

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1865.

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Original, Genuine and RELIABLE **AMBROSIA** For the Growth, Beauty and Preservation OF THE HAIR. [ESTABLISHED 1860.] Price 75 Cents Per Bottle.

This preparation can exhibit living evidences of its excellence. See Photograph and read certificate of Mrs. W. Wallace E. Maxwell...



MRS. WALLACE E. MAXWELL. Her hair is four feet and ten inches in length—the result of using Reeves' Ambrosia about two years.

Mrs. Maxwell's Testimonial. New-York, December 23, 1862. Knowing positively that Reeves' Ambrosia produced a beautiful head of hair for Mrs. Lizzie Shepherd...

WATCHEES. H. L. & E. J. Zahm, Corner of North Queen-St. and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

American and Swiss Watches IN GOLD AND SILVER CASES. Clocks, EIGHT DAY AND 30 HOUR, IN GREAT VARIETY...

SILVER-WARE. Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c., stamped with our name and warranted standard.

JEWELRY. Rings, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs and a variety of every article in this line.

Dr. Geo. W. Worrall, Surgeon Dentist, Having removed to the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Swartzel...

First National Bank of Marietta. THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION is now prepared to transact all kinds of BANKING BUSINESS.

DR. W. M. F. FAHNESTOCK. OFFICE—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS. From 7 to 9 A. M. " 1 to 2 " 6 to 7 P. M.

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Advertising Rates: One square (10 lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions.

Do Right. Stick to the truth, Come good or bad, Success attends A truthful lad.

Better be poor in goods and fame, Than sacrifice an honest name.

Don't fear scorn Of empty fools, Nor sell your soul To Fashion's rules. A kersey coat will keep you warm— French cloth shirtings before a storm.

Be just in all Your trades with men; Mankind are brothers Well you ken. Do unto all as unto you You'd have your fellows also do.

Another thing— Don't try with wine! The red wine hides A powder mine! And by-and-by some luckless mope, The ticklish bombshell may explode.

Be true to love, If rich or poor, It matters not, Don't give it o'er! Marriage without due reverence Is like a field without a fence.

Be kind to all Of low degree; Keep in thy breast Much charity. A poor man's blessing counteth more Than all the treasures miser's store.

Go on in faith, Hold fast the right— And you shall have, 'Gainst age's night, Riches laid up on fortune's shelves, For God helps those who help themselves.

A Kiss upon the Lip. Let poets sing of Eastern climes, And golden sunset hours, Of shady nooks And babbling brooks, Of moonlit orange bowers; Yet still to me More sweet shall be— A joy no wealth can buy— A pair of pouting, cherry lips, To kiss upon the sly.

Oh, let them build their lofty rhyme As high so'er they may; But give me still If so you will, Another word to say: Now here's to all, Tall, fat, or small, I vow I'd rather die Than miss the bliss that's in the kiss When taken on the sly.

No Apologies.—A droll story is related of an honest old farmer, who, in attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over a fence.

A Greek maid, being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, a virtue without stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

A Letter from a Mariettian in New-Mexico.

Friend Baker:—With the exception of one stray paper, I have not seen a copy of your journal for several months past. Who is to blame for this, is more than I can tell.

Here, in the mid-west, we advertise very generally; (I call this the "mid-west," as the "far west" is some thousand miles west of here); and we feel the advantage of it more and more as we continue the practice.

"Sic Semper Tyrannis."—This familiar classical quotation, now memorable for all time, from its application by the assassin of President Lincoln, is variously rendered, but the literal translation is, "Thus always with Tyranny."

MIDNIGHT.—There is something as beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, lying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant; and over all the sleepless Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head.

Albuquerque is on the great highway from the north and east to the new gold fields of Arizona, our sister Territory. We have vast mineral resources within our own borders, but they are yet undeveloped, and must remain so till the Indian war, that we have on our hands, is brought to a favorable conclusion.

vicious to Sibley's raid I counted my gains by thousands, but awoke to find them reduced to hundreds. It was enough to discourage any one, but it was not my fault, my country enemies had despoiled me; so I took "Nil Desperandum" for my motto, and am now weathering the storm.

We are awaking here to the advantages of internal improvements, and before long I hope to see much done towards developing the resources of the Territory. A bridge, four hundred and fifty feet long, is under way at this place, on the road to Arizona; and many gentlemen are canvassing the project of starting a woolen factory near here.

The following are the retail prices of several leading articles in this market:— Prints from 50 to 75 cts. per yard. Brown domestics, 50 to \$1.00 per yard.

Thus you see, things are pretty high, generally; but we expect a fall in the prices of many articles as soon as our spring supplies arrive from the East.

W. T. S. "Sic Semper Tyrannis."—This familiar classical quotation, now memorable for all time, from its application by the assassin of President Lincoln, is variously rendered, but the literal translation is, "Thus always with Tyranny."

Rebel Brigadier General Jones writes from Fort Warren to Senator Ramsey, on the assassination of the President, as follows:—"I trust in God that no responsible southern man, when all is brought to light, will be found in any way accessory to the hellish crime, but on the contrary that all will feel the utter abhorrence of the act which it meets from all men."

Ornamental Women.

The modern system of education for girls is calculated so to turn out upon society about as worthless an article of women as it is possible to imagine. They come forth from our fashionable schools perfectly innocent of all ideas of usefulness, and without the first qualification for those responsible duties in life it is reasonable to expect they may be called upon to discharge.

FUNNYMENTS.—Questions requiring no answers: Can a man be a good chandler if he makes wick-ed candles? Is it stealing for a person to take a joke?

How do chiropodists differ when they are sober and tight? When sober, they are corn doctors; when tight, they are corned doctors.

Why are authors perfect beings? Because they do nothing but right (write.)

George and the Minister: Minister.—George, where's your sister Minnie? George.—Gone to Heaven, sir.

A Good Newspaper.—The San Jose Mercury is parent to the following truthful paragraph: "We receive at this office thirteen daily newspapers, and from sixty to eighty weeklies, all of which we make it a point to read.

A John Bull conversing with an Indian asked him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John.

Let us so order our conversation in the world that we may live when we are dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honorable testimony in the consciences of the worst.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the Mountains of the Moon.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people.

A hundred years ago, the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy, was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France, the three great powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggles which, within a score of years thereafter, established the great republic of the world.

A hundred years hence, who can foretell our developments and national greatness?

The Punctual Man. Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality, and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its sockets, when one of his sons observed:—"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man; "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

"Poor Dick! how sadly he has altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other, "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

"They talk of running Old Pete for President next time," remarked Jenkins to Miggins the other day, with a knowing look.—"Pete who?" "Pete Roleum," answered Jenkins, walking off at a rapid pace.

A young lady down East advertised for the young man who "embraced an opportunity," and says "that if he will come over to their own town he can do better."

Governor Blaisdell, of Nevada, is six feet and four inches in height. When the legislature is not in session they use him for a telegraph pole.

Why is it natural that a young lady having seven lovers should desire to add another to the list? Because all ladies wish to fasten eight (fascinate).

A barnacle nosed fellow gave as a reason for taking his liquor clear, that since the flood, water had always tasted of sinners.

Oil and Truth will get uppermost at last.