports claimed the victory—but if they had it, why did they not take our fine train, worth a million and a half dollars? We had 450 six-mule teams, and with other valuables, a large amount of money from a bank, for safe-keeping. Besides, why did the rebels burn their tents and so much camp equipment? And, finally, how came we to take hundreds of their horses? The facts, they retreated eight miles, or more so, fact that they had no time to look after anything but their wounded. Lyon was the attacking party, and rather surprised them. The rebel encampment was in a beautiful spot, on both sides of Wilson's creek.

I saw Gen. Lyon soon after he received his first wound. He was in advance, limping towards us, his splendid charger having been killed. He was excited, brandishing a holster pistol, and calling out to the Iowa to "come on!" The General passed through our lines to get another horse, and was soon afterwards killed.

Fearing that the enemy, so much stronger than we were, might cut us off from St. Louis, we retreated to Rolla, saving a train the rebels must have taken had they preserved. From Rolla our regiment went to St. Louis, where I laid down my musket, having served Uncle Sam for four months as faithfully as I could.

Had I remained in New York until volunteering commenced, you would have heard of me in some corps from there; but the western boys "suit me best. More than half of our company are again in service, and I am often inclined to follow suit—perhaps may, after some private business here is settled. * * * But should an emergency arise, that would not keep me back.

A SWARMING GENERAL.—There is a good story going the rounds at Fortress Monroe concerning a certain General, who is pious enough in creed, but on certain occasions, when his "dander" is up, can do full justice to his feelings by "giving them mouth." When the Merimac came down the General was all motion; he was highly excited, and now and then he eased his feelings by certain forcible ejaculations. A contraband who heard him, gives a very good description of how the white-haired old man moved about in the midst of the storm of shells. "By golly, boss," said he, "but de way dat old mass, Gin'ral moved about dat day war a caution. He went dis way and dat way; he went hea' and he went dar; but to had hearne de old mass, Gin'ral swar! Boss, it's de solemn truf, dat de way de old Gin'ral swar was plumb high like preachin'."

One of the Characters, in which the late Charles Matthews used to delight his audience during "At Home," was that of an old Scotch lady, who was in the habit of inculcating the duties of charity into her grandchildren after the following fashion:—"My dears, when I and your father and mother have finished our meals; when you have eaten all as much as you conveniently can; and when you have gorged the dog, the three cats and the parrot—the dear children, remember the poor."

"LOVE IS THE THEME."—Sane or insane, love is always the theme of the poetic; and sometimes it would puzzle an adept to distinguish, amid the singular latitude of thought and expression, considered allowable in these days, to decide which poetry is written inside and which outside the Lunatic Asylum. The Utica Asylum, for instance, possesses a poet, whose lines, outraging as they do all common sense and coherence, jingle so wonderfully like some of the more popular verses of the day, that are really entertaining. For instance, the crack-brained Apollo addresses his *inamorata* thus:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little girl,
How thy nose is out of curl!
Up above thy chin so high,
Like a lamp-post in the sky."
And then he addresses the fair creature to elope with him on a "lawyer's dray," in order that they may "gallop o'er the sea" together, and

"—feast on codlin chops,
Pea-green prawns and lollipops;
Hunt the skipper, catch the croup,
And fill our shoes with myrtle soup."

Whether the asylum-poet was insane in fact or prepared his verses as a burlesque upon the insanity of poets generally, we are unable to decide; but he has done his work ludicrously well. When he wrote in an impassioned moment:

"Gaily the tiger-cat tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar,"
he expressed a word of tender emotion in a rough manner; but when he added that the low-born animal
"Carried a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in iobsters and mustard apart,"
he capped the climax, and deserved to be "sent up ahead," and adorned with the medal; for the satire on fashionable poetry was perfect. Sound, and not sense, is the character of poetry now; as for sound sense, it rarely comes put up in such parcels.

WHAT WILL PAPA SAY?—The question is a very good one, young woman. What will papa say? If he says "Yes," accept the young gentleman's hand at once; if you are inclined to love him; if papa says "No," distrust your own judgment, whether you are in love or not, and then make up your mind. But don't make—what? Why, don't marry and make a fool of yourself. Of course, advice like this is sometimes not half so pleasant to take as the young gentleman would be. Very likely; but a year hence you will relish it better. Young gentlemen, generally, are very nice things to look at. They seem so amiable, so affectionate, so confiding, so very devoted, in the eyes of young ladies. But appearances are rather deceitful. There isn't a prettier outside on any creature existing than on an anaconda and a boa constrictor; yet both crush their victims to death while embracing them. Are you sure, miss, that you can distinguish a boa-constrictor when it is dressed up in patent-leather boots, kid gloves, and French doekin inexpressibles? But your papa can; and he don't want you to be embraced by a boa-constrictor!

Certainly, there are "cruel parents," and they are not all in the song-books. There are unreasonable papas, foolishly prejudiced papas, sordid opambitious papas, and papas who are convinced that love must follow marriage at any rate, as the rainbow follows the sunshiny shower. We won't say that papas of this kind should be permitted to sacrifice a daughter's happiness on the shrine of Mammon. We won't say that, in such cases, we should consider it very, very wicked; for a daughter to consult her own feelings; but, as a general rule, to be departed from without very grave reasons indeed; and a blessing will always rest upon her who asks "What will papa say?" before she answers a question on the marriage subject.

A SHARP TRICK.—At St. Paul, Minnesota, the other day, an officer arrested a man for fast driving and had him fined five dollars. Man hadn't got the money, and asked the officer to get into his buggy and drive down to his house, and get the funds. Accommodating officer did so, but found, to his cost, that the horse wouldn't go slow, and that he was compelled himself to drive faster than the city ordinance allowed. As a consequence, when he got back to the police office, he was fined an equal amount which he paid, a wiser man.

A London medical journal states the case of a man who lived a whole year after his back-bone was broken. We mention this as an encouragement and consolation to the Southern Confederacy.—*Princeton*

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