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FEMALE RESOLUTION.

No! I will never see him more,
Since thus he likes to roam,
And when his cab stops at the door,
John, say—I'm not at home!
He smiled last night when Julia smiled,
(They must have met before);
If thus by her he is beguiled,
I'll never see him more!

I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
Nor play the waltzes o'er;
Nor wear the colours he approved,
I'll never please him more!
I'll conquer soon love's foolish flame,
As thousands have before,
Look strange when'er I hear his name,
And ne'er pronounce it more!

The plait of hair I must resign,
That next my heart I wore;
He, too, must yield that tress of mine
He stole when truth he swore!
The miniature I used to trace,
And feel romantic o'er,
I'll tear from its morocco case,
And never kiss it more!

This ring—his gift—I must return,
(It makes my finger sore);
Then tatter his letters—those I'll burn,
And trample on the floor!
His sonnet, that my album graced,
(My tears thus blot it o'er);
The leaves together thus I'll paste,
And ne'er behold it more!

I'll walk and flirt with Esau G—,
(Though voted oft a bore);
In short, I'll show my heart is free,
And sigh for him no more!
If we should meet, his eye shall shrink,
My scornful glance before;
God! that's his knock! here, John! I think
I'll see him just—once more!

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye too had not birth!
Oh, loving and forgiving—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing
Blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgiving—
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never-ending strife,
Oh, harsh and unrepenting—
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not nor forgive!

Oh, loving and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o'er
When'er by passion cross'd,
And, angel-like, restore us
The paradise we lost.

WHITE MILLERS.—At the present time many of the trees in our cities appear as if they were covered with snow flakes. Myriads of white millers are seen flying about them in the evening, busy with depositing their eggs. Each miller lays about one hundred eggs in a small batch. They are of an oval shape, each is about the size of a small pin head, and each is ornamented with transparent varnish to the trunk of the tree. These beautiful white insects die almost as soon as they deposit their eggs, which in due time become offensive caterpillars, the crisandes, then millers; and thus they are produced from year to year.

A writer in the Boston Transcript proposes that the clerks in dry goods stores should enliven their places by giving to young women out of employment. If the suggestion is extensively followed it will prove that war is not an unmitigated evil.

The market price paid for army snuff-boxes in Virginia is eight hundred dollars. It is too much. Precious few of the rebels can do eight hundred dollars' worth of fighting.

The loss that the rebels most loathe are the rolls of Federal drums.

Jeff Davis has a devil in his heart and an old catch on his head.

A TRUE STORY.

Not many years ago, a young lad, the son of a poor farmer, living Crich Church, fancied, or rather dreamed, that if he would go up to London Bridge, he would find a fortune. Now London was a great way from Crich Church, especially to a poor lad, ignorant of geography and travel, and living in an age before railroads. So he put away the strange dream from his mind; yet again and again it returned, until the poor lad became so excited that he could no longer delay visiting London. But he had told no one of his dream, nor of his intention to go to London, for he well knew every one would ridicule the dream, and his father would prohibit him from visiting London on so foolish an errand. So he kept his own secret and counsel, and early one pleasant morning, set out on his adventure. It was a weary long way, but he footed it bravely, only resting by day to eat the simple meal of bread and cheese he had provided in his small pack, and resting by night wherever road-side shelter offered.

At last he came in sight of London. Our poor lad was not a little bewildered by the great show of St. Paul's Church, the London Column and Tower, with many other marvellous sights, but uppermost in his mind was his dream; and he wondered how London Bridge could be connected with the fortune of one so humble as he. By dint of preserving inquiry, he found the bridge, determined to cross the Thames in no other way. Once on the bridge, he looked on every side, but no fortune appeared. He only saw crowds of people going to and fro, never minding him. Faint with travel and mortification, having for hours walked up and down the bridge, he was turning his face homeward, satisfied that his dream was like all dreams, a cheat, when a ragged boy, of his own size, accosted him with.

"What for are you searching London Bridge all day? have you lost a bob?" meaning, by "bob," a small coin.

"Nay," said the dreamer, "I have come up here, because I dreamed if I went to London Bridge, I should find my fortune."

"O, ha!" replied the ragged stranger, "if were to follow all my dream I should have had a dozen fortunes long ago. It was only last night I dreamed that I would go to Chuskestone Cross, and dig under it, I should find a bag of gold, but blame me if I believe in dreams, besides I don't know if there is a place as Chuskestone Cross in the world."

The dreamer caught a sudden light from this confusion, and without more ado, bidding the strange boy good-by, strode back for Chuskestone Cross, which was near by his father's house, for, said he to himself, "perhaps this is the fortune I was to find on London Bridge." Hope made his feet light, and he was soon at Chuskestone Cross. When night came, and all was still, he crept from his bed, in his father's house and stealing out slyly to the cross, he fell to work, removing the stone, and digging up the hard earth. It was not long before he struck upon something chunky, and directly dug a fine bag of gold pieces, in all many thousand pounds.

Thus the poor lad, obeying his persistent dream, found his fortune; and beyond all doubt, all our former speculations to the contrary notwithstanding the cross was originally erected by the persons who buried the gold, as they naturally conjectured a cross the last thing likely to be disturbed, while it was a good and durable mark over their deposit. But, though the fortune was found by following a dream in this instance, we doubt whether it is safe or well to trust too much in dreams, since dreams are generally shadows of ideas of our own conjuration; still, if any of our readers do dream persistently, and think their dreams worth tracing out, let them be careful how they reveal them to others, as the ragged Londoner did to the poor country lad who found what with more curiosity and secretiveness, might have been another's fortune, under Chuskestone Cross.—Whitney's Re-public.

The Mobile Register says that "the Federals roar with disappointment." Federals and lions roar, rebels and wolves howl.

Whilst the rebels are fighting against us, our armies in the West and South west feed their living and bury their dead.

We can't let the rebels have any salt, but have no objection to sending them a few copies of the Psalter.

WHAT PRENTICE SAYS.

A great deal is now said against Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and a great deal in his favor. In our opinion, he is a man of unquestionable genius, talent, honesty, courage, and patriotism, and, if he has erred in anything, it has been in exercising over important military movements, a control for which he was not fitted by either military education or military experience.

The rebels in Tennessee are said to have captured fifty of Gen. Mitchell's scouts and hung them on the spot. If this is true, let the victims be immediately avenged. Let us, according to the rule mentioned in Scripture, take a tooth for a tooth. And let the tooth we take be an eye-tooth. Then perhaps treason will begin to cut its wisdom-teeth.

It is stated that in the fight before Richmond the caissons of the rebels were found filled with whisky and gunpowder. There is an old notion that the swallowing of a heavy dose of gunpowder gives a man courage, but, if the rebels find themselves under the necessity of resorting to such contemptible means of getting themselves into fighting trim, they may as well stop crowing about victory.

When the last batch of rebel prisoners of war was landed on Governor's Island, at the roll call the following conversation occurred: Officer calling the roll—"Private John Smith, Tenth Georgia volunteers?" John Smith answers—"Tenth Georgia volunteers be hanged! Tenth Georgia Conscripts you mean.—Here!"

Just look at the rebel women and compare each countenance with what it was a year and a half ago. Surely there never was such a destroyer of good looks, such a blighter of beauty, as treason! Oh ladies, eschew it as you would the devil, unless you wish to be as ugly as he!

The report of our capture of Gen. Magruder at Richmond was untrue. Magruder is a good fighter and a great drinker. He drinks so much whisky, that, if he were buried, corn and rye would sprout from the ground for a quarter of a mile in all directions from his grave.

A S. Utah-exchange speaks of "that miserable, God-forsaken, Yankee-Doodle pirate, Farragut, and his poverty-stricken Yankee hirelings." This really appears like a rather violent aspersion on the noble fellows, considering how they have just shelled out at Vicksburg.

The Memphis Avalanche says the report that Gen. Crittenden has resigned his command in the rebel army and gone to Texas is a mistake. It states that he was court-martialed, and after the court had made up a verdict, he was permitted to resign.

It is reported that Jeff Davis contemplated a day of thanksgiving. He will influence the course of Providence by his thanksgivings and fasts as much as a billiard-player does the course of a ball by running his tongue out of his mouth.

It is the exhortations and taunts of rebel women that have driven their husbands, sons, brothers, into the South to fill rebel graves. If their own hands do not smell to them of blood, God must in pity have paralyzed their olfactory nerves.

Gen. Butler has issued an order at New Orleans forbidding the admission of laundresses to the quarters of the men. It is probably thought a great hardship that the poor soldiers can't have a chance to court their washer-women.

The Jackson Mississippian calls "the soil of the South 'sacred.'" When Moses stood upon holy ground, he was commanded to put off his shoes. The rebel soldiers needn't be required to put off theirs, for they have got none on.

Mary Magdalen had but seven devils. Probably the race of devils has increased and multiplied since. Our rebel women, if we may judge from the manifestations of some of them, have about seventy devils apiece.

A correspondent asks "What should be done to an officer or soldier who insults an unoffending lady?" A spot should be marked on the seat of his breeches, and he should be kicked on the spot.

Jeff Davis is the stem of the ship of rebellion, and Humphrey Marshall the stern.

GEN. BUTLER'S EXPLANATION OF THE "WOMAN" ORDER.—The following characteristic letter from Gen. Butler, explaining his reasons for issuing the celebrated order in regard to the women of New Orleans, has been received by a gentleman of Boston. The order in the letter has already been published in the HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

New Orleans, July 2, 1862.
MY DEAR SIR: I am as jealous of the good opinion of my friends as I am careless of the slanders of my enemies, and your kind expressions in regard to Order No. 28 lead me to say a word to you on the subject.

That it ever could have been so misconceived as it has been by some portions of the Northern press is wonderful, and would lead one to exclaim with the Jew, "O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others!"

What was the state of things to which the woman applied?

We were two thousand five hundred men in a city seven miles long by two to four wide, of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, all hostile, bitter, defiant, explosive, standing literally on a magazine; a spark only needed, for destruction. The Devil had entered the hearts of the women of this town, (you know seven of them chose Mary Magdalen for a residence,) to stir up strife in every way possible. Every opprobrious epithet, every insulting gesture, was made by these bewitched, bewitched, and laced creatures, calling themselves ladies, toward my soldiers and officers, from the windows of houses and in the streets. How long do you suppose our flesh and blood could have stood this without revolt? That would lead to disturbances and riot, from which we must clear the streets with artillery—and then a howl that we had murdered these fine women. I had arrested the men who had hurled for Genard. Could I arrest the women? No. What was to be done? No order could be made save one, that would execute itself. With anxious, careful thought I hit upon this: "Women who insult my soldiers are to be regarded and treated as common women plying their vocation."

Pray, how do you treat a common woman plying her vocation in the streets? You pass her by unheeded. She cannot insult you. As a gentleman, you can and will take no notice of her. If she speaks, her words are not, opprobrious. It is only when she becomes a continuous and positive nuisance that you call a watchman and give her in charge to him.

But some of the Northern editors seem to think that whenever one meets such a woman, one must stop her, talk with her, insult her, or hold dalliance with her, and so from their own conduct they construe my order.

The editor of the Boston Courier may so deal with common women, and out of the abundance of the heart his mouth may speak—but so do not I.

Why, these she-adders of New Orleans themselves were at once shamed into propriety of conduct by the order, and from that day no woman has either insulted or annoyed any live soldier or officer, and of a certainty no soldier has insulted any woman.

When I passed through Baltimore on the 23d of February last, members of my staff were insulted by the gestures of the ladies (?) there. Not so in New Orleans.

One of the worst possible of all the women showed disrespect to the remains of gallant young De Kay, and you will see her punishment. A copy of the order which I enclose is at once a vindication and a construction of my order.

I can only say that I would issue it again under like circumstances. Again thanking you for your kind interest,

I am, truly your friend,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Major General Commanding.

Gen. Mitchell, it is said, has granted a passport to John Bell, who wants to visit Washington as a peace-maker.

Old Mr. Bell might have quite enough employment as a peace-maker in making peace with his own conscience, with his late party, and with heaven.—Prentice.

Dr. Windship, of Boston, expects to be strong enough in less than a year to carry a weight of 3,000 pounds. We expect General McClellan to be strong enough in a few days to carry Richmond.

The papers say that "Jeff Davis is lying ill." He had practice enough to lie well.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE-LOUISE.

Marie-Louise was little known to the Parisians, and but a little beloved in France. Borne away from Vienna as a trophy of victory, conquered more than courted, succeeding, in the hero's couch, the still living Empress Josephine, whose Creb's graces, apparent goodness, and light-hearted disposition, made her even with these very defects more popular with so light and egotistical a people; a stranger in the midst of France speaking its language with timidity, studying its manners with embarrassment, Marie-Louise lived in seclusion, like a captive amidst the official circle with which the Emperor surrounded her. That court of beautiful women, newly titled aristocrats to repress every attraction except that of their own rank and high favour, allowed nothing to be known of the new Empress, except the simplicity and the awkwardness natural to one who was almost a child, and which was calculated to render her unpopular in her own court. That court was the haughty shrouder of the young Empress. Marie-Louise took refuge in court ceremony—in solitude and in silence against the malevolence that acted as a spy on her every word and action. Intimidated by the fame, by the grandeur, and by the impetuous tenderness of the ravisher, whom she dared not to contemplate as a husband, it is unknown whether her timidity permitted her to love him with unrestrained affection. Napoleon loved her with feelings of superiority and pride. She was the blazon of his affiliation with great dynasties; she was the mother of his son, and the establishment of his ambition. But though he exalted no favorites, less from virtue than constitutional disdain, he was known to have had passing predilections for some of the beautiful women by whom he was surrounded. Jealousy, therefore, though she dared not accuse her rivals, might have chilled the heart of Marie-Louise.

The public were unjust enough to require from her the most passionate and devoted love, when her nature could only inspire her with duty and respect for a soldier who had merely recognized in her a hostage for Germany and a pledge of posterity. This constraint obscured her natural charms, clouded her features, intimidated her mind, and depressed her heart. She was only regarded as a foreign ornament attached to the columns of the throne. Even history, written in ignorance of the truth, and influenced by the resentment of Napoleon's courtiers, has slandered this princess. Those who have known her will award her, not the stoical and theatrical glory, which people required of her, but her natural qualities. She was a charming daughter of the Tyrol, with blue eyes and fair hair. Her complexion varied with the whiteness of its snows and the roses of its valleys; her figure light and graceful; its attitude yielding and languid, like those German maidens who seem to look for the support of some manly heart. Her dreamy glance, full of internal visions, was veiled by the silken fringes of her eyes. Her lips were somewhat pointing—her bosom full of sighs and fruitful affection; her arms were of due length, fair and admirably moulded, and felicitous graceful languor on her robe, as if weary of the burden of her destiny. Her neck habitually inclined towards her shoulder. She appeared of northern melancholy, transplanted into the tumult of a Gallic camp. The pretended insipidity of silence concealed thoughts delicately feminine, and the mysteries of sentiment, which swayed her in imagination far from that court, to her magnificent but rude places of exile. The moment she returned to her private apartments, or to the solitude of her gardens, she again became essentially German. She cultivated the arts of poetry, painting and music. In these accomplishments education had rendered her perfect, as if to console her, when far from her native land, for the absence and sorrows to which she would one day be exposed. In these acquisitions she excelled; but they were confined to herself alone. She read and repeated from memory, the poetry of her native bards. By nature, she was simple, but pleasing, and absorbed within herself, externally silent, but full of internal feelings; formed for domestic love in an obscure destiny, but dazzled on a throne, she felt herself exposed to the gaze of the world as the conquest of pride, not the love of a hero. She could dissemble nothing, either during her grandeur, or after the reverses of her lord; and this was her crime. The theatrical world, into which she had been thrown, looked for the picture of conjugal passion in a captive of victory.

She was too unsophisticated to affect love, when she only felt obedience, timidity, and resignation. Nature will pity, though history may accuse her. This is a true portrait of Marie-Louise. I wrote it in her presence ten years afterwards. She had developed, at that period, during her liberty and widowhood, all the hidden graces of her youth. They wished her to play a part;—the actress was wanting, but the woman remained. History should award her what the partial verdict of Napoleon's courtiers has refused—pity, tenderness, and grace.

She has been condemned for not having been the theatrical corolla of an affection she never felt. Overlooking the feelings of a woman, her accusers forgot that the heart will make itself heard even in the drama of such an unparalleled destiny; and if the heart is not always a justification, it is at least an excuse. Justice should weigh such excuses, even when she condemns.

Marie-Louise never loved Napoleon. How could she love him? He had grown old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition; she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accomplished his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and passive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had mounted upon his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Attila of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals; in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to heaven from her cradle in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage, conceded, through fear, to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife who had been the very instrument of his fortunes. She felt that she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendours of an imperial throne were to her as the flower-decked victim for sacrifice. Cast alone, and without a friend, into a court composed of parvenue soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent etiquette. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence. There was something disrespectful and violent in his affection; he wounded even when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; terror interposed between him and the heart of his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently desired son could not unite such opposite natures. Marie-Louise felt that to Napoleon she was only a medium of posterity—not a wife and a mother, but merely the root of an hereditary dynasty. This master of the world could not boast even the inherent virtues of love—faith and constancy to the one woman; his attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousies natural to the bosom of a wife; and though he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he possess that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own, and of foreign courts, were not to him objects of passionate love, but of irresistible, transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love. Napoleon's long and frequent absences; his severe and minute orders, so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather to control than to execute the will of the Empress; his pettishness of temper on his frequent abrupt returns; morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (her only recreation being ostentatious, tiresome, and frivolous ceremonies);—nothing of such a life, such a character, of such a man, was calculated to inspire Marie-Louise with love. Her heart and her imagination, expatriated in France, had remained beyond the Rhine. The splendours of the Empire might have consoled another; but Marie-Louise was better formed for the attachment of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home.—Lamarline's Napoleon.

Gen. Pope is probably already en route for Richmond with his whole army. Now if Gen. Polk is there, he might as well prepare to kiss the Pope's toe.

Gen. Butler's proclamations are so sharp that he needn't file them.