

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 51.

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-
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at 25 cents per line. Notices in the reading col-
umns, 15 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 read half
yearly subscribers.
Having just added a "NEWSPAPER MOUNT-
ING JOURNAL," 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 Railroad.

On and after Wednesday, May 23d, 1866,
trains of this road will run as follows:

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

WILL LEAVE COLUMBIA AT
8:45 a. m., and arrive at Reading 10:15 a. m.
10:15 a. m. " " 12:15 noon.
1:15 p. m. " " 5:55 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT
6:45 a. m., and arrive at Columbia 9:05 a. m.
10:15 noon " " 2:15 p. m.
1:15 p. m. " " 8:20 p. m.

The 10:15 a. m. train from Columbia makes
close connection with express trains at Reading
for New York, arriving there at 3:40 p. m.,
and Philadelphia 1:00 p. m.; also for Pottsville
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 Colum-
bia, York, and Northern Central R. R.
Express tickets sold on all regular trains
in advance 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 stations,
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. GAFF, Superintendent.
E. F. KEYSER, General Freight & Ticket Agt.

Dentist.

S. Atlee Bookius, M. 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
Ether. Offices: In Marietta every Tuesday
and Friday, at the St. John House, and
Corner of Locust and Second sts., Columbia,
Penna., April 14, 1866.—8m.]

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
in all its various branches.
Special attention paid to plain and fancy
paper-hanging, China gilding, Frosting and
Enameling, 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.
DAVID H. MELLINGER.
Marietta, Nov. 25, 1865.—19.

First National Bank of Marietta.

BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION
is now prepared to transact all kinds of
BANKING BUSINESS.
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on
Wednesday, 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)
MS. 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. FAHNSTOCK,

OFFICE:—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE,
Spangler & Patterson's Store.
OFFICE HOURS: } From 7 to 8 A. M.
} 1 to 2 P. M.
} 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
a liberal share of public patronage.
Marietta, May 12, 1865.—3c

JOHN 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.

Oh! Well do I Remember.

Oh! well do I remember,
How sadly I tore
The first checkered apron
That ever I wore.
How I boomed and bellowed
And flooded with tears,
When my mother gave me
A box on my ears;

Then a big piece of pie for the damage she'd
done,
To her dearest, her darling, but devilsome son.

Oh, well do I remember,
(They are fresh in mind)
Those little trowsers,
All buttoned behind;
How I played in the puddle,
And daubed them in dirt—
How my grandmother shook me,
But promised to buy me a nice sugar toy,
If I'd but remember to be a good boy.

Oh, well do I remember
My advent to school—
How I got on the dunce block,
And felt like a fool;
How I pulled out the paper,
From Emeline's curls,
For which I was planted
On a seat with the girls!

'Twas punishment fraught with confusion and
pain,
But oh, I should like to be put there again.

When older I'd grown,
I had to spread clover
As fast as 'twas mown;
And the finger of fancy
Still points to the churn,
And the hated old grindstone
I dreaded to turn;

For I churned and I turned till as weak as a
cat,
And sweat till as wet as a water-soaked rat.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

I am wedded,
Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister
and my poor old father. Oh, my friend!
I think sometimes, could I recall the
days that are past, which among them
should I choose? Not those "merrier
day," not those pleasant days of "hope,"
not "those wanderings with a fair-haired
maid," which I have so often and so
feelingly regretted, but the days, Cole-
ridge, of a mother's fondness for her
schoolboy. What would I give to call
her back to earth for one day, on my
knees to ask her pardon for all those
little asperities of temper which from
time to time have given her gentle spir-
it pain! And the day, my friend, I
trust will come; there will be "time
enough" for kind offices of love, if
"Heaven's eternal year" be ours.
Hereafter her meek spirit shall not re-
proach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the
filial feelings! and let no man think
himself released from the kind "chari-
ties" of relationship; these shall give
him peace at the last; these are the
best foundation for every species of
benevolence. I rejoice to hear, by cer-
tain channels, that you, my friend, are
reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis
the most kindly and natural species of
love, and we have all the associated
train of early feelings to secure its
strength and perpetuity.—Charles Lamb.

An old fellow of the ultra inquisi-
tive order asked a little girl on board a
train, who was sitting by her mother, as
to her name, destination, etc. After
learning that she was going to Philadel-
phia, he asked:

"What motive is taking you thither,
my dear?"
"I believe they call it a locomotive,
sir," was the innocent reply.

An ungallant old physician, hav-
ing been called to attend a lady, who
had struck a thorn in her foot, and was
frightened at what she supposed to be
symptoms of lockjaw, put a quietus
upon her ejaculations, if not upon her
fears, by roughly exclaiming:

"Madam, I have never seen a woman
die with the lockjaw."

"And ye have taken the tea-total
pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an
Irishman. "Indade I have, and am not
ashamed of it either." "And did not
Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine
for his stomach's sake?" "So he did;
but my name is not Timothy, and there's
nothing the matter with my stomach."

During the prevalence of the late
eclipse, an enthusiastic colored individ-
ual in Norfolk, Va., became greatly
elated. "Bress de Lord," said he,
"digger's time has come at las—he's
free, and now we're gwine to hab a black
sun—surely de master ob glory am wid
de colored folks."

What is the difference between a
belle and a burglar? One wears false
locks and the other false keys.

Mr. Josh Billings remarks, and
he knows:—"It's dreadful easy to be a
fool. A man may be one and not know
it!"

From the Home Weekly.

Lost and Restored.

BY D. A. W. PERKINS.

The history of our lives furnishes
some few particular pages which, above
all others, we are wont to remember;
some few striking events which outlive
a multitude of others, and which cling
to us consecrated to memory, with their
pleasant or painful reminiscences.

During the winter of 1855—the writer
of this was teaching a district school in
a small country town in one of the New
England States. It was a pleasant and
agreeable neighborhood, made of thrifty
farmers well to do in the world, intelli-
gent and of a high, social character;
which is so much towards smoothing the
rugged path in a teacher's life. Nothing
is so discouraging and disheartening to
one who takes upon himself or herself
the responsibility of teaching, as to have
an ignorant, a meddlesome and fault-
finding class of parents and guardians,
anxious to make trouble and contention
out of the slightest pretext. The fami-
lies in this district, with which I had to
deal, were all sociable, pleasant and hos-
pitable, with one exception; and this
household consisted of father, mother, a
boy of fifteen, and two little girls, one
five and the other seven years of age.

The father had once been wealthy;
had once been highly respected; but
habits of intemperance had gradually
grown upon him until, no longer able to
control himself, he began to sink rapidly
under this destructive vice. The farm
was soon mortgaged, the fences were no
longer repaired, disorder and ruin began
their reign over the premises; while
around the fireside poverty, brawls and
wretchedness began to creep in upon the
unguarded genius of domestic life. Af-
ter I had become comfortably situated
and acquainted with the people in the
district, I heard this story with feelings
of mingled sympathy and sadness, and
resolved to bring a new influence to bear
upon this unfortunate family, and en-
deavor to arrest a further descent into
the depths of misery. The boy of fif-
teen was a brave, intelligent lad, of a
manly bearing, but always wore a sad
and dejected countenance. He keenly
felt the disgrace which his father had
brought upon them. He was a good
student, loved his books, and these were
his only society, for he never mingled in
the games or sports of the boys.

I made him my confidant in many
things, in order that, in time, he would
make me his. I admired him for his in-
tegrity and for his ability; I pitied him,
too, from the bottom of my heart, for
upon his head the blind and infatuated
father seemed to pour the vials of his
drunken wrath.

I visited the family, but was treated
by the father with provoking insolence.
I was told to go about my business and
let him alone. I could accomplish nothing.
I grieved over their unfortunate
condition, and Ralph (for that was the
boy's name) had informed me that the
father abused them all, and that his own
life was one of deep and bitter misery.
The mother was almost broken down
beneath the weight of her cares, and
was dragging out her existence through
moments of misery and despair. Mat-
ters thus went wretchedly on, and seem-
ingly no hope, no consolation offered
itself to them. The neighbors, the mis-
tress, relatives, friends, and acquaintances,
had all tried, but in vain; appar-
ently the grave alone could bury the
defects of this husband and father.

One evening towards the close of the
term, just as I was preparing to retire,
there was a slight rap at my chamber
door; I opened it, and Ralph entered
my room; his head was bleeding from a
bruise, and he was agitated and excited
from a late conflict with his father; he
had come, he said, to bid me good-bye
for he had determined to leave his
wretched home and strike out into the
world for himself; he had only one re-
gret, and that was in leaving his mother
and little sisters, but he could stay no
longer, he was decided and nothing
could deter him. And, as I could offer
no inducement for him to remain, I made
up a deficiency in his clothing out of
my own wardrobe, gave him ten dollars
in money and bade him God speed upon
his unplanned journey. As he was cour-
ageous and ambitious, I felt assured that
even young as he was, he was well cap-
able of starting forth, and eventually of
gaining some laurels in the battle of life.

The next day the neighborhood was
alarmed at Ralph's sudden disappearance;
I never intimated that I was know-
ing to his departure, but felt rather
disposed to leave the problem to solve

itself. The father felt it keenly, for he
was not yet a brute, and this rash act
towards his own son invoked all the pa-
ternal affection which had lingered dor-
mantly in his bosom. It brought him
to his senses. It caused the scales to
fall from his eyes, and enabled him to
look upon his own deplorable condition.

But, to leave the family for a moment,
I closed my school after a pleasant term
of four months, and in the spring, having
previously been admitted, entered the
practice of the law in a flourishing city
in New England about a hundred miles
from the village where I had lately
taught.

When I passed from the experience of
memorable winter, over a period of ten
years, and what a history of events is
compressed into that brief space; the
thousands of adventures are launched
upon the sea of life; as many hapless
souls are hurried into the responsibilities
of manhood; as many veterans be-
come worn out in the battle of life; and
as many more drop noiselessly out of
existence as the pebbles sink into the
ocean's depths. During these ten years
I had grown into a large practice, and
had become so much absorbed in my
profession, and lost in worldly ambition
as to follow the circumstances just re-
lated to be almost entirely forgotten; not
entirely, however, for it needed only the
slightest mention to bring them again
fresh as ever to memory. One evening,
after a hard day's labor over a compli-
cated case, involving questions of the
nicest law, just as the sun was sinking
beneath the western horizon, I was sit-
ting in my office, puffing the smoke from
a fragrant Havana, and trying for the
moment to dismiss the care and vexa-
tion which had borne down upon me
through the day, when some one rapped
and I replied for them to come in, when
an intelligent and well dressed young
man entered, and, after scrutinizing me
for a moment, reached out his hand with
considerable familiarity. I refused it,
lawyer-like, until I should know whether
he were an intruder or a friend; he gave
his name and referred to the circum-
stance which I have just related. I
then recognized my old pupil; he had
come back to me after an absence of ten
years, and now for his story.

After he had left me that night after
the abuse from his father, he walked all
night to a neighboring town, and there
he procured employment until he had
earned money enough to take him still
farther from home, when about three
years from the time of his leaving he
found himself in California, and soon
getting into business, became successful
amassed a large fortune, and now return-
ed to the scenes of his boyhood, and to
learn the fate of his parents and sisters.
He had found me without difficulty, but
I could give him no information con-
cerning his old home; but the next
morning we both started in the cars for
the village where I had once been his
teacher and he my pupil. We arrived
about noon, and having satisfied our-
selves by inquiry that the family lived
in the same old place, we proceeded
thither, which required a walk of about
a mile. We got to the house as the
family were sitting down to dinner.
Everything about the premises had
changed for the better since I saw them
last; the father had reformed, but had
not regained his injured health nor re-
covered his property. I entered first,
while Ralph remained in the entry.
They had not seen me often enough while
teaching in the neighborhood to remem-
ber me now. I inquired if I could get
dinner, and was cordially invited to be
seated with them. The meal was a
plain but substantial one, everything ap-
peared neat and tidy; there was an air
of comfort, yet an atmosphere of sorrow.

Gradually shaping the conversation, I
soon asked for Ralph, and remarked
that, as I was once his teacher, I knew
of his being a member of the household.
The tears trickled down the mother's
cheeks, and the father heaved a heavy
groan as he said he would die with
pleasure if he only knew whether Ralph
were living or not; he continued that
the absence of that boy was the sorrow
of his life, and if he could but hear from
him it would lift a burden from his soul.
I replied to him that his cup of happi-
ness was full, and immediately arose and
opened the door, when father and son
stood face to face. I will not describe
the scene that followed; everything was
mutually forgiven and forgotten, and a
happier family never was sheltered be-
neath a roof. I remained all night and
returned the next day. And not far
from my office is the counting room of a
wealthy banker, well known as Ralph
—, and occasionally an aged man,

gray and wrinkled, gives me a call at my
office, and I notice he always weeps
when I refer to my four months' teach-
ing in the little village of N.

"Got a Baby."

"A well spring of joy," has been open-
ed in the house of our cotemporary, the
editor of the Lagrange (Mo.) American
and the consequence is the editor is so
delighted, he don't know which end he
is standing on. Just listen at him:

"Last Wednesday afternoon to us a
child was born, but not 'a son was given
en.' We feel proud of our baby, it is so
pretty and sweet, so our better half says.
It's a girl of course, our wife wanted a
girl, so we gave up to her—the times
being too hard to split the difference,
and have a boy and girl both at once.
Our time will come next—see if it don't.
Our baby weighs eight pounds, and all
the ladies say that its such a pretty lit-
tle angel, and looks just like its papa.
Of course everybody will know it is
pretty when it resembles us. It has
black eyes, dark hair and the sweetest
little face, and the way it can cry is a
caution to a Calliope—but then its little
voice is so charming, producing such
harmony of sweet sounds. It was the
first time we ever heard our baby's
voice, and what a thrill of happiness did
that little voice send through our bosom.
"But we are too happy to express our
feelings. We are at least two feet taller
than we were before our baby was
born, and think ourselves good enough
to become a preacher. We pity every-
body that hasn't got a baby, and as for
old bachelors we entertain a sovereign
contempt for them, and intend to lam
the first one that presumes to have the
effrontery to speak to us. Poor old
maids, from the bottom of our heart we
feel sorry for them. Oh, that they could
realize the happiness of a young mother
with her first born. Young men and
young ladies, too, our advice to you is,
'Go thou and do likewise'—it will make
you feel so happy to have a baby." We
warn everybody not to insult us, for we
feel big enough and strong enough to
whip every one of the seceded States
back into the Union, and a single man
wouldn't be a taste for us. We are
doubly sound on the Union issue now.
We never intend to secede from our
baby."

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.

Men and women make their own beauty
or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer
Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a
man "who was uglier than he had any
business to be," and, if he could but
read it, every human being carries his
life in his face, and is good looking or
the reverse as that life has been good or
evil. On our features the fine chisels of
thought and emotion are eternally at
work. Beauty is not the monopoly of
blooming young men and white pink
maids. There is a slow growing beauty
which only comes to perfection in old
age. Grace belongs to no period of life
and goodness improves the longer it ex-
ists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a
lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip
of seventeen. There is the beauty of
youth, and the boldness—a beauty much
more seldom met, and more frequently
found in the arm-chair by the fire, with
grandchildren around its knees, than in
the ball room or the promenade. Hus-
band and wife who have fought the
world side by side, who have made com-
mon stock of joy and sorrow, and grown
aged together, are not unfrequently
found curiously alike in personal ap-
pearance and in pitch and tone of voice
—just as twin pebbles on the beach ex-
posed to the same tidal influences, are
each other's alter ego. He has gained
a feminine something which brings his
manhood into full relief. She has gain-
ed a masculine something which acts as
a foil to her womanhood.

A royal wedding—the marriage
of the Princess Mary of Cambridge to
Prince Teck—took place at Kew, Eng-
land, June 12, in presence of the Queen
and almost every member of the royal
family. The church was crowded with
the haute monde. The ceremony was
performed by the Bishops of Canterbury
and Winchester. After the services
and a superb dejeuner, the happy pair
took their departure for Ashbridge
Park, the seat of Earl Brownlow. On
leaving, the fair bride was nearly cover-
ed with a shower of white slippers thrown
after the carriage for luck.

Young Parisians who do not pay
their tailor's bills are published in the
papers.

Amusement for young ladies on a
wet afternoon—knitting their brows.

For the Mariettian.

Lager Beer as a Medicine.

Those that recommend the use of beer
as a medicine, maintain that it not only
affords nourishment to the feeble and
debilitated, but also supports vitality in
periods of great prostration. We have
already shown, in a former article, that
the nourishing properties of Grain, be-
come disorganized through malting, and
are not only unfitted to sustain life, but
become, through this changed condition,
potent causes of disease. Food nourish-
es by the changes that it undergoes in
the process of digestion; it is absorbed,
transformed, and assimilated; substau-
ces that do not undergo these changes
in the body, cannot afford it any nourish-
ment whatever. Alcohol enters the
stomach and is quickly taken out by the
absorbent vessels and carried by the
circulation, unchanged, to the lungs and
other outlets; to be thrust away. In
every stage of its removal it retains the
identity by which it is detected on the
exhalations of the drinkers breath.

The autopsy of persons who have died in
a debauch, always indicate alcohol in
the circulation of the brain, in so dis-
tinct a form as to be indicated by the
smell and by burning. But beer con-
tains but six to ten per cent of Alcohol,
say its defenders, this is true—but its
other elements exist in such an unpalat-
able state of decomposition, that to
withdraw the Alcohol, would leave a
nauseating slop that the most devoted
drinker would repulse with disgust; it
is, therefore, the Alcoholic property
alone, that popularizes it as a medicine,
as well as a beverage. And it is this
property that occasions vital resistance,
when introduced into the human system,
and upon this effect of its presence has
been established the theory that liquors
support vitality, this is one of the most
calumnious delusions of the present age—
one that is sweeping from the earth
more victims than barbarism and pesti-
lence combined.

Life consists of a succession of changes,
the tissues of the body are constant-
ly wearing away, while others are being
formed; so there is an unceasing build-
ing up and wearing down as long as life
continues; any substance that, when
introduced into the system, obstructs or
arrests these changes, does but injure.
Liquors possess that antiseptic property
that prevents change, this animal or veg-
etable matter, if placed in alcohol, can
be preserved for years. This antiseptic
quality it possesses when in the human
body as well as out of it, hence when it
is used, great activity follows on the
part of all the organs surrounding the
seat of the stomach, to expell it, and
this excitement is regarded as an in-
crease of strength, when it is simply an
augmented expenditure of power. An
excited condition of any bodily function
is not health promoting, but is disease
producing, whether it be caused by ter-
ror from without, or obnoxious matter
within; for in either case there is a pro-
portionate depression that follows the
preternatural excitement or disturbance.
The feeble feel stronger from the use of
beer, for a time, because their remaining
vitality is being rapidly consumed, but
the vital powers soon become exhausted
in the struggle, and then the alcoholic
medicine is said to have lost its effect,
and other preparations are experiment-
ed with, until the entire fund of life is
wasted away, and the victim finds relief
in death. "But some persons who are
suffering from debility use beer and re-
gain their health," this is the result of a
large fund of vitality, sufficient to cast
off both the original disease and its ally,
but the recovery in such cases is less
complete, and always is at the expense
of a greater expenditure of power than
if beer were not used; those that get
well when it is used, would be sure to
regain their health much sooner without
it; and in cases where there is barely
sufficient strength to cleanse the system
of disease, the additional burthen of the
liquor invariably turns the scale and the
patient cannot recover, Lager beer
cannot, therefore, afford strength to the
human system under any circumstances,
and is always a cause of disturbance and
injury, and imperils health and life when-
ever used. B. S.

A story is told of a native of the
"green isle of Erin," who with a neigh-
bor had just landed from an emigrant
ship. Noticing a brass button on the
sidewalk, he picked it up, and, turning
to the other, exclaimed: "See here,
Jamie; what a fine country this is, to
be sure, where you git guineas wid
handles on 'em!" He had doubtless
found a difficulty in picking up guineas
before.