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SLEEPING ON HIS POST.

'Tis night along Potomac's shore;
The toilsome march is done;
The tired soldiers' tented lie,
And dream of honor won:
The moon looks full upon the scene,
Silvering the dewdrops on the green.

A youth upon the outer guard
Is leaning on his gun;
And while he muses on his home,
His dreamy fancies run—
Where nymphs' petals ope an' shut—
Along thy shores, Connecticut!

The banks are hung with pictures bright,
Painted by Hope and Love,
And curtains rich, of colors rare,
Are drooping from above;
Ah! still Minerva's spirit breathes
In tapestry that Fancy weaves!

A glowing future rises there;
He hears the sounds of home;
And freshly to his leaping heart
A mother's blessings come!
His gun is set aside; the guard uncrossed;
The youth is sleeping on his post!

What! have I slept when I should watch?
The startled sentinel cries,
While flames his cheek, and burning tears
Are swelling to his eyes;
Oh! when I sought for honor most,
To sleep with shame upon my post!

Full quickly comes the trial on,
Beneath a scorching sun;
Sudly the sergeant of the guard
Displays the sentry's gun;
In duty firm, with pity weak,
Tears smother the furrows on his cheek.

The simple story soon is told;
No quibble there, or flaw,
For martial men disdain to warp
The teachings of their law:
And now, with low and husky breath,
The judge declares the sentence—Death!

'Tis just, 'tis right," exclaims the youth;
But, comrades, gently tell
My story there, where still they love
The sleeping sentinel:
I fear not death, but, courting fame,
I dread—oh, God!—the shame! the shame!"

Oh! would to God, when first the din
Of traitors woke our coast,
The axe had fallen on their necks
Who slept upon their post!
When weakness quailed at Treason's frown,
And dropped the nation's starry crown!

We plead for pardon, and the while
His doom has been delayed;
But now the soldier's answer comes—
"Example must be made."
And 'neath a blackened, weeping sky,
They lead the sentry forth—to die!

As heavily his comrades tramp
Across the matted green,
"Halt!" is the word—the clouds are rent—
The rainbow gleams between:
"Pardon!" along the line is sent,
And blessings greet the President.

I stand upon Virginia soil,
Where rival waters seek
To win a place within the heart.
Of mighty Chesapeake:
Where'er they turn, to seek his flood,
Brothers are seeking brothers' blood!

A nation's curse hangs o'er their heads
Who, while our sky was bright,
Reversed God's providence, and brought
This chaos out of light!
May earth reject the recreant crew,
And Heaven reverse its mercy, too!

The lines are formed on Warwick's bank,
And firm each soldier stands,
Though o'er their heads, from mortar mouths,
Death flies in iron bands:
There stands the youth we saw before
Sleeping upon Potomac's shore.

"Charge!" is the word; their bayonets
The glancing sunbeams slit,
As o'er the yielding bow they charge
The dreaded rifle-pit:
So stern they look, as thus arrayed,
That cowards fear to be afraid.

Sharp crack the rifles; foemen shout;
Flame-belching cannon roar;
The Warwick leaps his trembling banks,
Fonning with freemen's gore!
Ah, well! this bloody-sweating toil
Will sanctify Virginia soil!

From copse and dell the foe advance,
And pour their sheeted fire;
Our troops have looked for aid in vain,

And slowly now retire:
Our youth is borne from battle's brunt,
With seven bullets in his front!

They bear him—though their tired arms
Beneath their burthen sag—
And lay him where the parting sun
Salutes his country's flag,
Which bows, as bows the crested wave
To greet the mermaids' coral cave.

"God's blessing on the President!"
Thus speaks the dying youth,
As bends the stalworth low—
That weeping man of truth—
And bathes with tears that bleeding brow,
So glowing once, so pallid now!

"God's blessing on the President!"
May his example stand,
Of mercy, truth and firmness blent,
To dignify our land!
Oh! while we need his strong arm most,
God keep him wakeful on his post!

He pardoned me, and came himself,
Nor trusted other voice;
Perhaps it cheered his heart to hear
Our comrades there rejoice:
Oh! when in death his eyes grow dim,
God's spirit come to comfort him!

'Tis true, upon Potomac's shore
I stamined my father's name:
I give my heart, my blood, my bones,
To cover up the shame!
And yet I fain would lie, in death,
Where first I drew this heavy breath.

Oh! take me to Ascotney's side,
And lay my body where
The rose-tipped mayflower scents the gale,
And violet's breathe the air!
And to my loved ones gently tell
How died the sleeping sentinel."

The past is crowding on his sight;
He hears the sound of home;
And freshly to his sinking heart
A mother's blessings come;
And now, amid a mourning host,
The youth is sleeping on his post!

They could not take him on the hills
That smiled upon his birth,
Where silvery firs and hemlocks fair
Adorn the swelling earth;
Yet still beneath yon knotty pines,
They laid his body where

The spiced arbutus scents the gale,
And violet's breathe the air!
And loving hearts may fondly boast—
"He sleeps with honor, on his post!"

A BLINDFOLD MARRIAGE.

The elite of the court of Louis the XIV, the great monarch of France, were assembled in the chapel of the great Tranon, to visit the nuptials of Louis, Count of Franche Compté—a natural son of the King—with Lydonie, Duchess de Baliverne, a worthy heiress.

The singular feature of the ceremony was that the bridegroom's eyes were to be bandaged with a white handkerchief. This circumstance excited the wonder of all. Had the bride been old and ugly they would not have been surprised. On the contrary, she was young and quite pretty.

The King alone understood this strange freak of the bridegroom, and though much enraged, he prudently held his peace, and suffered the ceremony to proceed.

A few words will explain the motives of the bridegroom. When Louis XIV came back from his great campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to unite his son whose valor and daring in the war had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the crown.

He proposed the union to the young Duchess de Baliverne, and found her favorably inclined. She had just come to court, having just emerged from the convent where she had completed her education.

She had seen the young Count often, though he had never designed to cast a glance upon her. She knew he was brave and noble, and she thought, handsome. The bar-sinister in his escutcheon was no objection. She accepted him. Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Compté, who like his father, was something of a retrobate, would not accept her.

"My son," said the King, "I have resolved that you should marry."
"My worthy sire and most excellent father," returned the Count, "I have resolved to do no such thing!"

The King frowned. He was not in the habit of being contradicted. "I have made a formal proposition in your name, for the hand of the Duchess de Baliverne, and she has accepted you," said he gravely.

"Doubtless," sneered the young scapegrace, "her taste is excellent, and how could she refuse me! Perhaps it would have been as well to have consulted my inclinations in this matter. I do not wish to marry."

"Are you in love with any one?"
"No!"
"Then love my Duchess. She is noble and wealthy."

"I am your son—that is nobility enough; he bowed low as he spoke, and the King smiled at the compliment; "and the Jews trust me—what could I do with more gold?"

"She is the prettiest woman in my court."
"I am tired of pretty women, they are always fools."
"Could you but see her you would be sure to fall in love with her."

"I never will see her," answered the Count determinedly.
"See her or not, you shall marry her," cried the King in a rage.

"If I do, I'll marry her with my eyes shut," returned the Count.
The King grew purple with passion.

"Harkye, boy! You owe me obedience as subject and son. It is my will that you bestow your hand upon the Duchess de Baliverne. The wedding shall take place this day fortnight—Submit to my will with a good grace, and I will create you Duke on your wedding day. Dare to disobey me, and I will strip you of your title, and the lands you hold from me, and cast you into the Bastille."

This is what had brought the Count of Franche Compté blindfolded to be married.
The King smiled grimly, but said nothing.

The Count placed the ring upon the finger of the bride, but he did not salute her, and when the ceremony was over took the handkerchief from his eyes, and walked deliberately out of the chapel.

Lydonie pouted her pretty lips, and was almost ready to cry with vexation. The King took her in charge and conveyed her to the hotel her husband occupied.

"Here you are, my dear," said the King conducting her through the apartments he had expressly furnished for her reception; "here you are, at home."
"But where's my husband?" asked Lydonie.

"Silly boy!" muttered the King, looking very much annoyed. "Never mind my dear, he's your husband, the rest will come in time."
"What's the use of having a husband if he will not look at you?" pouted Lydonie.

"He shall look at you, or I'll send him to the Bastille."
"Oh, no," cried Lydonie, "do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity enough to see what kind of a wife he has got, I'm sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is," she continued, a sad expression stealing over her countenance. "Sire, you have forced the Count into this union!"

The King coughed and looked very guilty.
"Oh!" cried Lydonie, with anguish, "he never loved me then—he will never love me!"

"Why should you care!"
"Because I love him," answered Lydonie innocently.
"Love him?"
"Oh, so dearly; that is why I married him. I had loved him from the moment I first beheld him. Now I am his wife and he will not look at me."

Lydonie burst into a flood of tears, and sank upon a sofa.
"The King pitied her sincerely, but what could he do? He had forced his son to marry her, but he could not force him to love her. He thought of the Bastille. It would not make him love his wife to send him there. "Well, well," he said, "you are his wife. I will make him a Duke, and I dare say you'll find him home before morning."

With these words the King then withdrew.
Lydonie was left alone with the sorrow. But she was not to droop long—She soon dried her tears and looked all the better for them, like a rose after a shower.

Her old nurse came in, and together they inspected their new home, which Lydonie found entirely to her satisfaction.

The Count did not come home that night.
A week passed by and he did not make his appearance. Lydonie came to the conclusion that he never would come.

She knew it was useless to appeal to the King. He had made Franche Compté a Duke, but he could do nothing for her. She determined to ascertain what her husband was about. She dispatched a trusty servant for intelligence and like all wives who place a spy upon their husbands' movements, she was not at all pleased with the news she received.

The Duke was plunging into all kinds of dissipation. He was making love to all the pretty daughters of the shop-

keepers in the Rue St. Antoine. In fact for a newly married man his conduct was shameful.

"To leave me to run after such a 'caille!' exclaimed Lydonie.
She paused suddenly. An idea entered her brain. She determined to act upon it.

While she is meditating upon it, let us see what the Duke is about.
One night, about eight days after his marriage, the Duke, plainly attired and muffled in a cloak, roamed through the Faubourg St. Antoine, as was his wont, in quest of adventures.

As he turned the corner of one of those narrow lanes that intersected that quarter at that period, a piercing shriek burst upon his ear, mingled with suffocating cries for assistance. The Duke's sword was out in an instant. He was brave to rashness. Without a moment's thought he plunged into the lane.

He beheld a female struggling in the grasp of a man.
The man fled precipitately at his approach, and the girl sank into his arms, convulsively exclaiming:
"Save me, oh, save me!"

The Duke sheathed his sword and endeavored to calm her fears.
He led her beneath the lamp that swung at the corner.

"Why are you a perfect little beauty!" he cried rapturously, and in surprise.
The girl cast down her eyes and blushed deeply, and the Duke felt the little hand that rested upon his arm tremble. But she did not seem displeased.

"Do you reside in Paris?"
"Yes; but we have only been here a short time—we came from Bellville—mother and I."
"From the country, eh! where do you live, my pretty blossom?"
"In Rue St. Helene."

"Why, that is some distance from here. Will you permit me to escort you home? These streets are dangerous, as you have found, to one as beautiful as you are."

"I would very much like to have you see me home—if—if—"
She paused and seemed confused.
"If what?" asked the Duke eagerly.
"If you would only be so good—as to promise not to—to—try to—kiss me again, if you please, sir," replied the girl, innocently.

The Duke was charmed. There was a simplicity, a freshness about this young girl, which pleased him.
"I give you my word as a gentleman, he said, frankly, that no action of mine shall displease you, if you accept of my escort."

She came to his side and took his arm in confidence.
"I am not afraid of you," she said, with sweet simplicity; "I know you are too good to injure me."

The Duke blushed for the first time—he could not remember how many years—he knew he was receiving a better character than he deserved.
"What is your name?" he asked, as they proceeded on their way.
"Bergeronette," she replied.

"What a pretty name! And you live here in Paris, all alone with your mother."
"Yes."
"I dare say you have plenty of sweethearts?"
"No, I haven't one."
"None," replied Bergeronette, quite sadly.

"Would you not like a sweetheart?"
"Perhaps."
"You must be particular in your choice, or you would have had a sweetheart before now. What kind of one would you like?"
Those sparkling gray eyes were lifted to his for a moment.

"I would like one, if you please, like—like—"
"Like what?"
"Like you!"
"Phew!" thought the Duke, "I am getting on here. Now, is this cunning, or is it simplicity?"

They walked on sometime in silence. Bergeronette checked the Duke before a little cottage, with a garden in front. There was a wicket gate leading into the garden.

"Here is where I live," she said.
She took a key from her girdle and unlocked the gate.
"Will she invite me to enter?" thought the Duke, and the thought was farther to the wish.

"Good night sir," said Bergeronette, "and many thanks for your kindness."
"She is a Diana," was the Duke's mental reflection.
"Shall I never have the pleasure of

seeing you again?" said the Duke.
"Do you wish it?" she said, earnestly.
"Most ardently."
"I'll ask my mother."
An oath arose to the Duke's lips, but he prudently checked it.

"Will you receive me to-morrow?"
"You may come, if my mother is willing—yes."
"I shall be here, sure."
"You will have forgotten me by to-morrow."
"I shall not forget you!"
"I have heard my mother say the men always protest more than they mean."

"Your mother is—" The Duke paused and bit his lip.
"What is she?" asked Bergeronette, archly.

"She is—right, But I mean what I say. As sure as the morrow comes, so will I."
"Come. Good night."
She turned from him and was about to enter the garden.

"Bergeronette," he said quickly, "one kiss before I go. Surely my forbearance deserves it."
She made no answer, but she inclined her head gently towards him. For a moment she lingered in his arms, and then tore herself from his embrace and passed quickly through the gate.

The Duke determined to follow her. When he placed his hand against the gate he found it securely fastened. Bergeronette had prudently locked it after her.

So the Duke went to his lodgings—he had taken bachelor apartments on his wedding day—to dream of Bergeronette.

The next day he went to the cottage in Rue St. Helene.
He was received by Bergeronette timidly, and introduced to her mother, a fine matronly dame, who sat quietly spinning in the corner, and allowed the young couple to rove about the garden at will.

The Duke thought she was a very sensible old woman.
The Duke departed at the end of three hours, more in love than ever.

He came every day for a fortnight, and every day he pressed his suit. But there was only one way in which Bergeronette could be won—an honorable marriage.

The Duke was in despair and at his wit's end. He had a stormy scene with the King, who threatened to send him to the Bastille if he did not return to the Duchess.

So he came to Bergeronette, on the fourteenth day, to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone together in the garden.

"Hear me, Bergeronette," he cried, when he had exhausted every argument and found her still firm. "I swear to you were I free, this instant would I wed you. I will confess to you. I have told you I am a Duke de Franche Compté, and I AM MARRIED."

"MARRIED?" echoed Bergeronette with a smothered scream.
"I was forced into this union by the King's command. I do not love my wife. I have never seen her face. I left her at the altar's foot, and we have never met since. She possesses my title but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society. Time may remove the obstacle to our union—death may befriend us, a divorce may be obtained, and then I swear to you by every saint in Heaven, you shall become my Duchess."

"Were you free, would you really make me your wife?"
"I have pledged you my word."
"I believe you."
"You will fly with me."
"I will."

"Dear Louis," she murmured, for so he had taught her to call him. "I also have something to impart to you—my name is not Bergeronette, and I am not what you take me to be."
"What do you mean?"
"I have a title equal to your own."
"Then this old woman?"
"Is not my mother, but my nurse!"
"And the man who assaulted you?"
"Was my lacy, instructed for the purpose."

The Duke looked bewildered.
"And like you," she continued, "I AM MARRIED."
"I'll cut your husband's throat," exclaimed the Duke wildly.
"I don't think you will when you know him."

"Who is he then, and who are you?"
"I am Lydonie, Duchess de Franche Compté, and you are he."
The Duke was thunderstruck.

Lydonie knelt at his feet.
"Forgive me for this little plot," she pleaded; it was to gain your love. If it has succeeded I am happy—if it has failed, with my own lips I will sue the king for our divorce."

"Up—up to my heart," cried the Duke, joyfully, as he caught her in his arms, "you have insured our mutual happiness. Ah, none are so blind as those who will not see. Little did I think when I stood blindfolded by your side at the altar that I was rejecting such a treasure."

"They passed their honeymoon in the little cottage, and the Duke was not sent to the Bastille."

From the Christian Advocate and Journal

A RIDDLE

There is now in this one—a prophet perhaps, we might call him—whose generation runs back further than that of Adam; one of his ancestors was with Noah in the ark; another with Christ just before he was crucified. He knew not his father, and was never nursed by his mother; he goes barefooted like a friar, he wears no hat, and his coat is not dyed, spun, knit, or woven; it is neither silk, hair, linen, nor wool, yet of very fine texture and gloss. He walks boldly in the face of his enemies, without gun, sword, or cane, yet with such a weapon as man never had wherewith to defend himself from his foes. He is often abused by wicked men for their diversion but takes it patiently. He lets all men enjoy their religion. The Protestants are his greatest enemies, but the Papists occasionally use him mercifully. At certain times his voice is heard by all nations; he declares the day of the Lord is at hand; as he prophesies, the doors fly open and his sayings are found true. He takes but little rest, and is admired by all for his vigilance. He does not sleep on a bed, nor in a chair, but is always standing or crouched; neither does he put off his clothes. His nature does not incline him to eat flesh, and he drinks nothing stronger than water. Though sometimes apparently proud he cares not for the pomp and vanities of this wicked world. He denies no article of the Christian faith. His voice is shrill and piercing, and, on one occasion, it was so convincing to a certain man, that it drew tears from his eyes, and he was not easy until he repented."

APPOINTMENTS OF REAR ADMIRALS.—The President has commissioned the following named Captains to Rear-Admirals on the retired list, under the recent act to establish and equalize the grades of line officers of the Navy.—Chas. Stewart, George C. Reed, Wm. B. Shubrick, Joseph Smith, Geo. W. Storer, Francis Elias A. F. Lavallette, Silas H. Stringham, Biram Paulding.—And the following named Captains to be Rear-Admirals on the active list:—David G. Farragut, L. M. Goldsborough, Samuel F. Dupont, A. H. Foote.

The law provides that the Rear-Admirals shall be selected by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, from those Captains who have given the most faithful service to their country.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—Several years ago, and soon after the "anti-license law" came into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveler stopped at a hotel and asked for a glass of brandy.—"Don't keep it," said the landlord; "forbidden by the law to sell liquor of any kind." "The deuce you are," retorted the stranger, incredulously. "Such is the fact," replied the host: "the house don't keep it." "Then bring your own bottle," said the traveler, with decision; "you needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water." The landlord laughed heartily, and brought his private bottle.

A SPY-GLASS FOR WAR TIMES.—The schoolship Massachusetts arrived at Hyannis on Friday last, and sailed for Nantucket on Monday morning. The citizens of Hyannis were invited to visit the ship, and many improved the opportunity. One old lady, after looking all over a nicely polished brass cannon, remarked, My Lor, what a big spy-glass that is."

MORTALITY VS. PLUMS.—A Western paper has the following atrocious advertisement:—"To Rent—A house on Melville avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum orchard, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low and the greater part taken in plums."

VERY POTTIC.—"What," said Margarita to Cecilia, "what dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered "Arrowroot."