

The Marietta

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 31.

F. L. Baker,
Scribner and Compiler.

Wants most respectfully take this means of
informing his friends and the public generally
that he has commenced the drawing of

DEEDS,
MORTGAGES,
JUDGMENTS,

and in fact everything in the CONVEYANCING
branch having gratuitous intercourse with a
member of the Lancaster Bar, he will be enabled
to execute legal instruments of writing
with accuracy.

He can be found at the office of "THE
MARIETTA," "Lindsay's Building," (second
floor) near the Post Office corner, or at
his residence on Market street, half a square
west of the "Dancing House," Marietta.

Thank Deeds, Mortgages, Judgments and
Leases always on hand and for sale.

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Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

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Call and examine his stock before pur-
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JOHN HOLLINGER, President,
JAMES BOYMAN, Cashier.

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RESERVE FUND \$22,238.70
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on deposits made for one year.
AMOS BOYMAN, Cashier.

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DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
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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. Pro-
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at \$5 per annum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, 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 Moun-
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Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE
MARIETTA," 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.

A POEM FOR THE SEASON.
"He that hath pity upon the poor, lend-
eth unto the Lord."—Proverbs.

It is reported of a certain clergyman,
that, having read his text, he looked
down upon his congregation and ex-
claimed: "God now my Christian friends
if you like who security down with the
dust!"

God of the falling year! thy power
Ebbeth the germ, unfolds the flower.
Mingles at last the golden grain;
And then restores the iron reign.
Of dreary winter, drearier still,
To those whom age and penny chill.

The power of frost has locked the ground.
The streams in icy chains are bound:
Spare thou the heart of man below;
And bid the fount of pity flow.
Speed, Lord, thy backward stewards on,
Till mercy's holy work be done.

The board, with costly viands spread,
The blazing hearth, the downy bed—
God, thou art just—what mortal dare
Call these his own! for thine they are.
Speed, Lord, thy backward stewards on,
Till mercy's holy work be done.

The hand that won the orphan's bread
Is laid to slumber with the dead!
The bare-foot boy, 'mid winter skies,
From door to door his labor plies.
Speed, Lord, thy backward stewards on,
Till mercy's holy work be done.

Lo! how the storm—'tis cold and
late—
The shivering outcast tries the gate:
The backward steward of the poor
Turns down his light and bars the door.
Speed, Lord, thy backward stewards on,
Till mercy's holy work be done.

The honey moon—Why is the first
month after marriage called the "honey
moon"? Doubtless on account of the
sweet lunacy which controls the heads
of the parties during that brief and de-
lightful period. What a pity that they
should ever get quite rational again!

That sentimentality should give place
to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love
yield to logic, and fiction to fact till the
happy pair are reduced from the Eden
of romance to the Sahara of reality—
from heaven to earth—and perhaps a
peg lower!

Strange as it may seem, there have
been couples who have quarreled in the
first month of matrimony, and have got
back to their astonished parents before
the good mother had fairly got done
weeping, (and rejoicing too,) at her
daughter's departure. Their "honey
moon" soured at the full of her thorn
and became a moon of vinegar instead.
A bad omen, that! There was much
sense and propriety in the text which
the ancient clergyman chose for a wed-
ding sermon. It was taken from the
Psalms of David, and read thus: "And
let there be peace, while the moon en-
dureth."

FATHFUL—Sarah Jennings, wife of
Marlborough, wrote to the Duke of
Somerset when he offered her marriage:
"If I were young and handsome as I
was, instead of old and faded as I am,
and you could lay the empire of the
world at my feet, you should never shake
the heart and hand that once belonged
to John, Duke of Marlborough."

A gentleman paid \$350 for a spe-
cial train to take him from Boston to
Portland, Saturday a week, to catch the
English steamer. He arrived in time
for the steamer did not leave until the
next morning, and he might have saved
the money by waiting for the regular
train.

It is beauty's privilege to kill
time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

A Thrilling Story.
From All the Year Round.

In Jeopardy.

I'm a bricklayer, I say; and what's
more, down in the country, where people
ain't so particular about keeping trades
distinct as they are in the great towns.
This may be seen any day in a general
shop, where, as one may say, you can
get anything, from half a quarter of but-
ter up to a horn-lantern; and down
again to a hundred of short cut brads—
well, down in the country I've done a
bit of a job now and then as a mason;
and not so badly neither, I should sup-
pose, for I got pretty well paid consid-
ering; and I didn't hear more than the
usual amount of 'growlin' arter it was
done—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't
the most agreeable of 'lives; and if it
warn't for recollecting a little about the
dignity of labor, and such like, one
would often grumble more than one
does.

Some time ago, it don't matter to you,
nor me, nor yet anybody else; just when
it was, work was precious slack down
our way—all things considered, I ain't
a going to tell you where our way is. A
day's work a week had been all I'd been
able to get for quite two months; so
Mary, that's my wife, need to pinch and
screw, and screw and pinch, and keep
on squeezing shilling arter shilling out
of the long stocking, till at last it got so
light, that one morning she lets it fall
upon the table, where, instead of com-
ing down with a good hearty spang, it
fell softly and just like a piece of cotton
that was snipy. And then, poor lass,
she hangs on to my neck, and burst out
screaming that pitiful, that I'm blest if I
didn't want my nose blowing every quar-
ter of a minute. I hadn't minded the
screwing and pinching; not a bit of it.
First week we went without our pud-
dings. Well, that wasn't much. Sec-
ond week we stopped my half-pint of
beer. Third week I put my pipe out.
Mary kep' on saying that things must
look up soon, and then I should have
an ounce of the best to make up for it.
But things didn't look up; and in spite
of all the screwing we got down to the
bottom of the stocking, as I said—jest
now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinching,
but it was my poor lass as got pinched
the most, and she was a-getting paler
and thinner every day, till I couldn't
bear to see it. I run out o' the house,
and down to Jenkin's yard, where I'd
been at work last. I soon found Jen-
kin, and I says to him—
"Governor," I says, "this won't do,
you know; a man can't live upon wind."
"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.
"And a man can't keep his wife upon
wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and
he went on and spoke as fair as a man
could speak; and said he hadn't a job
he could put me on, or he would have
done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry,
Bill," he says, "but if times don't mend
I tell you what I am a-going to do."
"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says, "and if
I was a young man like you, I wouldn't
stop starting down here, when they're
giving first-class wages up there, and
when there's building going on all round,
as thick as thick, and good big jobs too,
hotels, and railways, and bridges, and
all sorts."

I faces round sharp, and walks off
home, for when a feller's hungry and
close up, it lays hold on his temper. As
well as his stomach, more, especially
when there's somebody belonging to
him in the same way. So I walks off
home, where I find Mary a-looking werry
red-eyed; and I makes no more ado,
but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit
o' dust there was in the bottom o' the
ar into it, lights up, and sits down a-side
of Mary, and puts my arm round her
jest as I used to in old counting times;
and then begins smoking and thinking.
Werry slow was to the fast, and werry
fast, as to the second; as smoking costs
money, and the dust was dry; whereas
thinking came cheap jest then—and it's
surprising how you can think on a wamp-
ty inside. I suppose it is because
there's plenty o' room for the thoughts
to work in.

Well, I hadn't been settin' above a
minute like this, when my lass lays her
head on my shoulder, and though she
wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she
was a-giving way; but I didn't take no
notice. Perhaps I held her a little bit
tighter; and she I sat thinking, and
watching the thin smoke, till I could see
buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o'
bricks, and blocks o' stone; and could
almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and

the "sor-jar" o' the big stone, saws;
and there was the men a running up and
down the ladders, and the gangers a-giv-
ing their orders, and all seemed so plain,
that I began to get warm. And I keeps
on smoking till it seemed as though I
was one o' a great crowd o' men stand-
ing round a little square wooden office
place, and being called in one at a time;
and there I could see them a-taking
their six-and-thirty shillings and two
pounds a-piece, as fast as a clerk could
book it. And then all at once it seem-
ed to fade away like a fog in the sun;
and I kep' on drawing; but nothing
come, and I found as my pipe was out,
and there was nothing left to light agin.
So I knocks the ashes out—what there
was on 'em—and then I breaks the pipe,
bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my
pocket—right-hand trousers pocket.

"What for?" says you.
"Nothin' at all, as I knows on; but
that's what I did; and I am a telling you
what happened. Perhaps it was be-
cause I felt uncomf'able with nothing
to rattle in my pocket. Howsomever,
my mind was made up, and brightening
up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-
and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday,
I says to her as was by my side—
"Polly, my lass, I'm a going up to
London."

"Going where?" she says, lifting up
her head.
"London," I says; and then I began
to think what going to London meant.
For, mind yer, it didn't mean a chap in
a rough jacket making up a bundle in a
clean blue handkercher, and then shov-
in' his stick through the knot and stick-
ing it over his shoulder, and taking the
road upards, whistlin' like a blackbird.
No; it meant something else. It meant
breaking up a tidy little home as two
young folks—common people in course
—had been a saving up for years to
make snug; it meant half breaking a
poor simple lass's heart to part with
this little thing and that little thing;
tearing up the nest that took so long a
building, and was allus so snug arter a
cold day's work. I looked at the clean
little window, and then at the bright
kettle on the shiny black hob, and then
at the werry small fire as there was, and
then fast at one thing, and then at
another, all so clean and neat and home-
ly, and all showing how proud my lass
was of 'em all, and then I thought a lit-
tle more of what going up to London
really did mean, and I suppose it must
have been through feeling low and faint
and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to
tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap;
but truth's truth. Well, somehow a
blind seemed to come over my eyes, and
my head went down upon my knees, and
I cried like a schoolboy.

But it went off, and we set to talking
over the arrangements; and two days
arter, Molly and I was in a lodging in
London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and
made myself smart; not fine, but clean,
and looking as if I warn't afraid of work.
I finds my way to one o' the big work-
shops, where the bell was a ringing for
six o'clock, and the men was a scuffling
in. There was a couple more chaps like
me standing at the gate, come to see if
they could get took on; and one o' 'em
slips in, and comes out again directly a-
swearing and growling like anything,
and then t'other goes in, and he comes
out a swearing too, and then I feels my
heart go sinking down ever so low. So
I says to the first—
"Any chance of a job?"

"Go to—," somewhere, he says, ontling
up rough; so I asks t'other one—
"Any chance of a job?"
"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning
his back, and going off with the first
one; and I must say they looked a pret-
ty pair of blacks.

So I stood there quite five minutes
wondering what to do; whether I should
go in and ask for myself, or go and try
somewhere else. I didn't like to try,
arter seeing two men refused. All at
once a tall, sharp-eyed man comes out
of a side place and looks at me quite
berce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's
your business? What do you want?"
"Job, sir," says I.
"Then why didn't you come in and
ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.
"Oh! we don't want such as them
here," he says, "but there's plenty o'
work for men who mean it; and then,
he looked me through a moist. I sup-
pose you do mean it, eh?"
"Give us hold of a strowel," says I,
"splitting in both hands."

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.
"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.
"Yes," says I.
"Work slack there?" says he.
"Awful," says I.
"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones,
put this fellow in number four lot."

Well, I was in work now, and I meant
to keep it. My bodman did his day's
work that day, if he never did it afore.
Then some of the men began to take it
up, and got to chaffing; one fellow
makes 'hisself precious unpleasant by
keepin' on going 'puff! puff!' like a
steam 'tgin, because I worked so fast.
But I let 'em chaff as long as they
liked; and bime by I comes to be work-
ing alongside of my steam 'tgin friend,
and jest as he'd been going it a little ex-
tra, I says to him, quietly—
"Ever been out of work, matey?"

"Not to aimy," he says.
"Case if ever you are, and come down
werry close to the ground, you'll be as
glad to handle the trowel agin as Lam.
He didn't puff any more that day, not as
I heard.

The big hotel I was working on, was
getting on at a tremendous rate, for
there was a strong body on us at work.
One day when I was a bricklaying up
at the top—I don't know how many
feet from the ground, and I never used
to care to look to see, for fear of turnin'
giddy—it came on to blow a regular
gale, and blew at last so hard that the
scaffold shook and quivered, while
wherever there was a loose rope, it rat-
tled and beat against the poles as if it
was impatient of being tied there, and
wanted to break loose and be giff. At

It blew at last so werry hard, that I
should have been precious glad to have an
excuse to get down; but I couldn't well
leave my work, and the old hands didn't
seem to mind it, so I kep' at it. When
ever the wind blows now, and I let my
eyes, I can call it all back again—the
creaking and quivering of the poles, the
howling and whistling of the gale as it
swopt savagely by, in a rage because it
could not sweep us away.

It was getting to be somewhere about
half past three, and I was working hard,
so as to keep from thinking about the
storm, when all at once I happened to
turn my head, and see that the men was
a scuffling down the ladders as hard as
they could go. And then, before I had
time to think, there was a loud crash,
and a large piece of the scaffolding gave
way, and swept with it poles, boards and
bricks, right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected
from the roof above me, just above my
head, caught it, and hung suspended,
just as the boards upon which I stood
but an instant before gave way, and fell
on to the next stage, some twenty feet
below. Tightly grasping the rough
pole, I clung for life.

Think! I did think! I thought hun-
dreds of things in a few seconds; as I
shut my eyes and began to pray; for I
felt as I could not hold on long, and I
knew as I should fall first on the stage
below, when the boards would either
give way, or shoot me off again with a
spring, and then I knew there would be
a crowd round something upon the
ground, and the police coming with a
stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the
rope," cried a voice from below. I turned
my head, so that I could just see that
the pole I was hanging to had a block
at the end, through which ran a rope for
drawing light things up and down to
the scaffold. For an instant I dar'd
not move; then, raising myself, I went
hand over hand towards the pulley, and
in another instant I should have grasped
it, when I heard a rushing sound, and
the creaking of a wheel, as the rope
went spinning through, and was gone;
the weight of the longer side having
dragged the other through. As I hung
I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hun-
dred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I
could hear a regular strike from those
below; but nobody stirred to my assist-
ance, for I was beyond help then; but I
seemed to grow stronger with the dan-
ger, though my arms felt as if they were
being wrenched from their sockets, and
my nerves as if they were torn with hot
irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in
again till I was over the stage first;
then close into the face of the building;
and there I hung. Once I tried to get
some hold with my feet, but the smooth
bricks let my toes slip over them direct-
ly. Then I tried to get a leg over the
pole, so as to climb up, and sit there;
but the time was gone, by for that, I
had hung too long, and was now grow-
ing weaker every moment.

I can't say how long I hung, but
I felt at length that I was going, I

made one last try for it. I thought of
my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-
looking at me in a widdler's cap; and
then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried
to get on to where the end of the pole
was fastened. I got one hand over the
hard bricks, and hooked my fingers, and
held on; then I got the other hand over
and tried to climb up, as a cheer from
below encouraged me; but my feet and
knees spite over the smooth bricks,
and in spite of every effort, they hung
down straight at last, and I felt a sharp
quiver run through me as slowly, slowly,
my hands opened, my fingers straight-
ened, and, with eyes blinded and blood-
shot, I fell.

Fell what seemed to be an enor-
mous distance, though it was only to
the next stage, where boards, bricks,
and tools, shaken by the concussion,
went with a crash below. The dead
planks upon which I lay still kept in
their places, but with their ends jolted
so near the edge that it seemed to me
that the least motion on my part would
make them slip, and send me off again.
I was too exhausted and frightened to
move, and lay there for some time, not
knowing whether I was much hurt or
not. The first thing as recalled me to
myself was the voice of a man who came
up a ladder close at hand; and I could
see that he had a rope and pulley with
him, which he soon had hooked on to the
ladder.

Hold on, mate, he says. If I
throw you the end of a rope, can you
tie it round you?

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a
noose, and pulling enough rope through
the block, he shies it to me, but it
wasn't far enough. So he tries again
and agin, and at last I manages to catch
hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried
to move, it shodded as if something stau-
bed me in the side, and what was more,
the least thing would, I found, send the
boards down, and of course he with
them.

Tell them to hold tight by the rope,
says I; and he passed the word, while I
got both arms through the noose, and
told him to tighten it, which he did by
pulling; for I could not have got it over
my head without making the boards slip.

"Now then," he says, "are you ready?"
"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as
if everything was a-swimming around
me; but I heard him give a signal, and
felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into
my arms above the elbows, and then I
swung backwards and forwards in the
air, while, with a crash, away went the
boards upon which I had been a lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any
more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep;
but I suppose I was lowered down and
took to the hospital, where they put my
broken ribs to rights in no time, and it
wasn't so werry long before I was at
work once more; though it took a pre-
cious time before I could get on to a
high scaffold again without feeling
creepy and shivery; but, you know, 'use
is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other
day, and I must say it has improved
wonderful for wages keep good, and
work's plenty; and as for those chaps
who organize the strikes it strikes me
they don't know what being out of work
is like. But along of that stooz, one
feels temple werry much to go down in
the country agin, but I don't like to,
for fear o' things not turning out well;
and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill."
So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and
werry comfortable.

MILTON'S DICTATION.—In a recent lec-
ture delivered at Edinburgh by Profes-
sor Masson, the subject being Milton,
he said: "With regard to 'Paradise
Lost,' it was dictated bit by bit, a few
lines a day, to any person who might
call on Milton. In some pictures of
Milton he was represented as dictating
the poem to his daughters, who seemed
rapt and reverential; but these were
pure fantasies, for the fact was that his
daughters were uneducated. Instead of
being rapt and reverential, they pawed
his boots and wished him dead, so that
these pictures were imaginary."

An Irish student hearing the
sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sail-
or, "What's that?" "Why, that's sun-
set," was the reply. "Sense!" ex-
claimed Pat, "had does the sun go down
in this country with such a bang as
that?"

Which travels at a greater speed,
heat or cold? Heat, because you can
catch cold.

What thing is that which the
more we cut it the longer it grows? A
ditch.