

PUBLISHED BY SATURDAY MORNING. AT ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR, PAID IN ADVANCE. OR, \$1.25 AT THE END OF THE YEAR. OFFICE: CORNELL'S W. FRONT-ST., MARIETTA, PA. ADVERTISEMENTS AT USUAL RATES. A large addition to the PRINTING department of "THE MARIETTIAN" establishment enables us to do everything in the Job line with neatness & dispatch, and at very low prices.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, JULY 26, 1862.

NO. 52.

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

"Is she dead?"
"Yes, madam," replied a little gentleman in a brown coat and short breeches.
"And he will?"
"Is going to be opened here immediately by a solicitor."
"Shall we inherit anything?"
"It must be supposed so; we have claims."
"Who is this miserable dressed person who intrudes herself here?"
"Oh, she," said the little man sneeringly; "she won't have much in the will, she is sister to the deceased."
"What! that Anne who wedded in 1823 a man of nothing—an officer!"
"Precisely so."
"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."
"The more so as sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her for that misalliance."
Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her fine eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.
"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Mad. de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.
"Madame," the poor lady replied with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I came solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me at her last hour."
"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte!"
"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better an honest man," observed Anne.
At this moment a venerable personage the notary Dubois, made his appearance.
"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him, I, his old friend, Anne would be at this time happy and respected."
"But why is this woman here?"
"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary gravely; "I myself requested her to attend here."
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will:
"I being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Daunfremig, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principle clause of my testament:
"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money, at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.
"In the convent where I have been residing, will be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.
"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.
"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.
"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vierge.'
"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused us, and I would have comforted her sorrows, if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will.
"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.
"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.
"Anne will take the remaining lot."
"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part."
"Anne will only have the prayer book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud.
The notary interrupted her jocularly.
"Madame," said he, "which lot do you choose?"
"The two hundred thousand francs in money."
"Have you quite made up your mind?"
"Perfectly so."
The man of law addressed himself then to the good feelings of the lady, said:
"Madame, you are rich and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this

lot, and take the book of prayers which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?"
"You must be joking, M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well, that her book of prayer would fall to the lot of Anne who had the last choice."
"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.
"I conclude that she intended to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world."
As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.
"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who so much wants it."
"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," said Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is already furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."
"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer-book that remains to you."
Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:
"Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good like your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."
The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.
The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward, he said: "Oh! mamma, what pretty pictures!"
"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.
"Yes. The good Virgin in a red dress holding the infant Jesus in her arms. But mamma, why has silk paper been put upon the engravings?"
"So that they might not be injured, my dear."
"But mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"
The mother looked and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who addressed these present, and said:
"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks; as for you, little one," addressing a Hector, "give me that prayer-book; you will tear the engravings."
The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first education to her son. The news came like a thunder-bolt upon them. Madame de Villebois M. de Vetry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanation. The good Dubois was working at his desk.
"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.
"No matter, I was in the act of settling a purchase in the State funds for Madame Anne."
"What!" exclaimed Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipages, she has still money to invest."
"Undoubtedly so."
"But where did the money come from?"
"What! did you not see?"
"When?"
"When she shrieked upon seeing what the Prayer-book contained, which she inherited."
"We observed nothing."
"O! I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each en-

graving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunder struck.
"If I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.
"You had the choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer-book, but you refused."
"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"
The two baffled old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.
Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafitte on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax candles.
A lady who has joined the two fair hands of her son, and a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de Vierge," and for which a case of gold has been made.
"Pray for me, child," said the mother.
"And for who else?" inquired the child.
"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."
"Must I pray to the saint, my papa?"
"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."
"What is the name of that saint, mamma dear?"
The mother, then watering the fair child's head with her tears, answered, "Her name is—sister Egerie."
A NOBLE PURPOSE AND THE GLORIOUS RESULT.—There are as many roads to fame and fortune as there were gateways to ancient Thebes. Your ambitious warrior is for carrying his way with the sabre—Your aspiring politician for manoeuvring his way by subtlety and consummate art; but there is one broad grand path to the goal, along which nothing base can travel. It is the path set apart for the march of talent, energy, and noble purpose, and though full of obstacles, it contains none which a great man cannot surmount. This fact has been exemplified in innumerable instances, but in few more forcibly than in the career of Dr. HOLLOWAY, of London. For twenty-five years he may be said to have been climbing
"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," scattering blessings at every step. He appears to have reached the summit at last. The staff upon which he has leaned in his ascent has been ADVERTISING, and by its aid he has not only realized a world-wide celebrity and a splendid fortune, but has been enabled to familiarize millions of the sick with the healing properties of his pills and ointment, who would never otherwise have been benefited thereby. The victims of dyspepsia in this country, and unfortunately their name is legion, have good cause to rejoice that so wide a publicity has been given to the virtues of his pills through the columns of the American press; for, if we are rightly informed, they have cured and are now curing more cases of this distressing complaint than all other medicines combined. We hear, too, of cures of scrofula and other external disorders by the ointment, which if they were not vouched for by the best authority, we should pronounce incredible. These medicines seem to do what no other advertised medicines have ever done before.—fulfill the promise of the advertisements.—N. Y. Police "Gazette."
A WINDFALL TO A LABORING MAN.—The Auburn Advertiser states that a laboring man named Daniel Rogers, who has been working for the past week for D. C. Goodrich in laying a cellar wall by the perch, in that city, has received a letter from Ireland stating that there is now in the bank of Ireland \$260,000 to his credit, from the estate of his grandfather. It is necessary to give six months' notice before drawing this sum from the bank. Mr. Rogers expects soon to go over for his fortune. This has not been unexpected by Mr. Rogers. He has had a sum deposited in the Weedsport Bank some time to pay his expenses to Ireland whenever the legacy should be determined. He will, on his return from Ireland, settle, with his fortune, in Auburn.

How Washington Delivered His Farewell Address.
In the National Intelligence, during the year 1857, was given an extract from a letter written by a lady, eighty years of age, residing in Philadelphia, to her grandson in Washington, describing the scene at the delivery of this farewell address. The scene is graphically described, and we reproduce the extract as appropriate to the present occasion.
"When General Washington delivered his farewell address, in the room at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, I sat immediately in front of him. It was in the room Congress occupied. The table of the speaker was between the two windows on Sixth street. The daughter of Dr. B., of Alexandria, the physician and intimate friend of Washington, Mrs. H., whose husband was the auditor, was a very dear friend of mine. Her brother Washington was one of the secretaries of General Washington. Young Dandridge, a nephew of Mrs. Washington, was the other. I was included in Mrs. H., partly to witness the august, the solemn scene. N. H.—declined going with Mrs. H., who had determined to go early so as to secure the front bench. It was fortunate for N.—C.—(afterwards Mrs. L.) that she would not trust herself so near her honored grandfather. My dear father stood very near her; she was terribly agitated. There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room, which was on the east, dividing the rows of room benches. General Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair.—The latter always wore a full suit of bright drab, with slash, or rather loose cuffs. He also wore wrist ruffles. He had not changed his fashion. He was a short man with a good head. With his family he attended our church twice a day.
"General Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade. There stood the Father of his country, acknowledged by nations to be 'the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' No marshals with gold-colored scarfs; no cheering. The most profound stillness greeted him, as if that assembly desired to hear him breathe the homage of the heart. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands. The sleeve of his coat and his hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his address. Then, when strong men's sobs broke loose, when tears covered their faces, then the great man was shaken—I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked to the grateful children who were parting with their father, their friend, as if his heart was with them, and would be to the end.
GENERAL MCCALL.—After the long and terrible suspense experienced here in regard to the fate of General McCall, we have the gratification of stating that a letter has been received from him by Mrs. McCall saying that he is a prisoner in Richmond, and uninjured. He was struck in the breast by a spent ball, the effects of which were but temporary.—The general also sends word that he is quartered for the present at the "Spotswood House," the principal hotel in Richmond, and that thus far he has been very kindly treated. His capture is a source of deep regret, but it is indeed a source of consolation to all his friends that he is safe and well cared for. We learn that his capture was in this wise: he had posted one of the regiments of his division in a particular locality and during his absence it was moved without his orders or knowledge. When he returned from another part of the field the place was occupied by a rebel regiment, and it being dark he rode into the midst of the enemy, was surrounded and carried to Gen. Lee's headquarters as a prisoner of war.—West Chester Republican.
The probabilities of a draft has had a curious effect upon the age of many. Men who have been wearing wigs and dying their whiskers and passing for thirty-eight or nine years of age, have suddenly owned up to forty-five, while young bucks who have passed with the girls for twenty, have shrunk to the other side of eighteen.

LIFE PROLONGED BY CARE.—The longevity of the human race is steadily increasing in civilized nations, if statistical tables can be trusted, and the following item from the Methodist shows the influence of good keeping long life:
"Few men take care of themselves than the better class of British noblemen. They aim to make life as perfect as possible—to have as little jarring of the wheels and cogs as may be. They are—many of them—the hardest workers and the healthiest men in the world; and it may be truly said that while one part of the mankind develops muscle at the expense of brain, and the other develops brain at the expense of muscle, the British nobleman is the only man now living who succeeded in cultivating at once brain and muscle. That their efforts are successful, here is pretty evidence. Twenty-four members of the British peerage died within the year 1860, and these twenty-four have exactly completed, on the average, the full measure of the allotted span of human life, the three score years and ten. They were as follows: Viscount Arbutnot, 32; Lord Londesborough, 54; Viscount Southwell, 83; Viscount Gormanston, 84; Lord Oranmore, 72; Bishop of Rochester, 84; Earl of Longford 42; Baroness Stratheden, 63; Lord Fitzgerald, 60; Viscount Guilmore, 87; Baroness Wentworth, 67; Earl of Strathford, 82; Lord Heistesbury, 80; Archbishop of York, 72; Lord Sandys, 58; Lord Elphinstone, 53; Bishop of Worcester, 77; Earl of Lauderdale, 76; Earl of Cadzow, 70; Lord French, 74; Earl of Leven add Matville, 75; Duke of Richmond, 79; Earl of Mansers, 82; Earl of Dundonald, 85. Total of united ages, 1680 years, which being divided by 24, gives exactly 70 years to each. It would be difficult to find a parallel to this in any class of any country in the world.
STRANGE MURDER BY A CHILD.—On the 3d inst., a promising son of L. H. Marsh residing in Franklin, Mass., aged only five years, was thrown into the river by a young friend, named Shean, only ten years of age. The mother missed him and was assisted in her search by Shean who, on the discovery of the body, alleged that the child fell into the water accidentally. Marks of violence were found, however, and Shean was arrested and confessed that he killed the child and flung him into the water. The funeral took place from the Town Hall, and during the ceremony Shean was brought in. Mrs. Marsh saw him, and beckoned him to approach her. As he was led up to her, she put her arms around his neck in the most tender way, and exclaimed, "I forgive you Daniel, for killing my dear little Sammy who is now an angel in heaven; and I pray to God to forgive you, too, and make you good boy. And now tell me Daniel, did little Sammy call for his mother?" The boy—charged with the murder exhibits the utmost indifference.
MURDER.—A man by the name of Gresh was killed at Galesburg, Ill., on the Fourth instant, by a man named Moore. Moore, being somewhat intoxicated, came up to Gresh, and, after shaking hands with him in a friendly manner, says to him, "Gresh, I have a mind to kill you!" To which Gresh replied, "Blaze away," when Moore drew a knife and stabbed him to the heart, killing him almost instantly. No reason can be assigned for the brutal deed, as the parties had heretofore been on good terms.
"After all," says a modern writer, "there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world." All the girls will agree to that. In fact, lots of 'em marry just for the sake of the new "togger." To them the bridal is more attractive than the bridegroom; the milliner more interesting than the minister. Men, however, take more substantial views of things, and would prefer to wed a downright pretty girl "without a rag" than an ugly woman with as many gowns as the ex-ecutor found in Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe! That's the difference.
"Cats have hitherto had permission to mew at night, as the necessary clause in the municipal regulations at New Orleans forbids females to converse with persons outside, after dark!—such in-pur-tenences leading to needless cat-astrophes. (An un-feline arrangement.)"

WILT THOU LOVE ME THUS FOR EVER?

Thou gazest, deep and earnest—
Deep and earnest are thine eyes;
I know that in our being
There are answering sympathies:
I know there dwells upon me
An affection rich and pure,
And ask, with anxious yearning,
"Will it ever, thus endure?"
Quick changes come upon us—
Changes not in our control;
There are shadows and eclipses,
And dark tides upon the soul.
With tremulous emotion,
I accept thy bounteous score,
But ask, with anxious yearning,
"Wilt thou love me evermore?"
Thou knowest all my weakness,
Thou knowest all my power;
Thou'st read my life, and knowest
Every weed and every flower;
And if within my nature,
Any gracious gift there be,
I would its brightest radiance
Should transfuse itself to thee.
God knows, no selfish impulse
Draws my heart thus close to thine;
I would that all thy toiling
Should partake of the divine;
I would be wise and perfect,
Living truly, heartily,
That life's most glorious halos
Should surround and hallow thee!
And if upon thy pathway
I have cast one tiny ray;
Made one moment brighter, happier,
By my life or by my lay,
Then thou canst not love a nature
That is meaner than my own;
Thou canst never have enjoyment
In a soul of lower tone.
So I rest my heart contented,
For, in this clearer vision,
I see thou'lt not withhold me
Such love as is my due;
And, if some richer nature
Win the gift that once was mine,
I must bow my head submissive
To a law of the Divine!
But, with earnest, endeavour,
I would labour by thy side,
Earn the right to be companion,
Fellow-worker, and thy guide;
Thou'lt all earth's weary turmoil
Keep a loving soul, and pure,
And thy bounties of affection
Will for ever, thus, endure.
LIFE'S QUESTIONS.
BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.
Drifting away
Like mists on the stream—
To-day's disappointment,
Yesterday's dream,
Ever resolving,
Never to mend—
Such is our progress:
Where is the end?
Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity:
Where is the end?
Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency:
Where is the end?
Cry'd 't the pavement
Scam through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream,
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.
Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind;
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it;
Storms cannot bend
Roots firmly clasping
The rock at the end.
Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud,
There our repose shall be;
Thither we tend—
Spire of our waitings,
Approved at the end.
LULLABY.
Now the twilight shadows flight;
Now the evening lamp is lit;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Little head on mother's arm,
She will keep him safe from harm,
Keep him safe and fold him warm;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Baby's father, far away,
Thinks of him at shut of day;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
He must guard the sleeping camp,
Heark'ning, in the cold and damp,
For the foeman's stealthy tramp;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
He can hear the lullaby,
He can see the laughing eye;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
And he knows, though we are dumb,
How we long to have him come
Back to baby, mother, home;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Now the eyes are closing up,
Let these little curtains drop;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Softly on his father's bed
Mother lays her baby's head,
There, until the night be fled,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
God, who dry'st the widow's tears,
God, who calm'st the orphan's fears,
Guard baby's sleep!
Shield the father in the fray;
Keep us all by night and day;
Sleep, baby, sleep!