

# The Marietta.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1854.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

NO. 32.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Terms, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

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## THEY TELL ME I AM GROWING OLD.

They tell me I am growing old,  
My locks are thin and gray,  
And many a furrow's on my cheek—  
Sad tokens of decay!  
Alas! I little thought that time  
Was working thus with me,  
Although so plain its deep-made lines  
On others I could see.

They tell me I am growing old,  
My step is now more slow;  
A staff I need to lean upon,  
As tremulously I go.  
And what was pleasure to me once  
Has lost its power to charm;  
Familiar scenes are growing strange,  
Familiar sounds are dumb.

They tell me I am growing old,  
The light fades from my eye—  
And rarest beauties scarce are seen  
That in my pathway lie;  
And when the sound of music comes—  
How dull it strikes the ear!  
No chord is touched within my breast,  
Its notes have ceased to cheer.

They tell me I am growing old,  
Older than most of men;  
For, oh! how few have reached the age  
Of these three-score years and ten!  
Now all the friends of early youth,  
Who shared life's joy with me,  
Have gone—all gone—and I'm alone,  
No more their forms to see.

They tell me I am growing old—  
I know they tell the truth;  
For long ago has passed away  
The bright Spring time of youth.  
Yet still with pleasure I recall  
Those bright and sunny hours,  
When I could sport in childish days,  
Or gambol in the bowers.

They tell me I am growing old,  
Yes, life will soon be o'er;  
Its sun, once bright and radiant,  
Will rise to set no more.  
Then, when my body deep is laid  
Within its grave so cold,  
May I in Heaven dwell,  
Without becoming old.

## PAST AND FUTURE.

Eternal is the Power serene  
That brings the spring to all,  
But brief the space that lies between  
The ripeness and the fall.  
The earth, in shadow and in glow,  
Around the sun is rolled,  
And lightly come and lightly go  
The years that make us old.

Oh! autumn night, reposing now,  
Like bird with folded wing!  
As old men think of youth, so thou  
Recall'st the vanished spring.  
The love one dies, the love remains;  
As, when the east is gray,  
The lull'd and dreaming west retains  
Its memory of the day.

Across the air the hasty brooks  
Seem bubbling of the past,  
Saying, "How tender-seer her looks  
That are not made to last!"  
The mild breath of the waning year  
Comes up from front and rear,  
And over distant downs I hear  
The sighing of the sea.

I stand beneath the infant night,  
Besprent with dewy drops,  
And see the crescent moon hang white  
Above the dark hilltops.  
And, as the stars bloom thick and fast  
Out of the tremulous sky,  
Set, by the waxing moon surpassed,  
Faintly beneath her lie.

I reflect, but faint, while she, secure  
In growth and power to come,  
Holds in a silver trance the pure  
Dark of the sky's dome—  
I find a symbol of our life  
Express'd in moon and stars,  
And reach at inner meanings, rife  
Beyond the world's dim bars.

The pasts are many, and complete  
With separate deeds, desires,  
Orbing with motion slow or fleet  
Their small but perfect fires.  
The future, moping up the night,  
Its dusky bulk unshown  
Behind its glimmering verge of light,  
Is crescent and alone.

Echo, like a woman, always has  
the last word, but unlike a woman, it always agrees with you.

## HOW THEY MADE IT UP.

"I can't endure him! Don't talk to me, Lizzie! I tell you he is perfectly hateful! I've flirted with him till my head ached; played for him; sang at him; romped, or been dignified till my wits were fairly bothered how to create a new sensation—and the wretch sits staring at me as if his eyes were made for nothing but to see with!"

"Well, Nettie, what are his eyes made for?"

"Such eyes as his were made for a thousand things—great black ones with such long silky lashes! Why, he could make no end of a commotion in the feminine feelings with his eyes alone. What are they made for? They are made to say unutterable things, to look a million varying emotions, to raise with fever, to cast down with modesty, to melt with feeling or flash with pride; and, upon my word, I don't believe the man has the slightest idea that they were made for anything but the convenience of seeing! And to think that I am engaged to him!"

"I thought you could break the engagement?"

"And lose every penny of my property—say nothing of bringing the whole family about my ears. No, uncle Will portioned off Briardale to us, if we took it together; if not, it is to go to some forty-ninth cousin who lives in Wisconsin. So, down comes my share of this world's goods, and, in a most matter-of-fact way, says, 'I think we had better be married in the autumn, Nettie!' and I, like an idiot, said, 'Very well!'"

"So is father's bust of Napoleon.—Looks like him, by-the-way; and one has about as much animation as the other. The most provoking thing about him is, that he will never do anything that is not perfectly proper or dignified. I never see him take a glass of water without a desire to tip the whole of it down his neck, and see him jump; though, for that matter, he wouldn't if I did. I put a pin in the arm of his rocking-chair, yesterday, and, instead of yelling when he leaned on the point, he quietly took it out, walked over to my work box, and deposited it there, as if pins, point up, were the most every-day matters in the world. I haven't done a harum-scarum thing, since he came, that he has not caught me in the act. I was in the hay-loft, last week, looking for eggs, and he came in below to order the carriage; so, just to scare him, I dropped that immense pitch-fork within an inch of his toes, and he took it up as coolly as if it had been a straw, and said, 'That is dangerous sport, cousin!' The day I took little Bobby Hays, our washer woman's brat, out, in front of me, for a ride on Goodwill, of course, I met cousin Leigh; and when I tumbled down with old Mrs. Jenkin's soup, and made a perfect figure of myself, there was Leigh, waiting to pick me up. I never scramble over a fence that he is not on the other side, with a d'Orsay bow, for my especial benefit; and as sure as I dare to climb a tree, or undertake the least bit of frolic, his most magnificent highness is the first object to greet my eyes. Lizzie, I wonder if I couldn't make him jealous! I mean to try! Will Dehaven came home yesterday, and is all ready to fall at my feet!"

"Will Dehaven is a brainless fop."  
"He knows how to use his eyes if he is, and is the best fun in the world."  
"Take care! Nettie, take care! You are playing with edged tools. You may offend Leigh forever."  
"Tant mieuz I hate him!" And Nettie dashed out of the room, leaving her lame cousin and confidante agast at her sudden outburst.

In the parlor the merry beauty found her stately betrothed, his large white eyelids closed over the useless eyes, and apparently fast asleep.

"I wish I had a fool's cap; I'd put it on and see if that astonished him when he awoke," she said.

"Not in the least, if I knew it was there beforehand," said Leigh, lazily opening his eyes.

"How dare you pretend to be asleep?" cried Nettie, indignantly. "I might have talked secrets!"

"I should not have listened."

"Oh of course not. Nothing half so naughty could occur to you!" she said, rather sneeringly.

"I trust that nothing dishonorable could," was the quiet reply; though, for a moment, his cheek crimsoned with vexation.

"I ask your pardon. I did not mean to be so rude," said the frank little peasant, holding out her hand.

He only bowed gravely, and, snatching away the rejected hand, she threw herself down on the pino stool and worked off her pique in a stormy polka. The afternoon was just shading into evening, and, as the shadows gathered, the wild girl's inner self began to develop its beauties in the softening music. The polka went off into a dream-like waltz, and one of the Beethoven's sonatas followed, till, as the room grew almost dark, the subduing influences became stronger, and she began to play one of Doehler's exquisite nocturnes. The rippling notes fell softly from her little fingers, filling the room with a melody of touching sweetness. As the last note died away she began to sing, not as Leigh had ever heard her before, stormy bravuras or dashing operatic airs; her voice rose clear, but subdued in sad melodies, old ballads full of tender associations, and those willing, longing airs of "Auld lang syne," so seldom heard now. From the dark corner a full manly voice joined hers, and for nearly an hour these old lovers sang, the whole room between them, and not a spoken word interrupted the music.

The tea-bell broke in upon the pleasure, and the light dining-room found Leigh as dignified, and Nettie as saucy as if no music had stirred their hearts into a new communication.

Lizzie heard, day after day, with a new pain, of the marked attention of Will Dehaven, the increased staidness of Leigh, and Nettie's pranks of flirtation and tormenting. At last the crash came.

"I am free!"

Nettie threw back the door, and rushed in with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I am free, Lizzie! My magnificent cousin came to me, an hour or two ago, to ask a private interview. Granted of course. He informed me that when he graduated as a physician, with his heart full of the glory and responsibility of his profession, he had come here trusting to find a wife who would be his companion and true helpmate in the arduous life before him. He had hoped that my liveliness was merely youthful spirits; but, finding me heartless and frivolous, he preferred poverty to marriage with a flirt, and withdrew his claims; to my hand, consoled by the thought as Mr. Dehaven was a man of wealth, I would not suffer from his decision."

"Oh, Nettie! Such a heart as you have thrown away. In hours he has spent here, trying to relieve me, I have learned much of the nobleness of his nature, more of his love for you. He has so hoped that you let your own generous, frank nature show you the folly of your frivolous ways."

"I have had one lecture, Lizzie, pray spare me a second. Leigh Harrison may seek somewhere else a wife as cold and censorious as himself."

"And you?"

"Oh!" with a nervous laugh, "he has kindly indicated my future for me."

"Nettie, you will not marry Will Dehaven?"

"A brainless firt! No! though Leigh flattered me enough to think we are well matched. Hush! not another word. He thinks to mortify me by his rejection; he shall see how gladly I accept my freedom!" and Nettie left the room as she had entered it, to fly to her own chamber, lock the door, and indulge in a long, bitter fit of weeping.

Leigh Harrison was riding and musing. With his own hand he had just torn from his heart its one bright spot. In the few glimpses Nettie had let him see of her generous heart, he had learned to love the bright little beauty, all the more dearly that her vivacity so strongly contrasted with his own rather stern nature. His life was one of the earnest aims and steady seeking for the highest ends of life. With an enthusiastic love for his profession, he had seen, in his short time of practice such hard realities of life, such scenes of suffering, such calls upon his deepest feelings, that life had become to him one broad field for the exercise of usefulness, the devotion of self-sacrifice, and the earnest living of one seeking for ways and means to render himself a "faithful servant." His one dream of happiness he had broken that day, rejecting the estate from which he had hoped to draw fresh funds for usefulness, because he dared not trust the hopes of his life in the hands of a trifler. Yet he loved her, loved her as such a nature loves the bright, winking loveliness of a gay little beauty like Nettie; and his long lonely life. He had promised his uncle to finish his promised visit and

remain some weeks longer; and he was nerving himself to think of his cousin as the wife of another, lost him by his own act. As he drew his horse up at the stable door, one of the servants came suddenly to him.

"Oh! Dr. Harrison, I am so glad you have come! Miss Lizzie, sir, is very ill. Will you come quick?"

"What is it, Bessie?"

"One of the dreadful attacks she used to have when she first hurt her spine, sir."

The quick, firm step of her cousin was the first grateful sound Nettie had heard since she had been called to her cousin's side. All embarrassment was forgotten as she sprang to meet him.

"Oh! Leigh, help me!"

"You have seen her in these attacks before," he said, gravely; "tell me what you have done then, and how she was taken now."

Clearly and concisely, while she still tried to still the writhing form of the sufferer, Nettie described former attacks and their treatment, and the probable cause of the present one.

"You say you have used ether successfully?"

"Yes; but Dr. H— said there was some trouble of the heart making it dangerous."

Quick to decide and prompt to act, Leigh made her useful as nurse, while he tried his skill with loving zeal to ease the gentle girl before them. His uncle came in late in the afternoon, seeing how things were refused to send for any other advice, and thus free to act, Leigh was busy, faithful, and untiring; yet his step quicker, or his mind clearer than those of the pale, yet steady little nurse.

For three days she never left her cousin's side; and in the whispered talks beside her when asleep, all her anxiety did what harshness or coldness could have never done, subdued the frothy frivolity that was on the surface of Nettie's nature, showing the devoted love, the quiet presence of mind, the unwearied capacity for self-sacrifice that dwelt under the vicinity.

"At last the danger was over; and after a fortnight of devoted watching, Lizzie was pronounced convalescent, and her weary little nurse consented to leave her for a long afternoon sleep in her own room."

"If you please," said Bessie's scared voice at Leigh's door. "Miss Nettie's faint clean dead away!"

"Where?" cried Leigh, starting up.

"In her room, sir. She's altogether worn out with nursing."

"Worn-out indeed!" Leigh thought, as he raised the little figure in his strong arms, and looked into the pale, very pale face. "It was only the reaction from fatigue and anxiety, and in a few moments Nettie opened her eyes to see Leigh bending over her, his face full of tender, anxious love."

"Nettie, poor-child! you are wearied out. I have been careless and selfish not to watch you more closely. Oh Nettie! can you ever forgive my impatient harshness, and let me tell you how I respect as well as love you?"

And, as Nettie afterward declared, "The man actually began to find out what his magnificent eyes were made for."

"Leigh, I am a good-for-nothing torment, but if you will trust such a fire-fly once more, she will try to be a wife worthy of you."

And thus began the true heart-betrothal of the cousins.

A Methodist minister at the West who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time for his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have the money, as his family was suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" replied the steward, "you preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls." "Souls," replied the minister, "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

A man who had a case in court said, "That if he lost in the Common Pleas, he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from thence to heaven."

"And there," replied a gentleman, "you will be sure to lose, for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there."

Miss Kanker, being awakened by the captain of a steamboat with the announcement that he "must occupy his berth with his boots on," replied, "Oh, the the bugs won't hurt 'em much, I guess; they're an old pair."

## About Dwarfs.

The New York folks having subsided from the sensation of the great Tom Thumb Wedding, naturally begin to be a little ashamed of themselves for having made so great a fuss about such a matter. It is, however, no wonder Mr. Barnum should have been proud of this whole affair, and have exhibited himself as he did on this occasion. Nothing has ever shown Mr. Barnum's character in so unexceptionable a light as the large fortune which that young dwarf has reaped through Mr. B. He may have humbugged the rest of the world; but his honorable and faithful course to that youth made it fitting and natural that he should stand, as he stood at his wedding, as his cherished friend and protector.

In Europe, dwarfs used to share with Court fools the favor of kings and nobles; and not until the reign of Louis XIV. did France abolish the salary for the Court dwarfs. In the reign of Charles I. Jeffery Hudson was a great favorite, and from the age of seven to thirty was but eighteen inches high. He was served up in a pie at a royal entertainment, from which he suddenly emerged in full armor. Afterwards he grew up to three feet nine inches, and obtained a commission in the English army. He then challenged a gentleman, who, in ridicule, went out to meet him armed with a squirt. Finally, a real duel was arranged on horseback, when the dwarf shot his opponent dead. The origin of the quarrel at first was the laughter occasioned by the attack made on him by an angry turkey-cock, from which he was said to have been rescued by a woman.

Latter is said to have remarked that there is no instance of a person greatly above or below the ordinary standard attaining to eminence for extraordinary talent. Some have, however, attained to very great proficiency, in particular directions. One of the most celebrated was a Polish gentleman, a Count Browinski, who at twenty reached not quite three feet, about his greatest height. He had naturally wit and grace, danced and played the guitar, and highly delighted the Parisian ladies. He gave concerts in the principal cities of Germany, and was patronized in London by the then Prince of Wales, to whom he dedicated his memoirs. He is said to have possessed superior ability, and to have been filled with painful emotions, on supposing himself ever regarded as a puppet, or a toy. He married at forty, and became a father, and lived in elegant retirement in Durham. On one occasion, he came near losing his life, by the enmity of Bebe, the Court Dwarf of Stanislaus, ex-King of Poland; who, conceiving him a dangerous rival from his superior abilities and manners, watching an opportunity, attempted to put him into the fire. There was a struggle and the Count was rescued.

A Dutch Dwarf, Wybrand Solkes, born in 1730, possessed great skill as a watchmaker. Another, Mlle. Teresia, was remarkable for symmetry, beauty and mental vivacity. She spoke several languages. It frequently happens, that from twenty-five to thirty dwarfs grow up very considerably. All those who have seen General Tom Thumb within the last year or two, must have remarked his great improvement that has taken place in him every way. He has lost much of that shallow pertness, which the presence of so many visitors at an early age used to inspire, and shows great good sense. His acting was really excellent. May his real life be smooth, and worthy of his former success.

We see an announcement of the marriage of Mr. Greenback. Now look out for a new issue of "Legal Tender." Exchange.

Who is his bride? We have been hoping to see him married to Miss Gould. But probably she thought his character at too great a discount—that his face was handsome enough but that he wasn't worth it. —Louisville Journal.

So you're going to teach school? said a lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

The New Bedford Mercury, noticing the fact that Lavinia Warren, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators at Grace Church, in New York, gave away her hand, and is now Mrs. Thumb, remarks: "Her fingers are all Thumb's. Good."

## Presidents' Wives.

The inner circles of what may be called the Presidential society have always been, the subject of much comment and gossip among what may be termed the outer circles. Thus, Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams, wrote as follows of Mrs. Washington: "She appears herself to all. Not by what she is so much as by what she is not, makes up by cordiality the shortcomings of an early education." In 1790 Mrs. Adams was commended on as follows, in one of the private letters of the day: "She is prim, cold, and possesses too much mind for the very little heart that hardly seems to beat under her taffeta gown." By the aristocracy of Virginia, Mrs. Madison was called the quaker widow, and gentlemen were too fond of her society. In the common parlance of the day. The manners of Mrs. Monroe were "too much of the French school," and it was asserted that the niece of Gen. Jackson (who presided over his household) had no manners at all. Mrs. Harrison left the White House before her manners were developed—and while the first wife of John Tyler was "too old," the second was "too young." Mrs. Polk "wore shawls and a turban," as well as paste jewelry; Mrs. Taylor "did not receive;" Mrs. Fillmore was "deaf;" Mrs. Pierce, sad and afflicted, "never laid off her mourning;" and Miss Lane was "spoiled by being told that she resembled Queen Victoria;" Mrs. Lincoln, with all her afflictions, and amid the trials of a transition state here at the metropolis, from Southern to Northern society, has gradually overcome pettiness and political prejudices, by her kindness of manner, her goodness of heart, and the generous devotion with which she has tenderly cared for the sick and wounded soldiers. Sincere sympathizers call her the "hospitable matron," but grateful hearts chronicle her errands of mercy to those brave men, who are cheered by her visits and benefited by her liberal donations. —Boston Daily Journal.

How to be MISERABLE.—Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out—Oh that I was a rich man!

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in a burial ground, continually saying to yourself—When shall I be buried here?

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour of the day whisper to yourself—Wonder if he will ever pay that note!

Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine; till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every misfortune passed on you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you should venture to take it.

Put confidence in no body, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate, if you can possibly help. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can; screw down to the lowest limit. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the work-house be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these receipts strictly, and you will be miserable to your hearts content—if we may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.

The finest cosmetic we know of is early rising, exercise in the open air, temperance in eating and drinking, cleanliness, and last, though not least perpetual good humor. Keep your face with a smile on it, as smiles are easily implanted by cultivation on the human countenance.

Curtis tells us that, if a canary be hung in its cage at the head of a bed with close curtains, occupied by two persons, it will be found dead in the morning.

What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is usually done with intent to kill, and the other killing with this intent to kill.

Queen Isabella of Spain is the daughter of Ferdinand VII. by his fourth wife. Two of his queens were his nieces.