

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1866.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LANSBAY'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) 25 cents for the first insertion and
one dollar and a half for 3 insertions. Pro-
fessional and business cards, of six lines or less,
at 55 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.

Having just added a "Newbury Moun-
tain Josses Passes," together with a large
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,
Booklets, &c., to the Job Office of "THE
MARIETTIAN," 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.

Summer Arrangement of the
Reading and Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail
Road time, which is ten minutes faster
than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.
On and after Wednesday, May 23d, 1866,
trains of this road will run as follows:

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
WILL LEAVE COLUMBIA AT
8:15 a. m., and arrive at Reading 10:15 a. m.
10:30 a. m., " " 12:15 noon.
1:30 p. m., " " 3:30 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT
6:30 a. m., and arrive at Columbia 9:05 a. m.
10:30 a. m., " " 12:15 p. m.
1:30 p. m., " " 3:30 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS:
Leaves Columbia 7:30 a. m., and arrives at
Reading 9:40 a. m. Returning, leaves Reading
at 6:30 p. m., and arrives at Columbia at 8:15
p. m. This train makes close connection at
Reading for New York and Philadelphia, and
return from Philadelphia. LITZ SUNDAY TRAIN
Leaves Reading 8:45 a. m., and arrives at Litz
3:15 p. m. returning, leaves Litz 4:30 p. m.,
and arrives at Reading at 6:15 p. m.

The 10 a. m. train from Columbia makes
close connection with express trains at
Reading for New York, arriving there at 8:40 p. m.,
and Philadelphia 1:00 p. m.; also for Potomac
and the Lebanon Valley.
Passengers leaving New York at 7:00 a. m.
and Philadelphia at 8:00 a. m. connect with
train leaving Reading at 12:05 noon for Co-
lumbia, York, and Northern Central R. R.
Excursion tickets sold on all regular trains
to parties of 25 or more, to and from all points.
Apply to Gen. Ticket Agt.
Through tickets to New-York, Phila-
delphia and Lancaster sold at principal sta-
tions, and baggage, Freight and
checked with the utmost promptness and dis-
patch at the lowest rates. Further informa-
tion will regard Freight or passage, may
be obtained from the Agents of the Compa-
ny. Gen. F. GAGE, Superintendent.
E. F. KEETER, General Freight & Ticket Agt.

House-Painting
AND PAPER-HANGING.
The undersigned would respectfully an-
nounce to his old friends and the public
generally, that he continues the above business
at his various branches.
Special attention paid to plain and fancy
paper-hanging, China glazing, frosting and
decorating glass, graining of all kinds, &c.
Thankful for past favors, would ask a con-
tinuance of the same. Residence a few doors
west of the Town Hall, on Walnut street.
PAUL H. MELLINGER.
Marietta, Nov. 25, 1865-1y.

First National Bank of Marietta.
BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAS BEEN ORGANIZED
and is now prepared to transact all kinds of
BANKING BUSINESS.
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on
Wednesdays, for discount and other business.
Bank hours: From 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
JOHN HOLLINGER, President.
AMOS BOWMAN, Cashier.

THE LADY'S FRIEND—
The Best of the Monthlies—devoted to
Fiction and Pure Literature. \$2.50 a year;
Two copies \$4.00; Eight (and one gratis)
SIX WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING
MACHINES given as premiums. Send 15
cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PE-
TERSON, 319 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.

OFFICE—Front street, next door to R.
Williams' Drug Store, between Locust
and Walnut streets, Columbia.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.

OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET
opposite the Court House, where he will at-
tend to the practice of his profession in all its
various branches.

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
OFFICE—MAIN ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE
Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS: FROM 7 TO 8 A. M.
" 1 TO 2.
" 6 TO 7 P. M.

ROBERT C. HARRIS
PLASTERER.
Having located in the Borough of Marietta,
would 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*

CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTERS an excel-
lent article for ladies. Just received
and for sale at MRS. ROTH'S Variety Store.

JOB PRINTING of every description ex-
ecuted with accuracy and dispatch at the
Office of The Mariettian.

TRAVEL SKIRTS.—Go to Mrs. ROTH'S
and see them.

"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY."
[The following parody by Fred Buck-
ley on the beautiful ballad, "I'd Choose
to be a Daisy," is published in sheet
music by one of the music houses in
New York]:
I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour;
When ladies (Heaven bless them.)
They'd kiss me and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now?

When I used to be a baby
They'd too my cradle creep;
They'd kiss me and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep;
Yes, kiss and squeeze me to,
Till I felt a new;
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now?

For pleasure they were to nurse me,
They would take me on their lap,
And would stuff my little stomach full
Of lollipops and pap.
They would show me tops and buttons,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now?

When the ladies used to love me
They would make me such nice clothes;
They would make me nice Morocco shoes,
And wipe my little nose.
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They said it's time to go to bed—
But they never say it now.

A Self made Man.

Some thirty years ago I was in trade
with Judge H—, in a pleasant village of
Vermont, in the town of S—. There
are two villages in the town, that are
denominated "Upper Hollow and Lower
Hollow."

A short distance above the Lower
Hollow, there lived a man by the name
of Orlando Bundy, a blacksmith by trade.
He was in the habit of using liquor pre-
tently free, especially about election time.
About that time, there was an exciting
election for representatives to the Leg-
islature, that had just come off; and all
were anxious to hear the result. Mr.
Bundy happened to be in the store as
Judge H— was reading the returns from
the different towns. Among the rest
was that of a town on the west side of
the Green Mountains, that had elected
S. F— for representative.

"Is it possible they have elected him
representative?" said Mr. Bundy. "I
know him like a book. He was a poor
boy, and used to live at my father's.
His father died when he was young;
and his mother being poor, he was put
to live out with different farmers, to
earn a living. When he lived with my
father, he was so poor that he was not
able to have shoes until he had earned
enough to buy a pair. My father, being
a well-to-do farmer, was able to keep me
in shoes. It irritated the boy to think
he had no shoes. One day my father
sent us out to cut Canada thistles in the
field. I had shoes to protect my feet;
but poor S— was barefooted, and the
thistles pricked his feet, and I bothered
him, and laughed at him for not having
shoes. He got excited by my jeers and
the sting of the thistles; and, straight-
ening himself up, he shook his little fist
at me, and said, "Orlando Bundy, I
shall see the day that I shall be able to
wear shoes."

And so it proved. He did wear shoes.
He acquired an education, a profession;
and his shoes trod the legislative halls
of Vermont. His shoes pressed the
floor of Congress, and the Senate Cham-
ber, and many a time have been in the
place designated for the Vice President.
They were the shoes of Hon. Solomon
Foot, United States Senator from Ver-
mont.

David Adams and his son, a lad
of eighteen, were indicted for assault and
battery, at the recent term of the Court
of Common Pleas of Wood county,
Ohio. After the finding, Adams and
the boy returned home, went to a neigh-
boring woods, and a neighbor, accident-
ally passing, saw them suspended to a
tree, cut the bodies down, and after
much effort brought the boy to life.
The father was dead. The arrest and
indictment had so preyed on their minds
that they resolved upon suicide.

What is the difference between homi-
cide and pig stealing? One is an as-
sault with intent to kill; the other, kill
with intent to salt.

The grand essentials of happiness
in this life are, something to do, some-
thing to hope for, and something to love.

The only pain that we can make light
of—a window pane.

Life at Home vs. Life in Hotels.

Among the novelties which have
grown up of late years—and grown up
very tall, too—are the Great Hotels.
These places of residence, where you
are undertaken, if the phrase may be
allowed, on such a large scale, where
everything is done for you, and all
trouble taken off your hands, surely
ought to meet the requirements of a
great number of persons. The advan-
tages of the system seem, at first enor-
mous. You pay no rent, you sign no
leases or agreements, you have nothing
to do with taxes, no servants' wages, no
butcher's bill. You have no trouble in
engaging servants, in drilling servants,
in getting rid of servants. If the pipes
be frozen in the course of a hard winter,
or if they happen to burst when the said
winter breaks up, they are no business
of yours. The young man does not call
to speak to you about the new kitchen
range, nor does the gas man wish to see
you in the hall "relative to the state of
the meter." Then what you want is
always to be had. You want a bottle
of soda-water the last thing at night;
you are not told there happens to be
none in the house. You want a sand-
wich in the middle of the day; no un-
compromising servant informs you that
there is no cold meat in the house.
You want a basin of broth, and are not
obliged to wait until the next day for
it. You want to know where some-
body lives; there is the last Post Office
directory to refer to. You want a mes-
senger; he is ready in the hall. You
have a telegram to send off; here is a
form, and in another moment it is dis-
patched. For all these advantages
you pay one weekly bill. When you
think of the number of bills to be con-
sidered once a week by any ordinary
house-keeper, the file of little red books
to be gone through by some trustworthy
person or other, this seems something
more than a small advantage. A check
is drawn once a week and all is over.
Rent, taxes, wages, housekeeping, are
disposed of in five minutes. If the
check in question does sometimes strike
you as rather large, it is fair to consider
how very much it represents.—*Dickens's*
All the Year Round.

McCLELLAN.—It is rumored in Ger-
many that General McClellan, who is
now in Dresden, will, in the event of a
European war, be appointed Command-
er in Chief of the Saxon army.—*Ex-
change.*

If the above should prove true, we
must congratulate the soldiers of the
army of Saxony. They will not be like-
ly to see much danger. The process of
"organization" would probably be con-
tinued throughout the entire war, unless
some enterprising enemy should mount
a battery of "Quaker guns" within the
sweep of the Commander in Chief's field
glass, in which event the demand for
spades would be beyond precedent.
Let us hope that there is no malarious
Chickadee within the scope of the
Saxon army's contemplated field of op-
erations; for, where there such, he might
make its banks another locustomb as a
monument of his incompetency and cow-
ardice.—*Kansas Conservative.*

The Tomato.—This vegetable is said
to be one of the most healthy kinds of
food eaten by man. It may be eaten raw
or cooked, with or without salt, pepper
or vinegar, and still it benefits the sys-
tem. Its benefit is said to arise from its
slight acidity. The tomato season ends
with the frost, but green tomatoes on
the vines, hung up in a well-ventilated
cellar, will ripen until Christmas.

A horse recently jumped over the
rail at a race-course and seriously hurt
a young man. While he was lying on
the grass, another young man uttered a
piercing cry, and exclaimed, "My broth-
er, my poor brother!" He flung himself
on the prostrate form, from which he
was at length kindly and gently raised,
while the injured man was taken away
to receive medical care. It afterwards
transpired that the affectionate creature
who flung himself on the body of his
brother, had done so to steal his gold
watch and chain and portmanteau.

A miner who lately came from Vir-
ginia City, says that vegetation is so
scarce in that region that "two mullen
stalks and a bunch of thistles are called
a grove."

Why did Joseph's brethren cast him
into the pit? Because they didn't want
him in the family circle.

"You speak foolishly," said one to
another. The other retorted; "it is
that you may understand me."

Getting Rid of a Lover.

Every one has heard of our eloquent
pathetic and humorous stump orator of
Ohio, Tom Corwin. About twenty
years ago, he used to tell, with great
gusto, the following story:

In early life—so early that I cannot
remember the removal—my father pulled
up stakes, and carrying with him the
household goods, went from Bourbon
co., Kentucky, where I was born, to
Ohio. Notwithstanding a rough and
temble struggle with the world he had a
hard time to get along, owing to a nu-
merous and rapidly increasing family.
Well, family matters had not much im-
proved when I reached my thirteenth or
fourteenth year. At this time there
lived in the neighborhood a young man
by the name of Pickering. He had in-
herited a well-stocked farm, was good
looking, and made strong professions of
religion.—This latter qualification caused
him to find peculiar favor in the eyes
of my father, who was always blinded
by professions of extra piety.

This fellow had a hankering after one
of my sisters, who was a very pretty
girl. To her he was peculiarly distaste-
ful; she seemed always annoyed at his
presence; yet he was ever by her side.
She dared not dismiss him entirely, for
fear of the paternal anger. Things went
on in this way a year or two, and as I
partook largely of my sister's hatred to
him I resolved to get rid of him in some
way. I cast about for a plan for some
time, but nothing occurred which gave
me the slightest hope of being success-
ful.

At last, returning home late one Sun-
day night from the mill, I found the
family at their nightly devotions.
Passing by the windows of the room
where they were assembled, I saw that
Pickering "as there and pretty soon I
saw him nod, and finally his head droop-
ed. Now was my opportunity. I
stole silently into the hall, and, reaching
the hall door, which was slightly ajar,
and close by which Pickering was on
bended knee, I reached in and quickly
pulled his chair from under him; he
rolled heavily, as a sound sleeper would,
upon the floor. The noise alarmed all.
The old gentleman stopped in the midst
of his almost interminable prayer and
saw the position of Pickering all the
family laughed outright, and even my
mother smiled.

Pickering endeavored to pick himself
up as rapidly as possible, but he had
touched the old man upon his tender
point. It was evident from his rubbing
his eyes that he had slept under the old
gentleman's ministrations; and had not
my father a reputation far and wide for
the fervency and strength of his minis-
trations, and was not Pickering his pro-
fessing brother? Slowly, yet dignifiedly
did the old man approach him.
"Begone, hypocrite!" he cried in
thundering tones. "Never enter my
house again."

Pickering was thunderstruck. He
felt that he could not add to the insult.
He at once found his hat, took up his
line of march, and, completely crest-
fallen, passed me as I stood grinning in
the shadow of the porch. At a suitable
time I entered, got my supper, was told
by a brother in a hurried whisper what
had happened, and then I stole off to
bed afflicting ignorance, and laughing
most heartily as I escoced myself in
the sheets, at the complete success of
my plan. Next day I cautiously impar-
ted my secret to my sister. She was in
her room at the time, and she threw her-
self upon her bed and rolled in agonies
and convulsions of laughter. She had
been emancipated forever from her ob-
noxious lover. The old gentleman did
not learn the real state of the facts for
over twenty years afterwards, but when
he did he laughed heartily.

On Monday night, the 18th, the
residence of Dr. Webb, at Little Rock,
Arkansas, was entered by some one
knowing his safe contained over \$75,
000. The doctor was at the time sleep-
ing in his bed with his son, a boy of
twelve years. Both were brutally mar-
dered with an axe. The assassin then
procured the key of the safe, but could
only open one door.

It is believed that by the 10th of next
month the Great Eastern will be in
readiness to sail from Valantia, and
once more attempt the laying of the
Atlantic cable. There are 2,800 miles
of new cable on board the Great East-
ern, and the machinery, both for paying
out and picking up, is said to be the
product of the best skill that England
could bring into requisition.

In the yard of the State Capitol
at Harrisburg, on the hill in front of
the arsenal, can be seen a number of
relics. We refer to the field pieces
presented by General La Fayette, dur-
ing the Revolution, to the old Conti-
nental Congress, and the cannon cap-
tured at Cerro Gordo, Mexico, April
18, 1847, by the American army under
General Scott. The latter pieces were
presented to the State of Pennsylvania
by Major General Patterson. The rev-
olutionary guns were brought over by
Comdt d'Estaing, and bear the inscrip-
tion "A Donay, par Berringer, 1756." These
pieces were used to fire the salu-
to in honor of the arrival of General
La Fayette in Harrisburg, in 1824.

Miss Mary G. Halpine, of Nashua,
New Hampshire, a contributor to sev-
eral literary works, had an adventure with
a burglar a few evenings since. Only
herself and mother were in the house,
and it was raining in torrents. She
watched the operations of the burglar
while he removed a pane of glass and
introduced his hand to raise the window;
and then, thinking that the affair had
been carried far enough, she discharged
a revolver twice, dropping him to the
ground. A policeman hastened to the
spot, but the burglar had escaped, leav-
ing a pool of blood under the window.

An old man named Robert Col-
ton, formerly keeper of the almshouse,
committed suicide at his wife's grave, in
Paterson, N. J., on Sunday, the 10th
instant, by taking a mixture of laudanum
and arsenic. It appears that his mar-
riage with his second wife, a young girl,
was unfortunate, and he has haunted his
first wife's grave for some time, often
staying there all night. A letter was
found in his pocket, containing a feeling
allusion to his recent troubles, and con-
cluding with a touching request to be
buried in the same grave with his dead
wife.

A conductor has been fined five
hundred dollars in Buffalo, New York,
for ejecting a man from a car because
he refused to give his seat to a lady.
The court held that ladies, or those who
wish to be considered as such, are legal-
ly entitled to no more privileges in
public conveyances than men, and that
when the latter pay for seats they have
a perfect right to occupy them so long
as they conduct themselves in a proper
manner.

Another "Pirate's Own Book"
is announced. "Admiral Semmes,"
says a New Orleans paper, "will soon
prepare his adventures on the high seas—
while in command of the Alabama—
for the press. He has been offered
£5,000 in England for a copyright of the
book, but the offer was declined. It
will probably appear first in a Southern
monthly, and afterward gathered up and
published in book shape."

New York is talking of a grand
drive or boulevard around the upper end
of Manhattan Island, beginning at Cen-
tral Park and returning to it. The
Legislature has placed the matter of
laying out all "up town" in the hands
of the Park Commissioners, who are
making the plans on a grand scale.

Charles A. Cook, of Milton, Mass.,
entered the army before he was twelve
years old, passed muster on account of
his size, served one year, and was wound-
ed four times, and is now fourteen years
old, and draws an annual pension of
ninety six dollars a year.

The Richmond Times says an order
has been issued at Washington for
the release of the notorious Dick Turner,
one of the commanders of Libby Prison
during the rebellion, and who was dis-
tinguished for his cruelty to Union sol-
diers. Why? is not known.

The Ford's Theatre building in
Washington is being fitted up under the
direction of Surgeon-General Barnes.
The upper story will be used for the
Army Museum, and the first and second
stories for the valuable military records
of the war.

Tookolita, now Lady Fitzsome-
body, may be seen every day promenad-
ing in the Palais Royal, offering the
singular spectacle of an Esquimaux be-
coming an English lady of distinction.

Mrs. Dr. Walker asserts that the
present style of attire for the ladies
conduces greatly to immorality.

When has a man four hands? When
he doubles his fists.

A canter gives ruddy cheeks; a de-
canter, ruddy noses.

Dressing for Church.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have!—I'd say, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Lucie,
I'll make my toilet very spruce.
This silk is quite sublime!

Here lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe,
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
Please, Lucie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my sole,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them, though, to day,
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses.

Now, Lucie, pray feel my waterfall,
D'you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give,
My Rats and Mice do they set straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie," as I live.

How splendidly this silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle!"
My corset and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix,
You know I cannot stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here, dip the ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my hat—how be abhors
This thing—it's big as all our doers—
The frightful sugar scoop!
Thank Heaven my shawl is handsome, too;
It cost enough to be I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop.)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in the drawer. Luce, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion, now, you know,
(Pray does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I believe I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven!

The Paris correspondent of a
Texas paper gives the following account
of the personal appearance of Napoleon:
The Emperor was out on Sunday last.
He came in his carriage-and-four, with
out-riders, and accompanied by General
Fleury and a couple of foreign ambassa-
dors. I was quite close to him, and had
a good look at him. He is of much low-
er stature than I had thought, and in-
clined to be fleshy; is quite gray, and
wears no other beard than a moustache
and imperial. He has a large, and re-
markably finely-shaped head and bright
eye. He was very plainly clad in a
pepper-and-salt citizen's dress, with silk
hat and white silk gloves. He returned
in a good natured, graceful manner, the
frequent, unostentatious greetings of the
passers-by.

It is said that in New South
Wales an old maid is a much rarer ani-
mal than a black swan. It is asserted
that the fair emigrants from England
receive offers of marriage through speak-
ing trumpets before they land from the
ships; and if she accepts the proposal,
she signifies by holding up the finger on
which she expects the wedding ring to
be placed.

It appears from the Provost
Marshal's books that there was collect-
ed as commutation money during the
war \$28,366,316, representing nearly
seventy-one thousand commutes. Of
this amount the heaviest proportion,
over eight millions and a half of dollars
came from Pennsylvania, and the next
greatest sum from New York, being
nearly five millions and a half. Illinois
took the smallest chance in this lottery.

The late Jacob Foss, of Charles-
town, left \$2000, the interest to be used
in firing salutes, decorating and ringing
bells on the anniversary of Bunker Hill
battle; \$200 to be spent for the benefit
of the poor; \$200 to purchase United
States flags for the proper celebrations;
\$200 to Cornish, N. H., his birthplace,
the interest to purchase flags.

At Hoboken, a few nights ago, a
lady got up from bed and opened the
window to look out, when the noise
awakened her husband, and seeing some
person at the open window he supposed
it to be a burglar, and snatching a pistol
from under his pillow he fired twice be-
fore discovering the fearful mistake he
had made. Both shots took effect, in-
flicting mortal wounds.

The negro population of N.
is now three or four times
was during the war.