

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 43.

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. Profes-
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the simple announcement, FREE; but for any
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A liberal deduction made to yearly and half
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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNTAIN
JOSEPH PASSES," together with a large
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,
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DR. HENRY LANDIS.

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Dr. Henry Landis
At the "Golden Mortar,"
At the "Golden Mortar,"
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Keep constantly on hand

Drugs,
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Give us a call.
Give us a call.

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

WE are prepared to sell American and
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low as they can be bought in Philadelphia or
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A fine stock of Clocks, Jewels, Spectacles,
Silver and Silver-plated ware constantly on
hand. Every article fairly represented.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square,
LANCASTER, PA.

February 17, 1866.-tf.

CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING!
Having just returned from the city with
a select lot of Ready-made Clothing,
which the undersigned is prepared to furnish
at reduced prices; having laid in a general assort-
ment of men and boys' clothing, which he is
determined to sell low, for cash. His stock
consists of OVER-COATS, DRESS, FROCK and
SACK COATS, PANTS, VESTS, PEJACKETES,
BROUSHOUSES, (knit) OVERDRESS, CRAVATS,
HATS, SHIRTS, HOISERY, UNDERSHIRTS,
GLOVES, SEVEN-DENIM, &c. Everything in the
Furnishing Goods line. Call and examine be-
fore purchasing elsewhere. Everything sold at
prices suit the times. JOHN BELL,
Corner of Elbow Lane and Market St.
next door to Cassel's Store.

1866. THE LADY'S FRIEND—devo-
ted to LITERATURE and FASHION. \$2-
50 a year. We give WHEELER & WIL-
SON'S Celebrated \$65 Sewing Machines on
the following terms:—
Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine, \$70.
Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine, \$85.
Forty copies and the Sewing Machine, \$100.
Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DE-
ACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut street,
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.

ROBERT C. HARRIS,
PLASTERER.
Having located in the Borough of Marietta,
and being determined to do his work
and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Marietta, May 12, 1865.-3t

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.

OFFICE—No. 34 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—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE
Spangler & Patterson's Store.

It Is So.
I've seen many a girl
Who would marry a churl,
Providing he'd plenty of gold,
And would live to repent
When the money was spent,
When she found that her heart had been sold.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

I've known many a lass
Who would thoughtlessly pass
Whole hours promenading the streets,
While her mother would scrub,
All the while at the tub,
Never minding the cold or the heat.

There is many a man
Who will "dress" if he can,
No matter how empty his purse,
And his tailor may look,
When he settles his book,
But his patron has vanished, or worse.

I know people so nice,
They will faint in a trice,
If you mention hard labor to them;
Yet their parents were poor,
And were fond to endure
Many hardships life's current to stem.

There are many about
With faces "long drawn out."
Who will prate at the harm of a laugh,
Yet they will cheat all the week,
Though Sundays quite meek.
To my mind they're too pious by half.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS.—The follow-
ing, says the Sunny South, is an inscrip-
tion in the cemetery at Scooba:

But it hardly comes up to another in
a village church-yard in Georgia:
The rotting
nor forgotten:
Opin yer lies
for here lies
all that ken rot,
rite where she sot
when she was happy—
Our Liza Jane
killed home again
To jine her pappy
Live so that you—
and I may tu
Jine them and forever pray
agin chills and kollers.

An Adventure in the Great Pyramid.

The state of Colebridge's mind when
he wrote his fragments of Kuba Kahn
must have nearly resembled that of any
reasonably excitable person during a
first visit to Cairo. Just a degree to
vivid to be a natural dream; many de-
grees too beautiful and wonderful to be
an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim
courts, the glorious mosques, the marble
fountains, the showers of southern sun-
light poured on stately palm tree and
slow-moving camel, and shifting many
hued crowd, all form together such a
scene as no stage in the world may par-
allel for strangeness and splendor. One
day spent in roaming aimlessly through
the bazaars, and the gardens, and the
mosques of Haasan and the Gama Tay-
loon, does more to reveal to us what
Eastern life means—what is the back-
ground of each great Eastern story, the
indefinable atmosphere which per-
vades all Eastern literature—than could
be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience
that it was such a revelation to me, and
one so immeasurably delightful that,
having performed the long journey to
Egypt mainly with the thought of the
attraction of the ruins of Thebes and
Memphis, Karnak and Philae, I waited
patiently a fortnight within sight of the
pyramids without attempting to visit
them, satisfied with the endless interest
of the living town. At last the day
came when the curiosity of some quarter
of a century (since that epoch in a child's
life, the reading of Belzoni) could no
longer be deferred. I had a concern, as
good folks say, to visit Cheops that par-
ticular morning, and to Cheops I went
mounted on the inevitable donkey, and
accompanied by a choice specimen of
that genius of scamp, the Cairene don-
key-boy. Unluckily I had over night or-
dered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for
certain expedited mails, and bring them
to me in Old Cairo whenever they might
arrive; and of course the order involved
my loss of his services for the entire day,
spent by him, no doubt, with my letters
in his pocket, at a coffee shop. Thus
it happened that my little expedition
wanted all guidance or assistance, such
acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo
being otherwise occupied on that particu-
lar morning, and not even knowing of
my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just
above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with
considerable satisfaction that I found a
party of pleasant English ladies and
gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyra-

by the departure of the Overland Mail
that day, and of course they could make
no delay—as they seemed kindly dis-
posed to do—to keep up with me and
my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-
boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in
this trying world, it is assuredly that of
being mounted on a non-progressive
donkey, unarmed with any available whip
stick, spur, or other instrument of cru-
elty, and wholly at the mercy of a treach-
erous conductor, who pretends to be-
labor your beast, and only makes him kick,
and keeps you behind your party, when
you have every reason in the world to
wish to retain your place in it. Only
one thing is worse, a mule which carries
you through a whole day of weary Al-
pine climbing, just too far from all your
friends to exchange more than a scream
at intervals. If there chance on such
an excursion to be ten pleasant people
of your party, and one unpleasant one,
whom you particularly wish neither to
follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably
that particularly objectionable person
whom your mule will go after, and
press past every one else to get at, and
drag your arm out of its socket if you try
to turn it back, and finally make you
wish that an avalanche would fall and
bury you and the demon brute you have
got under you in the abyss forever. On
horseback you are a lord (or lady) of
creation, with the lower animal subject
unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back,
you are a bale of goods, borne with con-
tumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,
not where you please, but where, when,
and how, it pleases.

To return to my expedition to the
Pyramids. Very soon the English party
were out of sight, and slowly and
wearily I was led a zigzag course through
fields of young growing corn, and palm
groves, and past the poor mud villages
of the Fellah-Arabs. Mud, indeed, oc-
cupies in Egypt an amazing prominence
in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields,
where the rank vegetation is only begin-
ning to spring through the deposit of
the inundation, mud-dams across a thou-
sand channels and ditches, and finally
the vast yellow mud banks of the mighty
Nile. If man were first created in Egypt
it is small marvel that his bodily form
should be a "muddy vesture of decay."
In the course of my pilgrimage on this
particular day my donkey-boy cleverly
guided me into a sort of peninsula of
mud, out of which there was no exit
(short of returning our steps) save by
crossing a stream of some three or four
feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or
three brown Arabs arose immediately
when wanted, from the break of rushes,
and volunteered to carry me across on
their shoulders, their brack-shish, of
course, being divided with the ingenious
youth who had brought me into the trap.
What it costs to the olfactory organs to
be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language
altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were
over; the sands of the Desert were
reached, and the stupendous cluster of
edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizah,
the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and
the splendid tombs, were before me and
around. For miles off, in the clear air
of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial
perspective, I had been able to distin-
guish the ranges of stones which consti-
tute the exterior of all the Pyramids,
save the small portions of the second and
third still covered with their original
coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow
says,

"The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are big gigantic flights of stairs."

Almost as soon as they come within the
range of vision they are seen with their
serrated edges and the horizontal lines
of the deep steps, marked sharply with
the intense shadows of the south.

upon its cheek, but with every feature
worn and marred since it has stood there
a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through
the ages the shafts and insults of sun and
storm.

I must not pause to muse over the
Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual
revelation which comes to the traveller
of the enormous magnitude of the Pyra-
mid, as he slowly wades at its foot
through the heavy sand, and perceives
when he has walked thrice as far as it
seemed he need have done, he has but
reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden
me, were concluding their luncheon as I
reached the Pyramid and after declin-
ing their cordial offers to share it, I ask-
ed one of the ladies, "Had she visited
the interior and Cheops' chamber?"
"No. Some of the ladies and gentle-
men had done so. The Arabs were a
wild set of men, and she did not like to
put herself in their power." Deeming
the lady's caution must be over-devel-
oped, and too intensely interested to
make very serious reflections on what I
was doing, I engaged the Sheikh at the
door of the Pyramid to provide me with
proper guides so soon as the English
party had ridden away.

Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered
for the service, in spite of my remark
that three were enough, and we were
soon plunged into the darkness of the
first entrance-passage. All the world
knows how the Pyramid is constructed;
a solid mass of huge stones, all so per-
fectly fitted that scarcely a penknife
might be introduced in any place be-
tween them. The passage at the widest
scarcely permit of two persons going
abreast, and are for long distances so
low as to compel the visitor to stoop
almost double. The angle at which
these passages slope upwards is also one
which, on the slippery, well-worn floor,
renders progress difficult as on the ice
of the Alpine mountain. But oh! how
different from the keen pure air the
wide horizon, the glittering sunlight
of the Alps, this dark, suffocating cavern
where the dust, and lights, and breath
of heated men, make an atmosphere
scarcely to be breathed, and where the
sentiments of awe and horror almost
paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special
fancy made me then, as ever since, find
a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel,
unreasonably trying to the nerves; but
so it was, the awe of the place well nigh
overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in
their well known way. One or two car-
ried the candles, and all joined in a sort
of song at which I could not help laugh-
ing in spite of both awe and lack of
breath. It seemed to be a chant of
mingled Arabic and English (alanguage
they all spoke after a fashion), the En-
glish words being apparently a continual
repetition:

"Very good lady, backshish, backshish;
Very good lady, give us backshish";
and so on, *de capo*. Twice we had to
rest on our way from sheer exhaustion,
and on one occasion, where there is a
break in the continuity of the passage,
there was an ascent into a hole high up
in the wall by no means easy to accom-
plish.

At last, after what seemed an hour,
and I suppose was about fifteen minutes,
since we left the sunshine, we stood in
Cheops' burial vault, the centre chamber
of the Great Pyramid. As my readers
know, it is a small oblong chamber, of
course wholly without light or ventila-
tion, with plain stone floor, walls, and
roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus
(which once held the mummy of
Cheops, but is now perfectly empty)
standing at one end. The interest of
the spot would alone have repaid a jour-
ney from England; but I was left small
time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was start-
led to observe that my guides had stop-
ped their song and changed their obscu-
rulous voices, and were all five standing
bolt upright against the walls of the
vault.

"There they are. They are quite
enough."

"Not enough. We want backshish!"
I must here confess that things looked
rather black. The Fellahs stood like so
many statues of Osiris (even at the mo-
ment I could not help thinking of it),
with their backs against the wall and
their arms crossed on their breasts, as
if they held the *flagellum* and *cruz an-
sata*. Their leader spoke in a calm,
dogged sort of a way, to which they all
responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of
you, and I am rather heavy, I will give
you one shilling more. There it is.
Now you will get no more." Saying this
I gave the man the fourth shilling, and
then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want back-
shish!"
"It must do. You will get no more
backshish."

Each moment the men's voices grew
more resolute, and I must avow that
horror seized me at the thought that
they had nothing to do but merely to go
out and leave me in the solitude and
darkness, and I should go mad from ter-
ror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew
where I was gone. I should not be
missed or sought for for days, and there
I was unarmed, and alone, with these
five savages, whose caprice or resent-
ment might make them rush off in a mo-
ment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I
knew it would be fatal to betray any
alarm, so I spoke lightly as I could, and
laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no
more backshish, you know very well;
and if you bully me, you will have *stick*
from the English Consul. Come, I've
seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshish!" said all five
of the villains in one loud voice.
It was a crisis, and I believe if I had
wavered a moment I might never have
got away; but the extremity, of course,
aided one's resolution, and I spoke out
angrily and peremptorily:—
"I'll have no more of this. You fel-
low there, take the light, and go out.
You give me your hand. Come along,
all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own compre-
hension, at all events. They one and all
suddenly slunk down like so many scold-
ed dogs, and without another syllable
did as I ordered them. The slave habit
of mind doubtless resumed its usual
sway with them the moment that one of
free race asserted a claim of command.
Anyway, it was a simple fact that five
Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon
woman, who was herself as much sur-
prised as they could be at the phenomenon.

How I rejoiced when the square of
azure sky appeared at the end of the last
of the passages, and when I at last
emerged safe and sane out of the Great
Pyramid! Dante, ascending out of the
Inferno, "a riveder le stelle," could not
have been half so thankful. Away I
rode, home to old Cairo on my donkey,
and could spare a real laugh under the
sunshine, when I found that the wretch-
ed old Arab Sheikh, with whom I had
left my riding-skirt, had quietly devour-
ed my intended luncheon of dates, and
then carefully replaced the *stones* in my
pocket!

MARRIAGE.—Whatever faults Voltaire
may have had, he certainly showed him-
self a man of sense when he said: "The
more married men you have, the fewer
crimes there will be. Marriage renders
a man more virtuous and more wiser."
An unmarried man is but half of a per-
fect being, and it requires the other half
to make things right; and it cannot be
expected that in this imperfect state he
can keep the straight path of rectitude
any more than a boat with one oar, or a
bird with one wing, can keep a straight
course. In nine cases out of ten, where
men become drunkards, or where they
commit crimes against the peace of the
community, the foundation of these acts
was laid while in a single state, or where
the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an
unsuitable match. Marriage changes the
whole current of a man's feelings,
and gives him a centre for his thoughts,
his affections, and his acts. Here is a
home for the entire man, and the coun-
sel, the affections, the example, and the
interests of his "better half," keep him
from erratic courses, and from falling
into a thousand temptations to which
he would otherwise be exposed. There-
fore the friend to marriage is a friend to
society and to his country.

"Why is a mistress like a pick
pocket? Because she gets and runs
away with what she can."

Stuff for Smiles.

A Washington letter writer to a radi-
cal paper tells a droll story of the Presi-
dent, by which it would appear that the
President was being shaved, the other
day, when the barber accidentally
tweaked his nose a little too hard.
"Pardon me," said he, very naturally.
"Put your hand in my coat pocket and
pull out one," replied the kind hearted
Chief Magistrate, "and I'll fill it out
for you when you're done."

A lady in the market, laying her hand
upon a joint of veal, said, "I think this
veal is not quite so white as usual."
"Put on your gloves, madam," was the
reply, "and you will think differently."
Not bad for a butcher. It is needless
to say that the veal was ordered home
immediately.

The question, does getting drunk ad-
vance one's happiness, would seem to
be put to rest by the Irishman who went
courting when drunk, and was asked
what pleasure he found in whiskey:—
"Oh, Nelly, it's a trate entirely, to see
two of your own swate purty faces in-
stead of one!"

An editor says in a recent letter to a
friend: "At present I am in the country
recovering from fourteen years of editor-
ial life, bad eyes, crooked back, and
broken nerves, with little to show for it."
Any one would think the three articles
enumerated were quite enough to show
for it.

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench,
told an old fellow with a long beard,
that he supposed he had a conscience as
long as his beard. "Does your lordship,"
replied the old man, "measure consci-
ences by beards? If so, your lordship has
none at all."

Billings says: "I never could find
the meaning of the word 'collide' in
Webster. But riding one day on the
New York railway I saw it all. It was
the attempt of two trains to pass each
other on a single track. If I remember
correctly, it was a shocking failure."

There is a boy away down east who is
accustomed to go out on a railroad track
and imitate the steam whistle so perfect-
ly as to deceive the officer at the station.
His last attempt proved eminently suc-
cessful; the depot master came out and
"switched" him off.

Jenkins thus describes the hangings
of a New York belle: "She wore an
exquisite hyphalutin on her head, while
her train was composed of transparent
folderol, and her petticoat of Cramban-
buli Bounced with Brussels three ply of
A No. 1."

A fashionable but ignorant young lady
desirous of purchasing a watch was
shown a very beautiful one, the shop-
keeper remarking that it went thirty-six
hours:

"What, in one day?"
An editor heads his list of births,
marriages and deaths thus, "Hatched,"
"Matched," and "Dispatched." We
remember another who headed them
severally, "Visitors," "Boarders," and
"Travelers."

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you, I
shall wish you to stay at home whenever
I shall want to go out." "Well, ma'am,
I have no objection providin' you do the
same when I wish to go out."

A wag says of a woman: "To her
virtues, we give love; to her beauty,
admiration; and to her hoops, the whole
pavement."

A fashionable young lady may be said
to resemble a prudent housekeeper, be-
cause her "waist" is as little as she can
make it.

"I have the best wife in the world,"
said a long-suffering husband, "she al-
ways strikes me with the soft end of the
broom."

Other goods may have declined, but
the rise in hoop-skirts on the streets at
present is quite startling.

Why is the President a very poor cab-
inet maker? Ans. Because, he botch-
ed the Freedmen's Bureau.

A man who can be flattered is not
necessarily a fool, but you can always
make one of him.

Tears are nature's lotions for the eyes.
The eyes see better for being washed
with them.

A gilt horse shoe is the latest new
frame for "carte de visite" portraits.

A dentist at work at his vocation al-
ways looks down in the mouth.

Manhood, a hat; womanhood, a bon-
net!