The Marettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1865. VOL. XI.—NO. 28.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By F. L. Baker,

ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ice in "Crull's Row," on Front st eet, five doors East of Flury's Hotel.

ingle Copies, with, or without Wrappers,

FOUR CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES: One squ re (10 es, *or less*) 75 cents for the first insertion and e Dollar and-a-half for 3 insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less $5 per annum. Notices in the reading colns, *five cents a-line.* Marriages and Deaths, simple announcement, FREE; but or any itional lines, five cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half rly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER-PRESS," together with a large ortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, rders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE ARIETTIAN," which will insure the f ne and eedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD RINTING, from the *smallest Card to the* ARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

How the Money Goes.

ow goes the money? Well,
sure it isn't hard to tell:
goes for rent and water rates,
or bread and butter, coal and grates,
ats, caps and carpets, hoops and hoes—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
t goes for apples, peaches, grapes,
goes for bonnets, coats and capes,
hawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows—
And that's the way the money goes!

ow goes the money? Sure,
wish the many ways were fewer;
goes for wages, taxes, debts,
goes for presents, goes for bets,
r prints, pomade and eau de rose—
nd that's the way the money goes!

ow goes the money? Now,
ve scarce began to mention how:
goes for laces, feathers, rings,
oys, dolls, and other baby things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Come,
I know it didn't go for rum;
It goes for school and Sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions and such things as those—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? There,
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

AN UNKIND TEAR.—When I used to tend store at the "Regulator," in Syracuse, the old man came round one day, and says he, "Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern as a present."

Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern. I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one that had more cheek than any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when a man intended to spend but six pence; and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket-book to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them.

One night Jonah woke up with, "By Josh, old fellow, if you think that er's got any cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out, either—wore a pair of pants that kind 'o stuff myself for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on! Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh! too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right—it's a bargain."

I could feel Jonah's hands playing about the bed-clothes for an instant, then rip! tear! went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up next morning, I found—alas! unkindest tear of all—that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collar-band!

☞ An exceedingly modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said, "I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers." A nice young gentleman who sat opposite immediately said: "I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle!"

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

Never Despair.

No, never despair! these words should ever be in our minds. When we have a hard lesson to learn, or a hard task to perform and are about to lay down our books or throw aside our task in hopeless despair, let us then bear in mind these two simple words, "Never Despair." Then will the star of hope shine brighter and we will go about our task with renewed energy until we have accomplished it. What if our brave soldiers when going into battle would give up all hope and yield to despair! how then could our battles be fought and our victories be won! What if our teacher should become tired and discouraged with his school and leave it; what would become of us? Without any schooling I fear we would grow up to be very ignorant members of society. Suppose the sailors, when their ship is tossed to and fro upon the boisterous waves, should abandon hope and not try to save the vessel; how many lives would be lost. But we seldom hear of sailors being very easily discouraged; they generally struggle against despair and they labor until all hope is vain and they see that no earthly power can save them. Then schoolmates when we have a hard lesson to learn, let us be like the sailor and never give up until every possible means has been tried to gain the point at which we aim; then it will be enough to go to our teacher for help.

AMY.

USELESS YOUNG LADIES:—A cotemporary thus seriously speaks of that very large class of useless young ladies whose glory is being above useful employment:

"The number of idle, useless girls in all our large cities seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings, parade the streets during the afternoon, and assemble in frivolous company of their own and the other sex to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoughtlessly assumed. They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, they despise theirs; they have no habit of industry nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas for the husbands and children, alas for themselves! Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follows?"

☞ The Honesdale (Pa.,) Republican says:—"Upon the organization of the 141st Pennsylvania, a resident of Hawley enlisted in Company G, Captain Mumford, and went with the company to Virginia. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was reported killed, and a comrade sent, as he supposed, a pocket book and a lock of his hair to the soldier's wife. On such evidence she regarded him as dead, and some two months ago married again. Among the prisoners who were recently released from Georgia prisons was the supposed dead husband. Upon his arrival at Annapolis he immediately obtained a furlough and started to see his family. Our readers can imagine his surprise at finding his wife married again, and hers at beholding, as she supposed, her dead husband. This war causes many curious scenes to be enacted."

☞ The Buffalo Express gives the decision of a justice in that city who went from his blacksmithing shop to the bench, and who lays down "iron-plated" law. The Justice made a ruling in a case before him, and the lawyer, against whose side the decision was, asked where such law was to be found. He received from the bench the following reply: "I have no law for it. I give it as the opinion of the court, based upon common sense. I am no lawyer, I never read a law book in my life, and I never will, for the reason that I see so many fools who have read law that I dare not venture the experiment."

☞ In Turkey, whenever a business man is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for a month. We fear black would be the prevailing color if that law was in force in this country.

☞ A gentleman who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declares his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep!

"The Paper Don't Say."

A few evenings since, a Mr. Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident at a factory at L—, and which the editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over at the mill," said Mr. Slocum.

"What is it about?"

"Well, read the account, wife, and then you'll know all about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read:

HORRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare says, "no traveler returns." Mr. David Jones, a workman, who had but a few superiors, was superintending one of the large drums. ("I wonder if 'twas a snare drum, such as the sogers have," said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a huge beam a distinct blow at each revolution.

("Poor fellow, how it must hurt him," said Mrs. S.)

When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated into jelly.

("Well, didn't it kill him?" asked Mrs. Slocum, with increasing interest.)

"Portions of the *dura mater, cerebrum, cerebellum,* in confused masses, were scattered about the floor; in short, the grates of eternity had opened upon him.

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question:

("Was the man killed?")

"I don't know; havn't come to that place yet; you'll know when I've finished the piece."

(And Mr. S. continued reading:)

It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct.

("Was the man killed? That's what I want to know," said Mrs. S.)

"Do have a little patience," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half over his spectacles.

"I presume we shall come upon it soon."

(And he went on reading:)

This fatal casuality has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills.

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not."

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a careful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," he said, "it is curious, but really the paper don't say."

YOUR FARE, MISS.—A young lady from the rural districts lately entered a city railroad car. Pretty soon the conductor approached her and said:

"Your fare, Miss."

She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, Miss."

This time the pink on her cheeks deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied:

"Well, if I *am* good lookin, you hadn't ought ter say it ought loud afore folks."

The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled the fare.

☞ A wag tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf of the parable was male or female. "Female to be sure," was the reply, "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

☞ An honest hack-driver has been discovered in N. Y. He is to be killed and stuffed, and placed in Barnum's Museum.

☞ A man was recently fined in New Fairfield, Ct., for attempting to kiss, hug and tickle"—so the indictment read—a certain woman.

☞ Lawyers' months are like turnpike gates,—opened for pay.

The Wrong Demijohn.

In the musty, misty domains of an old closet, cobwebbed and undisturbed from almost the 1st of Jan., 1864, were standing side by side two sister demijohns; or perhaps we had better call them brother demijohns, for in truth we like the old fashioned pronunciation of the word which calls them "Jimmy Johns." But sister or brother matters not, there they were and their precious contents; one old sherry wine, and the other rare old whiskey were inside of them only to be drawn forth on few, and receiving intervals as New Year's Day, when fleeting visits are made, and a sip of electric wine is indulged in—then off again. We have ourselves, on such occasions often drunk that wine drawn out of that dark recess, and found it went down our throat, like "greased lightning," doing good as it went along, as a sweet, soft stream irrigates all its trees, and sprinkles freshness on its flowery banks. Thus was the wine. The whisky demijohn felt equally as good on its dark recess as the wine demijohn. Both kept each other company, encouraged and consoled each other with the good that was in them. Who would not be a demijohn? Many people spend all their lives in a vain exertion to convert themselves into demijohns. But here were two plain quiet demijohns which were so by nature. Therefore they had nothing else to do but to enjoy themselves after the manner of demijohns. But New Year's Day came—New Year's of 1865. The good, excellent and kind proprietress of the demijohns proposed to call them forth. An elegant lady and several gentlemen were present—for whom only such rich, rare old sherry was worthy. Peter, with his ebony countenance, and his devotion to "massa and missus," and "young missus," notwithstanding the late row in the United States, was brought into requisition and one of the demijohns was brought forth—its delicious contents poured forth to the extent of several glasses, and then there was one moment of rapture like a lover's first kiss, and the contents dropped at one swallow down the throats. "This wine is very fiery," said the lady. Consternation soon became visible on the faces of all. Alas, it was the wrong demijohn.

It was not the sherry.

That makes one merry,
But 'twas the whisky
That makes one frisky!

BEHIND THE AGE.—The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma,*) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several injured." "La, me; didn't know, but that was *the way you always stopped.*"

☞ That Springfield (Mass.,) is a progressive city can no longer be doubted. The Republican says that members of the weaker sex perambulate the streets evenings with cigars in their mouths and canes in their hands; and a gaily attired young man appears and is recognized by many as a wearer of crinoline in the day time. Young gentlemen are getting timid, and find it necessary to go in squads to protect themselves.

☞ A man named Rust is engaged during spare hours in making a model of Boston Church, England, out of corks. The tower, which is six feet high, is already completed, and is said to be remarkably true to architectural detail. No less than eight thousand corks and seven thousand one hundred hours are said to be expended in the work thus far completed.

☞ A boozy fellow was observed the other day driving a pig, holding on to its tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying pig-raphy.

How to Tell a Lady.

Two women shall get into an omnibus and though we never saw either of them before, we shall select you the true lady. She does not titter when a gentleman handing up her fare knocks off his hat, or pitches it way over his nose; nor does she receive her "change," after this (to him) inconvenient act of gallantry in grim silence. She wears no flowered brocade to be trodden under foot, nor ball-room jewelry, nor rose-tinted gloves; but the lace frill around her face is scrupulously fresh, and the strings under her chin have evidently been handled only by dainty fingers. She makes no parade of a watch, if she wears one; nor does she draw off her dark, neatly fitting glove to display ostentatious rings. Still we notice, nestling in the straw beneath us, such a trim little boot, not paper soled, but of an anti-consumption thickness; the bonnet upon her head is of plain straw, simply trimmed—for your true lady never wears a "dress hat" in an omnibus. She is quite as civil to the poorest as to the richest person who sits beside her, and equally regardful of their rights. If she attracts attention, it is by the unconscious grace of her person and manner, not by the ostentation of her dress. We are quite sorry when she pulls the strap and disappears. If we were a bachelor we should go home to our solitary den with a resolution to become a better and a married man.

☞ At a recent *seance* of the Davenport Brothers, in England, one of the audience, a gentleman named Draper, asked if he might be allowed to make a stab at the spirit-hand, when it was projected from the structure. Mr. Ferguson, amid a roar of laughter, emphatically refused permission. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Draper asked that he might be allowed to try the effect of a revolver on the spiritual hand; but Mr. Ferguson again declined to accede to the request. Of course the audience drew their own conclusions from this incident.

☞ Cotton being scarce, a Yankee has invented, and is selling like hot dumplings, india-rubber breastworks for ladies, as his advertisement says, rivaling nature in shape, grace and elasticity.

☞ An enterprising man in Dryden, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose his wife on a Sunday; on Monday he married his servant girl; on Tuesday they attended the funeral of the deceased together, the new wife wearing the old one's clothes.

☞ The following advertisement lately appeared in a London newspaper: "Children taut to dause, if agreeable at 6d pr week, by J. Williams, who buys and sells old iron and caols. Shoes cleened and mended."

☞ A young lady objected to a negro's carrying her across a mud hole, because she thought herself too heavy. "Lor's, missus," said Sambo, imploringly, "I'se carried whole barrels of sugar."

☞ Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms; says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions. Whew—smell him over!"

☞ A small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

☞ On a person asking another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, he replied, "No; but I believe in their disappearance, for I have missed a bottle of gin since last night."

☞ "I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage, "stopped by an angel." "So am I," said she, "for I'm accosted by an ass."

☞ There is a man in St. Louis, Missouri, who has two bushels and a half of children. His name is Peck, and is the father of ten boys and girls. Four pecks make one bushel.

☞ Artemus Ward's tickets of admission to his lecture on "Mormonism," are inscribed "Admit the bearer and one wife."

☞ An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle!

☞ The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

Reading and Columbia Railroad.

THIS new Road is now completed, and in good running order, with first-class Passenger Cars, and having made arrangements with the connecting roads North and South, offers to the travelling public a direct and through route from WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE, via York, Columbia and Reading to Allentown, Easton, and NEW YORK, which route for beauty and Summer Resorts should be tried to be appreciated.

Trains North leave Columbia at 8.00 a. m. F.
" " " " 10.40 a. m. A.
" " " " 2.25 p. m. A.
" Arrive at Reading at 10.05 a. m. F.
" " " " 3.00 p. m. A.
" " " " 4.40 p. m. A.
Trains South leave Reading at 6.30 a. m. A.
" " " " 11.00 a. m. F.
" " " " 4.50 p. m. A.
" Arrive at Columbia at 9.10 a. m. A.
" " " " 1.15 p. m. F.
" " " " 9.00 p. m. A.

Trains leave Columbia at 8.00 A. M. and 2.25 P. M. arrive in Philadelphia at 1.20 P. M. and 7.05 P. M. in New York, at 2 45 P. M.

Trains leave Philadelphia, via Phil'a & Reading Railroad at 8.00 A. M. and arrive at Columbia at 1.15 P. M.

Lancaster passengers for Reading, will take the Penn'a. R. R. Mount Joy accommodation, West, leaving Lancaster at 11.15 A. M. and Fast line, West, at 2.20 P. M. connecting with the R. & C. R. R. at Landisville, and arrive in Reading at 3.00 P. M. and 4.40 P. M.

The River Susquehanna at Columbia is crossed by a Steam Ferry, a NEW BOAT awaits the arrival of the train to convey the passengers over, the change being delightful. Passengers by the fast line will dine at Columbia.

"F" is for Fast Line. "A" for Accommodation Train.

S. W. NORTHROP, General Ticket Agent. | ROB'T CRANE, General Superin't.

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 POCKET 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, Clocks,

Fancy Articles in large variety, with a full assortment of other goods generally; which he will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail. Call and examine the stock.

Market st., March 5, 1864.

The Peoples'

CHEAP HAT, CAP AND

Fur Store,

NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

SHUBTZ & 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.—tf.

F. L. Baker,

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER.

WOULD most respectfully take this means of informing his friends and the public generally that he has commenced the drawing of

DEEDS,
MORTGAGES,
JUDGMENTS,

and in fact everything in the CONVEYANCING line. Having gratuitous intercourse with a member of the Lancaster Bar, will enable him execute instruments of writing with accuracy.

☞ He can be found at the office of "THE MARIETTIAN," on Front Street, or at his residence on Market street, a square west of the "Donegal House," Marietta.

☞ Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgments and Leases always on hand and for sale.

ALEXANDER LYNDSAY,

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 purhasing elsewhere.

MARIETTA MARBLE YARD.

MICHAEL GABLE, AGT.,

MARBLE MASON AND STONE CUTTER.

Opposite the Town Hall Park, Marietta, Pa.

THE Marble business in all its branches, will be continued at the old place, near the Town Hall and opposite Funk's Cross Keys Tavern, where every description of marble work will be kept on hand or made to order at short notice and at very reasonable prices.

Marietta, June 29, 1861. 49-1y

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.

SW. CROCK AND NEW ENGLAND RUM for culinary purposes, warranted genuine

H. D. Benjamin.