

The Mariettaian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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By F. L. Baker,
ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
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Having just added a "Newbury Mount-Fain 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.

Love's Beauty.

The world, the cold and heartless world,
May gaze on thee and see
No trace of beauty, yet thou art
Most beautiful to me;
For that sweet, loving soul of thine,
Which dwells within thy form,
Is like a gushing streamlet pure,
Unscathed by passion's storm;
And innocence and truthfulness,
And virtue, love, and grace,
Are far more precious to my sight
Than beauty of the face.

The New Year.

Joy! Joy! a year is born:
A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer,
Lead to a higher life.
Behold, the fields are white!
No longer idly stand!
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given,
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

Drill for Single Volunteers.

Fall in—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have.
Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.
Right Face—Popping the question like a man, and she'll accept you.
Quick March—To her parents and ask their consent.
Right Turn—With her to the church, and go through the services of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right about Face—From the haunts that you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—To your young wife when out walking together and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break off—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night; if you wish to have a happy home.

Theodore Tilton, the able and accomplished editor of the New York Independent, in a recent lecture, related the following amusing anecdote about Wendell Phillips:—"This distinguished orator was, riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of great rotundity, that he seemed to carry every thing before him. This man asked Mr. Phillips what was the subject of his life? To benefit the negro, was the bland reply.—Well, then, why don't you go down South to do it? That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat round your neck; pray, what is the object of your life? To save souls from hell.—May I ask you if you propose to go there to do it?"

A man boasting of the smartness of his children, said that the youngest was so smart that it would take its hand off of a hot stove without being told.

From "The Crystal Gem,"
Published by the scholars of the Marietta High School.

Autobiography of a Cat.

I was born in the year 1850, and am now an old and experienced Cat. I will relate a few of my adventures. The first thing I remember was that I was lying in a hayrack with three sisters and my mother, a few days after we had our eyes open we began to be very spry, we would romp around in the hay, and bury ourselves in it, and had fine fun, but one day our fun was suddenly stopped, for there appeared a monster over in a part of the hay now to which our mother had forbidden us to go. He seemed to come up through the floor, and took us so by surprise that we stood spell-bound. I will describe the appearance of this monster; he had a horrible big mouth which looked as if it would swallow up one of our poor little kittens at a moments notice; he had in his mouth two rows of big white teeth and he had such a head full of hair; he had only two legs and there was a queer looking what we called little legs or, as our mother afterwards told us, an arm hanging on each side of his body; I said before, we were very much frightened, but our mother told us not to be afraid for this monster was only a man; but we were still afraid and we had reason to be so, for before my mother knew what he was about, he had snatched up two of my sisters, and carried them off. My mother mourned for her kittens, and so did I and my remaining sister, but we were too young to feel their loss long, so we romped about the hay as usual, but now as we were a month old our mother thought it proper to take us into society. We soon formed very pleasant acquaintances with other cats, and soon our mother allowed us to ramble about in the night. One night three companions and myself were sitting under a tree talking politics when we spied at no very great distance a large dog looking at us, we rushed for the tree and all got up but me. For the dog had seen us running for the tree, and so he had run and just got there in time to catch me. I was very much frightened, and begged for my life but the cold-hearted dog would not let me go, but carried me to his house, where he laid me on the straw and sat watching me. His house was pretty big, and as he laid on one side there was quite a wide space between him and the other side, so taking advantage of this passage I started past him and out the door, and before he could get out I was safely lodged in a tree. As he did not know what tree I was on he went to his house again, and I returned in safety to my companions. I have related very few of my adventures, but maybe I can tell you some more another time.

BLACKEY.

Parson Brownlow thus compares his family record with that of Prentice of the Louisville Journal:

"My two sons entered the Federal army, and one of them is now at home on crutches, because of wounds received in leading his regiment of cavalry in a charge upon Wheeler's forces in middle Tennessee. My other son is in General Gillem's command, and was in the fight when that great Kentucky horse thief, Morgan, was killed, under whom and with whom your sons have been fighting against the government upon whose bounty their rebel mother and contract hunting father are living. One of your sons was killed in Kentucky while on a horse stealing expedition under rebel officers. Your other son is now on trial in Virginia for the murder of a brother rebel named White. Your wife is an avowed rebel, and ought to be sent South by the Federal authorities; and you are but one degree removed from a rebel and a traitor, having been completely played out."

During the progress of the O'pdyke-Weed libel suit in New York on Friday last, Mr. William M. Evans, was in the midst of an eloquent plea for the defendant, when he was interrupted by a Jewish juror, who said that his Sabbath was about to begin and he could not listen any longer. So the Court adjourned to Monday, after a controversy, in which the juror said he would leave at sunset, whether he was fined for contempt or not.

A modern French writer says, "A physician prescribing for a sick man always reminds him of a child snuffing a candle—it is ten to one it snuffs it out."

182,760 emigrants arrived at New York port alone, last year.

Coquetry and Retribution.

The south winds blew gently through the branches of the stately old elm and pine trees in the beautiful park owned by Judge Auburn, whose mansion was situated on the outskirts of a beautiful village in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. On that calm, warm evening might have been seen seated in the little summer house in the above mentioned park, with a volume of Tennyson's poems in her lap, beautiful Viola Auburn, Judge Auburn's niece, and the belle and coquette of the village. She was in deep reverie. In fact my pen would fail me if I were to attempt to give to my readers a description of her as she appeared in her evening wrapper. Suffice it to say that her jet black hair, which fell in long curls around her shoulders, her fairy-like form and her winning ways had wrought for her countless admirers. Among the most ardent of these were Eugene Montour and Harry Worthington. Viola was started from the reverie into which she had fallen by a rustling of the bushes on the outside, and the next moment she was face to face with a young lieutenant, Eugene Montour.

"Good evening, darling," he said, taking her proffered hand. "How is my little one?"

"Very well, I thank you. Why, Mr. Montour, you look like the hero of many battles already, with those regimentals on."

"No flattery, darling."

"Indeed, it is not flattery in the least."

A few more common-place remarks were made, when Eugene seated himself by her side, and taking her hand in his, said—

"Viola, the train which will carry me to my regiment, a few miles below here, will be due in a few moments, therefore, what I wish to say must be said in a few words. Our regiment leaves the day after to-morrow for Washington, and I could not go away and leave you without once more asking you to be my wife. I have already asked you twice but I will venture it the third time: You little dream how dear you are to me, and what a great pleasure it will be to me to know, while on the battle-field, that when I return it will be to claim you as my bride."

He paused. He saw that she was about to speak, but he interrupted her, saying—

"I fear your answer. If you love me as I love you, you will not blast my future happiness."

Viola rose and, facing him, said—

"Well, Mr. Montour, I may as well be frank with you. I do love you, but I am engaged to another."

How harshly those words grated on the brave young lieutenant's ears, and just as he was going to ask who was his rival, a third party appeared on the scene. It was Harry Worthington.

"I hope I do not intrude."

"Oh! not in the least. On the contrary, we are glad to see you," she said, advancing and taking his proffered hand.

The two gentlemen were then introduced to each other, and after a few remarks were made about the evening, the war, and a few other subjects, Lieutenant Montour wished his companions a good night, left them with a sad heart and doleful spirit, and wended his way to the village depot, there to get on board the train that would carry him to his regiment; but what was his surprise to find that the only occupant of the train, were a few of his fellow officers, who informed him that this train was to carry their regiments southward. The next day found our hero in Washington, awaiting further orders.

Let us return to our hero, whom we left in company with Harry Worthington.

"Viola," he said, after they had conversed for some time, "tell me what Mr. Montour is to you?"

"Why," she said, with a laugh and a coquettish toss of the head, "we are betrothed to each other."

"Viola, I had long hoped to win your love, and some day to call you my own. I have long loved you, and now that I know that you can be no more to me, the world will be dark at best. Miss Auburn, I hope you will allow me to see you home, as the evening is getting quite dark."

"No; I thank you, I do not wish to put you to so much trouble, and I love to be out after dark by myself."

"Then I will have to bid you good-evening, for I have made an engagement that must be fulfilled," he said, rising and taking her hand.

"I hope we part as friends, Mr. Wor-

thington?"

"Yes, as friends; but nothing more."

"So saying, he left her; and she, after he had gone, "to think that I would bind myself to a confounded husband! No, indeed. When I want a husband, I'll let them know. For Mrs. Montour's stroke from my long list, yet it is still long enough. Why, I'll have a dozen offers yet before the month is out! But what do I care? I can tell them all the same, and I have not to-night. And then, to see them wince as though I should had exploded at their feet. Oh! it is so shameful! Baseless in the long list of my admirers, I believe that Eugene Montour receives the larger portion of my affections, and if the truth were known, I believe I love him to some extent of regardful as Harry and I almost wish I had accepted of his offer instead of telling him I was engaged. But still, I do not too late. When he comes home from the war I will tell him how I decided him, and then I will set my cap for him in earnest."

So saying, she lifted out of her retreat and started for home. The indomitable methuenols, to which she was so much attached, were in the garden, getting alarmed at your absence, and was coming to hunt you.

"Oh! how I love you, I have been having a splendid time with my lovers, you know, uncle."

"Yes, I know," he said, as he returned to his library, while Viola passed on to her bed chamber, there to dream of her many lovers.

The following morning, as Judge Auburn was perusing the columns of the village newspaper, his eye caught sight of a paragraph headed "Suicide" and at the same moment he heard Viola's merry laugh in the garden. Calling her into him, he said—

"What is the matter now, my little one? You seem to be laughing at something."

"The paper says that a young man named Worthington has committed suicide."

"The horror, which was depicted on your face on hearing this can be better imagined than described."

"What can be the cause of this?" asked her uncle.

"Indeed, I cannot tell. Why, it was only last evening I saw Mr. Worthington in very good spirits."

"No more was then said on the subject." Both were too busy with their own thoughts on the sad occurrence to give utterance to speech, and Viola soon retired to her own room, there to give way to grief in a flood of tears, for well she knew what was the cause of Harry Worthington's death. But, after the first shock was over, she seemed to pay very little attention to the melancholy occurrence, and was soon busy carrying on her old tricks of coquetry.

A dreadful battle had been fought, and the papers contained long lists of the killed and wounded; and, one evening, as Viola was looking over one of these lists, her eye caught the name of "Lieut. Eugene Montour, killed." One shriek was all that escaped her lips; and her uncle, on rushing into the room, found her in a state of insensibility.

She carried her to her room. A physician was summoned, who pronounced her in a very critical condition. After this, days and weeks of delirium followed, and the only utterance of which she gave vent was—

"Eugene! Eugene! how I loved you, and how I regretted you!"

She finally recovered, but all of her coquettish ways have left her, and she refuses to receive the attention of any of her late admirers. She says that her love is buried in the grave of Eugene Montour, whom she so cruelly wronged; and she has never frequented that summer house since the night she refused to accept of the offer of the only man she ever loved.

Gods Revenge! If any of our readers desire to hold converse with his Satanic Majesty, we recommend them to try the following, as it will no doubt prove effectual.

Fifteen minutes before bed time, put up one dozen cold, boiled potatoes, add a few slices of cold cabbage, with five or six pickled cucumbers, and nine hard-boiled eggs. Eat hearty and wash all down with a half gallon of cream ale. Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back and in half an hour, or thereabout, you will dream the devil is on your chest, with the Bunker Hill Monument in his lap."

Amusing Proverbs about Women.

As the good man saith, so sayeth the good woman saith, so must it be.

A little house, well filled, a little land well filled, and a little wife well filled.

All women are good, good for some thing or good for nothing.

An artless woman, though ugly, is the ornament of the house.

A man of straw is not worth a woman of gold.

A woman's work is never done.

A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband.

When the good man's from home, the good wife's table is soon spread.

A woman's best fortune—or his worst—is a wife.

A woman conceals what she knows, and not what she does not.

A woman's best friend is a good husband.

A woman's best enemy is a bad husband.

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PURMAN'S CLOTHES WRINGER.

It is the only reliable self-adjusting clothes wringer.



No Wood-work to Swell or Split. No Thumb-screws to get out of order. No Ragged work, or with-out Cog-Wheels. It took the First Premium at Fifty-seven State and County Fairs in 1854, and with-out exception, the best Wringer ever made.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

Energetic agents can make from 3 to 10 Dollars per day.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, viz: That iron will rust, and that a complete clothes wringer is better than a complete clothes wringer.

That a Wringer should be self-adjusting, durable, and efficient.

That Thumb-screws, and Fastenings cause delay and trouble to regulate and keep steady. That wood-work in hot water will swell, shrink and split.

That wood-work for the shaft to run in will wear out.

That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels will not rust, and will not oxidize or rust on particle. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to the best use.

Respectfully yours,
J. W. WHEELER.

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1864.

Many years' experience in the garment business enable me to endorse the above statements in all particulars.

J. Q. C. LEFFERTS, 100 Beekman St. New York, January, 1864.

We have tested Putnam's Clothes Wringer by practical working, and know that it will do. It is cheap; it is simple; it requires no room, whether at work or at rest; it can operate at all seasons of the year; it saves time and it saves wear and tear. We can testify to the fact that it has made washing to do, without hindrance, persons who have any to do with this Wringer. It will pay for itself in a year at most.

For further particulars, apply to
H. H. JACOBS & CO.,
No. 13 Platt Street, New York,
Cleveland, Ohio, [May 28, '64.]

LYONS' PURE OHIO

CATAWBA BRANDY,
AND SPARKLING CATAWBA WINES.

EQUAL IN QUALITY and Cheaper in price than the Brandy and Wines of the Old World.

For Summer Complaint, Cholera Infantum, Bowel Complaint, Cramp, Colic and Diarrhoea.

A sure cure guaranteed, or the money refunded.

In support of the above statements, are presented the Certificates of Dr. James A. Childers, New York; Dr. Hiram Cox, General Inspector, Ohio; Dr. James R. Nichols, Chemist, Boston; Dr. E. N. Jones, Chemical Inspector, Circleville, Ohio; Prof. C. T. Jackson, Chemist, Boston; Dr. Charles Upman Shepard, Chemist, N. Y.; and Dr. Z. Blaney and G. A. Marner, Consulting Chemist, Chicago, all of whom have analyzed the Catawba Brandy, and commend it in the highest terms, for medicinal use.

Analysis of the Mass. State Assayer. [1853.]

When evaporated through clean linen it left no oil or offensive matter. In every respect it is a pure spirituous liquor. The oil which gives to this Brandy its flavor and aroma, is wholly unlike fish or grain oil. Its odor partakes of both the fruit and oil of grapes. With acids it produces ethers of a high fragrance. The substitution of this Brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the manufacture of inferior spirits, and in its name both wholesome and abroad. Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer,
16 Boylston-st.

By the same, in 1864.

I have analyzed "L. Lyons' Pure Catawba Brandy," with reference to its composition and character, being the same as that produced in past years. A sample taken from ten casks afforded the same results with regard to purity, a slightly increased amount of the principle on which its flavor depends was determined by comparison with former samples.

The indications of analysis show that this Brandy is produced by the same process as most of the imported Brandy.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M. D.,
State Assayer, 16 Boylston-st.
Boston, July 30, 1864.

By the same, in 1864.

H. H. JACOBS & CO.,
177 North Liberty-st., New York.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES.

For the use of Merchants, Druggists and all business and professional men who wish to do their own printing, neatly and cheaply. Adapted to the printing of Handbills, Circulars, Labels, etc.

Full instructions accompany each office enabling a boy ten years old to work them successfully. Circulars sent free. Specimen sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents. Address,
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31 Park Row, N. Y., and 55 Lincoln-st., Boston, Mass.

A. T. Stewart of New York, has \$1,000,000 invested in real estate.