

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1865.

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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:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:10 A. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Columbia at 7:10 A. M., Manheim at 7:58, Litz at 8:13, Ephrata at 8:42, Reinholds at 9:08, Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at ten o'clock. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express Train of East Pennsylvania Railroad, reaching New York at 2:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M., and also with trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Ephrata at 2:44, Reinholds at 3:11, Sinking Springs at 3:40 and arriving at Reading at 4:10. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express of East Penna. R. R. reaching New York at 10 o'clock, P. M., and with train of Philadelphia and Reading R. R. reaching Philadelphia at 7:05 P. M.

LEAVE LITZ AT

2:15 P. M.—Express Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Ephrata at 2:44, Reinholds at 3:11, Sinking Springs at 3:40 and arriving at Reading at 4:10. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express of East Penna. R. R. reaching New York at 10 o'clock, P. M., and with train of Philadelphia and Reading R. R. reaching Philadelphia at 7:05 P. M.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—MAIL PASSENGER train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:16, Reinholds at 6:44, Ephrata at 7:11, Litz at 7:40, Manheim at 7:58, making connection at Reading with train of Penna. Railroad, reaching Lancaster at 8:33 A. M., and Philadelphia at 12:30; arriving at Columbia at 9 o'clock, A. M., there connecting the Ferry for Wrightsville and Northern Central Railroad, at 11:45 A. M. with train of Penna. Railroad for the West.

10:55 A. M.—Passenger Train for Litz and intermediate stations, in arrival of passenger trains from Philadelphia and Pottsville, leaving Sinking Springs at 11:18, Reinholds at 11:53, Ephrata at 12:28, and arriving at Litz at 1 o'clock, P. M.

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations with passengers leaving New York at 12 M., and Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31, Reinholds at 6:59, Ephrata at 7:26, Litz at 7:55, Manheim at 8:11, and arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

The pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Litz Springs from New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and other points, is by this schedule accommodated several times per day with Express trains connecting in all directions.

Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia and Lancaster sold at principal stations. Freight carried with utmost promptness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

Further information with regard to Freight of passengers, may be obtained from the agents of the Company.

MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.

E. F. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

Stoves! Stoves!!

John Shangler,

OPPOSITE HARRY WOLF'S.

As the season for Stoves is fast approaching I would call the attention of all wishing to purchase

Parlor or Cooking Stoves,

to my large and well selected stock, which embraces the best and most desirable Stoves that the Eastern markets afford, and which were purchased early, which will enable me to dispose of them advantageously to buyers.

Among the leading Parlor and Cook Stoves are the following:

Parlor Stoves. Cooking Stoves.

Metz Gas Burner, Royal, Diaper and Oval do do Waverly, Wellington, Gem, Lehigh, Charm, Monitor, Summer Rose, Also, the Vulcan and Sanitary Heaters, a very desirable article for heating two or four rooms with very little, if any, more fuel than an ordinary parlor stove would consume.

Ranges for cooking, constantly on hand, all of which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

WASHINGTON Skeleton Skirts. The best article of the kind made each Skirt is guaranteed. We are Agents for the Manufacturer.

Good Style Cassimeres for Suits, Cloths, Vestings, Jeans, Cottonades, Shirting Flannels, Neck Ties, &c.

Manila, Tickings and Checks, Ombaguos, Drills and Financs, Sheetings, Diapers and Caps, Common and Fine Glass Ware, Fine Granite Dinner Sets.

GROCERIES

Sugar Syrup, Teas New Mackerel in all sized packages Sugar cured Hams and Dried Beef, Salt, Rice Spices &c. All at the lowest prices.

SPANGLER & RICH.

If you want a

First-rate Black or Fancy Silk

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A fine or medium Black or Colored Alpaca

A good Lavella, De Baige or Poplin

An Excellent Chintz or good Calico

A French, English or Shambry Gingham

You will find it at

SPANGLER & RICH'S

FRANKLIN HINKLE, M. D.

After an absence of nearly three years in the Navy and Army of the United States has returned to the Borough of Marietta and resumed the practice of Medicine.

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

A LARGE stock of Paper and Envelopes of the best quality just received for sale at

The Golden Mortar.

PURE COD LIVER OIL JELLY, also for

at DR. HINKLE'S.

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Marietta, Lancaster County, Penn'a.

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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. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, ten cents a-line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

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 and CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

Our Flag.

The boast of every loyal heart,

How proudly waves our stately flag;

Kissed by each gentle gale that blows

O'er fertile vale or rugged crag.

Beneath its folds our fathers fought,

And gained a heritage sublime,

Which shall descend from sire to son,

Until the end of time.

Flag of the brave! we love thee still,

The memories of the past all live

Within our hearts. To thee we yield

The proudest homage man can give,

And swear anew, by all we are,

By all we ever hope to be,

'Till to the end we will defend

The banner of the free.

Whenever treason would assail

That flag with rude, rebellious hand,

Millions of freemen shall arise,

Minerva-like, through all our land;

And, marching 'neath its ample folds,

Defend it to their latest breath,

The battle-cry, throughout the strife,

'Til every traitor—Death.

No WONDER.—One of our most fashionable hair dressers tells the following good story:

An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a hair-dresser for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly, saying that she wanted a half dozen "rolls" and a butterfly on the top, a "Grecian" or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs" and "curls," and ended with an injunction to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice," and "cataracts."

"Poor child!" said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she departed—"What a pity she has lost her mind!"

WANTED.—A better Christianity than that in common use; a Christianity that is not limited to creed and Sabbath observance; a Christianity that makes men and women kinder, honest, purer and nobler in all their week day works; a Christianity, as Dr. Huntington remarks, "that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind your neighbor's back, as in his face; a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society." Rowland Hill used to say, "he would give very little for the religion of a man whose dog and cat were not the better for it."

FASTIDIOUS TASTES.—In the exhibition of dogs now taking place in Paris are several snow-white-lap-dogs. Each has a little room to itself, the sides lined with rose or blue satin, trimmed with lace and ruffles of ribbon, and the garden gravely informed me that several declined their feed unless served on a silver plate. One of these kennels is a regular dressing-room, worthy of a descendant of Ninon de l'Enclos, brushes, combs, sponges, puffs and perfumes being scattered about it. The occupant of this elegant apartment is a white Havana dog.

The printer is the master of all trades. He beats the carpenter with the rule, and the mason in setting up columns; he surpasses the lawyer in attending to his case, and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

A German writer says a young girl is a fishing rod; the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the batter in which he is fried.

FOR THE MARIETTIAN.

THE MISSION OF THE DEWDROP.

'Tis noon. The heavens are without a cloud; the sun has been pouring his rays unobstructed upon the earth since his first appearance above the eastern horizon; his beams increasing in heat as he pursued his course toward the meridian. The earth feels his scorching power. The soil is parched and dry, and the corn, the clover, the grass and the flowers are drooping. All vegetation wears a withered appearance and the tenderer plants seem as if about to die. Thus passes the day. The sun at length descends behind the western hills and night draws around her sable curtain.

Look upon the scene once more when morning has again brought the light. The sun is just rising from his eastern couch, shedding a halo of golden light over earth and sky. Look at the grass and flowers which yesterday were drooping and dying. They no longer wear this sad appearance; their leaves spread out fresh and green, their stems are erect and strong. All things seem refreshed and vigorous.

What has wrought the change? Do you see? From every blade of grass and corn, from every leaf of clover, from the petals of every flower, hangs a dew-drop, sparkling like a diamond in the morning sunlight. During the coolness of the night, when the burning sun was gone, these little drops were slowly and silently formed. They came not like the raindrops of the heavy shower, but quietly they gathered upon the drooping leaves, affording to the thirsty plants the refreshment they so much needed. The grateful plants joyfully receive the proffered aid and raising again their drooping heads, put on smiling faces to greet the return of day.

How little is the dewdrop, yet how great are its effects! It has revived the withered vegetation and imparted to it new life and vigor. It has changed the face of the landscape from gloom to joy.

Yet it made no noise. No sound gave notice of its coming. It came in the darkness of the night, unnoticed and unseen. By the time the sun has made one-fourth the circuit of the skies, it will be dried up, but its mission will have been accomplished. The plants on which it had gathered will be better able to endure the scorching heat of another day, whereas, but for the refreshing dew they would droop still more and die. This, then, was the mission of the dewdrop; to revive the drooping, dying plant.

May we not learn lessons from the little dewdrop? Like it we each have a mission to fulfill, a work to do. Most of us perhaps, have silent missions; not such as shall tend to spread our fame and make us widely known; but our mission may be among the lowly, when, unobserved by the busy world, we may be active, bearing comfort to the sorrowful, hope to the hopeless, assistance to the needy. There are many, many drooping, dying ones in life to whom a kind word of sympathy and a pleasant smile would be as the refreshing dew to the withering flowers.

Let each go forth then and wait upon his mission, discharging faithfully its duties, and though the sun of life be too hot for him and like the dew he fall ere the day is spent, yet will his mission not have been in vain.

A talented African of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed his partner poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon the following colloquy ensued: First member of the firm—"Julius, what do you look at that paper for? You can't read. Second member—"Go way, fellow; guess I can read, I see big enough for dat. First member—"Dat aint nuffin. A cow's big enough to catch a mice, but she can't do it.

"What a fine head your boy has?" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father, teacher said yesterday I was a young blockhead."

A father was winding his watch, when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." "No," said the child; "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want it to run all day."

Why has a cabman constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot? Because at the best of times his business is at a stand.

A Chapter of Mormon Life.

The following history of one of the victims of Mormonism is from the St. Joseph, Missouri, Herald:

Somewhat over one year ago, a young lady left her home in Pennsylvania—a home where all the luxuries of life were at her command. Her parents were indulgent, and she, an only child, was loved by them with all the fondness of true parental affection. No wish of hers remained ungratified, for she was the idol of those parents, and the light of the home made desolate by an act which will forever cast its shadow on her heart.

In February, 1864, she became acquainted with a Mormon preacher, who painted to her in glowing terms the glories of Utah and the Mormon religion. He told her of the beautiful valleys of Utah, fortified on all sides by giant mountains, whose peaks, burnished by eternal snows, looked down upon the valley of perpetual green, peopled by God's own chosen kindred, who were free as the mountain torrents that leap the rocks of lofty Timpanago's range. He told her of the content and peace reigning among the saints, and assured her that the Mormons were God's own peculiar people, and so worked upon her imagination, that she finally consented to leave friends, family and all the endearments of home, and go with him to the Valley of the Saints. Arriving at Chicago, he forced her to marry him, the ceremony being performed by a mock Priest, without record or license.

In April she left Wyoming, Nebraska, with a Mormon train, for the land of promise, and finally arrived in the city of the saints. Here she found that her husband had four other wives, who regarded her with no tender emotions, but heaped abuse and contumely upon her head: After a few months her liege lord told her he had concluded to seal her to another, who had taken a great fancy to her; that his other wives were jealous, and declared his last wife should live with him no longer. She declared she would die before she would thus be put away and forced to live as the wife of a man with whom she had no acquaintance, and had seen but once in her life. Her husband told her that it was Brigham's order and she must do so or lose her life. Determined not to be thus sacrificed, she started to run away, with the intention of making her way to Camp Breckenridge, in Cedar Valley, then garrisoned by United States troops and claim protection there. She started on foot, and after travelling at least ten miles was caught and brought back, placed in a dungeon, or rather a cellar, and was thus kept for a month, with just enough food to sustain life. The man whom she refused to live with frequently visited her, and besought her to change her resolution in order to save her life. Through force of circumstances she at last yielded, and was duly installed in the family as his sixth wife. Here she found, as before, the jealousies and quarrels arising were intolerable, and she again determined to escape or die in the attempt. This time she succeeded in reaching the headquarters of General Connor, to whom she told her tale of suffering. The General sent her through to the States with a Government train bound for Fort Kearney, which place she reached a few weeks ago. She is now in this city which she will soon leave, a repentant and sorrowful child, for her home in Pennsylvania—that home she was persuaded to desert through the misrepresentation and wiles of a crafty scoundrel.

We know of an old man who believed that what was to be would be. He lived in a region infested by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him when going out into the woods; but this time found that some of the family had taken it. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came, anyhow. "Yes, yes," said the old fellow; "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass into a window, when a groom, who was standing by, began to joke him, saying he should put in more putty. The Irishman bore the tease for some time, at length he broke out by saying: "Arrah now, be aff, wid ye or I'll put a pane in your head widout any putty." The groom left.

When is a Bed not a Bed? A.—When it is a little Bug-gie.

Served Him Right.

The Toronto Leader gives the particulars of a matrimonial romance, in which a Vermont clergyman was the main character, the denouement of which was, however, anything but romantic to him. It seems that a farmer in McHenry county, Illinois, named W., had advertised in a Chicago paper, for a wife, which was replied to by a dashing young law student of Toronto, ripe for fun, under the name of Helen Christopher. A warm correspondence ensued, "Helen" imitating the hand and style of a lady anxious to make a good match, and describing himself as an orphan of respectable family connections, and of means, residing in Toronto. The correspondence was finally broken off by W.'s neglect in paying his postage, which in Canada amounts to something, and he married some one in his own neighborhood. But the sequel contains the pith of the story. W.'s father, a minister in Vermont, and a widower, by some means got hold of "Helen's" letters to his son, and being struck with her style, wrote to her with a view of marrying her himself. He told her that "I am a minister of the gospel, am unmarried, buried a nice little wife years ago, and have no children to tax the attention of a companion. My family is provided for and off my hands. I talk sometimes of discontinuing preaching, and of retiring to private life. My age people judge to be thirty-five, although I am older. I am above the middle size of men; though not large; have perfect health and a fair position in society. My complexion is dark, with dark eyes and hair—hair not tinged with grey" in the least. "What makes my complexion still darker, I wear full beard and moustache." And queried: "May I ask my little girl (if I may be allowed to call her so) if you are a Christian? If you can sing and play on the melodeon? If you have good health? What is your complexion?" Helen promptly replied, and an animated correspondence ensued, resulting in the Reverend inviting himself to visit Toronto to obtain an interview with his fair correspondent. This was rather more than "Helen" desired, and thinking it imprudent to bring the old man on a fool's errand, some 600 miles from his "local" habitation, sent him a note over another name, pretending to have accidentally found one of his letters and to be a rival of his for the affection of "Helen," and threatening him with castigation in case he should ever make his appearance in the city. Rev. J. W. wrote again to Helen, disclaiming any wrong intentions, and asked if his rival should exercise any control over such a lady. She then replied that he might come, when he replied that he would be there on the 9th or 10th of May, when he expected to meet his "little girl," his "dear Helen." He arrived on the day appointed, and sent his "little girl" a note, desiring her to meet him at a certain hour, on the corner of a certain street. He went, but saw no one like the photograph "Helen" had sent him, which was the portrait of a prominent actress. But the eyes of a large party of "Helen's" acquaintances, who had been let into the secret, were upon him. He appeared sadly disappointed, being fidgety in his movements, casting wistful glances at the passers by as he promenaded the streets, while his tormentors, for such they were, could scarcely contain themselves. They were at his side at the post office, in the street, and even talking with him in the hotel. Not finding his "little Helen" he concluded to leave town, but "she" determined he should not go until he had learned a lesson. With his party of friends he appeared at the station, and stepping up to the Reverend gentleman, as he stood on the car platform, he held out his hand, shouting, "How are you, W.?" how is Miss Helen Christopher?" Mr. J. W. became pale with rage, stamped his foot on the planks, and with uplifted hands exclaimed, "You vile rascal, how dare you play me such a trick?" Just then the train started, amid the shouts of the merry young fellows, for W. and Helen Christopher, bearing off the discomfited, foolish old lover; a sadder and wiser man, and who will, probably never get a wife by advertising.

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean, what makes the ocean angry?" "Oh, it has been crossed by ships."

Schoolroom Exercise.

"John, bound the State of Matrimony."

"The State of Matrimony is bounded on the North by Solitude, on the East by double Trouble, on the South by Soreshins, on the West by Vexation."

"What are its chief products?"

"Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pies."

"What is said of its climate?"

"It is more varied in its temperature than any other State in existence. In that portion of it called the Honeymoon, the climate is salubrious and healthy—the atmosphere laden with the sweets of the flowers of Hymen. In some parts, the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is all the burning sensation of the Torrid Zone. Sometimes a fellow's house in the State of Matrimony gets too hot to hold him, and, strange to say, he travels with all speed, not to, but from the poles, where coal is generally supposed to exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the State of Matrimony?"

"Can't say, sir—never was in that State. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'Marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage."

"Marriage is a noun, because its a name. And though Shakespeare asks what's in a name, and says a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage, certainly, is of very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo there is something in a name."

"Good! Well, what is the case of marriage?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Decline it, and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a very common case, and I would not care if it were a little commoner. And I suppose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"

Jane blushed extremely, and answered—

"Had rather not, sir."

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"

"Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"

"Plural number, now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the person ties the knot, marriage will be singular, because the Bible says that twain shall be one flesh."

"What gender is marriage?"

"Common gender, because either male or female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with some things?"

"Both, sir. It governs both mankind and womankind, and as to agreeing, it agrees with the world and the rest of mankind."

"Give your rule."

"My rule is that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses a year, and shan't have but one teaspoonful of sugar to two cups of coffee."

At a printers' festival, the following sentiment was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!" Another sentiment was: "Woman—she requires no apology—she speaks for herself!" Another: "Woman—the fairest work of creation; the edition being extensive, let no one be without a copy."

A toast at an Irish Society's dinner at Cincinnati: "Here's to the President of the Society, Patrick O'Raferty, and may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave."

"Love in men is like the distemper in dogs," said a disappointed spinster. "Neither puppies nor men are worth anything till they have had it."

"I am a broken man," said a poor poet. "So I should think," was the reply, "for I have seen your pieces."