An Independent Bennsplonnim Journal for the Home Circle.

RY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

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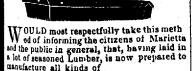
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THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, she is bashful. Free and easy, but not bold-Like an apple, ripe and mellow, Not too young and not too old; Half inviting, half repulsive, Now advancing, and now shy; There is mischief in her dimple There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature. She is schooled in all her arts, She has taken her diploma As the mistress of all hearts. She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile, Oh! a maid is sometimes charming, But a widow all the while !

Are you sad? How very serious Will her handsome face become, Are you angry ? She is wretched, Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb. Are you mirthful? How her *laughter Silver sounding, will ring out.

She can lure, and catch, and play you, As the angler does the trout. All old bachelors of forty, Who have grown so bold and wise,

Ye Adonises of twenty, With your lovelocks in your eyes. You may practice all the lessons Taught by Cupid since the But I know a little widow

Who could win and fool you all. I Wonder.-When a young man is a clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince smoking "foin cegars," drinking "noice French brandy," attending to theatres, balls, and the like; I wonder if ha does

When a young lady sits in the parlor his head out of the window, when he with lilly white fingers covered with said: rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?

When a lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her "pretty figure" will not shorten her life a dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live?

Tt is not an unusual thing to hear sentimental young ladies singing in the parlor "Who will care for Mother now?" while the old lady is down in the kitchen polishing up the rusty old stove, or splitting wood to cook breakfast.

"Sir," asked a newly fledged legislator of a fellow passenger on the Pennsylvania railroad, "are you going to the Legislature ?" "No, thank God ! not so bad as that-I'm going to the State Prison!"

A little boy running along stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. " Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander. "You won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Much time is wasted by housekeepers in wiping their dishes. If properly washed and drained in a dry sink, with a cloth spread on the bottom, they look better than when wiped, besides the economy in saving time and labor.

Teach your boys to shut doors and gates after them. Also to clean their shoes before entering the house, and to wash, and to comb their hair before coming to meals.

The hardest thing to hold in the world is an unruly tongue. It bests a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse.

Why is a husband like a Mississippl gunboat? Because the naver a The citigens met the ceacht in the out the know when he may get a blowing up. skirts of Mud Springs and Mr. Mont fighting."

Horace Greeley's ride to Placerville. wined in bis foaming steeds.

When Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every towh. He had written powerful leaders in the Tribune, in favor of the Pacific railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthugiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces frome to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to lete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville-distance forty miles. The extra was in some way-delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra-"Henry, this man must be there by sex en o'clock to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom glow progress was made. "Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you

aware that I must be at Placerville at seven o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders," laconically returned Henry Monk. Still the coachdragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is no a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!" Again came the answer: " I veogot

my: ozders."; - But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour; then, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses

started into a furious run, and a l sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk. "That's right, my good fellow !" said Mr. Greeley. "L'll give you ten dollars

when we arrive at Placerville. Now we are going !" They were, indeed, and at a terrible

speed. Crack! crack! went the whip, and

again that voice split the air. "Git up ! Hi hi! G'long! Yip-yip!" And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hills and down, at a rate never

before achieved by stage horses. Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other all this upon the avails of his clerkship? like an india rubber ball, managed to get

"Doe't on't-on't you-u-u think we e-e the dishes and do the work in the kitch. shall get there by seven if we do-on't-

on't go so fast ?" "I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the

coach. It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from

the terrible jolting, and again his head 'might have been seen" at the window "Sir," he said, "I don't care-care-air if we don't get there at seven!"

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

"See here!" shricked Mr. Greelev. I don't care if we don't get there at all I"

"I've got my orders! I work for the California Stage Company, I do. That's what I work for. They said, git this man through by seving. An' this man's goin' through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo ep!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greelev's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the rip- spoken it is out of your reach; do your ping of strong canvass.

"Stop you damued maniac!" he roar

"I've got my orders! Keep your seat Horace !"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of citizens of Placerville, who had come on to meet the celebrated editor and sescont him into town . There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels in milk white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires all along the road to Placerwe Charma Diekona eer searphelive

Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked

the chairman of the committee. "He was a few miles back !" said Mr. Monk. "Yess," he added, looking down the appearances presented by some who through the hole which the fearful joke die a violent death on the field of bating had made in the coach roof :: yes I tle. One surgeon says that wandering can see him ! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the with astonishment a number of Russian window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, corpses whose altitude and expression sir! We have come to must cordially of countenance were precisely those of welcome you why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders," cried Mr. Monk.

"My orders is as follers: Git him there by seving. It wants a quarter of seving. Stand out of the way."

"But, sir," exclaimed the committeeman, seizing the off leader by the reine, if they were in the act of speaking. Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him to town. Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir !"

"I've got my, orders," screamed Mr. Monk: "My orders don't say nothin, about brass band and young women. My orders say, Git him there by seving. Let go them lines. Clear the way there. Whoo ep! Keep your seat Horace!", and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently had a threatening expression .- Some grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence, gray-haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition. above the coach roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr Greeley was indigiont for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk -with a bran new suit of clothes. Mr. Monk, himself, is still in the employment of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

Mr. Fields, a London bookseller, is known for his wonderful memory and knowledge of Eaglish literature. It is their faces on the ground, their limbs said that when any author in the neigh- retaining the position-they were in at borhood is at a loss for a particular pas- the instant they were struck and most sage, he goes at once down to the "bookstore" for the desired information. One day, at a dinner-party, a would be wit, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields, and make sport for the company, announced, prior to Mr. Field's arrival that he had himself written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began " Friend Field, I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poems his well known lines running thus" (quoting the lines he had composed.) "Can you tell us about what time he composed them?" "I do not remember to have met them before," replied Mr. Fields. "And there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere." said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his. life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiotic one." The questioner smiled faintly,

but the company roared. What you can never catch.—Boys and girls what is it that you can never catch though you chase after it as wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say .-Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word.

The following error in punctuation brute.

rute."
The reporter had it printed : "Woman-without her man, is James Control of the brute."

Vat you make here?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed very chamoreusly. e Gb, not much, just courting a little _dat's all." -seint lo of The delical L. Of Liester son be

The only problement

The celebrated report of Dr. Chenu on the mortality caused by war contains some interesting information concerning

Faces on a Battle-field.

over the battle field of the Alma, on the third day after the fight, he observed life. Some did certainly present an aspect which showed that they had suffered severely just previous to dissolution, but these were few in number compared with those who wore a calm and resigned expression, as though they had passed away in the act of prayer. Others had a smile on their face, and looked as One in particular attracted his special attention :- he was lying partly on his side; his knees were bent under him; his hands were clasped together and pointing upward; his head was thrown back, and he was apparently still praying-evidently he was in the act of doing so at the moment when death laid his hand upon him. Another medical man relates that after the battle of Inkermann the faces of many of the dead still wore a smile; while others lay stretched on their back, as if friendly hands had prepared them for burial. Some were still resting on one knee, their hands grasping their muskets. In some instances the cartridge remained between the teeth, or the musket was held in one hand, and the other was uplifted as though to ward off a blow, or

as if appealing to Heaven. The faces of all were pale as though cut in marble. As the wind swept across the battlefield it waved the hair, and gave the bodies such an appearance of life that a spectator could hardly help thinking they were about to arise to continue the fight.

Another surgeon, describing the appearance of the corpses on the field of Magenta says that they furnish indubitable proof that man may cease to .exist without suffering the least pain. Those struck on the head generally lay with of those still held their rifles; showing that when a ball entered the brain it causes such a contraction of the muscles that there is not time for the hand to lose its hold of the weapon before death. Another peculiarity observed in the case of those who were wounded in the brain, was the suddenness with which they died even when suspected to be out of danger. During the battle of Solferino, a rifleman was wounded in the head by a ball which passed through the skull and buried itself in the brain. His wound was dressed, and be was stretched on straw, with his head resting on his knapsack; like his wounded comrades. He retained the full use: of his faculties, and chatted about his wound, almost with indifference, as he filled his pipe and lay smoking it. Nevertheless, before he had finished it death came upon-him, and he-was-found lying in the same attitude, with his piperstill between his teeth. He had never uttered a cry; or given any sign that he was

soffering pain. To see a Cold. Of base our In cases where the ball had entered the heart nearly the same appearances were presented as in the cases of those who had been struck in the brain; death was what we term instantaneous, but is not quite so swift as in the former case; there was generally time for a movement in the act of dying. There was a Zouave who had been strubk full in the breast; he was lying on his rifle; the bayonet was fixed and was pointed in such a way as showed that he was in the act of charging when struck. Bis head was uplifted, and his countenance still bore a threatening appearance, as if he linger with the words : "and of the Son;" had merely stumbled and fallen; and was then on the middle finger with: "and in the act of rising again. Close by him lay an Austrian foot soldier, with fourth with the "Amen." clasped bands and upturned eyes who is an illustration of the use of the com- had died in the act of praying. Anoth- budding like a wild horse? Ans.—Ba ma. At a banquet this toast was given: er soldier had fallen as he was in the act. "Woman without her, man is a of fighting; his fists were closed; one arm was in the act of warding off a blow, and the other was drawn back in the act of striking.

On another battle-field, several French _Becsuse he keeps cool (keeps school.) soldiers lay in a line, with their bayostorm of grape mowed them down. On is much worse. Austrian officers lay dead. Some of of a part of norms of a religious turn of the remarkable for the religious turn of minds.

ness of their dress and the cleanliness of their persons. Most of them had fair hair, and their countenance hore the stamp of calm resignation. The best opportunity of seeing the aspect of the masses who died on the field, was when they lay stretched besides the trenchers which were destined to be their final resting-place. So far were their faces

pression of their faces, the extreme neat-

from presenting the livid appearance and the expression of despair which painters are in the habit of producing in pictures of battle-fields, that a spectator could hardly help calling to the burying parties to wait a little before covering them up, they were so like life.

The Child's Etiquette in ten Com-

mandments. The following hints on Education. Etiquette, and Morals, to children, should be inculcated by all parents, and committed to memory and practiced by those for whom they are intended :

I. Always say Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, Papa. No. Papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good night. Good morning. Never say How, or Which, for What. Use no slang terms. Remember, good spelling, reading, writing and grammar is the base of all true education.

II. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and clean finger nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

III. Rap before entering a room, and never leave with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

IV. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions ester the carriage or room first.

V. At table eat with your fork : sit up straight; never use your toothpick (although Europeans do,) and when leaving ask to be excused.

VI. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or table.

VII. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk nor read alond while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other is finish-

VIII. Nevertalk or whisper aloud at the opera theatre or public places. and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

1X. Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing and blowing are ill-mannered. In any case cover your mouth with your handkerchief (which never examine_nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor.)

X. Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

DECEMBER.

The drifting clouds are dark and drear. The blossoms die of cold and fear, The wild wind mourns the fading year, And winter threatens near.

Oh! love, our sky is overcast. Our sweet hopes fall before the blast, The future darkens, dim and vast, And life is waning fast.

Yet sunshine brightens after rain, The darkness comes, and goes again, So solace follows bitter pain. As seasons wax and wane.

Then clasp my hand with closer hold-True hearts are never unconsoled-They fear not care, nor cloud, nor cold. And smile at growing old.

The wedding ring is put on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, because in the original formula of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words: "In the name of the Father." then on the next of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the

cause he would be all the better with a bit in his mouth.

Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Aus.

nets pointing in the direction of the foe 1214 malignant sore throat is a very bad they were advancing against, when a thing, but a malignant throat not some

the left bank of the river Tessia several mit Wanted, a young man to take charge