

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 40.

NEW TRIMMING & VARIETY STORE.
Opposite Duffenbach's and two doors west of the Golden Mortar Drug Store, Market-st., Marietta.

MRS. MARGARET ROTH
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Segars,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded.
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Remember the place,
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Dr. Grove's old Stand.
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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., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of Job and CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

From the Chester Valley Union.
THE CHILD'S WISH,

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.
"I would I were an heless, ma,
"O, don't you wish it too?"
Said little Ella Summerfield,
Whose eyes of earnest blue,
Resembled those bright violets
That from the moss bank peep,
When Spring is waking up her flowers,
From out their winter sleep.

"'T would be so fine, mamma, you know
To dwell in mansions fair,
To have no wish ungratified,
No sorrow and no care;
To wander all day long thro' groves
With Summer verdure bright,
And then repose on velvet beds,
When darkness robes the night."

"You have your wish, my darling child,"
The mother mild, replied,
As she drew her loved one to her arms,
Then placed her by her side.
"You have a goodly heritage
Beyond the swelling flood.
A glorious mansion purchased there,
With your Redeemer's blood."

"Across the broad, blue ocean, ma,
In England's fairy clime
Where many a towered castle stands
Reared in the olden time;
With battlements and turrets grand,
And proud ancestral halls
With studded niches and marble fountains,
And pictured covered walls.

"With groves and trees, and bowers, ma,
And gently sloping lawns,
Where roves the stately antlered deer
And sports the spotted fawns;
A garden graced with fairest flowers,
And fruit of every clime,
Oh! 't would be joy indeed, mamma,
If such a home were mine."

"My daughter, far above the skies,
A richer mansion stands,
Than e'er was made by man's device,
Or fashioned by his hands;
No morning joy high o'er the walls
Of Jasper finds its way!
Time cannot blacken gates of pearl,
Nor mark them with decay."

The light of glory never yields
To night the shortest reign—
Perennial flowers their sweets diffuse
Throughout the verdant plain!
Then, daughter, turn thee to the truth—
Earth's joys are fraught with strife,
An heless of the skies thou art
Inheritrix of heaven.

BAITIMORE, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

A WORD FOR WIVES.—"Little wives!
if ever a half suppressed sigh finds place
with you, or a half-unloving word escapes
you to the husband whom you love,
let your heart go back to some tender
word in those first love days; remember
how you loved him then, how tenderly
he wooed you, how timidly you responded;
and if you can feel that you have
not grown unworthy, trust him for the
same fond love now. If you do feel that
through many cares and trials of life
you have become less lovable and attractive
than you were, turn—by all that
you love on earth, or hope for in heaven
—turn back, and be the pattern of love-
liness that won him; be the 'dear one'
your attractions made you then. Be the
gentle, loving, winning maiden still;
and doubt not, the lover you admired
will live forever in your husband. Nestle
by his side, cling to his love, and let his
confidence in you never fail; and my
word for it, the husband will be dearer
than the lover ever was. Above all
things, do not forget the love he gave
you first. Do not seek to 'emancipate'
yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself,
and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev.
Miss Brown; but love the higher honor
ordained by our Savior of old—that of a
loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed
mother, can have no higher station,
needs do greater honor."

The Lay-Preacher.
"Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills
be joyful together."

Again to the broad earth spring has
returned with her story old as creation,
yet ever new, ever beautiful, ever wel-
come. The floods have shattered their
crystal fastnesses and clap their hands
in triumph at their release, and the hills
are joyful bearing up their emerald ves-
tments into the glad sunshine and the
genial air.

The violet long since raised its modest
head among the early flowers, and the
trees bear up rejoicing their choirs of
wild-wood minstrels that wake the morn-
ing and bid farewell to day's departing
hours.

The sea, with all its grand, solemn as-
sociations, heaves more gently beneath
spring's softened skies, and the few flow-
ers that love its salt baptism, have wak-
ened from their long and deathlike
sleep.

Already the sower has scattered his
seed upon the waiting earth, and the
warm sunshine and the gentle rains have
quickened them, and in due time the
"ear and the full corn in the ear" will
gladden the heart of the reaper. So the
promise made of old that the spring
time shall not fail has been already re-
newed.

To the untried and the unhardened
heart that looks out through appreciat-
ing eyes at the unfolding beauties of the
season, how many new hopes are kindled
and fading ones restored! how all things
unite in the exuberance of life! how
brilliant and varied are the hues that
deck the wide landscape! how the birds
utter the surging melodies of the happy
spirit and send them out and upward on
the passing winds, and how these winds
seem but the whisperings of the angels,
rejoicing with us at the advent of another
spring.

If to other eyes this beauty and glory
are dimmed, if to other ears the birds'
sweet strains recall sad memories and
regrets, if the wounded and troubled
heart casts its own shadow over the
springtime brightness, there remains
still the duty full of solace of grateful
submission, of cheerful acquiescence to
Him whose loving care has chastened
but to heal. Oh, let not such close their
eyes to the crowding testimonies of a
Father's love, shown in all outward
things as well as in the recess of the
soul.

If there were no sorrow for the loyal
and lost, if the heart never ached unto
breaking over the moral death of these
once pure and good, if disappointments
never clouded or extinguished our dearest
hopes, then earth would be too fair
for those born to die, the present too
precious for the far unknown.

While these earthly trials should wend
us from a too ardent love of life, they
should not dim our vision to God's mes-
sage of hope and tender care written all
over the universe in letters of light and
beauty. Let none close the spirit to the
constant inflowing of soothing influ-
ences. Our joys and griefs are for a day,
God labors for eternity, and none can
sensibly disregard his gifts.

Welcome then, all that is glad and
beautiful in our daily paths, welcome it
as the outpouring of a Father's love,
welcome it as a heavenly minister of
consolation where grief has sent its desol-
ating stream.

The little wayside blossom, bathed in
dew, warmed by the sunshine, reeked by
the breeze, utters its voiceless testimony
unto Him who rules on earth as in heav-
en; and shall man, to whom praise and
prayer are permitted, be silent, shall
the noblest voice of all forget its prerog-
ative, and be still amid the general
awakening of praise?

No! with the streams that clap their
hands, and with the hills that are joyful
together, let man rise above his sorrows
and cares, wipe the mist from his eyes,
open his ears that he may hear, and be
one of the vast company that praise,
day and night, God, who sitteth upon
his throne and ruleth in love and mercy
forever and ever.

Mrs. Smikes says the reason chil-
dren are so bad this generation is owing
to the wearing of gaiter shoes, instead
of the old fashioned slippers. Mothers
find it too much trouble to untie gaiters
to whip children, so they go unpunish-
ed; but when she was a child, the way
the old slipper used to do its duty was a
caution.

In marriage the heart of a widow
is like a furnished apartment, where one
is apt to find something left there by a
former lodger.

In the Mind.
An old man was shaving himself one
day before the fire, but suddenly ex-
claimed in a great rage to the maid-ser-
vant: "I can't shave without a glass!
why is it not here?" "Oh!" said she,
"I have not placed it there for many
weeks, as you seemed to get along quite
as well without it." The crusty old
bachelor (of course he was an old bachel-
or, or he would not have been so
crotchety and crusty) had, for the first
time, observed that there was no glass
there, and his inability to shave without
one was "in the mind" only, it was im-
aginary.

A Dutch farmer, who measured a yard
through, was one day working in the
harvest-field with his little son, and was
bitten by a snake. He was horror-
struck. When he recovered himself a
little, he snatched up his outer clothing,
and made tracks for home, at the same
time busying himself in putting on his
vest; but it would not go on. He look-
ed at his arm, and it seemed to be double
its natural size; but tugging at it with
great desperation, he finally got both
arms in. But his blood fairly froze in
his veins when he discovered it wouldn't
meet by about a foot. By this time he
had reached his house, and throwing
himself on the bed, exclaimed in an
agony of terror: "O mine frow! I'm
snake bite! I'm killed! O mine Cot!"
But his little bit of a wife, standing a-
kimbo in the middle of the floor, burst
into a fit of laughter so uncontrollable,
that she was likely to suffocate, and
thus beat her husband in dying. The
poor man, in his alarm, had endeavored
to put on his little boy's vest, and was
not swollen at all, except "in the mind."

Many a mother feels fretted and jaded
and worn out with the cares of house-
keeping and is almost sick. But at the
moment a welcome visitor comes in, full
of life and cordiality and cheeriness, and
in less than five minutes that mother is
a different woman; the sky has cleared;
the face is lighted up with smiles; and
she feels as well as she ever did in her
life. Her discouragement, her almost
sickness was not "in the mind," it was
a reality, but the excitement of conver-
sation drove out the wearying blood,
which was oppressing the heart, and
made it fairly tingle to the finger points.
Mem. Ladies! when you go visiting,
carry smiles and gladness and a joyous
nature and a kind heart with you, and
you will do more good than a dozen doc-
tors. Most persons have a variety of
uncomfortable feelings at times, but
they disappear on some exciting occur-
rence, not because they are merely "in
the mind," only imaginary, but because
the excited heart wakes up to a new pro-
pulsive power, and drives forward the
stagnating blood from points where its
sluggishness was producing oppression
or actual pain. Mem. 2. For all, when
you are grumpy, bounce up, go ahead,
and do something.—Dr. Hall.

OLD AND NEW.—"What do the Arabs
of the desert live on, pa?" asked a rug-
ish girl of her father. "Fudge, Nelly,
that's an old coon-drum. They live on
the sand which is (sandwiches) there."
"Yes, but pa, how do they get 'em?"
"Well, really, Nelly, you have me there.
I give it up." "Why, pa, you know that
the 'sons of Ham are bred and mustered
in the wilderness?" "Come, come, my
daughter, that is too killing; don't say
another word." "Oh, yes, do tell me
what they eat on their sandwiches?"
"Eat on 'em; why what do they eat on
'em?" "Butter, to be sure." "Butter!
How do they get their butter?" "Why
you know, pa, that when Lot's wife was
turned into a pillar of salt, 'all the fam-
ily but her ran into the wilderness.'"

A family remedy.—"Coe's Cough
Balm." These have become house-
hold words with very many families, and
the merits of the article justly entitle it
to our confidence and patronage. The
originator does not claim to be a physi-
cian, but has evidently hit upon a pre-
scription that meets the wants of a large
class of sufferers. Some are testifying
that it has actually cured them of con-
sumption. It is no doubt the consump-
tive's best friend, while for coughs,
hoarseness, and kindred troubles, we
think it has no equal. We predict for
it a world-wide reputation and extensive
sale.

A writer in the Western Recor-
der says: "In a Southern State, I learn
that there is one preacher who has
charge of four churches, edits a newspa-
per, is President of a Female College,
runs several peddler wagons, keeps up a
farm, and owns several patent rights
which he farms out."

Social Importance of the Fireside.
The fireside is a summary of infinite
importance. It is important because it
is universal, and because the education
it bestows, being woven in with the
woof of childhood, gives form and color
to the whole texture of life. There are
few who can receive the honors of a
college, but all are graduates of the
hearth. The learning of the university
may fade from the recollection, its clas-
sical lore may moulder in the halls of
memory; but the simple lessons of home
enamelled upon the heart of childhood,
defy the rust of years, and outlive the
more mature but less vivid picture of
after years. So deep, so lasting, indeed,
are the impressions of early life, that
you often see a man in the imbecility of
age holding fresh in his recollection the
events of childhood, while all the wide
space between that and the present hour
is a blasted and forgotten waste. You
have perchance seen an old and half-ob-
literated portrait, and in the attempt to
have it cleaned and restored you may
have seen it fade away, while a brighter
and more perfect picture, painted be-
neath is revealed to view. This portrait,
first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt
illustration of youth; and though it may
be concealed by some after design, still
the original traits will shine through the
outward picture, giving it tone while
fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such
is the fireside—the great institution of
Providence for the education of man.

"A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY."—A gen-
tleman of this city, says a Boston paper,
who had determined to retire from the
cares of business and indulge himself in
the mania for amateur farming, had a
very attractive estate—on paper—pre-
sented to his notice by a broker. There
was the usual "substantial dwelling
house, large barn and outbuildings, un-
failing spring of water, thrifty fruit trees,
rich pasture and arable grounds," &c.,
situated, of course, "in the immediate
vicinity of school houses, churches, and
advantages of civilization." The mer-
chant was charmed with the description,
and was on the point of purchasing, when
he happened to meet an old farmer ac-
quaintance, who, he suddenly remem-
bered, lived in the neighborhood of his
contemplated investment. After the
usual inquiries on the merchant's part
regard to weather, prospect of crops,
&c., and on the farmer's as to the proper
method of disposing of the "coopoons"
on some government bonds, the former
asked:—

"Do you know G—'s place up your
way?"
"Know it! Yaas, guess I do; lives
'thin two miles o' my place. Dreffle
shiftless critter, tho'; hadn't got much
of anything on his farm except a heavy
mortgage. Goin' to sell him out putty
soon, I guess."

"Indeed!" said the merchant, thought-
fully; "mismanaged, I suppose—don't
attend to his business. Splendid piece
of land, though, is it not?"
"Waal, might be for some purposes;
our 'slectionmen did think of buying it once
for a cemetery, but the site was so orful
poor and sandy that nothing ever came
up that was planted in it, and they were
afraid there'd never be any resurrection
there!"

THE PRESENT.—Some people are al-
ways wishing themselves somewhere but
where they are, or thinking of something
else than what they are doing, or of
somebody else to whom they are speak-
ing. This is the way to enjoy nothing
well, and to please nobody. It is better
to be interested with the best. A prin-
cipal cause of this indifference is the
adoption of other people's tastes to the
cultivation of our own, the pursuit after
that for which we are not fitted, and to
which, consequently, we are not in real-
ity inclined. This folly pervades more
or less all classes, and arises from the
error of building our enjoyment on the
false foundation of the world's opinion,
instead of being, with due regard to
others, each our own world.

That was good advice given by
the President of a State Agricultural
Society, on presenting a silver cup to a
young man who had won the first prize
at a plowing match: "Take this cup,
my young friend, and remember always
to plow deep and drink shallow."

Two young men in Troy, N. Y.,
went to serenade a lady of their acquaint-
ance one night last week, and had just
commenced singing "Oft in the Stilly
Night," when the lady's father raised
the sash, and threw hot water upon them.
"Slumber's chains" didn't "bind them"
to the spot any longer.

A Racy Description.
From a treatise on Races, by Griswold
(the Fat Contributor,) we quote a para-
graph or two:

"I flatter myself that I know some-
thing about the horse race. I had a
passion for horse racing when a lad, and
used to run horses with a neighbor's boy
in Tompkin's lane. How vividly do I
recall my last race. I rode the govern-
or's grass fed mare, a sorrel roan, if I
remember correctly, with two white feet
in the forehead. She was a little found-
ered in one eye, but with the exception
of something like a watermelon on each
knee, her intellect was unimpaired. She
was sired by Canal Horse, and d—d by
every one who drove her. Neighbor's
boy rode a cream-colored chestnut, with
a spring halt to harness. On the home
stretch I was a neck and half a shoulder
blade behind, gently encouraging the old
mare to do her level best by the applica-
tion of a corn cutter to her aged ribs.
The limp which she had in her eye pre-
vented her taking a clear view of a heap
of cobble stones in the lane, and when
she struck them there was a stumble, a
clatter of stones, horse-shoes and old
bones, and the old mare was wrecked
and no insurance.

"I was picked up bleeding and insens-
ible, and I made the remainder of the
home-stretch on a stretcher, coming in
under one blanket. The race was decid-
ed in my favor. The judges allowed,
although I was a neck behind when the
old mare stumbled, yet, as I escaped
without my neck being broken, I came
out a neck ahead."

HEARDING COIN.—A woman died in
Chester county, recently, leaving behind
her eight hundred and twenty-nine dol-
lars in coin—nearly all of it in silver half
dollars, the rest in gold. It was found
in two parcels after death, locked up in
her bureau. She was a single woman,
quite penurious in her habits, and lived
entirely alone on a small lot inherited
from her mother. The money was tak-
en to West Chester last week and sold
for the benefit of her estate and sold at
the current market rates. This money
was the accumulation of thirty or forty
years, and it is noteworthy that not a
single coin was counterfeited. There were
also about one hundred and fifty pennies
—some of them perhaps will be interest-
ing to the curious. Living alone as she
did, unprotected, adjacent to a woods,
and frequently absent from home, her
humble cabin never tempted to violence
or outlawry. She died at the house of
a relative, where she was taken sick
while on a visit, her treasure having had
no one to guard it. She made no dis-
closure of the money, and it was only on
an examination of her effects it was
found.

A white man in St. Louis became
enraged at a negro the other day, and
was about to strike him with a brickbat,
when the colored man fell back on re-
served rights:—"Look here, white man,
don't you strike me wid dat ar rock;
don't you do it, ear. I'd have you know
dat when you strikes me you strikes a
Bureau."

Little three year old Jennie was
playing very roughly with her kitten,
carrying it by the tail. Her mother
told her that she would hurt pussy.
"Why, no, I won't," said she; "I'm
carrying it by the handle!"

A would-be prophet, down South,
lately said, in one of his sermons, that
"he was sent to redeem the world and
all things."—Whereupon a native pulled
out a Confederate shin-plaster and asked
him to fork over the specie for it.

Lucy Stone says:—"The cradle
is a woman's ballot-box." Then we're
known some unlawful voting, where two
ballots were deposited at a time.

It is a great comfort to a man
with but a dollar in his pocket to know
that if he cannot invest in five-twenties
he can in twenty-fives.

It is said that a lady, on putting
on her corsets is like a man who drinks
to drown his grief, because in so-lacing
herself she is getting tight.

Why cannot a deaf man be legal-
ly convicted of crime? Because it is
not lawful to condemn a man without a
hearing.

Wanted, the receipt which is giv-
en when a gentleman "pays his re-
spects."

The largest almshouse in the
world—the Freedman's Bureau.

A tax that Congressmen never
indict upon us.—Syntax.