

The Mariettian.

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F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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**Z. SUPPLEE,
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Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14-1f

TO OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.
Collection of Pensions, Bounties, Back
Pay, and War Claims.
Officers' Pay Rolls, Muster Rolls, and
Recruiting Accounts made out.

THE undersigned, having been in the em-
ployment of the United States during the
last eighteen months, as Clerk in the Mustering
and Disbursing Office and Office of Super-
intendent of Recruiting Service of Pennsylvania,
respectfully informs the public that he has
opened an office in the Daily Telegraph Build-
ing for the purpose of collecting Pensions,
Bounties, Back Pay and War Claims; also,
making out Officers' Pay Rolls, Muster Rolls
and Recruiting Accounts.
All orders by mail attended to promptly.
SULLIVAN S. GUILD,
Harrisburg, Nov. 29, 1862. 18-ly

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Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.
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the largest assortment of City made work in
his line of business in this Borough, and being
a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
himself, is enabled to select with more judgment
than those who are not. He continues to man-
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the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he
will warrant for neatness and good work-
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will continue the WATCH, CLOCK
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Queen street and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
A full assortment of goods in our line of busi-
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Corner of North Queen-st., and Centre Square
Lancaster, Pa., have them for sale at the very
lowest rates—every watch accompanied with
the manufacturers guarantee to ensure its gen-
uineness.

AGE.

Youth but now 'twas mine to taste;
Manhood's purpose next I chased;
While its spring my life retains,
And the blood bounds through my veins.
Aged people passed along,
Seeming as if never young;
And I thought their state from me
Very far indeed to be.

But Age met me on the way,
Unexpectedly, one day!
I supposed him passing on,
To attend some other one,
And a wide berth, to go by,
Gave his reverence, rather shy.
Yet I bowed and touched my hat,
For I always have done that,
To denote respect for what,
I must own, I covet not.
Much it startled me when Eld
Stopped me, and my button held;
With familiarity, I thought,
And an honor all unthought.
Waiting not for his address—
"Sir, you notice, I confess,
Underserved, for one, in sooth,
Of my inexperienced youth."
"And"—I added, somewhat flurried—
"Just now, sir, I own I'm hurried."
"You have business, too?" said I.
"Therefore, reverend sir good bye!"
But, he smiled; and, with a look
Too familiar, would have took
My reluctant hand in his,
Had I not avoided this.
Though so civil, all the while,
I disliked his toothless smile;
And by no means had a whim
For a tete-a-tete with him.
Much I feared his chill breath might
My imperial whiskers blight;
Now, like gold Hyperion's, they
Should be sprinkling them with gray,
Would look wiser, silvered so;
Yet the honor I'd forego.

"Friend," said he, "your haste appears
Unbecoming for your years.
I have business, as you say;
But, 'tis with yourself, to-day?"
This unlooked for compliment
Through my veins a shiver sent;
And the case of Felix shot,
Like an arrow, on my thought—
How he listened to Paul's word,
Trembling at the truth he heard;
And delayed with him to reason,
Till a more convenient season.
My own state I felt to be
Felix's infelicity.
"Sir," with faltering tongue, I cried,
"Much, to-day, I'm occupied;
Go thy way but now; and I
Will attend you by and by."
So I turned to pass him; and
Left my button in his hand.
"Rash man! will you go?" he said;
"But a little on is death.
If my company you shun,
He will be upon you soon;
I alone can make him stay
From you, a while, away."

Hearing this, I shuddered, and
Proffered Age my trembling hand.
Since then, every way and weather,
He and I go on together;
Till that other shadow grim
Frees me finally from him—
Then immortal youth shall be
Mine for all eternity!

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless Babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then?
And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, plying boy,
Happy, oespite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child; and then?
And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the decalogue,
And break it; an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
To capture butterflies; and then?
And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a Youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sins; and then?
And then, at last, to be a Man;
To fall in love; to woo and wed;
With seething brain to scheme and plan;
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for gain with tongue or pen,
And amf of lose the prize; and then?
And then a gray and wrinkled Eld,
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of long yere,
To dream a while with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave; and then.

POSTAGE WIT.—A letter bearing the
following address was recently mailed
in Rochester, New York:
To Hiram Allen, OSWEGO;
Transposed, it readeth WE-GO-SO;
Transposed again, and you will see
That thus it runneth, SO-GO-WE;
Transposed once more, and it will show
A common adage, SO-WE-GO!
Aye—so we go in Life's GREAT MALL;
If badly, "thereby hangs a tale!"

THE STRANGER.

"Lay her P the earth!
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!" SHAKESPEARE.
One morning in the early part of the
extremely warm summer of 18—, I was
travelling along the dusty highway to-
wards the city of N—. No rain had
fallen for many days; and the young
grass and humble wayside blossoms
were withering beneath the scorching
rays of a Southern sun. I too, felt my
wary head fast drooping earthward,
when a cool sparkling stream came
bounding across my path, leaving a long
bright line of verdure to mark its plea-
sant pathway. Instinctively I followed
the course of the rivulet. I bathed my
hot brow in its refreshing waters—watched
the tiny fishes sporting over the
bright sands—listened to the song of the
hidden bird; and gathered the wild roses
that dipped their blushing petals in the
waves. Thus pleasantly engaged, I for-
got my journey and wandered on through
the sweet valley till I reached a large
antiquated farm house. It stood beside
the creek, and was half concealed by a
cluster of weeping willows that swept
its low roof with their long silvery
leaves. The smoke curled lazily up the
chimney; and the white palings peeped
forth from the clusters of blossoming
vines. All outward things breathed
peace and blessedness; and yet a few
short moments since tempest to which
the earthquake violence is as nothing
raged within those walls—within the
portals of a human heart, that now lay
all cold and pulseless! and sorrowful to
tell rendered so by its own unguarded
impulse. I entered the open door. A
fair young girl lay dead upon the sofa.
Her rich hair lay in the wild masses
around her marble neck and finely
moulded form; the long lashes drooped
heavily over the closed eyes, and the
broad open brow told that spirit of no
common order had the inmate of its
deserted halls. Yet the small delicate
features were strictly feminine, and
the deep tears of sorrow and the suffe-
ring lingered still around the chill cheek
and lips. A broken phial escaped from
that palsied hand, told how the fatal
deed had been accomplished.

The group of honest country people
who stood near, looked down with awe
and wonder, and could not conceive
how one so fair, delicate and richly clad
could have had aught of earthly sorrow.
Alas! the rich silken robes, the jewels
that shone on the small snowy fingers,
were little regarded by the unfortunate
owner. But who, and what is she!
A stranger from a far land, who but a
few short days since came to this so-
questered glen to seek repose.

A serf! lay beside her, and presuming
that its contents might inform us of the
history I opened it and read as fol-
lows:
"Friends! alas, no—I have no friend
and therefore I am this. Kind stran-
gers condemn not unheard, one who has
none to plead her cause. Perhaps your
happier lot may prevent you from fully
understanding the feeling like mine—
You walk beneath the fair skies that
smiled upon your birth—you know not
what it is to be an exile—a homeless
wanderer on the earth, to buy with gold
a shelter beneath another's roof-tree,
and mark the free smile of the close
knit circle fade away and their accents
grow cold on the approach of the pale-
faced stranger. Yet she too once had
friends and relatives. A band of young
sisters wreathed their soft arms with
hers, as they sported in the merry
spring time on the green banks of the
Vistula. An honored father sheltered
them from evil by the broad shield of
his name and wide spread lands, and
fond eye of a tender mother followed us
with unsleeping love. We rejoiced in
each others joy and knew no sorrow, till
the grasping hand of despotism drove
us forever from Poland. We found shel-
ter on your peaceful shores; but my
proud father's heart grew faint, as he
thought of his fallen name and desolate
country; and in a few short months
he died. My sisters drooped like sweet
blossoms transplanted from their native
climatic and faded, one by one away
from earth, and she who gave us birth
whose life was as it were a part of ours
she too bent down her head and list-
ened no more to any voice as of old.
Day by day she became more silent,
until death came to restore her to the
gods before. Why did I not follow
them?
Iran, the tried friend and sharer of
our fortune still stood by my side, sup-
ported by his strong love and faith I
again lifted up my eyes and dared to
hope. With him the future could not

be at all dark, I dreamed not that there
was no future for him; for he strove to
conceal from me the slow fever which
was wearing away his vitality; and when
at last he sunk upon his death couch,
still he held my hand and smiled, as if
death itself were disarmed by the mighty
power of love.

It was a delightful night. The light-
ning flashed, and the fierce storm beat
against our crazy dwelling; till it rocked
and shook to its foundation. I prayed
that it might fall—that the red thun-
der-bolt might find a place in my bosom—
that I might die with Iran! But the
tempest passed away, and the cold gray
light of morning found me seated beside
his lifeless form—alone in the world—
Yet his spirit still hovers round me in
the dim night and by day. Something
from the blue clouds beckons me hence,
Iran! I come! and may Heaven!"

Here the manuscript became illegible
from the tears of the unhappy writer.
My own fell fast, as I exclaimed, Oh
that I had come sooner? Perhaps a
kind voice, or friendly care might have
given courage to this stricken soul; she
might in time have become resigned to
the dispensation of Providence and have
lived a useful and honored servant of
Him whose commands she has thus out-
raged.

Reader condemn her not; for perad-
venture even thou art not altogether
guiltless. Has despair never gathered
strength within the breasts of those who
read contempt in thy light tone and
scorn in thy haughty brow? Has not
the friendless one often shrunk from thy
cold withering glance, and groaned be-
neath life's burdens? If so; lay thy fin-
ger on thy lips and be silent?
And thou dear sister, who starest in
thine own quiet home, surrounded by
cherished forms and objects, let thy
heart ever flow with gratitude to the
great Giver and remember "the stranger
that is within thy gate!"

THE ROYAL WAGER.

"Come tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I'll wear the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet." MOZART.
On a fine July day, the fair Margaret,
queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her
royal brother, had arranged a rural feast
for the morning following, which Fran-
cis had declined attending. He was
melancholy; and the cause was said to
be some lover's quarrel with a favorite
dame. The morrow came, and dark
misty clouds destroyed at once the
scheme of the courtly throng. Marg-
aret was angry; and she grew weary; her
only hope for amusement was in Fran-
cis; and he had shut himself up—an ex-
cellent reason why she should the more
desire to see him. She entered his
apartment; he was standing at the case-
ment, against which the noisy shower
beat, writing with a diamond on the
glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole
companions. As queen Margaret en-
tered, he hastily let down the silken cur-
tain before the window, and looked a
little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said
the queen, "what crimsons your cheek?
I must see the same."
"It is treason," replied the king, "and
therefore, sweet sister, thou must not
see it."
This the more excited Margaret's curi-
osity, and a playful contest ensued.—
Francis at last yielded; he threw him-
self on a huge high backed settee; and,
as the lady drew back the curtain with
an arch smile, he grew grave and senti-
mental, as he reflected on the cause
which had inspired this libel against all
woman-kind.

"What have you here?" said Marg-
aret. "Nay, this is *l'esu majeste*."
"Souvent femme varie—bien fou qui s'y fie!"
(Often woman changes—foolish he who trusts
her.)
Very little change would greatly amend
your line sir—would it not run better
thus:
"Souvent homme varie—bien fou qui s'y fie!"
(Often man changes—foolish she who trusts
him.)
I could tell you a thousand stories of
man's inconstancy.

"I will be content with one true tale
of woman's fidelity," said Francis, dry-
ly. "But do not provoke me! I would
fain be at peace with the soft mataffi-
tises for thy dear sake."
"I defy you, grace!" replied Marg-
aret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood
of one noble and well-reputed dame."
"Not even Emille de Lagny?" said
the king.
"This was a sore subject for the queen;
Emille had been brought up in her
household, the most beautiful and the
most virtuous of her maids of honor—
She had long loved the Sire de Lagny,
and their nuptials were celebrated with

rejoicings but little ominous of the re-
sult. De Lagny was accused but a year
after of traitorously yielding to the em-
peror a fortress under his command, and
he was condemned to perpetual impris-
onment. For some time Emille was
inconsolable, often visiting the misera-
ble dungeon of her husband, and suffer-
ing, on her return from witnessing his
wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief
as threatened her life. Suddenly in the
midst of her sorrow, she disappeared;
and inquiry only divulged the disgrace-
ful fact, that she had escaped from
France, bearing her jewels with her, and
accompanied by her page, Robinet Le-
roux. It was whispered that, during
her journey, the lady and her stripling
were often seen together; and Marg-
aret, enraged at these discoveries, com-
manded that no further quest should be
made for her lost favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she de-
fended Emille, declaring that she be-
lieved her to be guiltless, even going so
far as to boast that within a month she
would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said
Francis, laughing.
"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret.
"If I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of
thine as a motto to my shame to my
grave; if I win—"
"I will break my window, and grant
thee whatever boon thou askest."
The result of this bet was long sung
by troubadours and minstrel. The queen
employed a hundred emissaries, pub-
lished rewards for any intelligence of
Emille—all in vain. This month was
expiring, and Margaret would have given
many bright jewels to redeem her
word. On the eve of the fatal day, the
jailer of the prison in which the Sire de
Lagny was confined, sought an audience
of the queen; he brought her a message
from the knight to say, that if the lady
Margaret would ask his pardon as her
brother, and obtain from her royal brother
that he might be brought before him,
her bet was won. Fair Margaret was
very joyful, and readily made the de-
sired promise. Francis was unwilling
to see his false servant, but he was in
high good humor, for a cavalier had that
morning brought intelligence of a victo-
ry over the imperialists. The messenger
himself was lauded in the despatches
as the most fearless and brave knight
in France. The king loaded him with
presents, only regretting that a vow
prevented the soldier from raising a vis-
or or declaring his name.

That same evening, as the setting sun
shone on the lattice on which the un-
gallant rhyme was traced, Francis re-
posed on the same settee, and the beau-
tiful queen of Navarre, with triumph in
her bright eyes, sat beside him. At-
tended by guards, the prisoner was bro't
in; his frame was attenuated by privation,
and he walked with tottering steps.
He knelt at the feet of Francis, and un-
covered his head; a quantity of rich
golden hair then escaping, fell over the
sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the
suppliant.

"We have treason here!" cried the
king. "Sir jailer, where is your pris-
oner?"
"Sire, blame him not," said the soft,
faltering voice of Emille; "wiser men
than he have been deceived by woman.
My dear lord was guiltless of the crime
for which he suffered. There was but
one mode to save him, I assumed his
place; he escaped with poor Robinet
Leroux in my attire; he joined your ar-
my; the young and gallant cavalier who
delivered the despatches to your grace,
whom you overwhelmed with honors
and rewards, is my own Euguerd de
Lagny. I waited but for his arrival
with testimonials of his innocence, to
declare myself to my lady the queen—
Has she not 'fore her bet' and the boon
she asks?"

"Is de Lagny's pardon," said Marg-
aret, as she also knelt to the king.
"Spare your faithful vassal, sire, and re-
ward this lady's truth!"
Francis first broke the false speaking
window, then he raised the ladies from
their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate
this "triumph of ladies," the sire de Lag-
ny bore off every prize; and surely there
was more loveliness in Emille's faded
cheek—more grace in her emaciated
form—types as they were of the truest
affection—than in the prouder bearing
and fresher complexion of the most bril-
liant beauty and attendance on the court-
ly festival.

"Somebody said the other day that
a stick thrown at a dog in front of a
Washington hotel hit five Brigadier
Generals."

EARLY INSTRUCTION OF HORSES.

During my long career among the Arab
tribes I have seen and watched the
breeding of more than ten thousand
colts, writes an English traveler from
Arabia, and I am certain that all those
whose education did not commence very
early, and was not directed, moreover,
on good principles, turned out faulty,
vicious, and, in general, good for noth-
ing. "So much am I persuaded of the
necessity of early instruction, that invari-
ably, in my travels, when I was under
the necessity of buying horses, I refused
those which had not been mounted at the
age of eighteen months.

"How has this horse been bred?" was
always my first question.
"My lord," replied the city Arab,
"this gray jewel of the river has been
reared like one of my own children; has
been well-fed, well nursed, and well
taught. I only mounted him when full
four years. See how sleek his skin and
how glossy his mane!"
"My friend, keep thy horse. He is
clearly thine own and thy family's pride;
and shame upon my white beard were I
to deprive thee of him."

"And thou?" I then addressed a son of
the Desert, emburled from head to foot;
"how hast thou bred thy horse?"
"My lord," he answered, "from his
earliest youth I have accustomed his
back to the saddle, and his mouth to the
bit. While still young he carried me far,
far into the Desert; many days without
drink, and many nights without food. His
fanks look naked, it is true; but believe me, should you
ever meet false friends on the road, he
will not leave you in trouble."

"Halloo! servants, tie the chestnut
horse to the tent, and entertain my Arab
friend."

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

There is no prettier picture in life than that of a
daughter reading to her aged father.
The old man, while listening to her sil-
very notes, goes back to other times,
when another one by his side, and
whispered words he will never hear again
now does he wish to do so, for in the soft
evening light he sees her image reflect-
ed in her child; and as one by one
gentle emotions steal over him he veils
his face, and daughter, thinking himself
asleep, goes noiselessly in search of
other employment. Virgin innocence,
watching over the cares and wants of
old, is a spectacle fit for angels. It is
one of the links between earth and heav-
en, and takes from the face of the hard
and selfish world many of its features.

You have heard, perhaps, reader,
of the encounter between an Englishman
and the market woman at a fruit
stand in New York. The Englishman
had learned of the Yankee habit of
braggart, and he thought he would cut
the comb of that propensity. He saw
some huge watermelons on the market
woman's stand, and walking up to her,
and pointing at them with a look of dis-
appointment, said: "What! don't you
raise bigger apples than these in Amer-
ica?" The woman looked at him a mo-
ment, and then retorted: "Apples! I
anybody might know you was an Eng-
lishman. Them's huckleberries."

"What a censorious liar!" ex-
claimed old Mrs. Partington, as she
read in a paper an account of a new
counterfeit which was said to contain
three women and a bust of Washington
on each end. "What?" said she. "Gen-
eral Washington on a bust! 'tis not so!"
and the old lady lifted her spectacles and
declared she had known the old gentle-
man for the last thirty years, and she
never heard of his being on a bust—much
less with three women."

We derive the custom of wearing
orange flowers at a wedding from
France. It is a matter of much pride
and importance, inasmuch as it is not
only a token of the purity of the bride
herself, but also bears witness to the
integrity and morality of her relatives.

Blushing is occasioned by an in-
creased action of the heart from excite-
ment, or emotion of any kind; there is
consequently no means of preventing a
diffusion, which is, generally speaking,
much more distressing to the sufferer
than actual pain.

Not long ago a youth, older in
wit than in years, after being catechised
concerning the power of nature, replied:
"Now, I think there's one thing nature
can't do." "What is that my child?"
She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any
bigger, without setting his ears back."

A ram is an animal whose butt is
on the wrong end of him.