

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

VOL. XII.—NO. 18.

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 P. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Columbia at 7:00 P. M., reaching Philadelphia at 10:30 in the morning; leaving Philadelphia at 7:41; Lititz at 7:54; Ephrata at 8:03; Reinholds at 8:16; Manheim at 8:30; Sluik Spring at 8:41; and arriving at Reading at 9:30 A. M. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Reading at 9:30 P. M., with train reaching New York at 2:30 P. M., and also with train for Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with train for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

6:10 A. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Reading at 6:10 A. M., reaching Philadelphia at 9:30 in the morning; leaving Philadelphia at 10:30; Lititz at 11:03; Ephrata at 11:16; Manheim at 11:30; Sluik Spring at 11:41; and arriving at Reading at 12:45 P. M. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Reading at 9:30 P. M., with train reaching New York at 2:30 P. M., and also with train for Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with train for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

LEAVING COLUMBIA AT

6:15 P. M.—Mail Passenger Train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Reading at 6:15 P. M., reaching Philadelphia at 9:30 in the morning; leaving Philadelphia at 10:30; Lititz at 11:03; Ephrata at 11:16; Manheim at 11:30; Sluik Spring at 11:41; and arriving at Reading at 12:45 P. M. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Reading at 9:30 P. M., with train reaching New York at 2:30 P. M., and also with train for Philadelphia at 12:45 P. M., and also with train for Pottsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

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AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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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 50 cents per annum. Notices in the reading columns, 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 "Newsbury Mount-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 and CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at reasonable prices.

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Corner of Market Square and Gay St.

This Academy will open for the receipt of pupils of both sexes, on MONDAY, the 11th of SEPTEMBER. Instruction will be given in all the branches usually taught in such institutions.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Terms:—For Five Months, \$10.00
Latin and Greek, each, (extra), 5.00
A Boarding House will be opened in the Spring.
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Marietta, September 2, 1865.—6m

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COOK STOVES,
STOVES,
AT JOHN SPANGLER'S.

PARLOR STOVES, PARLOR STOVES,
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JOHN SPANGLER'S.

STOVES, STOVES—VULCAN STOVES,
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TWO OR FOUR
ROOMS WITH
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SUPPLY NOW READY—CALL AND
SEE THEM AT
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Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

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Stratford and Centerville.

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that he has commenced the drawing of

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and in fact everything in the CONVEYANCE
line. Having gratuitous intercourse with a
member of the Lancaster Bar, he will be en-
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with accuracy.

He can be found at the office of "THE
MARIETTIAN," "Lindsay's Building," (sec-
ond floor) near the Post Office corner, or at
his residence on Market street, half a square
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Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgments and
Leases always on hand and for sale.

HENRY HARPER,

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Watches,
Fine Jewelry,
Solid Silver-ware,
AND SUPERIOR SILVER-PLATED WARE.
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HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION
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BANKING BUSINESS.

The Board of Directors meet weekly, on
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Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

JOHN HOLLINGER, PRESIDENT.

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Cabinet Organs,
Forty different styles, adapted to sacred and
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five Gold or Silver Medals, or other first pre-
miums awarded them. Illustrated Catalogues
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ton, or MASON BROTHERS, New-York.

September 9, 1865-1y.]

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,

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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. FARNSTOCK,
OFFICE:—Main-st., WALKER'S CORNER.

Spangler & Patterson's Store.

Office Hours: From 7 to 8 A. M.

DR. L. BAKER, Surgeon: All kinds of
surgical operations performed with care
and accuracy. His office is on the corner
of "The Mariettian" and "Lindsay's Build-
ing," between the Post Office Corner and
Front street.

"GOOD BY OLD ARM!"

A Hospital Incident.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The knife was still, the surgeon bore
The shattered arm away;
Upon his bed, in painless sleep,
The noble hero lay;

He woke, but saw the vacant place
Where limb of his had lain;
Then faintly spoke, "Oh, let me see
My strong right arm again!"

"Good-by, old arm!" the soldier said,
As he clasped the fingers cold;
And down his pale-but manly cheeks
The tear-drops gently rolled:

"My strong right arm, no-deed of yours
Now gives me cause to sigh;
But it's hard to part such trusty friends:
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"

"You've served me well these many
years,
In sunlight and in shade!
But, comrade, we have done with war—
Let dreams of glory fade.

You'll nevermore my sabre swing,
In battle fierce and hot;
You'll never bear another flag,
Or fire another shot.

"I do not mourn to lose you now,
For home and native land;
Oh, proud am I to give my wife,
For freedom pure and grand!

Thank God I no selfish thought is mine
While here I bleeding lie;
Bear, bear it tenderly away,
Good-by, old arm! good-by!"

Stuff for Smiles.

A traveler stopped at a country inn to
breakfast, and having drunk a cup of
what was given to him, the servant asked,
"what will you take, sir: tea or
coffee?" "That depends upon circum-
stances," was the reply; "if what you
gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if
it was coffee, I want tea; I want a
change."

What is the difference between a bad
boy and a postage stamp? Give it up?
One you lick with a stick, and the other
you stick with a lick.

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that
it takes two of them to sneeze—one to
throw the head back, and the other to
make the noise.

An editor, in describing the doings of
a mad dog, says:—"He bit the cow in
the tail, which has since died." This
was very unfortunate for the tail; but
we naturally feel some interest to know
what became of the cow.

"Thou rainiest in this bosom," as the
chap said when a basin of water was
thrown over him by the lady he was ser-
vending.

What is the difference between an ac-
cepted and a rejected lover? One kiss
is his miss, and the other misses his
kiss!

A forty-day husband, on whom the
memory of the honeymoon already
seems to have become powerless, wants
to know why his wife is like a small pie.
Do you give it up? "Because," says
the unfeeling wretch, "she is now a lit-
tle tart."

Mufflington asked the other day what
variety of roses might be found on a
battle-field. We suggested, rows of
slain? That wasn't it. Arose and
fought again? No. We gave it up.

"Heroes," said Mufflington.

Mrs. Partington wants to know why
the captain cannot keep a memorandum
of the weight of his anchor instead of
weighing it every time they go out of
port.

Why is cutting off an elephant's head
widely different from cutting off any
other head? Because, when you sepa-
rate the head from the body, you don't
take it from the trunk.

What is the difference between Char-
on's boat and an old hen? One is a
foul old wherry; the other a very old
fowl.

"My boys, might I inquire where
Merritt & Printz's drug store is?" Ur-
chin (very respectfully).—"Certainly,
sir." Old gent (after waiting awhile).
"Well, sir, where is it?" Urchin—
"Haven't the least idea, your honor."

"I am determined to have one quiet
week with thee," said an old quaker to
his quarrelsome wife. "But how will
I get it?" said the taunting spouse.

"I will keep thee a week after thou art
dead," answered old broad-brim.

The Almighty Dollar.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long,
skinny fingers, tried its sound against
the bedpost, and then gazed at it long
and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business,
Death had struck him, even in the street.
He was hurrying to collect the last
months' rent, and was on the verge of
the miserable court where his tenants
herded like beasts in their kennels—he
was there with his bank book in his
hand, when Death laid his hand upon
him.

He was carried home to his splendid
mansion. He was laid upon a bed with
a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the rela-
tives, and the preacher were sent for.
All day long he lay without speech,
moving only his right hand, as though
in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar; and they
brought one to him, and lean and gaunt
he sat up in his death bed, and clutched
it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp, stood on a table near
the silken bed. Its light fell faintly
around the splendid room, where chairs
and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and
lofty ceiling, all said, GOLD! as plainly
as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white, his
cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and
surrounded by wrinkles that indited the
passion of Avarice. As he sat up in his
bed with his neck bared and the silken
coverlet wrapped about his lean frame,
his white hair and eyebrows contrasting
with his wasted and wrinkled face, he
looked like a ghost. And there was life
in his leaden eyes—all that life was con-
centered on the Dollar which he gripped
in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant faced, matronly
woman, was seated at the foot of the
bed. His son, a young man of twenty-
one, dressed in the latest touch of fash-
ion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat
before the table, pen in hand, and gold
spectacles on his nose. There was a
huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he will make a will?"
asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis*, yet," was the
whispered reply, "Wait. He'll be
lucid after awhile."

"My dear," said the wife, "had not I
better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband
by the hand, but he did not mind. His
eyes were upon the Dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned pal-
aces on Walnut and Chestnut streets,
and hovels and courts on the outskirts.
He had iron mines in this State; cop-
per mines on the lakes somewhere; he
had gold interests in California. His
name was bright upon the records of
twenty banks; he owned stocks of all
kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his
pay.

He knew but one crime—to be in
debt without the power to pay.

He knew but one virtue—to get
money.

That crime he had never forgiven—
this virtue he had never forgotten in
the long war of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a
tenant, to turn a few additional thou-
sands by a sharp speculation—these were
the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was
on a silver plate upon the pew-door of a
velvet cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every
thousand dollars that he wrung from
the tenants of his courts, or from the
debtors who writhed beneath his heel,
he gave ten dollars to some benevolent
institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and
the jail always found him a faithful and
unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see!
As he sits upon the bed of death, with
the Dollar in his clenched fist. O, holy
Dollar! object of his life-long pursuit,
what comfort hast thou for him now in
his pain of death!

At length the dead man revived; and
dictated his will. It was strange to see
the mother and son and lawyer mutter-
ing—and sometimes wrangling—beside
the bed of death. All the while the
Testator clutched the Dollar in his right
hand.

While the will was being made the
preacher came—even he who held the
pastoral charge of the church whose
pew doors bore saintly names on silver
plates and whose seats on Sabbathday
were graced by the weight of respect-
ability, broadcloth and satin.

He came and said his prayer—decor-

ously and in measured words—but never
once did the dying man relax his hold
on the Dollar.

"Don't you read me something, say—
quick, don't you see I'm going?" at
length said the rich man, turning a fright-
ened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the
whitest, took a book with golden clasps
from a marble table. And he read:

"And I say unto you it is easier for a
camel to go through the eye of a needle
than for a rich man to enter into the
Kingdom of God."

"Who said those words—who—who—
who?" fairly shrieked the dying man,
shaking the hand which clenched the
Dollar at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the
leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me this be-
fore? Why did you never preach from
that I sat in your church? Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned
over another leaf. But the dying man
would not be quieted.

"And it's easier for a camel to go
thro' the eye of a needle than for a rich
man to enter into the Kingdom of God,
is it? Then what's to become of me?
Am I not rich? What tenant did I
ever spare—what debtor did I ever re-
lease? And you stood up Sunday after
Sunday and preached to us, and never
said a word about the camel. Not a
word about the camel!"

The preacher, in search of a consoling
passage, turned rapidly over the leaves,
and, in his confusion, came to this pas-
sage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and
howl, for your miseries shall come upon
you. Your gold and silver is cankered;
and the rust of them shall be a witness
against you, and shall eat your flesh as
it were with fire; ye have heaped treas-
ure together for the last days. Behold
the hire of the laborers who have reaped
down your fields, which is of you kept by
fraud, crieth; and the cries of them
which have reaped are entered into the
ears of the Lord of Sab-
bath."

"And yet you never preached that to
me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered
through the passage from James, which
we have quoted, knew not what to say.
He was perchance terrified by the very
look of the dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove
to comfort him, and the son (who had
been reading the will) attempted a
word or two of consolation.

But with the Dollar in his hand he
sank into death, talking of stock or rent,
of copper mine and camel, of tenant and
debtor, until the breath left his lips.

Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose
and asked the lawyer whether the de-
ceased had left anything to such and
such a charitable society which had been
engrafted upon the preacher's church.

"And the wife closed his eyes and
tried to wrench the Dollar from his
hand, but in vain. He clutched it as
though it were the only savior to light
him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes
and thought of the hundreds of thou-
sands that were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed
by a train of carriages nearly a mile in
length. There was a great crowd around
an open grave, and an elegant sermon
upon the virtues of the deceased by the
preacher. There was a fluttering of
craps badges, and rolling of carriages,
and—no tears. They left the dead man
and returned to