

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

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west of the Donegan House, Marietta.

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgments and

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(September 9, 1865-ly.)

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of the best quality just received and for

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**AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,**

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**ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10**

lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and

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speedy execution of all kinds of Job & CARD

PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the

LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

**A Lady's Waterfall.**

She wore a monstrous waterfall, the

night when first we met—

A 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 logging 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 curl,

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 base-

ment room in the rear of a large ten-

ement 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 un-

derneath these a still more meagre dis-

play 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-

ing.

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

the advantages of dress and careful cul-

ture; and Martha Reynolds possessed

neither. Awkward and unformed, with

a dull complexion, hazel eyes and lustre-

less 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 slop pail, the tub and

washboard, told the story. She was a

sort of sub-laundress; that is, one whom

Mrs. Bridget Flynn, the laundress, who

lived in another part of the house, em-

ployed to get up the plainest of the

clothes which she took in, reserving, of

course, a wide margin of profit for her-

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 be-

lieve."

Martha blushed in embarrassment.

No one had ever called her Miss Rey-

nolds before, and she was not accus-

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."