

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 39.

## TERMS.

The Mariettian is published weekly, at \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Office in "Lindsay's Building," near the Post office corner, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One square, ten lines or less, 75 cents for the first insertion, or three times for \$1.50. Professional or Business Cards, of six lines or less, 50 a-year. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line; general advertisements seven cents a-line for the first insertion, and for every additional insertion, four cents. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Having put up a new Jobber press and added a large addition of job type, case, border, etc., will enable the establishment to execute every description of Plain and Fancy Printing, from the smallest card to the largest poster, at short notice and reasonable rates.

## "Ma never told a lie."

While passing through the busy street one drear December day,  
A stranger saw two little feet  
Too cold to run or play,  
Compassion for the boy quick led  
The stranger to his side—  
"Pa, ma and brother Willy's dead,  
And I am sick," he said.

"I'm waiting, sir, for God to come—  
I've waited all the day;  
I have no pa, no ma, no home,  
Nor where my head to lay.  
But sir, I know that God will see  
And hear me when I cry,  
For ma said God would care for me—  
Ma never told a lie."

"Now should you meet with God please say  
That Benny's sick and cold,  
And that he's waited all the day  
To gather in his fold.  
Yet, it seems so long to be  
Without a home—I cry,  
For ma said God would care for me—  
Ma never told a lie."

"God sent me, boy—the stranger's voice  
Crept through the orphan's ear  
And made the little heart rejoice  
That God was found so near.  
"God sent me here that I, my lad,  
Might give you better care,  
Bearing one in youth who had  
Faith in a mother's prayer."

"O! sir, a thousand thanks I owe—  
How shall I ever repay?  
But how did God so quickly know  
Just where poor Benny lay?  
Yet I was sure that God would see  
That Benny didn't die,  
For ma said he would care for me—  
Ma never told a lie."

## For The Mariettian. Temperance.

Dr. William Carpenter, F. R. S., one of England's most distinguished physicians writes the following:

"Experience has proven that the Temperance reformation cannot be carried to its required extent, without the cooperation of the educated classes, and that this influence can only be effectually exerted by examples. There is no case in which the superiority of example over mere precept, is more decided than it is in this. 'I practice total abstinence myself,' is found to be worth a thousand exhortations; and the lamentable failure of the advocates who cannot employ this argument, should lead all those whose position calls upon them to exert their influence to a serious consideration of the claims which their duty to society should set up in opposition to their individual feelings of taste or comfort.

"I believe it to be in the power of the clerical and medical professions, combined with the educated classes to promote the promote the spread of this principle among the 'masses' to a degree which no other agency can effect."

Twenty years ago the educational men of this country were not connected with any organization which had for its object the spreading of Temperance principles. To-day many of the most influential educators not only advocate Temperance but are members of the Good Templar organization, indeed, if I am correctly informed, the Pennsylvania Legislature, last winter, in revising the Public School law had a clause inserted that no person shall hold a Teacher's certificate who makes use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. This is right, and we shall have in course of a few years a powerful agency working for the good of the Temperance cause. I. S. G.

The Lorain (Ohio) county News says that "the young ladies of this place walk on their tip-toes, and can't help it as the waterfalls on the top of their heads draw their back hair so tightly that they can't put their heads down without great pain."

Reported for The Mariettian.  
48th Anniversary of Odd Fellowship  
in America, April 26th, 1867.

Banner Presentation at Marietta, Pa.

Presentation speech on behalf of the Ladies, by P. C. P. Rathvon.

Officers and Members of Donegal Lodge: BROTHERS:—By virtue of previous arrangements made, for duly celebrating this authorized Thanksgiving anniversary of our Order, the pleasing duty devolves upon me, of presenting to you in the name, and in the behalf of the ladies of Marietta, this beautiful BANNER, as a testimonial of their appreciation of the principles, the objects, and the mission of Odd Fellowship, and as a token of their personal regard for you as fellow citizens, and individual members of a worthy Brotherhood.

I do assure you I feel myself not a little honored in thus becoming the medium of communication between you and them; in thus becoming the humble instrument through which this material outbirth of woman's regard, is in process of transition from their hands to yours.

I feel this the more, because of an inward conviction that the motives which alone could have prompted such an appropriate gift, could only have sprung from unselfish and benevolent hearts. From hearts too, not hidden away from mortal recognition in cold and un sympathizing bosoms, but from hearts, representatively and practically, worn in the palms of everwilling and ready working hands.

And I further assure you, that although my peculiar specialties, my usual occupations, and the sphere of my abilities are of such a character, as to preclude the idea of a frequent acceptance of such opportunities as the present occasion affords, yet I perform the duty the more cheerfully, because, from past associations and pleasant memories, I have always felt an interest in the moral and pecuniary welfare of your Lodge; because your generous donors are citizens of my own native town and township; because, some of them at least, I presume, are the wives and daughters of the friends and associates of my earlier years; and last though not least, because, conspicuously among them, I recognize the members of the noble degree of REBECCA; a degree, in the institution of which, the Fathers of Odd Fellowship, have made a worthy concession to the intelligence, the integrity and the fidelity of woman; conceding to her, at least a moiety of those inestimable privileges, to which, by the laws of nature and of nature's God she is so justly entitled.

When woman volunteers her virtuous and benevolent energies, and her charitable sympathies, in the advancement of a cause, that cause from thenceforward becomes in a measure sanctified; because her moral instincts and her intuitive perceptions are of such a peculiar nature, that she could not if she would, and would not if she could, knowingly lend her influence in disseminating and defending principles and practices which she believed to be morally and socially wrong.

Therefore, it adds more than an ordinary interest to the ceremonies of this occasion, when we contemplate the disinterested source from whence this manifestation of regard has originated—when we view these reunions and intercommunications of the sexes, under the fraternal canopy of Oddfellowship—because they are in harmony with the enlightened spirit of sound human progress, and under God, may be instrumental in developing the true social and fraternal relations that ought to characterize human society everywhere.

Remembering then, brethren, that in peace or in war—in prosperity or in adversity—in affliction or in health—in evil report or in good report, yes, in life or in death, woman has ever been the best and truest friend and companion of man; you will accordingly cherish this testimonial from the wives and maidens of your borough, with recollections of special regard; for its central figure ought to stimulate in you a reasonable hope in the ultimate social regeneration of your country—of your community, and of the "household of faith." Inscribed upon its ample surface, in the pictorial and symbolic language of the order, you have ever before you a reminder of those significant lessons which constitute an important part in the acknowledged curriculum of oddfellowship, and which, if carried out into the daily duties of life, cannot fail to

win for you the confidence and esteem of the intelligent, the unprejudiced, and the virtuous and wise among your fellow men.

Then unfurl this noble Banner in your Lodge room at your weekly meetings; bear it aloft in your public processions on your gala days; and let its associated memories be the sesame through which access may always be obtained to hearts and hands ever opened to the demands of Benevolence and charity. Not only that external charity which contents itself in mere alms-giving, but also that noble charity which "unfettereth long and is kind"; which "behaveth not unseemly" and is "not puffed up," which "logeth all things, endureth all things," and which "never faileth."

Let it also be to you a Banner of Freedom, proclaiming your emancipation from vice in all its forms—from the thralldom of those insidious vices, against which, under the influence of the "triple links" of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH alone, you wage an exterminating war; for, be assured, that when friendship for your fellow man prompts the contest, and the gentle influences of love supplies the weapons, truth will consecrate the effort and lead to victory.

I now resign into your custody and keeping this memento of woman's regard bespeaking for it and the occasion, that double blessing which according to promise, descends upon the generous giver and the worthy receiver. May its reception and possession by your Lodge be the initiation of a new era in the progressive history of Oddfellowship in the Borough of Marietta. May you be enabled to transmit it to your successors without a blemish, and without a single association to mar the pleasant memories of this day. And finally, may you ever rest for support, under the Providence of God, upon the Anchor of that higher Hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," and whose redeeming and regenerating power comes down from the GRAND MASTER enthroned on high.

Reply of P. C. P., E. D. Rathvon.

BROTHER P. C. P., RATHVON.—Through you, the Representative of the Ladies, I accept this beautiful banner, in behalf of Donegal Lodge, No. 129, I. O. of O. F., and I assure you it is doubly gratifying to my Lodge, to know that the givers of this testimonial which we will so fondly cherish, are from that portion who are always first to participate in acts of kindness. This testimonial is intended for some great purpose, to remind us of our duty, for which we are associated, viz: "Not to be weary in well doing," and looking upon the words inscribed on one side of the banner, "Presented to Donegal Lodge, No. 129, I. O. of O. F., by the ladies," while in the Lodge room, or in procession, recalls to memory, that the work of woman accomplished in less than three months, what we could not do as a Lodge in twenty years; establishing the fact that worthy woman nobly acts her part, to accomplish a certain purpose, it necessarily prospers. Was not Rome saved by woman? Greece was raised to a zenith of glory and renown, by the labors and patriotism of the Grecian mothers. We find also by referring to Holy writ that by the zeal and courage of patriotism in Deborah, the widow, who was a bright star of Hope in her country's trouble, and at whose word, it was said, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The queenly Esther risked station and life itself, to save from massacre her father's people—satisfies every candid mind that from Sarah to the modest Rebecca, from Rebecca to Ruth and along the whole narrative of Scripture to Martha and Mary, and from them to the present day, woman's mission is to do good—and assist man to labor for his fellowmen, to advance our age, elevate our country, improve our race and promote a practical loving fraternity of mankind. The three links, has also its significant meaning—Friendship, Love and Truth, or Hope, Faith and Charity. These welded together by a practical working cannot easily be broken by faction or discord.

To view the other side of the Banner, we have before us the "figure of Hope." Hope is woman's greatest alternative, to hope on—hope ever—when the saddest afflictions surround her, and all seems tempest tossed, when the urging billows of Adversity, are rolling mountain high over her, rearing and plunging landward, tossing off the white foam with every swell, threatening destruction in their course, and come with their roaring crash, she casts the anchor of Hope, and with one shriek of joy, ex-

claims: "saved again." She has grown strong in peril, and her brows are wreathed with the high majesty of daring, won from familiar and oft recurring dangers, toils and afflictions. Again, they share the domestic joys of home, the fairest spot on this wide earth, however humble it might be, where blooming ones surround the hearthstone, and make it happy. Her gentle influence and conduct in her domestic duties, fall upon those around her like the dews of Hermon, shedding lustre and comfort. Like sweet fields that lay

The virgin gifts of summer, by the sun. And when surrounded by all the comforts of home and society, she is often called from the bowers of pleasure, to the couch of the pained and suffering, from amid the joyous and gay, to the abode of poverty and woe, from a social circle of peace and comfort, to be a watcher through the weary night hours, to wipe the clammy death-sweat from the brow, or press with balmy hand the bounding pulse; to give the healing medicine, or speak calmness to the delirious thoughts; to pour oil into the flickering lamp of life, or close the fading eye, as the last prayer bears on its wings the departing spirit into the presence of its God. Does she falter in this work—no, her response is, ever ready for works of charity—such is woman's humanity, so peculiarly adapted to their sympathizing natures; and by associating herself with the Order in part she binds around her the golden chain of Friendship, opens the fount of Love, and mutually gathers the gems of Truth.

Accept our thanks in behalf of the ladies, and may you all prosper to a ripe old age, until your well trimmed barks, sail down the silent tide, with heavenly riches laden, and land beyond the swelling waters, where joy and happiness reigns throughout all ages, praising the Grand Master of that celestial Lodge above, not built by hands, eternal in the heavens.

KNOCKED ABOUT.—It is a good thing for a young man to be knocked about in the world, although his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with older and wiser men, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them. A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed into the position of leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall back with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing he can aspire to is respectability; but no man can be either truly great or respectable who is vain pompous and overbearing. By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, he is the same disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Hall's Journal of Health says buckwheat cakes, properly baked, are very healthy and nutritious. They should be put on a soap stone griddle, over a good fire, and turned only once, and the sooner they are eaten after baking the better and healthier they are. When turned over more than once, like wheat cakes, they are spoiled, and instead of being the most nutritious food, become the most indigestible. Some housewives, not knowing this fact—which is really a chemical one—spoil this favorite food. Soap stone griddles, require no grease, and never burn the cakes.

A German count is under arrest in Louisville, Kentucky, for marrying three women there, two in Baltimore, and an entire brigade in New York. The papers say he had "wife on the brain."

## The Fat Man.

It isn't every day that we encounter a sketch so amusing as the one subjoined and where all parties seem to enjoy the joke with so good relish: Let the reader peruse for himself:

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning as she was reconnoitering in the kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget. "All that morning Bridget, between each whisk of her dishcloth, kept a sharp look out of the kitchen window and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last, her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my girl!" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, I want to speak to you and says would you be kind enough to walk in, sir."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused, so, in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman and up the stairs went Bridget, and, knocking at the mistress door, put her head in, and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman in the parlor, mum."

"So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor," thought the lady, "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered," but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself as she afterwards said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir. I told her to call in the fat man, to take away the grease when she saw him, and she made a mistake, you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!"

And up all the street and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! ha! of the old gentleman as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed: "Such a good joke."

THE INDUSTRIOUS BEAVER.—The Garden of Plants in Paris now possesses a beaver from Canada, to which comfortable quarters have been assigned on the banks of the rivulet which intersects a part of the menagerie. Desirous of meeting the wishes of the new comer in every possible respect, the administration had provided a hut for it; but the Canadian stranger, having inspected the premises, and not found them to his taste, has pulled them down, and with the materials built up a new mansion in his own way, using his tail both as a hammer and trowel.

A WEATHER GUIDE.—Two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure salt-petre, half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a pretty sure weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says that rats dislike coal tar very much, and that he is in the habit of daubing it about their holes and runs with good results. Taking a hint from the suggestion to dip in red paint, he proposes to dip some in coal tar and let them go. Mr. Gilbert J. Green says: "Coal tar mixed with sand to the consistency of thick mortar, is an effectual stopper to rat-holes."

A motion to strike from the Constitution of New Jersey the word white failed in the House by a vote 20 to 35; Thirteen Republicans voted in the negative.

## Stuff for Smiles.

The following was found posted on the wall of a country post-office: "Lost a red kaf. He had a red spot on 1 of his behind legs. Was he a she kaf. I will give three shillings to evrihoddi to bring him hom."

Lacy Stone said: "There is cotton in the ears of men, and hope in the bosom of woman." Lucy made a mistake, and got the cotton in the wrong place.

"This, we must remember is the fall season," said Mr. Quilp, as he gracefully bumped his nose on the ice, to the amusement of some passers by, who littered audibly.

An old author quaintly says: "Avoid argument with the ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted, and may consider himself wounded up."

An Irish servant being asked whether his master was in, replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh! when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

"What sort of a sermon do you like?" said Dr. Rush to Robert Morris. "That kind of a sermon which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Aurora of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

"Mr. Jones, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it." "No, no," was the reply, "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water that had cider in it."

"Boy, is your name Bob?" "No." "What is it, then?" "Why, sister Moll calls me 'Bub'—brother Sam calls me 'Will'—mother calls me 'sonny'—but dad laughs, and says that I ought to be called *Bill of rights*."

Many a woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and, when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

"O, I'm dead! I'm dead!" blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he ran into the house.

"What's the matter my dear?" inquired the affrighted mother.

"O, I ran against a fence and stuck a *knothole* in my trousers."

A Yankee's boasting of a visit which he had paid to the Queen, clinched his remarks by declaring: "I would have been invited to dinner, but it was washing day."

"What are you doing there, Jane?" "Why, pa, I'm going to dye the doll's dress red." "But what have you got to dye it with?" "Beer." "Who on earth told you that beer would dye it red?" "Why, ma, said it was beer that made your nose look so red, and I thought."

"Here, Susan, take this child."

Why does a person who is sickly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

Pharaoh's daughter found a rich basket, but there was a mighty little prophet in it.

What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-hio.

AUCTION OF LADIES.—It is well known that an auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district says the historian, 'they assemble on a certain day of every year all the virgins of a marriageable age.' The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves, with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for which no money was likely to be offered, yet these were also disposed of—so provident were the Babylonians: "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome women served, as a portion to those who were either of a disagreeable look, or that had any other imperfection. This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ."

A fashionable party should be called "daughter-cultural show."