

The Marietta

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

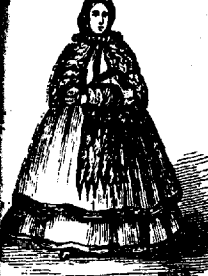
BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 24.

ADIES FANCY FURS AT John Fareira's

Established Fur Manufactory,



718 ARCH-ST., above 7th, south side, PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTER, Manufacturer of AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF FANCY FURS

For Ladies and Children's Wear. ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF Gent's Fur Gloves and Collars.

As my Furs were all purchased when Gold was at a much lower premium than at present, am enabled to dispose of them at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit all from my friends of Lancaster county, and vicinity.

Remember the name, number and street. JOHN FAREIRA, 718 ARCH-ST., above Seventh, south side, PHILADELPHIA.

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By this Sign we Conquer

"When 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 HERALD.

The Pride of the Fireside.

IN the prime of a vigorous intellectual manhood, the Phoenix of the weeklies begins its flight for the new year, over the wrecks of its flagging and lifeless contemporaries, with its eye fixed upon the sun, beneath which it owns no rivalry.

The war, which has toppled down whatever the shadow of a basis, has written year wrecks on the bright page of our success. Our features for the issue of 1865 shake the pillars of whatever has heretofore been deemed imperial in serial literature.

The vivid pencils of Darley, McLennan, and White, the first draughtsmen of the age, will make the new volume pictorial, and whatever is fugitive in volume note may appear during the year, will at once be engaged and made available.

In addition to its crisp and telling editorials, its delectable Gossips' Club, in which the wit and wittiest poems, caricatures, and burlesques of the time, are set against its exquisite Ladies' Promenade, to which all the mothers, sweethearts, daughters, wives, and widows of the land subscribe their experience.

Photographs of Popular People, highly illustrative of the oldest, ablest, and artful folk of the era; the Great Fashionable Article, by Jennie June, whose sprightly notes upon the latest and most perfect New York modes, are suggestive to leaders of society.

The first of the year will inaugurate the thrilling original novelle by Doctor J. H. ALTHEA; or, The Child of the Cord, which will be followed by a splendid new story by Miss M. E. Braddon, written expressly for "The York Mercury."

Notwithstanding the upward march of every article of luxury and enjoyment, and our own increased utility for the year, the Star Paper of the Republic, with its forty columns of sterling original matter, will continue to be issued at six cents a copy, and sold by all newsmen and periodical-dealers in America.

Subscribers should be careful to write plainly the name of their post-office, county and State. Specimen copies sent free to all applicants. Address: CAULDWELL & WHITNEY, Proprietors of The New York Mercury, Nos. 48 Ann-st., and 113 Fulton-st., N. Y.

DR. F. BRUNON'S Celebrated Remedies. NO. 1. THE GREAT REVIVER.—Speedily eradicates all the evil effects of self abuse, as loss of memory, shortness of breath, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, dimness of vision, or any constitutional derangement of the system brought on by the unrestrained use of the passions.

NO. 2. THE BALM.—Will cure in from two to eight days, any case of Gonorrhoea, (clap) in either male or female, and requires no restriction of action or diet; for either sex. Price \$1. NO. 3. THE THERIAK will cure Gleet in the shortest possible time, and I can show certificates of cures effected by this remedy, when all others have failed. No taste or smell.

NO. 4. THE PUNTER is the only known remedy that will positively cure strictures of the urethra, no matter of how long standing or neglected the case may be. Price one dollar. NO. 5. THE SOLVUR will cure any case of Gravel permanently and speedily remove all diseases from the bladder and kidneys.—Price one dollar.

NO. 6. THE PREVENTOR is a sure prevention against the contraction of any disease, is less expensive, and far preferable to anything in use adapted to either sex. Price \$1.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By F. L. Baker.

AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "Crull's Row," on Front street, five doors East of Elmer's Hotel.

Single Copies, with, or without Wappers, FOUR CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$5 per annum.

Having just added a "NEWSPAPER MOUNTING JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTA," 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.

Job's Philosophy

The mountains mingle with the river, And the rivers with the ocean, The winds of Heaven mix forever With a sweet emotion; Nothing in this world is single, All things, by law divine, In another's being mingle, Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven, And the waves clap each another; No sister flower would be forgiven If it disdained its brother; And the sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea; What are all these kissings worth, If thou kiss not me?

Quaker Justice.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette tells the following story: Gen. Schenck's resolution, just introduced in the House, making runaway from the draft, who have gone to Canada, aliens, and requiring them to be naturalized before they can again exercise the rights of citizenship, is good by old.

"I mean thee is not a voter; thee is not a citizen of this State." "Why, you old fool, I was born in this county, and have lived here all my life, and there's nobody knows it better than you!"

"Thee is mistaken, my friend! Thee was born here, it is true—I knew thy father before thee, and a good man he was; I little thought his son would do such a thing; but thee hasn't lived here all thy life. Thee slipped away about the time of the draft; thee went to Canada, and neither paid thy three hundred dollars, if thee was opposed to fighting, nor took thy musket if thee wasn't; but thee became a citizen of a foreign country; and thee can't vote here!"

The McClellanite raved, but the Quaker Judge was inflexible. The McClellanite declared there was no law for such a decision, and he would prosecute him; but the Quaker was calm. "Thee may be right about the technical language of the law; I do not pretend to say; but thee went to Canada; and I am clear in my convictions. THEE CAN'T VOTE!" And he didn't. That Quaker was born for a law-maker.

Nature provides for the distribution of Oysters in a very peculiar manner. Oyster spawn is at first light; and is easily carried to the parent oyster, by the tide. Gradually the spawn rises to the surface; and the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere its specific gravity is apparently increased, for it suddenly sinks, and whatever solid substance it first touches in its descent to the bottom, it makes its home, whence it seeks nourishment, and commences growing to maturity.

Two kind of men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife, and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess that she was in the wrong.

An English nobleman has issued notice to his maid servants not to wear crinolines upon pain of dismissal.

Aunt Hetty's Ideas of Matrimony.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work; do something sensible; and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honey moons; it makes me sick, its perfectly antimonial.—Love is a large matrimonial; a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neros, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honey moon is as short lived as a lucifer match; after that, you may wear your wedding dress at the wash-tub, and your night cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and spit your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast, as if it was the last meal, he could eat this side of Jordan; when he gets through, he will aid your digestion (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee,) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper that you have not had a chance to read? gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the forenoon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologises, for not doing that errand, for you yesterday, thinks it doubtful if he can do it to-day, "so pressed with business." Hear of him at eleven o'clock, taking an ice cream with some ladies at Vinton's, while you are at home now lining his old coat sleeves. Children by the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, feel as crazy as a fly in a drum; husband comes home at night, nods a "howdy do, Fan," boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny up in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair, in the warmest corner, puts his feet over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with cold; reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him; he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon the family expenses; after which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till nine o'clock. Next morning, ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you what you want of it, and if a half-dollar won't do. Gracious King! as if all those little shoes; and stockings, and pinafores, and petticoats could be had for "half a dollar!" Oh, girls set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living; you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save, and turn, and dig and delve, and economize, and die, and your husband will marry again, take what you've saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board, and—but, what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world wasn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do.

SECRET IN BUSINESS: One cause of Rothschild's great advantage in his business transactions was the secrecy, with which he shrouded them, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those the most who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf, to sell half a million. The school of men who usually follow the movements of others sold with him. The news soon passed through the monetary circle that Rothschild was "bearing" the market, and the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully at one another, and a general panic spread; bad news was looked for, and these united agencies sunk the price two or three per cent. This was the result expected and other brokers; not usually employed by him, bought all they could at the reduced rates. By the time this was accomplished, the good news arrived; the pressure ceased—the funds rose insightfully and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward. There were, however, periods when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He lost half a million in one English operation; when the French entered Spain, in 1823; he was also in great jeopardy; but, perhaps, the most perilous position in which he was placed was with the famous Polignac loan, although his vast intelligence saved him and placed the burden on the shoulders of others. With this, nevertheless, he suffered greatly, for the price fell thirty per cent.

A FAMILY JAR: A rebellion has broken out in the royal family of England. The Princess Mary, of Cambridge, is currently rumored, has married Viscount Hood. According to the royal marriage Act, a member of the royal family cannot marry without the consent of the sovereign or giving notice to the Privy Council, and even when this notice is given the marriage may be declared illegal by Act of Parliament. Queen Victoria positively refused her sanction, as she has invariably done every time the poor Princess has had an offer, and the latter, who is now thirty-one, and has no time to lose, has now "gone and done so" regardless of consequences. Whether Parliament will eventually take the part of the royal rebel, or of the offended Queen, is still uncertain; but meantime, we are constrained to recognize Mrs. Hood as a belligerent and very determined female, who can safely defy Victoria to make her an old maid again, by Act of Parliament.

WOMEN AS CLERKS:—Mrs. Swissheim (herself a clerk in one of the Department in Washington,) writing to the Tribune, says:—The employment of women as clerks in the Governmental Departments is an entire success, and there are women working here now for \$50 per month, who are doing the work of three-class or \$1,500 per annum clerks; and one-half of the women now employed in copying, have become so familiar with the routine of business, as to be much better fitted to fill the places which are, or will be, vacant, than the new men who are likely to be appointed. She argues that a certain class of women can well afford to work for smaller salaries than men with families, and asks: "When economy has become so pressing a duty upon our government, why not employ that class of laborers who can afford to do the work for the least cost?"

A cross grained old bachelor remarked in our presence the other day that the most striking characteristics of the former men made slaves of women, and in the latter women made slaves of the men! A fellow guilty of such slander on the economical fair sex of Christendom should never be allowed to look at a pretty girl.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!" and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of the walking stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

To thaw out frozen pumps—a pint of salt has been found generally sufficient. Two pints have been found enough to thaw through three feet deep. An hour's time suffices in ordinary cases.

I believe girls are like kittens; gently smooth them down the right way, they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most distinguished manner.

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None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation. "Mr. Jenkins," said a tradesman, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "No sir, you are mistaken in the man. I am not an old settler." He had lived in the town but a few years. Hearing a physician once remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well I donno 'bout that; I've blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it yet."

A profound dealer in statistics says: "Only 65 persons out of 1,000 marry; of these 65, 3 are divorced, 8 run away, 14 live like cats and dogs, 30 are indifferent, and 10 are bappy. Miserable world!"

A parsimonious sea captain answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed, "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? they ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

The sweetest sounds in nature are those of a pretty wife calling you to a warm and smoking breakfast. Harmony, mutton chops, coffee and fresh rolls go together as naturally as nonsense, young women, crinoline and satin slippers.

The fastest compositor in the world is the one who employs a boy to stand at his side with an oil can in hand, for the purpose of oiling his elbow joints, thereby preventing them from becoming heated by the rapidity of his movements and saving his shirt sleeves from igniting.

A witty gentleman speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, for his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "O, responded the wag, he lives on the by-l