

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K. L. BAKER.

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## Martial Instruments.

Sound, sound the Spartan file;  
The Persian banners wave,  
And, marching to the strife,  
Let music thrill the brave;  
Above the clash of steel,  
The shock of meeting foes,  
The charger's clattering heel,  
The ringing twang of bows,  
A bolder strain is played,  
And Persia flies dismayed.

Castile is up in arms  
Against the Moor to-day;  
Sword-clang and loud alarms  
Announce the coming fray:  
The atabal is heard,  
Thrown by are light djerreeds,  
And, on to conflict spurred,  
Rush Yemen's milk-white steeds—  
"Il Allah!" loud and high,  
Their turbaned riders cry.

Beat time upon the drum—  
A brisker measure play—  
Old England's warriors come  
In thunder to the fray.  
Their bayonets are bright,  
In blood to redden soon—  
Oh! cheer them to the fight  
With still a bolder tune:  
One shock, and all is o'er—  
Crushed foes can form no more.

Ring out, wild bugle! ring  
Thy loudest, clearest note;  
To horse the troopers spring,  
While plume and pennon float:  
They charge, and fallen lie  
The broken, hollow squares,  
While quaver, shrill and high,  
Gaul's ancient battle airs:  
Thus music valor warms,  
And nerves strong hearts and arms.

Blow, plaided piper, blow  
Some rousing Highland air,  
For the victorious foe  
Back Britain's bravest bear!  
The piper, louder plays,  
The clans renew the fight,  
And while their muskets blaze  
Foes scatter wide in flight:  
For how can Scotland quail  
When music cheers the Gael!

Hark! Hail Columbia wakes  
A thrill in free born breasts;  
The hostile column quakes,  
And shorn are knightly crests;  
Where man encounters man,  
And shot and shell rain fast,  
Our banner in the van  
Is flapping on the blast:  
The earth with foemen strewn—  
A host is overthrown!

A Hundred Years from Now.  
What millions live to-day  
As they might ever stay!  
How soon to pass away!  
Sweet face, and lofty brow,  
So pleasant now to see—  
Alas! where will they be  
A hundred years from now?

The time seems far away,  
Yet will not long delay:  
It comes with every day.  
That goes, we know not how;  
How'er thy lot be cast,  
'Tis all the same at last,  
A hundred years from now.

In all but this the same—  
Some few may leave a name,  
A monument of fame,  
That time shall never bow,  
Or heavenly-thoughted page,  
To consecrate our age:  
A hundred years from now!

Good.—The following is too good to be lost—of a schoolmaster and pupils:  
"Joseph, how do people live?"  
"By drawing."  
"Drawing what—water?"  
"No sir, by drawing their breath."  
"Sit down, Joseph. Thomas what is the equator?"  
"Why, sir, it is the horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers."  
"Go take your seat, Thomas. William, what do you mean by an eclipse?"  
"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon has gone off on a bust, and runs agin the sun—consequently the sun blackens the moon's face."

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.  
Many a husband practices stern denial toward self—but only toward other self.

## Interesting Items.

In the East Indies climbing plants (or vines) twine around trees a hundred feet in height, which stand so close together that the spaces between them are filled up with canes and under brush in such a manner as to render the forest impassable.—the vines of those countries being a foot or more in diameter, are the largest in the world.  
The largest flower in the world is the rafflesia, a paradise plant of the East Indies, nearly 3 feet in diameter.  
I hazard nothing by saying that the largest pumps ever constructed were made in Holland; the Harlem lake contained 45,230 acres, but the Dutch concluded to use the land for farm purposes and so they pumped the water out of the lake into the sea, at the rate of 63 tons per stroke of 11 pumps,—valves 6 feet in diameter, 10 feet stroke.

They have serpents in Africa 100 feet long; according to the Rev. Dr. Livingston, they lie along the creeks, concealed in the grass and bushes, and when a thirsty lion goes down to the water for a drink, they wrap themselves around him, and in an instant after they have crushed him to a jelly, swallow him whole.

The largest suspended ceiling in the world, (largest room without piers or pillars) is one in Moscow, used for the purpose of a riding school.  
The largest bell in the world is one in Moscow called the Monarch, weight nearly 192 tons, height 21.3 feet, diameter 22.5 feet, least thickness 3 inches.  
One of the largest and handsomest churches in the United States is the Catholic Cathedral in Albany.  
The largest one in America is the Mexican Cathedral.

The largest Book (that is, the one containing the most reading matter,) in the English language is said to be the one before me.—Lippincott's Gazetteer of the world, the number of pages is 2,182 double columns of very small print.  
The most popular name in the geography of the United States, Washington, occurs in the gazetteer 185 times there are 105 Washington Townships.  
The second in order of the frequency, of its occurrence is Jackson.  
The third in point of popularity is Jefferson.

One of the largest known diamonds (according to the Gazetteer) was found about 300 years ago on Mount Landa in Borneo; if it is the same with the Kohinoor it did not sustain a very high reputation for fineness at the London fair in Hyde Park. Weight 397 carats.  
The longest Tunnel in the United States is the Hooleck, in the western part of Massachusetts,—about 2 miles.  
The upper Schuylkill bridge in Philadelphia is the longest single arch in the world,—346 feet span with only 20 feet rise.

The greatest speed of the locomotive was attained a few years ago on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad,—100 miles per hour.  
There are about 100,000 words used in connection with the English language.  
Light travels so fast, that it would go eight times round the earth while a person counts "one."

MARRIAGE.—Look at the great mass of marriages which take place over the whole world; what poor contemptible affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a ride or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling on each other's arm, looking at water falls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cakes; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine; the wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other; and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares and little children, gradually gather around them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh, by Jove, but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, they may do it, but thou must not make a practice of it."  
A lady in a predicament—crossing the street, the mud ankle deep, the rain pouring down; her umbrella turned by the wind, and her hat blown off into a mud puddle.

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with a huge shirt collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit.

A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of bits of orange peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears nipping off the little growths of self-conceit and folly.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—Much as we have heard and talked about overdoes of bad music—two young ladies in adjoining rooms playing different tunes at once, nine of the Misses Smith taking it by turns to practice on a cracked melodeon, while their brother plays the flute, and the infant phenomenon essays the violin—yet we sometimes think that even too much poor music is better than none at all. Nothing seems to gather people together so easily as a piano. Where, different members of a family sing and play, there is always an ample opportunity to drive away sulks or ill-humor; and where the performers are skillful, the effect is like magic. Who can resist an old Scotch melody well rendered, and sounding, as we once heard an old sea-captain say, "as if it grew so?" Who does not feel a terpsichorean impulse when some merry jig or polka is rattled off by flying fingers? And who does not love to lounge dreamily on a sofa, while some sweet voice warbles "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Ever of Thee," "Home, Sweet Home," or any other tender, hearttouching strain which sinks deep down into the spot where we hide our best and purest emotions? There should always be music in the family; brothers and sisters should sing together, and mother and father with them. So they will be bound more closely together, and so, if sometimes parted, will memories of the past be strengthened by the notes of some well-remembered tune which Ella or Ruth, or Edward used to sing so often. Music and home chime well together. It is pleasant to think of them together.

NOR HE.—One day last week a couple of lawyers, not very far from the city, were conducting a suit before a justice of the peace, got into a dispute which ended in a little hairpulling.—"The court" sat by and coolly looked on till hostilities ceased, when the combatants apologized for disturbing his honor, but the justice, carefully wiping his spectacles, remarked, "O them things don't disturb me, I didn't see nothin', I took off my specs, you know justice is blind to actions done in its presence by wise men or fools—nothing personal, run along with yer 'arguments."

Stibbs said to one of his debtors; "I don't know about time that you paid me that little bill?" "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

There exists a singular domestic fashion in Duoban, Germany. There this "unlucky" (chemise) of the women will often be handed down and worn for three generations.

Many a woman would rather have a tubercle in her lungs than a pimple on her nose.

PAY OF POSTMASTERS.—Under the act of July 1st, 1864, postmasters are to be paid salaries, instead of commissions. We give a list of offices of the first, second and third classes in this State:  
First Class—Philadelphia, salary, \$4,000; Pittsburg, \$4,000.  
Second Class—Allentown, salary, \$2,200; Carlisle, 2,800; Chambersburg, 2,300; Chester, 2,100; Easton, 1,400; Erie, 2,400; Harrisburg, 2,700; Johnstown, 2,000; Altoona, 2,000; Meadville, 2,300; Norristown, 2,100; Reading, 2,700; Lancaster, 2,500; Pottsville, 2,400; Scranton, 2,300; Titusville, 2,000; Williamsport, 2,600; York, 2,200; Alleghany, 2,600; West Chester, 2,700; Wilkesbarre, 2,000.  
Third Class—Ashland, salary, \$1,400; Bedford, 1,000; Bellefonte, 1,200; Buchanan, 1,000; Bethlehem, 1,800; Carbondale, 1,000; Columbia, 1,500; Danville, 1,900; Franklin, 1,300; Gettysburg, 1,600; Greensburg, 1,600; Hollidaysburg, 1,600; Honesdale, 1,500; Huntingdon, 1,500; Kittanning, 1,100; Lebanon, 1,700; Lewisburg, 1,600; Lewistown, 1,600; Lockhaven, 1,900; Manch Chunk, 1,400; Mechanicsburg, 1,100; Milton, 1,100; Minersville, 1,200; Montrose, 1,200; New Brighton, 1,100; New Castle, 1,000; Oil City, 1,400; Pottsville, 1,300; Pittston, 1,700; Pottstown, 1,100; St. Clair, 1,000; Shippensburg, 1,000; Tamaqua, 1,300; Towanda, 1,200; Uniontown, 1,100; Warren, 1,000; Washington, 1,600.

ANYBODY LIKES ME.—I ain't anybody—I'm married—I ain't a bachelor any longer—This ain't my home, 'tisn't my carriage, my horses, my opera box; oh, no! they are Mrs. Smith's. I'm not John K. Smith, the richest broker on Montgomery street, but—that fashionable Mrs. Smith's husband!  
Nellie came down to the office yesterday; sweet Nellie! she almost consoles papa for all his cares; clustering curls, blue eyes—dear Nellie!  
"Whose lovely child is that?"  
"Mrs. Smith's."  
Of course it is! she don't belong to me—oh, certainly not! I wish I felt a little more clear on that point. That expensive plate just going home belongs to Mrs. Smith! What if I did pay for it? don't I belong to Mrs. Smith! Poor oppressed women! they have only all their own property and half of their husband's by law, and the rest by possession; but they need more rights! Where rights are wrong, I wonder what words the petitioners would use! And then the idea of calling me "anybody" is a cipher, I'm an animalcule—I'm a bubble—a jack-o'-lantern—a vision. I'm absorbed—swallowed up—extinct.

A DAWDLE.—As the train from the south on the N. C. R. R. was waiting its usual time at the depot, yesterday, a party of blatant McOlellanites passed through one of the cars after a flea. Meeting an old gentleman, a citizen of Baltimore, he was asked his preference for President. He named Lincoln.—"But," said he, "I have five nephews in the army who each prefer McOlellan." The cops became uproarious with applause at this announcement. When one of the vipers congratulated the Baltimorean upon the choice of his nephews, and inquired, "under what General are your nephews making targets of themselves?" imagine the surprise which struck the cops as the old man calmly but sarcastically replied, "General Robert E. Lee." An audible titter ran through the cars as the cops hurriedly left the train.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A correspondent says: "In the present price of kerosene lamp wicks, people can make a better wick than they buy by taking cotton flannel, of which all have pieces, and folding it up three thicknesses, just wide enough to go into the tube, and catching the edge with coarse stitches."

The Grass Valley National, of California, mentions the discovery, in its vicinity, of a bee-tree with a large beehive, honey and bees all petrified. The remaining portion of the tree in which the beehive was found is two and a half feet in diameter, and about forty feet long. It was found seventy-five feet beneath the surface of the earth.

A fellow at a race-course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated individual had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

## Twenty Years Ago.

I met a girl the other day,  
Some twelve years old, or so,  
The image of a nymph I loved  
Some twenty years ago.

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,  
The hair of raven flow—  
Ah how they set my heart a-blaze  
Some twenty years ago!

I spoke—her answers did not much  
Of wit or wisdom show—  
But thus the lovely Mary talked  
Some twenty years ago.

What! could a shallow girl like this  
My heart in tumult throw?  
I must have been a little green  
Some twenty years ago!

I've met the lovely Mary since—  
Her charms have vanished though—  
Her wit and wisdom are—the same  
As twenty years ago!

I look upon her faded cheek,  
Unlit my feelings glow;  
And thank her that she scorned my love  
Some twenty years ago!

Fond boy! who now wouldst gladly die  
To please some simpering Miss—  
God knows what thou wilt think of her  
Some twenty years from this!

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.—Roger Brooke Taney, for twenty-six years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in Washington on the evening of the 12th of October. He was born in Calvert county, Maryland, March 17th, 1777, and was therefore in his eighty eighth year at the time of his death. He was educated at Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the bar at Annapolis, Maryland, in the spring of 1799, nearly sixty-six years ago. He was shortly afterwards elected to the Legislature; in 1816 he served as State Senator; in 1823 he removed to Baltimore; in 1827 he was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland, in which office he served four years.

In 1831 he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Jackson, with whose bank policy he agreed cordially. When in 1833 Mr. Duane was dismissed from the cabinet for his refusal to remove the deposits, Mr. Taney was nominated Secretary of the Treasury in his place, but the Senate refused to confirm him. In 1835 he was nominated by General Jackson Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Duval. The Senate refused to act upon the nomination, and thus for the second time rejected Mr. Taney. Shortly afterwards Chief Justice Marshall died, and General Jackson at once nominated Mr. Taney to fill his place.

When the Senate met in March, 1836, the sufficient changes of that body to effect a confirmation of an act which would have scarcely been perceived by the President preferred to gratify and reward personal friendship rather than place upon the Supreme Bench the successor of the great Marshall one of equal worth, genius and reputation; one whom Chief Justice Marshall had designated as his successor; namely, Justice Story.

When Mr. Taney became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he was already considerably past the prime of life; he was fifty-nine years of age. He had been previously a lawyer in good practice and of considerable local repute; originally a Federalist in politics.—*New York Evening Post.*

No less than thirty juvenile thieves, all under fourteen years of age, were lately arrested in one day in New York city. They steal fruit, door-mats, baskets, cart stakes, or anything else portable, which they can lay their hands upon with a hope of making off with the plunder without detection.

At a recent trial of the Ames rifle gun at Bridgeport, a shell, weighing 107 pounds, with a charge of 25 pounds of powder, went a distance of 7 1/2 miles in 30 seconds.

A bachelor of thirty-seven years standing has been fined ten dollars in Canada, not for playfully kissing a neighbor's wife, but for afterwards telling of it. Served him right!

A man in England recently stated that his wife had consumed 100 pounds of opium since they had been married—17 years.

The greatest depth of the sea is about five miles.