# The Marettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18, 1865. VOL. XI.—NO. 29.

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 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 1.25 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 Phila. & 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.

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☞ Especial attention paid to Surgical cases in which branch of his profession he has had very considerable experience.

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## A Little Goose.

The chill November day was done,
  The working-world home-faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
  And set the gas lights flaring,
And hopelessly, and aimlessly,
  The seared old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the soulless wind,
  I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
  A child of four, or over;
No cloak nor hat her small, soft arms
  And wind-blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
  Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand
  A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
  She slipped in mine the other,
Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
  "Oh, please, I want my mother."
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
  Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing she answered, "I forgot;
  The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step;
  The monkey took the money;
I followed down the street, because
  That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours
  From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers;
  Oh, please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name, and what
  The street? now think a minute.
"My mother's name is Mother Dear;
  The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
  Or new, not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle bed,
  Mine and my little brother's."

"Oh, dear, I ought to be at home
  To help him say his prayers;
He's such a baby, he forgets;
  And we are both such players,
And there's a bar between, to keep
  From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
  —Oh, dear, I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy, people passed
  All muffled, homeward faring.
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
  I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck,
  —"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling said,
  And drew it from her bosom.

A card, with number, street, and name!
  My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
  I might sometime forget it;
And so I wear a little thing
  That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
  I would get lost without it."

A COON UNDER CRINOLINE:—We witnessed an amusing incident on one of our suburban streets, last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up in the highest style of the milliner's art and arrayed in all the glory of five dollar a yard silk, a twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was majestically sweeping along in the direction of the Fair Ground, while just behind a little boy was leading a pet coon.

A countryman in a brown slouched hat and a linsey woolsey "warmus," came along followed by a "yallah" dog, whose nose was scarred diagonally, transversely and laterally with the scars of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the raccoon family. "Tige" no sooner saw the ring-tailed representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a furious bark. Cooney comprehended the situation at a glance, bolted incontinently, and sought a sanctuary beneath the ample circumference of the young lady's crinoline.

The young lady screamed while the dog made rapid circles, snuffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog had retired. Finally the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place and the young lady went her way with the lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ A Dutchman being called upon for a toast said: "Here ish to de heroes who fit, pled and died at de pattle of Punker Hill—of who I ish one.

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

## Death.

As I listened to the sad tones of the bell tolling its funeral notes, my thoughts turned to the solemnity of death. How often does God warn us by plucking a dearly loved flower out of our family. He knows what is best for us and therefore we should submit to his will and obey his precepts. There are a great many persons who think of nothing but worldly affairs; they prepare what they are going to do next week or next month, but they never think that they may be cold and lifeless ere the next day dawns. Death is very uncertain; we know not what moment we may be called to answer the summons. We all know that the time is drawing near which will call the youthful as well as the aged to another world. This is not our home here below. God, who rules the earth and seas did not put us here to dwell always; he has something better in store for us if we all try to obey his commandments, which he has given us so plain that we can all understand them if we will but try. ELLIE.

SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.—Since the formation of the Government there have been twenty-seven Secretaries of the Treasury, of whom two hailed from Massachusetts, three from New York, one from New Hampshire, seven from Pennsylvania, one from Maine, two from Maryland, three from Ohio, two from Kentucky, two from Georgia, one from Delaware, one from Tennessee, one from Connecticut, and one from Mississippi. The youngest man who ever occupied the position of head of the Government finances was Alexander Hamilton, of New York, and the oldest was George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, the former being 32 years of age when he entered upon the duties of the office, and the latter sixty-eight. The position was held the longest by Albert Gallatin, of Pennsylvania, who was appointed by President Jefferson on the 26th of January, 1802, and continued in office until February, 1814, when President Madison, at the close of his first four years, appointed George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, as his successor. The shortest term was that of Philip Francis Thomas, who held the office only one month. Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, appointed by James Monroe, held the office eight years. Four of the Secretaries reached the age of four score years, and only two, Hamilton and Dexter, died under sixty. We give below the list of the names, in the order in which they were appointed, of those who have held the office since the formation of the Government, with terms of service of each:

| NAMES. | SERVICE. |
|---|---|
| Alexander Hamilton. | 6 years. |
| Oliver Wolcott. | 5 years. |
| S. Dexter. | 2 years. |
| Albert Gallatin. | 12 years. |
| George W. Campbell. | 8 months. |
| Alexander J. Dallas. | 3 years. |
| William H. Crawford. | 8 years. |
| Richard Rush. | 4 years. |
| Samuel D. Ingham. | 2 years. |
| Louis McLane. | 2 years. |
| William J. Duane. | 1 year. |
| Roger B. Taney. | 1 year. |
| Levi Woodbury. | 7 years. |
| Thomas Ewing. | 6 months. |
| Walter Forward. | 3 years. |
| Caleb Cushing. | Not confirmed. |
| John C. Spencer. | 1 year. |
| George M. Bibb. | 9 months. |
| Robert J. Walker. | 4 years. |
| William M. Meredith. | 1 year |
| Thomas Corwin. | 3 years. |
| James Guthrie. | 4 years. |
| Howell Cobb, nearly | 4 years. |
| Philip F. Thomas. | 1 month. |
| John A. Dix. | 2 months. |
| Salmon P. Chase. | 3 years. |
| William Pitt Fessenden. | Now in the office. |

☞ "Boys," says Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes."

They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion; and one inquired, "What is it?"

"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

☞ A minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

☞ What ails Jeff. Davis? His Fate troubles him.

## A Ghost Story.

At a meeting of the Liberty Club, at which Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and several other eminent characters of the day were present, it was observed that an old gentleman, who had never missed one of the meetings of the society was that day absent. His absence was considered the more extraordinary because he happened to be president that day. While the company were expressing their surprise at this circumstance, they saw their friend enter the room wrapped in a long white gown, his countenance wan and much fallen. He sat down in his place, and when his friends wondered at his dress, he waved his hand, nodded to each separately, and disappeared from the room without speaking. The gentlemen, surprised at this circumstance, and determined to investigate it, called for the waiter, and asked whether anybody had been seen upon the staircase which led to the room where they were sitting. They were answered that no person had been seen either to enter the house or mount the stairs, and that both the staircase and the entrance had been constantly filled with comers and goers. Not satisfied with this, they sent to the house of the gentleman whom they had just seen, to inquire whether he had been out. His residence happened to be very near the coffee-house where they were, and their messenger immediately returned. Their friend had died about ten minutes before, of a violent fever, which had confined him entirely to his bed for several days.

Some of the most eminent men of the club gave themselves great pains to discover the imposition which some thought had been practiced upon them; others firmly believed that their friend's ghost had actually appeared to them; and the latter opinion was confirmed by the total failure of all inquiries. All their efforts proved vain to remove the veil of mystery which hung over this transaction. At last they determined to remove the club to another part of the town, entering at the same time into an engagement never to reveal the circumstances which had occasioned the change. They wisely thought that such a story, supported by the evidence of such men as Johnson, Burke, etc, might do much mischief, while the cause remained unexplained. Many years afterwards, as Mr. Burke was sitting at dinner with some friends at his own house, he was told that a poor old woman, who was dying in an obscure garret in the midst of the greatest wretchedness, had just said that she could not die in peace unless she could reveal a most important secret to Mr. Burke. This summons appeared so like a fraudulent means of extorting money, that Mr. B. refused to go. In a short time he received a second message still more pressing, and at the same time such an account was given of the extreme poverty and misery of the poor expiring object, that his compassion was excited, and he determined to go, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friends, who still feared for his safety. They accordingly watched in the little obscure alley, saw him ascend the staircase which led to the garret, in which he was told the poor woman was lying, and reminded him that succor was at hand.

Mr. Burke soon returned. He told his friends that he had found everything as it had been represented, that the old woman had died after telling him a very extraordinary circumstance, which had given him satisfaction; he then related all the former parts of his story, and added that the dying woman confessed that she had been guilty of a neglect which had caused an unfortunate man his life. She said, upon her death-bed, that she was determined to make all atonement in her power, confess her error, and had therefore, requested his presence, knowing him to be the most intimate friend of the deceased. She said that some years before she was nurse to a gentleman who was ill of a dangerous fever, and named Mr. Burke's friend. She said on a particular day—which she named—she was told by the physician that the crisis of the disease was to be expected, and that the ultimate issue of the malady would very much depend on the patient's being kept perfectly quiet at that moment; which could only be done by incessant watching, as the delirium would probably run very high just before. In that case the physician directed that the patient should be forcibly detained in his bed, as the least cold would prove fatal. He therefore ordered the nurse not to leave the room on any account, the whole of the day. The nurse added that in the afternoon of that day a neighbor had called upon her; that, seeing the gentleman perfectly quiet, she had ventured to leave his room for ten minutes, that when she returned, she found her patient gone. In a few minutes he returned and expired immediately; when she heard the inquiries made was well aware that had given birth to them, but was at that time prevented by shame from confessing the truth.

## Petroleum Millionaire.

A somewhat rustic heir of one of the fortunate of the oil regions, whose income is several thousand a day, concluded to see the wonders of the East. So, putting a few necessaries into a common travelling-bag, he set off for Philadelphia. Stopping at the Girard and asking for a good room, the landlord said:

"You can have a room; but we shall be obliged to demand pay in advance."

"Well, sir, I think I cannot only pay for my room," replied Petroleum, "but buy out your entire hotel. What's your price?" so saying, he posted off elsewhere.

After driving and luxuriating to his heart's content in Philadelphia, and making a present of a fine span of horses to a livery man, who had treated him well, he proceeded to New York.

One of his first calls there was on Ball & Black.

"Have you any diamond rings?"

"Yes," said the clerk, and showed him one of two hundred dollars value.

"Pretty," said Petroleum, "hav'n't you any finer?"

"Yes—here's one at five hundred dollars."

"That's better—that shines; but is this the highest priced one you have?"

The clerk looked amazed and suspicious, but brought another at two thousand dollars.

"Oh," said Petroleum, "that's brilliant—that suits better. I like that. But ain't there anything more stylish yet?"

The clerk, dumbfounded, displayed the six thousand dollar diamond ring, the most valuable in the store; and his customer, exhibiting great wonder and joy in surveying it, asked:

"Now hain't you nothing higher, better?"

"No," said the clerk; "that's the best in the country," never dreaming the fellow could buy it.

"Well," said Petroleum, "I'll take that," and forked over the six thousand dollars.

## Worth Living For.

When from my room I chance to stray, to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find that place most dear, where some friend treats to lager beer.—*Sacramento Age.*

Ah! yes, my friend of city life, sure such a treat cures such a strife, but better than such dose by far are pleasures of a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald.*

Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; we think the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Volcano Ledger.*

"Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hymen's joys your care to end, but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife; and so, when neath our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

That "lager beer" will bile provoke, while "fine Havannah" ends in smoke. To court one's wife is better far, than lager beer and vile cigar. Kisses, the dews of love's young morn, break on the lips, as freshly born.—These are all naught to that great joy—the first glance at your first-born boy.—*Evening Ledger.*

'Tis true, a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first a girl? A dear, sweet child, with ways caressing, with pouting lip and flaxen curl, with dimple cheek and laughing eye, to come and bid papa good-bye. So whether boy, or t'other, embrace the babe and then the mother.—*San Francisco Globe.*

☞ There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest man is most generally found to be the biggest fool.

☞ Dr. Cash having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. There's no necessity for that, said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

THE PHŒNIX PECTORAL;

Or, Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Seneka Snake Root,

WILL CURE THE DISEASES OF THE

Throat & Lungs,

*Such as Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, &c.*

ITS TIMELY USE WILL PREVENT

Pulmonary Consumption.

And even where this fearful disease has taken hold it will afford greater relief than any other medicine.

Miss Kate Vanderslice of Pottsville, says: "I was benefited more by using the Phœnix Pectoral than any other medicine I ever used."

Elias Oberholtzer, of Lionville, Chester county, was cured of a cough of many years' standing by using the Phœnix Pectoral.

Joseph Lukens, of Hall street, Phœnixville, certifies that he was cured of a cough of two years' standing, when all other medicines had failed, by the use of the Phœnix Pectoral.

Jacob Powers certifies that he has sold hundreds of bottles of the Phœnix Pectoral, and that all who used it bear testimony of its wonderful effects in curing coughs.

John Royer, editor of the *Independent Phœnix*, having used it, has no hesitation in pronouncing it a complete remedy for cough, hoarseness and irritation in the throat.

The West Chester *Jeffersonian* says: "We have known Dr. Oberholtzer personally a number of years, and it gives us the greater pleasure to recommend his medicines, inasmuch as the public rarely have the benefit of family medicines prepared by a physician of his acquirements and experience.

Dr. Oberholtzer is a member of the Alumni of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, at which institution he graduated in 1854."

The Reading *Gazette* says: "This cough remedy is made by Dr. L. Oberholtzer, of Phœnixville, Pa., and it has acquired an unsurpassed reputation in curing coughs. It is carefully and skillfully prepared from Wild Cherry Bark and Seneka Snake Root."

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The proprietor of this medicine has so much confidence in its curative powers, from the testimony of hundreds who have used it, that the money will be *paid back* to any purchaser who is not satisfied with its effects.

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N. B.—If your nearest druggist or storekeeper does not keep this medicine do not let him put you off with some other medicine, because he makes more money on it, but send at once to one of the agents for it. [3m

☞ For sale in Marietta by Landis & Trout and John Jay Libhart.

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Thankful for past patronage, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of the same.

*PATTERSON & CO.*

Marietta, July 30, 1864. tf

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