

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 7.

Shultz's Hat Store.
NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN-STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

WE manufacture our own goods, thus enabling us to sell at **OLD TIME PRICES.**
The largest, best and most complete stock, and at lower prices than any house in the country.
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PARLOR STOVES,
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ROOMS WITH
ONE FIRE—FOURTH
SUPPLY NOW READY—CALL AND
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umns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths,
the simple announcement, FREE; but for any
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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.

Slender.

A whisper wore the air—
A soft light tone and low,
That barbed with shame and woe;
Now, might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.

Ab, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke.

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl so fair and gay—
That gentle girl so pure and true!

'Tis said a lovely humming bird,
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was killed by the gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound—a death blow came!

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope so fast and sweet,
When first that word,
Her light heart heard,
It guttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings, and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—died.

VARIETIES OF BAD TEMPER.—Bad
temper is oftener the result of unhappy
circumstances than of an unhappy or-
ganization. It frequently, however, has
a physical cause, and a peevish child of
ten needs dieting more than correcting.
A child of active temperament, sensitive
feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely
to meet with constant jars and rubs
than a dull, passive child; and, if he has
an open nature, his inward irritation is
shown in bursts of passion. If you re-
press these ebullitions by scolding and
punishment, you only increase the evil
by changing passion into sulkiness. A
cheerful, good tempered tone, a sympa-
thy with his trouble, which has arisen
from his ill conduct on his part, are the
best antidotes. Never fear spoiling
children by making them too happy.
Happiness is the atmosphere in which
all good affections grow.

Sir H. Havelock had had con-
ditional service in company with his
household, among whom was an Irish
servant girl. She was melted to tears
by the fervency andunction of his pray-
ers, and as she arose from her knees
addressed him with much emotion: "Oh,
misther dear, you're not fit for a soldier.
It's too tender hearted you are. Sure
you was born a praist, and a praist it is
you ought to be."

When the flies set on the ceiling
as they usually do at night, reduce the
light in the room so you can just see
them, and take a tumbler or wider open
vessel, two-thirds full of warm soap suds
and place it quickly over each group of
flies, when they will fall into the suds.

The President was fashionable at
least, when he received the despatch
announcing the entrance of the Massa-
chusetts and South Carolina delegates
into the Philadelphia Convention, for,
according to his own statement, he dis-
played a large waterfall.

The following new version of a
Scripture passage is recommended; for
the use of Southern Christians: "Let
the little white children come unto me,
for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"I do not say that man will steal,"
said a witness on trial, "but if I was a
chicken I'd roost high when he was
around."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO-
BODY GOOD.—I called and spent a night
with an old acquaintance that I had not
seen for many years. He was sexton,
and dug graves for those who died in
the village. It was a seaport, and the
eldest son of my friend was a sailmaker,
while the youngest son kept a small har-
ness shop, mainly for the purpose of ac-
commodating a few farmers who traded
at the village. In the course of the
evening, I inquired how the world had
used my acquaintance, and whether he
managed to make the two ends meet.
"It's hard work," he said; "the 'yard'
has been doing nothing almost all sum-
mer. I never knew a healthier season.
It would seem as if no more were going
to die. But then," he added, "we rub
along in hopes of better times." The
sailmaker remarked, "All kinds of busi-
ness is dull; I have not had much more
than half work for a month, but I'm in
hopes the heavy blow of the last two or
three days will send in a few torn sails."
Just at this moment the harness maker
came in and told his father that farmer
Stubbs's horse had run away and smash-
ed the harness all to pieces. "That's a
job for you," said the old man with
something like glee and added, "Have
you heard whether Squire Anderson is
likely to live?" "It is thought," re-
plied the son, "that he will not be able
to recover." "Well," said the father,
"I suppose we must all die sometime.
The squire has got a nice burial lot;
only it's a little hard digging; but his
folks won't mind paying a little extra."
I only stayed one night with this amiable
family. I left by the first train in the
morning, deeply impressed with the sen-
timent of the old saw, "It's an ill wind,"
etc.—*The Tramp.*

MARRYING FOR SAWE.—In the follow-
ing we find displayed a volume of honest
and wholesome good sense. "Put a pin
here," good swains and lovers.
"To the question often asked of
young men why they do not marry, we
sometimes hear the reply, 'I am not
able to support a wife.' In one case in
three, perhaps, this may be so; but, as
a general thing, the truly ready will be,
'I am not able to support the style in
which I think my wife ought to live.'
In this again we see a false view of mar-
riage, a looking to an appearance in the
world, instead of a union with a loving
woman for her own sake.
"There are very few men, of industri-
ous habits, who cannot maintain a wife,
if they are willing to live economically,
and without reference to the opinion of
the world. The great evil is, they are
not content to begin life humbly, to re-
tire together into an obscure position,
and together work their way in the
world—he by industry in his calling, and
she by dispenseing with prudense the
money that he earns. But they must
stand out, and attract the attention of
others by fine houses and fine clothes."

IN LOVE WITH THE PARSON.—The Lon-
don Court Journal tells us the following
pretty love story: "A scene lately took
place at the house of Colonel and Lady
—, in the north. The daughter, a
very lovely girl, fell in love with the
tutor, a Presbyterian clergyman, and so
far forgot herself as to make known to
him her attachment. In honor bound,
and to the credit of the Scotch clergy
be it spoken; he reasoned with her, and
then, finding argument of no avail, went
to her father and begged for his im-
mediate dismissal. The Colonel was as-
tonded, but when upon inquiry the
truth transpired, he was so struck with
the young man's deep sense of honor
that he told him he would give him an
opportunity of going to Oxford and tak-
ing orders, and that upon entering the
English Church he would not only give
him a living, but his daughter also. We
understand both parties are very happy
under so kind and sensible an arrange-
ment."

The following is the only trace we
have left of the Parnassian flight of a
young gentleman in the country.
Verse:
"Jane look at me so sweete, I look at
Jane,
and we both felt considerably nonpleas-
ed;
we was both happy 'nough to go insane,
and we sat there for a short time and
bussed."

"Mike," said a bricklayer to his bod-
man, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to
make haste, as we are waiting for him."
"Sure and I will," replied Mike; "but
what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"
"I can't," never crossed the A.M. or
raised an acre of corn.

A Verse for the Cooks.

"We may live without friends, we may
live without books;
But civilized man, cannot live without
cooks.
He may live without books—what is
knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope
but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is pas-
sion but pining?
But where is the man that can live with-
out dining?"

HOME COURTESIES.—In the family the
law of pleasing ought to extend from
the highest unto the lowest. You are
bound to please your children; and
your children are bound to please each
other; and you are bound to please your
servants if you expect them to please
you. Some men are pleasant in the
household, and nowhere else. I have
known such men. They were good fathers
and kind husbands. If you had seen
them in their own house you would have
thought that they were angels almost;
but if you had seen them in the street,
or in the store, or anywhere else outside
the house, you would have thought them
almost demoniae. But the opposite is
apt to be the case. When we are
among our neighbors, or among stran-
gers, we hold ourselves with self-respect
and endeavor to act with propriety; but
when we get home we say to ourselves,
"I have played a part long enough, and
am now going to be natural." So we
sit down, and are ugly, and snapping,
and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay
aside those thousand little courtesies
that makes the roughest floor smooth,
that makes the hardest thing like velvet,
and that makes life pleasant. We ex-
pend all our politeness in places where
it will be profitable—where it will bring
silver or gold.

A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome,
but it is not a beauty arising from the
features, from complexion or from shape.
She has all three in a high degree, but
it is not by these that she touches the
heart—it is all that sweetness of temper,
benevolence, innocence; it is all that
sensibility which a face can express, that
forms her beauty. She has a face that
just arouses your attention at first sight;
it grows upon you every moment, and
you wonder it did not more than raise
attention at first. Her eyes have a mild
light, but they awe when she pleases;
They command like a good man out of
office, not by authority, but by virtue.
Her statue is not tall; she is not made
to an admiration of every one. She has
the firmness that does not exclude deli-
cacy—all the softness that does not im-
ply weakness. Her voice is soft, low
music, not formed to rule in public as-
semblies, but to charm those who dis-
tinguish a company from a crowd; it
has its advantage, you must come close
to hear it. To describe her body, de-
scribe her mind—one is the transcript of
the other. Her understanding is
shown in the variety of matters it exerts
itself upon, but the goodness of her
choice she makes. Her politeness flows
rather from natural disposition to oblige,
than any rules on that subject, and there-
fore never fails to strike those who un-
derstand good breeding, and those who
do not.—*Edmund Burke.*

A WOMAN'S MASK.—What a mask the
unhappy wife is forced for prudense and
self respect to wear over that poor tear
bedewed face of hers! If she does not
wear it, and if she lets the tears fall
down in the sight of all, burning plough-
shares will not be too hot for her feet to
walk on, and she must carry live coals
from the world's altar, though they
scorch her trembling fingers to the bone.
Full of sympathy as the world is for her
sorrows if only delicately indicated—
lifting a corner of the veil daintily—it
has neither sympathy nor respect if
broadly shown and rung into its ears
through a six foot speaking trumpet.
The mask of the ill matched spouse, male
or female, must be of peculiar manufac-
ture and most careful manipulation; the
kind most usually adopted, because most
generally approved of, being one em-
bodying a gentle patience, a plaintive
manner of martyrdom—Saint Cecilia
exhaling her soul in mournful music,
Saint Sebastian lying speechless under
the cruel arrows piercing his heart.

A man suddenly raised to fortune
is like one that for the first time ascends
a tower; his head turns, and those who
see below appear like so many dwarfs,
and beneath his notice.

A Know-nothing.

They have smart children in a certain
part of Vermont. A schoolmistress of
the Green Mountain State relates the
following example of a boy's intelli-
gence:—
A large, overgrown boy came to
school one morning, and I inquired of
him:—
'Can you read?'
'Don't know,' was the reply.
'Can't you spell easy words?'
'Don't know.'
'Do you know the alphabet?'
'Yes.'
'Try this word.'
'B-o-r-r-o'-
'What does that spell?'
'Don't know.'
'What do you ride on at home?'
'Oxen.'
'Try this word.'
'B-r-e-a-d'-
'What does that spell?'
'Don't know.'
'What do you eat at home?'
'Punkins.'
'Try this word.'
'B-a-d'-
'Well, what does that spell?'
'Don't know.'
'What do you sleep on at night?'
'Sheepskins.'
I sent him to his seat, after this trial,
and took a rest.

CARRYING DEADLY WEAPONS.—There
seems to be a constantly increasing habit
of carrying concealed deadly weapons
by our young men. It is a practice that
leads to more disturbances and more riot-
ing than all other causes combined.
Every day as we pick up the papers, we
read of the constant use of fire arms and
knives. There is no necessity in a well-
governed community for any one carry-
ing weapons, and when it is done it is
generally for the very purpose of getting
into a difficulty. It takes very little to
induce a man to quarrel, when he has
means of deadly offense on his person,
and there are many excitable young men
who, in a moment of passion would not
hesitate to use them.

A VEGETABLE MONSTER.—There is an
old elm at Stratford, Connecticut, the
trunk of which, two feet from the ground
measures twenty-one feet in circumfer-
ence. Ten feet higher it is still larger,
and two of its branches are each seven
to nine feet in circumference. The
branches and foliage at noon day cast a
shadow that covers over a quarter of an
acre. The tree is said to be about two
hundred and eighty years old.

One day during the hard winter of
1863, a Miss Arnold applied to General
Milroy, then in command at Winchester,
for a permit to forage for her cow,
whose milk was the chief support of the
family. "Are you loyal?" asked the
general. "Yes," she replied. He began
to write the permit—to the United States
or the Confederate States? "To the
Confederacy, of course." "Then I shall
give you no permit; this infamous re-
bellion must be put down." "Well,"
said she, "if you can put it down by
starving John Arnold's cow, why go it!"

The Erie Dispatch gets off the
following catechism; revised and correct-
ed:

Q. Who was the first man?
A. Andrew Johnson.
Q. How many are there of him?
A. Three.
Q. Can you name them?
A. I, me, and my policy.
Q. What agents are employed in mak-
ing known his will to man?
A. Treasury agents.
Q. Do you believe in the existence of
my policy?
A. I do.
Q. Upon what grounds do you base
your belief?
A. New Orleans burial grounds.
Right. The class may take their
seats with the elect.

A young lady says the reason she
carries a parasol is, that the sun is of
the masculine gender, and she cannot
withstand his ardent glance.

What is the best way to keep a
gentleman's affections? Not to return
them.

The politician who said that his mouth
never uttered a lie, probably spoke
through his nose.

My son, hold up your hand and tell
me who was the strongest man?
"Jonah."
"Why so?"
"Cause the whale couldn't hold him
after he got his down."

The Political Sovereigns.

The sovereignty of nations, exists in
three distinct forms, which may be de-
signated as the Despotie, the Constitu-
tional monarchy, and the Republican.
Under the first system the supreme
power is vested in but one person, in
the second there exists in conjunction
with the crowned head, a governing
class, and in the third and only true and
equitable form of government, the sove-
reignty abides with the multitude. Un-
der the despotie rule, the monarch is
alone responsible for the existence of
laws that deprave and degrade the na-
tion. In limited monarchies the govern-
ing class, that make and unmake the
laws, are wholly chargeable with the
enactments that either oppress the mas-
ses or that superinduce habits of social
indulgence, by which a condition of
moral turpitude is engendered that
smothers all aspirations towards an in-
tellectual manhood. Both of these types
of government shackle the highest adom-
ment of human nature, the right of self-
government, and degrade mankind into
the mere subject whose permission to
live is derived from the mercy of tyranny.
Nationalities thus organized, in exclud-
ing the majority from all voice in the
making of laws, withhold from them all
responsibility, for the existence of stat-
utes that tolerate licentiousness in their
midst, much as they may deplore the
prevalence of vice and crime that arises
from legal enactments, their only possi-
ble redress is through supplication to
the power that derives its greatest
strength, from the very sources of cor-
ruption, that develop the lower facul-
ties at the sacrifice of the higher, and
make man, through his grossness and
ignorance, a more abject vassal.

But under the third and highest form
of national existence, man emerges from
the condition of a subject, and assumes
the nobler attitude of the citizen. The
peer of his fellowmen, the political sove-
reign in whom is vested both the power
and the duty of creating laws for the
governing of the nation. In this capac-
ity he possesses an *Elective choice*, be-
tween good and evil, right and wrong,
and this right being vouchsafed to every
individual sovereign, each one is respon-
sible, accordingly, for the manner in
which that freeman's prerogative is ex-
ercised. It is the duty of every citizen
to wield his influence by voice and by
ballot favorable to the enactment of
laws that will tend to remove existing
evils by the suppression of every source
of crime; no one who deserves the name
of a freeman, could quietly behold his
neighbor's property or life jeopardized
by the incendiary or the assassin, nor
can any man perform his *whole* duty to-
ward his country, so long as he continues
a silent witness of the legalized
misery and sorrow, that the Liquor Li-
cense system is producing in every com-
munity. An eternal night is fast over-
shadowing the false and fatal idea that
liquors are useful to the human system,
and the bar, shorn of this opinion, stands
forth as a corroding blight upon our
countries' escutcheon, demanding of all
men to utter forth their condemnation
of this law sustained system of leading
mankind from the domestic comforts of
home, and habits of frugality and indus-
try, down through the dubious pathways
of every crime, to the sad terminus of a
shameful death, the vast multitude that
hourly crowd onward toward the drunk-
ard's goal, appeal to you through every
lineament of approaching depravity that
is engraven upon their countenances, to
save them ere they perish; and shall our
lips be sealed, and our tongues be silent
while the Husband and Father's earn-
ings are expended for fiery libations,
that cauterize his affections and obliterate
his humanity, and rear upon the ruins
of all that is virtuous and good, a fend
incarnate to prey upon his household—
to create while yet living a widowhood
and orphanage most painful to contem-
plate—to strike down with the ferocity
of a demon the wife whom he had cov-
enanted to love and protect, and to de-
prive of necessary sustenance his own
offspring and exhibit thereby an unnat-
urality that the lowest brute instinct
abhors. The hecatombs of human sui-
cides, that tower higher through each
succeeding year, appeal to you through
every sense of humanity to stay the de-
stroyer's ravages, and why should the
warnings of the dead and the righteous
demands of the living pass unheeded.
The power is within your grasp, seize it,
wield it aright by using the same agent
that now sustains the system, to banish
it forever, instruct those to whom you
have delegated the law enacting power
to repeal all laws that foster the degrad-
ing usage, and enact others that will
shield society effectually from the drink-
ing habit until we shall have labor-
ed ardent and faithfully for the consum-
mation of that beneficent object, we
shall remain unworthy of the Sovereign
powers with which we are invested.