

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 21.

REEVES'
Original, Genuine and
RELIABLE
AMBROSIA
For the Growth, Beauty and Preservation
OF THE HAIR.
[ESTABLISHED 1860.]
Price 75 Cents Per Bottle.



This preparation can exhibit living evidence of its excellence. See Photograph and read certificate of Mrs. William Sutton—hair 5 feet and one inch in length—used Reeves' Ambrosia about twenty months.



MRS. WALLACE E. MAXWELL.
Her hair is four feet ten inches in length—the result of using Reeves' Ambrosia about two years.

These photographs taken from life, have been awarded to extend the knowledge of the merits of this wonderful discovery. Hundreds have seen these ladies and heard the facts from their own lips.

Mrs. Maxwell's Testimonial.

New York, December 23, 1862.
Knowing positively that Reeves' Ambrosia produced a beautiful head of hair for Mrs. Lizzie Shepherd, of Brooklyn, New York, I was induced, thereby, to use it thoroughly. I needed something for my hair, it being short and thin; had used one half-dozen bottles when I could plainly notice an increase in its length, strength and beauty. An experience of about two years has proved a complete success. My hair is now, by measurement, four feet ten inches in length, reaching nearly to the floor. I have allowed my photograph to proclaim the merits of

REEVES' AMBROSIA TO THE WORLD.

Mrs. WALLACE E. MAXWELL.
All enterprising Druggists have these Photographs and keep for sale

REEVES' AMBROSIA
AT 75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Druggists who may not have our preparation, will send for it—if applied to.

Principal Depot, 62 Fulton-st., N. Y.

RE-OPENING OF
Dr. J. Hinkle's
Family Drug Store,
Market Street, Marietta.

HAVING just laid in a pure and fresh stock of Medicines, would take this means to inform his old friends and the public in general that everything now on hand is really new and fresh—his entire old stock having some time since been disposed of—which has been carefully selected and is now offered at fair and reasonable prices for cash.

In addition to his stock of
Drugs and Chemicals

will be found a varied assortment of Toilet and Fancy Articles, such as

Tooth, Hair and Nail Brushes, Infant Combs and Brushes, Pocket and Ring Combs, Toilet, Shaving and

Tooth Soaps, Balm and Hair's Fine Extracts, Hair Oils and Pomades, Port Monnaies and Pocket Books, Hair

Dyes, Tooth Washes, Pearl Powder, Rinses, Cologne, Bay Water, Powder Boxes, &c., &c.

Corn Starch and Farina, Cold Oils, Lamps, Shades and Chimneys.

STATIONARY.

Everything in the Stationary way, such as Pens, Inks, Note, Tissue, Blotting and other kinds of Paper, Envelopes, Clarified and other Quills, Scented Gloves for the wardrobe, and an endless variety of fancy and useful articles, usually found at such establishments, but any article not on hand will be ordered at once.

A new kind of playing cards, called "Union Cards," having Stars, Flags and Crests instead of Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, &c. The Face cards are Goddesses, Colonels, instead of the Queens, Kings and Jacks. This is a beautiful and patriotic substitute for the foreign emblems and should be universally preferred.

School Books, Copy Books, Slates and the School Stationery generally, and Bibles, &c., always on hand.

Dr. H. has secured the services of an experienced and careful pharmacist who will always be in attendance. The Doctor himself can be consulted at the store, unless elsewhere professionally engaged.

Subscriptions for all the Magazines, Illustrated and Mammoth Weeklies received.

S. S. RATHVON,
Merchant Tailor, and Clothier,
At F. J. Krasnik's Old Stand, on the Corner of North Queen and Orange Streets, Lancaster, Penn'a.

GRATEFUL to the Citizens of Marietta and vicinity, for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, the undersigned respectfully solicits a continuance of the same; assuring them, that under all circumstances, no efforts will be spared in rendering a satisfactory equivalent for every act of confidence reposed.

CLOTHES, CAMERONS & W. V. VESTINGS, and such other reasonable material as fashion and the market furnishes, constantly kept on hand and manufactured to order, promptly, and reasonably, as taste or style may suggest.

ALSO—READY-MADE CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods and such articles as usually belong to a Merchant Tailoring and Clothing establishment.

LYON'S Periodical Drops, and Clark's Female Pills, at The Golden Mortar.

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

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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., &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.

Saint Nicholas on his Christmas Rounds.



To-morrow—Sunday—and Christmas will be upon us with all its festivities and merriment, as well as with its more serious and most earnest duties.

To the young, it always brings mirth and jollity in its merry train. It is the grand gala season of the year—a time of freedom in its broadest sense—a period of unrestrained enjoyment, when the quiet "old folks" are respectfully requested by "Young America" to stand aside, and give place to the romp, the sport and the dance. Just about this time the "little folks" are beginning to prepare their biggest stockings, for the expected visit of their ancient friend, Santa Claus, who always manages to creep through the most diminutive keyholes, and steal down the smallest chimneys, expressly for the purpose of filling their baskets with all kinds of treasures.

Good, generous soul! how many has he made happy by his annual visit—what a sleepless night this will be to thousands of little ones, anxious for the "good-morrow" coming—how many innocent hearts will beat high with delight, as the happy dawn arrives, which unveils the promised gifts of the munificent St. Nicholas!

For the second or third time we republish in "The Mariettian," Professor Moore's charming poem: "The Night before Christmas," and if it be true that "a good thing bears re-telling"—then indeed, will these beautiful lines bear repeating every Christmas morn.

We also again find room for the parody on Prof. Moore's piece, entitled "The Night after Christmas." They have both become inseparably associated with Christmas times, and which are always read with pleasure by old and young. We also add this time a very neat out from Johnson's Type Foundry, of St. Nicholas just entering a chimney.

The Night BEFORE Christmas.

BY CLEMENT MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled down for a long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I rose from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow

Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be old Nick,
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name,

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

And sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a Goodnight!"

CHRISTMAS EVE:—Was not that a happy winter-night long ago, dear reader, when you closed your eyes with the glad anticipation that to-morrow's arms would be laden with stockings full of toys, and cookies, nuts, raisins, candies, and what-not? You fell asleep—didn't you?—uncertain whether Santa Claus did wear a furry coat and trowsers, or smoke a pipe, or drive his team down the chimney; it was not clear how he could get down the smoky flue. Then you were but a little boy, and you need not be ashamed to confess that when the morning brought a bumping top and a whistle, you felt richer delight than a fat army contract can yield to you now.

Ye men of gravity, pompousness, and years—ye teachers and preachers, ye governors and judges,—speak we not the truth? Certainly we do; though it does seem somewhat odd and preposterous that important personages such as you are were once on a time but little shavers who were tickled with toys!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill!
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festive cheer:

* * * * *
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,

And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and Religious rite
Gave honor to the night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;

That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kittle sheen,
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistle too.

Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassel, tenant, serf, and all:
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;

The lord, undergating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The huge half-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man;

Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassel round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls;
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum porridge stood and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.

Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din:
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;

But, O! what masquers richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light,
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol off could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Oh Santa Claus! Visit.
Awake, dear mamma! and do come and see
What Santa Claus left in my stocking for me:
I've a doll, and a sofa, and many fine things;

What beautiful presents old Santa Claus brings!
There's a whip and a horse for dear Johnny, and more
It moves like a live one, all over the floor;

The eyes of my dolly, they shut and they open,
Much better, you see, than the old one that's broken.
Do, dearest mamma! do wake up and see!
How strange that on Christmas you sleep can be!

And sissy pulled out of her own little stocking
A tiny bit chair, all cushioned and rocking,
Last night when old nurse had put us to bed,
And bid us "good-night" when our prayers were all said,
I thought I would listen, for I wanted to hear
Old Santa Claus come with his tiny reindeer.

So I tried very hard to keep open one eye,
But it kept shutting up as fast as I'd try;
And the first that I knew was Johnny's loud call,
"Merry Christmas! dear sisters, dear nurse and all!"

Then I ran to my stocking as fast as could be,
And found it filled up with nice things, as you see.
I am very sorry! indeed I am so!
For I wanted to see them all dash through the snow,

Little Dasher and Prancer, and Dancer and Vixen,
Little Comet and Cupid, and Donner and Blitzen.
O! nurse! you have told me such wonderful things,
Of the sleigh, and the deer, and the presents he brings;

Of Santa Claus, too, and his funny fur clothes;
His red cherry cheeks, and his pipe, and red nose—
Where he places his finger with a blink of his eyes,
And away up the chimney in a moment he flies.

O, dear! I don't you think, when I'm older next year,
I can keep wide awake to see the reindeer?
The Night AFTER Christmas.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all thro' the house
Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse,
Those Stockings, so late St. Nicholas's care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.

The Darlings had duly been tucked in their beds—
With very full stomachs, and pain in their heads.
I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap.

When out in the Nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes;

While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below,
For what to the fond father's eye should appear,
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.
Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—

Now turkey, now stuffing, plum pudding of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce,
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—lollypops, flapdoodle, dinner and all.

Like pellets, which archers from pop-guns let fly,
Went eggs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly, and pie,
'Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma, and of Santa Claus too.

I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipicac."
When my Nancy exclaim'd (for their suffering shock'd her)
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?"

I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof,
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round
When the Doctor came into the room with a bound.

His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt of sherry,
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.

But, inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waist-coat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying, "Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick, little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He didn't prescribe, but went straight-way to work.
And dosed all the rest—gave his trowzers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose—
He buttoned his coat—from his chair he arose,

Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle,
But the Doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow—good-night! Jones, good night!"

ANYTHING FOR AN EXCUSE.—A few days ago a young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had long been enamored of her, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay here so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

How true that Brevity is the soul of wit. The commandant of Libby Prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen:—

"My Dear Wife:—Yours received—no hope of exchange—send corn-starch—want socks—no money—rheumatism in the left shoulder—pickles very good—send sausages—God bless you—kiss the baby—Hail Columbia!
"Your devoted husband."

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster.
"He wanted to know, if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain; I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back."

"Well, why don't you do it?"
"Cos, sir, he would forget how many are left!"

A Western lawyer, addressing a jury, said: "would you set a mouse trap to catch a bear, or make fools of yourselves by trying to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle?—Then how can you be guilty of convicting my client of man slaughter for taking the life of a woman?" The prisoner was acquitted.

Bachelors are not quite so stupid as involuntary maidsen would make us believe. One of the inveterates being asked the other day, why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would if I was sure that ocean would be Pacific."

An honest grazier, who had seen "Richard" performed in Cincinnati, waited upon the manager next morning, to say that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

A philosopher writes to a tailor who had failed to get ready his wedding suit: "It was no serious disappointment; only I should have been married if I had received the goods." That man will never be seriously disappointed.

A rich man one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."