

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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From the Temperance Journal.

Dr. D. M. REESE furnishes the following touching and sensible verses, for publication:

Dr. Reese, Sir:—After the Temperance meeting, on Monday evening, I was conversing with a lady on the subjects there discussed, when she told me I was almost a mono-maniac in my hatred to alcoholic drinks; the following verses were written to-day as an excuse for my warmth. Please, sir, oblige me by handing them to Mr. Hawkins, of the Baltimore delegation, requesting him to present them to his daughter, as she may also be accused of the same fault.

ALMIRA,  
Go, feel what I have felt;  
Go, bear what I have borne;  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt.  
And thy cold, proud world's scorn:  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,  
O'er a loved father's fall,  
See every cherished promise swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall:  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;  
Implore, beseech and pray:  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay—  
Be cast with bitter curse aside—  
Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears de-  
feated.

Go, stand where I have stood,  
And see the strong man bow;  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Catch his wand'ring glance, and see  
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—  
The sobs of sad despair—  
By memory feeling's fount hath stirred,  
And its revelations there  
Have told him what he might have been  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,  
And her crushed spirit cheer—  
Thine own deep anguish hide—  
Wipe from her cheek a tear.  
Mark her dimmed eye—her furrowed  
brow;  
The gray that streaks her dark hair  
now—  
Her toil-worn frame—her trembling limb  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose pledged faith, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forewarned, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup.

And led her down, from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright,  
And chained her there, 'mid want and  
strife,  
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!  
And stamped on childhood's brow, so  
mild,  
That with'ring blight—a drunkard's  
child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,  
All that my soul hath felt or known,  
Then look within the wine cup's glow—  
See if it's brightness can atone;  
Think, if it's flavor you would try,  
If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl—  
Hate is a feeble word—  
I loathe—abhor—my very soul  
By strong disgust is stirred  
When'er I see, or hear, or tell  
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Gazette tells rather a tough story:—"On Christmas morning one of our citizens paid a visit to a family who were his renters. He found the husband sitting before the fire with a small-sized responsibility on either side, "A merry Christmas, B—, how are you? said G. "Well, Mr. G—, I'm out of sorts, A scamp came here on Saturday night, and my wife slooped with him; last night he returned and stole my cow, and here I am with these two brats to care for. "I suppose you regard the loss of your cow as of more consequence, under the circumstances, than that of your wife, remarked G—. "Yes, for this is the third time she has played me this trick."

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

The Press, the Pulpit, and the Peticosats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals and the last spreads considerably.

A Bit of Scandal.

CHARACTERS—Mrs. Shaw—Mrs. Prime—Deacon Borden—Parson Stone—A crowd of men and women.

SCENE I.  
[Mrs. Prime's kitchen. Mrs. Prime parting apples at a table.]

Mrs. Shaw (entering in great haste)—Good morning, Mrs. Prime; I declare! I'm een-most beat out, it's so warm and sultry. But I thought I must come over, rest or not. Have you heard of it?

Mrs. P. (seating herself and readjusting her glasses)—Of what, Mrs. Shaw?

Mrs. S.—Why, the dreadful news, Deary me, how out of breath I am! my forehead is dripping with sweat! This is an awful hot summer.

Mrs. P.—Do speak, Mrs. Shaw. Don't be afeared, I'll never tell on it as long as I live and breathe.

Mrs. S.—Oh, it's such an awful—awful to happen right here in our quiet community! I told sister Susan I hadn't had such a shock since our hen-house was burnt, and fourteen hens and six turkeys into it. It's took all the strength out of me, and I feel as weak as a rag.

Mrs. P.—Good land, Mrs. Shaw! what can it be?

Mrs. S.—Ah, me! it's enough to make a body doubt poor human nature's ever. I vum! I told sister Susan I never should dare to put my confidence in nobody ag'in. It's completely upset me. You hain't got a little tea in your pot, have you?

Mrs. P.—Land, yes! a plenty of it; the kettle's b'iling now, and I'll make you a good strong cup. (Proceeds to do so.)

Mrs. S.—Well, I vum, Mrs. Prime, I didn't mean to put you to all that trouble, but I feel so overcome, and tea is a restorer to me. And no wonder I'm weak! it's terrible—a leading church-member, too! Oh, the heart is deceitful above all things, and desprits wicked.

Mrs. P.—You may well say that. It's astonishing to see how some folks go on. Good land! it makes me tremble in my shoes to think on't. But you hain't told me about this 'ere new breakout, Mrs. Shaw.

Mrs. S.—Wall, you see, it's all about Deacon Borden!

Mrs. P.—My soul and body! you don't say the deacon's been and done anything.

Mrs. S.—Humph! I guess you'll think so when you come to hear! I declare I'd about as soon expect our Isaac to have been guilty of such a thing.

Mrs. P.—Well, I never! but your tea is steeped now; just set up and try it; don't be afeard of the sugar because there ain't but little; there is enough more in the haled firkin.

Mrs. S. (tasting with great deliberation)—This tea is nice—first-rate! What was a pound? Tea is awful dear nowadays.

Mrs. P.—Dreadful! I give two dollars a pound for this 'ere; I got it over to Squire Lane's and paid for it in butter. Butter's master high, ain't it?

Mrs. S.—Yes, it is; and folks had orter be economical of it, and sell all they can. I really don't think we've eat two ounces in our house for six weeks. Sister Susan's Benny is humorous, and butter is desprits bad for humors.

Mrs. S.—Humph! no wonder she's dressed in green; cause enough for it, I guess.

Mrs. P.—What! do you mean to say—Mrs. S.—Yes, I do mean to say that Deacon Borden is after other women!

Mrs. P. (sinking back with uplifted hands)—Well, I vum to goodness! Mrs. S.—Yes, and what's more, it's a young gal!

Mrs. P.—Wus and wus, and more of it! I declare, if it was anybody else told me but you, I should misdoubt it.

Mrs. S.—There, that's just what I said to sister Susan. But I seed it with mine own eyes!

Mrs. P.—Marcy! you don't say so! Mrs. S.—Yes, and I blush to think on't. You are sure thar ain't no men folks round here to hear me tell on't hain't you? I should sink to have any man know that I ever witnessed such a scandalous performance.

Mrs. P.—No, thar hain't a soul; Nehemiah's mowing in the Downing lot, and Asa's gone down to the mill. You can go right on.

Mrs. S.—Well, yesterday, I seed Deacon Borden drive past our house in that new buggy of his, with a gal alongside of him. It was just after sunset, but my eyes is good ones, and I seed 'em just as plain as if it was day; and as sure as I am a living woman, that dreadful man had his arm round her!

Mrs. P.—Oh, poor Mrs. Borden! I'd be divorced right off, if I was her—I vum I would!

Mrs. S.—Well, I felt jest as if 'twas my duty to see the end of it; I was dreadful busy, but I put it all by, to tend to what I thought was my duty. So I whipped on my things, and started across the fields for the deacon's house. I got there jest as he'd carried that jade into the entry; for I'm willing to take my Bible oath that he actilly carried her! I clim' up on a box, and peeped in the window, over the top of the shutter, and—my soul and body!

Mrs. P. (impatiently)—Well, what was it?

Mrs. S.—There they sot on a sofa, he had his arm around her, and her head was a layin' on his weikat, and her yaller hair a streamin' all over his buzzum! And as true as I'm alive, she had it curled and a blue ribbing in it!

Mrs. P.—The land of goodness!

Mrs. S.—To be sure; and while I was a looking what did that depraved man do but kiss her!

Mrs. P.—Why, Mrs. Shaw!

Mrs. S.—Yes, and it overcome me so that I lost my balance, and fell right onto a hive of bees, and from there into a tub of rainwater; it took all the glazing out of my new gown, and peeled my elbows dreadfully. The bees they come at me, and afore I got on my feet I was stung in seventeen places! But I didn't mind it—I'd satisfied myself.

Mrs. P.—Well, I never heard the like! What are you a-going to do! Something ort to be done. It ain't right for such a man as that to be a pillow of the church.

Mrs. S.—To be sure; and I've decided to see Parson Stone about it this very day; I was over there this morning. I shall recommend a meeting at once to investigate the deacon's conduct. I shouldn't wonder a particle if the deacon should louse for Canada when he hears on't; of course he'd never brave it out.

Mrs. P.—Of course not. Don't hurry, Mrs. Shaw, don't; I hain't said half I sot out to, I'm all struck up so.

[Great stir near the door. Enter a young lady in straw hat and curls.]

Mrs. S.—Good gracious, massy! there she is.

Mrs. P.—The shameless hussy.

Deacon B.—May I ask the nature of my offence?

Mrs. S.—You hugged her and kissed her! I seed you.

Deacon B.—Who upset my bee-hive? Mrs. S. (spitefully)—I dunno what that has to do with it.

Parson S.—What have you to say to this accusation?

Deacon B.—I say the old lady is correct.

Parson S.—What! do I hear aright?

Deacon B.—I think so. I will repeat it; Mrs. Shaw is correct.

Mrs. P.—Well I vum to goodness!

Mrs. S.—Jest what I told sister Susan.

Parson S.—I had hoped, Deacon Borden, that you would have been able to have disproved this charge.

Deacon B.—On the contrary, I am very happy to prove it. Ada, come here, my dear. (Draws the girl with curls to his side.)

Mrs. S.—Good gracious! did any body ever?

Deacon B.—I am pleased to confess to you, my friends, that I did kiss the young lady now beside me, as stated by Mrs. Shaw, and what is more, I will take this opportunity to kiss her again. (He kisses her.)

Parson S.—Deacon Borden, I am—Deacon B.—Allow me, Parson Stone and you, brethren and sisters, and others who feel so very anxious relative to my welfare, to introduce to you Miss Adelaide Annis Borden, the beloved daughter of my first wife. I have just taken her home from boarding school, and shall claim the right to kiss her when I please.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—In Hall's Journal of Health, we find the following reference to the preservation and cooking of potatoes, that may be useful to those who may not already possess the knowledge:—"The tendency of potatoes to sprout in the early spring is reported to be prevented in Scotland, and by so doing, their full edible qualities are preserved, and 'mealy' potatoes can be had all summer from the previous year's growth. The experiment costs but little, and is worthy of being tested by every one who doubts its efficacy. Obtain from a drug-gist one ounce of liquor of Ammonia, (hartshorn) to a pint of water; let the potatoes be immersed in this mixture four or five days; dry them. Their substance is thus consolidated, and much of their moisture extracted without the slightest injury for all table qualities, but their vegetative power is forever destroyed. If spread out after immersion, so as to be well dried, they will keep good for ten months.

"Baked potatoes are easily digested, requiring only two hours and a half, but one hour longer if boiled. The sprouts of potatoes uncovered, with earth contain solanum, a powerful poison, the potatoe becoming green, and are then unfit for even animals. To have mealy potatoes for the table, boil them until the fork easily penetrates; pour off all the water; cover the vessel with a cloth near the fire, until 'steamed' dry.

Above his Business.—It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and then he must go to shop-keeping, or street-loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt, and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back on, they can feel like venturing into other business—and by this time will have formed habits that are likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to business and make money before they buy farms and houses and commence speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of success.

You will find that they never were above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. Of this we are sure: if all men will be prompt and punctual, stick to their business, and not be too proud, they will eventually succeed, and become independent.

AN UNFASHIONABLE OLD FELLOW.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette tells the following anecdote of Gen. Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States:—"The simple hearted old fellow is unfashionable, in that he cannot forget that there has been a war. A repentant Alabamian reached his hand across the table to him, the other day, at dinner; 'Don't you remember me, General?' I used to sit with you in Congress, down to 1860.'—I remember you well enough. You stayed here a good while after 1860, walked through all our camps, and saw altogether too much before you left. If you were going to be a traitor you might have had the grace to go a little earlier, so that your old friends shouldn't be compelled to suspect you of being a spy.'

"But, General, no man ever regretted this thing more than I did!'—'Why, in the name of manhood, then, didn't you stand up against it? But no, you had to go with your State, and get office under the government of traitors, and now you come up to this mud-sill, Andy Johnson, that's what I'd do with you, old friend as you are!'

FAMILY DIALOGUE.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place between a married couple on their way to the West:—"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for you feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from that window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling."

"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

Married.—On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Webb, Mr. Thunderbolt to Miss Mary Pillar.

By wedlock noose  
Has Dr. Webb disarmed  
The great Jove killer,  
A thunderbolt he sent to bed  
To slumber on a pillar.

One day Freddy's little sister Carrie, hearing her mother talk about a name for a new little baby-brother that had been given to them a short time before, said: "Mamma, why don't you name him Hallowed? It says in my prayer, 'Hallowed be thy name, and I think it is a very pretty name, too."

It is said that the high price of eggs is owing to the fact that the hens are at great expense to procure revenue stamps to put on their manufactured articles.

What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

Why should a chicken hatched by steam be closely watched? Because his mother does not know he is out.

Why is the Secretary of the Treasury like a weaver? He can't do without a Spinner.

Few pity us for our misfortunes—thousands hate us for our success.

A pretty face attracts—a good heart generally secures.