

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1866.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
AT 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
one dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Pro-
longed and Business cards, of six lines or less
at 85 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 "NEWSPAPER MOUNT-
ING BOARD 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 & CARD
PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the
largest Poster, at reasonable prices.

Summer Arrangement

of the Reading & Columbia Railroad.
TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail
Road time, which is ten minutes faster
than that of Pennsylvania railroads.
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.
12:00 a. m., " " 12:15 noon.
2:30 p. m., " " 5:55 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT

8:45 a. m., and arrive at Columbia 9:05 a. m.
12:30 noon, " " 2:15 p. m.
3:30 p. m., " " 5:30 p. m.

The 3:30 a. m. train from Columbia makes
close connection with express trains at Read-
ing for New York, arriving there at 3:40 p. m.
and Philadelphia 1:00 p. m.; also for Putta-
ville 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 Col-
umbia, York, and Northern Central R. R.

Excursion tickets sold on all regular trains
to points of 25 or more miles, and on all points.
Apply to Ticket Agent.
Through tickets to New-York, Phila-
delphia and Lancaster sold at principal sta-
tions, and baggage checked through. Freight
carried with the utmost promptness and dis-
patch at the lowest rates. Further informa-
tion with regard to freight or passage, may
be obtained from the Agents of the Company.
Geo. F. GADE, Superintendent.
E. J. KEEVER, General Freight & Ticket Agt.

Dentist.

S. Adee Bockius, M. D. D. D. S.

Offers his services in either the Operative,
Surgical or Mechanical Departments of
DENTISTRY.

Teeth extracted without pain, by the ad-
ministration of the "Nitrous Oxide Gas" or
"Laughing Gas." In Marietta every Tues-
day and Friday, in the "St. John House," and
Corner of Locust and Second sts., Columbia,
Marietta, April 14, 1866.—6m.

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 all the various branches.
Special attention paid to plain and fancy
paper-hanging, China glossing, Frosting and
Decorating, Gilding, Graining of all kinds, &c.
Desired for past years, would act as a
contingency of the same. Residence a few doors
west of the Town Hall, on Walnut street.
DAVID H. MULLINGER.
Marietta, Nov. 25, 1865.—ly.

First National Bank of Marietta.

THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION

HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION
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 sewing).
W. 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 &
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—MARIETTA, 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,
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.—3t

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

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

The Old Couple.

Long years have sped my Maty,
Since you and I were wed;
And their front has paled thy ruddy cheek
And whitened o'er thy head.
Put 'spite that frost, within thy heart
Still flows affection's tide,
As warm as on that happy morn,
I proudly hailed the bride.

And though upon thy gentle face,
The wrinkles of thy age
Soft nestled there have given place
To wrinkles of threescore—
The same kind smile that lit thy brow,
When in thy youthful prime,
Still plays upon its surface now,
Unlabeled by care or time.

And if perchance, Mirth's brilliant rays
No more beam from thine eye,
As in thy lightsome, girlish days,
When merriment rang high;
Yet, when the mournful notes of woe
Fall pleading on thy ear,
That eye's as beauteous through the flow
Of Pity's soothing tear.

Thou hast been, when loomed back as night,
The guide star of my way;
Thou hast been a gem, whose sparkling light
Has brightened life's best day.
And on thy tender, faithful breast,
When spent with toil or pain,
I've lulled my fevered soul to rest,
And woke to ease again.

And oftentimes when I have flown
From thine and duty's side,
No unkind word or look has shown,
That grief thou fain wouldst hide;
Thou hast striven, again to win me back,
By cheerful, loving care;
And wooing, keep me in the track,
Through thine example there.

And now my wife, at last we're rich
The end our mortal tether;
I hope that God may grant, we die,
As we have lived—together,
For I would be my lot below,
If thou wert from me riven;
And old, and worn, we'll gladly go,
For youth and rest, to heaven.

She gently laid her hoary head
Upon his withered breast;
No word replied to what he said,
But mutely she expressed—
In the happy smile that sunned her brow,
The tear within her eye,
"My wish was life with thee, and now,
"Tis with thee, John, to die."

How TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beef-
steak ought always to be broiled and
never fried; but the following method
of cooking is recommended by Mrs.
Hutton, which even those who are ac-
customed to frying may be willing to
try.

"The frying pan being wiped very dry
place it upon the stove and let it be-
come hot—very hot. In the meantime,
mangle the steak—if it chance to be sir-
loin, so much the better—pepper and
salt it, then lay it in the hot, dry pan,
which instantly cover as tightly as pos-
sible. When the raw flesh touches the
heated pan, of course it seethes and ad-
heres to it, but in a few seconds it be-
comes loosened and juicy. Every half
minute turn the steak; but be careful to
keep it as much as possible under cover.

When nearly done lay a small piece of
butter upon it, and if you want much
gravy, add a table spoonful of strong
coffee. In three minutes from the time
the steak first goes into the pan it is
ready for the table. This method of
cooking makes the most delicious, deli-
cately broiled steak, full of juice, yet
retaining the healthful beefy flavor that
any John Bull could require. The
same method may be applied to mutton
chops, only they require a little longer
cooking to prevent them from being
rare. An excellent gravy may be made
for them by adding a little cream, thick-
ened with a pinch of flour, into which
when off the fire and partly cool, stir in
the yolk of an egg, well beaten."

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A widow of
forty three summers and the mother of
four blooming children, two of whom
are married, lately sued a gay deceiver
for breach of promise. The "deceiver"
is an old man of sixty six, the father
of nine children, and the possessor of
two farms. The parties live in Warren
county, Ohio. This aged lover gave the
fat and forty if not fair widow, several
rides in his buggy, to church and other
places, and told the lady that he might
conclude to marry some day, and if he
did, he thought she would be the woman.
Upon this hint she acted; purchasing a
wedding dress, and consulted a few par-
ticular friends in regard to the wedding-
cake. At this stage, however, the old
man crawled—declined to fulfill the
engagement—flatly denied that he ever
intended to marry the lady. To heal
her lacerated feelings she brought suit
against the "perfidious old wretch," and
received \$2265, which made her happy.

A western paper speaks of "a man
who died without the aid of a physician."

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Old Boge was a merry old fellow,
who had accumulated great wealth by
life long penuriousness. But even misers
have to die some time, and old Boge was
at length called upon to pay that debt
which all must pay, and which is paid as
easily by the man who hasn't got a cent
as by the possessor of millions.

Old Boge was sick unto death, finding
a partial recompense in his sufferings
from the reflection that, as he could not
eat anything, something was being saved.
His physician told him that his end was
rapidly approaching, and as he felt with-
in himself that he was rapidly approach-
ing his end, it was evident to old Boge
that he must meet his end very soon.

"How long have I to live?" asked
old Boge in a faint voice.
"Only half an hour," said the physi-
cian, taking out his watch in a business
like manner, and then added, "Is there
any one you would like to send for—a
clergyman, for instance?"

Old Boge mused in a lethargic way
for a moment, then started up as with
a sudden thought, raised his feeble hand
and felt his emaciated chin, upon which
two weeks growth of gray and stubbed
beard had grown, then whispered har-
ringly, "Quick—bring me—a barber."

The barber came with his kit, and old
Boge said, in a voice that was rapidly
growing weaker—
"You—charge—ten cents—to—shave
—live me?"

"Yes, that is our usual price," re-
plied the barber.
"What—do you charge—to shave—
dead men?"

"One dollar," said the barber, wonder-
ing what he meant.
"Ten—shave—me—quick," said old
Boge, nervously eyeing the watch which
the doctor held in his hand. He was
too weak to speak further, but the doctor
interpreted aright the question that
was in his eyes.

"Fifteen minutes replied the doctor
Old Boge made a feeble motion, as
with a lather brush, and the barber was
at his work in a jiffy. He performed
his task with neatness and despatch,
and although the sick man had several
sinking spells of an alarming nature,
yet he bore up to the end. When the
last stroke of the razor had been given,
old Boge whispered in tones of satisfac-
tion—
"That'll do—ninety cents—saved,"
and immediately expired.

FALSE CALVES AND TILTING HOOPS.—
A Mound City correspondent, speaking
of the latest style in crinoline, says:
"These institutions are much in vogue
in the Mound City. Despite the sneers
of the press and the impudent stare of
men, the women folks persist in wearing
them. Some days ago an inveterate
wag in this city had discovered that his
wife had received a very extensive ward-
robe of this kind. He used every en-
deavor to dissuade her from exposing
herself in extravagant riggers; but as
she was rather good looking and dis-
posed to be rapid, she insisted on dis-
playing herself muchly in the agonizing
fashion. He met her on the street,
sailing along with all sail spread, a high
headed craft, and producing consider-
able sensation. Taking the dear little
thing in custody, he whispered to her
that her hoops were disarranged, and
she stopped in a popular resort for a
moment while he adjusted them. Tak-
ing advantage of this opportunity he cut
a considerable opening in one of the
artificial calves, and the sawdust stuffing
began to leak. All unconscious of the
fact that her leg was dwindling away,
and that she was having a stretch of
sawdust in her track, she proudly swung
along, until a friend informed her of her
accident."

The amount of whiskey annually
consumed in the United States, gives a
gallon and a half for each man, woman
and child in the country. British
America consumes a gallon and a quar-
ter for each. In Great Britain malt li-
quors prevail, for the people, while they
consume only seven eighths of a gallon
of whiskey for each one, drink an aver-
age of nearly a barrel of ale and beer
apiece. Russia is the greatest whiskey
drinking country, the consumption av-
eraging more than two gallons annually
for each of the inhabitants.

A BREVE OF A HUSBAND.—Wife
(anxiously).—"What did that young
lady observe who passed us just now?"
Husband (With a smile of calm de-
light).—"Why, my love, she observed
rather a good looking man walking with
quite an elderly female—that's all—
Ahem!"

A Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of
Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a
ride, and espied an old man plowing his
acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing
his melody.

"You must be well off, old man,"
said the King. "Does this acre belong
to you on which you so industriously la-
bor?"

"No, sir," said the farmer, who knew
not that it was the King. "I am not
so rich as that; I plow for wages."
"How much do you get a day?" asked
the King.

"Eight groschen," (about twenty
cents), said the farmer.
"This is not much," said the King.
"Can you get along with this?"

"Get along and have something left."
"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said:—"Well,
if I must tell you—two groschen are for
myself and wife; with two I pay my old
debts; two I lend away, and two I give
away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot
solve," said the King.
"Then I will solve it for you," said
the farmer. "I have two old parents
at home who kept me when I was weak
and needed help, and now that they are
weak and need help I help them. That
is my debt toward which I pay two
groschen a day. The third pair of gro-
schen I lend away I spend for my chil-
dren, that they may receive Christian
instruction: This will come handy to
me and my wife when we get old. With
the last two groschen I maintain two
sisters whom I could not be compelled
to keep. This is what I give for the
Lord's sake." The King, apparently
well pleased with the answer, said:—
"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will
give you something to guess. Have you
ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.
"In less than five minutes you shall
see me fifty times, and carry in your
pocket fifty of my likenesses."
"This is a mystery which I cannot
unravel," said the farmer.
"Then I will solve it for you," said
the King. Thrusting his hand into his
pocket, and counting him fifty bran new
gold pieces into his hand, stamped with
his royal likeness, he said to the aston-
ished farmer, who knew not what was
coming: "The coin is genuine, for it
also comes from our Lord, and I am his
paymaster. I bid you adieu."

Judge Drake, of the U. S. Dis-
trict Court of Utah, has decided that
the Probate Court of the Territory have
no right to issue naturalization certifi-
cates or to confer any rights of citizen-
ship whatever. Application being then
made to the District Court itself, he
firmly refused to grant a certificate to
any man living in polygamy, on the
ground that it was contrary to the act
of Congress, and that any man who per-
sistently refused to obey the laws of the
United States was not entitled to citizen-
ship or any of the benefits accruing
therefrom.

An Adrian (Mich.) correspond-
ent of the Chicago Tribune details the
murder of his wife and step-daughter by
Isaac Vanacter, a farmer of Medina in
that state. Some domestic dispute
arose, when Vanacter knocked his wife
down with an axe, and then knocked his
daughter in the head. Returning to his
wife he split her skull open, and then
attempted to shoot his son. He was se-
cured and lodged in jail.

Eighteen subscriptions of \$5,000
each toward the first \$100,000 for the
proposed Harvard College memorial
have already been obtained, and a gen-
tleman stands ready to give the twentieth
\$5,000 whenever the nineteenth name is
added to the list. Harvard is happy in
having rich and liberal sons and friends.

Mr. Jacob Fedder, Sr., of Pitta-
burg, has just died. Mr. Fedder has
been a resident of Pittsburg since 1832.
He served during the war of 1812, and
was one of the old defenders of Balti-
more during that contest. He was born
in Lancaster county, Pa., and had reach-
ed the advanced age of seventy-eight
years.

Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn,
Ohio, recently lifted a dead weight of
2377 pounds, which is the greatest lift-
ing feat on record. He has been prac-
tising at intervals during the last six
years. Dr. Winship, for several years
past, considered the strongest man in
the world, lifted only 2600 pounds.

What is the worst fare for a man to
live on? War-fare.

Important Truths for Wives.

In domestic happiness, the wife's in-
fluence is much greater than the hus-
band's; for the one, the first cause—
mutual love and confidence—being
granted, the whole comfort of the house
hold depends upon trifles more imme-
diately under her jurisdiction. By her
management of small sums, her husband's
respectability and credit are created or
destroyed. No fortune can stand the
constant leakages of extravagance and
mismanagement; and more is spent in
trifles than women would easily believe.

The one great expense, whatever it may
be, is turned over and carefully reflected
on ere incurred; the income is prepared
for it; but it is pennies imperceptibly
sliding away that do the mischief; and
this the wife alone can stop, for it does
not come within a man's province.

There is often an unsuspected trifle to
be saved in every household. It is not
in economy alone that the wife's atten-
tion is so necessary, but in those little
niceties which mark a well regulated
household. An unfurnished cruet-stand,
a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled
table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old
contents sticking hard and brown about
it, and severally nothings; but each can
raise an angry word and cause discom-
fort. Depend on it, there's a great deal
of domestic happiness in a well dressed
mutton chop or a tidy breakfast table.

Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music
are often too wearied for conversation,
(however intellectual); but they can
always appreciate a well swept hearth
and smiling comfort. A woman may
love her husband devotedly—may sacri-
fice fortune, friends, family, country for
him—she may have the genius of a Sap-
pho, the enchanting beauties of an
Armidia; but—melancholy fact—if with
these she fail to make his home comfort-
able, his heart will inevitably escape her.

And women live so entirely in their af-
fections that without love their exist-
ence is a void. Better submit, then, to
household tasks, however repugnant
they may be to your tastes, than doom
yourself to a loveless home. Women of
a higher order of mind will not run this
risk; they know that their families,
their domestic, are their first duties.

The false calves now so much in
vogue are rendered necessary by the
new style of tilting hoops, which go very
far towards exposing what was before
only dreamed of, or existed only in im-
agination. In the language of an ex-
change:

"Their calves are not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
They're filled with bran or stuffed with
tallow,
And swell about a foot or so,
And look first rate, by Heaven!"

The false bosoms are made of fine
wire, in the shape of a bird's nest, with
a small spring in them, and really look
and feel quite natural.

The plumpers are fastened on the
teeth in such a manner as to make the
face look round and plump, and are cal-
culated to deceive the unsuspecting.

A family fête of great rarity has
been celebrated at Olmutz, Moravia, in
honor of M. Wisgrill, a landed proprie-
tor, and his wife, whose united ages
amount to just 200 years, the husband
being 103 and the wife 97. They were
married on May 25, 1791, and celebrated
the seventy-fifth anniversary of their
union.

Artificial "palpitating bosoms" are
now fashionable for ladies whose attenu-
ated bosoms formerly compelled them to
hug cotton to their hearts. The novel-
ty heaves like a throb of life, when an
"emotion spring," concealed under the
left arm, is touched.

"I say Jim," says one friend to
another on meeting. "I hear our friend
A. has been in the oil speculation heav-
ily; has he made anything?" "Yes,"
says Jim, "he has made an assignment."

Lord Chesterfield once remarked
that even Adam, the first man, knew
the value of politeness, and allowed Eve
to have the first bite of the apple.

When Eve told Adam to chastise his
son, what five scriptural names did she
use? "Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel."

Why ought a greedy man to wear a
plaid waistcoat? To keep a check upon
his stomach.

How may a man be known from a fa-
tigated dog? One wears a shirt, the
other pants.

A cow-bells—a beautiful milkmaid.
Say little, think much, and do more.

All About Women.

Women, as a general rule, are not
usefully educated in this country. They
are chiefly taught those accomplish-
ments which the experience of their
mothers has proven to be best calculated
to attract young men, and, consequently
to insure husbands. Music, dancing,
French and Italian, are considered
indispensable to the "finish" of any
young lady, in these degenerate days,
but the more solid qualities which, in
the olden time, were esteemed so neces-
sary in the female catalogue of charms
in the 'good old times,' are out of date.

In sooth, they are pronounced in elegant
society, de trop, and stigmatized as
vulgar. The woman who, not many
years ago, was a non-proficient in the
culinary art, and ineexpert with her
needle, was deemed an unfit candidate
for matrimony. If she could not make
a rare pie, dish up a meal in a peculiarly
attractive style, turn out a superior loaf
of bread, knit a pair of stockings with
taste, and sew up garments with exem-
plary celerity, she was shunned by the
male sex, and pitied by her own, as sad-
ly defective. But now, tout cela est
change! The woman dexterous in such
performances demonstrates her own un-
fitness for position in the world of fash-
ion. Husbands are supposed to live
upon the sound of a piano, and to be
ready, in the most distre sing moment,
to go off into harmonious ecstasies at
the first intimation of a brilliant duet.

They are presumed to be totally indiffer-
ent in respect to what they eat or wear
—to have a noble contempt for such
vulgar things as shirt buttons—to con-
template a woman too imaginatively to
suspect her culpable of a knowledge of
anything but the toilette and belles
lettres.

With this ideal conception of the
character of a husband in their minds,
young ladies necessarily aim only at the
acquisition of corresponding qualifica-
tions. They aim at sentimentality and
romance, instead of substantial common
sense, and permanent information!

The result is an exuberance of satisfac-
tion during the halcyon days of court-
ship, and the saccharine hours of the
honeymoon; but, when the 'angel of a
wife' subsides, in time, into the incap-
able domestic partner, and the 'love of
a husband' degenerates into the satia-
ted master of the house, then comes a
season of remorse, of melancholy, of
mutual recrimination and mutual animos-
ity. Should fate make such a helpless
wife a widow, and necessity throw her
upon her own resources for the support
of herself and family, unhappy indeed
must she be in her destitution! Her
expensive accomplishments will neither
provide bread for her children nor con-
solation for herself. Music will not sil-
ence the cry of hunger; dancing will
not exercise the gaunt. Send we call
Wast. Sorrow refuses to submit to the
siren song of an affected mirth. Sel-
dom can one of these wasted talents be
turned, in such a dilemma, to available
account; and all the precious years in-
vested in the accumulation of those
showy nothings, present themselves like
so many ghosts of mis spent moments,
but to chide the past for its extrava-
gance, and fill the future with apprehen-
sions.

Who has not seen instances of just
such calamity? Whose experience is
not fraught with some such scenes of
anguish? And yet, how slight an ele-
ment of hope would alter the picture—
how small a knowledge of the business
relations of life—how little an acquain-
tance of those homely arts which enable
the feeblest by their industry, spirit,
taste, or remunerative enterprise, to
completely change the view, cheer up
the despondent, add a silver lining to
the cloud of grief, and produce a vision
of comfort, if not of independence!

Why not, then, O mothers of America!
educate your daughters to a familiarity
with things useful as well as ornamental?
Why not—oh! why not—make them
practical, as well as interesting members
of society?

A beautiful thought is suggested in
the Koran:—"Angels, in the grave, will
not question thee as to the amount of
wealth thou hast left behind thee, but
what thou hast done while in the
world, to entitle thee to a seat among
the blest."

The children of Israel were once se-
verely punished for adoring a false calf.
Let the ladies take warning.

From what did the old fashioned
horse pistol derive its name? From its
habit of kicking.