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## THE UNION AS IT SMALL BE.

On the rocks we read the story  
Of the revolutions grand,  
Which in ages past and hoary  
Swept o'er mountain, sea and land;  
There we trace the mighty stages  
Of the world's historic times;  
And we mark the buried ages  
By their monuments sublime;  
And the lesson old earth teaches,  
By her grand symbolic forms,  
Is, that she all beauty reaches,  
Through upheavals, fires, and storms.

History points with solemn finger  
To her records dim and old,  
And, as thoughtfully we linger,  
Still the lesson there is told;  
Through the struggles and the burnings,  
Through the stern and frantic strife,  
Through the nation's fierce upturnings,  
Put they on a fresher life;  
Then they pass to higher stages  
Both of beauty and renown;  
In the conflict of the ages  
Greatness doth the nations crown.

Lo we feel the wild upheaval  
Of a nation's hidden fires;  
Right is battling with the Evil,  
And the smoke to heaven aspires;  
War, tumultuous and red lighted,  
Sweepeth with sirocco blast,  
And our green young land is blighted,  
As the tempest whisteth past;  
Not the death-throe of the nation  
Is this wild and awful hour,  
'Tis its painful transformation  
To a nobler life of power.

As the fossils huge were buried  
In the massy folds of rock,  
So our Saurian crimes hurried  
To its death thro' in the shock;  
'Neath the Union's broad foundations  
Shall the monster Slavery lie,  
While the coming generations  
Ponder o'er the mystery;  
Through long periods of beauty  
From its dark transition time;  
In its march of power and duty,  
Shall the Union live sublime.

Nobler, freer, and more glorious,  
Shall the future Union be  
O'er the despoils red victorious,  
All the lands its strength shall see;  
North and South in one dominion,  
One in freedom evermore,  
O'er one land on loving pinion  
Shall the lordly eagle soar.  
Northern lake, and Southern harbor,  
Cotton field and prairie wide,  
Sandy slope, and greenwood arbor,  
All shall boast the Union's pride.

On through all the stormy trial,  
God shall bring us on our way,  
Let us meet the stern denial,  
Let us watch and wait and pray;  
Up from all this tribulation  
We shall rise a nobler land,  
And in peerless exaltation,  
Mid the nations on our stand:  
Welcome storm, and fire, and peril!  
Fields elysian yet shall rise  
O'er our way-worn wastes and sterile  
Wrought by freemen's sacrifice.

## LINES TO A LADY'S HAND.

O goodly hand!  
Wherein doth stand  
My heart distract in pain:  
Fair hand, alas!  
In little space  
My life thou dost restrain.

O! fingers slight,  
Departed right,  
So long, so small, so round!  
Goodly by-gone,  
And yet alone  
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white  
And roses bright  
Doth strive thy color fair:  
Nature doth lend  
Each finger's end  
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,  
Since that thou hast  
My heart in thy domain,  
For service true  
On me to rue,  
And reach me love again

And if not so,  
There with more we  
Enforce thyself to strain  
This simple heart,  
That suffered smart,  
And rid it out of pain.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE EMPEROR.

There was once a poor man who dwelt in a hut, and gained a livelihood by begging alms. He had an only daughter, whom heaven had gifted with extraordinary wisdom, and who, little by little, taught her father to speak so wisely, that one day, when he had gone to ask alms of the Emperor, the latter was astonished at the wisdom with which he spoke, and demanded from whom he acquired it. "From my daughter, O noble Emperor!" answered the poor man; and the Emperor being very wise himself, and proud of his wisdom, resolved to put that of the old man's daughter to trial; so he gave the old man thirty eggs, and said:

"Take these to thy daughter, and bid her get them hatched into thirty pullets. If she refuses to obey, evil will befall her."

The poor man burst into tears, for he saw that the eggs had all been boiled. But when he had reached home, and told his daughter all that had passed, she bade him be cheerful and retire to rest, telling him he need not fear any danger. She then took a pot of water, put a handful of beans into it, and placed it over the fire; and on the morrow, when her father had risen, she gave him the boiled beans, and told him to dig a trench in a certain field, by which the Emperor would pass as he went out hunting. "And as the Emperor passes by, take the beans and sow them in the trench, and cry aloud, 'God be gracious, and grant that my boiled beans may spring up quickly!' and if the Emperor asks how it is possible for boiled beans to grow, reply that it was as possible as for a pullet to be hatched from a boiled egg."

The poor man did as his daughter had instructed him. He took his spade and dug a trench in a field by the side of the highway, and when he saw the Emperor coming, he began to sow his beans in the trench and cry aloud, "God be gracious, and grant that my boiled beans may spring up quickly!"

When the Emperor heard these words he stopped, and asked how it was possible for boiled beans to grow? Whereupon the poor man answered:

"Gracious Emperor, it is as easy as for a pullet to be hatched from a boiled egg."

The Emperor divined who it was that had arranged this stratagem, and in order still more to try the maiden's wisdom, he gave the poor man a pack of hemp, and said:

"Take this to thy daughter, and bid her make me from it as many sails and ropes as are necessary for a ship. If she refuses to obey, her head shall be the forfeit."

The poor man was sorely troubled at these words, and having received the pack of hemp, returned to his daughter, weeping all the way.

But when he had told her all that had passed, she again comforted him, and bade him be cheerful and retire to rest, and fear no danger; and on the morrow when he had risen, she gave him a little piece of wood and said:

"Take this to the Emperor, and say that if he will cut me out a spinning wheel, a loom, and a shuttle, then will I do that which he has commanded."

The poor man did the second time as his daughter had instructed him; and when he delivered her message, the Emperor was more than ever astonished at her wisdom. To put it at a new trial, he took a drinking glass, and said to the poor man:

"Take this to thy daughter, and bid her empty the sea with it, and make its bed dry enough to grow corn on. If she refuses to obey, both her head and thine own shall pay the forfeit."

At this the poor man was more terrified than ever. But when he had returned home and told his daughter what the Emperor had commanded, the maiden comforted him the third time and bade him be cheerful, retire to rest, and fear no danger. And on the morrow, when he had risen, she gave him a pound of tow, and said to him:

"Take this to the Emperor and say that if he will stop with it the mouths and the springs of all the rivers in the world, then will I do that which he has commanded."

Again the man did according to his daughter's counsel; and when he had delivered her message, the Emperor acknowledged that she was wiser than he himself, and commanded that she should at once be brought before him.

When she had come into his presence, and had saluted him, he said to her:

"My daughter, tell me what can be heard the furthest?" and she answered, "Gracious Emperor, thunder and a lie."

The Emperor then took his beard in his hand, and demanded of his counselors how much it was worth. When they had placed upon it a value, some greater and some less, the maiden said:

"Most gracious Emperor, none of thy counselors have answered well. The beard of the Emperor is worth three showers of rain in a dry summer."

These words delighted the Emperor, who declared that the maiden had answered better than all his counselors. He then asked her if she would become his wife, saying that he would receive only one answer. The maiden prostrated herself before him and replied:

"Gracious Emperor, it is thine to command, and mine to obey what thou commandest. Let me ask of thee but one thing, namely, that thou shalt give me a writing, written with thine own hand, that if it should ever be thy pleasure to send me away, I may carry from thy castle whatever single thing I may love best."

The Emperor gave her the writing that she asked, and then had her placed upon the throne beside him.

For many summers the Empress was loved by her husband; but it came to pass in time that he ceased to cherish her. He then said to her one day, "I do not wish thee any longer to be my wife. Leave my castle, and go wherethou wilt."

She answered, "Illustrious Emperor, I will obey thee. Grant me only that I may stay until to-morrow."

The Emperor granted what she asked, and in the evening she poured some of the juice of a certain herb into a cup of wine, and presented it to him, and said:

"Drink, illustrious Emperor; and be happy! To-morrow I go away, and to-morrow I shall be more joyful than I was even on my marriage morn."

The Emperor drank, and soon his eyelids became heavy, and he fell asleep; while she slept, the Empress had him lifted into a carriage which was in readiness, and therein conveyed to a distant grove, which she long ago had prepared in anticipation of such an emergency.

When the Emperor awoke, and found himself in the grove, he angrily demanded how he had come thither. "I have had you brought here," replied the Empress. And he then asked, very angrily, whosoever she had done this, adding: "Did I not say thou shouldst no longer be my wife?" The Empress took out of her bosom the writing which the Emperor had given her before her marriage and answered:

"It is true, illustrious Emperor; but this writing, which was given by thine own hand, accorded me the right to bring away with me, when I quitted the castle, whatsoever I love best; I exercised my right, and brought thee, most most gracious Emperor."

When the Emperor heard these words, he vowed never to part from so faithful and wise a wife. So he embraced her, and returned with her to the castle; and they two sat thereafter side by side upon the throne, for many summers; and when the last summer had passed, death reaped them both together, like a double ear of corn.

**PARLOR COURSHIP.**  
The following emphatic and sensible protest against one of the most atrocious of the many fashionable follies of modern society is from the pen of "Jenny June," of the Sunday Times. Would that every parent could read and heed it:

"Years and years ago, 'bundling' is said to have been practiced quite commonly, even in the county of Lancaster, by our ancient Dutch ancestors, and was so respected as an old and honorable method of courting, that it was kept in countenance long after a finer instinct and more correct taste had condemned it in the minds of all intelligent people. The precise signification of the term employed we shall leave to old Knickerbockers to determine. The facts come to us only by way of tradition, and are now so completely lost sight of that it is difficult to obtain exact data upon which to base conclusions. However, it is not our object to enter into researches upon the subject, but simply show that, shocking as it may have been to fastidious sensibilities, the style of to-day, in the midst of the professed taste, delicacy, refinement, and culture of our best society, is scarcely less objectionable. Is this startling? But who will dare to say it is not true?"

"Careful parents will not permit their young daughters to go to balls with male acquaintances; they put an embargo, which has not, however, the slightest effect upon indiscriminate waltzing, and the next night go to bed at ten o'clock, leaving the pretty and impressive Miss Carolina alone with 'dear Augustus,' to indulge in tender fancies, in a darkened room possibly, until twelve, one, two, or three o'clock in the morning. Do they willfully shut their eyes to the weakness and folly; to give them no harsher names, of the proceedings which take place under such circumstances? Do they know that, under their own roof, and while quietly sleeping, that purity and innocence of soul, which they prize so much may have flown away forever? We know nothing of Mr. Augustus—he may be a very nice young man; but the chances are that the parents know just as little. American girls have such a very independent way of doing business, and consider their occupations and interests so entirely matters for their own exclusive concern, that it takes more than ordinary courage on the part of an affectionate father or mother to venture an inquiry as to the character and position of their daughter's male friends, how their acquaintance was formed, or if it has any special object."

"The usual style is for every member of a family but the daughters to leave the room as soon as a young man enters it. If it is known that the visit is intended for one in particular, all leave but that one, and the room should not be entered as long as she remains, upon any account; if it is a terrific shuffling must announce an approach. Young men would be more or less than human not to take advantage of such opportunities; and girls—well, they are foolish, afraid of giving offence, sometimes imagine themselves in love, and, altogether act in a way which, years afterwards, when they are happily married to quite another individual, they would rather not recall."

"It is strange that the shocking indelicacy of this method of courting does not taboo it at once. Why young men and girls should be shut up together when they are what is called 'keeping company,' it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to determine. If they desire to become acquainted with each other, it could be done better in the midst of the family circle, and surrounded by ordinary circumstances. If it is to give them an opportunity for uninterrupted carping and endeavorment, then it presupposes folly on one side and wickedness on the other, which requires looking after. Parents are greatly at fault in the matter—first, in not having established sufficient control over their children to guide their actions in important affairs; and second, in frequently being so anxious to marry their daughters as to willfully shut their eyes to what are called 'little follies.' Men naturally dislike to have wives thrust upon them, however, and this exceeding willingness has spoiled many a good girl's chances."

"A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within the dark."

"Why is a lean dog like a man in mediation? Because he's a thin cur."

**FARO AND ROULETTE.**  
A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times has "been to see the tiger," and here is the way he describes the animal:

A ring at the door-bell, and a reconnaissance through its grated upper half by a stalwart negro, then up a pair of stairs, through an ante-room, and we stand in the carpeted, elegant jungles of the modern "tiger." There are two wide, lofty rooms, divided by folding doors, both dazzling with light, softly carpeted, decorated with elegant and voluptuous paintings, and seemingly just the spot where poor tired humanity would come to get a foretaste of Eden, and recuperate for the stern battles of life. In the first room is a sideboard, upon whose shelves are rows of elegant decanters, through which blazes the purple wine or flashes the crystalline extract of the juniper—*Anglice* gin.

In this room is also a roulette-table, which as we enter, is vacant, and in the other room is a faro-table, around which are gathered a half-dozen men, so absorbed in the game that were Gabriel to rock the earth from his trumpet, they would never hear it.

I won't describe the game; for what little, if any, is not known about it in Chicago, is not known anywhere else, even in this city of inquiry—Washington.

Behind the table sits the dealer—long in finger, white in hand, and with the inevitable cluster of brilliants sparkling from digit and shirt bosom. He is gray-eyed, peckmarked, resolute, and yet pleasant in appearance, with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that shows him to be no mean man in case of an exchange of fistic courtesies.

On his right hand stands a captain playing with half-dollar checks, and investing one at a time, evidently a loser, for, as his check is raked down, he follows it with a sigh, and I doubt not a curse upon the capriciousness of fortune. He has but a half-dozen checks; in a minute they are gone, and, after going to a corner and examining an empty pocket-book, he returns and stands moodily watching the game.

Next to him is a thick-set young man, who with something less than a bushel of ten and twenty dollar checks at his side, is with the most perfect nonchalance betting from one to five hundred dollars upon his cards, and winning or losing without the slightest change of countenance. But he is lucky; every card he bets on wins until, after half an hour, he loses three or four times in succession, and, then, with the remark, "My luck is changed, I guess I'll quit," he counts over his checks to the dealer, who, coolly as if it were a matter of five cents, passes over to the lucky individual a thirty-seven hundred dollars in three per cent coupons of United States Treasury notes. Thrusting the immense pile of paper into his coat pocket, the gentleman rises, takes a cigar and a drink at the side board, and then with a "good night gentlemen," he walks out.

The dealer proceeds unconcernedly, while I, dazzled at such results, draw out a solitary five and deposit on the king. In just three seconds the claws of the tiger covered my lonely and long treasured five, and I see it no more—and I may add that I haven't seen it since.

A young gentleman, evidently a clerk in a dry goods store, sits on my left, and is betting and losing. Two or three times his checks run out, and then he goes to a friend, and whispers a moment, and finally he returns with a ten, which he invests in checks, and loses. At last he comes back from one of his side excursions with a lowering brow and no money. He sits down, watches the game a moment, and leaves.

"About in this style went the game—one man winning, all the balance losing. By and by an elegant supper was served in an upper room, and then the party adjourned and commenced playing roulette, and officers appeared to be out of luck, for here, in less than half an hour, I saw a Federal captain lose some \$620. Everybody lost till just before I left, when the young gentleman—who had been borrowing and betting on faro, returned. He watched the spinning of the ball a short time, and then took a bystander aside. "But you owe me fifty now," I heard the officer say; "I'll give it all back to-morrow," was the reply.

Finally he came back with a "green back" to the amount of twenty. He put it all on the red; red won. The whole pile again went on the red, and again red was winner. He changed to

black and black won. In short, everything that he laid his money on was the winning color. In less than five minutes from the time he began, he quietly cashed his checks, and left with over \$1800.

So much for luck.

During the two hours that I was in the establishment some five or six thousand dollars changed hands.

There are some five or six first-class establishments of the kind in Washington, besides any quantity of others of lesser note. They are well known to the police, and in fact every body else, but are not disturbed. They are as necessary to Congress as the nigger question, and nearly or quite as much patronized.

**Be Truthful Always.**  
Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a large melon; I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an insound spot on the other side," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it." "But," he added, "looking into the boy's fine countenance, 'is it very business like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?'"

"It is better than to be dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow: always remember that principle and you will find favor with God, and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall remember your little stand in future."

"Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot on the melon. Now, you can take it home for your nephews, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams that I caught yesterday. Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman finding that he could always get a good article from Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future prospects. To become a merchant was his ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanted a boy, a boy that he could trust for his store, decided on giving Harry the place. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through the various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

"Counter-Irritation" means the application of a corrosive substance or liquid to any part where disease is supposed to exist, which irritates, burns, and destroys the skin, and sometimes the muscles underneath; thus a new disease is created, more powerful and inflammatory in its action than the one which is internal, and therefore it may be said to counteract it. This frequently gives temporary relief; but it is liable to objection, because a new disease is thereby introduced, and the patient has then to contend against two maladies instead of one. A blister, for instance will take effect on every part of the body and on constitution, whether healthy or unhealthy; so will tartar-ematic ointment, cathartides, &c.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle show.

If our cloths are not well cut we are liable to be cut ourselves.