

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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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-St., Marietta,
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10
lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and
One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Profes-
sional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at 85 per centum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, 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 "NEWWAY MOUN-
TAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,
Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "THE
MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and
speedy execution of all kinds of Job and
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 ON THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

7:00 A. M.—Mail Passenger train for
Reading and intermediate stations
connecting at Lankisville, daily, except Mon-
day, with Erie Express of P. R. reaching
Philadelphia at 10:30 in the morning; leaving
Manheim at 7:41; Litz 7:54; Ephrata at
8:23; Reinholdsville at 8:50; Sinking Springs
at 9:10; and arriving at Reading at 9:35 a. m.
At Reading connection is made with Fast Ex-
press train of East Pennsylvania Rail Road,
reaching New-York at 2:30 P. M. with train
of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reach-
ing Philadelphia at 12:45 p. m., and also with
trains for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and
Harrisburg.

7:15 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN
for Reading and intermediate sta-
tions, connecting at Lankisville at 2:50 P. M.,
with Express trains of Penna. R. R., both
East and West, leaving Manheim at 3:20;
Litz 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

6:10 A. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN
for Columbia and intermediate sta-
tions, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:20; Litz
at 6:54; Manheim at 7:21; Ephrata at
7:54; Manheim at 8:08, making connection at
Lankisville with train of Penna. Railroad,
reaching Lancaster at 8:33 A. M., and Phila-
delphia 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.

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 6:56; Eph-
rata 7:20; Litz 7:48; Manheim 8:03; con-
necting at Lankisville with an Express train of
the P. R. for Lancaster and Philadelphia,
reaching Philadelphia at 11:30 P. M. and ar-
riving at Columbia at 8:50 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 Ex-
press trains connecting in all directions.

Through tickets to New-York, Phila-
delphia and Lancaster sold at principal sta-
tions. Freight carried with utmost prompt-
ness and dispatch, at the lowest rates.

Further information with regard to Freight
or passage, may be obtained from the agent
of the Company.
M. N. COHEN, Superintendent.
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight and Tickets
Agent.

NEW GOODS.

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

Good Style Cassimeres for Suits, Cloths, Ves-
tiges, Jeans, Cottonades, Shirting Flannels,
Neck Ties, &c.
Muslins, Tickings and Checks, Onaburges,
Dills and Flannels, Sheetings, Diapers and
Cups, Feathers. Table and Floor Oil Cloth,
Looking Glasses and Blankets, Transparent
and Holland Blinds.
Wall and Window Paper, Ingrain and Rag
Carpet, Wool and Linen Carpet Chain-A-
Large assortment of Boys and Mens Hats and
Caps. Common and Fine Glass Ware, Fine
Granite Dinner Sets.

COCCRIES
Sugar Syrup. Tea New Macerated in all
Sized packages Sugar Cured Hams and Dried
Beef, Salt, Rice Spice &c. All at the lowest
prices.

SPANGLER & RICH.
HOUSE-CLEANERS.

WALL BRUSHES.
A new article in this market, and far superior
to any other in use. A few reasons why:
First.—They are free from twigs, which is
affected by the lime, and liable to rot, causing
the falling out of the bristles.

Second.—The bristles are inserted in the
wood, or body of the brush, when green, which
their place; any subsequent soaking or shrink-
ing fails to affect them.

Third.—They are made of bristles extruded
by many kinds being composed, in part, of
wholone.

Fourth.—They contain more bristles for the
size, and are as cheap as the ordinary kind.
Sold exclusively by JOHN SPANGLER,
At his Hardware Store.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!
Eley's Gun Caps, Eley's Gun Wads,
Dopson's Sporting and Glazed Powder
Hammers Shot; Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks,
&c. JOHN SPANGLER.

The Baby Soldier.
Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin.

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

Housekeeping Hints.
We copy the following hints from that
valuable family journal, the Germantown
Telegraph:

Buckwheat Cakes wet with water.—
Take a quart of buckwheat flour, and
nearly an even tablespoonful of salt.
Stir in warm water till it is the consis-
tency of thin batter. Beat it thor-
oughly. Add two tablespoonfuls of yeast,
if distillery, or twice as much if home
brewed. Set the batter where it will
be a little warm through the night.
Some persons never stir them after they
have risen, but take them out carefully
with a large spoon. Add a teaspoonful
of pearl-ash in the morning, if they are
sour. Sift it over the surface, and stir
it well. Some persons like to add one
or two tablespoonfuls of molasses, to
give them a brown color, and more
sweetness of taste.

Extempore Buckwheat Cakes.—Three
pints of buckwheat, one teaspoonful
carbonate of soda dissolved in water
enough to make a batter, and when
mixed, add a teaspoonful of tartaric
acid, dissolved in a few spoonfuls of hot
water. Mix it in and bake immediately.
Use salt pork to grease the griddle.

Buckwheat Cakes wet with Milk.—One
quart of flour, and in winter stir in luke-
warm milk, till it is a thin batter, and
beat it thoroughly, adding nearly an
even tablespoonful of salt. Add a small
teaspoon of Indian meal, two table-
spoonfuls of distillery yeast, or a good deal
more if home brewed; say half a tea-
cupful. Set it where it will keep warm
all night, and in the morning add a tea-
spoonful of saleratus, sifted over the
top, and well stirred in. If sour, add
more saleratus. This is the best kind
of buckwheat cakes.

Pickled Eggs.—Boil the eggs until
very hard; when cold, shell them, and
cut them in halves lengthways. Lay
them carefully in large-mouthed jars,
and pour over them scalding vinegar,
well seasoned with whole pepper, all-
spice, a few pieces of ginger, and a few
cloves or garlic. When cold, tie up
closely, and let them stand a month.
They are then fit for use. With cold
meat, they are a most delicious and deli-
cate pickle.

Mince meat.—Four pounds of suet,
four pounds currant, two pounds raisins,
three pounds sugar, eight lemons, one-
fourth of a pound of candied peel and a
few apples. So some one writes; but
our housekeepers may think differently.

Drop Cakes.—Are very fine for tea,
and here is the way to make them: One
and a half teacup sour milk, half a tea-
cup cream, salt, one teaspoon saleratus;
stir quick with flour, and drop in a but-
tered dripping pan.

To raise the pile on velvet.—We are
sometimes asked, "What is the best
thing to do with a velvet mantle after it
has been in the rain?" Velvet that is
rough and knotty, from rain spots and
splashes, can be rendered smooth again
by thoroughly damping the back of it,
and then passing the back of the velvet
over a hot iron—the velvet, remember,
must be passed over the iron, and not
the iron over the velvet. The heat
converts the water into steam, which
rises through the pile, and so separates
every filament. Some contrivance must
be made to hold the iron upside down
while the velvet is passed over it. If
rested between two bricks covered with
flannel, it will do very well; but if the
same pair of hands that carried the um-
brella over the mantle when it was out
in the rain can be secured for that of-
fice, they will be found suitable.

A lady, of doubtful years, was ad-
monished by a gentleman for whom she
had great contempt: "that if she would
stay at home, the Lord would send her
a husband." To which she replied, that
"if he did and he was such a one as he
was, she hoped he would send a rope
with him."

Story of a Woman's Career.

An English paper says: "An incident
is just now being discussed in military
circles so extraordinary, that were not
its truth vouched for by official auth-
ority, the narration would certainly be
deemed absolutely incredible. Our
officers quartered at the Cape between
fifteen and twenty years ago, may re-
member a certain Dr. Barry, attached to
the Medical Staff here, and enjoying a
reputation for considerable skill in his
profession, especially for firmness, deci-
sion and rapidity in difficult operations.
This gentleman had entered the army
in 1813, had passed, of course, through
the grades of Assistant Surgeon in var-
ious regiments, and had served as such
in various quarters of the globe. His
professional acquirements had procured
for him his promotion to the staff at the
Cape. He was clever and agreeable, save
for the drawback of a most quarrel-
some temper and an inordinate addic-
tion to argument, which perpetually
brought the former peculiarity into
play. He was excessively plain, of
feeble proportions, and labored under
the imperfection of a ludicrously squeak-
ing voice. Any natural "chaffing"
with regard to these, however, especial-
ly aroused his ire; but was at length
discontinued on his "calling out" a
persevering offender, and shooting him
through the lungs.

About 1840 he became promoted to
be Medical Inspector, and was trans-
ferred to Malta. There he was equally
distinguished by his skill and by his
pugnacious propensities, the latter be-
coming so inconveniently developed
upon the slightest difference of opinion
with him, that at last no notice was al-
lowed to be taken of his fits of temper.
He proceeded from Malta to Corfu, where
he was quartered for many years, still
conspicuous for the same peculiarities.
When our Government ceded the
Ionian Islands to Greece, and our
troops, of course, quitted the territory,
Dr. Barry elected was to leave the army
and take up his residence for the rest of
his days at Corfu. He there died about
a month ago, and upon his death, was
discovered to be a woman! Very prob-
able this discovery was elicited during
the natural preparation for interment,
but there seems to be an idea prevalent
that either verbally, during the last ill-
ness, or by some writing, perused im-
mediately after his (for we must still use
the masculine) death, he had begged to
be buried without a post mortem ex-
amination of any sort.

This, most likely, only aroused the
curiosity of the two nurses who at-
tended him; for it was to them, it appears,
that a disclosure of this mystery is owing.
Under the circumstances, the fact was
deemed so important that medical
testimony was called in to report upon
and record its truth. By this investiga-
tion, not only was the assertion placed
beyond a doubt brought to light that
the individual in question had at some
time been a mother! This is all yet
known of this extraordinary story. The
motives that occasioned, and the time
when commenced this singular decep-
tion, are both shrouded in mystery.
But thus it stands an indubitable fact,
that a woman was forty years an officer
in the British service, had fought one
duel and had sought many more, had
pursued a legitimate medical education,
had received a regular diploma, and had
acquired almost a celebrity for skill as a
surgical operator!

Young ladies are often asked why
they blush so when spoken to about
their lovers, but they are seldom able to
give a satisfactory answer. Taking pity
on their bashfulness, a writer in the
American Medical Gazette furnishes the
following lucid explanation of the beau-
tiful phenomenon:—The mind com-
municates with the central ganglion, the
latter, by reflex actions, through the
brain and facial nerve, to the organic
nerves in the face, with which its branches
inoculate. The mystery is now
perfectly clear.

The way to keep cider.—Solon
Robinson, in reply to a question of a
correspondent, said: "the way to
keep cider good is to get it clean by re-
peated racking, and filtering with isinglass,
and then put it up in new, clean, and
tight barrels. He had drunk cider put
up in this way for over 17 years old,
and it was equal to wine; it was the
finest cider that he ever saw."

Good advice for an auctioneer.—
At twilight every hen becomes a
rooster.

TAKING BOARDERS.—Old Joe V.—
was not an over-zealous old man, and
not much given to godly conversation,
but not withstanding his impiety he was
quite a favorite with the good people of
the neighborhood and much respected
by his fellow men. Now it so happened
that Uncle Joe's one-story and-a-half
mansion had been undergoing repairs,
which at the time of our story were
nearly completed. He was intend-
ing "to take boarders."

The old man stood in his humble
doorway one afternoon about dusk, prob-
ably admiring the improved aspect of
his little domicile, and gloating over the
gains his "boarders" would bring him
when Parson B— chanced to be pass-
ing. Parson B— was one of the over-
zealous kind of ministers which one oc-
casionally meets with in the country,
and, thinking it a favorable opportunity
to drop a few seeds of religion into the
fallen ground of Uncle Joe's beighted
soul, he embraced it with avidity.
Walking up to him he broke the ice at
once by asking:

"Well—is God in your house yet?"
"No sir," replied old Joe, ever ready
with a reply. "We haven't any board-
ers now, but shall have soon."
"Poor old man! losing his hearing,"
sighed Parson B— as he walked away.
But the sly twinkle in the old man's
eye implied that he didn't think so him-
self.

A GOOD WIFE.—A translation of a
Welsh Triad:
She is modest, void of deceit and obedi-
ent.
Pure of conscience, gracious of tongue
and true to her husband.

Her heart not proud, her manners af-
fable, and her bosom full of compassion
for the poor.
Laboring to be tidy, skillful of hand,
and fond of praying to God.

Her conversation amiable, her dress
decent and her house orderly.
Her person shapely, her manners
agreeable and her heart innocent.

Her face benignant, her head intelli-
gent and provident.
Neighborly, gentle, and of a liberal
way of thinking.

Able in directing, providing what is
wanting, and a good mother to her chil-
dren.
Loving her husband, loving peace
and loving God.
Happy is the man who possesses such
a wife.

"Deviljoo," a facetious "knight
of the quill," invokes the following
anathemas upon the man who won't pay
the printer:
"May he never be permitted to kiss a
handsome woman,
"May he have sore eyes and a chestnut
burr for an eye-stone;
"May his boots leak, his gun hang fire,
and his fishing-lines break.
"May one thousand night-mares trot
quarter races over his stomach every
night.
"May his coffee be sweetened with flies,
and his sauce seasoned with spiders.
"May he be shod with lightning, and
compelled to wander over gunpowder.
"May the famine stricken ghost of an
editor's baby haunt his slumbers.
"May he be bored to death with board-
ing school misses practicing the first
lessons in music, without the privilege
of seeing his tormentors.

May a troop of printer's devils, lean,
lank and hungry, dig his heels each day,
and a regiment of cats cower under
his window each night.
"May his daughters marry one-eyed
editors and his sons wed female typ-
stickers.

"Old Bumblebee" was the cog-
nomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport. He
gained the title from the fact of his
catching a bumblebee one day, as he was
shingling his barn, and in attempting to
destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut
off the ends of his thumb and forefinger,
letting the insect go unharmed. Uncle
T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed
his left arm so firmly between two boards
of a fence he was putting up, that he
had to call for assistance to get extri-
cated from his self-imprisonment. He
once put a button on a gate instead of
the post. But the worst freak of all
was when he ran through the streets,
with his hands about three feet asunder,
held before him, begging the passers-by
not to disturb him, as he had got the
measure of a doorway with him!

Why is a person annoyed by a
foolish old man who falls into the sea?
Because he is a man over-board.

A Tale of Judah P. Benjamin's Youth.

"The child is father of the man" in
this case most assuredly, and the fine of
descent easily traced from the hero of
the following tale to the rebel secretary
and his artful apologies for the crimes of
his associates.
In the days when the New York Cen-
tral was not, and westward travellers
through that State were confined to
stage coaches, there chanced to be trav-
elling in one of those conveyances a
young man who by his intelligence and
agreeable manners attracted the atten-
tion and won the regard of a fellow trav-
eller. The young man confided to his
new friend the fact that he was a stu-
dent of Yale College, expelled for some
boyish indiscretion, that his pride would
not permit him to return to his home,
and that he was now striking out into a
new country, with the intention of es-
tablishing his reputation, and to earn a
living by teaching. His last dollar, he
said, would take him as far as Auburn,
where, consequently he intended to stop
and try his fortune.

The recipient of this little bit of per-
sonal history was so much pleased with
the unfortunate student and his good
intentions, that he urged him to extend
his journey to Rochester, where he him-
self resided, and where he would use his
influence to get his young friend estab-
lished in his profession.

The young man readily assented, and
his kind friend paid all his expenses to
Rochester, and on arriving took him in-
to his own house. There the young
gentleman was taken sick. His host
provided a physician, watched and tend-
ed him until he recovered, and then got
up a school for him, by personal effort.
Our young penitent soon had a flourish-
ing school, and was earning money; he
therefore left his friend's house and went
into lodgings, his friend introducing
him, and becoming sponsor for the pay-
ment of his bills. Things went on in
this way for some time, until the teacher
had accumulated a little money, when,
probably, pining for some more, prom-
ising field for his peculiar talents, he sud-
denly disappeared. He left town with-
out notice, with his board-bill and his
doctor's both unpaid, and with no word
of farewell to his kind benefactor; said
benefactor having to pay the unliquida-
ted accounts of the "serpent" he had
warmed.

This young ingrate was Judah P. Ben-
jamin. A few years later the above
mentioned Rochester gentleman was in
New Orleans, and in passing through
the streets of that city noticed the sign
of Benjamin, then a lawyer and politi-
cian of considerable eminence and ample
means.
The gentleman returned to his hotel
made out a bill of the amounts he had
formerly paid for his protegee, went to
Benjamin's office, laid down his bill, and
told Benjamin there was a little bill he
would like the money for, if convenient.
Benjamin looked at the bill, and then at
the man, and then, without a word of
apology or explanation, or a sign of re-
cognition, handed out his money, and
they parted.

Such is the story of this man Benja-
min's start in life, as told to me last
summer in the cars between Chicago
and St. Louis by a gentleman, who knew
and had it directly from the lips of Ben-
jamin's Rochester friend.—Boston Ad-
vertiser.

VINEGAR MAKING.—Three quarts of
molasses put into eight gallons of water
in a cask, with three spoonfuls of good
yeast, well shaken together, and put out
of doors in a warm place, or kept near
the fire in winter, where it will keep
warm, will soon make good vinegar. It
is said especially if a sheet of brown pa-
per dipped in molasses and torn into
strips is added to the liquid, about ten
or fifteen days afterwards, as this brown
paper is sure to "mark" the mother, of
the vinegar.

It is said that the late Chief Bar-
on Thompson was a very facetious com-
panion over the bottle, which he much
enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners
during the ashes, there was present a
certain dignitary of the church. When
the cloth was removed, "I always think,"
said the reverend guest, "I always think
my lord, that a certain quantity of wine
does a man no harm after a good din-
ner." "Oh, no, sir," said the dignitary,
replied the Chief Baron, "it does a man
no harm, but it does all the mis-
chief that a man can do."

Why is a person annoyed by a
foolish old man who falls into the sea?
Because he is a man over-board.

To Mothers—Speak Low.

There are some houses, well-built and
handsomely furnished, where it is not
pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp
angry tones resound through them from
morning till night, and the influence is
as contagious as measles, and much more
to be dreaded in a household. The
children catch it, and it lasts for life, an
incurable disease. A friend has such a
neighbor within the hearing of her house
and even the poll-parrot caught the tune,
and delights in screaming and scolding
until she has been sent in the country
to improve her habits. Children catch
cross tones quicker than parrots, and it
is a more mischievous habit. Where
the mother sets the example, you will
scarcely hear a pleasant word among
the children in their plays with each
other. Yet the discipline of a family is
weak and irregular. The children ex-
pect just so much scolding before they
do anything they are bidden, while in
many a home where the low, firm tone
of the mother, or a decided look of her
steady eye, is law, they never think of
disobedience either in or out of her sight.
Oh, mothers it is worth a great deal to
cultivate that excellent thing in woman,
a low, sweet voice.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whiskey is
the key by which many gain an entrance
into our prisons and almshouses.
That brandy brands the nose of all
those who cannot govern their appetite.
That wine causes many to take a wind-
ing way home.

That punch is the cause of many un-
friendly speeches.
That alcohol causes many ailments; while
beer brings many to the bar.
That Champagne is the cause of many
real pains.
That gin-slings have "slewed" more
than the slings of old.

WHERE'S THE ADVANTAGE.—"Ah!
here you are, my good fellow; how d'ye
do? Upon my word it does my heart
good to see you once more! How's
your family, and the old woman? We
haven't seen her for a long time—when
is she coming down to see my wife!"
"I am quite well, I thank you; but in-
deed, sir, you have the advantage of me."
"Advantage! my good fellow—what
advantage?" "Why, really, sir, I do
not know you!" "Know me! well, I
do not know you; where in the deuce
is the advantage?"

A gentleman about whose Tue-
tonic origin there could be but one opin-
ion, was passing along the street a few
days since, when he came to a halt be-
fore one of the huge posters announcing
the coming of the panoramas of Paradise
Lost. He read the line: "A Rebellion
in Heaven!" when he broke forth as
follows: "A Rebellion in Heaven! mine
God! that last not long now—Onkel
Abe ish tare!"

A cat caught a sparrow and was
about to devour it, but the sparrow said,
"No gentleman eats until he washes
his face." The cat struck at this re-
mark, set the sparrow down and began
to wash his face with his paw, but the
sparrow flew away. This vexed puss
extremely, and he said: "As long as I
live I will eat first and wash my face
afterwards," which all cats do to this day.

Sir Christopher Tawney has some
wonderful old-port wine, which, he says
he laid down at the time of the birth of
his eldest daughter. The wine is un-
doubtedly remarkably fine; but the
most wonderful thing about it is that
whereas the wine is thirty-two years old,
the young lady, who is still unmarried,
is only just entering her three-and-twenty
year.

"What is the chief use of bread?"
asked an examiner at a recent school
exhibition. "The chief use of bread,"
answered the urchin, apparently aston-
ished at the simplicity of the inquiry,
"is to spread butter and jam on it."

The dove was the first newspaper
carrier, when one morning it went out
and brought a leaf for Noah. It con-
tained a paragraph on the weather, noti-
fying him that the heavy storm had sub-
sided.

"As we two are one," said a wife
brute to his wife, "when I beat you,
I beat half of myself."
"Well," said the wife, "then beat
your own half, and mine."

A pretty girl and a wild horse
liable to do much mischief, for the
horse runs away with a fellow's body and
other runs away with his heart.