

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 22.

By this sign we conquer
"Whenever the way seems long,
Or the heart begins to fail,
We sing a more wonderful song,
And tell a more wonderful tale."
JANUARY 1, 1865.

THE NEW YORK MARIETTIAN
The Pride of the Riverside.

IN the prime of a vigorous intellectual manhood, the Phoenix of the weeklies begins to light for the new year, over the wrecks of a flailing and lifeless contemporaries. With eyes fixed upon the sun, beneath which it was no rival.

The war, which has toppled down whatever shallow and baseless, has written no wrong on the bright pages of our success. Our features for the issue of 1865 shake the pillars of whatever has heretofore been deemed immortal in serial literature.

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The Spring Bear.
From the old woods, dim and lonely,
Comes a moan;
There winds age sighing only—
"Summer's gone."

All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the Summer's latest flowers,
Are faded now;
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves;
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales;
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decay that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow, that like a feather,
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams;
And the Summer's lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

'Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now, all strangely bright
Round us here;
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
A down old Winter's dim highway
To its tomb;
And the gloom
Of the silent land
Will rest on the bright years flown!
And the winds of Time will moan
O'er the dreamless band.

Dare To Do Right.
Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do,
Do it bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Dare, Dare, Dare to do right!
Dare, Dare, Dare to be true!
Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor,
your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
Dare to do right!
Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor,
your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
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Stand by your conscience, your honor,
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Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

A BRIDE IN THE WRONG BED.
A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House, New York—they went out shopping—returned—bride had left some things—she quietly slipped out—found her lost articles—returned—Miss took Main street, for Broadway—got into the Madison instead of the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to forty-eight—she dia-robed and got into bed—expecting her husband—suddenly fell asleep—the occupant of Room No. 48 Madison, an Indiana Merchant, returned from the theatre—a little light—quietly went to his room—to bed—to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there, side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued, wildly, piercingly and unceasingly.

The hotel was in an uproar—proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters, guests, dressed and half-dressed, were at the door of 48 in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly—"What is the matter?" "For Heaven's sake tell us what is the trouble."

"My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?"
"Husband!" echoed the merchant, beginning to see, like Lord Tibbel, that he had "made a small mistake here."
"I'm nobody's husband," I reckon, my dear madam; you are in the wrong bed."

"In the wrong bed—horrors of horrors!" thought the bride, "What would her liege lord say—what would the curious world say?"
And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and sprang from the couch just as her companion did the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—he'd make an oath to that.

"Madam! madam! don't yell so!—You'll waken the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you—I don't. You'll get me shot and yourself—"
Just at this juncture the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, and a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indian in the middle of the room, enveloped in a coverlet, and ejaculating, "My God! madam, don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and, requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him into another room, and there learned the whole story. The Doctor then sent one of the ladies of the hotel to Mrs. R. and the affair was explained, greatly to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance that might have ruined her reputation.

Under the escort of the Doctor she was conveyed to the "Spencer" where the husband was found pacing the corridors with frantic mien, and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away by a villain, or murdered for her jewels in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed himself, they would kill a man for a dollar at any time.
As soon as he beheld his spouse, he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery, and told her he had scoured the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

Something to do in Heaven
There'll be something in heaven for children to do;
None are idle in that blessed land,
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind,
And employment for each little hand,
There'll be something to do, there'll be something to do,
There'll be something for children to do.

On the bright shining shore where there's joy evermore,
There'll be something for children to do,
There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er,
And they'll have for their teachers in that best school,
All the good that have gone there before.
There'll be something to do, &c.

Beautiful Land of Rest!
Jerusalem, for ever bright,
Beautiful land of rest,
No winter there, nor chill of night,
Beautiful land of rest!
The dripping cloud is chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest,
Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest,
Beautiful land, beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest.

Jerusalem, for ever free,
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of Liberty,
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The fetters there will never know,
Jerusalem, &c.
Jerusalem, for ever dear,
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy peopled gates almost appear,
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before,
Jerusalem, &c.

A Remarkable Anecdote.
Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague prevailed. His house was in that part of the town called Craven Buildings. On that sad calamity, the growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid danger, resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the baggage put in, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he observed his negro, who served him as a postillion, saying to another servant:

"I suppose as my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town."
The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of Gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensible, and made him pause.

"My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful sermon to me—Lord pardon that belief, and that distrust of Thy Providence, which made me think of running away from Thy hand."

He immediately ordered his horses to be taken from the coach, and his luggage to be brought in. He remained in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbors, and friends, and never caught the infection.

AN IDEA OF FAITH.—A female teacher of a school that stood on the bank of a stream, wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of Faith. While she was trying to explain to them the meaning of the word, a small boat glided along in sight. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she explained:

Never be afraid.
Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you;
Never be afraid; Never be afraid,
Never, never, never,
Je sus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore, never, be a-fraid.

Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil re-pay;
Never be afraid, Never be afraid,
Never, never, never, &c.

Never be afraid to hear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure four every trial,
Je sus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you in his care depend;
Safely shall you pass through every trial;
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

The Cavalry Horse.
The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long list of various trumpet signals, as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or lose his stirrups, he stops a moment, and waits for him; if he remains lying on the ground, he stoops his head, smells at him, and when he ascertains there is no hope, of his remounting, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly, a jumbled mass which it would be impossible to disentangle; man and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself beside it to shield himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it does so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises, or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon, or disturb those who surround it. If the halt takes place where the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship exists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways, knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him; and his advantage over many other good comrades—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without seeing it yourself?"
"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.
"Well, that is faith," said the school mistress.
The next day, in order to test their collection of the lesson, she inquired:
"What is Faith?"
"A leg of mutton in a boat!" was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school room.

The Boston and Cincinnati journals are publishing in full the list of tax-payers and the amount they pay under the special revenue law. The publication has developed the fact that wealthy men, who spend over \$6000 per annum in their household expenses, have no income over \$600. The publication creates a great hubbub; but mostly among those who have a sinister motive for concealing their wealth.

Calculating Greenback Currency.
A Dutchman who keeps a country store in the neighborhood of Boston, had ten pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and said he—
"When I went to de city to buy more, de money dat I got for my ten pieces of calico bought only eight. I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on 'em, and sold dem fast enough, and when dey was all gone, I took my money and went to de city, and by dander, it bought only six pieces. Well, finks I, dis is making money backwads. But I took my six pieces home, and put an awful big profit on dem; and now, finks I, I must make money like smoke. But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took de money I got for 'em to de city again, and thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicoes had gone up again, and I got only four pieces. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and thought now I makes a heap of money. But when I get dem (sold) and went after more, de calicoes had gone up again, and I hope I may never die if I got more as two pieces for my money. So here I was, I had ten pieces of calico when I started off to sell 'em, and here I am now mit only two pieces and no money. Why, I should hab been better off if I had shut up de store, keep my calicoes, and not sold dem at all."

SLEEP.—The most violent passions and excitement cannot keep even powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence. Thus, a stage coach, stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise.

LAUGHING.—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him, and their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they tremble involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him. It seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

Losses and expenses paid in 1863, \$10,133 32
Bal. of Premiums, Jan. 1, 1864, 3,754 47
\$13,887 79

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Ain't Got No Time.—A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati papers relates the following good thing:
"During the skirmish in the little reconnaissance made by General Steadman on our left, a couple of soldiers of the colored brigade came upon three rebels whose guns were unloaded, and demanded their surrender. One of the Johnnies indignantly refused to surrender to a 'nigger.' 'Berry sorry, massa,' said Sambo, bringing his piece to a ready, 'but we're in a great hurry, and ain't got no time to send for a white man.' The ominous click that accompanied this remark brought the action of cavalry to time, and he was brought in, crying and swearing all the way that his father would kill him if he ever heard that he had surrendered to a nigger."

Show may easily be purchased; but happiness is a home-made article.