Mariettian.

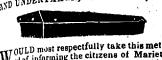
An Independent Pennsplbunin Journal for the Home Circle.

FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

VOL. XII.--NO. 28.

JACOB LIBHART, JR., CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER, MARIETTA, PA



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Adventising 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 ten long years have I been sailing about 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.

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Having just added a " Newsury Moun-TAIN 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 Jos & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows old, and men grow cold, To each while seeking treasure; And what with want, and care and toil, We scarce have time for pleasure. But never mind—that is a loss

Not much to be lamented; life rolls on gaily if we will But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich. It will not be by pining; No! steady heart and hopeful minds Are life's bright silver lining. There's ne'er a man that dared to hope Hath of his choice repented: The happiest souls on earth are those Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the hear And fortune bids us soriow, From hope we may a blessing reap And consolation borrow. If thoras will rise where roses bloom,

It cannot be prevented; So make the best of life you can, And smile and be contented.

Excellent Hints: Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place.

Always mend clothes before washing. Alum or vinegar is good to set col of red, green or yellow. Sal soda will bleach very white; one

spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes. Save your suds for garden plants, or to harden yards when sandy. Stir Poland starch with a common

and will be much nicer. Count your clothes pins, knives and forks, towels, bandkerchiefs, &c., at least

once a week. polish with a little flour, and rub with a

dry cloth. Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make nice I feel there is no home for me. cake.

Save all your pieces of bread for puddings dry, or they will mould. Examine your pickles, sweetmeats.

and everything put away. Buy amall quantities of cheese at a

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots. A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds, and not rinsed. If your flat-irous are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make

them smooth. Oat straw is the best for filling beds; it should be changed once a year. If you are buying a carpet for durabil-

ity, chose small figures. A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking. Scotch snuff put on holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible at night, or throw a blanket over it, or straw it up.

as you suppose," said a lady to ber min no matter. The old sun dial, I see, is ister, who had called upon her during standing there yet. her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to my father was with me; and the text chime, and tell me who are going to was: My son, hear the instruction of DEST Quality of Wines and Liquors for church, and whether they have got any. the mother. Oh, what a curse to we

The Runaway's Return.

Well, here am I, after my night's walk once more in the village where I was born. The sun is up now, and shining floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post brightly. Things appear the same, and yet different. How is it? There was a big tree used to stand at the corner; and where is Craver's cottage!

Three days ago I landed at Ports mouth. It was on my birthday. For on the sea, and wandering about on the land. How things come over me! I am a man now; but for all that I could sit down and cry like a child.

It seems but as yesterday since I ran away from home. It was the worst day's work that I ever did. I got up in the morning at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time I had been unkind to my dearmother, and undutiful to my father, and the day before he had told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly, and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it. I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now!

My father coughed as I crept along by his door; and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have seemed to hear that cough in every quarter of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me; for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting me a pair of garters, to give me on at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would wake

her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs. Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried out loud to me. That' cry has rung in my ears ever since; ay, in my very dreams!

As I hurried away I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he had murdered his brother. My father, my mother and my sister had been kind to me; but I had een unkind to them, and in leaving them thus, I felt as if I were murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing that from candle, and it will not stick to the iron, them that the whole world could not make up to them, but on I went. Oh, that I could bring back that hour!

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The crows Wash your tea-trays with cold suds, are cawing among the high elm trees by the church. I wonder whether they are the same rocks! There's a shiver comes over me as I get nearer home. Home!

Here is the corner of the hedge, and the old seat : but father is not sitting there. There is a patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bedroom window, my mother is not look.

ing out of it now. That cry! that cry! I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor the thatch fall in, and my mother and my sister never stuffed that straw through the

broken panes. I'll rap at the door, anyhow. How hollow it sounds! Nobody stirs. All is as silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's clear. Ten long years! How could I expect it to be otherwise? I can bear hard work, and hunger and thirst! but I can't bear this!

The elderberry is in blossom, as it was when I ran away, and the woodbine is as fresh as ever, running up to the window that my mother opened to call after me. I could call after her now, loud enough to be heard a mile, if I thought she would hear me.

It's no use stopping here! I will cross the church yard, and see if the clerk lives where he did; but he will not know me. My cheek was like the rose when I went away; but the sun has made it of another color. How narrow the path is between the grass! it "I don't miss my church so much used to be wider—at least I thought so;

The last time I was in that church. that pur posses, at Landis & Trout? thing new." thy mother.' Oh, what a curse do we of Economy. He makes both ends meet. When he needs arresting.

bring upon us when we despise God's Holy Word!

My uncle lies under the yew-tree there, and he had a grave stone. Here it is. It is written all over now, quite to the bottom: In memory of Humphrey Haycroft. But whe is the name under? Walter Haycroft! My father! my father! And Mary, his wife. Oh! my mother! and are you both gone? God's hand is heavy on me! I do feel it in

my heart and soul !

And there is another name yet, and it is freshly cut : Esther Haycroft, their daughter; aged 24. My father! my mother! and my sister! Why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it! What is the world to me now? I feel, bitterly feel, the sin of disobediance; the words come home to me now: The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it .-- Prov. xxx. 17.

But yet I recollect how my dear father and mother used to point us to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. There is no refuge beside, said my mother; Christ is able and willing to save. I paid but little attention to these words once; oh, may I never forget them now!

PATERNAL DUTY .- The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equalmy birthday. I turned back, opened ly to be pitied and to be blamed. What the door of her little room, and looked right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living, without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well cultivated intel lects; hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brothren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order and regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men: and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property-simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a hlessing.

> STRANGE BRIDAL STORY .- A strange story is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning became so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable one, and was a fish who, it seems had not been easily hooked. There was, therefore, great danger in delay, so in stead of postponing the marriage the second sister, covering herself with a long veil, personated the first, and duly went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bridal dress and ornaments to her sister who, in her innocence, was thus considered to have all proper claim to this husband she had married by proxy. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are to be taken not only in the civil, but in the criminal courts of Berlin.

A Good Rule .- At Sydney, in Australia, among other advertisements on the first floor of the printing office, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be seen unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly everybody without exception is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waitingroom-one hour costs 10s., half an hour 6s., fifteen minutes 3s.

A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, anxiously exclaiming: "My dear, where shall I find you when I return?"

A dog lying on the hearth-rug with his nose to his tail is the emblem Farmer's Sons.

When a farmer s son leaves home to become a clerk in some village or city store, or to engage in some other business, in three cases in four he takes the first step towards his pecuniary ruin. Occasionally, a young man thus gets into a business in which he becomes a partner or owner, and makes mone; but such cases are rare.

Let us suppose a case. A young man hears of the high salaries clerks get in New York, fifteen hundred dollars a year in some cases, and he gets the New York fever, and taking fifty dollars in his pocket, he bids his parents farewell, and leaves home in high spirits.

When he gets to the city, he inquires for a boarding house; he applies to several, and finds the price of board from six to ten dollars a week-the cheapest with fare he would not be satisfied with at home, being about six dollars. He takes board at this rate, and begins to look for a situation—sees advertisements in the papers for clerks, but a hundred get the start of him, some of whom write splendid hands—and, of course, they get the situations.

In a few weeks his money is all gone, and he writes home for more; and the result generally is, that after spending from one hundred to two hundred dollars, and "seeing the elephant, he comes home disgusted with city life, and is willing to stick to the farm, or awaits a new outfit for a second trial for suc- bil.

Such an aspirant for money-making has his ardor somewhat cooled when he learns of city merchants that they pay green hands only about enough to board them; say from three hundred to five hundred dollars for smart, active clerks, from eighteen to twenty-five years old. The rule is to increase salaries from fifty to one hundred dollars a year, till clerks become fully acquainted with the buslness, when some few—the most efficient -perhaps one in a hundred-get a salary that enables them to lay up a little money if they are economical.

If however, we should turn to the histories of most young men who leave good homes to obtain situations in cities we should find that ninety-nine in a hunered failed to realize their anticipations, and have died poor, or are now living on less means yearly than a good farm affords, while their lives are a continued current of cares that render life anything but happy.

In our younger days we had practical experience in this matter, and left New York with a shattered constitution, brought on by close application to business, without a compensatory reward for the loss of health; and to escape a premature grave we fled to the country there to get a new lease of life by tilling the soil.

Here are a few remarks on the foregoing subject, which we clip from the

Rural World: The sons of farmers commonly think their lot is a hard one. Unlike most city youths, they are compelled to perform daily toil. Their life is not one of constant amusement. They cannot see and hear as much as their city cousins. They do not dress in as fine clothescannot treat and be treated at the popular saloons, or visit the costly gambling resorts which abound in every city. They feel that their lot is indeed a hard one, and the highest ambition of many of them is, to arrive at that age when they can go to the city and 'see all the sights.'

But let us talk to our farmer boys. You are in the right place. You are learning habits of industry and frugality. By your daily toil you are acquiring a them. sound constitution—a most important matter. And this is one of the reasons that our great men have all come from farmers sons. They have grown up 10bust, with constitutions that could endure a great amount of mental labor. which youths from the city, with weak and feeble frames, could not stand.

If you cannot see as much as city youths, neither are you exposed to the vices and temptations of the city life, which prove the destruction of nearly all raised in the city. You are then on the right track-go ahead. Resolve to form no bad habits. Indulge in no intoxicating drinks. If you form a love for them it is almost impossible to subdue it. Do not acquire the habit of chewing or smoking tobacco, or taking snuff. Read good books-let no opportunity for improvement pass away-and you will grow up useful, intelligent men .- Rural American.

When is a tired man like a thief?

Stuff for Smiles.

A judge, trying a case out in the West, had proceeded about two hours when he observed, " Here are only eleven jurymen present; where is the twelfth?" "Please yer honor," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me !"

A gentleman who was about completing the sale of a horse, which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little archin appeared and innocently inquired, 'Grandpa, which horse you goin' to sell -that one you built the fire under yesterday to make him draw?' The bargain was at an end.

An editor reading in another paper that there is tobacco, which, if a man smokes or chews, will make him forget that he owes a shilling in the world, innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the same article.

'You like plenty of nice things, don't you Johnny? How many cakes did you have at the pastry-cooks yesterday?' Five; first a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a current-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a stoma cake !

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could hardly decide which was the best, asked the advice of his faithful African servant, who thus replied: "Massa, go where de most deb-

'My dear,' said a gentleman to a young lady whom he hoped to marry, 'do you intend to make a fool of me?' No, replied the lady, 'Nature has saved me the trouble.'

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten acre field in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you are about to leave I shall detain your trunk," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger who was slightly in arrears. "Where shall I get a panel?" said

the sheriff to the judge. "Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels out of doors." The reason why the gamecock keeps

goes anywhere without taking his comb with him. An editor tells of an acquaintance of his, who, when he laughs, "shakes the room so that even the spiders neep out

of their cracks to see what is going on." Why are naughty children at school like postage stamps? Because you must lick their backs to make them stick

to their letters.

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love," on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

Red noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz. and Why should we never sleep in a rail

es over sleepers. Why is a crazy oil speculator like the Secretary of the Navy? He is Giddy

way carriage? Because the train pass

on Wells. Teamsters may do a brisk business. but wheelbarrow men carry all before

A bachelor's face is often the worse for wear—a married man's for wear and

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Because there are more of Why is the James river like a keg of

ager-beer? Because they both flow ino the Dutch Gap. A blind man went out to sea, when there how did he contrive to see? He

took a cup and saw, sir, (saucer). The brewers and beer-sellers of New

York are at lager-heads.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing? Pairing. A ten never indulged in by gossip-

In what color should a secret be kept? In violet. Many wear dignity as they do clothes

-all outside. All lawyers may be said to belong to the Fee-nian brotherhood.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthro. phy?-Because it gives in all directions. A moded fish—the ceabin wax.