

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, APRIL 4, 1863.

NO. 36.

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.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

She trembles when I meet her,
And drops her lids of snow—
And in her cheek the roses
Of crimson come and go;
I see her ripe lips quiver,
Her eye grow softly dim—
I wonder if she loves me?
Or—if she cares for him!

I've pressed her hand at parting—
Indignant then she seemed;
I told her that I loved her—
She laughed, and said I dreamed;
She smiled contempt upon me,
From her red, haughty lips,
And let the love-light in her eye
Put hauteur in eclipse.

She chats, coquets, and frisks
With him, and he with her;
And I—mirth round a candle—
I care not for demer!
I wonder—how I wonder!
It is true that women's hearts
Are full of all deception,
And skilled in crafty arts!

What can I do to gain her?
Would honor and renown
Move her proud heart, if, at her feet,
I cast the bauble down?
I'd dare a thousand deaths for her,
All blessings sacrifice—
If I could hear her sweet voice say
What I've read in her eyes!

Alas! I'm in a quandary!
What shall I do and do?
I shall I commit foul suicide
To prove to her I'm true?
I guess I'll go and ask her,
Does she love me? And if "No!"
I'll fall from her lips in answer—
Why, then—I'll let her go!

A Lion Can Love.

In one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburg's beautiful menagerie, is a huge, tawny Asiatic lion. His room-mate is a black female tiger. This tigress is small compared to the regal lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen of the black tiger in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburg two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the little tigress, she runs under the lion, and woe be to the animal that dares to approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches his share of their daily meal until his little chum has selected her share, and even then he never entirely consumes until certain that she has had enough. All the animals are as fat as moles; but this black tigress is aldermanic in her proportions, and no remedy exists for the matter. She has been twice removed from the lion; but, until she has returned, the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the father dejection of the tigress would be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die, the lion would probably pine to death. Once, when she was taken away, a lioness was substituted. The lion instantly fell upon her, and at a single bite, broke her spine and crushed some of her ribs. Careful nursing saved her life, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immovably paralyzed.

In a Fix.—"Did you see a dog pass this way, about an hour, or an hour and a half, or two hours ago?" said a would-be wit, to a simple-looking sawney whom he had met on the road.

"Had he a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long?" said the other, "because if he had, I saw him about a mile or a mile and a half, or two miles up the road."

"Friend," said the first, leaving him, "I guess you're about a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet into me."

FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

Such an anxious, bustling, busy little woman as Mrs. Carker; always contriving to "make two ends meet," but never quite able to make them lap, as she desired. There were five little Carkers; and always dangled before her vision a pair of impossible little shoes, or a set of aprons, or a school-bill. There were three girls; and her dresses and cloaks made over wouldn't do for all three, even supposing that she hadn't acquired an excellent habit of making all her clothes do duty for a year or two.

It wasn't to be thought of that the neighbor's girls should turn up noses of superiority at her three; and the constant occupation of her life was to dower tail new frocks and pieces of waste meat; and scrape stockings, handkerchiefs, and such small fry, out of the butter. As for the two boys, they were too dreadful to think of. They would wear out their clothes, kick out their shoes, and, in common with their sisters, had voracious appetites, and were constantly in want of new school books, and grew in the most unfeeling manner; "so that when I think," sighed poor Mrs. Carker, "how much cloth it will soon take to clothe them; and how much more expensive schooling will become; and how Mr. Carker must have a new suit of clothes; and his salary doesn't increase, of course; and rents are getting so high, and living so dear; and the girls will soon be young ladies, and can't hold up their heads with other girls, and can't go out because they won't have clothes, I declare, I'm regularly discouraged."

The consequence of this fretting was to throw Mrs. Carker into a fever, against which she struggled as long as she could, and then went to bed, in a sort of desperate resignation. She was racked with pain, and sick enough to be unable to move, but not too sick to think; so, lying there on her back, she did all the sewing for the coming autumn, in imagination, till she was thoroughly exhausted; and she reckoned up present debts and wants, and tried to subtract them from Mr. Carker's salary, and found that, instead, the salary must be subtracted from them; and worried herself into an additional week of sickness over the balance; and then she went on to the future that stared at her with immovable, stony countenance, and would answer nothing; and every day the doctor shook his head, and said, "You must keep your mind perfectly easy, madam;" and she ground in spirit, and began figuring up his bill the moment that he left the room.

But one day, as she laid there, she heard a great humming and buzzing in the corner, and, listening, she heard a spider lamenting: "Was there ever such an unfortunate being as I? About three times a week is my net brushed down by some intolerable housemaid, or wanton child; and each time I have an ante-room and an inner-room to weave anew. Who knows how long my supply of silk will last. Perhaps, it will suddenly give out, and I shall wander homeless and helpless about the world—a prey for every vagabond bird; a laughing-stock for every fly. A talking of flies, I have to catch at least one or two to-day. I am not hungry now, but suppose that I should fail—suppose I was obliged to go all day, for instance. How dreadful it would be. Or, worse yet, suppose that all the flies take warning, at last, and give spiders' nets a wide berth; or suppose that some one, fly becomes suddenly inspired, and goes about warning his brother flies; holding canopies on the ceiling, and delivering stump speeches from the match-box; or suppose that the chambermaid sweeps away my lay of eggs; or suppose that she should sweep me away, or crush me altogether! Spider nature isn't adequate to the patient contemplation of such evils. Why was I ever born?"

The spider had hardly done, when Mrs. Carker heard a wonderful rustling and sighing outside of her window, and found that it was the old elm-tree making a mighty to-do. "Here have I all these branches to cover," said the elm, "and only a mouth or two in which to do it; all out of nothing, apparently, it comes; for who knows what is really the sap or the vital force. There isn't any particular reason that I should leave out in spring, just because I have always done so. Suppose I shouldn't have any sap this year, or shouldn't feel any vivifying principle; or suppose that I shouldn't have leaves enough, and two or three branches should stick forlornly out, ex-

posing the ridicule of every one that passed by; or suppose a different sort of leaves should come out on me. Imagine my appearance, transformed to an ugly poplar; or suppose some one should cut me down, and split me up for firewood; or that the lightning should strike me, and I should stand for years a scarred and scathed monument; or that a great wind should come, and lay me low! Really, life is full of terrors; environed by perils. Now is it possible to maintain composure, in the face of such appalling possibilities?"

Hardly had the elm finished, when a bird took the strain: "Well shall I ever do! There is my nest, only half-finished, and I am afraid to leave it lest some one should destroy it in my absence. To be sure, it has always remained unimpaired, but then no one knows what might happen. Suppose, besides, that I can't find any more sticks and bits of hair; there always has been plenty for all; but there are so many birds, and the supply might run short; for suppose that after I have my eggs nicely laid, that some one should steal them? How could I ever survive such grief! Or suppose that when they are just feathered out, I should be trapped—such things happened—my poor young ones would gape and cry in vain for food; they would freeze to death, or be shaken out of their nests; or, worse yet, suppose that in learning to fly one should be dashed to pieces, and to fall a prey to the cat; after all my trouble and pains, only to raise one of my poor offspring, for there will probably be four. Ah, she, it is a very miserable thing to be a bird!"

Then Mrs. Carker heard a brook talking in this wise: "What are your troubles to mine? Nobody knows what I may be called upon to endure; no one knows how far I have to go. Over all kinds of rough and lonesome roads; through a thorny thicket, perhaps, or sullen ravine; and I may have to turn a mill-wheel; and suppose my power should not be great enough; or suppose that I should be dried up by the summer heat; or suppose that I should lose my way, and wander into some lonesome morass, and be heard of no more. Really, the most miserable thing on earth is a brook, that goes on from day to day, never knowing where its next step will lead."

Then a bee came buzzing in, in a terrible pet. "Dear me, dear me! I am in a such a hurry, and the day is only twelve hours long," said the bee. "Why in the world didn't they make it twenty-four? I have such work on hand. Not one third of the honey is made yet, and it is so far from flower to flower, and then some flowers give so little; and once in a while one of us is killed; and suppose that all this trouble is for nothing. The honey may be spoiled; it never has been but all things are possible; or the hive might tumble, or we may be robbed. It really is disheartening. I work and hurry with all my might; I don't waste a moment. But I never have a moment's peace."

There was a great cracking and roaring, as the fire commenced its complaint: "I always try to keep on a bright face, but I can't help getting down sometimes. This world is so full of uncertainties, you never know when cold-water may be thrown on you. Then I am always afraid to go out, for fear people mightn't be able to kindly me again; and I live in a state of perpetual panic, never knowing where I may be required to burn next. I used to blaze on the parlor-hearth, and considered myself quite an important member of society; but now I am put away in the cellar—my light hidden under a bushel. I never do try to rise, but every one runs to put me out; all ardent aspirations are sure to be quenched in the outset. I am sure there never was anything quite so badly used, and little as appetite as I."

Here it was interrupted by a printing-press, that began to roar out: "What a slave am I. Toll, toll, drudge, drudge, from morning till night. How shall I ever get through with this mighty mass of work laid upon me. Think of the thousands on thousands of copies of paper along that I print daily; and think of all the columns in one copy, and words in each column, and the number of journals that I shall issue in a year, and multiply them all together, and then tell me how I am ever to print so many words? What press could stand up under such unparalleled exertions?"

"Ay, but your case is nothing to mine," tolled a bell. "Some one is al-

ways dying or getting married, or there is a prayer-meeting, or church, or a fire-alarm, or a festival. Ding, dong! It makes my very side ache to think of all the strokes that I must receive."

"Think of me," said a fire-engine, just then going along, "who have no rest either night or day; dragged out at all places—half the time on a false alarm. I really believe people give their children matches, and set their chimneys on fire on purpose to torment me. It is really astonishing that some one must be always upsetting campens, or kindling coals, or blowing sparks into the gunpowder. My constitution is excellent, but really it would take one of iron to stand what I do; and then reflect on the number of times that I am called out in a week, and think of what that will amount to in three or four years, and of the haste and want of consideration with which I am pulled about over these stones. I confess that I cannot help trembling for the consequences."

A loud cry interrupted this interesting conversation, and Mrs. Carker's eldest daughter came into the room. "What shall I do?" she said weeping. "I have promised to crochet this little sack for Nellie; and, on calculation, I find that there is a mile of worsted in one ounce, and as this will take two ounces, it will require two miles of crocheting. What shall I do? How can I ever accomplish two miles of crocheting?"

"Do one stitch at a time," said she, "and leave your calculations alone. Gosh! fish traps, brooks, birds, and bees; and you complaining, works of men have a day in which to do each day's work, and are placed in just that sphere that you are able to fill; for there is a God that appoints strength; and place, and work, justly to all."

But Mrs. Carker, at this, all the voices that had spoken: "Out of thine own mouth shalt thou be judged, O foolishly care-taking and complaining servant!"

And Mrs. Carker awoke, and found it was but a dream.

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELEPHANT.

Among the most attractive features of Van Amburg & Co.'s Menagerie is the celebrated elephant, Hannibal, the largest animal ever exhibited in this country, or in Europe, and as the old fellow has so frequently furnished newspaper itemizers with material for spicy paragraphs that his name has become familiar with almost every one, a brief sketch of his history may be found of interest.

Hannibal was brought to this country in 1824 from the East Indies, and was purchased by a butcher in New York, who exhibited him for a time in a stable in that city. He shortly after fell into the hands of his present owners, who have retained him ever since, and who would not sell him at any price. He was supposed to be about twenty-five years of age when imported, which would make him sixty-three years old at the present time.

Hannibal first distinguished himself at the Zoological Institute in the Bowery, New York, in 1825, when he saved the life of his keeper, Mr. Joseph Martin, who now resides at Girard, in Erie County. A large tiger and tigress had escaped from their cage and fastened upon a lama, which was allowed to run wild about the building. Mr. Martin, hearing the noise, entered the apartment without suspecting the extent of the danger, when the tiger immediately crouched to spring upon him. Martin was entirely unarmed; and all resistance to the attack of the infuriated beast would have been useless. At this juncture Hannibal rushed forward, seized his keeper, and raising him out of danger, held him in safety until assistance arrived and the animals were secured.

The admirable disposition exhibited by Hannibal in the incident just narrated, gained him credit with the public, of good feelings and generous impulses; but his subsequent conduct, we are sorry to say, has entirely destroyed that favorable impression, and is now regarded, and not without reason, as a morose and incorrigible old rascal, who can only be kept within the bounds of decent behavior by the constant use of chains and frequent application of corporal punishment. His unruly conduct has been so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them; within the limits of a newspaper article, but we will briefly allude to a few of his most violent outbreaks.

In 1847 New York was the scene of one of his most violent bursts of fury. The menagerie was wintering in the warehouse of Leech & Co., on the banks

of the canal, where the Cleveland and Pittsburg freight depot now stands. "Queen Ann," an elephantine maid, for whom Hannibal had formed a tender attachment, was removed from his companionship, and he immediately fell into a fearful state of sultriness and rage.

For twelve days he refused all food, and during that time lost no less than three thousand pounds in weight, as was definitely ascertained at the time by the scales. He endeavored to drown his sorrows "in the flowing bowl," refusing to drink unless the water given him was stiffy infused with whisky; but this indulgence, by which it was sought to humor him, only rendered him more frantic in the end. His keeper, and a favorite dog with whom he had been upon the best terms, became the special objects of his animosity. At the first symptoms of his insubordination he had been loaded with chains, and so firmly secured that it was thought impossible for him to break loose. Day after day passed away without any diminution of ill-temper upon the part of the large beast, until at last his quintermitting surging resulted in tearing away his castings, and the infuriated animal was at large in the building. The lions, tigers, leopards, and other animals commenced dashing against the sides of the cages, while the air resounded with their cries of fright; the people by thousands gathered around the warehouse, armed with rifles and every description of fire-arms. Hannibal roamed through the building, tearing down timbers, raising his enormous bulk upon his hind legs, and beating the roof with his trunk; and threatening every moment to make a complete wreck of the whole structure.

But the manager of the menagerie had provided for this. Long poles with strong steel hooks at the ends, were brought forward and inserted in his flesh on every side; these were attached to ropes and tackle, managed by hundreds of men, and finally the angry monster, the blood flowing from his lacerated body in torrents, but still struggling desperately and trumpeting fiercely, was brought to the ground and so chained as to render him perfectly helpless.

Spears and pitchforks were then brought into requisition, and he was punished until completely exhausted, he then announcing in his usual manner his complete submission and promise of better behavior, when he was released, a wiser, and for a time, a better elephant. His appetite returned immediately, and in a very short space of time he had more than supplied his extraordinary loss of flesh.

In 1854, while going from Pawtucket to Fall River, in Massachusetts, he had a misunderstanding with his keeper, whom he compelled to fly for his life. Finding himself at liberty he started off at a furious pace, attacking every animate object that he found in his path. He threw a horse and wagon into the air, smashing the vehicle all to pieces, and then carried the mangled remains of the horse a distance of thirty feet to a pond; into which he threw the lifeless body. He next encountered another horse and wagon, and made kindling wood of the latter, the horse escaping by flight. Coming to a third wagon he smashed up the whole establishment, threw the horse thirty feet into an adjoining field, and then tearing down the fence, brought the body of the horse back and laid it down in the road. Overtaking still another horse and wagon, he demolished the vehicle, and the horse escaping with the fore wheels, he pursued him for eight miles, without being able to overtake the frightened steed. In the race he traveled a portion of the distance at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Fortunately the occupants of the vehicles sustained no very serious injuries, and the proprietors of the menagerie effected a satisfactory settlement for the damages with the parties interested. After killing another horse and doing other mischief of a less serious character, he lay down exhausted in the bushes; where he was soon after found and properly secured.

A few years since, while the menagerie was at Williamburg, N. Y., Hannibal suddenly broke out in a furious fit, during the absence of his keeper, from the tent, and after demolishing a wagon loaded with sawdust, turned his attention to the pages of animals which he upset right and left, fortunately, however, without setting loose any of the dangerous inhabitants, with the exception of a hyena or two, which were soon captured. He then sallied forth into the street, dragging his chain after him, and trumpeting defiance. The attachment of the menagerie followed him and

drove him into a stone yard, where he was kept until the long pikes and hooks of the Young American Hook and Ladder Company, were brought upon the ground, when he was surrounded and kept at bay until ropes were thrown around his legs, and wound so that he could not move. He was then thrown, after which he was appeared and stabbed with pitchforks until completely reduced to submission, as he signified by "begging" piteously, when he was led back to his quarters as docile as a lamb.

His last fit of insubordination occurred in Philadelphia, in February, 1851, and continued for three weeks. His owners, knowing him so well, that they can detect the approach of one of these frenzied and guard against its unpleasant consequences. So, on this occasion, he was so securely chained, upon showing the symptoms of ill-temper, that he was unable to do any mischief, except tearing down an iron column which stood within his reach, and throwing it with great violence across the building. Since then he has conducted himself with great propriety, and Van Amburg & Co. are in hopes that he has reformed, and will hereafter conduct himself as a peaceable, respectable elephant should. Still they watch him with the utmost vigilance, and his keeper is always ready for him, in case he should manifest any disposition to return to his old disreputable tricks.

In 1850, while traveling in Mississippi, Hannibal was ordered to swim the Black Warrior River, which was greatly swollen by a freshet. Instead, however, of proceeding as directed, he started on a voyage of discovery, down the stream, emerging suddenly on a plantation some twelve miles below where he entered. He came ashore on the edge of a cotton field, where a large number of darkies were at work; and the effect produced among them by the unexpected and terrific apparition, may be imagined but cannot be described. The news spread with all the exaggerations which would naturally be given to such an event, with incredible rapidity, and resulted in a general stampede of the entire colored population of the county. It is even said by some that a good many of the darkies turned white with fright, and as a proof of this numbers are pointed out in that region who have not yet fully regained their natural hue. It would hardly be fair, however, to hold Hannibal responsible for all the doubtful shades of complexion to be found in that vicinity.

In 1860 a keeper who had taken care of Hannibal for many years, fell from his horse in a fit, near Zanowville, Ohio. The huge beast, instead of deserting him, stood watching over his senseless form until the train of cages came up, and then suffering himself to be chained and led away by Mr. Thomas, his present keeper, without making the slightest resistance, although had the other keeper been well, such an attempt at authority on the part of Mr. Thomas would have been resented with fury.

Hannibal is temperate, and regular in his habits, eating about four hundred pounds of hay, and a couple bushels of oats daily, with such allowance of apples, gingerbread, &c., as the generosity of visitors may bestow upon him, and an acre (more or less) of clover, by way of salad, when he can get it. His only beverage is water, of which he consumes a couple of barrels every day. His weight is probably from 15,000 to 18,000 pounds. The last attempt at weighing him was made some five years since, when he broke down the scales at 14,000 pounds. In consideration of the recent good conduct of Hannibal, his owners have had a magnificent golden fringed and embroidered covering manufactured for him, at an expense of nearly one thousand dollars. As he marches in the line of cages in all the "pride of his gorgeous apparel," the spectator can not but feel that the old fellow is fully sensible in his own mind that he is the most important individual connected with the establishment. New York paper.

VALUABLE RECEPTS: To see if a man is your friend—make love to his wife. To get the frost out of your fingers—put them in hot water. To see if a girl is amiable—tear her dress in a ball room. To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on fire. To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies. To have tart for tea—let your wife see you kiss the waiting maid. A sure thing. To prevent a headache when getting sober—keep drunk.