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From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

I WONDER IF SHE LOVES ME?

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE.
I wonder if she loves me?
I'd give the world to know!
For though her looks still whisper Yes,
Her lips still utter No.
Why should she blush so when we meet,
If I'm not near her heart?
Her tiny hand why tremble, when
We undertake to part?

I wonder if she loves me?
Last night we were alone,
And I thought there was a coldness
Unusual in her tone:
Yet, toying with her curls, I stole
Oh! such a kiss! and though
She looked innumerable things,
She did not bid me go!

I wonder if she loves me?
To wake her woman's pride,
I feigned to love another once—
She neither spoke nor sighed:
Still, though she seemed emotionless,
I watched her blue eye well,
And I'm certain that a tear-drop
From its silken lashes fell.

I wonder if she loves me?
I'm sure I can't decide,
For sometimes she's all tenderness,
And sometimes she's all pride.
In vain I question of my hopes,
My fears still weigh them down,
Since even her sweetest, sunniest smile
Is featured by a frown!

From the Marietta Argus of 1844.
I'M CERTAIN THAT SHE LOVES YOU.
In answer to "I wonder if she loves me."

BY AN EX-MARIETTIAN.
I'm certain that she loves you,
She never told me so;
But all's not uttered that is "thought,
Or felt, or seen," you know;
She never did avow it,
But once she breathed your name;
She never would allow it
To pass her lips again.

I'm certain that she loves you,
The first time that you met,
Those words, those kind attentions,
She never can forget:
Her wistful glance at parting,
Her trembling hand extended,
The tear suppressed ere starting,
How meek, how unpretended.

I'm certain that she loves you,
The last time I was there,
I saw upon her snowy wrist,
A bracelet of her hair:
She wore upon her finger,
Your diamond ring, and then
Her eyes would often linger
Upon that magic gem.

I'm certain that she loves you,
I'll tell you how I know it:
That blush, whenever I speak of you,
She never can forget it:
Her look so sweetly beaming,
Her bosom's gentle swell;
Her sighs, their rapid heaving,
Their depth, O, when?

I'm certain that she loves you,
I'm very sure she does:
Or why so pensive when you're gone?
If 'tis not that she loves:
Why those smiles when you return?
Why that heart-felt gladness?
And when you seem her love to spurn
Why that soul-sick sadness?

I WONDER WHY?

He pressed my hand, I can't tell why—
I'm sure I wonder why he did it;
And then I heard—oh, such a sigh!
As quite alarmed me for a minute.
I wonder why he pressed my hand—
I wonder why he sigh'd so sadly—
I'm sure if I could understand
The cause, I would remove it gladly.

He told me he had lost his heart,
And whispered something about "Hopes,"
I wonder why it did depart—
Or why hearts ever do elope—
I'm sure, if I his heart had been,
I never would have left his side,
But say'd a happy, joyous thing,
And loved the place till I had died.

FANNIE AND I.

"No, John Blaiklie, I shall never marry you," I said, in a tone which I meant should be particularly severe.—Let the conversation end here.

Mr. John Blaiklie laughed in my face, which by the way, was just what he ought not to have done. The consequence was that I grew angry in a moment.

"You can laugh as much as you please," I continued. "There is a certain class of people in this world that characterize themselves by laughing at their own folly. You have heard of them, haven't you?"

"O yes?"
Again John Blaiklie laughed a good natured, happy laugh, which did not testify very strongly for the depth of his anguish at my decision. Of course I grew more and more piqued! nothing more could have been expected of me.

"You are very gentlemanly, Mr. Blaiklie," I said, in a tone which I meant should be very sarcastic.

"And I am aware of that, too, my little Bessy," he answered, good naturedly.

"Cousin Fannie admires you very much," I said, significantly, for a moment forgetting my anger.

"She does?"

He grew suddenly thoughtful, and bent his large, honest blue eyes to the floor. Then as if a new resolution had suddenly become fixed in his mind, he arose, saying,

"You are quite sure of this, Bessie quite sure?"

"Yes, quite sure. If you wish to try your luck in that direction, you may be certain of success."

"Thank you Miss Bessie? I will try."

"Miss Bessie!" In all his life John Blaiklie had never addressed me in that way before. I started at him in very surprise. He did not appear to notice me, but went towards the door, saying, a little sadly, "I thought, as he passed at the threshold:

"I have troubled you, not importantly, Bessie, but because, until now, I have been ignorant of your true feelings. The future shall speak for itself. Good morning!"

"Good morning!" I faltered forth, still staring at him in blank amazement.—For a moment I could not really believe that he had gone—not until his foot-step grew faint in the distance, and looking out of the window, I could but dimly see his tall figure through the thick mass of shrubbery that lay between the house and the road; then I drew a long sigh, not of relief, I am sure as might have been expected from a lady who had suddenly found herself rid of an annoying lover; but a sigh which puzzled my own heart to define.

I do not know what first put the thought into my head that I should not marry John Blaiklie. From my childhood, even, I had been taught to look upon him as my future husband.—Through the whole neighborhood our engagement had grown to be such a settled affair, and of such long standing, that the people forgot to tease us about it, and passed by us as indifferent as though we had been a married couple for years, instead of interesting, engaged young persons. But somehow, as I said before, I cannot tell why it came to me, the idea that marrying John Blaiklie was not the best way of settling myself for life, after all; and so, working upon this, I grew to believe that I did not love him—and not loving him, what could I do but assure him that I should never be his wife? And that assurance I gave him as I have already shown.

But after he left me that morning, I felt anything but comfortable; and indeed the tears came constantly to my eyes and though I tried as well as I could to keep them down they conquered me at last, and sinking down in my chair, I gave up and had a good hearty cry. I felt a little better after that, and tried to persuade myself, in my own mind, that I had done just the best thing I could do for the insurance of John's and my own happiness. But the worst was yet to come.

The next Sabbath John attended Cousin Fannie to church. This was such a new and strange order of things, that it set the whole congregation to staring. Cranston could not sleep under anything so incomprehensible, and for that Sabbath, at least, good Parson Green preached to a wakeful set of hearers. But they could only conjecture as to the cause of the change, and conjecture they did without leaving but little time for any other mental

speculation. Some were ready to declare that Cousin Fannie had supplanted me in John's affections, and that I was breaking my heart in a secret kind of way about it; others said that the fault rested with me, and that I was looking in another and higher direction for a lover. But I had the truth, and most sacredly did I guard it. It grew to be a very plain truth before the summer was gone. As time wore away, and I saw plainly into the depths of my heart, I knew that for a childish, girlish whim, I had put the happiness of a lifetime away from me. But I could only wear a brave face, and keep my secret away from the prying, curious gaze of those who were searching for it.

I did not often meet John, and but twice during that summer were we thrown into each other's company for a sufficient length of time to exchange a dozen words. Once we met at a picnic. From the moment that I stepped upon the grounds I knew that he was intending to speak to me. Perhaps I felt it by the way he watched me as I went from place to place. When he came to my side, it seemed that the whole party hushed voice, heart and soul to listen to us. He smiled at this, and commenced talking in a pleasant way about the weather, appearing not to notice my flushed face and slightly disturbed manner.

"Are you enjoying the best of health this summer?" he asked at length, with a faint touch of mischief in his face.

"The very best of health, Mr. Blaiklie," answered, curling my lip. "Perhaps you have been informed to the contrary, however," I continued, more in answer to his smile than aught else.—"Cranston gossips, have, I believe, given me the credit of bearing up under a settled heart disease."

"They are inferior judges, Bessie. Do not class me among them."

"I never have," I answered, dryly.

"No, I suppose not," he said, smiling again. "This is a beautiful grove!"

"Very!" I answered, feeling that it was my turn to smile now.

"Have you noticed the arrangement made for dancers?"

"I shook my head.

"Come this way, then, if you please."

He offered me his arm, which I took without thinking to thank him. For a little moment I forgot that the right of claiming his attention was not mine. It seemed so like old times to be walking by his side, watching his face and listening to the tones of his voice.—Before I could help it, I found myself sighing long and deeply. If John noticed it he was very forbearing, for by look or word he did not reply to it but I thought the silence was a little too long for an ordinary one, and so I made a bold push to break it. Again I forgot myself.

"What a nice place this is!" I said.—"Do you remember, John, how crazy I used to be about dancing! My father used to say if my heart would always keep as light as my feet, life would go easily with me."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he replied. I thought a little sadly. "Will you dance with me to-day?"

"O, yes, certainly!"

I was glad to have him ask me that. Of all persons in the world, I best loved to dance with him. I had told him so hundreds of times, too, so that he knew well enough what smile meant. We danced together so many times that day, that the Cranston people—or at least all of the picnic—grew big-eyed with wonder. Noticing how close they watched us, John said, as he led me to my seat the last time:

"We are saving our good townsfolk from a great deal of sin, Bessie; because while they are speculating about such innocuous sort of people as you and I, they cannot be talking about worse ones. We are getting famous!"

I was happier that night, after I returned home, than I had been for weeks before. But my happiness was of short duration, for after the supper was cleared away, and while I sat by an open window, recalling the events of the day, my mother said to me:

"Your Aunt Hastings was here to-day, and she said that John Blaiklie was finishing his house on the hill. Did you hear anything about it at the picnic?"

"No," I said, scarcely above a whisper. "And said if Fanny was going to marry John, she kept it dreadful sly; for besides piecing up a few squares of patchwork, she had not made the first step towards getting ready. What do

you think about it?"

"I think she will be ready as soon as the house is," I answered, turning my face towards the window, that she might not notice the expression of my features.

"Well, take it altogether, Bessie, it's a queer piece of business."

I did not answer only let my forehead droop low upon the window-seat. Seeing this, mother came up to me, and rested her hand upon my head, and said "Poor child!"

How from my heart I blessed her for her quiet sympathy. The next two weeks that followed were sad and tedious ones to me.

Every way that I turned, news of John Blaiklie's approaching marriage with cousin Fannie was poured into my ears; and even Fannie herself, who had always been very prudent about it, seemed pleased in telling me of the arrangements that were going on up at John's new house—of this piece of furniture he had selected, of the carpets which had been left to her judgement exclusively, and of the beautifully toned seraphine that John's uncle had presented him for the little parlor.

"You will be very happy," I said one day in answer to all this.

Fannie looked up suddenly into my face. I thought a quizzical expression drifted across her features.

"How pale you look, Bessie," she said. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I am sure," I answered, with some little show of spirit.

"I am glad of it; but, indeed, you do look downright ill. Won't you go up to the new house with me to-night—perhaps that will make you feel better. I believe you keep too closely in the house. But you need not shake your head; you will go. John will be there, and we will have a pleasant time of it."

And I went in spite of myself, although every step towards the house that was once to have been mine, was like very torture to me. O, what a pleasant house it was! and how simply and tastefully furnished, from the cunning, neatly-grained kitchen to the well-carpeted parlors! Everything was just as I had planned it a hundred times, in a laughing jocular way to John. Had he indeed remembered it all on purpose to torture me with it, now? It seemed so.

"Do you like the house, Bessie?" he asked, as if divining my very thoughts.

"Very much, indeed," I answered. "Everything is neat and tasteful. Is it too early to wish you joy? I asked, feeling that he was expecting me to say something.

"No, not too early, but it may be too late."

I looked up into his face. Its expression puzzled me.

"I do not understand you very clearly," I said. "But never mind," I added, noticing that Fannie had gone from the room. "I have a wretched headache to-night, and hardly know what I am saying."

Headache! when all the time it seemed as if my heart was breaking!

"Where is Fannie?" I asked, a moment after, seeing that she did not return.

"Gone home!" he answered, in the coolest tone imaginable.

A Good Camp Story.
A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, attached to the Army of the Potomac, writes the following:

To show you how rumors will spread in the army, I will illustrate an incident. The lady friends of our fifth corporal sent him a box; among the many good things in the said box was a life-sized doll, dressed in full Zouave uniform, which they won at a soldier's fair in your city. The corporal, after getting the box, was taken sick; the boys started the rumor that the corporal was a woman, and gave birth to a boy. The rumor spread like wild-fire; hundreds flocked to our quarters to see the wonderful phenomenon—a new born babe—but we guarded the tent with zealous care, only allowing pryers to catch a passing glimpse of the supposed mother and babe. We could find a number of men to swear that they had seen both. But the cream of the joke was to come off; the corporal received a ten days' furlough; all thought that it was the mother going home with her babe—some had it, she was a rich heiress escaping from a tyrant father; but hundreds believed in the mother corporal and young recruit of Company I, of the Zouaves d'Afrique.

The English Language.
The words of the English language are a compound of several languages.—The English language may be looked upon as a complication, both in words and expressions, of various dialects.—Their origin is from the Saxon language. Our laws were derived from the Norman, our military terms from the French, our scientific names from the Greeks and our stock of nouns from the Latin, thro' the medium of the French. Almost all the verbs in the English language are taken from the German, and nearly every other noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,734 words—of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,312 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon, 1,669 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 211 from the Italian, 106 from the German, (not including verbs), 95 from the Welch, 75 from the Danish, 50 from the Spanish, 50 from the Icelandic, 35 from the Swedish, 31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.

The Benefits of Poverty.—Shakspeare must have had the following ideas in his mind when he wrote "Sweet are the uses of adversity." "You wear out your clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Crossing sweepers do not molest you. Bored do not bore you. Sponges do not haunt your table. Tax-gathers hurry past your door. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You are not persecuted to stand godfather. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking; 'Is there any other little article to-day, sir?' Begging letter writers leave you alone. Imposters know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it!"

EVILS OF IDLENESS.—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes, not so much for the want of strength, as the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single subject, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it, and leaves no trace behind.

A very pious old gentleman told his sons not to go under any circumstances, fishing on the sabbath; but if they did, by all means bring home the fish.

Eve plucked but one apple from the tree of knowledge. Many a daughter of hers flatters herself that she has robbed the whole tree.

Speak no bad Words.
"How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war.

"Oh, 'cause I don't forget my captain's orders," answered the boy brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor. "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep 'em safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly: "I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor.

LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.—The following characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin is said to be indited. The ingenious manner in which he makes the commencement of his letter convey the temporary impression that he lent with a parsimonious reluctance, is inimitable: "APRIL 22 1684.

"I send you herewith a bill for ten Louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum. I only lend it to you.—When you shall return to your country you cannot fail of getting into some business that will, in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge his debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such an other opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to do much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.

"B. F."

WICKED HORSES.—In the year 1753, Mr. Quinn had a famous racer, who entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his opponent gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs, and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, who were engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict: they were got apart with much difficulty.

FORRESTER HAD won many a hardly contested race; at length, over-weighted and over-matched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, had been quickly gaining upon him; he reared and eventually got abreast; they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of Forrester began to fail him. He made a last desperate plunge, seized his adversary by the jaw to hold him back, and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, won the race.

MANNER OF SHAKING HANDS.—Butler thinks a man's nature is shown by the way he shakes hands; that he may have the manners of Chesterfield, and smile very sweetly, but who chills or steels your heart against him the moment he shakes hands with you. But there is, he says, a cordial clasp which shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating frankness; and even power of character—a clasp which recalls the classic trust in the "faith of the right hand."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Addison has left on record the following important sentence:—"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that very action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

All that Leigh Richmond was, he attributed to the simplicity and propriety with which his mother endeavored to win his attention, and store his memory with religious truths, when yet almost an infant.

A lady, in speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."