The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1865. VOL. XII.—NO. 6.

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

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

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

TRAINS OR THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:10 A. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Landisville at 7:43 a. m., Manheim at 7:58; Litiz at 8:13; Ephrata at 8:42; Reinholdsville 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, connecting at Landisville at 2:50 P. M. with Express trains of Penn'a. R. R., both East and West, leaving Manheim at 3:26; Litiz 3:41; Ephrata at 4:10; Reinholdsville 4:37; Sinking Springs 5:03 and arriving at Reading at 5:20 P. M. At Reading connection is made with trains for Pottsville and Lebanon Valley.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—*MAIL PASSENGER* train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6 16; Reinholdsville at 6 44, Ephrata at 7 11, Litiz at 7 40, Manheim at 7 58, making connection at Landisville 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.

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations with passengers leaving New-York at 12 M., and Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M., leaving Sinking Springs at 6:31; Reinholdsville 6:59; Ephrata 7:26; Litiz 7:55; Manheim 8:11; Landisville 8:27; arriving at Columbia at 9 P. M.

☞ The Pleasure Travel to Ephrata and Litiz Springs from New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore 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 promtness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

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

MENDES COHEN, Superintendent.
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

SUMMER HATS!

The undersigned have just received a beautiful assortment of all styles of

SILK, CAPRERA,
FELT AND
Straw Hats,

which we are prepared to sell at the MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

☞ Our friends in the County are invited to call and examine our assortment.

SHULTZ & BROTHER,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.

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

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
OFFICE:—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS. FROM 7 TO 8 A. M. " 1 TO 2. " 6 TO 7. P. M.

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.

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

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 Instruction, sent in sealed envelopes, *free of charge.* Address, DR. J. SKELLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth-st., Philadelphia, Pa. [jan. 1, '65-1y.

F. L. BAKER, Scriviner. All kinds of Legal instruments prepared with care and accuracy. He can be found at the office of "The Mariettian," in "Lindsay's Building," between the Post Office Corner and Front street.

CHOICE HAVANA SEGARS, and the best Chewing and Smoking Tobacco at WOLFE'S,

The Dying Blind Boy to his Mother.

This pathetic poem is copied from an English publication called "The World." Whoever can read its plaintive strain, and not experience an emotion difficult to be suppressed, must possess feelings different from those which act upon our hearts.

Mother, I am dying now,
Death's cold damps are on my brow;
Leave me not; each pang grows stron-
Patient watch a little longer. [ger,
Sweet it is your voice to hear,
Though dull and heavy grows mine ear;
Wait and take my last adieu,
Never mother loved like you!
Though your form I ne'er might see,
Your image was not hid from me;
Stamped on my adoring mind,
Beautiful, but undefined;
Ever fair and ever bright,
That vision filled me with delight,
Well I knew whate'er might be,
Those oft-praised forms I could not see,
Might I all their beauty view,
None of them would rival you,
Life to me was sweet and dear,
While I live the tales to hear,
Told by you on wintry hearth,
All to make your blind boy mirth!
And I love my voice to join
In chorus of those hymns divine,
By which you fondly taught your boy
To look to Heaven with hope and joy.
Sun or moon I could not see,
But love measured time for me—
When your kiss my slumber broke,
Then I knew the morn had woke;
And when the hour came to pray,
Then I knew 'twas close of day;
When heard the loud winds blow,
And I felt the warm fire glow,
Then I knew 'twas winter wild,
And kept at home—your helpless child!
When the air grew mild and soft,
And the gay lark sang aloft,
When I heard the streamlet flowing,
And I smelt the wild flower blowing,
And the bee around me hum,
Then I knew that spring had come,
Forth I wandered with delight,
And I knew when days were bright,
When I climbed the green hill's side,
Fancy traced the prospect wide;
And 'twas pleasant when I pressed
The warm and downy turf, to rest.
Now I never more shall roam
Tho many paths around my home;
And you will often look in vain,
Nor hail your wanderer e'er again;
Never more on tiptoe creep,
Where he lay as if asleep;
Or with low and plaintive moan,
Murmuring to himself alone,
On a bed of wild flowers stretched,
Starting when a kiss you snatched,
Till nature whispered, 'twas my mother,
And affection gave another!
But 'tis sweeter thus to die,
With my tender mother by,
Than to be in life alone,
When she and every friend were gone.
Mourn not o'er me broken-hearted
Not for long shall we be parted,
Soon in vales which ever bloom,
Which unfading flowers perfume,
In realms of life! of light and joy!
You will meet your poor blind boy!

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy, about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's Dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

☞ To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

☞ The man who reached the height of politeness has suddenly disappeared in a cloud.

Correspondence.

FREDERICK INSTITUTE,
Frederick, Montgomery co., Pa.
Aug. 26, 1865.

Dear Mariettian: 'Tis Saturday evening, as I sit by my study window looking out upon the beautiful scene before me. The sun just setting behind the western hills, is casting his last lingering beams over the landscape and tinging all things with mild, golden light. 'Tis a lovely evening, inviting to rambles over the hills in search of company and amusement.

O would I were a painter or a poet that I might portray in glowing colors or graphic style the beauties of the scene as it is just at this moment: the sun has just disappeared and the whole west is aglow with radiance and glory. But I am neither poet nor painter, and my prosy style could give neither you nor your readers any idea of the scene, so I shall not attempt its description. To be realized it must be seen, and indeed it would be pleasant if you were here to see it. If any of your readers wishes to engage in teaching a boarding school, send him down here. Here is a fine school property, waiting for a teacher. There is a large brick building, four stories high, well arranged, in every way finely adapted for school purposes, with several acres of land attached, situated in a beautiful section of country, and commanding from the cupola a splendid view for miles in all directions, and capable of being made a charming place; yet without a regular teacher. The school in consequence of frequent change of teachers, and occasional intervals when no teacher was here, is not as largely attended as it might be; but if a good teacher, an active, energetic man, were to settle here and take the entire management of the concern into his own hands, he could not fail to build up a good school. All that is wanting is a good permanent teacher. If any of your readers wishes a situation of this kind, here is a chance. In a few weeks more the school will be vacant again, and any one that wishes can step right in. It would be a capital place for an Orphan's Home, and if Mr. Burrowes wishes to establish a home in Montgomery county, this is just the place for the purpose. Enough of this however, let us to something else.

Saturday evening. The sun has gone, the brightness has faded from the landscape, the sable curtains of night have been drawn and have shut out the day from view. The week has ended, with all its toils, its labors and its cares, its joys and pleasures, its griefs and pain, with all its deeds of mercy, love and charity, or of cruelty, vice and crime, with its good and its evil, it has gone never to be recalled, all that is left us now is the remembrance of the past. The calm quiet of this hour invites to a review of the hours that have gone; alas, that in the retrospect we should find so much more of evil than of good, so many precious hours wasted, so many opportunities of doing good neglected, so little done for the cause of God and humanity.

A review of the past brings to mind the friends of other days. Oh, how soon do we find vacancies in the circle; how soon some are missing. The group of merry hearted, laughing lads and lasses that used to meet me morning after morning in Locust Seminary, rises before me now, but ah, one is not there, one seat is vacant, one familiar face is wanting. Already death has entered that happy band and taken one away. One already lies beneath the sod. A noble boy, a beloved schoolmate, a favorite pupil has fallen. Theodore was a noble boy; honorable in all things, opposition to the prevailing vices of young men was one of the prominent features of his character. Even now I fancy I hear him as with earnestness and fervor he argues with his school companions against the use of the intoxicating cup and the various objectionable amusements to which young men so frequently resort for the purpose of killing time. Let others say what they would, to these Theodore was an uncompromising enemy. He was a beloved schoolmate. All without exception, unless I greatly mistake, loved him; for him a kind word, a pleasant smile was ever ready; all felt for him, all pitied him, as the ravages of fell disease told plainly of a short career on earth. Kind to all himself, he never failed to meet kindness in others. He was a beloved pupil. Ever obedient and respectful, attentive and studious, as far as his poor health would permit, he could not fail to win a warm place in his teacher's heart. Not once did a disrespectful word to his teacher pass his lips. Should such a pupil not be beloved? But those lips are cold and stiff now; no more shall his sweet toned voice breathe forth sweet melody, nor his fingers touch the light guitar.

Pupils of the High School. Your little band is broken; one of your number is gone, no more to meet you as you were wont to meet in the past. How short the time since we parted, and yet one is no longer with you. Who thought, upon the evening when we held our pleasant closing exercises, that so soon the circle should be broken? One you loved, one your teacher loved, has been called away to his eternal home. Your hearts are sad, and your tears fall for the early departed, so too would your absent teacher come with sad heart with you to pay a tribute to the memory of your dear young schoolmate and drop a tear upon his early grave. Let us so live, that when we are gone, others may say of us what we can say of him. The best legacy to leave behind us is the legacy of a good name. God bless you all.

TEACHER.

EARTH NOT OUR ABIDING PLACE.—Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It can't be that our life is cast upon the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come ever with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

MODESTY.—When sincere and unaffected, modesty conveys a graceful tribute of deference and respect to the merits of others, which charms the eye and wins the heart even of the bold and the proud. True modesty is true humility put into practice. We find that modesty is not the virtue of persons who are unreflecting and who are easily driven hither and thither by the untutored instincts and hasty impulses of their nature. On the contrary, the man of solid merit and ripe thought is much more likely to be modest and retiring than the man of trifling pursuits, of imperfect education, and unmistakable mediocrity. This does not happen because the great man is ignorant of his great powers, or the good man of his good qualities.

CORN PANCAKES.—Boil eight or ten ears of corn—pass a sharp knife down each row, and with the back of the knife or a spoon scrape off all the corn, but be particular to leave the hull on the cob. One gill new milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two eggs well beaten, and as much flour as will make a batter as thick as griddle-cakes. Then add the corn. Have the lard boiling hot, and drop a tablespoonful at a time in it. When brown, serve hot for dinner.

☞ A country fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "what the Queen was like?" "Loike!" cried Hodge, "why, I ne'er was so cheated in all my loife. What doo't think, Margaret? her arms are loike thoine and mine, although I have heard our exciseman say a score of times, her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

☞ "Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a nobleman to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the nobleman.

☞ Supposing the ornithological emblem of the United States was taken sick why would it be contrary to law? Because it would be *ill eagle* (illegal)

SHAMEFUL LEGAL ADVICE.—Last summer a bank clerk in New York stole $100,000. He lost the money by "fighting the tiger." He then called upon a lawyer and informed him that he was a ruined man, and thought of suicide. This led to the following dialogue:—

"How much does your defalcation amount to?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"Got any of it left?"

"Not a cent."

"That's bad; you have left nothing to work with."

"What must be done?"

"You must return to your desk and abstract another hundred thousand."

"What must I do that for?"

"To preserve your character and save you from going to the State Prison. With the hundred thousand dollars you are to steal to-morrow, I intend to compromise with the bank. Your stealings after to-morrow will amount to $200,000. I will call at the bank and confess your offence; I will represent myself as your heart-broken uncle, honest but poor; I will offer the bank $50,000 to hush up the matter. The bank will accept. This will leave $50,000 to divide between you and me—that is $25,000 apiece. With this sum you can retire from business."

The young man listened and took on wisdom. He doubled his defalcation, and compromised as the lawyer said he should. He is now worth $250,000, and is counted "one of the most respectable gentlemen in the city of New York."

☞ About thirty-five years ago, there resided in the town of Hebron a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady in the same town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The Doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love as strong and decided a Baptist. They met together one evening talking of their approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked:

"I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And pray what may that be, doctor?"

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife for the first time."

"And the other, if you please?"

"Is when we shall present our first born to baptism."

"What, sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, hey?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good-night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel to this true story was that the doctor never married, and the lady is an old maid.

☞ A Temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument:—"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

☞ A few days since a fellow was tried for stealing a saw, "but he said he only took it on a joke." The justice asked him how far he had carried it and was answered "About two miles." "That is carrying the joke too far," said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

☞ A little girl, after returning from church where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all her childish innocence, "that a man passed around a plate with some money on it, but I didn't take any."

☞ Of a rich man it was said:—"Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain his wealth, and he has been watching it ever since for his victuals and clothes."

☞ "How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

☞ "Sally," said a young gent, preparing to take a snooze, "if any one calls, tell them I'm gone." "Gone where, sir?" "Gone to sleep."

ELECTIONEERING.—I am an old resident of Oregon, and was for many years a constituent of Jo L——, at one time Oregon's greatest politician. I propose telling the curious reader one of his electioneering dodges, and how nicely he got caught at it. Uncle Jo was about to make a speech to the unterrified of Long Tom, and stopped at Tom Brown's for dinner. He knew Tom to be a little shaky—in fact, quite inclined to be anti-L——, and Uncle Jo determined to bring him over. As soon as he entered the house he commenced his usual tactics: "Well, God bless you Mrs. Brown! how do you do, and how are all the little ones?" After kissing the dirty ones all round, he asks for mother's pipe. "If there is anything I do like, it is to smoke mother's pipe; it's got some strength in it, and does a fellow some good. By-the-by, Mrs. Brown, they say Tom is going to vote agin me. I hope he won't. He and I have fit Indians together up on Rogue River, and camped out in the mountains, and been good friends and Dimocrats ever since we came to Oregon."

Presently dinner is ready, and they have pork and beans of course. Mr. Brown is sorry they have nothing better. But says Uncle Jo, "You could have nothing better; bless your soul we don't have anything half so good in Washington. Why my friend, the President, would give half his salary to get such beans as these. Have you got a pint you could spare? I would so like to take them to him for seed."

"We've got bushels of them," says Mrs. Brown.

"Well, now, how lucky! If you will, do put up a pint of them. I will put them in my saddle-bags, and take them on to Mr. Buchanan, and I would not be surprised if it were the means of Tom getting one of the best offices in the state."

So the beans were put up and stowed away in Uncle Jo's saddle-bags, and Tom's vote and influence were all made sure.

In about a week Tom and his wife go up to Eugenie, to visit Tom's sister, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Jo had been there and made a first-rate impression. Mrs. Smith tells Mrs. Brown, "What a nice gentleman Squire L—— is—so kind and sociable like; and then he thinks so much of Smith! Would you believe it, he brought us a pint of beans all the way from Washington, the very kind the President has on his table."

At this Mrs. Brown begins to smell a very big mice. Says she:

"Mrs. Smith what kind of beans is them he brought you from Washington?"

"Oh, they are nice beans—twice as large as our white ones, with a pinkish eye."

"I thought so!" says Mrs. Brown. "May I see those beans?"

"Certainly," says Mrs. Smith. "I have them in the bag with the garden seeds."

The beans were produced, still tied up in a piece of Jane Brown's calico dress. This produced an explosion. Brown and Smith at once became anti-L——, and worked hard to defeat him. Messrs. Brown and Smith were a host in themselves. They canvassed Long Tom and Eugenie so thoroughly that Uncle Jo had not the ghost of a chance in those precincts.

☞ It is stated that a man "out West" has invented a new, powerful, double-acting salve, which cannot fail to be a boon not only to the human race but to every living thing which is exposed to accidents and wounds. As a proof of its potency and efficacy, the inventor narrates that, by way of experiment, he cut off about four inches of his dog's tail and applied the salve to the bleeding stump, whereupon the tail at once grew out to its natural size and shape; that he then took up the piece of tail which he had cut off, and applied the salve to the bleeding end, whereupon a dog grew out so like the other, that it was impossible to tell which was the original dog.

☞ The man or woman who would systematically and wilfully set about trying to slander the untarnished and well sustained character of a gentle[illegible] would commit a higher robbery [illegible] a crying baby and rob it of its [illegible] bread—rob a church of coun[illegible] nies—lick the butter off a [illegible] "fritter"—pawn his grand[illegible] for a drink of whisky [illegible] a blind sow, and [illegible] scare crow, to the [illegible] pearance in societ[illegible]