

The Mariettaian.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 52.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

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

TRAINS OF THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:10 A. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Columbia at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholds at 9:08; Sinking Springs at 9:40 and arriving at Reading at 10 o'clock. At Reading connection is made with East Express Train for Philadelphia, leaving Reading at 12:30 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 Sinking Springs at 2:50 P. M. with Express Train of Penn'a. R. R., both east and west, leaving Manheim at 3:26; Litz at 4:10; Reinholds at 4:37; Sinking Springs at 5:03 and arriving at Reading at 5:30 P. M. At Reading connection is made with East Express Train of Penn'a. 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 3:39 and arriving at Reading at 3:45 P. M. At Reading connection is made with East Express Train of Penn'a. 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 Penn'a. 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 Penn'a. Railroad for the West.

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

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholds at 6:58; Ephrata 7:26; Litz 7:55; Manheim 8:11; Landisville 8:37; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

EP The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Litz Springs from New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points, is by this schedule accumulated several times per day with Express trains connecting in all directions.

EP 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 or passage, may be obtained from the agents of the Company.

MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.
E. T. REYER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

J. L. Baker,
Strickner and Conbegan.

Women 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 gratuitously intercourse with a member of the Lancaster Bar, he will be enabled to execute legal instruments of writing with accuracy.

EP He can be found at the office of "THE MARIETTIAN," "Lindsay's Building," (second floor) near the Post Office corner, or at his residence on Market Street, No. 2, square west of the "Donner's House," Marietta.

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

1865. PHILADELPHIA 1865.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WALL PAPERS,
AND WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,
Corner Fourth and Market streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

EP A fine stock of LINEN SHADES, constantly on hand. 13m

First National Bank of Marietta

THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION IS NOW PREPARED TO TRANSACT ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS.

The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business.

Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

JOHN HOLLINGER, President.
ANDREW BOWMAN, Cashier.

DR. J. Z. HOFER,
DENTIST.

OF THE BALTHORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.

OFFICE:—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Systems—a new and reliable treatment. Also, the BRIDAL CHAMBER, an Essay of warning and charge. Address, sent in sealed envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HORTON, Howard Association, No. 7 South Third-st., Philadelphia, Pa. C. H. N. 1852.

DR. W. M. SPANGLER,
OFFICE:—Market street, opposite Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS: From 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE:—No. 24 North Duke Street, opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch at the office of The Mariettian.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," second floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post Office corner and Front street, Marietta, Lancaster County, Penn'a.

Single Copies, with, or without Wrappers, FOUR CENTS.

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, Cutts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of JOB & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

The "Soldier's Oath."

Lift on high both heart and hand!
By the broad blue heaven high o'er us,
By the sacred cause before us,
Swear with Freedom's flag to stand!
By your forefathers in glory,
Names that consecrate the air,
By your Freedom's kindling story,
By the God of Freedom, swear!

Lift on high both heart and hand!
Swear, that heaven and earth may hear it!
And the brazen traitor fear it,—
Swear the oath to save your land!
Glorious ensign, float before us,
Proudly lead us to the field!
While thy folds are fluttering o'er us,
None shall basely flee or yield.

Lift on high both heart and hand!
Swell, with Freedom's pure air filling,
Noble flag! each bosom thrilling
Of our chosen patriot band!
Sign of honor! never pulling—
Save in death, our cheeks thou'lt see,—
Thousand pangs with transport hailing,
Ere we turn our backs on thee!

Lift on high both heart and hand!
Hail, this glorious consecration!
Hail, regenerated nation!
Hail, all hail! thou new born land!
Sons of Freedom, all assemble,
Solemn vows and praise to pay!
Falsehood, fraud, and treason, tremble!
Courage, children of the day!

"I'll Beat his Wife."

A vixen wife, who, for the horsewhip's smart,
Ran to her father, begg'd he'd take her part;
"What is your fault?" said he. "Come state the case."
"I threw some hot coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!" "Beat you, did he? 'sife!
He beat my daughter—zounds! I'll beat his wife!"

We have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have presented this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the best musical critics, composers and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools, and families, have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Those who talk most generally talk to the least purpose. In society the greatest bores never strike a blow.

A cook who was told to eat her apron retorted that it went against the stomach.

From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple? Devil-tree.

I—Scream!

Madeline of the Saturday Evening Posts "Kitchen Cabinet" gives the following rich sell on Ice Cream.

I do not propose to give instructions in ice-cream making, for I know but little about it. But I can tell of two ice-cream sells that I saw effected not five yards from our door the other day, when the thermometer stood at 95.1-2 in the shade.

Johannes Jaguez, who drove his locomotive ice-cream concern past our way, right out into Jersey somewhere every day, has got a voice like a high-pressure steamboat. If Johannes had been commander of the Army of the Potomac, and knew how to do the thing, and could have spoken ten consecutive words of intelligible English, he could have displayed the column and formed the line of battle of the whole army without an aid-de-camp. He could have made every body hear him easy.

Well, Johannes was dragging out through the sand at high, scorching noon, roaring with all his monstrous might of lungs—

"I scream! I scream!"
"Wal I'll be d'ed, ding'd if I don't think you do scream, mister," soliloquized a rural sample of Jersey from away in yonder, who was resting, his panting nag under one of the maples in front of our house.

Along came Johannes, bellowing his I—scream twice at every revolution of his wagon-wheel. I brought the Tuston to a halt, and purchased a quart of the frozen liquid. Jersey got a view of it, and opened his eyes wide—

"Isay—what d'ye call that are yellor white stuff?"

"I scream!" went off Dutchman, with a roar that started Jersey half out of his boots.

"Thunder and hoop-snakes! I know you scream like all possessed. But I wanted to know the name of that are stuff!"

I explained—"Ice-cream."

"Thank ye, marm. Is it good ter eat raw?"

"Oh, yes—nice. Try a spoonful, sir."

Jersey opened his mouth like a four-horse cornsheller, and I dabbed into the chasm a heaped up spoonful of cream. His eyes snapped, he humped up his back like, and then after swallowing three or four times, he sung out—

"Oh, Jemmy! but that are is good! How d'ye sell her, mister?"

"Dree quarter dollars quart," Dutchman said.

"I sings, that are's pretty steep up—but I reckon I must have some for ther old woman and gals. They never seed no sech stuff. Will it keep, mister?"

"Yea, it keeps goot as never was."

"Well, give us two quarts." Jersey got a basket out of his wagon. "Will it keep in this?"

"Oh, yea, it keeps blentee."

So Jersey got his two quarts of ice-cream in his basket, which he hung up under the black cover of his wagon where it was several degrees hotter than an oven ought to be.

Johannes took his \$1.50, and went on roaring away—"I—scream!" while Jersey—well—if the "old woman," or gals either, sees any of that basket of ice-cream, more than the basket, I shall purchase Jersey's secret for keeping the material.

RECIPIES THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats—catch them one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, and then get in yourself and dance.

To kill bedbugs—chain their hind legs to a tree, then go round in front and make mouths at them.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

To prevent dogs from going mad—cut their tails off just behind their ears.

A Doctor was summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in England, and found a boy in need of his service.

"Show your tongue," said the doctor.

The boy stared like an owl.

"My good boy, let me see your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother; and then turning to her son, said—"Hopen thy gobbler, and push out thy lolliker."

The month flew open and the doctor was terribly "taken in."

If a man falls out of a window what does he fall against? Against his will.

A Secret of Youth.

There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort remain always young and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than over-work. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper—neither more or less than the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have been able to discover, and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the rest of the sex.

It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle; but as this is impossible, the most of us will have to keep on growing as ugly and disagreeable as usual.—*N. American.*

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.—A young man from Worcester, a private in the 5th Regiment, in the battle of Cold Harbor, a year ago, was hit by a ball in the chin, which badly fractured the bone, and tore out several teeth. Another ball hit the right shoulder, fractured the shoulderblade, and remains undiscovered. The third ball passed through his abdomen and brought him to the ground. His companions dragged him to a hole, where his body and head could not be seen by the enemy; but his legs being exposed, one ball passed through the calf of his leg, another cut a deep groove through his shin, another cut through the top of the instep, and another carried away the next to the great toe. He lay in the hole all day, and was then taken prisoner and starved for several months, yet this young man is now in Worcester, erect and in good health, and not perceptibly lame. His name is E. P. Rockwood.

SHARP SHOOTING.—The following dialogue on "sharp shooting" took place between a rebel and a Federal picket.

"I say, can you fellows shoot?"

"Wall, I reckon we can some. Down in Mississippi we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle bow at three hundred yards."

"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shewt up in Vermont. I belonged to a military company ther, with a hundred men in each company, and we went out for practice each week. The cap'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterward examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go in the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

A Sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, and at the same time requested him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him: The officer waited patiently for some time, when the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

"Going, going, just a-going!" cried out an auctioneer. "Where are you going?" asked a passerby. "Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going up to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers one of their baboons is loose."

It is by, here a little and there a little, by unvarying assiduity, and by strokes incessantly repeated, that good is done, whether in the material or the moral world.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant. Every one is at liberty to drink of it; but no one desires to carry it away.

Was Adam the first person created—or was Eve the first Maid?

A Little Deaf.

In the old time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveller from the South, on his way to Brandon, stopped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy" says the ready landlord, jumping up; "Yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger. "I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching as he spoke for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveller turned to Fish.

"The landlord," says he, "seems to be deaf! will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a talkative young man like a pig? Because, if he lives, he is likely to become a great bore.

Why are undertakers like professional pugilists? Because they are always boxing people.

What is the difference between stabbing a man, and killing a hog? One is assault, with intent to kill, and the other killing with intent to salt.

"Doctor," said a gentleman who was notorious for laziness in general, and slovenliness of person in particular, "Doctor, I have tried everything I can possibly think of for the rheumatism, and without the least avail." The doctor after having surveyed him for a moment, inquired if he had ever tried a clean shirt!

The Bangor Advertiser tells a story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns down East, until he had shown the landlord his "pawter." Boniface then did his best, and at the sound of the bell in walked the Yankee, and taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host, and said—

"Mister, you've seed my money, and I've seed your dinner—good-bye."

A poor Frenchman, when his wife aroused him from his sleep with the cry—

"Get up, Baptist, there is a robber in the house," answered sensibly—

"Don't let us molest him. Let him explore the house, and if he should find anything of any value we will take it from him."

At the —, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor? Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he chisled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

So long as you see one star in the skies the sun is not risen; so long as one leak admits the water the ship is not safe; so long as one sin reigns in a man's heart and is practiced in his life, Jesus is neither his Saviour nor his King.

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, coming across the passage in his Testament. "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have took; too; to you, what's the matter, you no jump?"

Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?—Because dey nose everyting.

A correspondent writes to know how much the waste of time measures round.

Loving little Sidney, seeing a man with a heavy beard, asked anxiously: "Mamma, when I am a bid man, will the whiskers draw over my mouth so that I can't tie?"

Kisses.

A kiss is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words might fail. It bindeth up the sore spirit, and, oft given, covereth a multitude of short-comings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex who, in their boasted independence, find all that is needful to existence within themselves—but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent, heart giving kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference. The lover bestows them profusely on his sweetheart, and marvels at her loveliness as she bounds to meet him. She is beautiful, for joy has made her so. The husband gives them not, and soon is wondering at the change so brief a period has wrought in his wife. Although she listens anxiously for his foot-falls, her face does not brighten as of yore, nor does she spring to meet him for the caress she yearns for, but knows will not be given. She becomes exacting, and, if he is belated, asks reproachfully how he can stay away so long from his family. This meets from him an acrid reply. They preside silently at the meal, vieing in an apparent unconsciousness of each other's presence, the silence only disturbed by the crowing, blue-eyed baby in the mother's arms. With the first unkind word the charm has been broken, and imperfections have been exhumed which the soil of love had covered.—The wife has even become suspicious of her husband's truth; he as faithful as the needle to the pole.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.—The Pope is still (temporarily) in trouble. All negotiations for re-placing the Kingdom of Italy under spiritual obedience to the Holy See have failed, as Victor Emanuel very consistently and firmly made a *sine qua non* that before he acknowledged the spiritual ascendancy of Rome, the Pope should acknowledge the temporal status of the Kingdom of Italy. The Spanish Ambassador has also made an official announcement to the Pope that Queen Isabel acknowledges the Kingdom of Italy. Lastly, His Holiness, annoyed at the confiscation of Church property by Maximilian, in Mexico, is about severing all diplomatic connection with the said Mexico and its ruler. It is even said that Maximilian has been excommunicated!

There is a singular piece of gossip from Belgium. It runs thus—that King Leopold, who will be seventy-five years old on the 16th of next December, and whose life has lately been threatened by painful and dangerous illness, which has been subdued, under God, by the skill of a London doctor, (who received \$60,000 as a fee from his liberally grateful patient), has formed a left-handed or morganatic marriage with a Scotch nurse, aged twenty-seven, who tended him with the most kindly care during his late severe suffering. It is added that King Leopold's niece (Victoria of England), whom he lately consulted on this particular domestic subject, expressed herself, more warmly than politely, upon what she called its rank folly; but that his heir, the Duke of Brabant, courteously assured him that he might do as he pleased, and that he would secure an excellent nurse, which was as much as he required, perhaps, at his advanced age, and in his doubtful state of health. King Leopold was married in 1816, to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, heir-presumptive to the British throne, who died in 1817; and in 1832 was married to the Princess Louise of Orleans, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, then King of the French. She died in 1850; so that, if Leopold has married a third time, he let fifteen years elapse between his first and second marriage, and an equal interval between his second and third.

A gentleman who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitation of thieves in his orchards, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and the next morning sent the crier around the town to announce that "the owner of the leg left in Mr. Johnson's ground last night, might receive it on application." He was never robbed again.

Put no faith in a new promise based on the breach of an old one.