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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The following beautiful, sweet and simple lines, will make their way directly and irresistibly to the heart of a reader:

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish that night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The blacks where the robin built,  
And where my brother sat,  
The liburnum on his birth-day,  
—The trees living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as freshly  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heav'n  
Than when I was a boy!

## TRIFLES.

How is it o'er the strongest mind,  
That trifles hold such sway?  
A word—nay, e'en a look unkind,  
May darken all life's day.  
Oh, in this world of daily care,  
The thousands that have erred,  
(An any hardship better bear,  
Than they can bear a word.)

The man who with heroic heart  
Can stern misfortune meet,  
Unflinchingly perform his part,  
And struggle 'gainst defeat,  
With faith unshaken—yet can lose  
His temper, e'en for ought  
Which falls not as his will would choose,  
Or proves not what he sought.

And woman can forgive a wrong  
Which casts her on the world,  
Far better than forgive the tongue  
That may some sinner have hurled;  
A thousand times prefer a lot  
As hard as want deplores,  
Than feel or think herself forgot  
By one her heart adores.

Alas, the human mould's at fault,  
And still by turns it claims  
A nobleness that can exalt,  
A littleness that shames.  
Of strength and weakness still combined,  
Compounded of the mean and grand;  
And trifles thus will shake the mind  
That would a tempest stand.

Give me that soul-superior power,  
That conquest over fate,  
Which sways the weakness of the hour,  
Rules little things as great;  
That lulls the human feelings of strife,  
With words and feelings kind,  
And makes the trials of our life  
The triumphs of our mind.

## UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that love a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes does seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old Times makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away:

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never dying fires;  
Where these are not; I dispise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

An exchange paper gives the following  
illusion of some inspired poet:  
I kissed the tiny hand I held,  
I pressed the fairy form,  
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast,  
And from the world's cold storm:  
She raised her melting eyes to mine,  
They were filled with drops of wo,  
With quivering lip she said,  
"Now, darn ye, let me go!"

## THE HYPOCRITICAL HUSBAND AT HOME.

"Why the devil isn't my breakfast ready?"

This is the gentlemen's first "salutation to the morn," delivered in a tone of voice admirably expressive of having arisen from his couch with a determination of being in a particular ill humor for the rest of the day, or, as the saying is, "got out of your bed wrong end foremost."

"But, my dear, it is not late?"

"Not too late? not too late! Suppose I choose to have breakfast a trifle earlier than usual, when I am half starved.—But people are so infernally lazy in this house—Ah! here it comes at last! The old story—muddy coffee. It is strange that I can never be allowed a drop of chocolate of which I am so passionately fond."

"Well, my dear, why do you never mention it beforehand?"

"Why do you never ask me if I should prefer it?"

"You generally take coffee—even when we have chocolate on the table."

"And what of that! The very reason why I should prefer now and then chocolate for a change. At any rate it would not give you a great deal of trouble once in a while. Who made that fire? Or rather who was idiotic enough to imagine that pile of green logs could ever be converted into a blaze—I'll be d—d if the people in this house know enough to make a fire. Pray can you inform me what this dark colored mess is supposed to represent?"

"That is brown bread toast."

"I thought so! by heavens! this was put upon the table, expressly to enrage me—you know I hate the cursed stuff. I heard some one ring this morning—who was it?"

"Why that young man, that—what's his name—who has been to see you twice before you know—I told him you had gone out—you say he's such a bore. I know you wouldn't like to be bothered with him at breakfast time."

"The married man throws himself back in his chair and smites the unoffending table with his fist; to the evident astonishment of the cups and saucers."

"And who the devil authorized you to deny me to my friends? You are always making some cursed blunder. I made a particular appointment with that young man to see him this morning. And you have told him I was not at home! It seems to be your soul-study to see what you can do to put me in a passion."

And in his rage, he unconsciously brings one elbow in contact with his coffee cup—which consequently losing its equilibrium, the contents are duly delivered upon his brocade dressing gown.

"There by—d! Now I hope you're satisfied—you have been the means of ruining my mourning gown, which cost me twelve dollars' day before yesterday!"

"I'm sure I didn't request you to upset your coffee."

"But you put me in a passion."

"I put you in a passion! You have been cross as a bear ever since you got up."

"Take care! Don't impose too much upon my good nature."

"You're a brute, for all you're so mighty loving before folks."

"Will you hold your tongue?"

"Every body thinks you're a pattern of a husband, and that I am the happiest wife in the world. Oh! if they knew how you abuse me when we are by ourselves."

"Will you hold your tongue?" (with a grinding accompaniment of the teeth.)

"And yet, before company, I must pretend to be mightily pleased when you kiss me, Pooh?"

"If you don't hold your tongue this instant I'll throw this cup at your head!"

"You dare not! you dare not, you vile monster!"

"Ah! I'm a monster! am I a—Whiz! and a cup is launched at her head with the very best intentions, which however are frustrated by the lady's stooping, with a celerity which could only have been acquired by the most frequent and deserving practice. She escapes the missile, but alas! not the brutal blow which speedily follows it from the hard hand of a Hypocritical Husband, who doubtless considers it his duty to punish her for his having broken a coffee cup and damaged a dressing gown.

Hark! the door bell rung, and now the poor wife vainly endeavors to suppress her tears and sobs. The servant announces a visitor. The Hypocritical Husband approaches her with a threatening air, says—

"You're not surely going to blubber before company! Dry your eyes quick-

ly, or else, by heavens, as soon as they are gone, I'll resume my remarks where I left off."

The visitor is ushered in.—The Hypocritical Husband immediately assumes a cheerful amiable expression, and passes the usual compliments in tones of singularly sweet and gentle modulations. The visitor (a lady) remarking the appearance of the agitated wife exclaims:

"Bless me? how pale you look! how red your eyes are! Have you been unwell?"

But our gentleman will not trust to his wife to reply, and hastens to explain with—

"Oh! nothing is the matter! She sat up very late last night reading—rainous to the eyes you know. I often tell her: 'My dear, you abuse your eyesight reading small print by candle light,' but she won't listen to me; and you see the consequence, the next morning she's pale as a ghost, and her eyes look exactly as if she'd been crying.—But she won't do so again will you love? She promised to be a good little girl; haven't you darling?"

So saying, the affectionate creature presses her fondly.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

[From the New York Mercury.]

The sun had sunk below the lurid horizon; the radiance of the dying day had displayed its dolphin colors in the west; the watery skimmer of the new moon was seen dimly through the smoky haze that floated over the field of deadly strife; the camp-fires were lit, and cast a glare on the moving forms of worn-out soldiers—on the begrimed and blood-stained faces of wearied men—on the trees despoiled of their waving branches by the irresistible round shot, or stripped bare of leaves and twigs by the explosion of volcano-like shell.

Nature mourned for the fallen or mutilated children of the forest, for the fruitful field whose waving corn was trodden into the dust, for the velvet sward charred and blasted; but drinking the blood of men, which had fallen to the ground like rain in spring, hopefully waited the time when the sanguineous flood, more enriching than the fertilizing overflows of the Nile, would make the blasted field thrice blessed, and the barren desert to blossom in unwonted luxuriance.

So the cool night-wind rustled through the trees that bowed their broken forms in acquiescence, fanned the fevered brows and shattered limbs of the wounded warriors, caused the flames to leap merrily from the fires, and shed a glow of heat and comfort to the chilled and disconsolate soldiers, who stood with outstretched hands before the grateful blaze.

Distended muscles will relax; overtaxed frames demand rest; high-strung courage, the danger over, will become depressed.

A soldier, brave as a lion in the combat, true as steel to the principles that nerved his arm in the hour of danger, tremblingly held his waried hands over the dancing flames. The excitement of the contest was over; the wounded had been gathered to the hospital; the dead had been buried. A few half-faded tears had attested the worth of a slain comrade, and borne witness that the warrior was still human. And now, half-reclining against a tree, he looked wistfully into the fire. His face was lit up by the red glare. A look of blank aimlessness pervaded his countenance. The body and the mind alike rested. Now a deep sigh escapes him—active consciousness is returning. He casts a look of hasty survey around him, shrugs his shoulders as the scene of devastation is sensed, and relapses into a waking dream.

Sinking to a sitting posture at the foot of the tree, his eyes bent earnestly on the glowing centre of the fire, his thoughts wander to the home he has left—to his loved wife—to the helpless babe who was but learning to recognize his voice and spread out its tiny hands in welcome as he sprang to embrace it—to the well-known haunts and familiar faces of friends and companions. He sees many a scene depicted in the glowing ashes that had been acted long ago. The quip, the joke, and the light-hearted laugh sound in his ear. A smile beams on his face. The blood thrills through his veins. The current of thought is turned. Joyous and strong once more, he is about to utter his thoughts aloud, and to start to his feet, when a groan from some wreck of humanity fighting with death in the hospital tent recalls the present to his consciousness. He stares wildly around, as if doubting his locality, and with a deep sigh, he wonders if he ever shall see home again.

Languidly, he stretches out his limbs to the heat. He ponders what will be the end of all his toils. Why men suffer, bleed, and die, apparently in vain.—Puzzled for answer, he ponders over the enigmas; heavy grow his eyelids, sientorous his breathing; his horny palm supports his reclining temples. The soldier sleeps.

The unconscious body twitches and starts with nervous uneasiness, but the active mind, following the last dominant waking thought, pursues the inquiry, and demands: "Why am I here?" and "What will my reward be?"

"Unsatisfactorily the subject is discussed. There appears to be no solution. Suddenly he dreams that the trumpet-sounds wake the echoes of the night—the rolling drum reverberates in the vale. The alarm-shots of the advanced post proclaim the enemy near. The soldier starts to his feet. He obeys the order to fall into ranks. Mounted officers ride back and forth in mad haste. The heavy rattle of the artillery sounds like the forerunner of an earthquake. The hissing signal-rocket

## THE MOURNER A-LA-MODE.

I saw her last night at a party,  
(The elegant party at Mead's),  
And looking remarkably hearty  
For a widow so young in her weeds;  
Yet I knew she was suffering sorrow  
Too deep for the tongue to express,  
Or why had she chosen to borrow  
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;  
Her gloves were dark as her shawl;  
And her jewels that flashed in the light  
Were black as a funeral pall;  
Her robe had the hue of the rest,  
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)  
And the grief that was heaving her breast  
Boiled over in billows of craze!

What tears of vicarious woe,  
That else might have sullied her face,  
Were kindly permitted to flow  
In ripples of ebony lace!

While even her fan, in its play,  
Had quite a lugubrious scope,  
And seemed to be waiving away  
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen,  
Was the sombre apparel she wore;  
I'm certain I never had seen  
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;  
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,  
In mourning the loved and the lost,  
Was doing her conjugal duty  
Altogether regardless of cost.

One surely would say a devotion  
Performed at so vast an expense,  
Betrayed an excess of emotion  
That was really something immense;  
And, et as I viewed, at my leisure,  
Those tokens of tender regard,  
I thought: It is scarce without measure,  
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;  
The very next phase of the fashion  
Will find it beginning to fade;  
Though dark are the shadows of grief,  
The morning will follow the night,  
Half tints will betoken relief,  
Till joy shall be symbolized in white!

Ah! well—it were idle to quarrel  
With Fashion, or aught she may do;  
And so I conclude with a moral  
And metaphor—warranted new—  
When messies come handsomely out,  
The patient is safest, they say;  
And the sorrow is mildest, no doubt,  
That works in a similar way!

## WINTER.

The year is hastening to its close  
And icy fetters bind the ground;  
The march of time will soon disclose  
That earth's revolved her circuit round.

The snow-flakes thickly mantle earth;  
The wintry blasts their force unite;  
Nature assumes a perfect death,  
And cheering sun-beams loose their might.

No more is heard the warbling notes  
Of birds that fitted through the air;  
One glance around this thought promotes  
That we the winter's gloom must share.

Now is the time for dazzling belles  
To glide majestic in the dance;  
And some admiring beau now tells  
The pleasures which these scenes embrace.

The tinkling sleigh-bells now are heard  
As they pass by at even-tide,  
And happy times are now enjoyed  
By lovers of this sportive ride.

The poet's muse is filled with fire,  
Resplendent glows his fruitful mind;  
He clothes his song in rich attire,  
And all his verses are refined.

Thus winter has its charms for some;  
Nor should our better feelings rest  
Till all, who are by want overcome,  
Receive a share from those thus blest!

pierces the atmosphere, as if it were a fiery fiend escaped from the burning pit to make war on high heaven. "Forward, march!" rings out clear above the hubbub. With a loud cheer, the battalion moves machine-like in its tread.—Now the dogs of war begin to bay.—Screaming rifle-ball and swashing shell rush on their mission of death and destruction. A masked battery thins the ranks of the battalion. The dead lie in heaps in the harvest-field of battle. Up to the cannon's mouth they rush. Hurrah! the battery is won. The guns are spiked. The retreat is commenced.—Ab, a flash! a shriek! The soldier dreams that he falls. The life blood gushes from his mouth. The death-damp is on his brow. The spirit has lost its dominion over the body.

In the hollow made by the exploding shell lies the corpse of the soldier. The burial-patients see it not. The rank weeds hide the remains from the gaze of the casual passer-by. The spirit, loth to leave its earthly tenement, hovers over it, and strives to guard it from the invisible vulture, Corruption. Alas, in vain! The next midday sun lights the approach of the gnawing worm. The warm wind blows on the cheek of the corpse with patrid breath. The night-dews tot the iron muscle. The autumn rain pelt pitilessly on the peeling skin. Creeping things of the forest riot on the flesh; birds of prey fight over the well-molded features. A few rising and setting suns, a waning moon, and the wild beasts gnaw the bones of the warrior.

The spirit sees the bones scattered by the foul feeders of the wilderness. Only the skull is left. The dome of the temple of life is stripped of all ornament—eyeless sockets, tongueless mouth, brainless cavity, attest its desolation. Yet still the soul quivers near it in affectionate remembrance. Still there is enough of earth left to attract the spirit born of heaven.

Through the pale moonlight, through the dusky night, through mists and fogs, through storm and sunshine, in summer's heat and winter's cold, flickers the invisible watcher. Revolving suns proclaim day and night—moons wax and wane. Returning and departing seasons proclaim the lapse of years. Still the anxious sentinel keeps its post.

The clash of arms has long since ceased to resound in the valley. The pestilence bred of corruption has become extinct, for want of food. The silence of noontide has been seldom broken by the sounds of human voices. The valley has become a wilderness, through which the lonely traveler hurries with awe, imploring the protection of the heavenly guardians.

The abomination of desolation is made perfect.

But from the ashes of Corruption springs the phoenix Prosperity.

The trodden soil enriched with the bones of men, watered with the rains of heaven, warmed by the godlike sun, slowly renews its prolific powers. Grass grows where the fierce wind drove about the dust and sand in clouds. Wild flowers of variegated hue shed their sweet fragrances where rose the vapor of accursing blood shed by a brother's hand. The light-footed deer crop the sweet verdure. Then comes the cheery voice of the hunter—the honest bark of man's truest friend among brutes. Soon the distant sound of the workman's axe is heard. A cottage peeps from among the trees. Ascending smoke—the incense of universal humanity—seeks its way from earth to heaven. The jocund laugh rings out in the still air. The sound of the cow-bell is borne by the gentle breeze. Morning brings the shrill, glad voices of happy children.—Evening lists to the song of praise addressed to a bountiful Creator.

The abomination of desolation is removed.

The watching spirit begins to see the end and purport of the life-mission.

The low of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the cries of tame birds, form a happy melody in the valley. Heavy-eared corn, nodding wheat, and bearded barley glisten with golden tints in the sun. The birds of the air join in the joyful chorus of the children of the earth. The plow and the sickle have resumed their reign. Suddenly, a thrill of joy flashes on the lonely spirit. The skull—the last tie binding it to the material—has been lifted from the ground by the soft hands of a child.

"Mother, what is this?" is the eager question.

"The skull of a man. The head of one who was once living, like you."

"Like me! Mother, it has no eyes, nor mouth, nor body, nor limbs. Where they are?"

"All turned to dust—what we are all made of."

"Then how is this not turned to dust too?"

"Through time it will."

"But how came the man here? Why did they not put it deep down in the ground, as they put my poor grandpa?"

"Most likely he was a soldier, who was killed in one of the battles grandpa used to tell you about, and there was no one to bury him."

"Poor soldier! What made them fight?"

"Bad men tried to ruin the country that they might do what they pleased. They wanted to treat black men working for them like cattle; and they wanted to make poor white men do whatever they told them to, whether they liked it or no."

"Were they once so cruel here?"

"Yes; before our country was in its glory—the joy and hope of the world—there were many dark deeds done by evil-minded men."

"But why did they not put the bad men in some place where they could not hurt nobody but themselves?"

"Evil had its allotted time in our happy country as in all others. And it seemed to our fathers that the bad would finally triumph and the good always suffer. But at last the fruits of evil, which is ruin, became the portion of the wicked, and then the good prospered, the nation became happy, and the victims fled to other lands, to hide their heads in shame and oblivion for the rest of their days, and to die miserably."

"And to drive the bad men away they had to fight?"

"Yes. Had they not fought we would have been at mercy of the rich men of the State. Long ago there were few schools that the children of the poor could go to. Many poor men could not read. Bad rich men told the people anything they liked, and they believed it so that the poor were in the power of the wealthy, and did as they said."

"But I would not have done it."

"But you would not have known any better, nor your father, nor I."

"Then pa would have to do as Squire Bernet told him."

"Yes; and you would not be going to school next spring, and John would not have learned to read, nor Mary to play."

"Then this poor man fought against these bad men," said the child, looking wistfully at the skull.

"I hope so. Most likely he did. Be thankful, my child, that those horrid days are past. We can learn and speak what we like now. The lash of the oppressor and the sound of violence have left our happy land forever. Let us bury the skull."

With broken branches of the underbrush they managed to scrape a hole in the yielding soil. The young mother as she thinks of her own happy home and her fond husband, sighs over the remains of one who died unconsolated and alone in the wilderness. A tear trickles down her cheek, and falls on the remnant of human mortality. The skull is laid reverently in the little grave. A ray of sunshine pierces through the leaves of the bushes, and sheds a golden glow on the bleached bones. The watching spirit, though without power to utter words of thanks, so affects the hidden springs of feeling, that mother and child feel the blessed consciousness of doing a good deed. The earth is filled in. Mother and child turn away. Their voices become faint and fainter in the distance. The spirit's watch is ended. The blast of a trumpet resounds in the air. Louder and louder it grows.—Soul and body reunite. The soldier starts from his slumbers. The watch-fires have ceased to burn. The sun shines in golden glory. Doubtfully, the dreamer looks around. He sees that he is still clothed with the garment of mortality. It is the reveille that he has heard. The duties of a soldier claim his attention still. But, nerved by his dream, hopefully, and even joyfully, he obeys the summons.

A jolly old doctor once said that people who were prompt in their payment always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and the physicians could not afford to lose them.

An Irish pedagogue recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, excepting mail steamers and men-of-war.

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.