

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

VOL. XI.—NO. 11.

Stoves! Stoves!!

John Spangler,
OPPOSITE HARRY WOLFE'S.

As the season for Stoves is fast approaching I would call the attention of all wishing to purchase

Parlor or Cooking Stoves,
to my large and well selected stock, which embraces the best and most desirable Stoves that the Eastern markets afford, and which were purchased early, which will enable me to dispose of them advantageously to buyers.

Among the leading Parlor and Cook Stoves are the following:

Parlor Stoves. Meteor Gas Burner, Columbia do Oval do do Dial, Gem, Tropic Egg, Monitor.	Cooking Stoves. Galleg, Royal, Waverly, Wellington, Charm, Summer Rose.
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Also, the Vulcan and Sanford's Heaters, a very desirable article for heating two or four rooms with very little, if any, more fuel than an ordinary parlor stove would consume.

Ranges for cooking, constantly on hand, all of which will be sold on reasonable terms.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

WINE & LIQUORS.

H. D. BENJAMIN,
DEALER IN
WINE & LIQUORS,
Pilot Building, Marietta, Pa.

BEGS leave to inform the public that he will continue the WINE & LIQUOR business, on all its branches, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of

Brandy, Wines, Gins, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Cordials, Bitters, &c., BENJAMIN'S Justly Celebrated Rose Whisky, ALWAYS ON HAND.

A very superior OLD RYE WHISKEY just received, which is warranted pure.

All H. D. B. now asks of the public is a careful examination of his stock and prices, which will, he is confident, result in Hotel keepers and others finding it to their advantage to make their purchases from him.

EAGLE GAS STOVE WORKS,

H. D. BLAKE,
474 BROADWAY, N. Y.

COOKING & HEATING BY GAS.

No Dirt. No Smoke. No Smell.
THE "EAGLE" GAS STOVES
Will Boil, Broil, Roast, Bake, Toast, Steam, and Heat Irons, cheaper than

I have on hand, and make to order Stoves and Furnaces for Chemists, Tanners, Bookbinders, Dentists, Tea Stores, Vulcanizing Stoves, Photographers' Ovens, &c., and Laundry Irons. Send for a Descriptive Catalogue. I also manufacture Coal Oil Stoves for Cooking & Heating. Burns the common Kerosene Oil, and does the cooking for a family for one cent per hour.

H. D. BLAKE,
Sole Manufacturer,
474 Broadway, N. Y.

The American Advertising and Purchasing Agency receive orders for the above-named Merchandise. Bus. Dep., E. ALVORD. Correspond. Dep. Fowler & Wells,
383 Broadway, N. Y.

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.

FRANKLIN HINKLE, M. D.

After an absence of nearly three years in the Navy and Army of the United States has returned to the Borough of Marietta and resumed the practice of Medicine.

Special attention paid to Surgical cases in which branch of his profession he has had very considerable experience.

Office in his private residence:—entrance at the Hall door.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

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

FROM 7 TO 8 A. M.
1 TO 2.
6 TO 7 P. M.

THE PATENT CONTEX REFLECTOR LANTERN.

THIS is the most desirable Lantern in the market. It burns Coal Oil without a Chimney, emitting neither smoke nor smell. It gives a pure white light.

It stands quick motions in any direction. The flame is regulated from the outside. It is neat and compact in form and size. It is free from solder in the upper parts, and is otherwise very substantially constructed.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

For sale at JOHN SPANGLER'S Hardware Store, on Market street.

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LARGE LOT OF BLUE WINDOW SHADES

at remarkably low prices—to close out.

Market Street, Marietta.

THE GUM CLOTH OVER COAT

is the very best thing out for wet weather—not Oil-Cloth—but something far superior. It is made of the finest material, and is not liable to shrink. Call and examine them at DIFFENBACH'S.

THE GREAT TONIC.

KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of IRON.

KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

A PURE and powerful TONIC, Corrective and Alterative, of wonderful efficacy in diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Cures
Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaints,
Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Intermittent Fever, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disagut for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Difficult Breathing, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Fever and Dull pains in the Head, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest and Limbs.

It will cure every case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach, Good for Male or Female, Old or Young.

The most beneficial medicine known; given better satisfaction and cures more diseases than any other preparation offered to the public. Prepared solely by S. A. KUNKEL & BRO., 18 Market street, Harrisburg. For sale by druggists and dealers everywhere.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by S. A. KUNKEL & BRO., and has their stamp on the top of the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor.

The Bitter Wine of Iron is put up in 75 cent and \$1.00 bottles, and sold by all respectable druggists throughout the country. Be particular that every bottle bears the fac simile of the proprietor's signature.

This Wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnetic Oxide combined, with the most energetic of vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian Bark. The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron, combined with our valuable Nerve Tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

GENERAL DEPOT,
118 Market Street,
HARRISBURG, PA.
For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the country. (Ju 25-6m)

LANDIS & TROUT.

Landis & Trout
At the "Golden Mortar,"
At the "Golden Mortar,"
Market Street, Marietta,
Market Street, Marietta,
Keep constantly on hand
Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Remember the place,
Remember the place,
Dr. Grove's old Stand,
Dr. Grove's old Stand.
Give us a call.
Give us a call.

LADIES FANCY FURS AT

John FAREIR's
Old Established Fur Manufactory,

718 ARCH-ST.,
above 7th, south side,
PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTER,
Manufacturer of
AND DEALER IN
ALL KINDS OF
FANCY FURS
For Ladies and Children's Wear.

ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Gent's Fur Gloves and Collars.

As my Furs were all purchased when Gold was at a much lower premium than at present, I am enabled to dispose of them at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Lancaster county, and vicinity.

Remember the name, number and street.
JOHN FAREIR, 718 ARCH-ST.,
above Seventh, south side,
Sept. 10, '64-6m. PHILADELPHIA.

I have no partner nor connection with any other store in Philadelphia.

A CHOICE Lot of Books for children called Indestructible Pleasure Books; School and Paper Books, Stationary, Pens, Pen Holders, &c., at LANDIS & TROUT.

THE BALLOT BOX.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
Casket of a priceless gem!
Nobler heritage of power
Than imperial diadem!
Than imperial diadem!
Corner stone in which was reared
Liberty's triumphant dome,
When the glorious form appeared
Midst our own green mountain home.

Purchased by us noble blood
As in mortal veins e're run,
By the toil of those who stood
At the side of WASHINGTON—
By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle plain,
Where the arm that deals the blow
Never needs to strike again!

Guard it, freemen, guard it well!
Spotless as your maiden's fame!
Never let your children tell
Of your weakness—of your shame;
That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil;
That you bartered right for gold
Here on Freedom's soil!

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
From his lofty mountain height;
While the stars and stripes shall wave
O'er this treasure, pure and free,
The land's Palladium, it shall save
The home and shrine of Liberty.

Beauty, Gold and Wit.

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,
Red his lips and white his skin,
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth, the burthen of the tale,
Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense,
Wood'd her with his eloquence,
Now she heard him with a sigh;
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By F. L. Baker,
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "Orull's Row," on Front street, five doors East of Flury's Hotel.

Single Copies, with or without Wrappers, FOUR CENTS.

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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &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.

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As in mortal veins e're run,
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By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle plain,
Where the arm that deals the blow
Never needs to strike again!

Guard it, freemen, guard it well!
Spotless as your maiden's fame!
Never let your children tell
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That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil;
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Mr. and Mrs. Rose's Party.

The Roses were very nice people. They lived in a beautiful place of their own, and were one of the oldest families in England; indeed, I could not tell how many generations of Roses had lived and flourished in the very same spot. Centuries ago, the "Wars of the Roses" occupied a prominent place in history; but in these peaceful times there was no call to arms, and the family had settled down as ornaments and blessings to the country.

The present Mrs. Rose was as much admired, and quite as popular, as any of her predecessors, and although many younger and gayer beauties had appeared in the neighborhood, she always kept her place. If she had some sharp points in her character, she very seldom showed them, so that many enthusiastic admirers considered her perfect, and did homage to her as a sort of queen. Her portrait had been painted times without number, and almost every poet had praised the extreme sweetness of her sigh. Her husband was said to be a cousin of her own, one of the Moss Roses; his features bore a striking resemblance to those of his wife, only he wore whiskers and a moustache, which gave him quite a military air.

One lovely summer's evening Mrs. Rose had invited a number of her friends and acquaintances to a party—a sort of garden fete, which she thought the young folks at least would enjoy. It happened to pay her a chance visit on the evening in question, and found her in full-blown beauty, fresh from Venus's looking-glass, waiting the arrival of her guests. She entreated me to remain by her side, as Mr. Rose had planted himself in another part of the grounds; and, indeed, I found it impossible to resist the fascination of her society. The company soon began to assemble, and among the earlier arrivals were the Misses Campanula, from a neighboring cathedral town. They were very large crotchets, and double skirts of lilac and white—tall, showy girls; Mrs. Rose said they were generally called the Canterbury belles. Miss Polly Anthus came next, in ruby velvet, edged with gold. She looked very nice, although her figure seemed a little stiff and short beside the other ladies. Then entered Miss Ann Tirrimium, very gay, in a crimson and white striped silk. Her appearance was striking and fashionable, but I noticed she had an ugly habit of opening her mouth on the slightest pinch.

Mrs. Rose received with marked respect Mrs. Mary Gold, an elderly English lady, who brought her two nieces from foreign countries, and as they had both the same name she introduced them as African Mary and French Mary. They were all dressed in yellow satin, I thought the girls looked rather brown, but Mrs. Rose said people considered them worth cultivating, as they were very rich.

Lady Saxifrage and her daughters swept in with a great air, in rosettes and feathers. Mrs. Rose just whispered "London pride," but advanced to meet them with her usual grace and sweetness, taking especial notice of Pretty Nancy. An old lady (with a curious name, which I forgot) was dressed in something that looked like white cotton velvet! Mrs. Rose said that she was always peculiar, and she really believed her flowers were Everlasting.

Then followed Miss B. Larkspur, Miss C. Pink, May and P. Blossom, and a whole family of Asters; but really the arrivals became so numerous, and the ladies crowded in so fast, I could no longer distinguish individuals; but I caught now and then very sweet names, as "Rosemary," "Lily," "Violet," "Marguerite," &c., and felt certain the owners of them were all lovely and interesting.

Among the gentlemen, Mr. Auricula, though no Dandy, was decidedly the Lion of the evening. He was splendidly got up in a court-fait of purple velvet, and wore powder. I thought his manners were exceedingly stiff; he seemed as if he could not bend to any one; but Mrs. Rose told me he was nearly related to the Grand Turk, and we must make some allowance. Major Convolvulus was quite different; he was so fond of waltzing, and twirled round every one he could lay hold of; he even attacked old Mrs. Scabious, the widow; but she was as stiff as a Pinacution, and looked so black, that he went off to another quarter.

Every one remarked Mr. Wallflower's appearance; he looked really old, and dreadfully seedy. Good Mrs. Rose made an apology for him also, and said it was so late in the season, he was quite used up with being so much "out."

CONNUBIALITIES.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty, and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery, the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet happy.

Men go further in love than women, but women outstrip them in friendship. Valor was assigned to men, and chastity to women, as their principal virtues, because they are the most difficult to practice.

A woman that has but one lover thinks herself to be no coquet; she that has several, concludes herself no more than a coquette.

The face of her love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved on his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary keeps her own secrets better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery.

Absence is to love, what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love, the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep, and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why" said he, "as they who are accustomed to the ordinary mode of wheels to draw water."

In marriage prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend and a companion.

In an old paper, printed in New London, nearly a century ago, we find the following on matrimony:

"Oh, matrimony! thou art like
To Jeremiah's sigs;
The good is very good; the bad
Too soon to give the pigs.
I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I a—lass was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook,
housekeeper, chambermaid, landress,
dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing
the work of six,
For the sake of being supported."

Politeness is shown by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgments of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be.—Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exists some urgent necessity for so doing.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:—
"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I needn't fret about it,
For I couldn't if I would."

The following dialogue between hostile pickets is decidedly good:—
Yank.—"You fellows are awful ragged, but I s'wore you all fight like gitout."
Reb.—"Ragged! fight! I reckon we do. But you just wait till we get naked—that's all!"

Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

Good-nature, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

An author ridiculing the idea of ghosts asks how a dead man can get into a locked room? Probably with a skeleton key.

Many who "cast their bread upon the waters" expect it will return to them, after many days—well buttered.

The ladies are so vain of their hair that they are proud of getting it into the papers.

The prettiest hood in the world—childhood.

THE BALLOT BOX.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
Casket of a priceless gem!
Nobler heritage of power
Than imperial diadem!
Than imperial diadem!
Corner stone in which was reared
Liberty's triumphant dome,
When the glorious form appeared
Midst our own green mountain home.

Purchased by us noble blood
As in mortal veins e're run,
By the toil of those who stood
At the side of WASHINGTON—
By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle plain,
Where the arm that deals the blow
Never needs to strike again!

Guard it, freemen, guard it well!
Spotless as your maiden's fame!
Never let your children tell
Of your weakness—of your shame;
That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil;
That you bartered right for gold
Here on Freedom's soil!

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
Watch, when danger hovers nigh,
From his lofty mountain height;
While the stars and stripes shall wave
O'er this treasure, pure and free,
The land's Palladium, it shall save
The home and shrine of Liberty.

Beauty, Gold and Wit.

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,
Red his lips and white his skin,
Could such beauty fail to win?
Then stepped forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth, the burthen of the tale,
Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense,
Wood'd her with his eloquence,
Now she heard him with a sigh;
Then she blush'd scarce knowing why,
Then she smil'd to hear him speak,
Then a tear was on her cheek;
Beauty vanish, gold depart,
Wit hath won the widow's heart.

A gentleman informs us, and we have no reason to doubt his veracity, that ten years ago he bought a piece of enameled cloth for a table cover, on which there was at that time, and had been ever since, a small bunch, apparently in the make of the cloth. A day or two since a child of his scraped with a knife the bunch, when out crawled a bed bug, as lively and happy as ever.

A few days ago an Englishman came in to a grocery to make a few purchases, but was not suited with prices, so he broke out with:—"What a bloody country! I could get more for twopence home, than I can 'ere for 'arf a crown." "Why the deuce didn't you stay at 'ome?" said the angry groceryman. "I'll tell you," replied John Bull, "I couldn't get the two-pence."

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh," replied His Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile if you turn around."