

The Marietta

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 13.

Not Alcoholic.
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILA. PA.

WILL E. effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and bad diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, inward Piles, flatness or blood in the face, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, distention of the Stomach, or weight in the stomach, sour Eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, swimming of the Head, hurried and difficult Breathing, fluttering at the Heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a sitting posture, dimness of Vision, dots or webs before the Sight, fever and dull pain in the Head, deficiency of Perspiration, yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushes of Heat, or blushing in the Face, constant imaginations of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits, and will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.—They contain no Alcohol or bad Whisky.—They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge of the medicinal effects and medical virtues of these Bitters. Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of Nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling? If you do, use HOOPLAND'S German Bitters.

PARROT'S NOTICE.—There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest Whisky or common Rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. For those who desire and will have a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hoopland's Bitters and mix with three quarts of good Rye or Whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoopland's Bitters in connection with a good article of liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that Hoopland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the regiments, it will be noted that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoopland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call the particular attention to the following remarkable and well-attested cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his language, "has been saved by the Bitters." PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862. Messrs. Jones & Evans, Well, gentlemen, your Hoopland's German Bitters have saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who are fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been, for nearly four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and I did force it down with great difficulty, and it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. "Life would not last under these circumstances," and, accordingly, the physicians who had been waiting faithfully, though unsuccessfully to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my little funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steintron, of Sixth below Arch street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shade of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Tho' I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months: for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE. We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had departed at seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health. John Cuddelback, 1st New York Battery. George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine. Lewis Chevalier, 32d New York. J. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F. J. B. Caswell, Co. B, 3d Vermont. Henry B. Sereno, Co. B, do. Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine. John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine. Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. E, 5th Penn. John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson" is on the wrapper of each bottle. Price per bottle 75 cents, or half dozen for \$4.00. Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express. Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 631 ARCH STREET. JONES & EVANS. (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.) Proprietors. For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

The Marietta
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT
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TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscribers be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged. ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, free; but for any additional lines, five cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half-yearly advertisers. Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Lard type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Marietta," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the War times.

Brave boys are they.
Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But beneath the roof, the hours as they fly,
Are happy and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our fireside,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.
CHORUS.
Brave boys are they!
Gone are their country's call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget,
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep, with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm.
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillow'd on hillocks damp;
Of martial fare, how little we know,
Till brothers are in the camp.
Brave boys, &c.

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great rear drops started,
This was our parting trust:
"God bless you, boys! we'll welcome
You home,
When rebels are in the dust."
Brave boys, &c.

May the bright wings of love,
Guard them where ever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must
fight,
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! the dread field of battle!
Soon to be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.
Brave boys, &c.

THE UNION.
The Union! The Union!
The hope of the free!
How'er we may differ,
In this we agree:
Our glorious banner
No traitor shall mar,
By effacing a stripe,
Or destroying a star.
Division? No never!
The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever.

The Union! The Union!
'Twas purchased with blood!
Side by side, to secure it,
Our forefathers stood:
From the North to the South,
Tho' the length of the land,
Ran the war cry which summon'd
That patriot band.
Division, &c.

The Union! The Union!
In God we repose:
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes.
The God of our fathers,
O, still may He be
The strength of the Union,
The hope of the free.
Division, &c.

For The Marietta.
BEFORE AND AFTER; or, Five Phases of
Married Life.
By Granetius.
CHAPTER VIII.
[AN UNCONGENIAL PHASE—After.]
"And canst thou not accord thy heart
In union with mine—
Whose language thou alone hast heard,
Tho' only canst divine?"

Had Mr. and Mrs. Thomew, immediately after the solemnization of their nuptials, with more of that wisdom which is from above, and less of that impulsiveness which is from below—with more mutual concession, and less obstinate identity of individualism—endeavored to harmonize and unite into one purpose their partially discordant natures, it would have been better for their own present, and perhaps future happiness, as well as for the welfare of their posterity. But most unfortunately, this was not the case; and in every subsequent year of their lives, from habits of thought, taste and pursuit, they became more unlike each other, and consequently more uncongenial associates; and although neither of them would for a moment have thought of doing external violence to their marriage obligations, yet it seemed obvious that they did not truly love each other—that is, not spiritually or mentally—or were greatly mistaken in the nature of such a sentiment, and the duties it enjoins. Two or three little things connected with the mental status of Mrs. Thomew became manifest to her husband, which were not calculated to enhance her in his esteem, although they may not have been regarded in the eyes of the world as detrimental to her character as a wife and a woman. Mr. Thomew discovered that his wife had no taste for literature, if she had not a positive aversion for books of any kind and for the sentiments which they contained. He also discovered that she could scarcely write her own name, and that in her correspondence with him during his absence, she had employed an amanuensis. This individual, without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Thomew, of course had read all of his confidential epistles to Miss Dolman, a contingency in their intercourse of which he was altogether unconscious, for he had supposed she had been actively engaged in the cultivation of her mind, notwithstanding the peculiar quality of her supposed literary productions, and the singular effect they had upon him, whilst in correspondence with her. Now Mr. Thomew, from his boyhood up, had been rather diffident, and above all things in the world, he would not have had his love-letters exposed to any other person than that of the one he loved; and therefore when he made this discovery, he felt that the sanctity of his social domain had been rudely invaded. Although this circumstance produced an irritating effect on his mind, yet he endeavored as speedily as possible to regard it as a disagreeable bygone. Still, Mrs. Thomew was not so much to blame, for she really did not know any better, and could not perhaps do any better; for, like many others in the world, she had reached womanhood without having become sensible of her intellectual deficiencies, and when she at last did see them, she was too proud or too timid to acknowledge her ignorance, by making an effort to improve her mental condition. But there is no knowing what improvement she might have been capable of, or even have taken a delight in, had Mr. Thomew himself gently, kindly, and lovingly, volunteered to become her instructor; but no, acting altogether under a disappointed youthful impetuosity, his conduct was only calculated to impress upon her mind the idea that she was even more deficient than she really was—still, in her injudicious course, by way of retaliation, she made many serious blunders.

Mrs. Thomew had made the injudicious confession, after her marriage, that had not Mr. Thomew returned just when he did, she would have considered her engagement with him broken, and would have acted accordingly; and what was quite as inexcusable, she foolishly persisted in denying her age, or at least in concealing it. Although these things manifested no criminality on the part of Mrs. Thomew, but were rather to be regarded as the evidences of the false training which she had received from her bosom friends, if not from her parents; and also of a want of energy to pursue a proper course, and avail herself of the educational opportunities of her girlhood; yet, to a mind constitu-

ted as Mr. Thomew's was, which, at a late period had become sensible of the existence of a higher world than the mere world of sensuous feeling—a mind just then in the effort to elevate itself above the boilings of the moral and intellectual chaos in which it found itself; and without those fixed and judicious principles of action, which, under other circumstances, might have characterized the man of maturer years; to him then, at this critical period, these things unduly magnified themselves, and unhappily produced a line of conduct that was only calculated to widen a breach between them; the existence of which, was not visible to the material world by which they were surrounded. Mrs. Thomew was incorrigible, and immovably fixed in her ways—perhaps because she could not be otherwise—and Mr. Thomew had neither the penetration nor the patience to even make an effort to discover the necessary means to correct what ought to have been corrected, and to concede, or conform to, what his wife might herself feel disposed to correct, after she had once come into the proper state of knowledge and conviction. Mr. Thomew, partly to gratify that hunger for knowledge which had not been sufficiently fed in his youth, and partly to fill up a romantic vacuum in his heart, which, from the illiteracy of his wife, she could not, or would not make the least intelligent effort to fill—now devoted himself entirely to books, and kindred pursuits, whenever he could command the time not necessarily employed in earning the means to provide for his family; and, perhaps in a reckless state of literary intoxication he may have devoted many hours in profitless pursuits, that would have been of more practical utility, if they had been devoted to his family, in furnishing them with that early training which ought to come from a mother, but which is nevertheless obligatory also upon a father; this is the internal of the status of Mr. and Mrs. Thomew; externally—with the exception of an occasional misunderstanding, and consequent ill-advised expression of sentiments,—there was nothing for the world, or the civil law, to take cognizance of. They were both industrious, chaste, and frugal; both had endeavored themselves to others for the excellence of their characters, and their orderly bearing; but still there was not a single thing under the sun, in which they seemed to have a mutual interest and sympathy, and as Mr. Thomew on every subsequent opportunity increased his stock of books and devoted his time to them, Mrs. Thomew seemed to conceive the greater horror and aversion to them, and perhaps in some measure justly too—for they deprived her of many hours of social intercourse with her husband, that must have made him as uncongenial to her as she could possibly be to him. They may have been aptly compared to a pigeon and a duck united in a marriage union, both good and useful animals in their way, but delighting in elements diverse and uncongenial to each other. Mr. Thomew's greatest delight in life, would have been to have a wife to whom he could have poured out his soul in a mutual correspondence, when he was necessarily absent from her; and to have read and sympathized with him in his humble literary productions; but alas! he never had the least evidence that she had even read a single line that he had ever written, or that she had had the least appreciation of its merits or its demerits, if she had read it.

Knowing, intelligent, and disinterested christian writers and philosophers, have demonstrated it as their opinion, a hundred times over, that more than two-thirds of the married world are living together in an uncongenial bondage; and that through this cause it is, that many men and women run into acts and lives of connubial infidelity, fornications and adulteries, and into the shameless and profane systems of polygamy and open concubinage. The danger of falling into such habits of life from this cause seems to be enhanced by the habitual indifference, in conduct and bearing, between such married people; and in their saying, doing, and acting things, that before marriage they would not let each other know or see for a world of wealth; because such knowledge, they feared would work an alienation, or a forfeiture of self-respect, and this respect of each other. The little personal attentions, the dignified intercourse, and the orderly manifestations of affection, that were necessary to win a wife or a husband before marriage, ought to be continued afterwards, and rather increased than diminished, to the end of life. If these things were

deemed necessary to gain the affections of each other, they are surely of infinitely a higher value in retaining them; for what, in married life, can be more melancholly and more disastrous to the consciousness that they have forfeited the love and esteem of each other? So cold, barren and bleak, does such a life of wedlock become, and so exceedingly grievous to be borne, and withal so aggravating sometimes, that it is not to be wondered at, that men and women plunge into deeper evils in the false hope of finding relief. But, it is to be borne in mind, that no degree of uncongeniality, and no act of infidelity or willful neglect on the part of one of the married pair, can at all work a justification, or even a pretence, for a similar act by the other party, although it may constitute a great provocation for such a retaliatory course of conduct. In this behalf, the unalterable injunction of scripture, that, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is in its most unqualified sense applicable, and the fearful consequences to human destiny which it conveys, had better be dreaded before the overt act is committed. Notwithstanding the youthful moral destination of both Mr. and Mrs. Thomew,—but especially the former—there seemed still to be some of the grains of early insemination remaining in their minds, and these few grains became sufficiently developed afterwards, to protect them against the external assaults of sin and evil. Not that they may not have been guilty of many acts of indiscretion, or of sins of omission; but as to acts or sins of commission, from these, they had, through the providences of God, contrived to keep themselves intact. In many respects they were a praiseworthy pair, and it was no doubt a matter much regretted by both of them, in their hours of sober reflection, that they could not become more of a one, as to mental and spiritual association and conjunction. But there cannot be a perfect assimilation in married life without mutual concession, and mutual concession is impossible where there is not the unlikeness; yet, the perfect equality of the sexes acknowledged. In their earlier wedded life and experience, Mr. and Mrs. Thomew utterly failed to appreciate this philosophy, and therefore instead of becoming blended in internal sympathies and affinities, they became disintegrated, and yet when they attempted to analyze their feelings, and to imagine a state of final separation between them, they became overwhelmed with melancholly, and deplored the very idea of separation.

The congenial and intimate friends of Mrs. Thomew, were not the congenial and intimate friends of Mr. Thomew, and vice versa; but the friends of both were among the honest and the decent, although they were not all among the rich and intelligent. Indeed neither of this worthy pair placed any particular value on rich associates, for their circumstances were always too much straightened to make such associations at all agreeable. But Mr. Thomew had a morbid horror for ignorance and illiteracy, and perhaps Mrs. Thomew had too strong an affinity for them; and these peculiar temperaments suggested different walks of life, and different objects of taste, of beauty, and of instruction to both of them. Although they never conversed much together, yet there was a sort of mutual contest, if they but saw each other pursuing their diverse and irreconcilable occupations, and they were really discontented, if one or the other was absent for any time, without some sort of an explanatory intercommunication. But with all this, they no more understood each other, and had no more mental delight in the same social and intellectual element, than a hen and a duck can have in the same natural or material element; and as before remarked, something like a duck and a hen, they pursued the bent of their own personal inclinations, and finally learned to endure that which it became evident they could never cure.

The addition, periodically, of children to the domestic circle of the Thomews, although it may have served as a cement to the compact between them,—and although these little responsibilities may have been the unconscious mediums of natural affection between them, yet they did not much lessen the uncongenial qualities of their respective minds, for, unfortunately, they differed entirely in regard to what were their duties, as parents, towards their children. With all his mental attainments, Mr. Thomew did not appear to have a proper, living conception of his duty to "love, support and protect" his wife, ac-

ording to the spirit of his marriage obligations—perhaps, because he did not conceive that his wife's opposite or perverse character was a thing which he could reasonably be expected to love, or perhaps he was cherishing an ideal of female excellence, that never could be realized in this world. If this was the case with Mr. Thomew, it certainly was not less the case with Mrs. Thomew; for she did not appear to have the least conception of her obligation to "love, honor and obey" her husband in anything pertaining to his tastes, abilities, or judgment, unless it first received the endorsement of some of her friends, who were generally as "illiterate as herself." This characteristic of the mother, was unhappily transmitted to the children, together with the imperiousness and strong self-will of the father; and thus they became by inheritance, so obstinate and self-willed, that the acquired inculcations of a "divided house," could afterwards, only exercise a partial influence over them. These things, were not strikingly visible to the outer world, by which Mr. and Mrs. Thomew were surrounded, if they were seen, by that world at all; but, nevertheless, they had a real existence, although both these people, otherwise, performed externally their duties to their family and society; in such a manner as to elicit the approbation of their friends and neighbors. Through many long years this state of things continued in the family of Mr. Thomew, sometimes greatly to the annoyance of the father and husband, but infinitely more burdensome to the mother and wife, because not having cultivated her mind in early life, at a later period, her whole time became absorbed in a continuous round of domestic labor. As is usually the case, under such circumstances, the labors of the family were but illy divided; for somehow, Mrs. Thomew's defective system, left the brunt of its practical operation upon her own head and hands. Nobody could do anything good enough for her, and therefore, entirely overrating her own skill and abilities, and undervaluing that of her children, they never were taught how a thing should be done, and of course, they in turn did not care much when it was done, if done at all. And yet with all these disadvantages the Thomews had many worthy traits of character, and notwithstanding the fixed uncongeniality of mind, taste and temper, in the parents, they had lived so long together as man and wife, and had been so faithful and single in their connubial relations, that they finally by a sort of tacit understanding "agreed to disagree," and lived on in the spheres of a separate individuality, although they never for a moment dreamed of confining themselves to a separate "bed and board." When the children at length, through "line upon line and precept upon precept," not only at home,—but more especially through the teachers to whom they had been consigned—had come to understand their true relations to society, and the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them, they became useful and orderly citizens; but, it was not the less perceptible to themselves as well as to the more philosophically penetrating of their friends, that the strong hereditary biases transmitted to them by their parents,—in consequence of the uncongeniality of their temperaments,—imposed upon them many disadvantages and temptation struggles, that they might, under more favorable auspices, have been, in a measure, free from. Mr. and Mrs. Thomew lived many years together as exemplary "man and wife," finally hoping, that if it was best that they should be one in the end, then "He would bring it to pass;" but believing, after all, that "the fellowship of congenial christian minds" alone, "is like to that above;" and with this view, they were at last "gathered to their fathers."

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey last night." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

The female soldiers, discovered in the disguise of regular uniforms, are said to be good fighters. The women who wear the breeches always were.

The Charlestonians have long been addicted to fire-eating, and Gen. Gilmore has kindly concluded to give them a belly-full.

We are not fighting the Southern States or any States. We are fighting the rebels. That's all.

Nothing, in our opinion, reaches the "inner man," like mellow peaches.

ted as Mr. Thomew's was, which, at a late period had become sensible of the existence of a higher world than the mere world of sensuous feeling—a mind just then in the effort to elevate itself above the boilings of the moral and intellectual chaos in which it found itself; and without those fixed and judicious principles of action, which, under other circumstances, might have characterized the man of maturer years; to him then, at this critical period, these things unduly magnified themselves, and unhappily produced a line of conduct that was only calculated to widen a breach between them; the existence of which, was not visible to the material world by which they were surrounded. Mrs. Thomew was incorrigible, and immovably fixed in her ways—perhaps because she could not be otherwise—and Mr. Thomew had neither the penetration nor the patience to even make an effort to discover the necessary means to correct what ought to have been corrected, and to concede, or conform to, what his wife might herself feel disposed to correct, after she had once come into the proper state of knowledge and conviction. Mr. Thomew, partly to gratify that hunger for knowledge which had not been sufficiently fed in his youth, and partly to fill up a romantic vacuum in his heart, which, from the illiteracy of his wife, she could not, or would not make the least intelligent effort to fill—now devoted himself entirely to books, and kindred pursuits, whenever he could command the time not necessarily employed in earning the means to provide for his family; and, perhaps in a reckless state of literary intoxication he may have devoted many hours in profitless pursuits, that would have been of more practical utility, if they had been devoted to his family, in furnishing them with that early training which ought to come from a mother, but which is nevertheless obligatory also upon a father; this is the internal of the status of Mr. and Mrs. Thomew; externally—with the exception of an occasional misunderstanding, and consequent ill-advised expression of sentiments,—there was nothing for the world, or the civil law, to take cognizance of. They were both industrious, chaste, and frugal; both had endeavored themselves to others for the excellence of their characters, and their orderly bearing; but still there was not a single thing under the sun, in which they seemed to have a mutual interest and sympathy, and as Mr. Thomew on every subsequent opportunity increased his stock of books and devoted his time to them, Mrs. Thomew seemed to conceive the greater horror and aversion to them, and perhaps in some measure justly too—for they deprived her of many hours of social intercourse with her husband, that must have made him as uncongenial to her as she could possibly be to him. They may have been aptly compared to a pigeon and a duck united in a marriage union, both good and useful animals in their way, but delighting in elements diverse and uncongenial to each other. Mr. Thomew's greatest delight in life, would have been to have a wife to whom he could have poured out his soul in a mutual correspondence, when he was necessarily absent from her; and to have read and sympathized with him in his humble literary productions; but alas! he never had the least evidence that she had even read a single line that he had ever written, or that she had had the least appreciation of its merits or its demerits, if she had read it.

Knowing, intelligent, and disinterested christian writers and philosophers, have demonstrated it as their opinion, a hundred times over, that more than two-thirds of the married world are living together in an uncongenial bondage; and that through this cause it is, that many men and women run into acts and lives of connubial infidelity, fornications and adulteries, and into the shameless and profane systems of polygamy and open concubinage. The danger of falling into such habits of life from this cause seems to be enhanced by the habitual indifference, in conduct and bearing, between such married people; and in their saying, doing, and acting things, that before marriage they would not let each other know or see for a world of wealth; because such knowledge, they feared would work an alienation, or a forfeiture of self-respect, and this respect of each other. The little personal attentions, the dignified intercourse, and the orderly manifestations of affection, that were necessary to win a wife or a husband before marriage, ought to be continued afterwards, and rather increased than diminished, to the end of life. If these things were

deemed necessary to gain the affections of each other, they are surely of infinitely a higher value in retaining them; for what, in married life, can be more melancholly and more disastrous to the consciousness that they have forfeited the love and esteem of each other? So cold, barren and bleak, does such a life of wedlock become, and so exceedingly grievous to be borne, and withal so aggravating sometimes, that it is not to be wondered at, that men and women plunge into deeper evils in the false hope of finding relief. But, it is to be borne in mind, that no degree of uncongeniality, and no act of infidelity or willful neglect on the part of one of the married pair, can at all work a justification, or even a pretence, for a similar act by the other party, although it may constitute a great provocation for such a retaliatory course of conduct. In this behalf, the unalterable injunction of scripture, that, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is in its most unqualified sense applicable, and the fearful consequences to human destiny which it conveys, had better be dreaded before the overt act is committed. Notwithstanding the youthful moral destination of both Mr. and Mrs. Thomew,—but especially the former—there seemed still to be some of the grains of early insemination remaining in their minds, and these few grains became sufficiently developed afterwards, to protect them against the external assaults of sin and evil. Not that they may not have been guilty of many acts of indiscretion, or of sins of omission; but as to acts or sins of commission, from these, they had, through the providences of God, contrived to keep themselves intact. In many respects they were a praiseworthy pair, and it was no doubt a matter much regretted by both of them, in their hours of sober reflection, that they could not become more of a one, as to mental and spiritual association and conjunction. But there cannot be a perfect assimilation in married life without mutual concession, and mutual concession is impossible where there is not the unlikeness; yet, the perfect equality of the sexes acknowledged. In their earlier wedded life and experience, Mr. and Mrs. Thomew utterly failed to appreciate this philosophy, and therefore instead of becoming blended in internal sympathies and affinities, they became disintegrated, and yet when they attempted to analyze their feelings, and to imagine a state of final separation between them, they became overwhelmed with melancholly, and deplored the very idea of separation.

The congenial and intimate friends of Mrs. Thomew, were not the congenial and intimate friends of Mr. Thomew, and vice versa; but the friends of both were among the honest and the decent, although they were not all among the rich and intelligent. Indeed neither of this worthy pair placed any particular value on rich associates, for their circumstances were always too much straightened to make such associations at all agreeable. But Mr. Thomew had a morbid horror for ignorance and illiteracy, and perhaps Mrs. Thomew had too strong an affinity for them; and these peculiar temperaments suggested different walks of life, and different objects of taste, of beauty, and of instruction to both of them. Although they never conversed much together, yet there was a sort of mutual contest, if they but saw each other pursuing their diverse and irreconcilable occupations, and they were really discontented, if one or the other was absent for any time, without some sort of an explanatory intercommunication. But with all this, they no more understood each other, and had no more mental delight in the same social and intellectual element, than a hen and a duck can have in the same natural or material element; and as before remarked, something like a duck and a hen, they pursued the bent of their own personal inclinations, and finally learned to endure that which it became evident they could never cure.

The addition, periodically, of children to the domestic circle of the Thomews, although it may have served as a cement to the compact between them,—and although these little responsibilities may have been the unconscious mediums of natural affection between them, yet they did not much lessen the uncongenial qualities of their respective minds, for, unfortunately, they differed entirely in regard to what were their duties, as parents, towards their children. With all his mental attainments, Mr. Thomew did not appear to have a proper, living conception of his duty to "love, support and protect" his wife, ac-

ording to the spirit of his marriage obligations—perhaps, because he did not conceive that his wife's opposite or perverse character was a thing which he could reasonably be expected to love, or perhaps he was cherishing an ideal of female excellence, that never could be realized in this world. If this was the case with Mr. Thomew, it certainly was not less the case with Mrs. Thomew; for she did not appear to have the least conception of her obligation to "love, honor and obey" her husband in anything pertaining to his tastes, abilities, or judgment, unless it first received the endorsement of some of her friends, who were generally as "illiterate as herself." This characteristic of the mother, was unhappily transmitted to the children, together with the imperiousness and strong self-will of the father; and thus they became by inheritance, so obstinate and self-willed, that the acquired inculcations of a "divided house," could afterwards, only exercise a partial influence over them. These things, were not strikingly visible to the outer world, by which Mr. and Mrs. Thomew were surrounded, if they were seen, by that world at all; but, nevertheless, they had a real existence, although both these people, otherwise, performed externally their duties to their family and society; in such a manner as to elicit the approbation of their friends and neighbors. Through many long years this state of things continued in the family of Mr. Thomew, sometimes greatly to the annoyance of the father and husband, but infinitely more burdensome to the mother and wife, because not having cultivated her mind in early life, at a later period, her whole time became absorbed in a continuous round of domestic labor. As is usually the case, under such circumstances, the labors of the family were but illy divided; for somehow, Mrs. Thomew's defective system, left the brunt of its practical operation upon her own head and hands. Nobody could do anything good enough for her, and therefore, entirely overrating her own skill and abilities, and undervaluing that of her children, they never were taught how a thing should be done, and of course, they in turn did not care much when it was done, if done at all. And yet with all these disadvantages the Thomews had many worthy traits of character, and notwithstanding the fixed uncongeniality of mind, taste and temper, in the parents, they had lived so long together as man and wife, and had been so faithful and single in their connubial relations, that they finally by a sort of tacit understanding "agreed to disagree," and lived on in the spheres of a separate individuality, although they never for a moment dreamed of confining themselves to a separate "bed and board." When the children at length, through "line upon line and precept upon precept," not only at home,—but more especially through the teachers to whom they had been consigned—had come to understand their true relations to society, and the duties and responsibilities devolving upon them, they became useful and orderly citizens; but, it was not the less perceptible to themselves as well as to the more philosophically penetrating of their friends, that the strong hereditary biases transmitted to them by their parents,—in consequence of the uncongeniality of their temperaments,—imposed upon them many disadvantages and temptation struggles, that they might, under more favorable auspices, have been, in a measure, free from. Mr. and Mrs. Thomew lived many years together as exemplary "man and wife," finally hoping, that if it was best that they should be one in the end, then "He would bring it to pass;" but believing, after all, that "the fellowship of congenial christian minds" alone, "is like to that above;" and with this view, they were at last "gathered to their fathers."

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey last night." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

The female soldiers, discovered in the disguise of regular uniforms, are said to be good fighters. The women who wear the breeches always were.

The Charlestonians have long been addicted to fire-eating, and Gen. Gilmore has kindly concluded to give them a belly-full.

We are not fighting the Southern States or any States. We are fighting the rebels. That's all.

Nothing, in our opinion, reaches the "inner man," like mellow peaches.