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lowest possible rates.

For The Mariettaian. THE DREAM OF THE YEAR.

By Granitella.

(THE THIRD QUARTER.)

I.
"Was seated on a mossy bank
Beneath the harvest moon
That on this earthly pilgrimage
My inmost thoughts commune.
And as the twinkling stars shone out
I caught their blinking rays,
As upward from the glassy stream
Their images did gaze.
Down in the woody copse below
The brilliant fire-fly
In myriad scintillations cast
Their beauties to the eye.
But high above the tall tree top
And high above the cloud
Ethereal beings to and fro
Where moving in a crowd.

II.
And one rode out from all the rest
Upon a rampant lion
He seemed to be of nature's lords
A most imposing scion,
Around his swart brow was wreathed
The ripening ears of corn.
His right arm bore the summer fruits
His left the green hawthorn.
Stern was his look and sore his breath
As Africa's Snoon,
Behind him hung in reeking gore
The head of vanquished Jene.
And then among the timid host
There rose a feeble cry,
"Ye mortals of the thirsty earth
Make way for 'Hot July'!"

III.
And as he passed in pride unguled,
One more majestic came,
To fill the measures of my dream—
The seasons shifting train,
He bore the full grown stacks of maize
As soldiers bear a lance.
And in his wake an elfin band
In sportive glee did prance,
The spiky melon and the pear
In colors rich as gold,
They offered at midsummers shrine,
In numbers all untold.
A red robe hung in ample folds
Around a form most robust,
His shield was blazoned with a name
That indicated August.

IV.
And as he and his train passed by
A dark and cloudy screen,
They ushered in a mature maid
That looked a very queen,
Attended by two urchins, who
A Cornucopia bore,
Filled with the early products of
The mellow autumn's store.
A coronet of dahlias
Set on her snowy brow,
Entwined among her golden hair
The rich verbenas glow.
The lucious grape in purple sheen
In clusters rich and tender,
Were scattered in profusion by
The genius of September.

V.
But with benignest smiles she fled,
And wad'd me back
To earth once more,
And bid me make
On its tame shore
A grassy mound my bed,
But through the reims
Of endless space,
My longing soul
Might run its race
Till heavenward 'twas led.

During the late fight near Martis-
burg, one of McMullen's Rangers, in his
eagerness to have, as he said, a shot at
the scabbard, climbed a tree, from which
he had good aim, and used it to advan-
tage. When the captain discovered him
overhead, from the crack of his rifle, and
demanded what he was doing there, he
replied, in his peculiar style, "Only
picking my men, captain."

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench,
told an old fellow with a long beard that
he supposed he had a conscience as long
as his beard. "Does your lordship," re-
plied the old man, "measure consciences
by beards? If so your lordship has
none at all!"

There is a man living in the back-
woods, who, being invited to a New
Year's dinner, ate so much bear's meat
that he went home and huffed his wife
a thing he had never been guilty of
before.

Swinging is said by the doctors to
be a good exercise for the health, but
many a poor wretch has come to his
death by it.

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SUCH A BORE!

BY MARY B. CLARKE.

"How many women, Fred?"
"Only three, my mother, sister, and
cousin."

"O! Fred, you really must let me off.
I will go all over the world with you, if
you insist; I will ride, shoot, hunt, do
anything else; but you must not ask me
to go home with you."

"You promised, and I held you to the
engagement."

"But you said the house was vacant,
and we could go in a shooting dress from
Sunday till Sunday, if we liked, and now
you threaten me with a regiment of
ladies; young ones too, who will expect
a fellow to brush his hair, don his dress
suit, and practice all his airs and graces
before he ventures into their presence."

"Well?" said Fred, with a face full of
futz, "it is time you began. You, as ex-
cuse me, a perfect bear. Why don't you
dress like other men?"

"What ails my dress?"
"It does well enough for out here in
the country I admit; but—I never go
to town."

"No; there's another freak; you shut
up a fund of social qualities, wit, good
nature, generosity, and hospitality in
this box, and never come out."

"Society is such a bore!"
"You don't seem to object to mine!"
"My dear fellow!" and in his earnest-
ness Harry Grey sat up on the sofa, up-
on which he had been reclining, "I beg
you won't—"

"I don't! Enough said."
"But really Fred, I did not mean men.
Give me a lot of men ready for bachelor's
hall, independent lives, and the exer-
cises of out-door life, and I am ready
for their society; but women—as you
say, Fred, I am a bear, not fit for the
blessed angles, and I don't mind con-
fessing it; I had rather face a roaring
lion in his native forests than a petticoat
in a parlor."

"Nevertheless, you are going with me.
I won't come here again to live months
together on your hospitality if you never
give me a chance to return it. So if
you will let my mother's unexpected re-
turn from the Falls interfere with our
summer's plans, this must be my last
visit to Oakdale."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."
"My dear boy, I could face all the
women in America, drawn up in battle
array, to prevent such a threat from
being fulfilled. I am at your service, and
will lay in any amount of broadcloth and
kid gloves you may think proper for the
occasion."

"Bravo! We start for home then to-
morrow."
"Yes, if you must go. It's a shocking
bore!" and Harry fell back again upon
the sofa, as if the very idea made him
weary. His broad, full chest, long limbs,
and large, but well-shaped hands, gave
him, as he lay there, the appearance of
great strength; while his closed eyelids,
listless attitude, and the loose dress he
wore, gave a counter impression of laziness.
Both signs were true ones. An
orphan, a bachelor, rich and indolent,
Harry Grey had for six years led an
utterly careless life. His estate in Oak-
dale afforded good hunting, fishing, and
shooting grounds; and his house, well
managed by the old colored servant who
was housekeeper and cook in one, was
always open to his old college friends,
who thronged there through the sum-
mer months for shooting and fishing, and
the winter ones for sleighing and hunt-
ing. A well filled stable, richly stock-
ed with horses, fishing-tackle, and
other temptations for the sportsman,
made Oakdale a most desirable resort;
and the hearty welcome of the host, the
perfectly "at home" liberty he extended
to his guests, and the comforts old
Rachel provided for the tables and bed-
rooms did not detract from its merits.

Fred Vaux was Harry's school-fellow
and college chum. Having studied law,
he was now waiting for clients, and, in
the intervals of office duty, Oakdale of-
ten resounded to his hearty laugh and
firm, manly step.

With all his wealth and open hospi-
tality Harry Grey was no "fast man."
The old house might resound with cheer-
ful talk, laughter, and music, but it
witnessed no drunkard revels, no gambling,
no quarreling. Cards, if produced, were
unaccompanied by betting; and the bill-
ard-balls knocked together with no large
sums of money depending upon the pocket
they fell into.

According to their plan, the friends
left Oakdale the following morning, to
drive some ten miles to Mr. Vaux's
country seat, where the family were re-
cruiting for the winter's gaieties in the
city. One groan Harry gave as he
packed an evening dress, or rather pitch-
ed it into his trunk; but he bore his fate
with a grave resignation, which made
Fred's lips and eyes quiver with merrit-
ment.

The ride in the early morning was do-
leful, and the young men chatted gay-
ly.

"There's the house," said Fred, point-
ing to a white house visible among the
trees; "and, hey! there's the girls on the
lawn."

"Can't we drive round?" said Harry,
nervously.

"Round? No, we must pass the house
to reach the stables. They see us!"

"The waiving of two white handker-
chiefs, as they approached, gave rise to
the last exclamation, and, tugging the
reins to Harry, Fred sprang out. A
tiny, pretty blonde claimed her brother's
kiss; but the tall, graceful girl who
blushing welcomed cousin Fred, had a
grasp of the hand, a look from the dark
eye, and a few whispered words that told
of more love than even the warm em-
braces Fred gave his little sister.

"Who is your friend?" said Miss Vaux,
after the first greetings were over.

"Harry, here!"
"Can't come! Must hold the horses!"
"Nonsense, the horses will stand!"

"Afraid to trust them. I'll drive
round to the stable and join you after-
ward!" and he touched the horses with
his whip and left the trio.

"Who is he, Fred?"
"Harry Grey!"

"You don't mean it? I thought noth-
ing could take him from his hermitage."
"He's hard enough to coax abroad;
but here he is. He's as bashful as a
school-boy, but a fine, manly fellow un-
der it all."

They sauntered toward the house, and
waited on the porch for the tardy guest
but he did not appear. Half an hour
passed in cheerful chat; and then, blam-
ing himself for his want of courtesy,
Fred started to the stable. Here he
found Harry fast asleep on a pile of hay.
Laughing heartily, he woke him.

"Fred?"
"No, not particularly; but I was
rather bored sitting out here waiting
for you."

"Why didn't you join us? Bella,
that's my cousin, says you are the hand-
somest man that she has seen for a long
time. Look sharp, I won't have you
doing the irritable in that quarter—
You may flirt with Nettie, if you will."

"I'll! Gracious! Fred, you might
as well expect that famous donkey in the
stable to grace a drawing-room, as to ex-
pect me, great clumsy countryman as I
am, to flirt! I—I guess, Fred, after
dinner, if we can dine alone, I had bet-
ter go back—"

"Scared by the sight of the enemy,
the wretch meditates retreat without an
encounter," said a merry voice at the
door, and turning Fred saw his sister.
With a large flat hat over her sunny
curls, and her full white dress, she look-
ed as pretty and saucy a picture as can
well be imagined.

Harry was on his feet in an instant,
and his graceful bow, though his face
flushed, was not a thing to blush for by
any means.

Holding out a tiny white hand, which
was quite lost in the one Harry extend-
ed to meet it, Nettie said,
"You are very welcome to our house.
I need no introduction, for Harry Grey
is the one theme of my brother's con-
versation. Don't run away until after
you have partaken of the luncheon to
which I was sent to summon you."

"After such a welcome, I defy any
mortal power to make me run away,"
said Harry, offering his arm to the little
beauty; "but this dress, Fred—"

But Fred was gone.
"Never mind the dress. We lunch
early, for in the country one got savage-
ly hungry, and we do not dress for lunch-
oon. I appear as you see, in a wrapper,"
and she gave her embroidered skirt a
slight shake, which showed a tiny slip-
per.

"Is that a wrapper? Savage that I
am, I don't know it from a ball-dress."
Fortified by his interview with Nettie,
Harry went through the other introduc-
tions with the courtesy of a man, whose
politeness does not proceed from a
knowledge of set forms, but is the result
of a kind heart and a respectful deference

for the other sex. After luncheon, the
young men started for a stroll round the
farm, and returned to find other additions
to the family. One glance into the par-
lor revealed some six or eight ladies,
and a corresponding number of gentle-
men from the city, and Harry beat a
hasty retreat to his room. Fred's an-
nouncement that they were to stay a
week, was so alarming that it required
all his eloquence to persuade Harry to
remain in the house. During the week
the family saw but little of the young
men. Parties to ride, pic-nics, and
parties to walk were formed; but Harry
had letters to write, or a headache, or
there was some other excuse ready; but
after the parties left, he generally went
off not to appear again until dinner; the
ladies decided that he was a handsome
boy, and the gentlemen voted him odd,
only Fred was the confidant of the weary
evenings "such a bore!"

One morning, supposing all the folks
away, Harry sauntered into the parlor.
He advanced too far to retreat, when he
discovered that Mrs. Vaux was lying on
the sofa with a shawl over her, and Net-
tie was seated on the sofa with a piece
of knitting.

"Come in!" said the elder lady, as she
saw Harry; I have a pain in my side,
not enough to drive me to bed, only an
excuse for laziness. Nettie here stays
to play nurse."

"I am sorry you are ill," said Harry,
his face expressing real sympathy.—
"Can I be of any use?"

"You may read to us," said Nettie,
with a smile, as if she expected to see
him vanish. To her surprise he assent-
ed immediately, and selecting a volume
of Tennyson from a pile on the table,
began to read the "Lotus Eaters." The
ladies listened in delighted surprise.—
To a musical voice he added the charm
of perfect familiarity with his subject,
and carried them with him to the dreamy
delights of the poem. A good reader is
not so common a person that he is
easily parted with. After the gay guests
were gone, many a morning found Harry
reading to the ladies as they sewed,
or conversing with an easy grace, which
showed him at home in his subjects. In
the long, lonely days, when Oakdale
had no guest but its host, books were
companions, friends that the young man
valued and cultivated. Master of several
languages, his stock of literature was
large and varied, and he was truly, what
so many aspire to be, a well read man.

Long walks, long rides, long drives
varied the morning's readings; and as
Fred and Bella always had something
of interest to say to each other, Harry
found Nettie dependent upon him for
escort. She was a tiny, witching girl
whose slight figure and lovely face con-
trasted well with his strong manliness,
and he treated her with a mixture of
reverence and protection which no woman
can resist. He felt for her the
courteous respect which her sex claim-
ed from his chivalry; yet he watched
her as if she was a frail child trusted to
his care.

"A whole month to-day since I came
here," said Harry, as the family assem-
bled in the parlor, one evening; "to-
morrow I must go home."

There was a chorus of voices entreat-
ing a longer stay; only one voice, the
one for which he listened, was silent.

"I must go!" he said, sighing. "I ex-
pect company, and the host must not be
absent when invited guests visit him.—
I must thank you for a most delightful
four weeks; and," here he laughed, "also
for humanizing me a little. I am afraid
the first part of my stay must have shock-
ed you very much."

"We have got bravely over it," said
Nettie, with a little short, nervous laugh.
Somehow, in the twilight, Fred and
Bella vanished into a corner, Mrs. Vaux
nodded, and in one of the windows a tall,
broad shouldered figure bent over a lit-
tle, graceful one, as if some very earnest
subject engrossed them both. What
it was may be guessed from Fred's good-
night parting, as he left his friend's room.

"Why, Harry, my consent was yours
before you asked it; though how you
can ever endure all the wedding fuss and
consequent parties I cannot guess; and
Harry, I should think a wife, a woman
always in the house, would be 'such a
bore!'"

"The account comes to us of a man
who attends church regularly, and clasps
his hands so tight during praying time,
that he can't get them open when the
contribution box comes around."

IMMENSE ARMIES.

There is little doubt that the armies
now in Washington and its vicinity
amount to the immense aggregate of
200,000 men on each side, or 400,000
combatants. Whenever a general bat-
tle shall occur, it will not only have no
parallel on the Western Continent in the
forces engaged, but hardly one in the
history even of modern Europe, will
vie with it. The great battles of Na-
poleon were generally fought with num-
bers far inferior to these now under the
walls of Washington.

For instance, at Austerlitz, where Na-
poleon defeated the combined armies of
Russia and Austria, he had but 80,000
troops; the Allies had 100,000. At
Jena and Auerstadt, where he broke the
power of Prussia, his forces were not
over 130,000 strong. At the great bat-
tle of Wagram, fought with the Austri-
ans on the banks of the Danube, in 1809,
he had but 160,000 men. At Borodino,
under the walls of Moscow, he had but
120,000 to oppose the Russians. At
Waterloo he did not have troops to ex-
ceed 80,000.

The only battle-field we now recollect
of, where the combatants were as nu-
merous as those around Washington,
was Leipsic, in 1813, where Napoleon
had 175,000, and the Allies—Russians,
Austrians, Prussians, Germans and the
Swedes—numbering 290,000. Nearly
half a million of men took part in this
tremendous battle, which was known as
the "combat of the Giants."

It lasted three days, and ended in a
complete overthrow of Napoleon, who
was driven into France, where a series
of disasters commenced that did not end
until Napoleon abdicated his crown, and
was exiled to the Island of Elba, in 1814.
No battle was ever fought on the soil
of the United States, where 60,000 com-
batants took part in it on both sides.

From these figures we can judge of
what a battle we have reason to expect
when the hosts of McClellan and Beau-
regard, more than twice the number of
those of Napoleon and Wellington at
Waterloo, come in collision on the banks
of the Potomac. It will be an event
that will be the great military feature,
probably for ages to come, of martial
progress in America.

Washington never had 30,000 men in
one army under his command; Jackson
never had 15,000; and Scott never be-
fore the present year had seen 20,000
troops under his orders. Great is the
ability required to manoeuvre and handle
such a large body of men and bring them
into action at the proper time and place.
The late battle of Bull Run extended
over seven miles from one end of our
line to another. To know what is going
on in such an amphitheatre, and to be
prepared to order up reserves and to
strengthen every exposed point, requires
the highest degree of intellect. At the
battle of Bull Run half of both armies
never fired a shot. Beauregard had 40,
000 men at Manassas Junction, only
three miles distant, whom he never used,
and yet he would have been defeated,
had it not been for the opportune and
unexpected arrival of a portion of Gen.
Johnson's army from the upper Poto-
mac. McDowell had a powerful reserve,
that took no part whatever in the action,
and yet it was strong enough to have
beaten back Johnson's division, if it had
been on hand at the proper moment.—
We have confidence that McClellan has
not only plenty of men, but believe he
knows how to use them.

Was not that rather sharp of old
Dr. Emmons, when a certain well-known
pantheistic physician, intending to make
way for a thrust at his theology, abruptly
asked, "How old are you?" "Sixty,"
said; and how old are you?" was the
quick reply. "As old as the creation,"
said; responded the other, quite promp-
tly. "Then you are of the same age
with Adam and Eve?" Certainly, said;
I was in the garden when they were."
"Indeed!" returned the Dr., "I have
always heard that there was a third
person who got into the garden with
them, but I never knew before that it
was you." The discussion was closed.

"Pa," said a boy to his father, "I
often read of people poor but honest;
why don't they sometimes say rich but
honest?" "Tut, tut, my son," said the
father, "nobody would believe them."
"Tis our turn now," as the autumn
leaves said to the west wind. "You be
blowed!" was the reply, and the leaves
blushed at the rudeness.

Popular

God Speed the In-
Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail we fail in glory;
God speed the right.

Patient, firm and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th'event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's good time succeeding,
God speed the right.

Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing;
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right.

The silently falling snow.

In flakes of a feathery white,
'Tis falling so gentle and slow;
Oh, pleasant to me is the sight,
When silently falling the snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
When silently falling the snow.
Snow, snow, snow,
When silently falling the snow.

The earth is all covered to-day
With mantle of radiant show;
It sparkles and shines in the ray,
In crystals of glittering snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
In crystals of glittering snow.

Oh, happy the snow-birds I see,
While hopping and flitting they go;
They tell of a lesson to me,
While feeding in beautiful snow.
Snow, snow, snow,
While feeding in beautiful snow.

The trees have a burden of white,
It covers their branches, I know,
It never forsakes them by night,
All day are they playing with snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
All day are they playing with snow.

How spotless it seems, and how pure,
I would that my spirit were so!
Then long as the soul shall endure,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

But soon with the breath of the spring,
Down streamlets and rivers 'twill flow;
The seasons of summer will bring
Bright flowers for silvery snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
Bright flowers for silvery snow.

The World is full of Beauty.

There is beauty in the forest,
Where the trees are green and fair,
There is beauty in the meadow,
Where wild flowers scent the air,
There is beauty in the sunlight,
And the soft blue beam above;
O! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the fountain,
Singing gaily at its play,
While the rainbow hues are streaming
On its silvery shining spray.
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murmuring softly thro' the grove;
O! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the moonlight,
When it falls upon the sea,
While the blue foam-created billows
Dance and frolic joyously.
There is beauty in the lightning gleam
That o'er the dark waves rove;
O! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love.

There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a loving eye,
In the warm blush of affection,
In the tear of sympathy,
In the sweet low voice whose accents
The spirits gladness prove;
O! the world is full of beauty,
When the heart is full of love.

Rain on the Roof.

When the humid showers gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain over head.

Ev'ry tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into wof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subdued strain,
Which is play'd upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Never Look Sad.

Never look sad, there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
He'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Do not then sigh, but ere turn your eye
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day then carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or you may miss full half of the bliss
Which comes in the lap of to-morrow.