

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED K. L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

VOL. XII.—NO. 15.

Reading & Columbia Railroad

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

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

A. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations connecting at Landville, daily, except Mondays, with Erie Express of P. R. R. leaving Columbia at 7:41; Lititz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:07; Reading at 8:20; Sinking Springs at 8:33; and arriving at Reading at 9:30 a. m. A. M.—Express train for Philadelphia, leaving Columbia at 7:41; Lititz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:07; Reading at 8:20; Sinking Springs at 8:33; and arriving at Philadelphia at 12:45 p. m. P. M.—Passenger Train for Reading and intermediate stations connecting at Landville, daily, except Mondays, with Erie Express of P. R. R. leaving Columbia at 7:41; Lititz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:07; Reading at 8:20; Sinking Springs at 8:33; and arriving at Reading at 9:30 a. m. P. M.—Express train for Philadelphia, leaving Columbia at 7:41; Lititz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:07; Reading at 8:20; Sinking Springs at 8:33; and arriving at Philadelphia at 12:45 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT

A. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Columbia and intermediate stations connecting at Landville, daily, except Mondays, with Erie Express of P. R. R. leaving Reading at 7:15; Lititz at 7:28; Ephrata at 7:41; Reading at 7:54; Sinking Springs at 8:07; and arriving at Reading at 9:30 a. m. P. M.—Express train for Philadelphia, leaving Reading at 7:15; Lititz at 7:28; Ephrata at 7:41; Reading at 7:54; Sinking Springs at 8:07; and arriving at Philadelphia at 12:45 p. m.

HOUSE-CLEANERS.

WALL BRUSHES. A new article in this market, and for superior to any other in use. A few reasons why: First—They are free from twine, 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 of the body of the brush, when green, which does not dry, causes them to be held firmly in their places; any subsequent soaking or shrinkage fails to affect them. Third—They are made of British bristles; many kinds being composed, in part, of casahuate. 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.

CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING

Having just returned from the city with a newly selected lot of Ready-made Clothing, which the undersigned is prepared to furnish at reduced prices; having laid in a general assortment of men and boys' clothing, which he is determined to sell low, for cash. His stock consists of OVER-COATS, DRESS, FROCK AND SACK COATS, PANTS, VESTS, FRACKETS, BOYS' SUITS, (KNIIT) OVERHAULS, CAVATS, HATS, SHIRTS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, SCARVES, ETC. Everything in the Fashioning Goods Line. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Everything sold at prices to suit the times. JOHN BELL, Corner of Elbow Lane and Market St next door to Cassel's Store.

PHILADELPHIA 1865.

HOWELL & BOURKE, MANUFACTURERS OF PAPER HANGINGS AND WINDOW SHADES, North East Corner Fourth and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA. C. B.—Always in store, a large stock of LINEN AND OIL SHADES. August 24, 1865.—3m.

HENRY HARPER,

550 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Watches, Fine Jewelry, Solid Silver-ware, AND SUPERIOR SILVER-PLATED WARE. Oct. 14—3m.

First National Bank of Marietta

HAVING COMPLETED ORGANIZATION is now prepared to transact all kinds of BANKING BUSINESS. The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business. Hours: From 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. JOHN HOLLINGER, President. AMOS BOWMAN, Cashier.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!

Depot of Sporting and Glazed Duck Powder, Baltimore Shot, Shot Pouches, Powder Blanks, JOHN SPANGLER, Cashier.

CHOOSE HAVANA SEGARS,

the best Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, at WOLFE'S.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY 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. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at 45 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the same announcement, same; but for any additional lines, ten cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWSPAPER MOUNTAIN JOBBER PAGES," 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 & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

Stanzas.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.
Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a goddess
This breathing world below.
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in her,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
Far better, far, than beauty
Is one kind heart to me.

Ten Years.

BY MARY CHIEF.

William Britton registered his name among the arrivals at Saratoga and sat down in the parlor twilight, half disconcerted with himself for being there. Many men find themselves in similar places in a similar mood; and, as in this case, the motive power that brings them there is found in the lovely creature who travels with a dozen trunks, said creature being a fashionable woman.

While he waited and meditated, one of these creatures fluttered in; for the quick, bird-like motions, and the soft swaying of delicate white fabric were more like flutterings than decided movements. The white robes ceased their swaying at the arm-chair, where William Britton sat, and a soft white hand fell on his broader palm. Then a low voice said, sally:

"Cousin Will, is not Saratoga unsatisfying?" The question corrected some fallacies. In the first place, it was unorthodox creed for a fashionable woman. In the second place, it revealed to William Britton the fact that he had never seen the owner of the voice.

"I beg your pardon, but—" he began. At the first word, the little hand started from the broad palm, and the plaintive tone was quick with fright.

"I beg your pardon," she echoed. "I thought you were my Cousin Will. It is my name. I would I were cousin to that voice."

The gallant speech drove the woman away. She begged another hearty pardon, and William Britton heard the sound of floating garments as she flitted up the broad stairway.

A moment later another white-robed figure dashed in upon the lone man's quiet.

"Isn't Saratoga charming?" exclaimed a quick, lively voice. "Such beautiful dresses and delightful men, and lovely women, and such music! And oh the hope! I would be content to remain here forever—"

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
And sing and dance itself away
To everlasting bliss."

gaslight that dispelled dreams and mysteries and errors with the darkness.

"And oh what an owl, with all his wisdom and solemnity," she retorted, laughing; but she stooped down and kissed his forehead.

In vain William Britton studied the faces in the parlor that night, seeking in that gay throng some mark of discontent, some spirit ill at ease, some soul unsatisfied with the kind and degree of happiness Saratoga offered.

He was with the dancers, too, hiding studies beneath his smiles and great thoughts under pleasant chat.

Under the careless smile, William Britton studied the slight girl in garnet. How her dark eyes flashed! How the color came and went upon her bronzed cheek! How she talked. And now laughter rippled from her lips until he called her in his mind Minnehaha—laughing water. What a spontaneity of life! What an exuberance of gladness! Was she conscious of a soul? Did she think of a hereafter? Did she know that life was struggle, combat, victory?

As he looked, he listened and caught the chat of dowagers at his side.

"Sayte is looking her best to-night," said one lady to the other.

"Yes," was the pleased rejoinder. "Garnet becomes her well."

"Your niece is doing you honor, certainly," continued the first speaker. "Her engagement must be very gratifying."

"It is. I may tell you Mrs. Jenkins has taken a great load off my mind," was the confidential response.

"Let us return to the house," she said.

"And is this the end?" he asked.

"The end," she whispered. "There were no end of trouble otherwise."

The dancers still were tripping to the sound of merry music when the wanderers returned.

Will Tompkins sighed and then he smiled. He smiled that they had conquered; he sighed for suffering manhood and womanhood.

Ten years and the heroism of America's men and women was a proven thing, proven by three years' service on battlefields, in camp and hospital. These were the places to find such men as William Britton; and where men dare to go, women of like spirit do not shrink to follow.

Knocking by a wounded man one day, he heard a voice near by: That voice! It brought to him a memory of Saratoga. A robe of white, a garnet silk, soft thrilling words, a bowed head, and a sad adieu. What a place for such memories! And what a place for Sayte Ingalls, a Saratoga belle! But it was she. William Britton, looking down on the bent form clad in mourning, met the old bright eyes and nervous mouth.

"I could not stay home. There was nothing to keep me, and there was suffering here," she said, in explanation of her presence.

dullness away. David Harper, too, begged for a dance. William Britton crossed over to Sayte Ingalls.

"I think you have been in the clouds to-night," he said. "We touch earth so suddenly as to experience a shock at the suggestion of waltzes, polkas, and redows."

"Let us go out beneath the starlight," Will Tompkins frowned and then he turned to Sayte Ingalls. "You will not go out to-night. The air is damp."

"Oh, nonsense, Will! I must breathe another atmosphere than this."

She took William Britton's arm and went out.

Oh the stillness and beauty of that hour! Oh the depth of emotion that thrilled either heart! They talked of new things. Thoughts which had never found expression in the parlors of Saratoga, nor spoke in language either understood. In that hour the unity of their inner life stood all revealed, soul spoke to soul, and like rushing currents flowed together.

Whither? Oh, Clara Ipswich! Oh, David Harper!

At great rocks never flowing currents, those names arose between their lives and loves.

Standing just above Sayte Ingalls, looking down into her eyes, now glowing soft and beautiful, William Britton said:

"Methinks there is an error, and you belong to me."

"We needs must love the highest; when we see it Not Lancelot but another."

She did not answer, but sank down on the seat and buried her head in her hands; while William Britton paced hurriedly to and fro. Minutes fled and the struggle went on. Sayte Ingalls ended it first, raising her head and calling in a cold, altered tone:

"Mr. Britton."

He came and stood before her.

"Let us return to the house," she said.

"And is this the end?" he asked.

"The end," she whispered. "There were no end of trouble otherwise."

The Officer's Wife.

"Look at the sky, mother! See how bright the stars are this evening!" said a pretty little blue-eyed boy to his mother, as he sat upon her lap and gazed up into the "spangled firmament on high."

"Yes, my dear!" replied the gentle mother. "The stars are bright, and the horizon clear. All nature is lovely, and we should be happy, my boy. But as she spoke she pressed the cheek of her child to her bosom, and let fall a silent tear upon his lovely face. She sighed.

"Ah! that sigh came from the deep recesses of her woman's heart!"

"Why do you sigh, mother?" interrogated the infantile beauty on her lap. "Are you not happy?"

"No, my child. Mother is not happy," said the young wife, as she again wiped away a falling tear.

"Why, mamma? Because papa is not here?" said the little fellow, as though instinct had taught him why his mother sighed and wept.

"That is the cause, my son," replied the mother. "But I hope papa will soon come; and then we will all be happy."

"Yes, mamma. But if the war lasts always, papa will never come."

"The war will not last always, my child. Perhaps it will soon be over and then your papa, and Frank's papa, will come home again."

"I hope so," murmured the sweet boy, as, half asleep, he reclined his head upon his mother's bosom. Soon he was in the land of dreams; but the mother still sat with the child upon her knee, as though some deep thought had entered her mind as she gazed into the bright blue sky, and listened to the various sounds of city life. But something seemed to whisper in her ear that all was not right.

The shades of evening were lovely. The stars shone bright, and the silvery moon gilded creation with her rays; the gentle zephyr came rustling through the shrubbery near the window; and earth with her ten thousand charms, was most beautiful. The world, on this especial evening, seemed to team with new beauties. The lonely wife sat musing at her post; and present life, the days of girlhood, came rushing through her mind more vividly than all things else. She had enjoyed a country life, and it was there her husband first met her in an arbor of flowers. She almost imagined that she heard his quick footstep, beheld his manly face, and felt again the warm electric pressure of his hand as they sat alone in the bower. Ah! so sweetly sounded that voice! so gently that hand clasped the hand of his Mary, and that smile was angelic to the innocent maiden.

So strange are the pleasures of love, that all our lives are charmed with its power! For a few moments, the mother imagined herself a girl again. Truly happy with the man who had possession, full possession, of her youthful heart, she sat transfixed at the window, gazing into the heavens. All at once, the clouds began to fly to and fro, and the evening shades grew darker, and more dark; yet there she sat, with her sleeping boy on her lap. But no thoughts seemed to penetrate her mind; and that was the thought of her husband. She knew that he was an officer of the army, and that a horrid battle had been fought in Spottsylvania. She knew not whether that beloved husband still lived; and as the evening shades grew darker, her mind became more so.

The stars withdrew their light, and the moon passed behind a cloud. The evening shades had become total darkness. The storm was gathering fast. The wind blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled. The young mother laid her sleeping boy upon the bed, and threw herself beside him. Still wrapped in thoughts of her dear absent lord, she was aroused by a low tap at the door. In an instant she arose and opened it. A servant handed in a letter, saying:

"Excuse me, Ma'am; but here is a letter that came this morning while you were out, and I forgot to give it to you."

The trembling wife caught the letter in her hand, and the black seal sent a chill through her frame. She broke it open quickly. Ah, reader, can you not imagine the contents? The paper fell from her hands, and she fell with it upon the bed, exclaiming:

"Oh my God, my husband is dead—my husband is dead!"

him in her arms, saying:

"O my darling son, you have no papa now. He will never come back to us again. No, no. We are alone in this cold and unfriendly world."

Reader, such scenes as these have occurred many and many a time since the breaking out of this war. Many women were made widows, and many children fatherless, left orphans by this cruel slaughter of mankind.

The evening shades passed away with a terrible storm, and the officer's wife will never forget that lonely evening, as the shades disappeared and the lightning flashed. Every peal of thunder that rolled in the heavens, only reminded her of the roaring cannon and the flash of gunpowder. Although she knew not, when the storm was raging, that her husband was no more, yet a presentiment of trouble seemed to overshadow her mind. Notwithstanding the early part of the evening was clear, and the moon and stars shone brightly, yet a storm was gathering, and one of the darkest hours of that lady's existence; and it soon developed itself. She is now a helpless woman, with two little boys to provide for; she has now to brook the frown of a cold, selfish, and unfeeling world.

Samuel L. Gouverneur died on Friday, Sept. 29, at his residence, Needwood, near Harper's Ferry. Mr. Gouverneur was the son of Nicholas Gouverneur, an old and respected resident of New York and well known to many of our older citizens. Early in life when a promising member of the bar, he married the daughter of President Monroe, and served as his private secretary during his Presidential term. He was subsequently appointed Postmaster of the City of New York, and held that position under President Jackson.

An infamous brigand named Montasia went to a lone house near Monteforte, in Italy, occupied by a farmer and his family. After imperiously demanding many things which the poor people could not supply, the brigand consented to accept a good supper. While he was eating it in the presence of the terrified farmer and his wife, their eldest daughter approached the table as if to arrange the dishes, and suddenly plunged a poignard into the brigand's neck, killing him on the spot. For this daring deed the young woman received a reward offered by the perfect, amounting to 4,250f.

William Mackey, of Marshall county, Illinois, who had served for a short time in the Revolutionary war, and was in active service in the year of 1812, and with Mexico, died a few days since. He was a soldier of the Revolution before he was twelve years old, and was a married man before he was seventeen. His bride was a child of thirteen. They lived together for over eighty years and had fifteen children. The couple lived to see their fifth generation. At the time of serving in the Mexican war Mackey was seventy-five years old.

A patent for making shoes with wooden soles has been perfected, and the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle says that the boots and shoes made under this patent have been subject to the severest tests, which they have withstood— even their flasks being surprised at their good qualities. They are emphatically an article for the people, combining as they do, strength and durability with cheapness. Arrangements are in progress by which the company will be enabled to manufacture any style of shoe or boot desired, from the natty balmoral to the cavalry jack boot.

Sir Morton Peto, and other of the English capitalists, had a chat with an old villager at Harper's Ferry, during their late visit there, who had held his ground during the whole war, frightened away by neither explosion nor cannonading. He had lived so long in his cellar that he seemed to be bursting out of his hospitable, like a potato when it sprouts. "I do know," he said, "as the war's done me much harm. Five years ago I was the poorest man in Harper's Ferry; two years ago I was the richest; everybody else having run away. I wasn't worth anything then; I ain't worth anything now; so I'm square. Judge (to Sir Morton); have you any talker about you?"

A boy of fifteen hung himself because the servant girl took away his candle when he was reading Pickwick Papers.

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