

## The eltariettian


F- I. Baker, Proprietor.
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her
tha
of r
her sole societ, when home from college,
that, in all this, there warprised
ested."
(I st
bosom.)
" Tell
" ${ }^{\text {T }}$ Tell
tell
tell tell him his name" (the nampe of G -
of course) "isof course) "is the music of my life, andthat I will marry whenever he pleases !"
A horrid suspicion crossed my miod.
"Pardon me ${ }^{l}$ " said I I " $u$ wherever he
pleases, did you sa
when he pleases?
when he pleases?"
pediment I hope !" said Mrs. Trott, insome surprise. "Looik at his miniature;
Mr. G - It has a boyish look, it's$\mathrm{Mr}_{\text {r. }}-1$ It has a boyish look, it'strue-but so had gou-at twenty! "'
Hope sank within mo! I would havegiven worlds to be away. The trathgiven worlds to be away. The truth
was apparent to me - perfectly apparentwas apparent to me-perfectly apparent,
She loved that boy Bob-that child-that mere cbild-aud meant to marrhim! Yet bow could it be possible !I might be-yes-I must be mistaken.Fidelia Balch-who was a momnn when
he was añ urecin in petticoats! she too
think of marrying that boy! I wronged
her-olh I wrogged lier! But, worstcome to worst, there was no harm
having it perfectly understood.
"Pardon mo !" said I, putting on
for the more sapposition, "I should
gather-(categorically, mind you !-onlycatagorically)-I should gather from
what you said just now-(had I been 2what you said just now-chad I been
third person listenióg, that is to sip-third person listeniag, that is to say
with co knowder ofwith co knowledge of the partiess)-
ihould really have gattered that Bob-should really have gathered that Bob-
little Bob-was thee happy man, and no
It NowI! Now don't laugh at me !? "
"You, the happy uan!-Oh, Mr. G-
you are joking! Oh no! pardon me ithave unintentionally misled you-b
I marry again, Mr. $G$.the matter, Mr. G-, Jour nephew isto become my husband (nothing unforseen turning up) in the course of theof seeing you at the wedding, of courseOh no: You! I should fancy that n
woman would make two unequal marrriages, Mr . $\mathrm{G}-$ Good moraing, Mr .
G-!" I was left alone, and to returG-!" I was left alone, and to returas I pleased, by the vegetable garden
the front door. I Ichose the latter, beinsomewhat piqued as well as inexpresssomewhat piquied nas well as inexpressi
bly grieved and disappoiated. But phlosophy came to my aid, and I soon fellinto a mood of speculation.
"Fidelia is content 1 ""Tidelis is content!", said I to myher mind for me at twenty. But I didand without preparatively cultivating
her taste for thirty-five, became thirtyHer taste was not at all embarked
Passable Trott," 'ind it stayed just as itwas-waitiog to be ceilled zp and usedShe locks it up deceintiy till old Trotdies, and then reprodice - what? Wh
just what sho hae locked up- to tojust what she bac locked up-a taste forpoung man as she loved when shetwenty! Bob-of course! Bob is likelwenty! Bob-of course! Bob is like
me-Bob is twenty! Be Bob her has-

| Band |
| :---: |
| Bu |

But I
stancy
A Haxfield Anecdote.-An old gen
tleman, who was always bragging how Folks used to work in his younger days, on a load of hay as fast as he could load. The challenge was accepted, and the bay wagon driven round, and the trial com-
menced. For some time the old man menced. For some time the old man
held his own very creditably, calling held his own very creditably, calling
out- " 3 lore hay 1 mora hay !" Thicker out- "More bay! morc hay !" Thicker
and faster it came. The old man was neirly covered; still he kept crsing
"More hay! more hay ?" At length
" lat struggling to keep on the top of the disordared, ill-arranged hear, it began first
to roll, then to slide, and at last oif it went frou the wagon, and the old man Went frow tha are
with it. What.are youdown hero for ?"
cried the boss "I came down after cried the boss. "I came, down arter
hay ", ans wered the old man stoutly. The Ney Orleans Deita asks whether we suppose that the Uiitedstates roops cau live in the summer in the alligator
swamps of the South.' No, but we mean to drive the rebels into theni.
The Richmoud Einquirer sajs that the military authorities of the South have plighted their faith for tho estallishing of the independenies of their Confeder-
acy. That's a very bad plight of theirg.

Never run in debt," especially with
sloemakers -for then you can's say
your sole is your own.

A Persina Sturr:-
Hersian story, arrived at a,
and sent bis disciples forwa pare a supper, while he himseli,
on diong good, walked throught the,
in to to med the corner of the market some peoplo gathered together looking at an object on tho ground, and he dreer near to see
what it might be. It was a dead with a halter around his neect, by which he appeared toa, have been dragged
h:ough the dirt, and a viler, a mora abject, a more unclean thing never met the eye of man. And those who stood by looked on with abborrence. "Faugh!"
said one, stoppiag his nose ""if pollutes said one, stoppiag his nose, "cit pollates
the air." "ПIow long shall the foul beast the air." "Tow long shalt the foul beast
offend our sight $?$ " said another. "Loolk atend our sight?" said another. "Look
at his torn hide," said a third, "one
could not even cut esho could not even cut a shoe out of it.-
"And his ears,", said a forth, "all draeged "And his ears,"," said a forth, "all dragged
ard bleeding." "No doubt," seida a fith ned bleeding." "No doubt," seid a aifth,
"he hatl been hanged for steatling."And Jesus beard them, and looking down oa the dead creature, he said: "Pearls re not equal to the whiteness of his teth." Then the people turned to him with amasenent, and said among them-
selves-".Who is this? Thus must selves-" Who is this? This must be
Jesas of Nazareth ; for only he coald find something to pity and approve, even in a dead dog $i^{" \prime}$ and, being ashamed,
they bowed tbeir heads before him, and each went his way.
Ttur Barber's Razon.-Mr. Dickson, colored barber, in a large New Engomers, respectshaving one of his cus ioger, when a coctable citizen, one more meen them respectiog Mr. Dickson' former conection with a colored clurrl in that place:
he charch in Elum street, are you not Mr. Dickson ?" said the castome "No, sah, not at all,

## African charch $?^{\prime \prime}$ "Not dis

"Not dis year, sab."
"Why did you leave your connection, Yr. Diekson, if I may be pormitted to "Well, IIl tell you, salu,", saia Mr. Dickson, sharpening a concave razor on tho dis: Ijined the charch, in it wood fait; da fus' year, and de charch thed Gospe me 'Brudder Dickson;' the second year ny buisness was not so good, and I gil ouly five dollars. Dat yeary people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you sal ?"
"No th
"
"Well, sah, the third year I well."
Woor ; had sickness in my family ; and din't gib nothin' for preachin.' Well sala ickson'—and I left em."-New Yorlo Allion.
 ren," said a hard sheel Baptist, who
was holding forth one Sunday, "if a man's fall of religion you can't hurt him; There was three Arabian Children-
hey pat 'em in a fiery furnace hatte seren times hotter than it conld be het, and it didn't singe a hair on their beads.
And there was John the Evangeler the And there was John the Evangeler they
put him -and where. do you think breth put him - and where. doyou think, breth
ren and sisters, they put him ? Why they put him into a caldrouic of ofilin' ile, and iled him all nighit, and it didn't faze put him into a lione was Daniel-the my fellow, travellers and respected and tors, do you think he was pát tintó: a lion' den for? Why, for praying three time a day. Don't be alarmed, brethren and ever get into ation's don any of you wil ver get into a lion's den!
A SWART YANGRE GIRL-We relate a frue story, which is a gratifying instan ce of successful Yankee enterpirse.
A young girl, belonging to a respectable family in rednced circumstances, four years ago learved to operate sewing machines, and :then :went to Peru to each the art to Spanish girls and to
establish the business in that country he has since enjoged uniform good add four thousaid dollars a year beyond her expenses. About a year ago, she
carried a wealthy old Spaniard, who dying, bequathed to her a fortune of er in very comfortable and ind place circomstances. She now writes to urg
her relatives to emigrate to Pera and share her good fartune.
An inscription, it is said, may be
fouiid in an Italina graverard "Hero Lies Etella, who trasported a large for-
tone to heaven in acts of charity, nod bas gone thither to enjoy it."
The Richmond Whig intimates that socie of the rebel feaders are "hanging
back.", They oughty not to haing back or to hang
The Scriptures speak of men's asking for broad and receiviog a stone. The
rebels call for salt and They thiul they gat the wrong condiThe Union armies tate no step bacte ward the rebel armies none forward. The rebels were driven away from. $\mathrm{I}_{\mathrm{s}}$. Our armiss will spike the relmiguns
and aill the revels themselves.

