

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

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Hull's Hat Store.

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WE manufacture our own goods, thus en-
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STOVES,
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GAS-BURNING STOVES AT
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STOVES, STOVES—VULCAN STOVES
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ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10
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One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Profes-
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the simple announcement, free; but for any
additional lines, ten cents a-line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half
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Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNT-
AIN JOURNAL 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 and
PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the
LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

It is None of Your Business!

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
Now he lives, or how he doesn't,
And how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other men's affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concerns yourself alone,
And whatever fortune falls on,
Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a pry.

A YANKEE.—The following is a West-
ern definition of a "Yankee."

A real, live Yankee, just caught (if
you can) will be found not deficient in
the following qualities: He is self deny-
ing, self relying, always trying and into
everything prying. He is a lover of
propriety, piety, notoriety and the tem-
perance society. He is a dragging, gag-
ging, bragging, striving, swopping,
jostling, wrestling, musical, astronomical,
poetical, philosophical, and commical
sort of character, whose manifest
destiny is to spread civilization to the
 remotest corner of creation.

EMPLOYERS.—You who have young
men under you, and to whom you give
the liberty of your drawer, are you aware
how that young man spends his evenings?
If not, visit the numerous halls, places
he does not expect you will ever visit,
and you may find him, with a lot of loaf-
ers whom he has to support out of your
money so they be silent, among the
lowest and most abandoned of God's
earth. Are you aware that you are fur-
nishing the money that is dragging him
down to moral degradation, you owe it
to the boy to save him. Try it.

A poor farmer of St. Anne de la
Pocatierte, Canada, who had heard that
a relative of his father in Europe had
died, leaving a large fortune, and who
had sent papers to claim his share of
the inheritance, received the other day
from Frankfort a draft on the British
North American Bank for £109,500 as a
first instalment. Elated with joy, he had
promised to pay off the debt of the parish
church and to build a convent at his
own expense. He came to Quebec with
the notary of the parish, and in company
with many friends, to draw the money
from the bank, when the draft was dis-
covered to have no value.

At the recent trial of rifles at
Wimbledon, England, the prize offered
for the best breech-loader was won by
an Enfield rifle converted on the plan of
Colonel Berdan, of this country. This
musket was fired one hundred times in
five and a half minutes, and this great
rapidity was attained after it had become
foul. Three hundred rounds were pre-
viously fired for the purpose of fouling
it, and it was also rusted in salt and wa-
ter, and rolled in fine sand, and after
this bad treatment it still won the prize
as the best breech loader of the many
offered. The rapidity attained by this
arm is more than double that of the
Prussian needle gun.

A lecturer, maintaining before a
mechanic institute that art could not
improve nature, was overwhelmed by the
laughter of his audience, when one of
inquired "How would you look without
your wig?"

For the Mariettian. Intemperance.

See that poor creature standing at
the rum-seller's bar. He is waiting for
his glass of whisky, see how his hand
shakes as he holds his glass. His cloth-
es are nearly worn out. His last six-
pence he gives to the rum-seller. That
man was once rich, once moved in a re-
spectable sphere in life. He had many
friends; because he had many estimable
traits of character. Why this downfall?
Why this ruin of health and character?
Because he was persuaded by some mis-
called friends at a convivial party to
take a glass of wine. He did so, the
taste was formed, he soon drank again,
and again. His wife saw a marked
change in his character, he became
worse, staid out late at night, she plead
with him to stop and think, friends beg-
ged him to alter his course of conduct;
pointed him to his once happy and pros-
perous condition in life. But all their
intercessions were in vain, his steps in
the drunkard's path was quick and on-
ward. His poor wife refused to be com-
forted, she, like a beautiful flower nipped
by an untimely frost, soon withered and
died. And in her last moments, while
her husband was standing at her bedside,
prayed God to save her husband from a
drunkard's grave. He left the corpse of
that once devoted and affectionate wife
for her friends to bury! He hastened
to the rum-seller with his last sixpence
to drink again the contents of the intox-
icating bowl. Do you say this is only a
picture of the imagination? Oh no, no,
thousands and tens of thousands of worse
cases than the one just described are
being enacted every year. The widow's
groans, and the children's cries are going
up to the God of mercy calling for help
in their time of need. Rum-seller, stop
your wretched work; it is worse than
counterfeiting; worse than highway rob-
bery, it is murder, stop and think, save
that husband from a drunkard's hell.
He may yet become a kind and affec-
tionate father, save that young man just
entering the path of the destroyer. He
must retrace his steps and become a du-
tiful son. If the drunkard you have
made and the distress and ruin you have
brought upon many families will not
cause you to give up your iniquitous
business. Here the last words of a dy-
ing Rum-seller:

I have sold all my whisky, made drunk-
ards by scores,
Brought famine, and misery, and death
to their doors,
Caught thousands of souls in my well-
contrived snare,
And now I am going their ruin to share.

I have sold all my whisky, broke many a
heart,
Caused weeping and woe and unspeak-
able smart,
Lined homes with mourning, robbed
children of bread,
And the way to perdition their fathers
have led.

I have sold all my whisky; perdition
draws nigh;
My days are all wasted and now I must
die;
The pit of destruction stands open for
me,
Let others take warning and hasten and
flee. G. M. C.

The celebrated German physician
Hufeland, on being presented to a reign-
ing prince of one of the small states of
the German Confederation, that exalted
personage, in the fervor of his admiration
of Hufeland's great professional skill,
said to him, "You are so famed a phys-
ician, you know the human body so in-
timately, that you must be able to cure
every disease!" "Your Highness," re-
plied Hufeland, "it is with us physicians
as with night watchmen; we know the
leading streets and by-ways tolerably
well, but as to what is going on inside
the house we can only guess at that."

An old Scotch lady had an even-
ing party, where a young man was pre-
sent who was about to leave for an ap-
pointment in Ohio. As he was exceed-
ingly extravagant in his conversation
about himself, the old lady, said when he
was leaving, "Take good care o' your-
self when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they
eat puppies in Chena!"

Love is as necessary to a woman's
heart as a fashionable bonnet is to her
head. Indeed, we think, rather more
so; for nothing less than a large mea-
sure of love will content her, whereas
the recent fashion has shown that she
can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

It is the perfection of happiness
neither to wish for death nor to fear it.

A Suitable Apology.

It is not often that we find hasty
people willing to make the amende hon-
orable, as was the individual mentioned
in the following anecdote. A punctilli-
ous regard for the truth is highly to be
commended, and below we find a nice
sense of honor on one side, with a still
nicer nicety on the other.

A man said of a virago with a loud,
masculine voice: "Confound that wom-
an's throat! her voice will reach the
fifth story of my house."

The woman, hearing of the remark, in-
sisted that her husband should call on
the man and demand either a retraction
or an apology, and if the man would
neither, the husband was to chastise
him.

Husband.—"Sir, I am informed that
you say my wife's voice is so loud and
masculine it will reach the fifth story of
any building. Did you or did you not
make that scandalous assertion?" (hold-
ing a whip significantly in view.)

Man.—"Well, my dear sir, I can't say
positively, I might, upon the impulse of
the moment, and rather think I did say
five stories. Perhaps it is an exaggera-
tion. It is pushing the thing pretty
strong, I admit. I am willing, sir, now
that I am cooler, to take off one story,
but not another brick."

"Well," said the other "that alters
the case, but I should not have stood
the five stories. It is a sign natur."

DELICACY.—About every other feature
which adorns the female character, deli-
cacy stands foremost within the provi-
ence of good taste. Not that delicacy
which is perpetually in quest of some-
thing to be ashamed of, which makes a
merit of a blush, and simpers at the
false construction its own ingenuity has
put upon an innocent remark; this spu-
rious kind of delicacy is as far removed
from good taste as from good feeling and
good sense; but that high minded deli-
cacy which maintains its pure and un-
deviating walk alike amongst women, as
in the society of men; which shrinks
from no necessary duty, and can speak
when required, with seriousness and
kindness, of things at which it would be
ashamed indeed to smile or blush. This
is the delicacy which forms so important
a part of good taste that where it does
not exist as a natural instinct, it is
taught as the first principle of good man-
ners, and considered as the universal
passport of good society.

THINGS PLEASANT TO SEE.—The follow-
ing are things pleasant to see: A work-
ing man reading the newspapers; a real
lady who can carry a parcel; a father at
a place of amusement with his children;
a young man with a clear eye, and a
fresh, virtuous, unbackneyed face; a
shop girl neatly dressed, and without
sham ornamentation; a man of business
going home at night with a coquet for
his wife; a shop man civil to, and pa-
tient with a poor woman, who, with a
baby across her arm, ventures to buy a
shilling article; a dressmaker who is
scientific enough to perfect a "fit," and
yet leave your breathing apparatus in
christian working condition; a milliner
who didn't come from Paris; a jolly de-
mestic who "likes the family," a bride
with her pet small house; a young father
with his first boy.

AN "ARM IN ARM" ITEM.—Gov. Fair-
child of Wisconsin was one of the brav-
est heroes of the war against the Rébel-
lion. A gentleman who was introduced
to him the other day observed, as he
took his left hand, that he had lost his
right arm. "Yes," said the Governor
in reply, "I attended a convention at
Gettysburg in 1863, and met a Southern
delegate who was very anxious to walk
arm-in-arm with me; and when we sep-
arated I found that the embrace had
been rather costly." The remark was
quaintly made, but suggested a world
of valuable reflections.

The last dog story is of two dogs
who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In
the course of the tassel one of the dogs
went plump against a saw in rapid mo-
tion, which cut him in two instanter—
The hind legs ran away, but the fore
legs continued to fight and whipped the
other dog.

An exchange, presided over, we
presume, by a crusty old bachelor, says,
"Never look at the girls—they can't
bear it; they regard it as an insult.
They wear their feathers, farbelows and
frills merely to gratify their mamma's
that's all."

He who pokes his nose every-
where will sometime poke it between a
thumb and fore finger.

"Overcraft" Himself.

One of the peculiar features of the
Southwestern dialect is the use of the
word *crap* for *crop*. Thus they will say
"I made right smart of *craps* this year."
The Colonel once heard this word used
with no little significance. While trav-
elling on a steamer, in the Southwest, a
singularly assorted couple attracted the
attention of all the other passengers.
One was a small man, about five feet in
height, and weighing not over a hundred
pounds. His bride was immense—not a
feather lighter than two hundred and
fifty pounds. The rest of the story we
shall let the Colonel tell himself. He
says: "One day I was standing on the
upper-deck of the steamer, while the
happy pair were promenading back and
forward, arm in arm, when a passenger,
who was evidently a backwoodsman, ap-
proached me, and pointing towards them
said, 'Now, don't you sorter reckon
that that little man has a little bit *over-
craft* hisself?' I concurred with him in
what I believed to be the import of his
agricultural figure, and observed that, in
my opinion, the young gentleman would
have his hands full, in the event of any
future discord, which should lead to a
personal encounter between them. He
turned and walked away, remarking, 'As
sure as yer born, he's a mighty small
chance of a man to have such a powerful
heap o' wife.'

THE INAUGURATION BALL.—Hon. W.
B. Stokes of Tennessee, made a speech
at Nashville, a few evenings since, in
which he described the appearance of
Vice President Johnson at the Inaugu-
ral Ball. Mr. Stokes said:—

You have heard what took place at
the great ball given on the night of the
second inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.
There is a man here, probably, who
knows all about it. An immense concou-
rse of people filled the Executive
Mansion. The intelligence, beauty,
statesmen and soldiers of the nation
were present. It was a glorious, impos-
ing, august assembly. The Vice Presi-
dent was too weary, or timid, or sick, or
something else, to escort Mrs. Lincoln,
as was customary for one in his position
on such an occasion; so Mr. Sumner had
to wait upon the lady. Johnson sat on
a sofa in the back of the room with a
colored man by his side, soliloquizing as
follows: "I'm Vice President of these
United States! I've taken the oath,
and have been sworn in, by God! Sum-
ner says I am from the territory of Ten-
nessee. There he goes now with the
Queen! I've taken the oath and I'm
Vice President; and he says that I'm
from the territory of Tennessee! There
he goes with the Queen, and I'm here
sitting with my colored friend on a sofa.
I'm a better friend of the black man
than he is. His is theoretical and mine
is practical friendship. Just look at me
sitting by my colored friend, by God!
Such was the scene at the inauguration
Ball.

A WATERFALL.—Waterfalls are very
pretty and are calculated to attract the
attention of young gentlemen. We do
not mean the waterfalls which are to be
found at Niagara and Passaic, but those
enchanting ornaments which the ladies
are wont to affix to their heads. Pass-
ing up Main street yesterday we saw one
which captivated our unsusceptible
heart. The wearer, a handsome miss of
about 'sweet sixteen'—had been fur-
nished by nature with rather a scanty
supply of the article which has been
called "the glory of woman," of a raven
color, which she had done up in the
highest style of tonsorial art. But in
spite of all her care the material of the
waterfall would make itself manifest.
Through her dark tresses could be seen
sundry articles which we recognized as
part of a newspaper, a stocking, a piece
of calico, etc. The calico made its way
through the hair and was flying in the
breeze, reminding one of Fourth of July
displays that children are wont to in-
dulge in. It was a rich and rare sight
and one which was enjoyed very highly
by those who witnessed it. Somehow
the maiden became aware of the figure
she was cutting, and tried to haul down
the "haunting lie," and in so doing
made matters worse, deranging the
whole of her head-gear. The last seen
of her she was making a "bee line" for
her residence at Fowleville, where we
hope she succeeded in fixing her water-
fall to suit the requirements of fashion.
—Flushing Times.

The winning post to the race of
life is a slab of white or gray stone,
standing out from that turf where there
is no more resting.

TOLL THE BELL.

Toll the bell! the brave are sleeping,
And their swords are sheathed forever;
With our sorrows and our weeping,
We can wake them never.
Beat the muffled drum! ye mourners;
For their proud career is o'er,
From the battle-field returners
To their homes no more.

Toll the bell! the field of honor
Saw our best and bravest perish;
Let us, though a cloud is on her,
Our beloved country cherish;
Let the native land they wrought for
Bear the stainless marble high;
To the glorious realm they fought for
They have breathed "Good-bye."

Toll the bell! our dead are slum'ring
On a thousand fields of glory;
Gallant victims! far outnumbering
Hosts of ancient history.
Let a solemn oath be taken,
That their names shall perish never;
Our brave Union stand unshaken,
And abide forever.

A Funny Dog Story.

When the war in Italy commenced,
the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but
as they were going on board the ship,
they saw a formal order forbidding the
entrance of all dogs upon the vessel.
As they were very much attached to
their dogs, they were stricken with
grief. It was not easy to deceive the
sharp look out kept by the intendant,
for every soldier advanced along the
narrow gangway one by one, as their
names were called. Necessity is the
mother of invention. The drummers
unscrewed their drums, and the best
dogs of the regiment were concealed in
the drums which were screwed up again.
When regiments embark no music is
played, but on this occasion the Colonel
determined there should be music. He
ordered the trumpets and drums to take
the head of the column and to play a
lively tune. The face of the drummers
—every one of whom had a dog in his
drum—may be conceived. The trumpets
sounded; the drums were silent. The
Colonel got angry and bawled to know
why the drums did not beat. The mo-
ment the drums began to beat innum-
erable dogs began to howl and bay, to
the astonishment of everybody but the
Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left,
backward and forward—no signs of a
dog anywhere; and yet, the more the
drummers beat the more the dogs howled.
At last a spaniel fell out of a drum,
rolled over and over on the ground, got
up and took to his heels, howling louder
than ever. Roars of laughter greeted
this explanation of mysterious howls.
The intendant ordered the drummers to
advance on board one by one, and to
roll the drum as he came. If a barking
was heard the drum was unscrewed, and
the dog got ashore. Only one dog got
aboard; this was Tonton, who kept quiet
through all the rolling. It need not be
said that the Third Zouaves adore Ton-
ton. He made his entry into Paris, at
their head, a few days since.—Paris Let-
ter.

A "Road-agent" Outwitted.

A few days ago an Irishman left Cop-
erpolis for San Andreas, with his carpet
back upon his back, and when about five
miles on his way was met by a "road
agent," who demanded his money. Pat
immediately dropped his pack on the
ground, sat down on it, and thus address-
ed the man: "Why yer must be very
thick along this road; I've only come
five miles, and this is the fourth time I
have been stopped and axed for money."
"Is that so?" asked the highwayman.
"Be me sowl, it's the gospel truth,"
replied Pat. "Well, then, you had
better proceed on your way; it wouldn't
pay to go through you now." Pat
shouldered his carpet bag, and they were
about to separate when he turned around
and said—"Have yer iver sich a thing as
a match to light my pipe wid?" He
was supplied with one and the two sep-
arated. The Irishman had five hundred
dollars in gold coin in his bundle, and
by this piece of shrewdness saved his
money.

London is a world in itself. The
last English census develops the fact
that there are more Scotchmen in Lon-
don than in Edinburgh, more Irish than
in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than
in Rome; and more Jews than in Pales-
tine. Next to London, perhaps, New
York is the most cosmopolitan of cities.
It has not so many Scotchmen as Edin-
burgh, but according to the census it has
nearly as many Irish as Dublin, while as
a "German city" it is probably the third
in the world, ranking next to Berlin and
Vienna.