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An Judependent Pennsylbauia Journal for the Home Circle.

RY FRED'K L. BAKER.

## MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

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## A Lady's Waterfall.

She wore a monstrous waterfall, the night when first we met-

roll, half horse, half human hair, hung in a beaded net;

It rested on her shoulders, for the first time put to use: And she looked just like a Digger squaw

when lugging a papoose; Or, taking a good rearward squint at head and hair together,

Just like a horse with tail tied up in very muddy weather! And she stooped beneath the burden

she thought was passing fair, With her dainty head drawn backwards, and her nose turned up in air;

I saw her but a moment, so graceful and so tall, Bending, sweating 'neath the burden of

her cherished waterfall.

Oh! when will Fashion give us back the charms we prized so long, The web of silken splendor-the theme

of many a song—
The shining hair that kissed the brow in many an airy cutl,

And gave the crowning beauty to every lovely girl?

When will Sense resume its rule again -Fashion receive a check, And our loved ones no more carry round

a pillow on the neck? A thing composed of horses' tails, of wool, of jute, of cord-

A monstrous, mean disfigurement, by every man abhorred, A load upon their shoulders, at home.

abroad, at ball, 'A foolish bag-a senseless bump they call a waterfall ?"

> From the Saturday Evening Post. Out of the Depths. BY MARY J. ALLEN.

A very dreary place it was-a basement room in the rear of a large tenement house, its one window looking out into a back yard where a dozen ragged unkempt children were playing-Irish. Germans, Americans, and among the rest, one little negro boy, his black face ashine with jollity. A dreary enough place, the room of which I have spoken, the most undesirable in the house, and therefore the lowest priced. In one corner stood a tumble down bedstead, in another a rickety table, while one side was occupied by a stove minus one leg, its place being supplied by bricks piled one upon another. Near the stove, upon a shelf against the wall, was a meagre assortment of dishes, and underneath these a still more meagre display of cooking utensils; while in the centre of the room, upon an old chair turned down to serve as a bench, stood a tub half full of clothes, over which a girl of perhaps fourteen years was bend-

A very ordinary looking girl you would have called her. And she was. Not at all graceful or interesting-girls of that age are not apt to be, even with death by falling from a building. Their the advantages of dress and careful culture; and Martha Reynolds possessed neither. Awkward and unformed, with here than elsewhere, and since her death a dull complexion, hazel eyes and lustreless brown hair, which, with proper care, would have been pretty. An ordinary looking girl, lacking even the animation that makes youth attractive; compelled to drudge day by day at the most menial work. The kettles of hot water over the fire, the sloppy floor, the tub and school much-could read and write and washboard, told the story. She was a cipher a little-and had not been inside sort a sub laundress; that is, one whom a church for three years. Mrs. Bridget Flynn, the laundress, who So much she told him, bit by bit as lived in another part of the house, em. he asked her quietly, listlessly, as if ployed to get up the plainest of the the whole was quite a matter of course, clothes which she took in, reserving, of and would in all probability be the same

self. But this morning the plain face wore an added shade of gravity, for Mrs. Flynn had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and if she died and the customers took their work to other places, what was to become of Martha, who feared, not without reason, that people would be unwilling to trust their clothes to so young and inexperienced a girl The prospect looked dark enough.

Beside the window, looking out with longing eyes upon the noisy game going on in the yard, stood a square, chubby little girl of six years-Martha's sister Gertrude, or Gerty, as everybody called her. An odd looking child, arrayed in a dress a world too short for her, the belt coming just under her arms. She had a round, rosy face, and a vigorous pair of lungs, if one might judge from her shouts at some of the specimens of ground and lofty tumbling executed by one of the boys outside.

Presently some one knocked at the door. Chubby face ran to open it. A young man stood on the threshold-tall, blue-eyed, and handsome enough for a prince. A gentleman, evidently, for he lifted his hat to the young girl in that miserable room with as much courtesy as if she had been the highest lady in the land.

"This is Miss Martha Reynolds, I belieye."

Martha blushed in embarrassment, No one had ever called her Miss Reynolds before, and she was not accustomed to meet persons of his grade in life. "Yes, sir; that is my name," she said.

"Mine is Belt. Mrs. Flynn sent me to you. She is ill, and cannot do my washing as usual; but she tells me that you have worked for her a great deal, so I came to see if you would not wash for me till she gets well."

Martha hesitated. "I don't know whether I could suit you, sir," with a glance at his faultless apparel. "I ain't used to doing up fine clothes."

"These are not fine," he said, undoing the neat parcel which he carried. "Just plain things, you see. My shirts and collars are all clean-enough to last me several weeks. You can do these, can you not?"

The girl looked relieved and assented

The young man paused a moment to warm his hands before he drew on his gloves. He spoke pleasantly to little Gerty, who had drawn near him with the trusting confidence of childhood: asking her what her name was, and if she wasn't almost large enough to go to the development of a glorious womanschool.

"I'se big enough to go, but I sin't got any good close. I knows all my A, B, C's, though," replied the child. "Do you? That's fine," said the

young man. "Who taught you?" "Marthy teached me."

"She's a good sister, isn't she?" "Yes, sir, she's going to buy me a purty new dress some day. She scolds me sometimes, though," naively. The interlocator had not expected

this answer. He glanced at Martha, but she was looking another way. He could not tell whether she had heard Gerty's words or not. With a half-uttered apology he arose to go, giving Martha his address that she might know where to bring his clothes when they were done.

A week afterward he came again to pay her for her work. "He was well suited," he said kindly, in answer to her inquiry, as be handed her the money, and threw Gerty into raptures by the present of a primer gay with pictures The child's delight in her newly acquired treasure opened the way to a little conversation with the elder sister. A few questions put skillfully by the embryo barrister elicited the information that the father of the two girls had been a journeyman bricklayer, and met his mother being very poor had moved into this house because the rents were lower they had remained for the same reason; and the elder sister by washing and scrubbing, and anything else that she could get to do, managed to keep up the rent of the poor room and make a living, such as it was, for herself and little Gerty. She had never attended

courge, a wide margin of profit for her- to the end.

This was a new phase of life to the to the Throne of Grace was that of her | them again grew fainter and fainter, and young law-student, to whom with his ge- first and truest friend and benefactor, nial, hopeful nature, the girl's apathy Charles Belt. seemed something terribly strange and unnatural. What should he, reared in affluence and surrounded from his cradle with all that could refine and ennoblewhat could be know of the hardening with such people as she was forced to come in daily contact with, had wrought on this girl.

He wondered what the future had in store for her. What possibilities there might be in her nature which favorable. circumstances would have developed. He talked of many things in his pleasant, attractive way-trying her. Saw the dark eyes slowly brighten with interest, the dull face gradually wake to animation. His experiment had succeeded.

Going home through the gathering gloom of the cold December evening to the pleasant house; where he and his uncle, and his cousin Grace boarded, he | playmate—a good man rich and honored contrasted its brightness, and elegance, and comfort, with the squallor he had just left; and the welcome awaiting him with the dreary, friendless existence of Martha Reynolds; and pondering these things he made a resolution.

Martha came regularly, twice a week, to receive and return Mr. Belt's clothes. Her employer had always some pleasant remark or an inquiry after little Gerty; and the solitary girl learned to watch for his bright smile and kindly greeting as the traveller in a desert land watches for the green isles of verdure in the wastes of sanding an - of south this

The soft carpets, the elegant pictures, and costly furniture that adorned Mrs. Grant's house: the rich garments, and graceful ways of Miss Grace Edwards whom she often met flitting through halls and doorways, all seemed like a vision of enchantment to Martha Reynolds. Little by little she came to be more careful of her own personal appearance; to keep her hair nicely arranged her clothes more neatly mended. She noticed, too, that the family at Mrs, Grant's, and even the servants, sused she was accustomed to hear among the ing any especial thought upon the suband acting that augured well for her future improvement. Charles Belt was narrowly observing all these indications of a natural good taste and correct prinhood.

On the last day of the year, Martha presented herself as usual, at Mrs. Grapt's house. When she entered Mr. Belt's room he called her attention to a package on his writing table, telling her laughingly, to open it and see what it contained.

She obeyed, wondering, and brought to view a little girl's dress, cloak, and hood, all prettily trimmed to match, and a pair of strong but pretty shoes. "Those are for little Gerty," he said.

Her eyes sparkled. "Thank you; sir, a thousand, thousand

imes."

He smiled at her earnestness. "You are very welcome, Mattie. Here is something else; a New Year's gift for you," handing her a dainty vol-

ume bound in blue and gold. "A New Year's gift for mee? For my very own?"

"Yes, for you if you will accept it,"

he said, gently, "You are very good, sir. No one was ever so kind to me before," her lips by Turtle fell into the hands of one of trembling a little, her face aglow with gratitude. Les regres and as all

With an impulsive movement, ook the little brown hand in his, and bending his proud head till the chestnut curls touched her dark hair, he kiss. ed her once on the cheek -not passion. ately, as a man kisses the woman whose husband he hoped to be, but with a grave, protecting tenderness as he would have caressed the sister whose golden head was lying under the daisies in a far-off country church-yard.

Martha Reynolds never forgot that slough of despair and degradation into Reynolds by resolute effort had risen slowly but surely to a proud position of honor and usefulness, a small volume, bound in blue and gold, was one of her

Their paths in life lay far apart now. He was married to a famous beauty whose praise was on every tongue in the city where they resided. While the girl, who had been his laundress, was a and deadening effects which grief and well-known authoress and the inheritor poverty and drudgery and association of a fortune bequeathed to her by a lady who had known and loved her.

## DAVID MATSON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden,' so sweetly told by the great English poet? It is the story of a young man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and a little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town he found his wife married to an old with whom she was living happily. The poor man unwilling to cause her pain, resolved not to make himselfknown to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry like Alfred Tennyson's but in my own prose. I can assure my reader that in its main particulars it is a true tale.

One bright summer morning more than three score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy, bare-footed boys, stood on the bank of the river, near their dwelling. They waited there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his wherry, and take the husband and the father to the port a few miles below. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the lovely morning sunshine; talking cheerfully, but had you been near enough you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue. eyes, for she loved her husband, and she knew there was always danger on the very different language from that which sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the people who lived in her own neighbor sailor loved his snug home on the Merrihood; and insensibly, without bestow. mac; with the wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongject, she glided into a way of speaking side, and David was just stepping into and children once more: without servatual

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis; "there's no time for kissing ciple which he felt sure foreshadowed and such fooleries when the tide serves.

And so they parted. Anna and the poys went back to their home, and David to the port whence he sailed off in the Lively Turtle. And months passed. autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came. and anon it was summer on the river side, and he did not come back.—And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen said that the Lively Turtle was a lost ship, and would nev er come back to port and poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black. and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons and henceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson. Now you must know the Mohamedan

gadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, ed to wear the pretty shawl which the had for a long time been in the habit of husband of her youth had sent as his fitting out galleys and armed boats to farewell gift. There is, however, a tratian nations, and make slaves of their themselves Christians in America were her. sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The Livethese roving searobbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market place as slaves, poor David Matson among the restrent drivers and the

When a boy he learned the trade of ship carpenter with his father on the Merrimac, and now he was set to work in a dock-yard. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He daily had his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse wool and camel's hair worn by the Bermer women. Three hours before sunset caress, nor the man who had stretched he was released from work, and Eriday, forth his hand to help her out of the which was the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, which she had, been surely sinking fat the season called Ramadan; he was And years afterwards, when Martha left at leisure for a whole; weeken So time west on days, weeks, months

and years. His hair became grey. He still dreamed of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered if they still lived, most valued possessions, and the name whether they thought of him, and what rate around a great many petroleum uttered most fervently in her petitions they were doing. The thought of seeing wells. It says, "Bit-you-men."

at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a bandsome, middle aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Bey, entered the ship yard and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of the slaves belonging to that Government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful : some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sung, and threw up their caps. while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the commissioner; wiping his eyes, "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbia," and, drawing out his tablet proceeded to write an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little mony during his captivity, by odd jobs and work holidays. He got passage to Malago, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. Hethen went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatich Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old house. and finally asked him if he knew Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; she's my wife."

"Your wife !" cried the other. " She s mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine, too !" said Pelatiah. "[ left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

""God is great !" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the word of Moslem submission. " His will he done. I loved her, but I shall never see it when he turned back tookiss his wifes her again. Give these, with my blessinks. to the good woman and the boys." and he handed over with a sigh the litthe bundle containing the gifts for the wife and children. He shook hands with his rival. "Pe-

latiah;" he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys." "Ay, ay, sir," responded the sailor in

careless tone. He watched the poor man passing up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh end of tobacco; but I am glad I have seen the last of him." When Pelatiah Curtis reached home,

he told Anna the story of her husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not faint nor shriek, for she was a healthy woman, with strong nerves; but she stole away and went bitterly. She lived people of Algiers and Eripoli, and Me- many years, but never could be persuadseize upon the merchant vessels of Chris- dition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor crews and passengers, just as men calling shoulders in the coffin and buried with The little old bull-eye watch, which

is still in the possession of one of her grand-children, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson-the lost man.

How SUGAR IS MADE WHITE .- The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one, that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The resuit was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way : -The sugar is put into earthen jars shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The small ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top, and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.