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The sun had put his night cap on, And cover'd o'er his head, When countless stars appear'd amid The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly, To take a quiet peep How all the stars behaved while he Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes, As if in roguish play; Though silent to all, to her iney seemed As if they'd much to say.

So, lest they're frolic should disturb The sleeping king of light, She rose so high that her mild eye Could keep them all in sight,

The stars, abashed, stole softly back, And looked demure and prim; Until the moon began to nod, Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home. That's somewhere - who k nows where But as she went, the playful stars Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone, The imps with silvery eyes Had so much fun it woke the sun, And he began to rise.

He rose in glory !- from his eyes Sprang forth a new born day; Before whose brightness all the stars Ran hastily away.

### A Beautiful Sentiment.

If men were wise in little things, Affecting less in all their dealings, If hearts had fewer rusted strings

To isolate their kindly feelings; If men, when wrong beats down the right, Would strike together and restore it, If right made might

In every fight, The world would be the better for it."

# A Story With a Moral.

A young man paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits:

Being invited into the-parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began to converse with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can," he replied, "and he you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here sister begins to sing and get good, she gives me cake and pie, and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I would have a good time. But when you go off sister is not good, She gets mad, and if I ask ber anything, she slaps and

bangs me about." This was a poser for the young man. "Fools-and children tell the truth." quoted he, and taking his hat, he left and returned no more.

MORAL. Parents wishing their illnatured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there. -

## One of Gough's Stories.

At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in a magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man bawled out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech !"

The chairman now rose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any furthor calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the distorber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little case that told me to holler !"

Mr. Gough adds that, in telling this. story to a man who could never be made to see the "point" of the joke, after studying for some minutes the man asked him, "Well, Mr. Gough, what did he tell bim to 'boller' for ?"

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the I'd be there again next day if it was fine. and there, in the greenest and prettiest sights on this side," "Never-mind, Bill" And so I-was; and so went-on, day retorted Bob. "I'm sighting all the after day, and week after week client article for ladies. Just received retorted boo. Just received misses on the other."

My Fare.—A Cabman's Story.

Don't you make a mistake now and think I'm not a working man, because I carried her to the cab, and back again, where the hedges were turning so beauam. Don't you run away with the idea after the ride. One day, while I was tiful and green, and all looked so bright that because I go of a morning and find waiting, the servant tells me they and gay my horse and cab waiting ready, cleaned wouldn't stay in town, only on account I don't work hard as any mechanic, at first, but who came to see them now; to carry two persons.

None o' your poor, broken kneed, wouldn't drive; and I spoke a bit sharp, having worked for him ten years.

"Take yer chice, Steve Wilkins," he says; and I took it, and drives Kanga.

the Fondling, and has to go into New Ormond street close by; and I takes up an old widow lady and her daughter, as beautiful a girl of seventeen or eighteen as ever I set my eyes on, but so weak I had to go and help her down to the cab. when she thanked me so sweetly I couldn't help looking up again and again, for it was a thing I wasn't used

"Drive out towards the country, cabman, the nearest way," says the old lady; and when we want to furn back. I'll speak."

"Poor gal !" says I, "she's an invalid She's just such a one as my Fan would have been if she'd lived;" and I says this to myself as I gets on to my box, feeling quite soft; for though I knew my gal wouldn't have been handsome; what did that matter? I didn't like to lose her.

"Let's see," I says again, "she wants fresh air. We'll go up the hill, and through Hampstead;" and I touched Kangaroo on the flank, and away we goes, and I picks out all the nicest bits I could, and when I comes across apretty bit of view I pulls up, and perthe end of the whip, and so on. Then I | the old lady and her daughter out. goes pretty quickly along the streety bits, and walks very slowly among the green lanes; and so we goes on for a good hour, when the old lady pushes the lid open with her parasol, and tells me to turn back.

"All right, mum," I says, and takes 'em back another way, allers following the same plan, and at last pulls up at the house where I supposed they were lodgers, for that's a rare place for lodging about here.

I has the young lady leaning on my arm when she gets out; when she was at the door she says, "Thank you" again, so sweetly and sadly it almost upset me. But the old lady directly after asks me the fare, and I tells her, and she gives me a sixpence too much, and though I wanted to pocket it, I wouldn't but hands it back.

"Thank you, caoman," she says, that's for being so kind and attentive to my poor child."

"God bless her, mum," says I, "I don't want paying for that,"

Then she smiles quite pleasant, and to call the next afternoon if it was fine, the young lady down. and I says it would; and next day, just in the same way, I goes right off past wanted was the fresh air, I makes the best of my way right out, and then, when we were amongst the green trees, Kangaroo and me takes it easy and just saunters along. Going up hill I walks by his head, and picks at the hedges, while them two, seeing as I took no notice of them, got to taking no notice of me, I mean, you know, treated me as if

old lady again wanted to give me some- for she is ours still." thing extra for what she called my kind consideration, but, "No, Stevey," I some other trade." So I wouldn't have thanked me for them.
it and the old lady thought I was offen. "Go the same way as you went the it, and the old lady thought I was offen. ded, but I laughed, and told as the young lady had paid me ; and so she

we was old friends, and asked questions

about the different places we passed,

poor girl up a bit, yet she was getting

the missus and me laid our heads togeth- the poor girl would be too ill to come er and said, if we couldn't live at six out. But no, month after month she day's work a week at cabbing we'd try kep' on; and when I belped her, she his place. But I couldn't help just something else; so now I'm only a six used to smile so sweetly, and talk so days' man-Hansom cab, V. R., licensed about the trouble she gave me, that one day, feeling a bit low, I turned quite silly, and happening to look at her mothknackers for me. I takes my money into er, standing there with tears in her eyes the governor regular, and told him flat I had to hurry her in, and get up on to forwards then, patting the horse and

from breaking down myself. Poor girl! always so loving and kind to all about her-always thanking one so sweetly and looking all the while so roo, the wall eyed horse, with a rat tail. much like what one would think an an-I had a call one day off the stand by gel would look, it did seem so pitiful to see her get lighter and lighter, week by | ly. week-so feeble that at last I used to go up stairs to fetch her, and always carried her down like a child.

Then she used to laugh and say, "Don't let me fall, Stephen"-for they got to call me by my name, and to know the missus by her coming in to help a bit; for the old lady asked me to recommend 'em an honest woman, and I knowed none honester than my wife. And so it was with everybody-it didn't matter who it was-they all loved that poor girl, and I've had the wife come home and sit and talk about her, and Fanny as died, till she's been upset, she cried so terribly.

Autumn came in werry wet and cold, and an end to my jobs there. Winter was werry severe, but I kept on hearing from the missus how the poor girl was sometimes better, sometimes worse-and the missus always shook her head werry sadly when she talked about her.

January and February went by terribly cold, and then March came in quite warm and fine, so that things got so for-

a spring day as ever I did see, and I afresh. stisks a daffydowndilly in on each side of Kangaroo's head, and spends two pence in a couple o' bunches o' willets, and pins 'em in on the side where the poor girl used to sit, puts clean straw in the boots, and then drives to the place with the top lid open, so as to sweeten the inside, because swell had been smoking there that morning.

"Jest run your sponge and leather over the apron a bit, Buddy," I says to our waterman afore I left the stand.

"Got a wedding on?" he says, seeing how pertickler I was.

"There, look alive!" I says, quite snappish, for I didn't feel in humor to joke; and then when I'd got all, as I thought right, I drives up, keeping the lid open, as 1 said afore.

When I draws up, I puts the nosebag on the old horse, for him to amuse himself with; and so as I could leave him, for he wouldn't stir an inch with that bag on to please all the pleacemen in London. Then I rings and waits, and asks me if it would be worth my while at last gets my orders to go and help

I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and goes up, and there she was Primrose Hill, and, seeing as what they | waiting, and smiled so pleasantly again and held out her hand to me as though I'd been a friend instead of a rough, weather battered street cabman. And do you know what I did, as I went in there, with my eyes all dim at seeing her so changed ? Why, I felt as if I

She was so light now that I carried kindness without being paid for it, you'd took,'em down beld,'em in her hand, and shitay mit the temperance." better put up the shutters, and take nodded and smiled at me, as though she

first time, Stephen," she said.

And I pushed over all the quieter bits

had with one of her smiles, and I said and took her out beyond Hempstead; spot I could find, I pulls up, and site could be that though the right of the bor voice, and feeling comebow, that it two seconds to fight doef?"

country and the fresh air brightened the was for the last time.

After a bit I goes gently on again, all weaker and weaker, so that at last I half more and more towards the country,

Bimeby I stops again, for there was a for me, and I jumps in and drives off, as of a great doctor, as they went to see pretty view, and you could see miles. away. Of course I didn't look at them because I do ; and I used to work hard- and last of all, when I went to the house if I could help it, for the real secret of er for it was Sunday and week days, till I used always to be in a fidget, for, fear people enjoying a ride is being with a driver who seems no more to em than the horse-a man, you see, who knows stealing one or two looks at the inside where that poor girl lay-back in the corner, looking out at the springtime, and holding them two bunches of wilets to her face. I was walking backwards and that if I couldn't have a decent horse I my seat as quick as I could, to keep straightening his harness, when I just catches the old lady's eye, and saw she looked rather frightened, and she leans over to her daughter and calls her by name quickly; but the poor girl did not move, only stared straight out at the blue sky, and smiled so softly and sweet-

> I didn't want no telling what to do. for I was in my seat and the old horse flying almost before you could have counted ten; and away we went, at full pace, till I came up to the doctor's; dragged at the bell, and had him up to the cab in no time; and then he rode on the foot board of the cab, in front of the apron, with the blind let down, and he whispered to drive back softly, and I

> The old lady has lodged with us ever since, for I took a better place on purpose, and my missus always attends on her. She's very fond o' talking with my wife about their two girls who have gone before; but though I often take her for a drive over the old spots, she never says a word to mes about such things, but soon after the funeral she told Sarah to tell me as the wilets were not taken from the poor girl's hand, and sent me a note to buy a suit of mourning.

Of course I couldn't wear that every day, but there was a bit of rusty crape on my old shin hat not such a werry rard you could buy radishes wonderfully long time ago; and I never buy wilets the read to or in the practice of a habit cheap in April; and one night the wife now, for as they lie in the baskets in which necessitates the loss of self retends as there's a strap wanted tighten- tells me that if it was as fine next day spring time, sprinkled with the drops o' spect, which drives to filth, falsehood, ing, or a hoof picking, or a fresh knot at as it had been, I was to call and take bright water, they seem to me to have and fraud is or by any possibility can be Next day was splendid. It was as fine and upset, for they start old memories

## A One-Horse Novel.

Violetta started convolsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker, for to her there seemed something familiar in those low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness-hers gleaming with wild uncertainty.

" Violetta!" "Allendorf!"

The girl sank from excess of joy upon his noble heart, throbbing with pure, holy, delicious love of other days.

Allendorf bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued

Rap Van Snort, was seen approaching perance cause who yet look down upon the lovers with a flail. Allendorf saw the aged patriarch, and

with one mighty leap cleared the banisters, and rushed down stairs. But Van Snort was not to be thus "done."

He put after the flying Allendorf, and just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with a flail, that placed him "on the other side of Jor-

Violetta, driven to distraction, threw long hour, was deaf to every consolation.

A Dutchman's temperance lecture: "I shall tell you how it vas. I ought to do it, and I knelt down and put mine hand on mine head, and there took her beautiful white hand in mine, was you pig pain. Then I put mine and kissed it, and left a big tear on it, hand on mine pody and there vos anoder. for something seemed to say so plainly There was vas very much pains, in all that she'd soon be where I hoped my mine pody. Then I put mine hand in whole community of one of their memown poor girl was, whom I always say mine pocket, and there vos noting. So Bimeby I drives 'em back, and the we lost; but my wife says; "No, not lost I jined mit de temperance. Now there vos no more pain in mine head. The pains in mine pody vos all gone away. her down in a minute; and when she I put mine hand in mine pocket, and says to meeelf, "if you can't do a bit of was in the cab and saw the willets, she there vos twenty dollars. So I shall

It seems to me I've seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where."

"Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years. Temperance is of the nature of re-

How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but-

For the Mariettian. Respectable Temperance versus Respectable Intemperance.

Respectability is a very good thing. Yet as "all is not gold that glitters" so all is not respectability that pretends to be so. There are many people who pretend to be respectable and who would feel like dying, if they were proved not to be respectable who, after all, are not respectable.

Let us look into this thing for a moment. What makes a true man or a true woman? Is it dress? Is it living in a large house? Is it riding in a carriage? Is it being in a great business? Is it being handsome? No, it is in none of these things. Every reader of this is acquainted with persons who possess the above mentioned things, who nevertheless are as mean and as miserable as reptiles.

It is not what a man is outwardly, nor what he possesses, that makes him really respectable. The true man is within the outer man. What makes a man a true man is to be true in his heart. A tree must be sound at the heart or it is not considered a sound tree at all. So with a true man. If he has manly feelings and manly thoughts and manly initentions and acts these out he is a true man, a respectable man. He may be what some people call "only a mechanic," he may be poor and even ignorant of much book learning, he may be unnoticed by the so called great ones, but he is really greater than many of them. Now place temperance and intemperance in the light of the truth laid down above. Does intemperance make any one more manly? Does it lead to the practice of those solid virtues which are the glory and strength of manheod? So far from this intemperance is certain destruction to every noble faculty in human beings. A drunkard must sink from degradation to crime. His drinking habits destroy his self-respect, and as his self-respect goes the tendency to lie and steal and be bribed comes on. Now no matter what an individual's family, or station, or wealth, or learning is, can any one seriously think that one on respectable? Can a drunkard be a respectable person? There is but one answer to this question; it is utterly impossible that he can be so, if we take

any fair standard as the test. Take now the temperance man. Is not he in the line of these wirtnes which conduct human beings onward and upward to that which is best? Temperance is allied to industry and carefulness and education and religion. As any one goes along in a line of life correspondent with the principles and practices of sobriety he grows in self respect, self reliance, influence, prosperity. Is not this to become truly respectable? Surely so, if respectability be taken to mean, as the etymology of the word teaches, what will bear being looked into.

Strange as it appears in the light of the simplest sense, there are persons While doing this, Violetta's father, who pretend to be favorable to the temtemperance organizations. Why is this? It is because many of those who compose the Temperance organizations are of the working classes. We can see in every community families of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, who would as soon or even sooner see one of themselves going on in drunkenness, becoming more and more dehumanized and descending into death physical and eternal, than to become a member of a herself upon the grass, and for a long, temperance organization. What is this in plain English but just to prefer to go to hell with Satan and his angels to coming into a Temperance Society because there are so many plain people in it? Well may the plain people ask, is it not more respectable to be in our society than to be in the gutter with the swine? Would be respectable families now and then afford the spectacle to the bers on the level with the brute. That is a kind of respectability which the very humblest temperance man or woman or child would prefer to die before descending to.

Surely it is time these false, shabby, destructive ideas of respectability should be destroyed. Let no quarter be shown to it. It is only a well dressed lie, it is an impudent presumption. It is those pretending to respectability who have no real ground for it, but who are under such a load of disgrace as forbids respectability to be conceded to

spectability, and intemperance is essentially destructive of respectability. The one leads upward: the other leads down. ward. The one clothes a man with bones, the other with contempt. J. U.