

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

VOL. XII.—NO. 14.

Reading & Columbia Railroad!

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail Road time, which is ten minutes faster than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:00 A. M.—Mail Passenger train to Reading and intermediate stations, leaving at 7:00 A. M., reaching Philadelphia at 10:30 in the morning; leaving Philadelphia at 7:41; Litz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:03; Reading at 8:50; returning at 3:30 P. M., leaving Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., reaching Reading at 4:15; Litz at 4:28; Ephrata at 4:37; Reading at 5:20. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with trains for Potomac, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

6:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN

for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving at 6:15 P. M., reaching Philadelphia at 9:45; Litz at 10:00; Ephrata at 10:13; Reading at 11:00. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with trains for Potomac, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

6:10 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN

for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving at 6:10 P. M., reaching Reading at 7:20; Litz at 7:33; Ephrata at 7:42; Reading at 8:30. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with trains for Potomac, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly end half yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWSPAPER MOUNTING JOURNAL," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at reasonable prices.

Death of the Flowers.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days have come,

The saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds and naked woods,

And meadows brown and bare.

The withered leaves lie dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust,

And to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wrens are flown,

And from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow,

Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young

flowers

That lately sprang and stood,

In brighter light and softer air,

A beauteous sisterhood?

Alas, they are all in their graves;

The gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds,

With the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie,

But the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth

The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet;

They perished long ago,

And the briar rose and the orchis died,

Amid the summer glow.

But on the hill the golden rod,

And the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sun flower by the brook,

In Autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold

heaven,

As falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was

gone,

From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mid day,

As still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee

From out their wintry home.

When the sound of dropping nuts is

heard,

Though all the trees are still;

And twinkle in the smoky light

The waters of the rill.

The south winds searches for the flowers,

Whose fragrance late he bore.

And sighs to find them in the wood

And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in

Her youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up,

And faded by our side;

In the cool, moist earth we laid her.

When the forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely,

Should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmet it was that one,

Like that young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful,

Should perish with the flowers.

How DARE YOU?—An amusing little

The Search for John Smith.

John Smith married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Bryne. Consequently I was a relative to John. John's family had often visited us at our quiet country home, and at each visit it had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October business called me suddenly to the city of B—, where our relatives resided, and without having time to write and apprise them of my coming, I was intending a visit to the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my notebook; but I thought little of it; I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down amid the smoke and bustle of B—.

I inquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across.

He looked at me with an ill-suppressed grin. What was the fellow laughing at? To be sure my clothes were not of the very latest cut, and it is not just the thing for any one out of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my Aunt Betsy had scoured the buttons with whitening and soft soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. S-m-i-t-h?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's daughter, Melinda."

"I don't think I know a John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Ah?" remarked I "then there is more than one of that name in this city?"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then. Direct me to the nearest."

"The nearest is in West street. Second left hand corner—you'll see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with the name on a silver door plate—I rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir; Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith—is she?"

"In the army?—oh, no—she's at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Bryne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened and responded angrily.

"I'll not stand here to be insulted! Make off with yourself or I'll call the police. I thought from the first that you was an entry thief, but you don't play no game on me!" and he banged the door in my face.

I a thief! If I had not been in such a hurry to find the Smiths I should have given that rascally fellow a sound chastising on the spot.

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid-servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

Before the girl could reply, a big, red faced man jumped out of the shadows behind the door, and laid his heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried in a voice of thunder. "Mr. Smith is in! Yes, sir; for once he's in. He stayed at home all day on purpose to catch you! and now, by Jupiter! I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, "there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?"

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way you won't relish, if you don't settle the damages forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figure—and you must leave the country!"

"Good gracious!" I cried, "what do you take me for? You'd better be careful, or you'll get your head caved in!"

"I'll cave your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he, springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a shrill female voice, and a tall figure in a sea of frounce bounced down the stairway. "Don't don't! for the love of heaven—don't murder him!"

"Who's the deuce do you take me for?" cried I, my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask that question!" sneered the man, "you have won my wife's heart, and are here now

to plan to elope with her! I've found it all out—you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I, "but I have never seen your wife before. I perceive she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter, of my father's great uncle—"

"Sir, do you deny you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not a Jones—I have not the honor, sir. My name is Parkwell, Henry Parkwell, of Squashville!" and with a bow I took myself off.

After that I had called at the residences of three John Smiths—none of which was my Mr. Smith—and nothing occurred worthy of note.

My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland street. Thither I bent my steps.—It was a very small house—evidently not the house of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door, through a wilderness of old rags, broken crockery, old tinware, etc., scattering a flock of hens, and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the steps.

A red faced woman answered my rap, but before I could make my customary inquiry, she opened upon me like a two-edged butcher-knife.

"Well, of all the impudent rascals that ever I see, you beat the lot! I want to know if you had the cheek to come back here again? You'd like to sell me another German silver tea-pot, and another brass bosom-pin, to dear Araminty—wouldn't you?"

"By no means," said I: "I beg to inform you—"

"Oh, you needn't beg! We don't believe in beggars! I s'pose you thought I shouldn't know you—but I did! I should know that black bag of yours in California! Clear out of my premises, or I'll lay my broom handle over you! If there is anything I hate, it's a peddler—especially a rascal like you!"

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Bryne, the eldest daughter of my father's—"

The broomstick was lifted; I heard it cut the air like a minnie bullet, and sprang down the steps into the street at my best pace.

An angry man I do not fear; but who can stand before an angry woman? I had rather face a roaring lion.

I called on two more Smiths—still unsuccessful in my search. It was getting near dark, and I was more than anxious to reach my destination.

My next Mr. Smith was located in Lenox street. It was twilight when I rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me, fairly forcing me into the hall before I could utter a word.

"Walk right in, sir, they are expecting you! The ladies will be down in a moment. Miss Hattie is in the back parlor. Walk right in, sir."

I was gently pushed toward the door of a shadowy apartment, and at the entrance I was announced:

"Mr. Henry!"

The gas was not lighted and the apartment was in semi-darkness. I heard a soft, quick footfall on the carpet, and a pair of arms fell around my neck, and a pair of the sweetest lips on the footstool touched mine; and good gracious—for a moment the world swam; and I felt as if I had been stowed in honey, and distilled into Lubin's best triple extract of roses!

"Oh, Henry—my dearest and best! Why don't you kiss me, Henry?" cried a voice like music, "have you ceased to care for me?" and again the kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I am naturally a diffident man, but I have some human nature in me, and I paid her principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that being in the army had made you cold-hearted, good heavens!" She fell back against a chair pale as death. The servant had lit the gas, and I stood revealed.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said I, "there is evidently some mistake. May I inquire if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Bryne, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle?"

The red flush came to the young lady's cheek—she was as handsome as a picture—and she replied with courtesy:

"She was not. You will, I hope, excuse me for the blunder I have committed. We are expecting my brother Henry from the army, and your blue clothes deceived me."

"For which I shall always wear blue," I replied gallantly. "Allow me to introduce myself—I am Henry Parkwell of Squashville!" and in making my best bow, I stumbled backwards over an ottoman, and fell smash into a china

closet, demolishing at least a dozen plates and as many glass tumblers.

I sprang to my feet—seized my bag, and without a word dashed out of the house.

I knocked over a man who was passing at the moment, and landed myself on my head in the gutter. The man picked himself up, and was about to make a display of muscle, when the glare of the street lamp revealed to me the well-known face of my John Smith.

"Kureka!" cried I. "Allow me to inquire if your wife was Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle Bryne?"

"She was?" said he grasping my hand, "and I am delighted to see you! But confound it!—you needn't have come at a fellow so!"

But I must cut my story short.

He took me home with him; and I had a good visit; I saw Melinda to my heart's content. Nay more—I met and was properly introduced to Hattie Smith—and well I am having a new suit of clothes made—and in due time, they will be married—myself in them—to the young lady just alluded to.

OLD MAIDS.—How unjust, how cruel and heartless is the world toward the old maid! Receiving with favor the bachelor, it reviles the spinster, as though upon her forlorn self, culminated all the miseries of single cursedness. Yet in the heart of every old unmarried woman, lies a deep, unspoken tragedy. What trials, what afflictions, what sorrows have not schooled that now quiet heart!

What sublime, unknown, uncomprehended self-sacrifices have been needed in the past to produce the silent resignation of the present, who shall venture to say? Within such a heart, there is buried a tragedy of fate, full of endless melancholy and renunciation; full of tranquil pains and inaudible plaints; full of deceived, disappointed, derided, and, what is worse, of never comprehended longings.

How many have taken upon themselves the burden of a household, standing in the pass and warding off care and danger from those committed to their trust, toiling, striving, educating little brothers and dear young sisters, thinking not of themselves, but laying all upon the altar of duty, or perchance soothing the age of a cherished parent, going in and out of years, the heart throbbing with the hopes she had cherished blighted, withered, dead, of whom the world knows not. But her life is known of the angels; her name is spoken tenderly of them. Inasmuch as she has given so shall she receive; self-sacrifice and abnegation crowned at last for a life lost below, a crown gained above; for years of solitude an eternity of unending bliss: Old maids! may the blessing of God and little children be upon them!

"GOOD-BYE, OLD ARM."—In the hospital at Nashville, a short time ago, a wounded hero was lying upon the amputation table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm and cast it, all bleeding, upon the pile of human limbs. Then they lifted him gently upon his couch. He awoke from his stupor and missed his arm; with his left hand he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the "gory stump." "Where's my arm?" he cried.

"Get my arm: I want to see it once more—my strong right arm." They brought it to him.—He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and, looking steadfastly at the poor, dead member thus addressed it, with tearful earnestness: Good-bye, old arm. You'll never fire another carbine, nor swing another sabre for the Government, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then said to those standing by:—Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union."

A good story is told about the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, who was temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention, last year, and the late Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. Both wishing to establish a reputation in early life, measured lances with Henry Clay, and of course got the worst of it. A few years afterwards the two met—the latter being one of his customary speakers. The lawyer exclaimed to the divine: "Ah! Bob, it was an unlucky day for us when we tilted against the Great Harry!" "It drove me to the bottle and you to the pulpit, Bob; but I've stuck it—sight closer to my text than you have to yours."

What fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

A King Combusting.

On the first confinement of seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will never be forgotten, the monarch rose, staggered, and, in his agony, screamed "Hold me down!" Then, rushing from the throne, he lay prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spitting like ten thousand pennynorths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and convincing proof that kings are mortals.

"WISE SAWS."—Take heed of a coquette, a prophetess, and a Latin-taught woman. Take heed of a widow thrice married, and a step-mother. Take heed of wind that comes in at a hole, and a reconciled enemy. When you enter a house leave your anger at the door. He hath no leisure who useth it not. The wife is the key of the house. Never waste time, health or friendship. He hath not lived that lives not after death. A pleasure long expected is generally dearly paid for. The rich seldom know their friends. He that marries late, marries ill. The tongue is a weapon that may wound him that wields it. He that pities another remembers himself. He that gives in season gives double.

George Augustus Sala, in a recent article on "American Young Ladies," says they are the most accomplished talkers