

# The Mariettaian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1865.

VOL. XII.—NO. 1.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
FOR ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," second floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post Office Corner and Front-St., Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and 50 cents for subsequent insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less \$5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, simple announcements, FREE; but for any additional lines, ten cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.  
Having just added a "NEWSBY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PASSES," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Inders, &c., to the Job-Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and early execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD BUSINESS, from the smallest Card to the largest POSTER, at reasonable prices.

## What For? etc.

The heart is swept—the fire is bright,  
The kettle sings for tea;  
The cloth is spread—the lamp is bright,  
The white cakes smoke in napkins white,  
And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done;  
The clock ticks listening,  
The blinds are shut—the curtains down,  
The warm chair to the fireside drawn,  
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love home, his deep, fond eyes  
Looks around him wistfully,  
And when the whispering winds go by,  
As if thy welcome step was nigh,  
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,  
And turns his glance on mine,  
So earnestly, that yet again  
His form unto my heart I strain,  
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done we miss thee here,  
Where'er thy footsteps roam,  
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,  
No beating heart, no listening ear,  
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast  
That well known step doth come,  
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,  
The babe is wild with joy at last,  
A thousand welcomes home.

**FORCED UNANIMITY IN JURY TRIALS:—**  
One of the reasons given out by the advocates of military trials in place of the ordinary proceedings by the law courts is, that juries as at present constituted are unreliable. Not, indeed, that the citizens who compose these juries are unworthy in the mass, but because our jury system requires unanimous agreement by the jury. It is said that a single man who is obstinate, wrong-headed, corrupt or disloyal, may bring about the escape of an undoubted traitor, murderer or other felon, if he stands out against the other eleven. Apart from its applicability to the present times, this objection is worthy of consideration as affecting the whole administration of justice. It is questionable whether this unanimous verdict, which is attributable to the jealous care of the English Constitution over the rights of the subjects, does not too often liberate the criminal, or do wrong to the suitor, at the expense of society. In some of the States three-fourths of the jury—that is nine out of the twelve—are competent to find a verdict, and so it should be everywhere.

An M. P., who owned extensive estates, and possessed considerable personal celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter L—, and what shall we do? what shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate M. P., "just say she refused me!"

The Claremont (N. H.) Advocate says a lady in Unity, not long since became the mother of a fine daughter. A few days after, a copperhead neighbor happened in, said to the mother, "Well, I suppose you will call it Abe Lincoln." "No," she replied, "I'm sorry I can't. Like your friend Jeff, it will wear petticoats!" Copperhead vanishes.

## The Immortal.

Read at the Commencement of the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa., July, 1865.

BY MISS MARY L. DUNN,  
Haverford, Delaware County, Pa.

Oh! why is there written upon every thing we love and cherish,—passing away! God in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has created a beautiful world, designed for man, and how well it is adapted to his every want. Yes, our earth is a sphere of beauty, a world of loveliness, and but for the wickedness of man would be a paradise.

Wherever we look we see God mirrored in all his works, at all times and in all places; we see Him in the opening buds of spring; in the waving grain of the harvest fields of summer; in the decay that comes with the "melancholy days of autumn"; and in dreary winter clad in icicles, his hair locks bound with snow flakes.

Nature has adorned her walls with pictures from her own skillful hands more beautiful than the minds of our greatest artists ever conceived and whose hands could never attempt to trace lines so perfect. Yet all this beauty, the combined work of God and man for ages, is subject to change, will pass away. That which now appears to us so perfect, will in a few years be a decaying mass.

What is immortal? We see a lovely flower, its tender petals loaded with dewdrops sparkling as so many precious diamonds as the first rays of the morning sun fall gently upon it, and we call it beautiful. Behold the same again, but the scorching rays of the noontide sun have blighted, withered it; yet light draw her sable curtain gently around it for it is gone. It has fulfilled its mission and has passed away.

With what emotions of pleasure we gaze upon the beautiful bow which spans the heavens, remembering that it is God's "covenant of promise" given to his people,—his seal stamped on the clouds; but while we are thus gazing it vanishes and where was once to be seen one of nature's grandest pictures, is now a blank, showing us the fickleness of beauty that it

Is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss that fadeseth suddenly;  
A flower that dies when first it begins to bud,  
A brittle glass that's broken presently,  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost faded, broken, dead, within an hour.  
Approach the couch of the afflicted; note the sunken eye, the pallid brow and the laboring breath. Can you think that but a few short weeks have passed since the smile upon that face and the light in that eye were the brightest.

Not long ago health beat in every pulsation; but the blighting hand of disease fell upon that young life and now there need be but one more struggle and again we shall hear the solemn words, "Dust to dust."

Enter the city of the dead, and look for a moment at the monuments which your own hands have raised. Here is the tomb of one whose name is enshrined in the great heart of a nation; whose noble deeds are recorded on the pages of history. Multitudes hung upon his word as if spell bound and seemed to think that so mighty an intellect was imperishable; but he too passed away making room for others to fill his place.

A little farther on is the last resting place of the father whose wise counsels have proved a great blessing to you. At his side lies the mother whose loving smile and holy influence seem to be ever with you. Here too is the baby sister, whose pure soul passed to its maker, ere it had been tainted with sin. You look at these graves, and think how many others, known in the days of yore, are under the sod, and learn that to this end all must come,—that the graceful forms and smiling faces of those we love, are not immortal. All is uncertain.

After these reflections we are led to direct our aspirations towards the unfading beauties and glories of another world—to the immortal.

In the present age of progress and civilization it is the desire of all to gain eminence. Men are constantly trying to rise above their associates; ambitious to do some great action, that they may gain the applause of the world; and how very early this feeling is awakened in the soul! note the little child, as he sits upon his father's knee. How his countenance brightens, as he receives a loving caress or smile of approval! It is truly a gift of God.

Various are the paths that lead to renown. Some struggling through life to

gain political power, determine to obtain a world wide fame regardless of all principle thinking that in all cases the end justifies the means. Some aim to effect the advancement of Literature, and their efforts are crowned with success, their names are written on the scroll of fame and their memories clustered thick with flowers. But why is this? Fame, honor, and all earthly glory are perishable;—  
"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces;  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And like an insubstantial pageant faded  
Leave not a rack behind."

What is immortal? God has given us a spirit, destined to live with him through the ages of eternity, or to be banished from his presence forever. This life is but probationary; given to us to fit ourselves for those mansions "eternal in the heavens," at whose door we stand, waiting for the summons, to join the caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade;—into the awful presence of our God to receive our just reward.

We are to-day in the enjoyment of good health, with glowing hopes for the future with many plans of enterprise for after years. We may have happy homes and kind friends; but there may come to us to-morrow, some great calamity, which may destroy health, blast bright hopes and desolate the loved home. Past ages have ever shown the truth of the words, "in this world all is vanity." Countless generations of men have passed to the grave, and we too will soon give place to others.

How important that we rightly improve the opportunities afforded us, to do the will of our Heavenly Father, that when done with this earth, we may be prepared to enter upon a new life. Then will God open his book of remembrance where will be written, not only the thoughts and actions of the wicked, but the good deeds of the Christian, his kind words to a suffering brother; there between those precious leaves, shall gladden the tear "dropped for another's woe." These will remain forever. What is immortal? Naught save God, his records and the soul of man;—yes,

"The soul of origin divine  
God's glorious image freed from clay  
In Heaven's eternal sphere, shall shine  
A star of day.  
The sun is but a spark of fire  
A transient meteor in the sky,  
The soul immortal as its sire  
Shall never die."

A COMMON COMPLAINT.—On a through night-train, between Washington and New York, just before election, a little incident occurred, which is perhaps worthy of perpetuation. A young man, part sailor and part civilian, blended with a certain dash of the soldier, appeared and took a seat in the vicinity of a whiskey-loving Irishman, who had been inflicting upon his fellow-passengers his own exceeding superiority with regard to politics, etc.

Everybody had grown tired hearing him declare they were all set of "spalpeens," whom an Irishman must come "across the say to tayah;" and several had mildly requested him to "dry up!" But he was pretty quick, and succeeded, by use of his ludicrous phraseology, in coming out ahead of them all, and getting the laugh on his side.

Finally, this civilian, sailor, or what not—one of those quick-eyed, intelligent, but still fellows, with long faces, and a reserved but respectful dignity, which one occasionally meets in the world, left his seat—just in front and nearly opposite the voluble Irishman—and walked quietly to the door. The Irishman sang out to him—  
"Say, Surgeon, duz you blave there's anything more'n gineral the matter uv me?"

The "surgeon" stopped, turned quickly round, and looked Irishy in the eye, with his own bright optics, for nearly half a minute, when he replied, and passed on—  
"Yes; you are troubled with chronic blarney!"

Irishy was "wound up" completely, while all in the car came down with an immense "guffah!"

A dandy, remarking one summer day that the weather was so excessively hot that when he put his head into a basin of water it fairly boiled, received for a reply,—"Then, sir, you have a calve's head soup at very little expense."

Monroe, Michigan, is said to have eighty-two marriageable girls; and only three single men.

## The Wrong Man in the Wrong Place.

Are people to blame me for what is unavoidable? That is a question I should be happy to have solved to my own satisfaction and the satisfaction of others. Once I had no doubt on the subject; but now, judging from what has happened to me, my opinion is somewhat shaken.

It was entirely foreign from my intention to create a sensation, or enact a deception, when I packed my carpet bag, last week and donned my best to visit my Aunt Nabby Beckly.

Aunt Nabby resides in the northeast corner of Maine, in a town which I shall designate as Pineville.

I hope the reader will excuse me for alluding to my personal appearance. I have a military air, and perhaps my dress may be a little more martial than exactly benefits a non resident. But the ladies assure me that blue is becoming to my complexion, and who will gainsay the ladies.

I have been strongly advised to enlist, but I am totally unfit for service. The smell of gunpowder makes me faint, and I never fired a gun off but once in my life, and then I was confined to my bed for a fortnight. Not exactly from the effects of the fright, but because the confounded fire-arm resented my awkward handling, and kicked me so severely that my eye was in mourning for months, and my nose was knocked out of the perpendicular into the slantindicular.

I arrived in Pineville rather late on Friday night, and as it was ten miles further on to my aunt Nabby's rustic cottage—to whom have some extent of territory in Maine—I put up at the Washington House—a one horse affair in the struggling village of Pineville.

I registered my name—P. Sheridan—on the hotel book. My Christian name is Philomethus, but owing to the oddity of the title and the ominous length I rarely write it in full.

I got some supper, and retired immediately to my room. I had just fallen asleep, and was dreaming serenely of kissing Matty Baker, my sweetheart for the time, when I was aroused by a great commotion in the street beneath my window.

Cries of "We must see him!" "Trot him out!"—Three cheers for gallant Phil!" rent the air.

I concluded some great character had arrived in town, and in my anxiety to behold the curiosity with the rest, I forgot my yellow flannel night cap and my spare toilet, and sprang out of bed, threw up my window and leaned out.

Just as I had got my eye fixed on the swaying crowd below, there was a rap at my door.

"Come in!" cried I, fearing to answer personally the summons, lest I should miss my chance of seeing the celebrity.

The landlord and landlady came in, but the landlady retreated instantly and remained giggling outside the door.

"My dear sir," said the landlord, "you must go down! they won't go off till they see you!"

"They? who are they?" said I.

"The people around here," said he. "It hain't often such an extinguished character comes here, and taint no use to try to put 'em off."

"I'm obliged to them—much obliged to them," said I, "but I really—"

"Taint no use," said he doggedly, "you must come down, or the Washington House will go down. They're sure to do it."

"Oh, well," said I, "in that case I will go down surely," and I began to dress. In a hurry I knocked over the candle, and was obliged to complete my adornment in the dark. I got into my pantaloons with the hind part in front, but there was no time to remedy the error, as the vociferous calls of the landlord for me to hurry assured me.

I fled down the stairs two at a time—stepped on my suspenders when half way down, and was precipitated to the next floor, where I was brought up in the arms of a plump chambermaid, who was evidently waiting on purpose to catch me.

Before I could resist, she had planted a sounding smack on my blond moustache, and cried delightedly to her companions: "There! I've kissed him first!"

I mentally rejoiced that Matty Baker was not there, and resolved that she should never know anything about it. Matty is red haired and folks do pretend to say that she has a temper.

I freed myself from my saluting female and advanced to the door. My appearance was greeted with yells

and shouts, and cheers, perfectly deafening. Men, women, and children, to the number of several score, were congregated in front of the hotel, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and hurraing.

"There he comes; that's him! three times three for the conquering Sheridan!"

"I'm obliged to you gentlemen and ladies; greatly obliged to you," said I, modestly making my best bow.

"He comes!" cried the crowd, away frantically about and swinging their handkerchiefs more lustily. And I, not wishing to be behind hand in the enthusiasm, pulled out my handkerchief and swung it, crying out at the top of my voice:

"Yes! he comes! he comes! hurrah!"

"What a martial air, exclaimed an ancient female, surveying me through her glasses. He resembles the Duke of Wellington!"

"I wonder if he's married," said a red checked girl in a cloud of yellow curls, and pink ringlets.

"No, my darling," said I, "but I want to be."

"Such a costume," said the ancient lady. "Army blue, and such an original cut to the pants."

"Lord massy!" exclaimed an old lady in a poke bonnet, fixing her eyes on my suspenders as they hung down in front, "do see his shoulder straps. I've heard our David tell a sight about them things."

"Yes, but they look an amazin' lot like our Jerry's gallasies!" whispered another old lady to whom the remark was addressed.

"Sir," said a sallow faced gentleman advancing to my side. "I wish to mention to you something I have heard of you. I deem it my duty as pastor of the Pineville meeting house, to rebuke sin, always. I have heard it remarked that you are profane among the soldiers."

"I do not comprehend you," said I.

"Ah! then I will be clearer. I have heard that you were addicted to the habit of using profane language, and I beg leave to present you with a tract on the sin of profanity, hoping you will peruse and profit by it."

"Thank you," said I; "you mean well undoubtedly, but I don't exactly see the point."

"What is your opinion of Sherman?" asked a brusque little dandy, syring his cane, and removing his cigar from his mouth long enough to propound the question.

"Sherman's a trump!" said I with enthusiasm.

"Ah, me?" said my tract distributing friend he plays cards as well as 'swears."

"What do you think of the negro race?" asked a dark complexioned man.

"I think they small stronger than the deuce," cried I, beginning to lose my patience.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the sallow-faced man, "he is pro-slavery!"

"Sir," said the landlord, who had been in earnest conversation with half a dozen ladies for the last five minutes, "these ere women folks won't be satisfied without kissing on ye. They want to have it said that they've kissed Sherrydan!"

I blushed to the roots of my hair.

"Law! how modest he is!" said one of my feminine friends, "He's as red as our turkey gobbler."

The project of being kissed by some of those pretty girls was decidedly agreeable.

I felt delicious over it; but those vinegar visaged old women—I shrunk from the ordeal. But I am naturally a gallant man and reflecting that I could wash my face abundantly, I consented.

"Come one, come all!" said I.

They obeyed. They flung their arms around my neck, and surrounded me on every hand. I felt like a pickled sardine. I smelt musk, onions, patchony, snuff, jockey club, hard cider, cologne, doughnuts, boiled mutton, cinnamon, mustard seed, cardamon buds, and every other odor under the sun.

Kissing is a grand invention, but there is some choice in it, I think.

"At last they had all kissed me but one and she was making preparations. I noticed her with mighty trembling. She was ugly as an ogre, and the look of dogged determination on her wizened face convinced me that I need hope nothing from her mercy.

"I never could taste anything with my teeth in," she exclaimed in an undertone, and instantly out came a full set of teeth, and she rushed toward me. I grew giddy with the prospect, and trembling I fled before her, like the billows before a hurricane.

I had no thought for the figure I cut,

my only object was to get out of her reach. Through the entry, down a flight of back stairs, knocking over the hostler and the cook, who were giggling together on the steps—through the yard, where I left the larger part of my coat tails in the possession of a covetous dog—and over the fence into the open country. And all the time I could hear the steps of my pursuer close behind me.

"You may run," cried she, "but I'll catch ye. It sha'n't be said all the women in Pineville kissed General Sheridan but me. I'll do it or die!"

Good gracious! so I had been mistaken for General Sheridan. No wonder the people turned out en masse to welcome me!

And still I hurried on. The snow was deep. I was nearly down, and I sank deeper and deeper at every step. My female friend gained on me, and just as I fell headlong into a concealed mud hole she grasped me by the collar, and before I could clear myself she had done the deed—she had kissed me. The landlord followed just behind, and I offered him ten dollars to get me to aunt Nabby's that night.

He accepted the bribe, and just before daylight I sank at the feet of my respected relative.

I lay abed for a week afterward, too much exhausted to stir; but I saw a copy of the Pineville Eagle, and in it the following paragraph:

"GROSS IMPOSTION!—A low lived wretch passing himself off as General Phil Sheridan, arrived in our village and put up at the Washington hotel on Friday evening. There was quite a demonstration among our citizens before the impostor was discovered. The bogus general has gone to parts unknown. It is supposed he was some drunken lunatic, from his conduct."

Judge my sensations.

Ladies, here is something very nice for you: Fill a wide mouthed glass jar with water and cover it with a piece of "foundation" (the ladies will understand this), cover that over with a layer of peas, pressing it down so that the peas will lie in the water, they will then swell and sprout, the roots growing down into the water, their fine fibres presenting a beautiful appearance. Set this in a window and vines will grow up, which can be conducted to any height.

In 1654 a trial took place in Connecticut, under the section of the blue-laws prohibiting kissing. The offenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newton. It appears that Sarah dropped her gloves and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them, Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the demand did not seem extravagant, she adjusted it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were each fined twenty shillings.

Forty years Israel wandered in the wilderness, before they entered upon the promised land, and forty years transfers every fortune in our land to new owners. And if any man is grieved because of the bigness of his income tax, let him wipe his eyes. Ten chances to one his children won't have any income to be taxed upon.

Geo. Connor, of Henniker, New Hampshire, ninety-two years old, has this year planted and taken care of an acre of corn in good shape, mows a part of the time, reads without glasses, has used no ardent spirits for forty years. His wife, eighty-seven years of age, is still living. They have been married seventy years.

A very considerable hotel-keeper advertised his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement.

"N. B.—Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting carefully sent home on a wheel-barrow, if required."

Some one telling an Irishman that a fellow had eaten ten saucers of ice-cream; whereupon Pat shook his head and said "So you don't believe it?" With a nod, Pat answered: "I believe in the crane, but not in the saucers."

The new mayor of Richmond (Sturdivant) was a major in the rebel army. The election has been declared null and void by the military authorities.

An old maid, who was once in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.