

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 42.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail Road time, which is ten minutes faster than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.

TRAINS ON THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE COLUMBIA AT

4:45 A. M.—WAY FREIGHT a d Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Landisville at 5 46 a. m., Manheim at 6 20; Litz at 6 52; Ephrata at 7 12; Reinholdville at 8 55; and reaching Sinking Springs at 9 45 A. M. Here passengers holding through tickets for New York only are transferred to the Fast Line, reaching New York at 2 o'clock, P. M.; other passengers remain in the train and reach Reading at 10 30 A. M., in time to connect with trains for Philadelphia, Pottsville, New York and the Lebanon Valley.

2:25 P. M.—MAIL PASSENGER Train for Reading and intermediate stations, connecting at Landisville at 3 00 p. m., with train of Penn'a. R. R., for the West, leaving Manheim at 3 21; Litz at 3 20; Ephrata at 4 08; Reinholdville at 4 35; Sinking Springs at 4 58 and arriving at Reading at 5 20 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—MAIL PASSENGER train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6 10; Reinholdville at 6 44; Ephrata at 7 11; Litz at 7 40; Manheim at 7 58; making close connection at Landisville at 8 20 a. m., with train of Penn'a. R. R., for Lancaster, and also with trains for the West. At Columbia, connecting with train of Penn'a. R. R., for Upper Merion, Middletown, and Harrisburg; also by the Ferry for Wrightsville with trains of Northern Central R. R., for Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Columbia at 8 55 a. m.

2:00 P. M.—WAY FREIGHT Passenger Train for COLUMBIA and intermediate stations with passengers from New York, Philadelphia and Pottsville same day, leaving Sinking Springs at 2 33; Reinholdville at 3 30; Ephrata at 4 35; Litz at 5 30; Manheim at 6 13; Landisville at 6 52; and arriving at Columbia at 7 50 p. m.

Further information with regard to Freight or Passengers, may be obtained from the Agents of the Company.

MENDEL COHEN, Superintendent.
W. F. PURCELL, General Ticket Agent.
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight Agent.

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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of New Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &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.

My Plain Lover.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage, after I had lured him on to a declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man, but his heart was true as steel. I respect him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Captain Elliot, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me.

Mr. James Frazer warned me against Elliot; but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult. A few days afterwards Elliot and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a life time. Many awake from the bright short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not to be so miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good circumstances, but having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature—hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they happen to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Captain Elliot—but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was a captain he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and India and had won medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest as he was certainly the handsomest officer in it.

I remember well the day we became engaged. He was on duty, but had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma," he hastened to her—returned in three minutes and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given.

My dear mother hated trouble, and she moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter. Well, a week passed quite delightfully as I have said; and at the expiration of this there might have been seen an equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliot was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward and silent James Frazer. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And as we rode on through the woods, I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliot, who wished himself a knight and me a fair lady of the olden times that he might go forth to do battle and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had promoted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this and to believe it sincere though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test.

A shot suddenly rang through the woods, and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off. Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to check her, and even as she flew, the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to the mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In a sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love, rose up before me! I thought of the pain that would rend Elliot's heart as he saw me lying, mangled and dead; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remember no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until days afterwards I woke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliot again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. The last action of his life in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me; to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its banks, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last it was known that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, that very day Captain Elliot departed suddenly from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me, that in my altered circumstances our engagement must come to an end! but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor!) he wrote to say that while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim. Writing on the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of a romantic wedding.

I heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly conduct on that day; but now I first beheld me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his arm already broken by the jerk with which Brown Bess had torn away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and been the first one to lift me from the water. Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me; his hand had been the hand that had sent the rare flowers that had decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his figure. I have long since lain aside, as utterly untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

FUNERALS:—A country editor, speaking of spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium except the 'circulating medium,' and that has become so scarce that our belief in that is shaking."

A private in the 6th Iowa cavalry, stationed on the frontier of Dakota, where whisky was not to be had, added the following postscript to a letter to his wife in Debaque:—"Annie, dip yer letter in whiskey, so that I can get a schmell of the craythur once more."

Fact—big talkers are generally little thinkers.
The lady who took a walk has brought it back again.
The subject that we dropped came near being broken.
To determine the power of a mule, stand behind and tickle his legs with a briar.

The young lady who lost the little pink bow from her jockey-hat, has found a big brown one under a beaver.
"Fortune knocks once at every man's door." If she ever knocked at ours it was when we were out.

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter the water for divers reasons, and come out for sun-dry motives.

An unsophisticated countryman, the other day, coming to Washington, saw a military officer, followed at a respectful distance by two orderlies, in full gallop. "Good gracious!" said he, "havn't they caught him yet? I was in about three weeks ago, and they was a-runnin' after him then."

Personal Neatness.

We find the following sensible article, with the above heading, in the last number of that valuable family journal, the Germantown Telegraph:

Some may say that it is quite out of the question for farmers' wives and daughters, who have so many duties to perform, to always look tidy. Some do say so, and I have often heard them; but such declarations do not, in my opinion, militate against the general principle. A wife or daughter can be personally neat, no matter what duty she may be employed at. Those who allow themselves to appear negligently dressed on the plea that they have something to do—cooking, washing, scrubbing, whitewashing, &c.—are pretty sure to be habitually untidy. A torn, faded, soiled, bad-fitting gown, with a sun-bonnet in keeping, worn in the house or out of it, slipshod shoes, &c., no appearance of a white collar; hair squashed upon the head, and plenty straying about the neck—do not give the husband, if he possesses any idea of cleanliness himself, a very elevated idea of his wife's attractions; nor will the daughters, who may be equally delinquent, impress the young men of the neighborhood very favorably.

I am a wife and a housekeeper, and have been a daily worker for twenty-five years in my household, but I have never seen the day when I could not take time to attend to my personal appearance. System and a desire to be always cleanly, will not only afford the necessary time, but will make the labor one of the highest pleasures. My husband never has had nor never shall have occasion to twit me or the girls in relation to a matter which every woman's pride and self-respect ought to provide against.

Will not then my sister housekeepers give this question of propriety and respectability their serious consideration? They should remember that it not only concerns themselves, but especially their daughters and in no small degree their sons also. The Bible tells us that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and I believe in the bible. MARTHA.

CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

—In an article on the fame of President Lincoln the N. Y. Tribune says: "He was not a man of transcendent genius, of rare insight, of resistless force of character, who bends every thing to his will. On the contrary, he was one of those who waited opportunity, and thought long and patiently, before venturing on an important step, hearkening intently for that 'voice of the people,' which was to him, in most cases, the 'voice of God.' A striking and honored exemplar of some of the best points in our National character, he sleeps the sleep of the honored and just, and there are few graves which will be more extensively, persistently visited, or bedewed with the tears of a people's prouder, fonder affection, than that of Abraham Lincoln."

THE PRESIDENT'S TOMB.—The following from the Springfield State Register, of Thursday, the 8th instant, is interesting:

"Last evening, it being the first since the remains of President Lincoln were laid at rest in Oak Ridge, a large number of our citizens visited the cemetery who were unable to accompany the procession thither on Thursday last. Along the streets and road leading to the tomb there was a constant passage of pedestrians and vehicles during the entire afternoon, such a concourse as we have never seen visit the grounds of a Sabbath before, and such as manifested to the most thoughtless beholder the fact that a new shrine had been erected there, and one to which every stranger passing through Springfield hereafter will be induced to wander."

IN-GROWING TOE NAILS.—It is stated that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heat it over a lamp until it becomes very hot, and drop two or three drops between nail and granulations. The effect is almost magical. Pain and tenderness are at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations all go, leaving the diseased parts dry, and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed, so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated.

The man who caught a glance from the eyes of beauty says that it slipped through his fingers and went right through his heart, inflicting a dangerous wound.

No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with bugles.

A Singular Case of Petrification.

Authenticated cases of the total petrification of the human body are very rare. The medical folios contain a few substantiated instances, but they are of rare occurrence. Such a circumstance, however, came to our notice yesterday, says the Philadelphia News. Eight years ago an elderly lady, Mrs. John Sturges, the wife of a carpenter, in West Philadelphia, who lives in Market street below Thirty-Seventh, was buried in the burying ground of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal church, in West Philadelphia. The grave was dug in a portion of the lot near the church in moist clay. The sexton who dug the grave found a little jet of water flowing into the excavation and a little opening in the side of the walls. The water filled the grave before the body was brought to the burial-ground, and was baled out before the coffin was lowered. Some of the attendants at the funeral observed that the water possessed strong mineral properties but the grave was closed and the matter was forgotten.

Mr. Sturges recently purchased a lot of ground in Mount Moriah cemetery, and directed her body to be removed to the late place of interment. On Monday the sexton of Asbury church and his assistant opened the grave. The coffin was reached at the depth of seven feet. The straps were placed under it, and the two men attempted to lift the coffin but their united strength could not move it from its bed. They immediately conjectured that the grave had been robbed when Mrs. Sturges was first interred, and the coffin filled with stones. They procured the assistance of a number of the members of the church, and raised the coffin. It required the effort of eight men to remove it, and when it was opened the body of the woman was revealed in a state of miraculous preservation, as white as marble and as hard as agate. The petrification had been complete. The only part of the body that was not as perfect as when the coffin lid was first closed was the nose, which was slightly decayed, but was of the same adamantine hardness as the rest of the body.

The exhuming of the body and the singular discovery attending the opening of the coffin attracted the attention of the medical profession and the people of West Philadelphia. The coffin was found in a state of comparative preservation, but without any change whatever in the structure of the wood. It was carried into the church and lay there until Thursday afternoon when it was closed, and the carpenter had it removed to Mount Moriah Cemetery and reinterred.

REMEDY FOR A FELON.—This very painful eruption, with all the "remedies" recommended, is seldom arrested until it has run a certain course, after causing great suffering for two or three days and nights. The following remedy is vouchered for by the Buffalo Advocate, as a certain thing from its own knowledge: "Take a pint of common soft soap and stir in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather insert, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and a cure is certain."

This is a domestic application that every housekeeper can apply promptly.

PLEASANT FOR THE SOLDIERS.—They have a droll style of keeping up military dignity in Canada. A couple of fife and drummers, headed by two sergeants, march through the streets playing a lively air. At the principal corners a halt is made, and the sergeants publicly caution every one not to give credit to the soldiers in garrison, the proclamation being sealed by the life and drum playing "God save the Queen." Of course, the soldiers feel highly honored in being thus publicly proclaimed as swindlers. The London (C. W.) Prototype describes the operation in that place as "the usual method of crying down the credit of the troops in garrison."

TO DESTROY RATS.—Take fish-hooks, say about the size used for sunfish, baited with a small piece of dried beef, and place where chickens, dogs and cats cannot get at them, and in a few days rats will disappear. A large distillery was cleared and kept free in this way.

The man who caught a glance from the eyes of beauty says that it slipped through his fingers and went right through his heart, inflicting a dangerous wound.

No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with bugles.

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All the most popular Patent Medicines now in use, such as Ayre's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Alternative, Expectant, and Vermifuge, Jayne's Pills and Cathartic, Balsam, &c., Hostetter's Bitters, Hoffman's German Bitters, Swain's Panacea, Worm Confections, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and in fact all the most reliable Patent Medicines now in use.

Fresh Coal Oil constantly on hand. A fine assortment of Coal Oil Lamps, Shades Chimneys, &c. Also, articles of nourishment for the sick, such as Corn Starch, Farina, Arrow Root, Tapioca, &c.
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Golden Carp, or Gold Fish with Fountains, also Aquariums. Arrangements have also been made with one of the best Aviators in the State to furnish Canary and Mocking Birds, &c.
A lot of Family Dye colors, of every shade. Fresh and reliable Glades.

A large assortment of Books and Stationery,
Everything in the Stationary way, such as Pens, Inks, Note-books, Binding and other kinds of Paper, Envelopes, Clarified and other Quills, Scented Gloves for the wardrobe, and an endless variety of fancy and useful articles, usually found at such establishments, but any article not on hand will be ordered at once.
A new kind of playing cards, called "Union Cards," having Stars, Flags and Crests instead of Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, &c. The Face cards are Goddesses, Colonels, instead of the Queens, Kings and Jacks. This is a beautiful and patriotic substitute for the foreign emblems and should be universally preferred.
School Books, Copy Books, Slates and the School Stationery generally, and Bibles, &c., always on hand.
Subscriptions for all the Magazines, Illustrated and Mammoth Weeklies received.
Sheet Music of all kinds will be ordered with promptness and dispatch.
Having secured the services of Mr. CHAS. H. BARTON, an experienced and competent Pharmacist who will attend to carefully compounding with accuracy and dispatch, at all hours. The Doctor himself can be consulted at the store, unless elsewhere professionally engaged.

Being very thankful to the public for the past patronage bestowed upon him, will try and endeavor to please all who may give him a call.
F. HINKLE, M. D.
Marietta, February 4, 1865.

M. J. Z. HOFFER,
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