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THE HAPPY MIND.

Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.

Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind,
All the wide world over.

'Tis passing good to have an eye,
That always manages to spy
Some star to bear its company,
Though planets may be hidden;
And Mrs. Eve was foolish, very,
Not to be well content and merry,
With peach, plum, melon, grape and cherry,
When apples were forbidden.

We love rare flowers, but suppose
We're far from Italy's rich rose,
Must we then turn up our nose
At lilies of the valley?
Can't we snuff at something sweet,
In the "bough pots" that we meet,
Cried and sold in the city street,
By "Sally in our alley"?

Give me the heart that spreads its wings,
Like the free bird that soars and sings,
And sees the bright sides of all things,
From Behr's Straits to Dover.
It is a hawk that never breaks,
It is a stone that never shakes,
It is a rock that never shakes,
All the wide world over.

We like to give old Care the slip,
And listen to the "crank and quip,"
At social board from flummery,
No fellowship is better;
But he must lack the gentle grace,
That marks the best of human race,
Who cannot see a friendly face,
In mastiff, hound, or setter.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish
The revel amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish,
That holds a golden plover,
Yet, if our table be but spread
With savory, cheese, and oaten bread,
Be thankful if we're always fed,
As well as the wide world over.

We may be poor—but then, I guess,
Our trouble with pomp is less,
For they who wear a russet dress,
May never fear the rumpling;
And though champagne froth never hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red aplodyce rarely comes
To dine with plain stone dumpling.

AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL.

America, I love thee still,
There's glory to thy name,
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame.
There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love,
The rocks and blooming wilds proclaim
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still;
Beneath thy valleys rest
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power,
Bright emblems of the blest—
And round them clothed in silence, lie
The mouldering patriot's fame,
Embalmed in secret memory's fire,
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still—
Though traitors dire disown
The holy rights and ornaments,
Endeared to freedom's home:
Though misty clouds o'erspread the light,
And fears together blend,
Hope's cheering rays foretell my pride
Of glory to ascend.

America, I love thee still—
Thou art my native land—
The joys, so pure can never be found
Upon a foreign strand,
Thou' pleasure's path, and fortune's smiles
In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys,
Cannot with thine compare.

America, I love thee still—
Resplendent glories gleam,
Through all thy dreams. Thy sacred lights
Shall be my theme.
Pure from the realms of victory's sky,
The crown was given to thee—
Mid starry lights, eternal stands
The star of Liberty.

WIVES OR ANGELS.

It is one of the saddest facts in life that marriage is often a failure; and it is so, in many cases, not because of any great vice on either side, but simply by reason of a false estimate of the conditions by which the married state, like all other states, is governed. The root of the evil lies in perverse principles affecting the whole social intercourse of the sexes. In the minds of a large proportion of young men, the feeling with regard to women is a mixture of sham gallantry and real disrespect. They have no opinion of the female intellect, and no reverence for the female character. How so low an estimate of the female nature can be arrived at by any man who recollects that he has, or has had, a mother, (for we may set aside as of no account the few monstrous exceptions to the sacredness of the maternal character,) is difficult to explain; but the fact is too often manifest. It is a vice of fashion and of training, which like most vices, has the power of reproducing itself by the contagion of example. We may deplore its existence, but we must take it into our calculation.

Young men often find themselves expected, on entering the world, to be extremely complimentary and deferential to women before their faces, and cynically contemptuous of them behind their backs. The old schoolboy sense of scorn for "those girls" is retained, but it is decorously hidden behind a thin veneer of gallantry. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is an attempt to hide the rougher and more genuine feeling, for the untruthfulness of the profession is made more manifest by its false exaggerations. The showy nonsense uttered by young men in ball-rooms is resented at heart by all girls of intellectual capacity and common self-respect; but it is unfortunately encouraged by the more frivolous, who do not detect the real indifference it masks, or who yield themselves willingly to an enchantment which they know is false, but which they feel is pleasant.

There are of course, two forms of gallantry—the true and the spurious. That feeling of tender, protecting regard for women, as the weaker of the two sexes, which seems to have originated with Christianity, or at any rate to be more directly encouraged by the religion of equality than by any other, is the genuine gallantry of cultivated and considerate men. It finds its loftiest expression in the solitude with which manly natures shield women as far as possible from the rough accidents of life; and its lighter in the brightness and gaiety of social intercourse. The spurious development of gallantry we all know too well. It is the reproduction in general society of the simpering airs of a Beau Brummell rendering service to himself by officiousness, and compliments offensive by their grossness. The type of true gallantry may be seen in the Chevalier Bayard; that of false gallantry in the vulgar gentility and barely disguised selfishness of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty, and hunger on at the Court of Charles II, or in Charles II himself.

It was, indeed, in the reign of that monarch that spurious gallantry became first systematized, and both professed and practised as an article of social religion. We have long ago risen out of the worst corruptions of that evil time; but we have not yet entirely shaken ourselves free from the low estimate of women which was fostered and vaunted in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The misconception, as we have already shown, is widely diffused among the unthinking, and it results in the frequent failure of the married state. The young fellow who from his eighteenth to his five-and-twentieth year has prided himself on having "no opinion of women," excepting as a kind of pretty plaything, suddenly finds at the latter period that he is under very heavy, yet very pleasant, bonds to one of that despised community. He has had flirtations and trifling fancies a dozen times before:

The summer pilots of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing;
but now he is really in love. To that extent he is sincere, and so far his sham gallantry merges into the true. But he has been so accustomed to false pretences, that his very sincerity takes a form which is itself insincere. He has no idea of truth apart from exaggeration, and has so accustomed himself to the language of excess, that he can speak in no other tongue. The old habit of unreality clings to the new-born truth, and ruins it. Because he finds the lady amiable and kind, considerate for others,

and prone to do gracious things graciously, he fancies her supernaturally perfect. He constructs an ideal out of her best qualities, and does her a substantial injustice by expecting that she is always to act up to that impossible measure of perfection. She ceases to be mere woman, (which ought to be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man,) and floats in the ether of his fancy a winged angel. Her admirer is never modest enough to ask his conscience what right he has to expect an angel for his companion, himself being none. He probably makes no effort on his own part to rise above the weakness of humanity—the petty accidents of temper, common at times to all of us; the sordid instincts of daily life; the selfishness that insinuates itself under so many crafty forms; the meanness, distrust, and want of charitable allowance, that grow with our growth, unless perpetually checked and beaten down. He does not consider how far perfection on one side, and imperfection on the other, would be a possible or even a desirable association.

He pays his sweetheart the egregious and even cruel compliment of trying her by a standard wholly impracticable and artificial, arbitrarily fixing her to it, and shaping all his future prospects by a law which he ought to know is non-existent. The man who began by thinking all women fools, and who passed out of that opinion into the belief that one particular woman was an angel; marries in the glamor of the latter faith, and anticipates a lifetime of celestial ministrations. Let us say the honeymoon is all honey; still, when the active, yet monotonous round of daily existence commences, it will be strange if the angel does not sometimes prove mortal. She may be a true-hearted lovable woman; she may have all the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the quiet grace and harmony of her sex; but she will also have her wayward humors. She will be out of spirits once in a while, out of health sometimes, and out of temper at others. Why did not Jones, her husband, think of this before? Why does he resent it now, as if his wife had married him under false pretences? She never put herself forward as a seraph; that was his mistake. Yet Jones thinks himself deceived because, after a little while, he finds those gauzy wings which he would needs fasten to the human shoulders of Mary Jane dropping off into nothingness. Affection and trust, sustained and rectified by mutual charity, are not enough for him. These are the conditions of the best of mortal friendships; but they will not satisfy the prodigious requirements of Jones. He had bargained for an angel; and because he has not got one, all is a failure. Hence follow heart-burnings and quarrels; separation ensues, and perhaps the Divorce Court brings the miserable error to a close.

Marriage is the touchstone before which the deceptions of courtship fade, and are forced to declare themselves for what they are. Shakespeare, with that wonderful power which he possessed of implying a profound remark in the verbal mistakes of some of his characters, makes Slender say to Justice Shallow, when the latter recommends him to marry Anne Page, and asks whether he can love her: "I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contentment; but, if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her." The great dramatist knew from his own experience, as well as from general observation, that the love in the beginning, whether much or little, is frequently "decreased upon better acquaintance," when the couple "are married and have more occasion to know one another." Did he, with all his insight, make the mistake of expecting too much? Certainly Shelley did in his first marriage. This would seem to militate against our assertion that real poets are not likely to fall into such errors; but it should be recollected that both Shakespeare and Shelley were mere youths when they were wedded—the one to Anne Hathaway, the other to Harriet Westbrook. The worst of the matter is, that the mistake is frequently committed by men of mature years.

The court martial in the case of Gen. Corcoran, for shooting Col. Kimball, has concluded its investigations. The result is justification of the General.

GIVING AWAY THE BABY.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realize how it could be so. Only the Sunday before he had been sitting with me, watching the baby as he sat in the sunshine, laughing and clapping his little hands, as the shadows of the trees were flung across the bare floor, and moved by the passing breeze. Now the child was sitting in the same spot, the warm October sun streaming in on his bright curls, and making him look so pretty—so like a picture; but the father was gone from us forever.

"It seems to me I must see his dear face once more; that he would surely lift the latch and come in, and take our child up, and say, as he so often did, 'Mother, what would you take for this little brother?'
"Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling 'Papa! papa!' until I thought my poor heart would break. The two oldest children were at school, the rest were out playing, so that I was quite alone. By and by the baby was tired of his play, and came and got up into my lap. 'Mamma cry—mamma morn't,' he cried out, and wiped my wet face with his chubby hands; but I could only hold him closer to me, and then cry more bitterly.

"Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbors. When I had invited them in, and had dried my tears a little they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation; but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said, 'Pretty! pretty!' in his childish way. She took it off and gave it to him saying:
"Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?"

"My mother's heart took fright at once. They had no children and I seemed to feel as plainly as they had told me, that they had come to ask for one of mine.
"No, no, mother couldn't spare him," I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely, I fear.

My dear woman," began Mr. Lorrimer, have you thought seriously of the impossibility of your getting along with five children under twelve years of age? It has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—how can you hope to do without him?
"We offer," rejoined in his wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones, to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see that God's hand is in it, that through us he intends to help you.'
"I needed not tell you how long I withstood all their arguments. But at last, overcome by their entreaties, I consented to consider the matter. In two days they came for the answer. I never mentioned their visit to any of the children, and I had changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed me. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy. But at length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to 'go riding,' and he clapped his hands and laughed aloud at the horses as they were driven up.

I handed him to his new mother, (the children supposed that he was to come back soon,) and he never even looked at me. Oh, how jealous my aching heart grew!
"When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on his cradle. I could only throw myself on it and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the whole truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest should return from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for

the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

"The day ended, as the longest will at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie down stairs to sleep near me. Since his father's death, the other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last, and said, earnestly:
"Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, 'I know it's for the best; but, oh! it's so hard to give him up.'"

"Mother," continued the child, 'when father died, we know it was all for the best, because God took him from us but I have been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love him and keep him; and now you have given him away. If he had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't he have given him to them at first?'
"The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbors. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively:
"Oh, if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be!"

"The moon was shining so brightly that it was almost as light as day, and presently Willie said:
"Mother, it's only half a mile across the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's—let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now."

"Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and, sure enough, we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the sitting-room door and knocked. They seemed half-frightened when then they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"Come to mother," Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.
"How he clung to me still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms!
"I cannot give him up," I said, at last when I could get my voice clear. "You must let me take him home."

"They evidently thought me silly of a woman; but their cold words only made me more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby. Willie offered to help me, but I felt as though I could carry him in my arms forever.
"When I had laid him abed, not fast asleep, but still sobbing, and reaching out his little hands to feel if I was there I said:
"God helping me, come what will, I will never part with one of my living children again! And I never did."

"I need not tell you how with joy the rest of the children were, when they found the baby in bed next morning; they almost fought over the little fellow; and from that day forth it was their greatest pleasure to amuse Charlie, and have him with them.
"When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favors that my rich neighbors might have done me, they withheld. I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women, like myself, that had always nursed their own children, said I did right.

We had many trials, and often scarcely a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together.
"All my children proved comforts and blessings to me; God took care of one for me; but as Willie said, we knew that was for the best. The rest married in the course of time, and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home has never left me since the day I gave him away."—Little Pilgrim.

The politician who undertakes to do the people, generally undoes himself.

LOUISVILLE JOURNALISMS.

A correspondent calling himself "Kitten" writes from "Fort Hell at Brandenburg." Perhaps he is the oft-mentioned "cat in hell without claws."

A good many lawyers, out of business, have joined the army. We suppose that, having no other prosecuting to do, they concluded to help prosecute the war.

A clergyman in Pennsylvania has excluded rebel sympathizers from the communion table. Indeed he doesn't like to commune with them themselves.

If the salarieders or fire-eaters of Charleston get entirely out of food, they will, perhaps set fire to their city for the sake of one good meal.

Gen. Van Dorn was defeated by Gen. Curtis at Pea Ridge; badly whipped by Gen. Rosecrans at Corinth; and finished by Dr. Peters near Murfreesboro.

It would seem that the rebel ladies in the portions of Tennessee visited by the Federal troops can't be considered as exactly presentable. A letter to the Chattanooga Rebel says that they have been "stripped of everything."

We met a man a few days ago from beyond the rebel lines, who said he had not seen a fowl upon the table for six months. In that region an old sedentary hen would be deemed a feast for the gods.

Somebody writes to the Grenada Appeal that General Buckner is "willing to be judged by his works." Which of his "works" does he want to be judged by? Those that General Grant proposed to move upon immediately?

The order of Gen. Shackleford requiring the citizens of Todd county to take the oath of allegiance or go South took effect on Monday last since which time there have been lively times in "driving out and swearing in."

The Richmond Whig admits the serious damage threatening Vicksburg, and acknowledges that Richmond, too, would be a little shaky should an immediate attack be made upon it.

The New York Times says "a soldier never should be politician." The politicians seem generally to think that they should never be soldiers.

It is pleasant enough to learn that the Richmond Whig, which all along scoffed at the idea of any considerable suffering in the South, has perished of unendurable misery. With its expiring breath, it cried aloud that it was dying of Confederate taxes. We suppose the Editor will now go forth from his bankrupt establishment as a sutler or some other sort of camp-follower—"As maggots crawl from out a ruined hut."

No one should live without labor; labor is a great blessing. Never complain that you are obliged to work, but go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness. It makes men healthy, procures them food, clothing, and all the necessary comforts of life, and places a strong barrier against the temptation to be dishonest.

When Mudge was very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, of which he had bestowed great care.—"My dear," he said, didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Mudge, innocently, "but all these have leaves."

The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

Rather curry a man's horse than his favor. Hostlers are less offensive than sycophants.

It is troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, soars into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

True merit can be compared to a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes. So with knowledge: the learned mind is still, deep, and thoughtful; the shallow brains are turbulent like a shallow river, running headlong to the ocean.