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THE OLD PRINTER.

A Fancy Sketch, but too near the Truth to make fun of.

I see him at his case,
With his anxious, cheerless face,
Worn and brown;
And the types' unceasing click,
As they drop within his stick,
Seems of life's old clock the tick,
Running down.

I've known him many a year,
That old type, bent and queer—
Boy and man;
Time was when step elate
Distinguished his gait,
And his form was tall and straight,
We now scan.

I've marked him, day by day,
As he passed along the way
To his toil;
He's labored night and morn,
A living giant to gain,
And some interest small attain
In the soil.

And hope was bright at first,
And the golden cheat he nursed,
Till he found
That hope was but a glare
In a cold and frosty air,
And the promise pictured fair,
Barren ground.

He ne'er was reckoned bad,
But I've seen him smile right glad
At "dead" woes;
While a dark and lowering frown
Would spread his features round,
Where virtue's praise did sound,
If "twere 'close."

Long years he's labored on,
And the rosy hues are gone
From his sky;
For others are his hours,
For others are his powers—
His days, uncheered by flowers,
Flitting by.

You may see him, night by night,
By the lamp's dull, dreamy light,
Standing there;
With cobweb curtains spread
In festoons o'er his head,
That sooty showers shed
In his hair.

And when the waning moon
Proclaims of night the noon,
If you roam,
You may see him, weak and frail,
In motion, like the snail,
Wending home.

His form by years is bent,
To his hair a tinge is lent
Sadly gray;
And his teeth have long decayed,
And his eyes their trust betrayed—
Great havoc time has made
With his clay!

But soon will come the day
When his form will pass away
From our view,
And the spot shall know no more
The sorrows that he bore,
Or the disappointments sore
That he knew.

MY MOTHER.

Ah! well do I remember me,
In childhood's happy days,
Of a meek-eyed, gentle mother,
Who taught my lips to praise;
Who told me tales of years gone by,
And sung me off to rest,
In plaintive strains of melody,
When pillow'd on my breast.

Ah! well do I remember me,
When ripen years had come,
Of that mother's tender counsels
In my own early home;
And when I left, thro' love of change,
The scenes of joyous youth,
It was her voice that whispered low
The words of love and truth.

Ah! well do I remember me,
When thro' the lapse of years
I homeward turn'd my weary steps
Thro' guilt, and wo, and tears; 'Twas
The same sweet tone and melting
To me a welcome gave.
Those sparkling eyes, those welcome tones
Are now but of the grave.

THE STOLEN DRESS; A Tale of Truth.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of the city as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle-beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed upon her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded with that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union.

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless recollected by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella-girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game for temporary excitement; she with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the 4th of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted his invitations with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank—whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts involved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it without being seen, pay for it secretly when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded a discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful 4th of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her on her elegant appearance, but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked into his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," cried she with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared among the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her to him would soon be as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air castles. And that dress which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered! Would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child

was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her—she was arrested on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but he could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would do for a daughter, and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead—what will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and, alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story.

"This is her first offence," said he, "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman—I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise with the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel, and inquired for Henry Stuart. "The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "hear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He expressed himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes.—She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly and I revere you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman." "Farewell, friend," replied Isaac, "thou much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayest thou be blessed in domestic life; and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient pres-

ence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her fearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she made her son go into the next room for a few minutes; then, drooping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh! where should I now be, if it had not been for you?"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wishfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city without seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to show my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel of Love.

CURING MEATS.—An exchange, says a French chemist, has lately asserted that scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless saltpetre be used in curing; the salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal heat be all out before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any point project above the surface of the fluid; for, if this occurs, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork. The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that it is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water.

The following X R tation is addressed 2 N E 1—Cold Winter is at V G tation has D K'd; the beauties of the landscape have faded, & R th now appears in sad R A. Old Boreas comes whistling a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, and * * * * seems 2 gies10 from a frosty firmament. The freezing blast pierces like a† in 2 the † clad bosom of want, while T R's of P T Y con G L D at their respect I V fountains. All U who R of E Z circumstances, and do not have M T pockets, 0 2 X M N into the K N D tion of those R ound U, & forward with N R G 2 mit88 the distr S S of the nee D. U should not w8 for N Y X P D N C of your disposition by M—ing the R liest opportunit 2 B stow upon the poor, who are to be found in every 8 of the country.

Why is a young lady, just from a boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

Fattening of Poultry.

In the hands of many persons the fattening of Poultry has almost become a science. They know how to take a lean turkey, for example, and so feed it as to double its weight in a few days, and at the same time they render its flesh savory and agreeable. There are two modes of feeding poultry for fattening; namely, the natural and artificial methods. The former is that most generally pursued in England and America; the latter is the French method. The natural mode consists in allowing the fowls a degree of liberty in the barn yard and supplying as much nourishing food as may satisfy their appetite. This method is generally preferred in America, and many experienced poulterers affirm that they can obtain as good fowls in this way as by any description of forced feeding.

The artificial method consists in forcing food at regular intervals down the gullets of the fowls. This food consists of a mixture of corn meal, milk and water; or, as in France, barley, which is fed by means of filler and funnel, the latter being made of tin with india-rubber ring on the bottom to prevent injury to the throats of the birds. Some persons instead of using a filler, employ the finger for stuffing down the food, which is prepared in a more solid form, and consists of a hash made of boiled potatoes, corn meal, sweet milk, and finally chopped suet. During the period of artificial feeding, the fowls are kept in boxes, which are well littered and placed in a moderately warm situation. They are usually fed three times a day and the period of fattening is from fifteen to twenty days. In applying the food with funnel, the fowl is seized by the wings near the shoulder, the head is held forward between the knees and grasped by the left hand; the beak is opened, the funnel inserted, and the proper quantity of the mixture poured down. Two persons can feed quite a large number of fowls in this manner in a very short period.

Some persons who make a business of fattening poultry are exceedingly careful of the food which they apply, and they keep their mixtures somewhat secret, ascribing a mysterious influence to their particular modes. A mixture of boiled Indian meal, mashed potatoes and sweet milk, with a little finely chopped suet, is as good food for turkeys as can well be provided. Fowls should always have access to gravel during the period of fattening, as they swallow small stones, these being found necessary to promote digestion.

Some feeders of poultry assert they can give the flesh of fowls any particular flavor they desire by the kind of food which they give them. This is probably true, as the flesh of wild game acquires flavor of the berries and aromatic buds upon which the birds feed.

Louisville Journalists.

In the Charleston Convention Gen. B. F. Butler voted for Jeff. Davis thirty votes for the Presidency. And now Gen. B. is to be hung if Jeff can catch him. We are not sure that he doesn't deserve it.

Gen. Hindman, who, under the false assumption of authority from a superior officer, compelled an Arkansas bank to give him a million of dollars, forbids his troops to plunder on penalty of death. The Scoundrel wants to do all the plundering himself.

If Humphrey Marshall were preserved in a hogshead of whisky, and some fellow were to tap the hogshead and take a drink, he would probably conclude that the liquor had a good deal of body in't.

The Richmond Despatch charges a Virginia politician with bleeding the Confederate Treasury. Probably he will try his hand at bleeding an Egyptian mummy.

The U. S. man-of-war Saucacus is to be launched at Portsmouth, N. H., to-day. We hope the Saucy Cuss will have a prosperous career.

Cotton, paper-mill rags, and drafted soldiers, are three things that it rather hard to find substitutes for.

Stonewall Jackson and Stuart didn't make anything in their last raid, except their escape.

Why isn't a milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he finds not a little profit in the water.

It is an important part of a good education to be able to bear politely with the want of it in others.

"When She Will, She Will."

The London Lancet vouches for the truth of the following statement: "One evening a person came in our office and asked to see the editor. And being introduced to our sanctum, he placed a bundle upon the table, from which he proceeded to extract a very fair and symmetrical lower extremity, which had evidently belonged to a woman. 'There,' said he, 'is there anything the matter with that leg? Did you ever see a handsomer? What ought to be done with the man who cut it off? On having the meaning of these interrogatories put before us, we found that it was the leg of the wife of our evening visitor. He had been accustomed to admire the lady's leg and foot, of the perfection of which she was, it appears, perfectly conscious.

A few days before, he had excited her anger, and they had quarreled violently, upon which she left the house, declaring that she would never see the object of his admiration again. The next thing he heard of her was that she was a patient in hospital, and her leg amputated. She declared to the surgeons that she suffered intolerable pain in the knee, and begged to have the limb removed—a petition that the surgeons complied with, and thus became the instrument of her absurd and self-contradictory revenge upon her husband.

A Good One.—A physician was once called upon to tender his professional aid to the wife of a recently married countryman, who by the way was little versed in the technical terms which are used by the medical faculty. The Doctor having felt the pulse and viewed the tongue of the patient, together with sundry other wise tricks, prepared a plaster, which he ordered the husband to lay upon the chest of his better half, promising to call again on the following day. He came, and after making the usual inquiries respecting his charge, asked if the plaster had been applied agreeably to his instructions.

"Sir," said the husband, with the utmost gravity conceivable, "my wife would she had no chest, and thinking it would answer just as well, I laid it on her trunk!"

About this time we might have been seen making tracks down the road in a roar of laughter.

A gentleman was riding with a lady in an open carriage, all of a summer's day, and accidentally—men's arms, awkward things, are ever in the way—dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon. But of a sudden (wether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another bear coming, never was known) the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed, "Mr. Brown, I can support myself! Capital was the instant reply, you are just the gal I've been looking for these last five years—will you marry me?"

Let every man avoid all sort of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself to toss up a half penny, for this often the beginning of a habit of gambling, and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man min's his work he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes a good use of his money, even if he should win.

An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate of Massachusetts and asked, "are you the Judge of Probate?"

I am the Judge of Probate. Well, that is it I expect, quoth the old lady, you see my father died detested, and he left several infidels, and I want to be their executioner.

An Irishman just from the sea was eating some old cheese, when he found, to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers!" he said, "does your chaze in this country have children?"

A poor soldier in a hospital at Nashville Tenn., with both legs shot away, had a tract given him by an ex-pilary colonel, upon the "Evil Effect of Modern Dancing." Doubtless he would mind it.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers; those who are disappointed before marriage, and the unhappy who are disappointed after it.