

# The Mariettian.

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 21, 1863.

NO. 34.

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. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

JOE PRINTING of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, and at prices to suit the times.

## RESIGNED.

They parted in the spring-time,  
When the winter had passed away,  
She, with her bright eyes tear-dimmed,  
Scarce dared a word to say;  
For the sighs and tears came fast,  
And choked the utterance so,  
That he heard not the mournful prelude  
That he alone might know.

He pressed her to his bosom;  
But the jingling sword betrayed  
The motive that prompted the parting.  
"His country he loved," he said,  
"As well as he did his Euphie."  
Who should give him a word of cheer,  
Though her heart was given to trouble,  
And trembled 'twixt love and fear."

And he tossed the auburn locks back,  
And kissed the pale white brow,  
While her arms twined closer, and closer,  
And sobbing, she whispered low:  
"George, will you ever come back to me?  
The weary months will pass, and read,  
And scarcely I'll dare a note to read,  
For I'll watch thy coming at last."

"But something seems to whisper  
That we may not meet again;  
And the fearful thought it haunts me so  
That it fills my heart with pain,  
And the words that alas! I'd speak to thee,  
In this our parting hour,  
Are choked ere they come to the pallid lips  
By a strange mysterious power."

They parted—sweet Euphie and George;  
She to her silent room,  
He to the field, where bugle and rifle  
Sounded through gathering gloom.  
And his maiden sword gleamed bright  
As it flew through the misty air;  
And all thro' the day, and all thro' the night  
Not a stronger arm was there.

But just as victory perched  
In flashing sword and gun,  
And as our banners waving high  
Proclaimed a battle won,  
A single ball went whistling by,  
And mingling with the roar,  
Escaped a groan—a smothered sigh,  
And Death marked down one more.

The morning sun shone bright and clear  
O'er hill and rolling plain,  
And shed its lustre on the field  
Where lay the heroes slain,  
And comrades sad were busy then  
With ambulance and spade,  
And little mounds rose quick and fast  
To mark where dear ones laid.

But one there was among them all,  
That scattered here and there,  
Measured the earth as each one fell,  
In smiles or wild despair,  
Whose brow, though pallid, still betrayed  
A lingering trace of thought,  
As though an angel spoke a name  
Ere yet his life went out.

Swift spread the news on lightning wing;  
From hearth to hearth it rolled,  
And many a heart beat quick and fast  
As the terrible truth was told;  
And grief and sorrow reigned supreme—  
Strangers they were till then;  
And many a bright and happy dream  
Burst ere its hope began.

But there was one—sweet Euphie Leigh—  
Whose heart with sorrow blighted,  
Still held the hope that heaven should see  
Their love forever plighted;  
And, with a faith both strong and true,  
She heard the tidings swell;  
And though her hopes seemed bursting too,  
She murmured: "It is well."

Governor S— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and, to the surprise of all, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance then stepped up to the accused, and said: "Jim, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steel that very horse?" To which Jim replied: "Well, Tom, all along I've thought I took that horse; but since I heard the governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

## WISDOM.

"I don't choose. I don't like Mr. Galbraith. He is disagreeable in the extreme. How could I possibly go through life with a man with whom I haven't the patience to walk a quadrille?"

And Eda Morton looked with a determined air about the breakfast-table, as if she had thrown a bomb-shell in their dignified midst, and was saying, "There, now!"

"You had rather live in a third story with Juan Gara, I suppose," said her sister, sneeringly.

Eda's eyes flashed fire.  
"In an attic, ay, I would starve with him, rather than live in Mr. Galbraith's palace."

Juliet Morton was about to answer, but her mother signed to her to be silent. A prudent woman was Mrs. Morton, and had not the smallest notion of "opposing" Eda into an elopement. She changed the conversation, and waited until breakfast was over and all had left the room, before she gently asked her eldest daughter to come with her to her dressing-room.

Eda glanced at the diamond flashing on her third finger, and the motto carved around it, "*constante per viam*," with a flushing of the cheek and compression of the lips, that argued none too well for Mrs. Morton's success, if she intended a remonstrance—not that she looked anything of the sort. Perfect serenity was enthroned on her still handsome face, as she walked about the luxurious dressing-room, chirping to the bird singing brightly in the sunshine; picking the dead leaf, straightening the flowers in the vase, only glancing from under her lashes at the silent flame burning in Eda's clear, brown cheek, and soft black eyes. Suddenly she went over and sat down by the drooping figure, drew the shining head down into her lap, tipped the rounded cheek caressingly with her white fingers.

"Come, Eda, my pet, tell me about it," said Mrs. Morton, softly.

Eda was waiting for a storm, and was waiting for it in the most Gibraltar-like spirit; but tenderness, sympathy, she was wholly unprepared for. She tried to look defiant, to answer coldly; but the words would not come; she looked up, met her mother's soft, searching gaze, crimsoned to the temples, and with a quick, impetuous motion, hid her face in the folds of Mrs. Morton's wrapper.

"What is it?" urged Mrs. Morton again. "Does my Eda really love that handsome young man, Gara?"

"I never meant to. If I could have thought such a thing possible I would have avoided him," murmured Eda. "But he is different from all the other men that come here. He looks so sorrowful, mother—my heart aches for him, he loves me so. Our cold American blood knows nothing of such Spanish fire. He has told me again and again, that he would kill me first, and himself afterward, if I would prove false to him; and I believe he would, mother."

A dark cloud fell over Mrs. Morton's face—gone, however, before Eda looked up.

"Have you ever thought of the future?" she asked gently. "I do not doubt that you love each other; but what can Juan Gara do to support his wife? His practice is not too extensive, I fancy. I notice that he speaks as little as possible of the place where he lives. There are signs of brushing up, occasionally, in his dress. What does he propose to do with a handsome, useless child like you, whose gloves and slippers cost more than his whole income?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk so," answered Eda, reddening. "We have never thought about it at all; but there is—I shall have money, you know."  
"That depends on your father, my love. You know what a stern man he is how hard to persuade! I have a mother's heart. I can sympathize with the romance and the passion of this love of yours; but your father is a stern business-man. His first question will be about dollars and cents. He will care more about bonds and mortgages, believe me, than about Juan's handsome eyes, and he will only laugh at his talk of killing himself. Whether he will give a fortune to the daughter, who deliberately makes a choice displeasing to him in the last degree, you should know as well as I."

"I didn't do it deliberately—I could not help it; and if he won't help us, why we must get along as well as we can. I will work—give lessons—do anything. I tell you I love him. What good would carriages and jewels do me, if my heart was in mourning? And as for Mr. Galbraith, I can't even think of his red face, puffy fingers, without positive horror."  
"My dear child, you are exciting yourself uselessly. Do you think I would endeavor to persuade my child to outrage all her own best feelings? I tell you frankly, I deplore your choice. Wiser than you, I see consequences which you either know nothing of, or despise. But if you really love Juan Gara, opposition of mine is useless. The only thing left for me to do, is to help you as far as possible."  
"You will do that, mother! You will really do that!" exclaimed Eda, radiant.

"Am I not your mother? If you had trusted in me earlier, you might have spared yourself much pain. Listen, now. I must see Mr. Gara, tell him frankly what are your prospects, see what resources he has, and then make the best of it with your father."

"But—but I don't half like to have you ask him about his resources—he is so proud, and he may be angry."  
"Trust me, Eda, I will not offend his pride. Recollect he is a man, and he will understand better than you, that if I am to do anything with your father, I must proceed in a business-like way. When is he coming here next?"

Eda blushed slightly.

"He is coming this morning. I fancy that is his voice now at the door."

"Tant mieux. Stay here, and I will go below, and have these troublesome matters settled."

Eda sat as in a dream. The soft wrapper drew away from her; the gliding step ceased to sound on the staircase. The heavy parlor door closed below. She sat turning her ring round and round, lost in delicious thinking. She had never dared think before that she could ever hope to marry Juan; but now that her mother had taken it in hand, she felt safe; for who ever knew her mother to fail in anything that she undertook? and how kind it was of her mother! Who could have dreamed that she, of all women in the world, would ever lend aid and countenance to a love-affair? How could she ever love her and be grateful enough.

The little clock on the mantel struck just then. Twelve! It had been an hour! What could they be talking about? Quarter past! half past! She grew uneasy. Should she go down stairs? But at that moment her mother opened the door, looking flushed and "Well," asked Eda, eagerly.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Morton, compassionately.

Eda started back, and flung aside the caressing hand.

"What do you mean? What is it?"

"My dear Eda, Mr. Gara refuses you."

"Refuses me?"

"Yes, virtually. I told him frankly how small was the hope of aid from your father, and that he must rely wholly on himself. He expressed himself very sorry; but said in that case that it would be quite impossible to marry you, as such a union would be so simple folly and madness."

"I don't believe. I never will believe it, exclaimed Eda.

"He is down stairs now. Come and hear him yourself; only pray be calm. You know there is nothing so absurd as a scene. Do have a little pride. He is cool enough about it."

Useless admonishing. Eda did not even hear her. She went straight up to Juan, who had the grace to look slightly embarrassed.

"Is it true?" she asked, seizing his hands.

"My dear Eda, I am—"

"Is it true?"

"I am very sorry—"

"It is true, then," and dropping his hands, she sat down on a distant sofa.

Relieved from the immediate neighborhood of her deathly cheek and flashing eyes, Juan took courage.

"Miss Eda, in this life we must have a little common sense. I love you; of course. I should be very happy to marry you, if your father could be persuaded to think favorably of it. If at any time he should change his mind, my heart is always yours, as you know; but as I told your mother, what will not support one, certainly never could two, even if I could be base enough to think for a moment of taking you from this palace, to such a den as my lodging-house. Believe me, Miss Eda, it is better as it is."

"I do believe you agree with you most fully, and can never thank my mother sufficiently. I think I should prefer even Mr. Galbraith."

## "But—"

"You have said all that is necessary. Have you not? Here is your ring; you will send me mine, I presume. Good morning, Mr. Gara."

That was the end of Eda's love-affair. She was a little silent for a week or so, refused one or two invitations, and undeniably grew pale; but she never referred to Mr. Gara, even to her mother, and in a month's time seemed the same as ever. A close observer might have seen that she seldom or never smiled with her eyes, and that a hard mocking spirit dictated all that she said. Altogether, however, she behaved very well; quite in a common-sense way, as her mother said. She met Juan Gara in society and treated him with the most perfect civility and serenity; she endured Mr. Galbraith's attentions, and when that gentleman proposed at last, accepted him after this wise:

"I don't love you, Mr. Galbraith, I tell you that frankly. My heart is not very warm, I don't think I love anybody. If you choose to take me, knowing that, I will become your wife. It will please my father and mother, and I—it doesn't matter much to me."

This last was *sotto voce*. I doubt if it would have mattered much, though, if she had spoken the words aloud. Mr. Galbraith had determined to win Eda Morton three years before. He had a tortoise-like perseverance of his own, and no small confidence in the power of his will. He didn't expect that she would love him; he wouldn't have believed it if she had told him so, but he liked her pluck and her candor; he considered that she would look well at the head of his table; esteemed her a sensible, wide-awake girl; and, as he elegantly expressed it, a deuced lucky one in the bargain.

Her coldness never irritated him. I am not sure but it pleased him. It was another tribute to the power which had brought this handsome slave to his feet and would make her, spite of her indifference, his for life.

The preparations went on swimmingly; the wedding was a perfect success. Eda never looked better. Ill-natured people looked in vain into her serene face for trace of discomposure or emotion. Careless people were dazzled; only a few tender hearts of men and women sighed over that fair, cold young face, while Mr. and Mrs. Morton congratulated themselves after this fashion:

"The best match of the year was Mr. Morton's comment. Galbraith is a solid man. No flummery about him."

"It would never have come off, though if you had had your way," laughed Mrs. Morton softly. They would have run away and trusted to your forgiveness afterward. Poor Eda! I pitied her that Gara was showing her all his meanness. Such a white, despairing face. I could have stabbed the Spaniard myself, then. She is quite over it now, however. Girls get over these fancies easily enough, and a little maneuvering is so much better than scenes and scandal."

O wise Mrs. Morton?

A jolly fellow had an office next to a doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old foggy school, blundered into the wrong shop. "Dr. X— in?" "Don't live here," says P—, who was in the full scribble over some important papers, without looking up. "Oh—thought that this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, sir, can you tell me, has the Doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity, but the story was, and Dr. X— threatened to sue P— for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth: "Blazes! what're you biting me for?" Well, dad, who began this 'ere war?"

He who fishes in the sea of matrimony need not trouble himself to put any bait upon his hook—if the hook is gold.

If your dinner lies hard upon your stomach from having been insufficiently masticated, swallow a set of artificial teeth.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity for an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

'Tis little trouble to brew beer, but beer brews make much trouble.

DIVORCE CASE.—The New York correspondent of Forney's Press gives the following cause for a divorce, about being made in that city: "The party about to invoke the law's most delicate office in this case is a gray-haired merchant, of considerable affluence, whose handsome young wife has sinned beyond forgiveness. The merchant had a friend whom he trusted, and who had known his wife from childhood. It was on the strength of the last mentioned fact that he indulged, under his own eyes, a degree of intimacy between wife and friend which has finally culminated in the rankest treason to himself. For a long time after the intimacy had assumed the decisive clandestine turn the merchant refused to be suspicious, when, finally, suspicion was the least exercise of judgment dictated by his common-sense, he took the time honored method of satisfying himself. He pretended that he was going away for a few days—going to Philadelphia; returned of course late that night, was privately admitted by a suborned servant, and proceeded directly to his wife's chamber. What he saw there was sufficient to remove his last doubt. Noiselessly he deposited his hat and overcoat on a chair near the bed, and 'glided' as noiselessly to another apartment, where he retired for the remainder of the night. In the morning he arose at his usual hour, read his morning paper, and despatched a servant to call her mistress to breakfast. The servant came back, looking strangely puzzled, and reported that the lady did not feel very well and would take breakfast by-and-by. The husband felt so much concern at hearing this, that nothing would do but he must see his sick wife at once. Calmly he repaired up stairs to her room, coolly he overruled all her objections to admitting him 'just yet.' With stone-like impenetrability of manner he entered; it took but a minute to master the whole scene before him; without the least show of excitement or violence, he withdrew the second occupant of the pillow from the room; then he turned to the distracted woman, who was on her knees wildly imploring his mercy, and politely, but firmly, told her that he must have company at breakfast. She besought him not to kill her. He heard her not; she really must come to breakfast. And she came. The merchant despatched his meal in silence, though in apparent good temper. Then he politely, but firmly, said that his wife must consent to be locked in her own room until dinner time. From this time forth, for more than three weeks, the same scene transpired at every meal—'merely this, and nothing more.' The nearly madened woman was allowed to go, in all her shame, to the home from which her husband had taken her at marriage; and then the merchant put his 'case in the hands of a well-known law firm in Nassau street."

A TRAIT OF THE SEX.—Scene—Market boy admiring a very little dog following a very ugly looking lady.—Boy—"Oh, my I isn't that a beauty, neither?" Lady, (who appropriates the speech to herself).—"Well, really, these country lads have more taste than the Londoners. I have walked from Kensington to Whitechapel without having such a compliment paid me."

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas are let on long leases.

A Tennessee paper says that Floyd, "far from being discouraged, is all animation." Then, if we catch him he may turn out to be a case of suspended animation.

The rebels likened the Monitor to a cheesebox. It proved itself, however, to be more like some cheese—strong and mitey.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset, and as much silver in the moon, as any body.

Sleep is called "death's counterfeit," and this is the case which the counterfeit is preferred to the genuine.

As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

A false friend is like the shadow on the sundial, appearing in the sunshine but vanishing in shade.

Falsehood used to travel in seven-league boots; now it has kicked off its boots and travels by telegraph.

QUEER THINGS.—We know lazy, shiftless, trifling devils, who never paid a dollar of taxes their lives, who are howling twelve out of twenty-four hours about "the enormous taxes we are burdened with."

We know men, the seat of whose pantaloon display the flag of distress at half-mast, who could not buy the toenail of a nigger if able-bodied slaves were selling at a dollar a dozen, who fly into a passion if they hear of an "attack upon slave property."

We know men who never did a day's work in their lives—save when borrowing or stealing was impossible—who are howling like wolves against "nigger coming to Ohio to compete with the labor of poor white men."

We know men who never had an entire dollar in their lives, spend hours in expatiating upon the dangers of a paper currency.

There are queer people in the world. Nine-tenths of all the talk on the above topics is done by the classes mentioned. —Ohio Buckeye State.

TURTLE EGG BUTTER.—One of the peculiar productions of Brazil, described by Mr. Fletcher, was "turtle egg butter." There are innumerable turtles on the sand bars of the Amazon, and the natives make a business, at the proper season, to collect their eggs, which are deposited in the sand. These are thrown into a boat, and when a sufficient quantity has been collected, they are trampled by the feet of the Indians. After a short time an oily substance rises to the surface, and is skimmed off, and this is "turtle egg butter." Many millions of eggs are used in this way every year, and the article is largely consumed. But Mr. Fletcher confessed that although he had partaken of many strange dishes in the course of his travels, and had learned to relish them, he could never taste turtle egg butter. He didn't like the manner of churning.

A CURE WIND.—It is related that a man on his death-bed called his wife to him and said: "I leave my horse to my parents, sell him and hand the money you get for him over to them. But my dog I leave to you; dispose of him as you think best." The wife promised to obey. So in due time after the death of her Lord she started to find a market for her animal. "How much do you ask for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone," she replied, but I will sell you the horse and dog together at a fair price for both. Give me \$100 for the dog and \$1 for the horse and we can trade on these terms; and the cute widow conscientiously paid to the parents the \$1 she had received for the horse, and had to herself the \$100 for the dog.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse. "Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat." The crowd retired in silence.

An eating-house keeper, who kept a "Best-you-quant," as the French call a cook-shop, and who prided himself on his ability to get up the best dinners to be had anywhere, wishing to give the public the full benefit of his knowledge, perpetrated the following sign: "Try my dinners—they can't be beat." In an evil hour, however, a wicked wag came along, and dexterously painted over the initial letter of the last word. The announcement then was, "Try my dinners—they can't be eat."

There is a sentiment as beautiful as it is just in the following lines: "He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shades he gambled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart."

"What is it that sticketh closer than a brother?" said a Sunday School teacher to one in his class.

A post-office stamp—by gum," said the young incorrigible.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album; replied: "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."