

The Mariettaian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 20.

THE DRAFT! THE DRAFT!!

Who would not be out of the Draft?
BUT that which effects us in connection with the Army, is not the only one—the Draft upon the rocket these times is equally severe—consequently we purchase goods where we get them cheapest.

John Spangler,
SUCCESSOR TO DAVID ROTH
IN THE HARDWARE BUSINESS.
Would take this method of informing the public that he is now prepared to furnish anything in his line of business, such as
Glass, Oils, Varnishes,
Stoves, Iron, Carpenter's Tools, Hinges, Bolts, Locks, Nails, all kinds of Building material, Coachmaker's Goods, Cederware, Cloths,
Fancy Articles in large variety, with a full assortment of shell goods generally, which he will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail. Call and see the stock.
Ma.let.a., March 6, 1864.

SUPPLEE & BRO.,
IRON AND BRASS
FOUNDERS
And General Machinists, Second street, Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Fronts, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description; **STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS,** IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED Manner; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Pulleys, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Mining and Tanning; Brass Bearings, Steam and Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Flues, Heaters, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Washers, &c.
BLACKSMITHING IN GENERAL.
From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. Repairing promptly attended to. Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. Prices to suit the times.
T. R. SUPPLEE,
Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14 tf

The Peoples'
CHEAP HAT, CAP AND Fur Store,
NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
Shultz & Brother,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS.
A general assortment of Hats, Caps, and LADIES FURS
OF ALL THE LATEST STYLES, constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest rates for cash.
All goods in our line manufactured to order.
HENRY A. SHULTZ, [John A. SHULTZ, Lancaster, November 5, 1864.-cf.

JACOB HARLEY,
SUCCESSOR TO STAUFFER & HARLEY,
No. 622 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Dealer in Fine Gold and Silver WATCHES, SOLID SILVER-WARE, Fine Gold Jewelry,
and the best make of Silver-Plated Ware. Constantly on hand a large assortment of the above goods at low prices.
Watches and fine Clocks repaired by skillful workmen; also, Jewellery repairing; Engraving and all kinds of Hair-Work to order at short notice.
Don't forget the old stand, Number 622 Market Street, Philadelphia.
April 9, 1864.—3m S and N

ALEXANDER LINDSAY,
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this Borough and neighborhood that he has the largest assortment of City made work in his line of business in this Borough, and being a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER himself, is enabled to select with more judgment than those who are not. He continues to manufacture in the very best manner everything in the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he will warrant for neatness and good fit.
Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

DAVID COCHRAN,
Painter, Glazier and Paper Hanger.
Would most respectfully inform the citizens of Marietta and the public generally that he is prepared to do
House Painting,
China Gilding,
Paper Hanging, &c.
At very short notice and at prices to suit the times. He can be found at his mother's residence on the corner of Chestnut and Second streets, a few doors below the M. E. Church, and immediately opposite the old Oberlin Coach Works.
[Aug. 3-ly.

FRANKLIN HINKLE, M. D.
After an absence of nearly three years in the Navy and Army of the United States he has returned to the Borough of Marietta and resumed the practice of Medicine.
Special attention paid to Surgical cases in which branch of his profession he has had very considerable experience.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE.—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By F. L. Baker.
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Office in "Orall's Row," on Front street, five doors East of Flury's Hotel.
Single Copies, with or without Wrappers, FOUR CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a-line.
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., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of Job and CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

"Still She Keeps Rocking Him."
Still she keeps rocking him,
Ever caressing him,
Brushing the hair from
His colorless brow.
Softly they've whisper'd her,
"Life has gone out of him;"
Gently she answers,
"How still he is now!"
Still she keeps rocking him,
As though she would shake from him
The cold hand of death,
Like the weights from his eyes;
Rocking the clay of him,
While softly the soul of him
Angels are rocking
Far up in the skies.

From "The Crystal Gem."
Published by the scholars of the Marietta High School.
The Soldier's Dream.

It was on a cold chilly night of December, that a tired young soldier, with his comrades lay down upon his blanket for a night's rest. It was not long ere sleep crept quietly over his weary eyelids, and as he slept he dreamed. He was once more in his beautiful home enjoying all its blessings. He once more gathers around that happy fireside, with all those loved ones whom he had left, doubting whether he should ever return. Oh, can it be possible that he has been spared through all the battles in which he was exposed, to enjoy once more the comforts and blessings of home. As he sits there, by the fireside, his mind wanders back to soldier life. He thinks, how often, when in camp, he drained the glass of that poisonous liquid which has been the ruin of thousands. How often he sat down to the card table and played with his comrades to pass away the time. Oh, if his mother had known this, would she had given him such a hearty welcome? With those thoughts he awoke, not to see the gentle face of his mother, or the loving smile of his sister, but only to the forms of his sleeping companions. He wondered whether they would be as disappointed in their dreams as he was in his.

He began to think over his dream. No, he does not know that he shall ever again be permitted to enjoy the blessings of the home of which a few moments before he had been dreaming. He resolved from that moment never again to unite in drinking liquor or playing cards with his comrades. He was often tempted to do so, afterwards, but in an instant he would think of the thoughts that occupied his mind, as in his dream he sat by the fireside of his happy home, and he remained true to his resolution. NERTIE.

Printers' "devils" are, generally, "ladies' men," notwithstanding they have a rather bad name. Sometime ago, one of these gentlemen and his lady-love were taking an evening stroll, and while walking along, chatting briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, she suddenly caught his hand and looking smilingly in his face, asked: "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No," replied he, "I do not, my dear." "It is because I love the 'devil'."

This is the style in which the fair ones in some parts of Yorkshire convey the hint to backward swains. "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady the other day to a bachelor friend, who was down there on a visit. "I've been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "Then you haven't been down our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

Information for Election Judges.

VERY IMPORTANT.—We find the following important extracts from decisions made in regard to the right of persons absent, for a time, from their residence, to vote, in a late number of the Washington (D. C.) Chronicle. This should be cut out and kept for future reference. "There are many clerks in the employ of the General Government in this city," says a writer in the Daily Chronicle, "who are anxious to exercise the elective franchise at their State and Municipal elections, but who, having been told that by removing their families to this city, paying taxes here, &c., they have lost their domicile at their former place of residence, feel somewhat in doubt what to do. Some of these men were denied the right to vote at the recent State elections, and simply because they were living in and around Washington with their families. That these men may not thus be disfranchised by a set of Copperhead judges, I would call their attention to the following decision and references. "A person who removes to Washington and holds a public office there does not thereby lose his domicile in the place of his former residence, unless he intends permanently to reside at Washington." [See Gilchrist's Digest, page 193, 2d par.] In the case of Atherton vs. Thornton, N. H. Rep., vol. 8, page 178, it was submitted in evidence that defendant (Thornton) resided with his family and had his domicile in Merrimack, county of Hillsborough, previous to July, 1830, when he was appointed to an office in the Treasury Department of the United States, and went to the city of Washington; and in November following, he removed his wife and one child (leaving one with his mother at Merrimack) to Washington, where he lived in a hired house until the summer of 1831, when, in consequence of the ill health of his wife, she and the child returned to his home in Merrimack and there boarded with his mother. On the first of October, 1831, the defendant (Thornton) went to Merrimack, and on the 23d of November, same year, returned to Washington with his family, and kept house there until the 7th of September, 1832, when, on account of sickness in his family, he abandoned housekeeping, and his wife and children went to Newton, Connecticut, where they remained until September 1, 1833, when they returned to Washington, and he again commenced housekeeping there. In April, 1834, his family returned to Merrimack. Thornton had paid taxes in Washington during this time. He had often declared that he did not intend to make Washington his permanent residence, but that he intended to return to Merrimack. It was decided in this case that Thornton retained his domicile in Merrimack, Judge Parker holding that the domicile which Thornton had acquired in Merrimack had been retained, notwithstanding his personal residence with his family in Washington. It has been generally considered that persons appointed to public office under the authority of the United States, and taking up their residence in Washington for the purpose of executing the duties of such office, do not thereby, while engaged in the service of the Government, lose their domicile in the place where they before resided, unless they on removing there intend to make Washington their permanent residence. In many cases actual residence is not indispensable to retain a domicile after it is once acquired, but it is retained, *animo solo*, by the mere intention not to change it. See Judge Parker, Atherton vs. Thornton, Story's Conflict of Laws, 39-45 55; Pickering's Rep., 377; Harvard College vs. Gove, Thompson Digest, D. C., &c. It was held by persons of no less eminence and legal ability than Daniel Webster and Caleb Cushing, late United States Attorney General, that no clerk in the employ of the United States could be disfranchised by the mere fact of his living here with his family; and they even held that the exercise of the elective franchise in the municipal affairs of the District of Columbia did not impair the right to vote for President in States where they had resided and had their residence.

Adam was fond of his jokes; and when he saw his sons and his daughters marrying one another, he dryly remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing.

We hear of a young lady in town who is so large-hearted that it has made her round-shouldered.

It is not the happy death, but the happy life that makes men happy.

A Selfish Bridegroom.

A circle of gay young bachelors in St. Louis, was thrown into confusion, lately, by the desertion of one of their number, who fell a victim to the charms of a beautiful and amiable young lady. For some cause best known to himself, the enamored Benedict kept the matter a secret, and without inviting his bachelor friends to the wedding, had the knot tied in an unostentatious manner, and started on a bridal tour to some pleasant village in Illinois. His friends, of course, heard of the wedding the day after it occurred, and feeling slighted, determined to have revenge. When the happy man returned from his tour, he was taken aback by being waited upon by a stranger, a detective, who produced an order for his arrest, on a charge of disloyalty. Having at one time entertained a sneaking sympathy for "our Southern brothers," he was greatly troubled. He was taken by the detective into a darkened room, where the examining board was sitting, and was surprised to see that they all wore masks and dominoes. He asked why he was not allowed to see the faces of his judges, and was told that they were disguised on account of the discovery of spies and traitors in the Government service. He was then accused of having uttered such and such sentiments, in the presence of certain of his friends, whose names were given, and as he could not deny what he had said, he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court—urged his youth and inexperience—the fact of his recent marriage—the remote probability of his becoming a father, &c. Although his pathetic appeal appeared to soften the flinty hearts of the judges, yet it could not turn aside the ponderous hammer of justice, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Alton prison, at hard labor, with ball and chain attached to his left leg. This was a terrible blow to a man who had been married but three or four days, and the prisoner was greatly affected. After witnessing the misery of the condemned man for a few moments, the mock judges threw off their masks, and appeared before him as his uninvited wedding guests. They told him they had taken this mode of punishing him for his failure to invite them to his wedding, and he was so glad to find that the thing was all a joke, that he treated the party to a champagne and oyster supper, and promised that he would never get married again without their presence.

How a COPPERHEAD WAS SHAVED.—The Philadelphia North American tells the following story: A well known frequenter of Third Street stopped yesterday in a barber-shop, close to the North American building, sat in a shaving chair, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and instructed the knight of the razor to take off his beard. The barber was an African. He simply replied "yes, boss," and produced his implements. The customer sat down. He was duly shaved: His face was wiped, and he arose, donned his coat and hat. "How much?" he asked, in a dolorous voice, as he adjusted his shirt collar. "Fifteen cents, boss." "Why, I thought you shaved for ten cents at this shop." "Dat ar's de average, sab," was the reply. "Ten cents is de price of a shave in this shop. You come in here, sab, and read the news of Sheridan's victory, and your face got about six inches longer dan when you came in. If your face was like it was afore you read that news, ten cents was the price. When you commenced to read do defeat of Early, den your face stretched down about four inches. Dat's what makes it wurf fifteen cents for der shave." The customer couldn't restrain a grin, though he was a Copperhead, and the hit at him was made by a "nigger." He laid down the fee, and walked out.

How long Eve, the first woman lived, we know not. It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death, and burial of only one woman—Sarah, the wife of Abraham—is distinctly noted. Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

A Democratic editor in Iowa says his party in that State has taken the degree of L. D., "Licked Like the Devil."

We hear of a young lady in town who is so large-hearted that it has made her round-shouldered.

It is not the happy death, but the happy life that makes men happy.

A TWILIGHT WOOLING.

It's an awful thing to lose a friend by marriage! To see him drop into your room occasionally, always with a paper parcel under his arm, suggestive of lace and ribbons, instead of having him all to yourself, day in and day out. To know that the blue-breathed evening cigar will inevitably be abbreviated by "Oh, my wife will be anxious, if I'm not at home by eight o'clock." To tell him about the pretty girl with the pink bonnet that you met in the stage yesterday, and be generally confidential, and then find your tongue suddenly palsied by the conviction that he will tell his wife every word you have been saying. There's no use talking about the thing—it's actually indescribable. Do you suppose I didn't feel jealous when Jack Marcyffe got married? Do you suppose the green-eyed monster didn't inspire me with all sorts of undamnable feelings toward the little brown-eyed beauty who had cut me out so completely? If took some time to reconcile me to the new state of things. But when I found out that she didn't object to my sitting on the balcony and speaking with Jack—nay, that she actually lighted our cigars for us, and then brought her little footstool and sat down beside us—that she laughed like a peal of merry bells at our bachelor chances and mishaps—and that she liked to have me come to dinner on Sundays, then I thought Jack's wife wasn't so bad an institution after all. And one day, when she brought out her tiny wicker work-basket, and stood on tip-toes to sew the loose button upon my coat, I capitulated in good earnest. "Jack," said I, "your wife is well not exactly an angel, for I don't believe in angels about the house—but the sweetest little woman I ever set my eyes upon: You won't be jealous, old fellow?" "Jealous—no!" said Jack, stretching his neck so as to look after the light, disappearing figure. "But I'll tell you what, Arthur, you ought to see Mary's sister."

"Sure enough, about two weeks afterward, as I came in at the sweet-briar-shaded gate, and paused to look at the crimson clove-pinks just opening their fringed petals, the silver tones of another voice sounded in the low-caved piazza, and almost before I knew it, Jack Marcyffe's arm was through mine, and he was introducing me to a duplicate edition of his wife—a scarlet-lipped, arch-eyed girl in white muslin, with a coral bracelet on her arm. From that moment I was gone—I didn't know whether I sat in Jack's velvet easy chair, or on the top of the rail fence; I said "No, I thank you," when Mrs. Jack asked me how I was—I stirred my cup of chocolate with a pen-knife, and tried to put the table-cloth into my pocket, instead of a handkerchief, and finally disgraced myself irrevocably by putting the match-box into the marble, and depositing the baby on the marble mantel-piece.

"Good gracious, Mr. Arden!" exclaimed Marcyffe, "what is the matter?" "I believe—I think—I've got a cold in my head!" faltered I, looking at the time straight at Agnes, who was playing with her coral bracelet, and pretending not to laugh. "Jack," said I, that evening, as he went out to the gate with me, "there's no use trying to mince matters—if I can't win Miss Agnes I shall take arsenic."

Jack squeezed my hand; he had been through the mill himself. "Do you think she cares for me, Jack?" I asked, plaintively, about a month afterward. "I declare, honestly, I've the greatest mind in the world to jump off the pier, or hang myself, peaceably. Now what does she mean by flirting with that red-whiskered Carew?" "Oh, Jack, do be merciful—tell me what you really think!" "Poor Marcyffe! It was about the thirtieth time he had been asked the same question. "Why, how can I tell, Arthur? You might as well ask me to read the Hindoo alphabet as to decipher the mysteries of a woman's heart. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Me ask her?" and the cold chills ran through me like veins of ice. "Jack, I dare not, for my life!" Jack burst into a laugh. "Well, I can't give any better advice," said he, "only remember, my boy, your heart never won fair lady."

He turned away, and left me standing in the amber hush of the twilight, among the crimson clusters of cinnamon

roses, and the tall coronals of gleaming lilies. Up in the rosy sky the new moon hung, a curved thread of silver, and one bright star bore its lance of pearl against the radiant horizon. I looked absently up at the fair atmosphere—down at the blossoming garden of flowers, thinking, in the midst of my perplexity, how like the blue heaven was to Agnes' eyes, and marvelling that the pink roses were so near akin to the dainty color that came and went upon her silk-soft cheek.

Beside the low French window that opened upon the piazza floor, I saw the flow of muslin drapery through the fragrant gloom—it was where Mrs. Marcyffe was wont to sit with her baby. I caught the refrain of the low, delicious cradle song warbled in the tiny sleeper's ear. A bright thought struck me—I would take woman's wit into my counsel. "Mary," said I, sitting down on the piazza step, and leaning my head against the rose-wreathed pillar just opposite the window, "I wish you'd tell me what to do—I'm desperately in love with your sister Agnes, and don't laugh now—I haven't the courage to tell her so."

I paused an instant and then went on: "I love her better than life. No, that is not saying enough; I would die to make her happy. Oh, Mary, can't you give me a word of encouragement? I dare not tell her my love, because my heart sinks so in dread from the one little word 'No!' Will she speak it, do you think?"

There was no answer still. "Mary, will she break my heart?" I spoke with trembling accents, fresh from the deepest recesses of my soul—the very air seemed to sob around me as I ceased. One instant of silence, in the soft, pulsing fragrance of the mid-summer twilight, and then there was a fluttering of light, azure robes, the fall of a fairy footstep. Ere I could look up, a soft, white arm, gleaming with the clasp of a blood-red coral bracelet, was around my neck—a shower of brown curls nestled on my breast!

"She will not—she never will!" The voice was that of Agnes Day; I held the coy, coquetish trembler to my heart! Life has been brimming with sweets ever since—many a golden moment has passed to sprinkle its chalice of joy around my foot-steps, as it passed into the world of the bygone; but, in all my existence, there never came a second time like that.

I had been pleading to Agnes herself, and Mary stood smiling in the background, the varied spice of roguery gleaming in her hazel eyes, through a dim quiver of joyous tears. "So I'm really to have a brother-in-law!" she said, putting aside the roses and coming forward just as the wicket fastening clicked under Jack's hand, and the fiery spark of his cigar flashed through the purple gleaming, slowly travelling up the garden walk. "Hallo!" said he, pausing abruptly, as Agnes tried vainly to escape from my detaining arm. "Oh, I see now! Well—upon—my—word! for such a bashful young gentleman, you've been remarkably expeditious! Accept of my congratulations, Aggie—ditto, Arthur."

PACKING EGGS FOR WINTER.—MRS. L. W. SLAWSON, of Kenosha, Wis., says she has kept eggs perfectly good and fresh till a year old in the following manner: She pours some wheat into the bottom of a barrel, and places the eggs, day by day as they are gathered, standing on the small end in the wheat. When that course is full, she pours another layer of wheat on the eggs and repeats the process. When the barrel is full it is covered and placed in a dry cellar. The barrel stands upon the end without turning, and the eggs are taken out as wanted. She says that it is not only unnecessary to reverse the barrel when packed, as recommended by some members of the club, but that it is injurious.

CLEAN CLOCKS.—A correspondent, writing to the Scientific American, states: "Common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well, and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stop from an accumulation of dust or a thickening of the oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure or rain water and dried on a warm stove or near the fire. I write this by the tick of an eight-day clock which was boiled a year ago, and has behaved perfectly well ever since."