The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1866. VOL. XII.—NO. 52.

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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. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at $5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, *ten 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 and half yearly advertisers.

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.

Summer Arrangement
of the Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Railroad 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
8:15 a. m., and arrive at Reading 10:15 a. m.
10:00 a. m., " " 12:15 noon.
3:45 p. m., " " 5:55 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT
6:45 a. m., and arrive at Columbia 9:05 a. m.
12:35 noon, " " 2:15 p. m.
6:15 p. m., " " 8:25 p. m.

The 8 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 Columbia, York, and Northern Central R. R.

Excursion tickets sold on all regular trains to parties of 25 or more, to and from all points. Apply to Gen. Ticket Agt.

☞ Through tickets to New-York, Philadelphia and Lancaster sold at principal stations, and Baggage checked through. Freight carried with the utmost promptness and dispatch, at the lowest rates. Further information with regard to Freight or passage, may be obtained from the Agents of the Company.

GEO. F. GAGE, Superintendent.
E. F. KEEVER, General Freight & Ticket Agt.

Dentist.

S. Atlee Bockius, M. D. D. D. S.,
OFFERS his services in either the Operative, Surgical or Mechanical Departments of

DENTISTRY.

Teeth extracted without pain, by the administration of the "*Nitrus Oxide Gas*" or Ether. OFFICES: In Marietta every Tuesday and Friday, in the "St. John House," and Corner of Locust and Second sts., Columbia.
[Marietta, April 14, 1866.-6m.]

House-Painting
AND PAPER-HANGING.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to his old friends and the public that he continues the above business in all its various branches
Particular attention paid to plain and fancy coloring, China glossing, Frosting and Stained Glass, Graining of all kinds, &c.
Thankful for past favors, would ask a continuance of the same. Residence a few doors below Town Hall, on Walnut street.
DAVID H. MELLINGER.
Marietta, Nov. 25, 1865.—1y.

National Bank of Marietta.
BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAVING NOW COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION is prepared to transact all kinds of
BANKING BUSINESS.
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Monday, for discount and other business
Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JOHN HOLLINGER, PRESIDENT.
H. ROHRMAN, Cashier.

LADY'S FRIEND—
The Best of the Monthlies—devoted to Art and Pure Literature. $2.50 a year; Clubs $4.00; Eight (and one *gratis*) WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES given as premiums. Send 15 cts. for a sample copy to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
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OFFICE:—Front street, next door to 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 attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

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

OFFICE HOURS. { FROM 7 TO 8 A. M. " 1 TO 2. " 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 and receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Marietta, May 12, 1865.-3t*

JOB PRINTING of every description executed with neatness and dispatch at the Office of The Mariettian.

TRAIL SKIRTS.—Go to Mrs. ROTH'S

Spanish Proverbs.

Virtue ne'er dwells within that heart
Where shame has ceased to hold a part.

One ounce of mirth, devoid of folly,
Is worth a ton of melancholy.

The change of weather and the wind
Discourse for fools doth always find.

Whene'er a good man comes to thee,
Examine not his pedigree.

If thou a shilling's worth wouldst know,
To borrow it thou needst but go.

To reason lend a willing ear,
Or she ere long will make thee hear.

There is no evil, in the end
To good perchance that may not tend.

The night make night, the day make day
And life will gaily pass away.

The man who doth a widow wed,
Must let the living praise the dead.

My birthday first did hear me cry,
And every day doth show me why.

The husband sometimes must not see
And blind the wife should often be.

TREACHERY IN FRIENDSHIP.—The specious pretender who artfully gains the confidence of an amiable and unsuspecting heart, then wantonly betrays it, of all villains deserves most to be detested. The robber may possess generosity, the murderer will sometimes display great and rare qualities, but the false betrayer of implicit friendship can have no character above contracted littleness. It is a maxim, well established in moral philosophy, that men are influenced in their conduct by what appears to them to be their interest. Yet what ingenuity can discern an interest in basely abusing the trust of an honest man, who has paid you the compliment to suppose you worthy of his confidence? Is there any pleasure in viewing the keen mortifications of one whom, by the same blow you have cruelly injured and greatly disappointed? If such a sight can please you, how much has vice changed the original simplicity of your nature! The propensity of first gaining a confidence, then to betray it, springs from a quarter which, at a first view, we should not suspect. For, from a careful scrutiny of the bosom, we have found it uniformly grafted on a little ambition for low praise. Corrupted minds imagine there is a cunning in ensnaring an innocent heart; and, when used with success, the gentle tickle of vanity excites in their bosoms a pleasurable sensation. But it is a savage pleasure, such as the hawk enjoys when he darts upon the heedless warbler of the forest; or such as is experienced by the *double tongued* serpent when he has charmed into his power the unsuspecting flutterer of a neighboring bush.

A BIT OF A SLIVER.—California has long been celebrated for "big things," animal and vegetable, and the following adds to the list:

Before Justice F. at San Juan, Nevada county, was brought a Hibernian, charged with assault and battery upon a fellow countryman. Many witnesses were examined; and, finally, Jimmy C——was called to the stand.

"Mr. C——, state what you know about this case."

"Well, your honor, Barney and Patrick had a bit of a quarrel about some wood they had been cutting. They were standing near the wood-pile in front of the house, and after jawing a little Barney picked up a bit of a sliver, and give Patrick a little tap on the head, and he went over on to the wood-pile—and that was all there was about it."

Justice F.——, "You see Barney hit Patrick on the head with a bit of a sliver. What kind of a sliver was that?"

"Well, your honor, 'twas a small thing—a bit of a chip."

"But we want to know how big it was; give us your idea of about the size of it."

"Well, your honor, (after some hesitation,) I think it was about two feet long, and about as big round as my wrist?"

HORSE FLESH IN PARIS.—The Prefect of Police in Paris has issued certain regulations under which the sale of horse flesh is permitted in the city. The animals are to be killed in public slaughter houses, in the presence of competent government officials, after a previous examination; the meat is to be stamped before its removal, which is to be effected in close vehicles, and the shops which are allotted for its sale will be intimated by special signs. Any restaurant selling horse-flesh without clearly announcing the fact, or which shall fraudulently mix it with other meat, will be liable to punishment under the penal

Influence of Sensible Women.

Bulwer says: "It is a wondrous advantage to a man in every pursuit or avocation to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtile delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgement, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have sensitive regard for your character, honor, and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships, I mean pure friendship—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him—if he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will have many an unheeded gap even in the strongest fence. Better and safer of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Maria de Gourney, an adopted daughter "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship indeed, is to a man "*præsidium et dulce decus*"—bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

Never put salt in your soup before you have tasted it. I have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day, when they *might* have escaped if they had been careful.

Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman. If you are in trouble with her retreat. If she abuse you, be silent. If she tear your cloak off, give her your coat. If she box your ears, bow. If she tear your eyes out, *feel* your way to the door—but fly.

Don't put your feet on the table. True, the members of congress do so, but you are not a member of congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enter the room, and take his seat among you, say something to him, for heaven's sake, even although it be only "Fine evening sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask him how he has been—tell him you know his friend so and so—any thing will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent follows are sometimes frozen on their *debut* before a new circle.

☞ Early on Saturday evening, July 14, a son of Captain Frank Boardman, of East Haddam, Conn., aged ten years, and a daughter of Mr. E. Marston, of the same place, aged eleven years, went in bathing at the Upper Landing. Mrs. Marston sat upon the bank watching the children, when suddenly her attention was specially attracted by their cries, and she found they had got beyond their depth. With motherly instinct she plunged into the water to rescue the little ones, and was herself carried under. All three soon appeared at the surface, struggling for life, but the effort was unavailing, and they finally went down to a watery grave.

☞ The Philadelphia Ledger says that it is safe and easy enough to *darken* the color of the hair. A weak solution of acetate of iron will, it is said, effect this, and, mixed with a little glycerine, if rubbed daily into the hair, will permanently darken it and benefit the health besides. After a certain age, iron and sulphuret of potassium, the latter to restore the decaying sulphur, may be useful.

A PARADISE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Mrs. Eloise Hunt, of Heiner's Run, Clinton county, Pa., writes thus:

"My home has been for six years in a little rocky basin shut in on every side by the Alleghanies, without a neighbor, a church, or a school, seeing no human face for weeks—ay, even months sometimes—except those of my husband and child. Living thus I have come to love in a strange absorbing way all that nature has thrown around me. Earth with its varied growth of trees and shrubs, plants and mosses, rocks and water, the clouds, blue sky and stars, everything is beautiful to me; even the dead leaves, the old decayed trees and bare rocks are beloved. Think, then, how inexpressibly dear the living trees and flowers and moving water.

"I have tame trout, six yards from the door, that leap above the water to catch bits of meat from my fingers. The pheasants make their nest within sight of the house, and sometimes the male bird is seen drumming on the old log only a few rods up the mountain side. I have planted wild flowers round my doors, and in summer, the humming-birds go through the open house on their visits to the flowers. Strangers from the world have said: "How can you exist in this dreary place?" "Their eyes cannot see as mine: nor can they hear any of the pleasant voices I hear, and so I simply tell them what they comprehend: 'It is my necessity.' My place, which is so lonely to others, is so pleasant to me that I have named it Paradise, and here I will teach my son a love of truth, purity and beauty."

RIP VAN WINKLE IN AMERICA.—When the Union troops under McClellan and Rosecrans, in the summer of 1861, were penetrating the mountain region of West Virginia, as they marched through a quiet nook on the side of Laure Ridge, they saw a venerable matron standing in the door of a log cabin.

One of the men fell into conversation with her, and found her views on the issues of the day were not very well defined. At length he said:

"You'll not refuse to hurrah for Old Abe, will you, old lady?"

"Who's old Abe?" asked the dame, growing more astonished every minute.

"Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States."

"Why, hain't General Washington President.

"No! he's been dead more than sixty years."

"Genrul Washington dead?" she repeated, in blank amazement.

Then rushing into the cabin, she called "Yeou, Sam!"

"Well, what is it, mother?" said a voice within.

In a moment she reappeared with a boy of fifty, whom the men afterwards learned was her son.

"Only to think, Sam," she cried excitedly, "Genrul Washington's dead. Sakes alive! I wonder what's going to happen next."

THE METHODISTS.—The London Patriot says that Wesleyan Methodism has come to a stand-still in Great Britain. In Staffordshire and all the Southern districts it has been steadily losing ground for several years. In the London circuits during the year there was an increase of nearly six hundred members, but in so many of the others was there a decrease that the total gain shown on the numerical returns for the year just closed is scarcely more than a single hundred. Complaints are made of a general laxity of discipline, of the abandonment of love feast, and slacker attendance at the class meetings.

THE "DUNKERS."—This religious sect held their annual meeting near Waynesboro', Pennsylvania, a few days ago. Among the questions submitted and decided by the meeting was "Shall we receive colored persons into our church; and shall we salute them with the holy kiss?" The meeting decided that they should be received, but that the question of kissing each member could decide for himself, with the understanding however, that those who refused the kiss were to be regarded as "weak brethren!"

☞ A rural chap visiting Grand Rapids, Mich., got playfully drunk, when, observing a bull pup, he went down on his hands and knees to have a little game with him. The pup feeling cross, grabbed him by the nose, and after much trying and twisting tore it off.

☞ A poor hen-pecked husband desires us to offer in his behalf a liberal reward for his wife's lost temper. We do so gratuitously.

For the Mariettian.

Who is to Blame?

A great deal has been said and written about the evil effects of Intemperance. Every one, who will but reflect for a single moment, cannot fail to discover that the liquor business has a tendency to increase to an alarming extent, taxation, crime, pauperism, and insanity. It fills our prisons, alms-houses, and lunatic asylums with thousands of wretched inmates, such as criminals, paupers and maniacs, whom the Government must keep and support. It brings distress, poverty, and ruin to thousands of families that might otherwise be happy and comfortable. In short it causes bodily suffering, mental agony, premature death, and eternal ruin; and thus drags its victims down through a dishonored life to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's retribution. This we all know to be matter of fact. None can deny it. History, experience, and observation confirm it. But who is to blame for all the unnumbered evils, untold injuries, and deep damning effects of Rum? Where are the men that cause this woe, that blood, those scars, the tears of that wretched wife, or the groans of those orphan children? Is the *rum seller* to blame? Is he the author of all this misery? But this is a weighty matter and a solemn charge. Let us not be too hasty in pronouncing judgement in the case. If we carefully examine the subject we will find that others besides the rum-seller, are involved in producing those monstrous evils in society. The *proprietor*, who rents his house to the rum-seller, is not one iota better. He willingly rents his property to the rum seller in order to get gain, and does it knowing the dreadful consequences which ensue from the infernal traffic, and by so doing he becomes his abettor and a party in the crime. Justice, reason, and common sense dictate that the sentence passed upon one, should also be passed upon the other; therefore, if you blame the rumseller, you are bound to censure the proprietor also, for one is as guilty in the sight of Heaven as the other. But if you go to those men and talk to them upon the subject, they will tell you that neither of them has violated the law of the land. The rum seller will tell you that he is engaged in a *lawful* business, and to prove it he will show you his "*License.*" The question then arises: Who gave the rum seller the legal authority to conduct this traffic? Why the *Legislature.* That honorable body passed the law licensing the liquor traffic, which gives the rum seller the legal right to make drunkards, paupers, and criminals. Therefore, if you blame the rum seller and proprietor, on every principle of justice, reason, and common sense, you are compelled to blame the members of the State's Legislature also. Nay, more than this, you are bound to pass the same sentence upon the members of every subsequent Legislature, who refuse to exert themselves to have that law repealed.

But still we have not yet reached the fountain head. The question is: Where does the liquor come from? *Who makes it?* If there were no liquors the Legislature could not enact laws to regulate its sale because there would be no such traffic in existence. Hence it is necessary to go to the distillery, or malt house, and find out the man that manufactures the deadly poison. The distiller, or the brewer, has the greatest weight of guilt resting upon him. He is the man that opens the fountain, and pours forth a flood-tide of evils.

Allow me then to ask once more Who is to blame for the evils of Intemperance? The proprietor? No. The rum seller? No. The members of the Legislature? No. The distiller or the brewer? No. These, it is true, are all to blame in part, and each will have to answer for his guilt at the bar of God; but still the entire blame does not rest upon them. "Who then" say you "is to blame?" I answer: *Those who drink the liquor. The rum drinkers are the drunkard makers.* And in making this assertion I do not mean the habitual drinkers; but the *periodical*, the *moderate* and the *fashionable* drinkers. In short all those that drink intoxicating liquors as a beverage, I care not whether they be Church members and religious professors or sceptics and infidels; nor whether they drink in public houses or private dwellings—whether it be out of a tumbler in the bar room or out of a silver goblet in the parlor; the fact is still the same. Is it not self evident that if people did not drink liquor the rum sellers could not sell any; and if the rum seller could not sell any, the distiller would not manufacture any; and if the distiller would not manufacture any the Legislature could not enact laws to legalize the infernal traffic, because there would be no such traffic in existence. Hence the only sure and certain way to stop the flood tide of evils is not to drink any intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, at all. Here then is the point where the reformation must begin. It must commence at *home.* It must start at *self.* It must take its rise from *each* individual.

Remember if we be ever so moderate we are identified with the drinking party and the drinking system; but if we abstain entirely we raise a decided protest against the drinking system, and connect ourselves with those who are trying to save our country and our race from the greatest foe. Reader, where do you stand in regard to this matter? On which side is your influence? Are you for or against the drinking party?

J. S.

Marietta, July 30th, 1866.

JONES' CORNER.—Jones has been among the spiritualists; he joined a circle the other night and had manifestations. The medium was a tall, thin, angular, cadaverous individual, who looked as if, after getting up the frame, nature had been seized with a fit of economy, and neglected to put in the underpinning and plastering. The circle was mixed, being made up of elderly females, thin men, with a few pretty girls. Jones seated himself between two of the last, and all clasped hands around a table. Jones says it was delightful. He squeezed the little hands and when an unusually loud knock startled the circle, the little hand squeezed Jones'. Sniffkins, who is so skeptical that his father don't believe him, was the first to ask questions.

'Where was I born?' asked Sniff.

'In the poor house.'

Sniff's turn up nose now became red.

'Correct,' said Jones.

'How many children have we in family?'

Here a dispute arose as to whether the spirit rapped eight or nine. So Sniff asked again.

'One,' was the reply.

'Probably correct again,' remarked Jones.

Here Mr. Sniffkins arose in a wrath, slapped his beaver on with a bang, and left the room.

'The circle is not harmonious,' said the medium in a deep sepulchral voice.

Jones thought it was, as he pressed the little hands.

'Let me ask a question,' said a vinigry old lady.

'Is the spirit of my husband present?,

'He is.'

'Are you happy John without me?'

'Very happy.'

'Where are you John?'

'In h—l.'

John's relict looked at the medium. The medium smiled. He looked as if he had the toothache. The circle laughed, whereupon John's relict seized a lamp and hurled it at the medium It broke over his devoted head, and left the circle in darkness. Jones says a spirit kissed him. He tried to seize the spirit, and caught one of the pretty girls about the waist, whereupon there were screams. In the meantime Jones was aware of a furious engagement on his right. A light was produced, when it was found that John's relict had seized a venerable Cob, mistaking him for the medium. They were separated, when the "mejum," with the coal oil dripping over his woe-begone countenance, said "the circle must be broken up," it was not harmonious.

A POST MASTER'S REPORT:—Uncle Sam receives some queer notes. Among them we quote a report made by a post master of F—— Illinois.

"F—— co. ills july 9. 1857.

Mr. james Bakanin president of the United States Deer sir Been required by the instructions of the post office to report quarterly i know herewith foolfill that pleasin dooty by reportin as follows: The harvestin has been goin on perty and most of the nabors have got their cuttin about dun wheat is hardly a average crop on rollin lands corn is yellish and wont turn out morn ten or fifteen bushels to the aker the helth of the community is only tolerable meesils and cholery now broke out about 2 and a half miles frum here there is a powerful awakin on the subject of religun in the potts nabohood miss nancy smith a near nabor had twins day before yesterday one of them is a poor scraggy thing and wont live half its day this is all I have to report the present quarter giv my respects to mrs. Bakanin and subscribe myself. Yoors trooly

ABJA JENKIMS, p. m.