

The Mariettaian.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
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
50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-
portional and Business cards, of six lines or less,
at 50 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 MOUNTAIN
JOHN'S PAPER," together with a large
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,
Engravings, &c., to the Job Office of "THE
MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and
prompt execution of all kinds of Job & CARD
PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the
largest PORTER, at reasonable prices.

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MANUFACTURERS
Of Revolvers, Rifles, Muskets
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For the United States Service.

Also, Pocket and Belt Revolvers,
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Persons desiring to avail themselves of the
improvements in Pistols, and superior
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of our Arms will be furnished on application.
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Established in 1829.
No. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

We manufacture our own goods, thus en-
suring us to sell at
OLD TIME PRICES.
The largest, best and most complete stock,
and at lower prices than any house in the
country.

Our immense stock of Spring and Summer
Goods consists of all the novelties of the sea-
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lar of which are the
Cavalier,
Cavalier DeOrsay,
Indicator, very new,
Fulton,
Morton Peto,
Brighton, Nobby,
Tyrol.

A splendid Silk Hat for \$5.00!
Cheaper than can be had elsewhere.
Our business connection with our patrons
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guarantee of our ability to please all who
may favor us with a call.
SHULTZ & BROTHERS,
No. 20 North Queen-st., Lancaster.

THE LADY'S FRIEND—
The Best of the Monthlies—devoted to
Fashion and Pure Literature. \$2.50 a year;
75c copies \$4.00; Eight (and one gratis)
Mrs. WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING
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cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PE-
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DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE:—Front street, next door to R
and W. Drug Store, between Locust
and Walnut streets, Columbia.

ROBERT C. HARRIS,
PLASTERER.
Having located in the Borough of Marietta,
and respectfully offer his services to the
public, and being determined to do his work
well, and at reasonable prices, he hopes to merit
and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Marietta, May 12, 1865-3*

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET
opposite the Court House, where he will at-
tend to the practice of his profession in all his
various branches.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
OFFICE:—Main-st., NEARLY OPPOSITE
Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS: From 7 to 8 A. M.
11 to 12
6 to 7 P. M.

A LARGE LOT OF BLUE WINDOW
SHADES at remarkably low prices—
JOHN SPANGLER.

Love's First Impression.
I once heard an old Jour remark that
a printing office was no place for love
making, and I have since experienced
the truth of the expression, being now
perfectly convinced that the flower of
love can never bloom in the midst of
types, cases and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for
a few days in the village of —. Direct-
ly opposite the office was a pretty white
cottage, with a rose bush clambering
around the casement, and I was not long
in making the discovery that the afore-
said cottage, with the rose shaded
window, contained a fair inmate—a flower,
whose beauty outshone the roses
that clustered around the window. She
was the belle of the village. Her name
was Mary. I have a passion for the
name of Mary.

It was a beautiful summer morning,
and I had raised the window to admit
the breeze from the flower-decked fields
and it was not long ere I perceived the
cottage window was also hoisted, and
the sweet little Mary was sitting busily
engaged with her needle. I worked but
little that morning. My eyes constantly
wandered toward the cottage where little
Mary sat, and all sorts of strange
fantastic notions wandered through my
brain, and I began to think I felt a light
touch of what the poets call love, sliding
in at one corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and chance
made me acquainted with Mary. Oh! she
was a sweet creature; she had a form
that would have shamed the famous de
Medici—a cheek that outflushed the
richest peach, and lips that would have
tempted a bee from its hive on a frosty
morning. I thought, as I gazed on her
in mute admiration, that I had never
looked on one so beautiful. She seem-
ed the embodiment of everything lovely
and bewitching. Well, time passed on,
and one day Mary expressed a desire to
visit the printing office. "Good,"
thought I, "what a chance! I'll have
a kiss there—yes, there, in the very
midst of the implements of mine art—
why shouldn't I!" Love in a printing
office? Oh! there was something origi-
nal in that, and I resolved to try it at
all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I
explained to her the use of the various
implements of the black art—the press,
the roller, the ink, and the stands, and
the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an
opportunity to snatch her little white
hand; she drew it back, and knocked a
stickful of matter into "pi."

"I must have a kiss for that my pretty
one," said I, and at it I went. I
managed to get my arm around her
waist, and in struggling to free herself,
she upset a galley of editorial, a long
article on Negro Suffrage.

Nothing daunted, I made at her again.
This time I was more successful, for I
obtained a kiss. By Saint Paul, it was
a sweet one, and that little witch bore
it like a martyr; she never screamed
once. But as I raised my lips from hers,
she lifted her delicate hand and gave me
a box on the ears that made me see
more stars than were ever viewed by
Herschel through his big telescope.
Somewhat nettled, and with my cheek smart-
ing with pain, I again seized her about
the waist and said:

"Well, if you don't like it, just take
back the kiss."
She made a desperate struggle, and as
she jerked herself from my arms her foot
struck the lye pot, and over it went.
Another galley of editorial was sprink-
led over the floor, and in her efforts to
reach the door, her foot slipped and she
fell, and in her efforts to sustain herself,
her hand—her lily white hand—the same
white hand that had come in contact
with my ears—oh! horrible! was up to
the elbow in ink! Shade of Franklin!
She slowly drew it from the keg, drip-
ping with ink, and asked what use I
made of that tar. I began to be seri-
ously alarmed, and apologized in the
best manner I could, and to my surprise
she seemed more pleased than angry;
but there was a lurking devil in her eye
that told me there was mischief afoot.
As I stood surveying the black covering
of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a
laugh at the strange metamorphosis, she
quickly raised it on high and brought it
down kerslap upon my cheek. Before I
could recover from my surprise the same
little hand had again descended, and
left its lily imprint upon my other
cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what
are you about?"
"I think you told me you rolled ink
on the face of the form," she replied,
with a loud laugh, and again her hand

lit upon me—taking me a broad slap in
the middle of my countenance, most
wonderfully bedaubing my eyes. With
a light step and a merry peal of laughter
she skipped through the door. She
turned back when beyond my reach, and
her roguish face peering through the
doorway, shouted:

"I say, Charlie, what kind of a roller
does my hand make?"
"Oh," said I, "you take too much
ink."

"Hal! hal!" she laughed, "well,
good-bye, Charlie, that's my impression."
I went to the glass and surveyed my-
self for a moment, and I verily believe
that I could have passed for a Guinea
nigger, without the slightest difficulty.
"And so," said I to myself, "this is
love in a printing office. The devil fly
away with such love."

The next morning, when the editor
came to the office, I rather calculated
he found things a little topsy turvy.
However, that made no difference to me
for I mizzled before daylight. I bore
the marks of that scene many a day, and
now, whenever I see a lady entering a
printing office, I think of little Mary,
and keep my eye on the ink keg.

GRASS WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.—The
following has a very wide application,
and will be read with a smile of appre-
ciation by both sexes.

HUSBAND TRAVELLING.—Scene 1: room,
hotel, spittoons full of cigar-stumps,
Bourbon whiskey. All hands equipped
for a night's spree. Husband in a hur-
ry to be off, writing:

"Dear Susie: My time is so occupied
with business, that I can hardly spare a
moment to write to you. Oh darling,
how I miss you, and the only thing that
sustains me during my absence is the
thought that every moment thus spent
is for the benefit of my dear wife and
children. Take good care of yourself,
my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's
milk. Excuse haste," etc.

WIFE AT HOME.—Scene 2: Parlor.
All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows
Fred, from round the corner with his
violin; Jim, from across the way with
his banjo; Jack, from above with his
guitar; Sam, from below with his flute;
lots of others with their instruments.
Dancing and singing; side-board covered
with nuts, fruits, cakes, cream, whis-
key, etc. Wife in a hurry to dance,
writing to her husband:

"Dear Hubby: How lonesome I feel
in your absence. The hours pass ted-
iously. Nobody calls on me, and I am
constantly thinking on the time when
you will be home and your cheerful
countenance light up the now dreary
routine of everyday life. My household
duties keep me constantly employed. I
am living economically as possible,
knowing that your small income will not
admit of frivolous expenditures. But,
now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will
be too late for the monthly concert
prayer-meeting. In haste, yours," etc.

HOW MIRRORS ARE MADE.—Probably
few of our readers have a clear idea how
the huge mirrors that are so fashionable
and expensive are made. The plate-
glass which comes from France or Ger-
many, is first polished by rouge brushes;
next a bag containing the common po-
tatoes, reduced by a pulverizing process
to an almost impalpable powder, is ap-
plied to the glass, the potato dust escap-
ing through the meshes of the bag, then
a plate foil is spread upon a setting
bed of marble, and on it is placed the
prepared quicksilver; the glass is then
placed on top of this and pressed down
with heavy weights. Here it remains
about twenty-four hours, and if found
free from flaws is ready for use.

A day or two since a young lady
from the country rode into a town "to
do a little shopping," and after hitching
her horse on the square, entered one of
the most fashionable dry goods establish-
ments and seated herself on a stool by
the counter "to wait her turn." A mo-
ment or two after, she was approached
by one of the polite young clerks of the
establishment and addressed as follows:
"I am no longer engaged, Miss—is any
one waiting on you?" Blushing immo-
derately, the damsel, after some hesitation
replied: "No, sir, I came in alone on
the old mare."

At a medical examination, a young
aspirant for a doctor's diploma was asked,
"When does mortification ensue?"
When you propose to a lovely girl and
she refuses.

What is the difference between accept-
ed and rejected lovers? The accepted
kisses the misses, and the rejected miss-
es the kisses.

Mistook his Man.

A novel scene occurred last week be-
fore the aldermanic committee which
was sitting to listen to arguments pro
and con in reference to widening Fifth
avenue. Among other speakers was one
George Hearney, who did not appear to
understand the question before the com-
mittee very clearly, and made something
of a jody of himself in his rambling re-
marks, which were about as pertinent as
—a toad with two tails. After he had
run himself under the tenement houses
of the tenth ward into the wine-cellar
of Fifth avenue, through the city tax-
books, into city palaces and sand heaps
—in fact, into the ground generally, with-
out letting any one know what he was
after—Judge Hilton suggested to the
chairman, Alderman Ryers, that he re-
quest the speaker, Hearney, to state for
whom he appeared.

The "gentleman's" speech was ar-
rested like a sudden suspension of a
state of animation, and, scratching his
head with his fore finger, he replied at
last in a subdued and solemn tone, that
it was none of his business! Being
pressed, however, he finally answered:
"I came here at the earnest request of
Mr. Stewart. Mr. A. T. Stewart, I be-
lieve his name is."

Mr. Stewart instantly arose, with a
slight twinkle of anger in his eyes, and
said: "No, sir! no sir! I beg the
gentleman's pardon. I did no such
thing. I never saw the man before in
my life. Never!"

The brilliant orator was evidently
somewhat surprised to find that Mr. S.
was present, he clearly never having set
eyes on him before. "Perhaps," said
he, "I am mistaken. On reflection I
believe it was a judge who employed me.
Yes, I recollect now it was Judge Hil-
ton."

On this up jumps the judge, and says:
"Are you certain it was Judge Hilton
who employed you?"

"Oh yes, I am quite certain."
"Do you know Mr. Hilton?" says the
judge.

"Oh, certainly! I know him well.
In fact, I am on intimate terms with
him."

"Do you see him in the room?" says
the judge looking about very inquiringly.

"No, I do not see him. No, sir," ad-
justing his bone spectacles. "He is
not in the room."

"Yes, he is, sir," says the judge. "I
am the man; but I never sent you here
on this or any other business; never saw
you before in my life, and never want to
again."

Roars of laughter, of course, followed
this expose, in which the eminent coun-
sel for somebody did not "jine."

When order was restored, he arose
with unwonted alacrity, and said:
"Well, gentlemen, some of you have
made a mistake. I shan't pretend to
say where the fault lies; but this I do
know, that somebody—yes, sir, some-
body—gave me fifty dollars to come here
and favor this project, or do something,
I don't exactly know what, but who the
devil it was, or what I was to do or say
I'll b——" (closing his fist with a thump
upon the table) "if I know."

This finished the proceedings of the
day, and the "house" adjourned, the
eminent counsel for somebody retiring in
disguist.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—Last fall near-
ly all the ministers of the M. E. church,
stationed on Lake Superior, went down
to conference on the famous propeller
"Lac la Belle," the first mate of which
is a gruff but dry old joker. Having
heard that there were several ministers
on board, the mate remarked, in a care-
less sort of way, that the trip would
be a stormy one.

"Why do you think so?" inquired one
of the ministers, who happened to over-
hear the prediction.

"Because there's so many preachers
on board," said the mate.

"Why," replied the minister, "I've
traveled on the lake for the last five
years, and never was in much of a storm
yet. How do you account for that?"

"Why," replied the mate dryly, "per-
haps you are not much of a preacher."

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is said that
if a piece of charcoal is laid upon a burn
the pain subsides immediately. By
leaving the charcoal on one hour, the
burn is healed, as has been demon-
strated on several occasions. This remedy
is cheap and simple, and certainly de-
serves a trial.

A saw filer in the country puts out a
sign in the form of a hand saw, with the
words "Saw Dentist" painted on it.

Bridesmaids.

Next to being a bride herself, every
young lady likes to be a bridesmaid.
Wedlock is thought by a large propor-
tion of the blooming sex to be conta-
gious, and much to the credit of their
courage, fair spinsters are not at all
afraid of catching it. So far as official
conduct is concerned, when you have
seen one bridesmaid, you have seen the
whole fascinating tribe. Their leading
duty seems to be to treat the bride as a
"victim led by garlands to the sacrifi-
ce." They consider it necessary to
exhort her to "cheer up." Her fair
assistants provide themselves with pun-
gent asseces lest she should faint at
the "trying moment," which, between
you and I, she has no more idea of doing
than she has of dying. It is true she
sometimes tells them she "feel as if she
should sink into the earth," and that
they respond, "poor dear!" and apply
the smelling-bottle; but she neverthe-
less goes through her nuptial martyrdom
with great fortitude. In nine cases out
of ten the bridegroom is more "fluster-
ed" than the fragile and lovely woman
at his side; but nobody thinks of pity-
ing him, poor fellow! If one of the
groomsmen does recommend him to take
a glass of wine before the ceremony to
"steady his nerves," the advice is given
superciliously, as who should say, "what
a spoony you are, old fellow!" Brides-
maids may be considered as brides in
what lawyers call the "inchoate" or in-
cipient state. They are looking to that
day of triumphant weakness when it
shall be their turn to be "poor, dear
creatured," and otherwise sustained and
supported as the law of nuptial preten-
ces directs. Let us hope they may not
be disappointed.

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—
There is frequently some trouble in
cleansing the inside of jars that have
had sweetmeats, or other articles put in
them for keeping, and that when empty,
were wanted for future use. This can
be done in a few minutes without scrap-
ing or soaking, by filling up the jar with
hot water, (it need not be scalding hot),
and then stirring in a teaspoonfull or
more of pearlsh. Whatever of the for-
mer contents has remained sticking upon
the sides and bottom of the jar will im-
mediately be seen to disengage itself,
and float loose through the water.—Then
empty the jar at once, and if any of the
former odor remains about it, fill it again
with warm water and let it stand undistur-
bed a few hours, or till next day;
then empty it again, and rinse it out
with cold water. Wash phials in the
same manner. Also the inside of ket-
tles, or anything which you wish to purify
or clear from grease expeditiously and
completely. If you cannot conveniently
obtain pearlsh, the same purpose may
be answered nearly as well by filling the
vessel with strong ley, poured off clear
from the wood ashes. For kegs, buck-
ets, crocks, or other vessels, ley may be
always used.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.—"One of
the boys" argues his case very perti-
nently, as follows, in the Ploverman:
"Yes, Mr. Editor, give us boys a
chance. It is better for us to till a
patch of ground, or take care of fowls,
than to gamble on a small scale for mar-
bles, or lounge round the grocery store.
Besides, we like it better; we think
more, and have more ambition; and we
also learn to love work, and love ani-
mals."

A pair of rabbits or pigeons, or hens
or a lamb, will keep the hands and brain
busy. Then a little ground to raise
strawberries, corn or potatoes, will help.
We try little experiments upon it; de-
termine the best variety of the potatoe,
and decide between the kinds of straw-
berries; then, with live stock, we see
whether to give the fowls corn or dough,
or learn how much hay will fatten a
sheep. Thus, by and by we shall know
about the science of farming and also
its practice.

"Yes, by all means give us a chance,
for one generation quickly succeeds
another, and if we do not learn to be
useful, pray who will be useful by and
by?"
A young man in Newport, Vt.,
wanted a wife badly and took a young
lady out to ride. After proceeding a
few miles, he asked her, "Will you mar-
ry me?" The answer as short as it was
sweet, "No, sir?" Young gent says:
"Well, get on, and go home afoot then."
The young lady accepted his advice and
reached home in safety.

Being immoral, but how can the
man who bet's be worse than the one
who is no better?

A SCORCH GIRL RECONSTRUCTED.—A
young woman, possessed of a fine person
and property, a member of one of the
oldest and most fashionable families in
South Carolina, became engaged to a
young man in her own grade in life, who
was a major in the rebel service, and
was to marry him at the termination of
the war if he survived. If he did not,
she was to remain ever true to her vows,
and, being a Catholic, had promised to
enter a convent and become only the
bride of heaven. They were a model
pair of lovers, and all who knew them
believed that they were the embodiment
of poetry, tenderness and devotion to
each other; that they lived what bards
had sung and romances had described.
They were like two blossoms on one
stem—a planet and its ray. As usually
happens, fate frowned on their felicity,
and, jealous of their love, cut the ma-
terial cloud of the Major's being at Fort
Wagner. Eloisa was mad with grief,
and inconsolable forevermore. Her par-
ents believed that she could not and
would not live; and that if she did, she
would be raft of reason. Months passed,
Charleston fell. Columbia was threat-
ened. Eloisa remained. She was
anxious to be slain by the barbarians
who had murdered her lover. The
Union forces arrived; but had something
else to do than kill women, and Eloisa
survived in spite of herself. She heard
the regiment was in town that had
charged upon the battalion led by her
best loved, and she determined to see
the colonel and denounce him as the
slayer of her prince and peace. Eloisa
saw him, and had a tremendous scene.
The colonel was gallant and handsome;
and when the fair girl thundered, as all
her sex do at first, and then rained, he
was touched and interested in the un-
known woman. He comforted and con-
soled her, realizing the truth of the idea
that the heart is never so susceptible to
a new attachment as when it is recover-
ing from an old one. In four weeks she
had learned to love the Yankee savage,
and expressed her willingness to be his;
while he was resigned, as most men are,
to be worshipped by her, if she were bent
on any such folly. They were married
in spite of the anathemas of all her rela-
tions and friends, and are now in
Europe.

WHY GERMAN WOMEN MAKE GOOD
WIVES.—The culinary art forms a part
of the education of the women in Ger-
many. The well-to-do tradesman, like
the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his
daughters good housekeepers. To effect
this object, the girl, on leaving school,
which she does when about fourteen
years of age, goes through the ceremony
of confirmation, and is then placed by
her parents with a country clergyman,
or in a large family, where she remains
one or two years, filling what may almost
be termed the post of servant, and doing
the work of one. This is looked upon
as an apprenticeship to domestic econ-
omy. She differs from a servant, how-
ever, in this, she receives no wages; on
the contrary, her parents often pay for
the care taken of her, as well as for her
clothing.

This is the first step in her education
of housekeeper. She next passes, on the
same conditions, into the kitchen of a
private family, or into that of some ho-
tel of good repute. Here she has con-
trol of the expenditure, and of the ser-
vants employed in it, and assists person-
ally in the cooking, but is always ad-
dressed as Fraulein, or Miss, and is
treated by the family with deference and
consideration. Many daughters of rich
families receive a similar training, with
this difference, however, that they re-
ceive it in a princely mansion or a royal
residence. There is a reigning Queen
in Germany at the present moment who
was trained in this way. Consequently
the women in Germany are perfect mod-
els of order and economy.

A justice, in an eastern town, bet-
ter versed in law than gospel, not long
since married a couple in this manner:
"Hold up your hands. You solemnly
swear that you will faithfully perform
the duties of your office, jointly and sev-
erally, according to your best skill and
judgement, so help you God. That's all
—fee one dollar." This is almost as la-
conic as the Custom House: "Take off
your hat, hold up your hands, *sobelpyou-
godquarter*." We remember once an-
swering to the following formula: "You
swear that's true, by God," administered
by a notary public.

A young lady whose father is im-
proving the family mansion, insists upon
having a beam window put in for her
benefit.