

# 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, 1851.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

NO. 40.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
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 arrears 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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## HAPPY OLD AGE.

I feel that age has overtaken  
My steps on life's descending way,  
But time has left no lingering pain,  
No shadow of an evil day;  
And you, my children, gather near  
To smooth and solace my decline,  
And I have hope that your career  
Will be as blessed as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky  
From threatening storm and low'ring cloud,  
But sunbursts shied from source on high  
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.  
Not all without the shard and thorn  
Has been my path from first to last;  
But springs and flowers, of mercy born,  
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—  
As serenely talk or muse—  
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,  
Reflecting autumn's sunset hues.  
Time has not dulled my moral sense,  
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;  
No passions weaken my defence,  
No doubts and cares affright.

But retrospection, even yet,  
Will lead me through past trodden ways,  
And I remember—why forget?  
The magic of my early days;  
All nature so divinely wrought,  
The untravelled mystery of things,  
Awoke me to exalted thought,  
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew  
Up to sunny noon of youth,  
From youth to manhood, till I knew  
That love was near akin to truth.  
My trials, bravely overcome;  
My triumphs, not of purpose vain;  
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,  
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree  
Whose top is hoary with decay,  
Whose trunk is shaken as may be  
Before it falls and fades away—  
Receive what faithful men unfold,  
Revere what truthful men proclaim,  
And before heaven and man uphold  
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,  
No tremblings as I hurry down;  
My way is clear, the end is near,  
The goal, the glory, and the crown.  
Then shed no bitter tears for me,  
As ye consign me to the dust;  
Rather rejoice that I shall be  
With God, my strength and trust.

## EGO AND ECHO.

I asked of Echo, "Pother thy,  
(Whose words are often funny),  
What to a novice she should say  
Of courtship, love and matrimony?  
Quoth Echo, plainly—"After-o-money!"

Whom should I marry? I should it be  
A dashing dandy, neat and pert—  
A pattern of inconstancy;  
Or selfish, mercenary flint?  
Quoth Echo, sharply—"Nary flint!"

That if, aware of the strife  
That long has lured the gay deceiver,  
She proposed to amend her life  
And sin no more; can I believe her?  
Quoth Echo, with decision—"Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart,  
On me should venture to bestow it,  
Pray, should I act the wiser part  
To take the treasure or forego it?  
Quoth Echo, very promptly—"Go it!"

But what, if seemingly afraid  
To bind herself in Hyman's fetter,  
She vows she means to die a maid,  
In answer to my loving letter?  
Quoth Echo, rather coolly—"Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,  
I find my heart so twined about  
With Cupids dear, delicious chain,  
So closely that I can't get out?  
Quoth Echo, laughingly—"Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,  
As pure and fair as heaven make her,  
Will share my labor and my rest,  
Till ev'ning Death shall overtake her?  
Quoth Echo (sotto voce)—"Take her!"

A Cockney says that the water makes a great transformation in cloth. Take, say a piece of linen, and soak it thoroughly, and it will be well wet (yolreb.)

## HARRY'S WAGER.

It was in June, the most beautiful of the summer months—a glowing, regal day of almost tropic richness. We were lounging on the piazza of O—House, some half a dozen of us, trying to keep cool.

"If Mrs. Jennings invites any more men here, I shall leave," said pretty Susie Morris, as she entered the room hastily. "One can't move without meeting 'top-boots' and straw hats."

"What is wrong, Susie? your face is a perfect crimson."

"And no wonder, girls, I have just been most beautifully caught. It was so warm upstairs, and you girls were chatting away like mad down here; so, as I wanted to finish 'Adam Bede,' I discarded my hoops, shoes, and stockings, and conveyed the rest of myself out to the arbor to read. I would not have risked it, but Mrs. Jennings told me he gentlemen had all gone fishing, and would not return till late, I flung myself down on the mound, and buried my bare feet in the long grass. Oh! it was deliciously cool, and I was congratulating myself on having escaped you magpies, when she should enter and fling herself into the garden-chair but Mr. Egerton."

"Harry Egerton of all men in the world! the pink of neatness, proud, exclusive, aristocratic, and all the rest; never wore a rumpled shirt-collar in his life, thinks women sleep in full dress—Oh! horror, Susie, you are undone."

"Wasn't it too bad?" said poor Susie fairly ready to cry.

"Never mind, Susie," said Laura Hastings, "look back as sweet as ever you can look, with your white wrapper, and your splendid hair twisted up so, carelessly."

"Listen to Laura, I do believe she could comfort an old maid in musquito time."

"What did Harry say Susie?"  
"He did not notice me at first; when he turned, he sprang to his feet and apologized. He had taken a severe headache, and leaving the fishers at Ford's Landing, had come home by the three-o'clock boat. He did not seem to notice my confusion, but glanced roguishly at my feet, and then at his pantaloons thrust in his boots, as if to say, 'We are quits!' But there I shan't talk anymore about it." And she escaped to her own room, to write letters, as she said, whilst the rest of us remained to talk—well, scandal.

"I think Susie and Mr. Egerton are mutually pleased with each other, or else Susie is flirting with him."

I fired up at this.  
"Excuse me, Helen, for contradicting you! but Susie Morris is not given to flirting; besides, she is, as you know, engaged."

"So I told Mr. Egerton, but he don't believe it. He says, if it is so, he doesn't wish the color of my face to get shot."

"And if he did, Susie would never marry him very shallow; so he may digress: that at his leisure."

"You are very cross to day, Grace. You shouldn't be hard on the poor man, he is so handsome."

"Bah! I hate handsome men. Give me a real homely one, like Doctor Moore; he's sure to be sensible."

This was a double thrust, intended to quiet two tongues, for Helen Sloan and Mary Mac were supposed to have about an equal right in the aforesaid doctor's heart; at least, they were both storming the same castle.

"Indeed, he is homely, Gracie (an innocent bit of spite of Laura's); I wonder what brought him here, anyway."

"Oh, he knew Hardwick was to be a rendezvous for beauty, this season, and, what is far better in his eyes, beauties with long rent rolls."

Helen and Mary both flung off, shutting the door hard behind them. They were both heiresses; and as soon as the valiant doctor found out who had the most money, he intended to propose.

ties that tumble down so easily. It was an old-fashioned house, with a balcony built on three sides of it. In a little while our reverie was disturbed by the sound of the booted feet coming toward us.

"Hush! it is Harry Egerton and Ned Lyman," and we hastily dropped the curtain, and kept very still, while the gentlemen coolly appropriated the chairs we had vacated when the dew began to fall.

"Now for a treat," whispered Laura; "just hear how he will blow."

"But it's so mean to listen."

"No, it isn't, to such a gas-house as Harry Egerton—hush!"

"Where is your pretty Susie, to-night, Harry? I wonder to see you alone."

"Gone to ride with Doctor Moore, the old gray-beard. I'll put a bullet through him if he interferes again in my property. I know Susie is dreadfully bored."

"When will we have the pleasure of congratulating Mrs. Egerton?"

"Oh, as soon as it grows cooler; it's too confounded warm to wear broadcloth."

"Then it's all fixed? The lady has confessed her love?"

"Of course how could she help it? I'm sorry to differ with you, Harry; but I don't believe Susie Morris will ever be Mrs. Egerton."

"The mischief you don't! What will you bet on it?"

"Anything you like."

"This diamond ring against your shirt-studs."

"Agreed—but remember, if she refuses you, the ring is mine."

"Certainly; but do not fear."

"Hush, Harry! hark, a minute! I am sure I heard a noise. Perhaps some of these imps of girls are about; they all room on this side of the house."

"Oh no, they're all on the river, but Susie and Doctor Moore. But it's almost time for Susie to return. I must go and look after her. Come, let us go below." And slipping his arm through his companion's, they were soon out of sight and hearing.

"Do you feel mean, Laura? You're mother taught you not to listen."

"Not a bit; the mean scamp."

A scamp, indeed! He never spoke a word on the subject of marriage to Susie in his life. I know or she would have told me of it. The truth of it is, she is so calm and cool, he is afraid to venture; but he will, before she leaves.

We heard the girls' voices, and stole slyly down the back way, determined to keep our counsel, and wait patiently.

It was the night before we left Hardwick, and our kind hostess gave a large party in our honor. Susie had not come down yet, though the rest of us had been in the drawing-room at least thirty minutes. Egerton stood leaning against the piano, watching the door and I knew by the expression of his face, that he meant to dare his fate, to-night. I knew what kept Susie. Letters had come from the warrior lover, one of which said he expected to be home for a few days; how soon he could not just say—perhaps, though, within the week. I had dressed early, and left Susie to dream over those previous letters. I was watching, too, and soon a light step announced her coming. I was determined Mr. Egerton should "hunt" a chance to pop the question in, so met her at the door and drew her arm through mine. She was very beautiful in her floating white robe, with brilliant red verbenas on her bosom, and in her black hair, and the quiet of her great happiness in her dark, misty eyes. I led her to the extreme corner of the room, far as possible away from Mr. Egerton, though I well knew those things that always "come home to roost" were following me; but I did not care.

Later in the evening, Laura and I were almost convulsed by hearing Ned Lyman say, in passing:

"When shall I have the pleasure of wearing that diamond-ring, Egerton?"

An hour later, Susie and I stood on the verandah.

"What brought you out here, Susie? I wanted you all around."

"Oh, nothing; only Mr. Egerton worries me to death following me around. I don't know what the man means."

I knew very well what the man meant; my heart not being so pre-occupied as Susie's but I did not say so.

Turning, I saw the gentleman himself coming toward the verandah, and saying to Susie, "Wait here a moment, I have forgotten my fan" (which was true), I passed through one low window whilst he stepped on the verandah from another. In my haste to escape unseen

I almost fell into the arms of Ned Lyman, who stood concealed beneath the heavy fall of curtains that dropped the window.

"Go away a little while, Ned; I want this window."

"Go away a little while, Grace, I want this window."

"What for, Ned?"

"To listen to Egerton's proposal to Susie. I have a wager on it."

Then I told him I wanted to listen, too; so we shared the window, mutually agreeing that listening as a general thing was contemptible; but Egerton's affairs were public property, for he made them so by telling them himself.

During our brief confab we had lost a part, for Egerton was saying:

"And is this your final answer, Miss Susie? Could you not love me in time?"

"It is, Mr. Egerton. I can never be your wife."

"Consider a little longer, Miss Susie—dear Miss Susie (very tender)—let me place this ring upon that fair finger," removing the diamond.

"Oh, he's going to give my ring away," whispered Ned, ludicrously.

"I've half a mind to say, 'Don't give my ring away, Egerton.'"

"Put back the ring, Egerton," said poor Susie, in a pained voice; "it can never be. This interview is exceedingly painful to me; will you kindly permit me to pass?"

She moved toward the window, but he laid his hand upon her arm, and would not let her enter.

"You are insolent, sir." And Susie's black eyes flashed fire. At that moment a heavy boot sounded on the bare floor, and a sword clanged against the iron railing, Susie turned quickly, and saying, joyously, "O Norman!" sprang into the arms of a tall, noble-looking man, whose handsome epaulets and waving plume proclaimed his rank. He stood with pretty Susie drawn close against his breast, both entirely ignoring poor Egerton, but soon a saucy light came up in Susie's eyes, and turning, she said:

"Mr. Egerton, permit me to introduce my friend and betrothed husband, Colonel Norman Dean."

Egerton did not utter one word, but turning on his heel, left them. Susie explained to my brother (for her lover was my only brother) the cause of her presenting him in the manner she did. He in turn explained the cause of his unexpected coming, declining to join the guests, as he had just come off the cars dusty and tired. Then he passed his arm around her, and led her down into the garden, whilst Ned and I scampered as we heard the voice of our hostess calling:

"Grace, Grace; where can those girls be?"

We left next day. As we parted at the depot, Ned said:

"Egerton, give me the ring; I have won the wager."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow. I have n't proposed yet."

"That won't do, my boy; I heard you. 'Consider a little longer, Miss Susie—dear Miss Susie; let me place this ring upon that fair finger.'"

Egerton was fairly caught, and removing the ring, gave it to Ned.

"Keep my secret, Ned: it's all I ask." And stepping on the cars, he was gone.

Reader, this was one year ago, and this June that ring sparkles on my finger, for you see I—I am Mrs. Ned Lyman.

Two days after we left Hardwick, in a little Gothic church away in the mountains, thickly covered with ivy and creeping roses, my brother Norman and Susie Morris were made man and wife.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully skipping lightly over all the obstacles in the way, rather than sit down and lament your hard fate. The cheerful man's life will spin out longer than that of a man who is continually sad desponding. If distress comes upon us, dejection and despair will not afford relief.—The best thing to do when evil comes upon us is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and make a vigorous effort to seek a remedy.

A Chicago Man, who had not been out of the city for years, fainted away in the pure air of Rock Prairie. He was only resuscitated by putting a fish to his nose, when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "That is good, it smells like home."

## Married and Given in Marriage.

Marriages are queer things, after all. So are the men and women who consummate them. The statistics of courtship and wedlock, of marriage and its results, are interesting in their way. The union of fire and ice, of sunlight and of snow, is not more diverse than matrimonial unions sometimes are. Fact and fancy have a correlative relation in this respect. Men and women take a fancy to each other, and the facts certainly testify how very uncertainly the result of such prejudices prove. The statistics of the past year are probably not more than ordinarily interesting, but they are sufficiently so to engage the notice of wives and widows, bachelors and maids.

The number of men married under twenty was nineteen, of whom fifteen married women under twenty, and four married women between twenty and twenty-five; whilst that of the women under twenty was eight hundred and sixteen, of whom fifteen married men under twenty, and five hundred and sixty-five married men between twenty and twenty-five; one hundred and sixty-six married men between twenty-five and thirty; sixty-two married men between thirty and forty; and two married men between forty and fifty, and six married men whose age was not given. The number of men over the age of thirty married was one thousand two hundred and eighty-three, an increase over the previous year of one hundred and forty-six, while that of the women was five hundred and eighty-one, being an increase of forty-six. There were nine men married between seventy and eighty, two of whom married women between sixty and seventy, three between fifty and sixty, three between forty and fifty, and one between thirty and forty; and four women married between sixty and seventy; two married men between seventy and eighty, one between sixty and seventy, and one between fifty and sixty. The Methodist ceremony seemed to have been the favorite ceremony employed—there being 907 marriages reported; then follows the Catholic, 898; Episcopal, 658; Presbyterian, 529; Lutheran, 453; and Baptist, 326. Several marriages were reported with the ceremony omitted. These slight statistics are full of encouragement to all. They prove to all interested, that while there is life there is hope, and while there are men and women there will be at least as many marriages as there are divorces.

REVERENCE.—Express upon your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let not the wantonness of youthful sallies, for nothing is more odious than to treat religion with levity; it discovers at once a pert and shallow mind to presume to make light of what the wisest of mankind holds most sacred. True religion breathes gentleness and affability. It produces kind, social and cheerful feelings, and teaches men to discard the gloomy and illiberal superstition which upbids them for another world by wholly neglecting the concerns of this. Be prepared for heaven by an active and honorable discharge of the duties of this life, and of such religion discover on every proper occasion that you are not ashamed, but avoid making any ostentatious display of it.

IGNORANCE.—Nothing renders legitimate governments so insecure as ignorance among the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to the seditious wiles of designing demagogues. People well educated, with enlarged reasoning powers to comprehend the true ground of authority, and the obligation of obedience to the laws are not liable to be the victims of prejudice and false alarms; and by the exercise of enlightened reason, will detect and expose the insidious plans of wicked and designing men.

A BIG CROP.—Wm. McLeas, Esq., of Henderson county, one of the most extensive and successful planters in Kentucky, sold his crop of tobacco, embracing three hundred and eighty thousand pounds, together with his crop of corn, for the sum of \$70,000. The tobacco alone brought \$63,000. This is the most valuable yield ever produced on a single plantation in Kentucky.

A FELLOW.—A fellow was one day boasting of his pedigree, when a wag who was present remarked very sentimentally, Ah! I have no doubt. That reminds me of a remark made by Lord Bacon, that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is under ground.

## Chinese Fortune-Teller.

These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city also, where there is space available. A mat is spread on the ground, with a stick fixed at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune teller and his hen, which is in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing number of very small rolls of paper with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of fifty or sixty small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters or the divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the "inkstone" and the pencil are at hand ready for use.

An inquirer who wishes to consult him squats down on his heels outside the enclosure, pays three cash, (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it, and writes its contents on the board. He opens door of the cage, and the hen marches forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are thrown into the cage, and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the characters inside also written on the board, from the two inscriptions on which the consultant's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of moral motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate, without the possibility of collusion or misinterpretation of any kind.—[The Medical Dictionary in China.]

A proud Parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd with a new coat on, tending his flock. The parson asked him, in a very haughty tone, who gave him that coat. "The same that clothed you—the parish," said the shepherd. The parson, nettled at this, rode on a little way, musing, and then bade his man go back and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The groom went accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. "Why are you going away, then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then," said the shepherd, "you may tell your master that his living cannot maintain three of us."

O'Connell is said to have checked a panic on a bank of which he was a director, by making the cashier roast the gold that was given in exchange for notes. The poor Pats thought that they were coining money in the bank parlor, and that they couldn't break a bank which could supply its customers with gold like breakfast rolls. Besides, it is rather uncomfortable pick to up hot sovereigns, and the process of cashing was necessarily slow.

A lady, upon being told a friend wished to see her, desired her little daughter, about eight or nine years of age, to say that she was not in; upon this, the friend being anxious to have an interview, asked the child when her mother would be likely to return. The little thing very innocently said calling up stairs, "Mamma, the lady wishes to know when you will be in?"

Dryden on the night that one of his plays was damned, was taking his walk from the theatre, when he was met by a cockcomb acquaintance, who said: "What, Dryden, my boy! upon my soul I feel for you. Can there be anything more shocking to a person's feelings than a damned play?" "Yes sir," replied the poet, "a damned fool."

Aminidab, who is Cupid? One of the boys, He is said to be blind as a bat; but if he is blind he'll do to travel. He found his way into Aunt Nan's affections, and I wouldn't have thought any critter could have worked his way into such narrow arrangements with eyes open!

Judge said to a toper on trial for drunkenness: Prisoner, have heard the complaint for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence? Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst.

Going, going, just a going! cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" quickly asked a passer-by.—Well, replied the knight of the hammer, I am going to the Zoological Gardens to tell the managers, that one of their baboons is loose.