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and expeditiously executed, and at prices to
suit the times.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to see the days of youth
With garlands bright entwined,
And thoughts of Peace, and Love and Truth
In the young heart enshrined;
For, oh! if we in early hours
Are led in Virtue's way,
'Twill strew our path with fragrant flowers
In husband's sterner day.

'Twill calm ambition's raging fire,
That oft would lead astray,
And learn us, if we would aspire,
To tread no evil way;
'Twill whisper "Patience!" in our ear
When in angry mood,
And lead us on in hope or fear,
To bow before our God.

'Twill teach us in the hour of need,
When all is dark and drear,
That Virtue is a "friend indeed"—
An angel hovering near;
And when bright Hope for us is o'er,
And sorrows round us come,
'Twill point to that eternal shore
Away beyond the tomb.

THE SOLDIER.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitor's wiles,
And deems the dearest spot on earth
Where loving wife and mother smiles;
And many a face almost forgot,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come fitting round the soldier's cot,
Till the sweet dream at morn is broken.

O, ye who love the soldier well—
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay;
Better he knows than you can tell,
The perils that attend his way.
Some word of hope in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power,
To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on earth alone,
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove;
Let every keel that ploughs the seas
Bear him some message full of love.

My dear, said an anxious father
to a bashful daughter, "I intend that
you shall be married, but I do not intend
that you shall throw yourself away
to any of the wild, worthless boys of
the present day. You must marry a
man of sober and mature age; one that
can charm you with wisdom and good
advice, rather than with personal at-
traction. What would you think of a
fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?
The timid, meek, blue-eyed little
daughter looked in the man's face, and
with the slightest possible touch of in-
terest in her voice, answered,
"I think two of twenty-five would be
better, papa."

The Rev. H. A. Stern, an Abyssinian
missionary writes: "Fond as the
Abyssinian women are of embroidered
garments and other fineries, it is strange
that they should never try to gain even a
slight acquaintance with the use of the
needle. High and low alike depend
upon their male friends for every stitch
in their dress. Tastes, of course, vary
in different countries; but I confess
that it always provoked me to see a tall
bearded fellow, acting the dressmaker,
and a slender girl performing the func-
tions of the groom."

The individual who tried to clear
his conscience with an egg, is now en-
deavoring to raise his spirits with yeast.
If he fails in this his deliberate inten-
tion to blow out his brains with a bel-
lows, and sink calmly into the arms of a
young lady.

Tom Hood speaks of a bird
building its nest upon a ledge over the door
of a doctor's office, as an attempt to
rear its young in the very jaws of death.

The worst feature in a man's face
is his nose—when stuck into other peo-
ple's business.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

The June roses lifted their crimson
faces against the window-sill, and the
odor of mignonette and southern-wood
sailed in on the evening breeze, and
filled the room where Mr. John Dud-
ley stood making a gorgeous and
elaborate toilet. It was a remarkably
good-looking face that beamed back out
of the mirror on Mr. Dudley, and noth-
ing could have been more tastefully im-
maculate than the white satin gloss of
his shirt-bosom and collar, the faultless
tie of his blue cravat, the exquisite fit
of his black velvet vest, ditto, dress-
coat, ditto, peg top sit-down-upons.

Mr. Dudley was quite aware of all
these little personal advantages, unusual
as it is for a gentleman, and brushed
up his dark hair, adjusted his wristbands
left three-eighths of the northwest corner
of his white handkerchief sticking out
of his pocket, drew on his gloves, took
his hat, and sailed forth to victory or
death.

The sun was just sinking as Mr. Dud-
ley strolled down the winding country
lanes, with tall old trees twining their
green arms overhead, and birds singing
their vesper hymns in the fragrant
branches. The fields, right and left,
were like great emeralds sown all over
with scarlet stars, and the voices of
children floated pleasantly through them
as they gathered, in tin pails, the same
scarlet stars (in plain English strawber-
ries). The quiet lanes were bordered
with buttercups, marguerites, white and
primrose clover, and field-lilies; the sky
overhead was of that brilliant blue
known as ultra-marine, with waves and
billows of fleecy white, and the solemn,
beautiful evening star glancing and
gleaming right overhead. But Mr. Dud-
ley was thinking of other things than
birds and buttercups, stars and
strawberries, and walked away with a
serious, to say solemn expression of
countenance, not paying any attention
to any of them. Truth to tell, Mr. Dud-
ley was about to perpetrate an act, that
evening, which has made heroes blanch,
philosophers tremble, and kings go on
their bended knees before now; in short
"not to put too fine a point on it"—pop
the question.

Mr. John Dudley was in love; noth-
ing very startling or unusual for a young
man of five-and-twenty; but Mr. D's case
had this trifling peculiarity; he was
hopelessly and helplessly in love with
two ladies at once, and, to save his neck
from the halter, he could not have told
on which he splashed most of his affec-
tions. Once, when nearly frantic with
the distracting question, he had written
to the editor of the paper containing
"answers to correspondents"—a sphinx
who read the hardest riddles as easy as
A B C, and who informed our young
friend in his next issue, that his private
opinion was, that the questioner was
neither more nor less than a fool; that it
did not make the least difference which
he proposed to, as he would probably
receive a polite "No" from both. This
severe mental rap on the head had ex-
asperated Mr. Dudley to that degree
that he twined both hands in his ebony
locks, and tore out two fistfuls by the
roots the moment he read it. But, as
all earthly anguish passes away, so did
this, and Mr. Dudley was as far from
the point as ever. In the morning, when
he rode out with Louise on horse-back,
and she came stepping in her jaunty
way down to the gate, her long purple
skirt falling regally around her tall, fine
figure; her black cloth basque fitting
the tapering waist to perfection; the
black velvet riding-cap with its purple
plume set coquettishly on the shining
black braids; the dark face, laughing
and bright; the black eyes spirited and
flashing—Mr. Dudley thought he loved
Louise then.

When they went galloping at break-
neck speed over hill and dale, and shore
and she took hedges, and ditches and
ravines, with shout and cheer, Mr. Dud-
ley thought he loved Louise then.—
When they met in the evenings at balls
and parties, and the enchanting strains
of the waltz-music floated out of the
night air, and she spun around the room
in his arms, her rich stain robe rust-
ling the splendid head half lying on
his shoulder, her red lips parted and
panting, her dark, tropical eyes uplifted,
half tenderly, half mirthfully—Mr. Dud-
ley thought he loved Louise then. But
when the flowers were asleep in the
bright, solemn moonlight, and the stars
shone down on the birds nestling and
twittering softly in the green heart of
the woods, and he strolled through the
silent fields and lanes with Amy, her
pale-blue dress and long fair curls flut-

tering in the cool night wind, the violet
eyes brighter and clearer than the stars
they were upraised to, the low voice
sweeter than the nightingale's chanting
his evening serenade beside them, and
the pure pale face looking dreamy and
lovely—Mr. Dudley thought he loved
Amy. When she sat at the piano in
the still summer gleaming, and sang
softly song after song, and he stood look-
ing down on the little drooping face,
and pearlwhite hands wandering rest-
lessly among the keys—Mr. Dudley loved
Amy then. In short, Mr. Dudley
was like a butterfly in a rose garden, so
intoxicated with sweets that he didn't
know which to choose, and had there
been only one, he would have rested per-
fectly happy; but he now kept hopping
backward and forward, unable to find
rest anywhere. This aggravating state
of things had continued about six
months, and might have continued for
six longer, had not other gentleman,
less fickle, began paying attention to
the two ladies, and the sighing swan
saw that he must select one or other
soon, or go without altogether. It was
not to be expected, much as they doubt-
less loved him, that they would wait for
him forever; on this particular evening
Mr. Dudley was about to make one of
them happy by laying his heart and
hand handsomely at her feet. Even at this
juncture, he had not decided which one
it to be; but as they were both going
to be at Mrs. Hewitt's party, whither
he was going, he resolved to leave it to
chance and the prompting of his good
angel. If either one by any chance
were absent, he would ask the other, if
either one happened by any chance, to
look prettier or better dressed, he would
ask her, and having arrived at this sat-
isfactory and mind-ceasing conclusion,
Mr. Dudley lit a cigar, stuck his hands
in his pantaloons pockets, and went on
his way rejoicing.

One long, scarlet glare of the dying
sunlight pierced the gray-gleaming, and
tipped the windows of Mrs. Hewitt's
drawing-room with dazzling gilding, as
he came in sight of that low, rambling,
old farm-house. He saw the long, wide
garden, hot with roses and peonies; he
saw the azure arch of morning glories
over the gate; and, standing under it,
he saw something else too. Two figures
—one tall and stately as a princess of
the blood-royal; one small and slight
as a fairy sprite. The tall one floating
in a sort of cloud of erioaline and gos-
samer; very low-necked; very short
sleeved; the gleam of a gold bracelet
on one rounded arm; the glitter of a
dainty chain twining round a large bou-
quet of jasmine, holding together the
corsage; the shining black hair turned
coronet fashion, braided after braid, black
and glancing round a superb head; gold
beads twisted and gleaming in and out;
an odor of rose-water and pastelie about
her, all gold and jet, all fire and sparkle.
The other, in a full, waving skirt of misty-
white muslin; a crimson Zouave jack-
et; a shower of golden curls falling be-
low her waist, and wreathed with creamy
roses; the violet eyes shining; the deli-
cious cheeks flushed; the lovely hands
ringless—she looked like the young
May-moon in a silver lining.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Dudley, mentally,
and in a state of rising distraction, "why
could not one or the other have stayed
away? They there are—beautiful as
angels, both of them; dressed to per-
fection; both of 'em dying for me, and
I—I must choose to-night! Well! Al-
lah! what will be will be! And so—
good evening, Miss Louise; good
evening, Miss Amy. I, trust I am not
late."

Miss Louise turned round, with a
brilliant smile, and frankly gave him
her hand; while Miss Amy, glancing
shyly up from under her long lashes,
smiled, too, with a celestial blush.

"Just in time, Mr. Dudley; all the
gentlemen have arrived; and Mrs. Hew-
itt is waiting tea, so come in and—have
a bouquet."

Miss Louise broke off a blooming red
rose, and handed it to him, in her gay,
graceful way; and Mr. Dudley, as he
took it, raised the fair hand to his lips.

"A thousand thanks! but I must have
another; this does not fill my button-
hole—ah, that is it exactly. Miss Amy,
you are an angel!"

For Miss Amy had pulled a cluster
of velvet-pansies, bright with gold and
purple, and presented it to him; with
another shyly tender glance, as rever-
ently as if he were the Grand Turk.

"Heart's-ease (do you know what you
have given me, Miss Amy?) and roses
mean—"

"Love!" said Miss Amy, with a wick-
ed little look at Louise, whose clear,

dark cheeks slightly flushed.
"Oh, nonsense! don't get sentiment-
al. Look how splendidly the sun is
setting in that sea of crimson flame.—
Come to supper."

"Crimson flame! Come to supper! A
pretty brace of subjects to string to-
gether," said Mr. Dudley, sotto voce, as
he followed the golden vision into the
dining-room, where all the rest of Mrs.
Hewitt's guests had already assembled.
They kept primitive hours in the coun-
try. Dine at one instead of five; have
supper at six, instead of the small and
dissipated hours "ayont the twal";
therefore Mr. Dudley was not in the
least astonished to find every body
around the table impatiently awaiting
his coming. There were greetings, then
grace, and every body fell to with coun-
try appetites; and Mr. Dudley, with
great delectation, found himself support-
ed by Miss Amy on his right, and Miss
Louise on his left hand. The table,
too, met his approbation; there were
boned turkeys and jellies, spiced ham
and green garnishing, oyster patties and
cold tongue, cream and coffee, and
cakes, and butter and biscuits, and mar-
malade, and no end of good things,
wherein the heart of man delighteth.—
Then, too, he had a chance of keeping
up a raking fire of compliments to the
right and left, all the time, and treating
them to sweet things, practically and
metaphorically, in the tallest sort of a
way. It was a delicious meal, in every
sense of the word; but the most deli-
cious things must come to an end some
time or another, and the company dis-
persed into the "spare room"; the fid-
lers struck up, the dancers went to
work, and the real business of the eve-
ning began in good earnest. As a gen-
eral thing, June is not the pleasantest
month in the year for vigorous dancing;
but this high, long room, with its four
great windows, opposite to each other,
all open, and the twilight breezes
sweeping in from the hills, was perfectly
cool and comfortable. A waltz was the
first thing. Mr. Dudley asked Miss
Louise, and in two minutes they were
floating round and round as lightly as if
floating in the regions of space. Miss
Louise was looking particularly beau-
tiful on this auspicious night, her amber
gossamer robe floating out three or four
feet around her; a black velvet cein-
ture, glistening with little gold drops
making a shining circle for the young
gentleman's arm; the magnificent black
eyes, and the gold beads in her hair,
seeming to outflash each other; the
damp, silken braids touching his cheek;
the slight, dark hand lying at rest in
his own—ah, dear me! what's the use
of going on; you've heard it all a thou-
sand times, and know the whole thing,
as well as I do. Miss Louise was be-
wildering; Mr. Dudley was excited;
Miss Louise was smiling and gracious;
Mr. Dudley was in love; and the up-
shot of it all was, that—with music in
his ears, Miss Louise in his arms, and
his head going round like a top, with
excitement and dancing—he stooped
down, with a flushed cheek and beating
heart, while they still spanlightly round,
and whispered a few magic words in her
ear. Miss Louise's cheek turned the
color of the red, red rose, newly sprang
in June and his button-hole, and she
only whispered one little word in an-
swer, but that was just the word he
wanted her to whisper, and the state of
mental ecstasy he fell into for about five
minutes no earthly steel-pen can do jus-
tice to. Of course, public transports
were out of the question where they
were, so he could do nothing but squeeze
her hand until she was ready to scream
from pain, and waltz away with the rest
of the folks, until it came to an end.—
Then came quadrilles. Miss Louise was
borne off by the young village lawyer,
her most devoted admirer, and a "per-
fect dear," according to all the young
ladies' verdict; and Mr. Dudley, with
a comfortable glow under his watch-
pocket, went and asked Miss Amy.—
Now, Miss Amy was voted unanimo-
usly, by every body, the most graceful
dancer in the village; and as he watch-
ed the filmy white skirt, the crimson
Zouave jacket, the violet eyes, and the
rose-tinted cheeks, they somehow got
mixed-up in his brain with amber and
jet, and black eyes and gold beads, un-
til he could not, for the life of him, tell
which was uppermost. The tiny, white
hand he thought even prettier than the
slight dark one; the shy smile and deli-
cate face more bewitching than the open
glance and frank laugh of the other.—
And when, after the quadrille, music
was called for, and he stood at the piano
to turn the leaves for the singers, though
Miss Louise, in her high, clear, apper-
soprano, sang lots of Italian songs—

from "Di tanti palpiti" down, yet Miss
Amy's old Scotch ballads, in her sweet
contralto voice, seemed by far the best
of the two. And then there was such
pathos in her fifties when she sang, at
his request, "John Anderson, my Joe,
John," especially in that last tender
verse:

"John Anderson, my Joe John,
We've clamb the hill together;
And morn a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane another.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And we'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Joe."

—her voice quite trembled at the last
lines, and the violet eyes she lifted to
his face were fairly swimming in tears.
That was enough! Mr. Dudley's hand-
some head was lowered again—the same
story was whispered in Miss Amy's ear
that had been breathed in another about
an hour previously, and with drooping
eye-lids and vivid blush the same answer
was returned. Looking round, in an-
other triumphant ecstasy, after this feat,
the conquering hero was rather diacon-
certed to find a pair of piercing black
eyes fixed upon him, that had noticed
both whisper and answer, blush and elia-
tion. Another second, and she, too,
had whispered something to Miss Amy,
drawn her arm within her own, and led
her coolly and quietly through the
crowd, and out into the moonlight and
morning glories.

Mr. Dudley was uneasy; Mr. Dudley
was more—he was a trifle dismayed.—
Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and
the two belles of the room returned not.
Mr. Dudley grew so troubled and rest-
less, that the warm dancing-room be-
came suffocating, and he walked out
into the fresh, free air. Two slender
shapely, in white and amber, stood at
the gate talking earnestly—probably com-
paring notes, and boasting of that night's
splendid offer. "He had heard of ladies'
wonderful confidences at curling-hair-
time. Had they forestalled that confi-
dential period, and could he by any possi-
bility be the subject of this earnest
discussion? He was not long left in
doubt. A spirited voice, clear and
sweet as a silver bell, came from the
gate with, "Mr. Dudley, come here one-
moment, if you please?" and Mr. Dud-
ley, feeling very much as if he were go-
ing to the gallows, walked down the
garden path, and joined them. It was
Miss Louise who called; and two bright,
red spots, all unusual there, burned on
Miss Louise's dark cheeks, and the tall
form was drawn up in splendid scorn,
and the magnificent eyes blazed with a
dangerous light. One arm was protect-
ingly twined round Miss Amy's waist,
and the glow of her cheeks seemed to
have been caught from that young per-
son's, for they were as white as her book-
muslin skirt, but the little held itself
erect and proudly too.

"Mr. Dudley," began Miss Louise, in
a voice which rang out clear as a bugle
and transfixing, with her splendid eyes
that most unfortunate of men, "you did
me the honor, about an hour ago, to tell
me you loved me, and, with my permis-
sion, would be most happy to make me
your wife."

"Ye-e-e-es!" faltered Mr. Dudley,
not daring to meet the fiery eyes.
"And, fifteen minutes ago, you re-
peated the same thing, word for word,
to this young lady beside me! Now
then, sir," fiercely, and with eyes that
seemed fairly blazing, "what do you
mean by this insult?"

"I didn't mean to insult you—upon
my soul I didn't!" exclaimed Mr. Dud-
ley, vehemently, and ready to cry. "I
love both of you so much, that I can't
tell which I love the best, and that's
the whole truth."

With which, Mr. Dudley sat down on
a bench, and, leaning his arms on the
fence, dropped his contrite thereon.—
Miss Louise looked at him for a brief
time in silence; and the pride and fire
in her face melted into unmeasurable
contempt.

"Poor thing!" she said, with a slight
laugh, terrible in lover's ears, "don't
cry! Come, Amy, let us go back to
the house. I promised Mr. Webster
to waltz with him; and I know half the
gentlemen in the room have been dying
since you left it. Take care of yourself,
Mr. Dudley, and don't catch cold sit-
ting in the dew, if you can help it; and
remember a good motto in going wrong
is—one at a time!"

One month after, Miss Louise mar-
ried Mr. Webster, the young lawyer,
and Miss Amy was her bridesmaid.—
And when the June roses bloomed
again, Miss Amy had a wedding on her
own account; and Mr. Dudley was left
a sadder and wiser man, to reflect that
between two stools we come to the
ground.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.—In the
neighborhood where we once lived, a
man and his wife wore almost constant-
ly quarrelling; during their quarrels
their only child (a boy) was generally
present, and of course had caught many
of his father's expressions. One day,
when the boy had been doing something
wrong, the mother, intending to chastise
him, called him, and said: "Come
here, sir. What did you do that for?"
The boy, complacently folding his arms,
and imitating his father's manner, re-
plied, "See here madam, I don't wish to
have any words with you!"

THE CANDID PHYSICIAN.—A gentle-
man called some time since to consult
a physician with regard to a rheumatism
which caused him much pain. The doc-
tor immediately sat down and wrote
him a prescription. As the patient was
going away the doctor called him back.
"By the way, sir, should my prescrip-
tion happen to afford you any relief,
please let me know, as I am myself suf-
fering from an affection similar to yours
and for the last twenty years have tried
in vain to cure it."

A GOOD STOMACH.—A country youth
having an uncle living in town, resolved
to pay him a visit; he accordingly
started off, one morning, and arrived at
his uncle's house just as supper was
ready. Being very hungry, from his
long walk, he no sooner got seated at
the table than he commenced a furious
onslaught on the eatables, at right and
left.

"Hold on, sir," said his uncle, who was
a pious man; "we always say something
here before we eat."

"Say what you have a mind to," an-
swered the boy, between two mouthfuls,
"you can't turn my stomach!"

During the reign of Bonaparte,
when the arrogant soldiery affected to
despise all civilians, whom they, in
their barrack-room slang, termed Pe-
kins, Talleyrand one day asked a gen-
eral officer, "What is the meaning of that
word 'Pekin'?" "Oh," replied the gen-
eral, "we call all those Pekins who are
not military." "Exactly," said Talley-
rand, "just as we call all people military
who are not civil!"

A learned Lord, speaking of the
salary attached to a new judgeship, said
it was all moonshine. Lord Lyndhurst,
in a dry, sarcastic way, remarked, "May
be so; but I have a strong notion that,
moonshine though it may be, you would
like to see the first quarter of it."

Pass through a crowd of boys
busy with fire-crackers, and you will see
how much more fond each lad is of his
own particular noise than that of his
companions. The same thing may be
observed among public speakers and
private talkers.

A lady passing along the street
one morning, noticed a little boy scatter-
ing salt upon the sidewalk, for the pur-
pose of clearing off the ice. "Well, I'm
sure," said the lady, "this is real be-
nevolence." "No, it ain't," replied the
boy, "it's salt."

A Massachusetts Judge has de-
cided that a husband may open his wife's
letters, on the ground—so often and so
terribly stated by Mr. Theophilus Par-
sons, of Cambridge—that "the husband
and wife are one, and the husband is
that one!"

An old lady, looking at the curi-
osities in a museum, came to a couple
of sea dogs; aid, after gazing at them
with wonder, inquired of a wag who
stood near her, if they barked. "No,
madam," says the wag, "their bark is on
the sea."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed
Mrs. Partington. "What will the im-
portance of this world come to, I won-
der? Why, they might just as season-
ably tell me the man had six heads in his
hat."

We once heard of a Kentuckian
whose amazing strength was attended
with fatal consequences. He was cut-
ting a slice of bread and butter when
the knife slipped, cut himself in half
and the two men behind him.

A woman offering to sign a deed,
the judge asked her whether her hus-
band had compelled her to sign. "He
compel me!" said the lady; "no, nor
twenty like him!"

Why is a woman deformed when
she is mending stockings? Because her
hands are where her feet ought to be.

Died of small pox at Washington
an old Indian chief.