

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 23.

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

7:30 A. M.—Mail Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Columbia at 7:30; Ephrata at 8:09; Reinholds at 8:17; Sinking Springs at 8:25; and arriving at Reading at 10:00 a. m. At Reading connection is made with Fast Express train of East Pennsylvania Rail Road, reaching New-York at 3:30 P. M. with train of Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, reaching Philadelphia at 12:40 p. m., and also with trains for Potsville, the Lebanon Valley and Harrisburg.

2:45 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN

for Reading and intermediate stations, connecting at Landisville at 3:20 P. M. with Express train of Pennsylvania R. R. West, leaving MARIETTA at 3:35; LITIZ at 4:18; Reinholds at 4:44; Sinking Springs at 5:09 and arriving at Reading at 6:25 P. M. At Reading connection is made with trains for Potsville and Lebanon Valley.

LEAVE READING AT

6:10 P. M.—PASSENGER TRAIN for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:26; Reinholds at 6:04; Ephrata at 7:30; Litiz at 7:54; Manheim at 8:09, making connection at Landisville with Express train of Pennsylvania R. R. for Lancaster and Philadelphia, reaching Philadelphia at 12:30; arriving at Columbia at 9 o'clock, A. M., there connecting the Ferry for Wrightsville and Northern Central Railroad, at 9:45 P. M. At Reading connection is made with trains for Potsville and Lebanon Valley.

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; Reinholds at 6:56; Ephrata at 7:30; Litiz at 7:54; Manheim at 8:09; connecting at Landisville with Express train of Pennsylvania R. R. for Lancaster and Philadelphia, reaching Philadelphia at 1:00 p. m. and arriving at Columbia at 8:55 P. M.

Through tickets to New-York, Philadelphia and Lancaster sold at principal stations, and baggage checked through. Freight carried with the utmost promptness and dispatch, at the lowest rates. Further information with regard to freight or passage, may be obtained from the Agents of the Company.

MEADES COHEN, Superintendent.
E. P. KEEVER, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

NEW TRIMMING & VARIETY STORE.

Opposite Diefenbach's and two doors West of the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Market-st., Marietta.

MRS. MARGARET ROTH

begs leave to announce to the Ladies of the Borough of Marietta and vicinity, that she has just opened an entire new stock of TRIMMINGS AND VARIETIES, embracing all the Novelties of the Season, among which will be found:

Plain and Fancy Mantua and Velvet Ribbons, Gimp, Cord, and Tassels, and Buttons in endless variety.

Honors and Gloves, Linen and Embroid'ed; Zephyr Shawls, Plain and Emb'd; Hosiery, Opera Caps, Silk & Zephyr Scarfs, Garmantow Wool, Breakfast Cozzes, Silks and Wooll, Zephyr Yarns, Neck-Ties, BALMORALS, SKELETON SKIRTS, Corsets, Binding, Edging, Ruffings, Embroidery, Fancy Soaps, &c.

Particular attention has been paid to the selection of small wares, such as Sewing Silk, notions and Linen Thread. The Ladies are invited to call and examine for themselves.

My Mrs. R. is great for the sale of the celebrated Singer "A" Family Sewing Machines which took the first premium at the late New York State Fair. She will also instruct persons purchasing from her, how to work the machine. (9-11)

MARIETTA ACADEMY.

Corner of Market Square and Gay-st.

This Academy will open 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 R. S. MARWELL, Principal.

REV. J. J. LANE, Wrightsville,

Dr. J. Leverage, Lancaster,
Dr. H. Carpenter, Lancaster,
Adam Baker, Chester,
D. Wilson, Esq., Chestnut, Chester, co.
A. W. Smith, Wrightsville,
Samuel Landsey, Marietta,
Calvin Schaffner,
Dr. Cushman,
H. D. Benjamin,
Marietta, September 3, 1865.—6m

WHOLESALE CLOTHING STORE.

In Crull's old stand, Market-st., Marietta.

PETER RODENHAUER,

[WITH D. HANAUER,] DEALER IN

Men's and Boy's Clothing,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, IN GREAT VARIETY.

P. R. would take this opportunity to inform the citizens of Marietta and the public generally that having opened this establishment for a permanent business, only asks a fair trial, being determined not to be understood by any. Call and see the goods and learn the price of it. Marietta, June 10, 1865.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!

Donner's Gun Caps, Gun Wads,
Donner's Sporting and Gazed Duck Powder,
Ballistol Shot, Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks,
JOHN SPANGLER,

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 \$5 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 "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN 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 & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Three white-clad forms beside the bed,
With little hands upheld,
When all their toys are laid away,
And the noise of day is quelled;
And mothers hear them each repeat,
With voices earnest low and sweet,
The simple prayer
She teaches there;
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Fond kisses and "good-nights" from all,
As rosy cheeks are laid
On snowy pillows, then, calm sleep
'Till dreamy night shall fade,
Good angels bend above each face
That silent lies in smiling grace!
Though toil and care
Our lives must share;
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Oh, loved and sinless little ones,
When years have led you on,
And she who lingers o'er you now
To her reward has gone;
When the joys of life are laid away,
And evening comes, still may you pray,
With faithful hearts,
As life departs:
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!"

Theory of "Gossip."

We are often asked, "What is gossip?" We answer, in a general way, that it is talking of persons rather than things. Nothing shows the paucity of ideas more than this talking about the affairs of your neighbors. It is not only malicious people who originate scandal, it is narrow-minded people, ignorant people, stupid people. Persons of culture and intelligence are not so hard run for topics of conversation. They can usually find something to say about art, literature, fashion or society. The moment people begin to talk of their neighbors—of persons rather than things—they are apt to degenerate into scandal; for where one speaks of the virtues of an acquaintance, a dozen expatiate on his or her shortcomings. And this brings us to speak of real culture, or what we consider to be such, at least. A cultivated person, in the highest sense of the term, is not merely one who can talk of books, pictures, and other elevated subjects of human interest. To be thoroughly cultivated, the heart, as well as the intellect, should be refined and enlarged. Sometimes we see women who, without education, yet having been born amiable, are never guilty of gossip. Again, we see women, not naturally amiable, whom education has taught to talk of things, not of persons. The perfect woman, in this respect, is one who is both amiable and educated. But education does not always elevate people above the regions of gossip. A really bad heart is always malicious. The best advice we can give is the homely old adage: "Mind your own business." Very few of us ever know the whole truth about anything concerning a neighbor; and to speak of his or her conduct is usually to run the risk of being unjust. Much less should we talk of the motives of others. Very few of us know our own motives, and to venture on discussing a neighbor's motives is always impertinence, and often a real crime.

A wag, having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

The sugar wedding, thirty days after marriage, is the newest thing.

A Birth in the Family.

It is strange how, while one goes passing out of this world, another enters, all unconscious of the strange scenes of confusion which it is to witness, of the hand-to-hand struggles in which it is to be engaged. For some time various preparations and signs have given token of an expected event—a pair of dark bright eyes have grown soft and thoughtful, crochets and brilliant colored double zephyr have been thrown aside for tiny strips of cambric, fine soft flannels and white silk floss, the last of which the delicate hands weave into charming imitations of leaves and flowers. Very recently a small dainty bed enveloped in the fleecy folds of a transparent canopy, which only half conceals marvelous frills and a perfectly miraculous quilt, (the work of Aunt Deborah, who once took a prize at the State fair for the handsomest coverlet on exhibition,) has taken its place, timidly, at the foot of the imposing mahogany, evidently waiting for an occupant. This very morning it has found one—a tiny, rosy morsel, so done up in soft warm wrappings that one can but just get a glimpse of a little red nose, and the twinkle of something like eyes. Everybody says, however, that it is "a beautiful baby," and the delighted papa astonishes a small boy who has rung the front door bell for cold victuals by giving him a quarter, instead of a cuff, as usual. The dark eyes which but lately flashed so mischievously are now closed wearily, curtained by long lashes, which lay still on the white cheeks. Friends have congratulated; the proud father is full of tenderness and devotion; cherished hopes are realized. Yet at intervals a tear forces its way down through the tightened eyelids, showing that one heart at least can hardly yet recognize its joy. Who shall fathom the depth of a young mother's thoughts, as she holds, for the first time, the child she has borne, to her breast? Who shall tell the profound emotion with which she dimly sees in her anticipated toy, and playing, a human soul, a future man, whose strong will and fiery nature it is hers to mould for good or ill. Now, for the first time she feels that she has become a woman; that with the woman's crown she has received a woman's cross, which she is henceforth to bear with enduring love and faith unto the end. Now prays she with the youthful fervor of her heart, though it may be perchance for the first time, with the birth of her child a new element has entered her heart, a new spirit has been born unto God.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—We endorse every word John Randolph says about ladies' society. Read what he says, young man, and act accordingly:

"You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time in life, the literary man makes a shift (a poor one, I grant,) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose a wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true—that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a more eminent scholar, may find enjoyment in mere study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary, but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of age."

A little girl four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the sabbath with a big axe!"

Sheridan was walking in the suburbs of London one day, arm in arm with a boon companion. A passer-by recognized him, and remarked to his friend, "He's a great genius, is that Sheridan?" "That fellow has murdered the word," observed Sheridan's friend. "Oh, no," replied Sheridan, "he has only knocked an 'r' out of it!"

It has been asked when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does in our time.

Kissing in the Dark.

One of the prettiest and most pleasant mornings in May, near the close of that delightful month of balmy air and fragrant flowers, the train for Louisville was freighted with an unusual number of elegant women and gay, nicely dressed men. As usual, among the latter was a large portion of Uncle Sam's pets with shoulder straps. There was no longer any apprehension of guerillas or marauders on the road, and, after getting fairly under way, the passengers, catching the spirit of the lovely morn, addressed themselves to the task of making time pass off pleasantly. It was not long ere all, who were disposed, were enjoying themselves in some way. On one of the seats in the ladies' car was a married lady with a little daughter; opposite, facing them, was another child a son, and a colored "lady"—we believe they are all "ladies" now—with a baby. The mother of these children was a beautiful matron, with sparkling eyes, in exuberant health, and vivacious spirits. Behind her sat a young lieutenant, dressed to kill, and seeking a victim. He scraped up an acquaintance with the mother by attentions to the children. It was not long before he was essaying to make himself very agreeable to her, and by the time the sun began to decline, one would have thought they were old familiar friends. The lieutenant felt he had made an impression—his elation manifested it. The lady dreaming of no wrong, suspecting no evil, was apparently pleased with her casual acquaintance. By and by the train approached the tunnel at Muldrough's Hill. The gay and festive lieutenant leaned over and whispered something in the lady's ear. It was noticed that she appeared as thunderstruck, and her eyes immediately flamed with indignation. A moment more, and a smile lighted up her features. What changes! That smile—it was not of pleasure, but was sinister. It was unperceived by the lieutenant. She made him a reply, which rejoiced him apparently very much. For the understanding properly of this narrative—this 'er true tale—we must tell the reader what was whispered and what replied. Whispered the lieutenant: "I mean to kiss you when we get into the tunnel!" Replied the lady: "It will be dark—who will see it?" Into earth's bowels—into the tunnel—ran the cars. Lady and colored nurse quickly changed seats. Gay lieutenant threw his arms around the lady's neck, pressed her cheek to his, and fast and furious rained kisses on her lips. In a few moments the train came out into broad daylight—white lady looked amazed, colored lady bashful, blushing; gay lieutenant befogged. "Jane," said the white lady, "what have you been doing?" Responded colored lady, "Nothing!" "Yes, you have," said the white lady, not in an undertone, but in a voice that attracted the attention of all in the car. "See how your collar is rumpled, and your bonnet mashed." Jane, poor colored beauty, hung her head a moment, the observed of all observers, and then turning around to the lieutenant, replied: "This man hugged and kissed me in the tunnel!" Loud and long was the laugh that followed among the passengers. The white lady enjoyed the joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a sheep, stealing-dog—left the car, and was seen no more during the trip.

A MATRIMONIAL TRICK.—A rich old widower in Canada is said to have practiced a very artful scheme to gain the hand of the belle of the village. He got an old gypsy to tell the young lady's fortune in words which he dictated as follows: "My dear young lady, your star will soon be hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but when it reappears it will continue to shine with uninterrupted splendor until the end of your days. Before one week a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black and a fine castor hat, will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his offer, become his wife and be left a widow in possession of all his property, before the close of this year. Your next husband will be the young man of whom you think most of at present." Three days after, the old gentleman, dressed in the manner described by the gypsy, presented himself to the young lady, and the marriage followed. The year is more than out, but the tough old widower still lingers.

The best toast of the season was we think, given by a printer, viz: "Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

Hard of Hearing.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East who professed to be deficient in hearing—but, forsooth, was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will tend to show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning met lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry Sally. Jonathan resolved to pop it to the old man on the next day—"but," says he, "as I think of the task my heart shrinks and my resolution weakens—he's so dang'd hard to hear a body."

In the meantime the old man, who was hypocritical, so far as hearing was concerned, feigned total indifference to the conversation between his wife and Jonathan, but, contrary to the anticipation of both, he distinctly heard every word that passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was to be found in his barn lot feeding his pigs. Jonathan also arose early from bed in the morning and spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sally.

Scarcely a minute had elapsed after Jonathan had made his last resolution, ere he bid the old man good morning. Now Jonathan's heart beat—now he scratched his head and gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd as soon take thirty-nine "stripes" as to ask the old man. "But," says he, "I am to myself, 'here goes—faint heart never won a fair girl,' and addressed the old man thus:

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

Old Man—"You want to borrow my halter. I would lend it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it off to the mill."

Jonathan put his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice, said:

"I have got forty-five pounds of money!"

The old man stepped back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaimed in a voice of surprise:

"You have got five hundred pounds of honey!" What in the mischief can I do with so much honey? Why, it's more than all this neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan, who was not yet the victim of despair, put his mouth to the old man's ear, and bawled out:

"I have got gold."

To this the old man replied, "So have I, Jonathan, and it's the worst cold I ever had in my life."

So saying, the old man sneezed wash up.

By this time the old woman came out, and having observed his unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Zeno.

"Daddy! I say daddy, you don't understand him. He wants to marry our daughter."

Old Man—"I told him our calf halter was gone."

Old Lady—"Why, daddy, you can't understand; he's got gold—he's rich."

Old Man—"He's got a cold and the itch, eh? What's the rascal doing here with the itch, eh?"

So saying, the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking staff; happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of our hero stop here. He had not gone out of the barn yard, nor far from the old man, who ran him a close race, ere Jonathan stubbed his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could take up he stumbled over him. Jonathan sprang to his heels, and with the speed of a John Gilpin he cleared himself. And poor Sally! She died a nun. Never had a husband.

BONNER'S STABLES.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, thus speaks of New York Ledger Bonner's stables: "I had the pleasure the other day of visiting Mr. Bonner's stables at his country seat in Morrisiana, and seeing his wonderful stud of horses. His stables are worthy a visit, as they exhibit all the modern improvements in the training, grooming and feeding of horses. They are not allowed to eat except at regular hours of the day, and then they are fed with all the system which pertains to a well ordered family. The horses are kept muzzled during the hours when not feeding, and thus can only be kept in 'condition.' The three horses that he has at his Morrisiana estate, are Lantern, Lady Palmer and Peerless. Lantern is a large bay horse, and is one of the fastest trotting horses to the pole in the country. Lady Palmer is very fleet, but Peerless, an iron gray mare, is the wonder of the age. She has made the fastest time in a wagon of any horse in the world, having made a mile in 2:23. On the breaking out of the war, she was owned by a banker in Baltimore. Supposing that the ordinance of secession would be passed by the Legislature of Maryland, and that everything would go to smash, Peerless was sold. Mr. Bonner paid for her \$5,500 in gold. He has refused \$65,000 for this horse. He has been requested to name his price above this figure. Mr. Bonner has but one answer, and that is that Peerless is not for sale. It is something to own the fastest horse in the world."

Noisy Boys.—The editor of the Cleveland Herald, who was probably himself a "good boy," takes up the cudgel in defence of noisy boys, as follows:

Noise is a safety valve, physically and morally. Noisy boys seldom are the bad boys of a village; the quiet, demure, reticent, still boys, are those who sneak around dark corners, and slip into the back rooms of the village nuisance—the grocery; who rob mail-patches, lift gates of their hinges, shave horses' tails, and, on moonlight nights, trip up good people by a rope stretched across the walk. A noisy boy, usually, is a frank boy; overflowing with animal spirit; ready to hop, skip and jump, play "gould," tag, snap the whip, or leap-frog. But such a boy is not dogging in and out of back alleys, such a boy does not creep out of his chamber window to the kitchen roof, thence to the ground, for a night expedition after the rest of the family are asleep.

Noise is not good for headaches; noise disturbs weak nerves, but noise steals nothing, noise sets no bars on fire, noise never gambles; therefore we say, if boys do nothing worse than make a noise, for humanity's sake do not confine them for that.

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

A little boy in Wisconsin was being put to bed the other night about dark when he objected to going so early. His mother told him the chickens went to bed early and he must do so too. The little fellow said he would if his mother would do as the old hens did—go to bed first then coax the chickens to come!

They are trying to find a young man in Chicago who is heir to \$100,000. Several young ladies in other cities are looking for one just like him.

An acquaintance of ours, being asked what kind of wood he supposed the Freedmen's Bureau was made of, replied, Ebony.

At a printers' festival, lately, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!"

Ben Franklin observed, "The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want fine clothes nor fine furniture."

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the old Persian: "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of conciliation."

A very disagreeable era. The cholera.

Not a popular horse—the night mare.