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THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the fetters of the oppressor's shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the type they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his work beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!
O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world like I do!
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.
Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give—
Their sway lasts only an hour;
While the printer shall grow, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

BEWARE!

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter—
Take care!
He loves with the ladies to gossip and chatter—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!
He has a voice of varying tone—
Take care!
It echoes many, besides thine own—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee.
He has a hand that is soft and white—
Take care!
It pressed another than thine last night—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!
His letters are glowing with love, I ween—
Take care!
One half he writes he does not mean—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee.
He talks of truth, and of deep devotion—
Take care!
Of loving truly he has no notion—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!
[wiles]
Your heart he will gain with his dangerous
Takes care!
[smiles]
Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee.

THE PRINTER.

Among the race of humankind,
Some go before and some behind;
But mind them well and you will find,
Not hindmost is the Printer.
The lessons which you learned at school,
That you might not grow up a fool,
Had all, in scientific rule,
Been published by the Printer.
How do your Presidents and Kings
Govern so many troubled things?
'Tis by the types, the screws and springs,
Belonging to the Printer.
The farmer, and mechanic, too,
Would sometimes scarce know what to do,
Could they not get a certain view
Of work done by the Printer.
The doctor can not meet the crooks
Of all the ailments, till he looks
Upon the pages of the books
Supplied him by the Printer.
The lawyer for a wit has passed,
But high as his head may be cast,
He would be but a dunce at last,
Were it not for the Printer.
Who is it that so neatly tells
Of various goods the merchant sells,
Inviting all the beaux and belles—
Who is it but the Printer?

THE DETECTED TRAITOR.

The proud and wealthy James Agmoor, silk and velvet merchant of Broadway, New York, was just entering his superb bazaar, as one of his clerks respectfully saluted him, and started to pass out.

"Mr. Clair, I shall desire your presence in my office ere long," said the merchant. "Do not leave the store until I have spoken with you."

There was an ominous sternness in his tone that attracted the quick ear of Thornton Clair, and as he gazed after his pompous chief, who strode on with unusual haste, his eyes caught that of Hiram Mould, the cashier, peering with unconcealed malice through the mahogany bars of his desk. Thornton Clair had arrived in New York four months before from some city of the far West, and upon applying to James Agmoor, his manly and intelligent face had so pleased that gentleman that his services were immediately accepted, and he was given the responsible post of collector.

This was by no means agreeable to the envious Mould, nor did his vexation diminish as he saw that James Agmoor daily grew more and more attached to the youth.

While Clair stood awaiting the expected summons, and as Mr. Agmoor entered his private office, the cashier moved from his seat, and following his principal, carefully closed the green baize door after him.

It was very strange to see the proud and pompous air of the lordly merchant change to one of ill-concealed fear and disgust, as the cashier bid him good day and seated himself near him, facing him, and having the office table between them.

"You have considered my propositions, James Agmoor," said he in a smooth, soft voice, sleek and silky as the precious fabrics that were about them.

James Agmoor buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then sweeping back his snow white hair, said huskily: "I have, Hiram Mould, I have!" and his face, pale and red by turns, again sought the cover of his trembling hands, "I have told my daughter that you demanded her for a wife. She told me to tell you that she would rather be a beggar in the streets than the wife of Hiram Mould."

"I told her all," burst from the quivering lips of the merchant. "I told her that Hiram Mould was the master of her father; that ere she was born I committed a crime—a crime whose ever present guilt has blanched my hair before I have numbered my forty-fifth year."

"And then she relented?" "She asked me to tell her of that crime," replied Agmoor, and as he spoke his eyes grew bright, and looked Hiram Mould full in the face. "I told her—She said the deed was not a crime—that the blow was dealt in self defence that killed Charles Harper. And so it was. Hiram Mould, you know it was."

"Were we in court, I the only witness of the act, James Agmoor, I would swear that it was—premeditated murder."

James Agmoor's eyes closed with a shudder, and again the trembling hands hid his pallid face.

"I would swear," resumed Hiram Mould, as his sharp, white teeth bristled from his sneering lips, "and the jury would believe every word, that one summer's evening, some twenty years ago, I saw James Agmoor, who had refused to fight in fair and open combat with Charles Harper, crouching amid the bushes that bordered the highway thro' Jersey woods; and as Charles Harper was riding unsuspectingly by, I saw James Agmoor spring from his covert and strike him to the earth with a club—I would swear that James Agmoor then and there murdered Charles Harper, and buried the body where I could find the bones; ay, and the watch that should identify the body."

"All false!" cried the merchant, arousing himself a moment. "Twas James Agmoor who was dragged from his horse by Charles Harper! 'Twas Hiram Mould who prompted the assault for purposes of his own—because he hated each with a deadly hate. You, Hiram Mould, first made us, who were till then bosom friends, bitter enemies. He struck me, I returned the blow; he drew his knife and stabbed me, but before I fell senseless I wrested the weapon from him and dealt him a fatal thrust that prostrated him also. We fell together—like unconscious—I in a swoon, he dead. When sense and feeling returned to me I was in your house. You, Hiram Mould, hid

the body where you can find it remains to convict me. The public believed that Charles Harper was murdered; you created that belief; but to use me all my life you took successful care that the finger of suspicion should not point at me, lest the law might kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

While the tortured man was saying all this, far more incoherently than we have written it, the unmoved conspirator had rapidly sketched a picture of a gibbeted felon, and as the merchant concluded, Hiram Mould placed the insignificant sketch before him.

"Such shall be your fate if Rachel Agmoor refuses to become my wife," said he, pointing to the hideous picture with his long, lean, fore-finger.

Again the merchant yielded before the terrible threat, and his head sank upon his bosom.

"Now call in Thornton Clair and dismiss him at once," said Hiram sternly. "He loves your daughter—she perhaps loves him. You have foolishly allowed him to visit your house. It shall be my care that he shall not find other employment in this city."

"I am in your power," groaned the unhappy man, rising and opening the door; but as he did so his daughter Rachel, stepped quickly from the side of Thornton Clair, with whom she was eagerly conversing, and said:

"I wish to see Hiram Mould immediately, dear father," and guided by her astonished parent, she entered the private office.

The merchant closed the door and turned to address his child.

Tall and queenly in person, a lovely brunette of eighteen summers, with large black eyes, usually full of softness, as became her amiable and affectionate nature, but then flashing scornful fires as her red lips curled with scathing contempt, Miss Agmoor motioned to her father to pause for a moment and bent her gaze on Hiram Mould.

He seemed ill at ease as those superb eyes slowly scanned him from head to foot, bathing him as it were in wordless scorn. He rose to his feet, and recovered his natural coolness, said:

"I am happy to see that Miss Rachel Agmoor considers so humble a person as Hiram Mould worthy of so continued a gaze."

"This is the thing that dares to hope to call me wife!" said Rachel; and though the words were cutting, the tone and manner penetrated to the marrow of the rascal's bones, and flashed bitter words to his white lips.

"The thing is honored in being so called, my haughty damsel. You are proud now, Rachel Agmoor, but the time shall come when you shall be as humbled before me as the trembling man beside you."

"If I reject and defy you, you will attack the life and reputation of my father," said Rachel. "You must be very confident of your power, to send such a message to the woman whom you wish to make your wife."

"I am conscious of my strength. Do you wish to see a proof of it?" sneered Hiram.

Rachel bent her head contemptuously. Hiram Mould was at a loss to comprehend this unexpected defiance; but sure of his ground, he said:

"There is a young man in your father's employ whom he loves as his own son. Rather than harm a hair on that young man's head, James Agmoor would gladly lop off his right hand. I verily believe if the sacrifice could avail either, Mr. Agmoor, call in Thornton Clair."

He looked to see Rachel pale and trembling. But she was calm and collected.

The timid father—timid before the cashier alone—obeyed, and Thornton Clair stood in the party; but his blue eyes were blazing with a menace so profound and deadly that Rachel laid her soft hand upon the strong arm that was swelling as if for a sudden blow to be dealt at the serpent-like eyes of the sneering cashier, and whispered:

"Wait!—for my sake."

"Mr. Agmoor," said Hiram, but recoiling somewhat from the reach of that arm, "has this young man dared to make love to one so immensely above him as your daughter, and I proposed myself as her husband; his presence in our establishment is an insult. Discharge him at once."

The wretched merchant paused in torturing suspense, and the cashier pointed at the sketch that lay on the table.

"Mr. Thornton Clair," began the father.

"My true name is not Clair," began the young man, quickly, unwilling to

see the father of his Rachel so humiliated. I am the son of Charles Harper, who lives in Oregon, and who assumed the name of Clair because he believed he had slain James Agmoor. My name is, in fact, Thornton Harper."

"Young man!" cried James Agmoor, almost gasping. "Do not deceive a most wretched man. Does Charles Harper who married my cousin, Helen Agmoor, still live?—was he not killed?"

"On my honor, Mr. Agmoor," said Thornton, "that Charles Harper is alive and still thinks that he killed James Agmoor. Until this morning I was of the same belief, for my father, who since that unfortunate combat has concealed himself under an assumed name in the wilds of the west, while my mother followed him, had often told me sorrowfully of all that transpired. But he never told me the name of the man whom he deemed he had slain, nor that of the man who, when he rose after a moment of unconsciousness, pointed at your bleeding body, said you were dead, and prevailed upon him to seek safety in instant flight, upon the very horse you had ridden. Your daughter related to me what you told her last night, a few minutes ago; and we immediately concluded upon the truth."

"Out of my sight, Hiram Mould!" cried the enraged merchant. "Double traitor, begone! or I shall make myself what you have forced me for years to think myself—a murderer!"

While Thornton was speaking, the guilty cashier had sunk into a chair and rested his head upon the table, hiding his face, as he for ten years delighted in torturing his victim to do; but when James Agmoor, no longer a crime bound serf, thus addressed him, he staggered to his feet, groping blindly for the door, tottered feebly through the bazaar to his desk, where he had so long ruled with the magic rod of gold, and pressing his hands to his head, groaned, reeled, caught himself erect, opened his private drawer, placed a pistol in his temple, and fell dead ere he could press the trigger, smitten—said the Coroner that day—by the almighty hand of God.

RUSSELL AND THE GERMAN.—Russell in his diary, gives the following account of a reception he got at the hands of a German soldier: "On the 1st of September a dirty German soldier called out from the parapet of an earthwork, over the Long Bridge, 'Fall Run Russell, and at the same time cocked his piece and levelled it. Russell immediately rode around into the fort, the fellow still presenting his firelock, and asked him what he meant, at the same time calling for the sergeant of the guard, who came at once, and at his request arrested the man, who recovered arms and said, 'It was a choke; I want to frecken Bull Run Russell.' As the man's rifle was capped and loaded, and on full cock, Russell did not see the fun of the proceeding so clearly, and urged an investigation into his conduct, which he did not, however, think it necessary to pursue."

GOING TO ENGLAND.—The Boston Post says: Here is a chance for a plantation in a beautiful climate, where cotton, sugar, coffee, corn, rice, and everything that is good may be raised. The American West India Company will dispatch their next steamer on or about the first of February for Santo Domingo city. Parties going out in the vessel will be landed in the Palanque District, where land is sold to actual settlers at one-tenth of its real value. We shall go if the price of paper keeps up.

TO YOURS MEN.—Two young men commenced the sail making business, at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off when Girard remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No, it is not far, and we carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note, I'll take it without."

DESTINY.—A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens, and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration, remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful doorstep, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

BLIND DEITIES.—Love, Justice and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three deities make us mortals open our eyes pretty wide sometimes.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose a good name; if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

Influence of Sensible Women.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendship I mean friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart whom he loves, and who loves him, if he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such helpmate, female friendships be must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many unheeded gaps even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, that such friendships should exist where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. You may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than yourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which it finds in Marie de Gournay an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my being."—Bulwer.

We heard a "good one," at Harrisburg, the other day, in which a former Senator from Berks county was the "hero." A few winters ago, while the Legislature was in session; the small pox became unpleasantly prevalent at the capital, causing considerable alarm among the Solons. One morning the Senator referred to came to a friend in a state of great excitement, and said—

"I think I will get tings ready and go home; I don't want de small pox," and he started for his room at a brisk pace. In the course of an hour he again met his friend and his excitement had evidently subsided. On astonishment being expressed at seeing him still in Harrisburg, he said, with great complacency, "Oh, since I come to tick about it, I had de small pox once, and we don't git him twice."

"But," said a gentleman present, "I knew a man to have it three times; and he died from it."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Senator, his alarm returning, "and which time did he die?" and the Senator repeated his trunk and went home to Betsy.

An Englishman traveling in Kentucky, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Niver," replied Pat, "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

We have received a letter from Springfield, in this State, signed "Three She Rebels." They very broadly intimate, or rather say, that we lie. Indeed we don't lie, and we don't. They must excuse our want of gallantry in saying that they lie, and that we will sooner be hanged than lie with them.—Louisville Journal.

Johnny, the minister's son, went to his father one morning directly after family-worship, saying:—"Father, while you were praying, I saw a man in the garden stealing grapes."

"Well," answered the good man, "if you had been praying too, you would not have seen him."

"But father," says Johnny, "the bible says we are to watch as well as pray."

Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purpose; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

New Mode of Clearifying Coffee.—It is said that eggs are now so dear in Trenton, N. J., that the housewives use the white of their eyes instead of the "white of an egg" to clear their coffee.

The Art of Being Polite.

First and foremost, don't try to be polite. It will spoil all. If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions, not by your words. Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect—of driving them out of the house. Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endure yourself to talkers learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything; never talk about yourself, and always preserve a perfect composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, furniture or viands. It is fair to presume that their visit is to you, not to the surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns. It is our business, then, to keep them in good working order.

A Yankee Shoe-maker.

"You hain't no occasion for a jer nor nothin' 'spose," said a jolly son of St. Crispen from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I hain't," was the reply of Boss. "Why I should like a dozen if I could get 'em; but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"O, as to the matter of that," said the snob, "I reckon how I can make a decent sort of a craft."

"Spread your kit, then," said the boss, "I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me I can give you a steady seat of work."

Crispen was soon at it hammering and whistling away as happy as a clam at high water, and the boss was called away on some business which detained several hours—meanwhile the tamping jer had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was made in my shop, that's a fact."

"P'raps you'd bet a trifle on that," said the snob.

"Bet," responded the boss, "why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a hand of tobacco that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done," said Crispen, at the same time casting a sly wink at his shopmates, "but let me see if I have got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole hand of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the snob's skin laid along the side of it, which was no sooner done, than he proceeded to draw from his hiding place the other shoe.

"Here boss," said he, "you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst."

"Well, I guess I am fairly sucked in this time," replied the boss, pushing the cavendish and shinpaster toward the rightful owner, and throwing a nincompoop to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no more as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed post and soon returned with a quart of blackstrap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the boss a hearty good bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

As the mother-tongue in which we converse is the only language in which we all take, though few are taught it, so the mother wit, by which we act, is the only science that we learn.

Punch says women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Vice versus Virtus.—Vice is concealed by wealth, and virtue by poverty.

ANGER.—The beginning of anger is foolishness; and its end is repentance.