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## WOMAN'S HEART.

Music, wild, thrilling music, Throbs out'er the midnight air; A thousand lights are flashing; And happy hearts are there.

I hear the tread of dancers, As graceful forms glide past; 'Tis a scene of wildering beauty— Too fair, too bright to last.

And I have been the gayest Amid these scenes so bright; They think that I am happy— But oh! I'm sad to-night!

'Neath the diamonds coldly flashing Upon my heaving breast, Though my laugh has rung the loudest, My lone heart would not rest.

And he hath viewed my conquests, And heard my mocking laugh, And his burning eyes have followed Whene'er I near him pass.

He hath knelt in love before me— Oh! his anguish I could see— But I turned as coldly from him As once he turned from me.

And in hasty words I told him I could never love him more! 'Twas wild, wild agony for me, And my heart grew sick and sore.

Yes, I masked my love in coldness, And from him turned away— From my willy-wonhipped idol— And my heart-strings shattered lay.

There was ever in my memory Vows uttered long before, And though I smiled upon them, They soon forgotten were.

For another form had won him— An angel form he thought; But soon he wearied of a love By golden purse-strings bought.

And to-night again he met me 'Mid this scene of revelry; And I viewed his pale lips quiver In love's fearful agony.

His face was pale and ghastly, As he stood from the rest apart; With his proud arms tightly folded Upon his bursting heart.

I could have died then for him; But I seemed as proudly gay, And the grandly swelling music Bore my merry laugh away.

## A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE POEM.

The subjoined beautiful lines originally appeared in the Dublin "University Magazine," several years since. To numbers the little poem will be new, and can hardly fail to attract admiration, if it does not cause the heart to throb.

The Dying Father to his Daughter. To me, my sweet Kathleen, the banchee has died, And I die—ere to-morrow I die;

This rose thou hast gathered and laid by my side, Will live, my child, longer than I. My days—they are gone like a tale that is told—

Let me bless you, and bid thee adieu, For never to father, when feeble and old, Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walked by my side, and my board thou hast spread, For my chair the warm corner hast found,

And told my dull ear what the visitor said, When I saw that the laughter went round, Thou succored me still and my meaning expressed,

When memory was lost on its way: Thou hast pillowed my head when I laid it to rest—

## The Falcon.

The fine mansion of the Albergat family, near Gluckstadt, was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music and dancing was borne on the evening air across the rolling, sparkling waters of the Elb. That night a grand ball was given by Count Frederick Albergat, the only remaining representative of the noble family whose name he bore.

In a little room far removed from the rest, in the eastern tower, stood two persons—a young man, remarkably handsome, though there was an expression of deep care upon his face, and a lady. The lady was not remarkably handsome, just now, as she listened to her companion with drooping eyes.

"So, Count Albergat, you will be remembered for a long while as the young noble who gave the most splendid ball as ever yet attended."

"You know, Lady Lena, that I care only for your approbation; that the ball is given only in honor of and to please you, whose slightest wish I would gratify at any expense."

"Well, Lady Lena, I may sometimes be able to prove the truth of my words. I have been a fool. For three years, I have hung upon your accents, and fulfilled your every wish, as far as lay in my power."

"No, indeed, Lady Lena," replied the maid; "if I hadn't seen you dress, I should not know you myself."

"I suppose the cause of your love for that bird is because she once belonged to some former lady-love."

"Why, then, don't you return to this paragon of tenderness and virtue?" sneered the lady.

"Left alone, Frederick paced up and down the room. In his despair he murmured aloud— 'I have been a drivelling fool—a madman! For three years I have destroyed and devoted my time, heart and fortune to the service of his heartless woman, one day rewarded with smiles, the next with frowns.'"

"I have been worse than foolish—I have been wicked. But this unmanly repining will not do. I must rejoin my guests."

"Quick! Susan, fasten this bodice, and bring me the hood and mantle and the thick shoes!" exclaimed the Lady Lena; and she added, impatiently, "You'll have to pin this handkerchief and apron string, for my hands tremble so that I cannot do anything."

"No, indeed, Lady Lena," replied the maid; "if I hadn't seen you dress, I should not know you myself."

"The old woman raised her head, and recognizing Susan, Lady Lena's favorite waiting maid, she returned a very sulky greeting.

"Don't be cross, Margaret," she continued. "I've got a beautiful note from my lady for your young master."

"A note for you, sir," she replied.

"The young man's face turned a shade paler, and his hand slightly trembled as he took the delicately perfumed note.

"What is there in the house to eat?" "As good as nothing, sir," replied the faithful woman; "for there is only the scraps left from your breakfast."

"Oh! master! What, roast this poor bird you loved so long, and which belonged to—"

"What is the matter, Margaret? Has anything happened to your master?" "Indeed, there has!" woefully answered Margaret.

"You are as heartless as your mistress. Go back to her, and tell her that she is welcome. I hope the bird may stick in her throat and choke her, unfeeling woman that she is!"

"Don't you know that! Why, because it belonged to his blessed mother, who is now angel in heaven."

"Margaret's face lighted up, and earnestly thanking the girl, she left the room and soon returned with the falcon, closely hooded, which she gave to the false Susan, who went off with it.

Punctual to the minute came Lady Lena, and never had she looked more lovely or been dressed with so much elegance and taste.

"What is this?" said Frederick, who was seated by the window, reading. He looked up as the old woman entered, and asked what she wanted.

"The same, madame," he replied. "Frederick!" she exclaimed.

"I am happy to find that I have pleased you," said Frederick; "but allow me, in all deference to your taste, to correct one mistake—the bird you have partaken of was not a chicken, but my falcon!"

"The tone in which his name was uttered rendered Frederick to start. He was dumb with surprise when he saw the haughty Lena burst into tears; but before he could recover his self-possession, Lena stood before erect and pale.

"I have no doubt it will make capital eating," laughed the girl.

and tearful from her lovers embrace. A moment she left the room, and then returned, bearing a basket, which she gave to Frederick. On opening it, his falcon flew out. Resting her beautiful head on Frederick's shoulder she said—

When the warning, we must sever Comes once again; Yet in feeling, true as ever Shall our faithful hearts remain,

That beautiful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night, The glory of God, the light of day, Hath driven the darkness far away.

The heavenly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

Our flag is still there. Our flag is there! our flag is there! We'll hail it with those loud huzzas!

Unfold your banners. Unfold your banners, And fling them to the breeze, And shout for the temperance law, The law we know 'twill please.

How to stop Swearing.—An intelligent lady whose little boy was begging to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the plan of washing out his mouth with soap suds whenever he swore.