

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864 with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon as the receipt of the original Certificate of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one quarter of one per cent, which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Special Advantages of this Loan.
It is a National Savings Bank, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment, as the notes are always sold for within a fraction of their face, and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collateral for discounts.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.
In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about 3 per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than 5 per cent. premium, and before the war the premium on 6 per cent. U. S. Stocks was over 20 per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum. Its exemption.

From State or Municipal Taxation.
But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all Bonds and Treasury Notes from local taxation. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

While the government offers the most liberal terms for its loans, it believes that the very strongest appeal will be to the loyalty and patriotism of the people. All operations on the mouth performed in a skillful and workmanlike manner—on fair principles and on very reasonable terms.

Having determined upon a permanent location at this place, would ask a continuation of the lit or range heretofore extended to him, for which he will render every possible satisfaction.

Either administered to proper persons.
Scribner.

THE subscriber offers his services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity, in CONVEYANCING, ENROSSING AND COPYING. He has kindly been permitted to refer to James Duffy, esq., S. S. Nagle, esq., James Mahaffey, esq., S. F. Eagle & Co., G. W. Mahaffey, esq., S. & B. Hiesland. Can be found at all times at the dwelling of his friend John W. Clark's residence, on Market street, at George W. Mahaffey's Saw Mill, at the Upper Station.

JOHN BELL, Merchant Tailor,
Cor. of Market-st. and Elbow Lane, Marietta

GRATEFUL for past favors I would return my thanks to my numerous friends and patrons and inform them that I still continue the old business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see them at all times, and having a full and splendid assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS, which will be made up to order at the shortest notice by the best workmen, and on reasonable terms, I would be pleased, therefore, to wait upon my old customers and all who see proper to patronize me hereafter.

HICKORY & Oak Wood, 50 Cords each Hickory and Oak Wood. Orders must be accompanied with the cash when they will be promptly filled. Spaulger & Patterson.

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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &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.

From "The Crystal Gem,"
The Town Pump.

MY FRIENDS.
I have been thinking the matter over and I have come to the conclusion that it might interest you, for a few moments, to hear my biography. A great many years ago there was a little village on a beautiful stream in New England; but one thing that the people lacked was a Town Pump, that is one that is free to all. So they called a meeting and chose a very pleasant spot as near the centre of the village as possible (all of which I have been told since) and erected me, and a very fine pump I was too. I am not disposed to be vain, but if one is handsome they will find it out sooner or later. For a while after I was erected every person passing had to try the new pump, and of course pronounced it the best in the village. Then late in the summer afternoon would come the tired little school children; (bless their dear little hearts); how they would run when they came in sight of me to see who would get the first cooling draught. Then too in Winter the merry school boys delighted in taking the icicle that was hanging from my lips, imagining, no doubt, that it tasted better because it came from the new pump. But time has passed with me as with every thing else. I am no longer young and handsome but old and grey looking; no longer the centre of attraction of a small village but one of the oldest pumps of a large city. But still I try to do my duty to my fellow creatures. True I some times wear out but I do not remain idle long. I do not doubt but some of you will think it very foolish for a pump to think of giving a little advice but it will not do any harm for me to say that in my opinion this would be a far happier world if all would do as much, and do it as willingly, for their fellow creatures as I have done. O that all might know the wealth there is in pure cold water. How many more dollars it gives the laborer to take home after a day of weary toil than does the Demon drink, Alcohol.

LINA.
GREAT COOLNESS.—An extraordinary affair lately occurred in the town of Orel, in Russia. A great local land owner had a large sum (forty-three thousand silver roubles) to receive through the police office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he presented the office with five thousand silver roubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the evening of the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant, on opening the door, was instantly pincioned, and four men, their faces covered with black crepe, rushed into the room and told him he must hand over his forty-three thousand roubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong box, opened it, seized a revolver which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. On the crepe being removed from the faces of the dead men they were recognized as the head of the police and his secretary.

"In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses; in old age, our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages our friends."

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there!"

Girls Should Learn to Keep House.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she were obliged to preside personally over the cooking-stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of house-wifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake, and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is a great advantage to them.

I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, and salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes and pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her little housekeeper, and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical the jingling is to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.

Thus far from Anna Hope; and who Anna Hope is, we know not; but one thing we are sure of, she is not wise above what is written. Solomon speaks the praise and properties of a good wife, in Prov. 31. Girls will you read it? Begin at verse 10.

Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness of the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good house-keeping is in the order, economy, and taste displayed in attention to little things; and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

An officer of very small stature but very hasty temper was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier undared for some time patiently and even unconcernedly the storm of vituperations rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that instead of abating the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

"Have you relatives in the army?" asked a second lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car seat with him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes, sir." "From what state?" "Illinois." "Illinois (patronizingly) has sent some fine troops, ma'am. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Is he with the Potomac Army?" "Yes, sir." "May I inquire his name? I am acquainted with a good many brother officers there." "Certainly, sir—Ulysses S. Grant." (Exit lieutenant for smoking car.)

A Romance in Real Life.

A romance in real life, of deep plot and thrilling denouement, is just now the chief topic of gossip in Taunton, Mass. The facts, as related by the Taunton Republican, are these:

It appears that about twenty-seven years ago a Captain Brown, whose family resided in Mattapoisett, was the overseer of the estate of Mr. Henry R. Clifton, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Va. From cause, which still remains secret, a difficulty arose between Capt. B. and Mr. C., wherein the former considered himself the aggrieved party. To revenge himself for the supposed wrong he stole Mr. Clifton's infant daughter, (then but six weeks old), on the day she was christened. The child was brought to Mattapoisett, and secretly adopted by Brown and his wife as their own. She was named Julia, and grew to be a woman. When only sixteen years old she married Mr. Isaac O. Pierce, a printer who learned his trade in Fall River. Several years ago they moved to Taunton, living for a while at East Taunton, but more recently at the Green. Two children have been born them, one of whom is now living. During this long period Mrs. Pierce has lived in blissful ignorance of her high parentage, and Mr. Pierce, who took her for better or worse, had never imagined himself the husband of an heiress. He abandoned the printer's trade shortly after learning it, and for several years has earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow at Mr. Mason's works in this city. This is their history until within a very short time; now comes the denouement.

Last summer, while Rev. Mr. Talbot of this city, was at Saratoga, he became acquainted with Mr. Clifton and wife, who, it appears, at the breaking out of the rebellion, converted their Richmond property into cash and moved to Baltimore. In the course of conversation with them Mr. T. remarked upon the striking resemblance of Mrs. Clifton to a lady parishoner of his in Taunton. Nothing particular was thought of it at first; but on his repeating the remark, Mrs. C. inquired the age of the lady. On being informed that she was about twenty-seven, Mrs. C. immediately said to her husband, "Why, that would just be the age of our daughter that was stolen." The matter then received their serious attention, Mr. Talbot was taken into their confidence, and inquiry instituted as to the reputed parents of the young lady. He returned to Taunton; had a conversation with Mrs. Pierce, in regard to her parentage; informed her of the Saratoga conversation, which led her to ask Mrs. Brown, who she had never doubted, was her own mother, if she really were such, at the same time telling her the reason of the inquiry. Mrs. B., who had kept the secret of the child's parentage for twenty-seven years, was so overcome by the question and the development of facts that she immediately became ill, and died of the heart disease. Before her death, however, she acknowledged that Mrs. P. was not her own daughter. Capt. Brown died a number of years ago. Within a few weeks the affair has developed itself rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, and Mrs. Pierce have met each other; and the old colored woman, who nursed the abducted infant, has recognized Mrs. P. as their real child by a "mole on her shoulder." The identity of their long-lost daughter having been fully established, Mrs. Pierce and her husband have been invited to live with the Cliftons and share in their wealth; and this they are preparing to do, having broken up housekeeping and disposed of their furniture. "The cream" of the affair is that Mrs. Pierce is an only child, and therefore sole heiress to an estate said to be worth hundreds of thousands if not millions of dollars, or as an old lady friend of Mrs. Pierce expresses it, "a trifle less than two millions."

KEEPING ORDER.—A Mr. Hillboro said at the Farmer's Club recently, that the best barrel of cider he ever saw had a handful of alum put in it in November. It did not remain sweet, but the next summer was a most delicious drink. And another gentleman recommended the use of isinglass, both in the purification of cider and native wines. We have also seen flaxseed recommended.

Artemus Ward says: "If I am drafted I will resign. Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person! Modesty is what ails me. That's what keeps me under."

AN OSSIFIED MAN.—There is a man residing in Pontage county, Ohio, who, since his fifteenth year, has been almost entirely ossified. At that age he injured his knee by a fall from his horse. The injury caused ossification, which immediately set in, and in the course of fifteen years had completed its terrible work. He can only move two of his fingers and two of his toes. He has not opened his jaws for more than thirty years, yet still manages to talk, with ease. His food is placed within his lips, and without mastication is conveyed to his stomach. He lies in the same position during an entire day; only changing his position once in twenty-four hours. His skin fortunately retains its normal condition. He has been blind for thirty years, and is compelled to draw upon his memory for mental exercise. This faculty has become exceedingly tenacious. He remembers the most minute and trifling incident, or circumstance, of his year past, every fact and event in his experience, before him, piled up like strata, and summons at will, or as occasion requires, occurrences, which have faded from the minds of his friends. His recollection of localities is wonderful. Places that he had visited years ago, before struck with blindness, he can now identify as he rides along, so vivid a recollection has he of the relative position of things, as bridges, rivers, &c. He is very expert at mathematical calculations; and can, with great readiness, give, for example, the number of square inches in an area the number of whose square feet or rods is given him.

"COME AND SEE ME."—Never take "come and see me," as a phrase, meant in earnest, unless accompanied with a date. All invitation "without circumstances" is no invitation at all. Depend upon it, if any gentleman or lady desires your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit. "Call on me when you can make it convenient," "drop in as you are passing," "make us a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare," are social indefinites by which men of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested. When people wish to be cheaply polite, there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient medium of exchange for all that, and heavy debts of gratitude, that ought to be paid in better coin, are often paid with it. People that have more polish than principle use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men sparingly or not at all. "Whoever makes a friendly visit at a fashionable house on the strength of a mere 'come and see,' will be likely enough to find that the family circle which he has dropped into by request as uncongenial as the arctic circle, and to leave it with a chill feeling about the heart that will prevent him from venturing into the same high latitude thereafter. But when a whole-souled fellow, whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand and says, "Come and dine with me to-day—dinner on the table at five o'clock,—go if you can, and you will be all the better for it, both in mind and body. One likes to meet friends at the hospitable board—one's own or their, it matters not which—but a nod in the street is all sufficient from fashionable acquaintance."

A celebrated New York doctor prescribed for an old patient, "syrup of birthorn," and wrote his prescription in the usual cabalistic characters, "Eyr. Bham. Oath." On inquiring if she had taken the medicine, a thunder cloud darkened her eyes, and she exclaimed: "No I ain't going to take your syrup of ram cat for anybody under heaven."

Pat was employed at a furnace. He was ordered to take the two-wheeled cart with the oven, and draw some iron to a particular spot and dump it. He brought the load to the place designated, and after gesticulating wildly to his meek oxen, exclaimed: "Rare up! rare up! yag baster; and throw the load overboard."

Our "darling Lillie," of three years, while trying to get on her stockings one day, discovered a few hairs on her legs; when she exclaimed, "Mother, I think I shall be an angel soon, the feathers are beginning to grow!"

It is not what we earn, but what we save, makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

[We copy from the New-York Evening Post, the following stirring patriotic poem, from the pen of JAMES G. CLARK, author of "Freemont's Battle Hymn," "The Children of the Battlefield," and "Let me die with my face to the foe." During a recent flying visit to Gotham we made the acquaintance of Mr. Clark and heard him sing several of his compositions at "Hope Chapel," during the sitting of the late Health Reform Convention, in New-York. Mr. C. is unquestionably one of the best song-writers of the country, as he is one of the finest song-singers we have ever listened to.—Editor "The Mariettian."]

The Voice of the Army.
BY JAMES G. CLARK.

From the West, where the rivers in majesty run,
And the bold highlands catch the last kiss of the sun;

From the East, where the Gentile saw Bethlehem's morn,
From the South, where the beautiful summer is born;

From the North, where the lakes are like mirrors unrolled,
And the autumn woods frame them in purple and gold.

We come in the name of the nation and God,
To crush the last viper from Liberty's sod.

Stand out of our sunlight, beware of our wrath,
Ye hounds that would rise on the fugitive's path,

Who over your country's destruction would gloat,
And treasure the knife that is aimed at her throat.

Go, follow the chieftain who, yoked with the knave,
Renounces a life with the noble and brave,

And leaving the eagles of freedom, can take
To the nest of the buzzard or den of the snake.

No more shall the North, with a gag in her mouth,
Bow down to the serf-breeding lords of the South;

No more shall her children from mercy refrain
At the crack of their whip or the clank of their chain.

Our legions will face the red fires of death,
And like icicles melt in the cannon's hot breath,

Ere they ask for repose that will tarnish their fame,
Or "peace" that is black with dishonor and shame.

Thrice blest be the hero who gallantly strives
To shield what the patriot bought with their lives,

But cursed be the vultures that feast on the slain,
Then croak that the mountain birds battled in vain;

And woe to the leaders, and woe to their
When the land shall remember its traitors and fools,

When serpents are writhing in dust and disgrace,
And the children of liberty reign in their place.

Let their deeds be recounted with hate and disdain,
And their names only mentioned with Judas and Cain,

Who would strike down the truth that a race may be slaves,
Or sell it in secret to robbers and knaves;

One raises his hand, with a murderous rod,
At the brother whose works were accepted of God;

One stands on the grave of his holier days,
And kisses the master he basely betrays.

By the martyrs whose lives are the beacon of time,
Whose death made the cross and the scaffold sublime;

By the graves of our brothers, who fell as they fought
For the gift which the blood of our forefathers bought;

By the heavens, where the world of eternity rolls
O'er the armies of earth with its armies of souls.

We swear that our homes shall behold us no more
Till the land is redeemed, or bedewed with our gore!