

# The Mariettaian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 9.

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For the Mariettian.

**A Few Words to Moderate Drinkers**

It is not necessary for me to dwell upon the evils of intemperance. I need not remind any one that Rum is the giant evil of our land and the curse of our Race. This we all know. We cannot deny it. We see it every day around us. But how can the terrible curse be removed? How can it be banished from our midst?—What shall be done?—what can be done?—what must be done for its removal? This is the question that crowds in upon us, and which should be answered.

I am fully aware that, when this question is presented, there are multitudes who cry out: "Impossible! you cannot remove the evil, you cannot prevent drunkenness, do what you will or can; men will make rum, and sell rum, and drink rum, and live and die drunkards." There are thousands, who think and talk that way. But I say away with all such "Can't" ideas. The fact is there is no "Can't" about it. It can be done; and what is better, it will be done. The causes of the mischief are all perfectly known, and are all within the reach of human influence, and may all be removed by the determined will, strong hands and united efforts of true men and women. There is not a particle of doubt in my mind about our ability to sweep intemperance forever from the face of the earth just as soon as the sober, moral and Christian portion of mankind are prepared to do their whole duty in relation to the matter.

The only way to banish intoxicating liquors from the land and to save our race from the fearful curse of Intemperance, is to teach and practice the doctrine of **Total Abstinence.** Our duty is, therefore, perfectly plain in relation to this subject. It is to pledge ourselves solemnly in the sight of heaven and before God and men, that we will not make, buy, sell, use, furnish, or caused to be furnished as a **Beverage** anything that can intoxicate. This is our duty, and just here is where the reformation must commence.

Let all who desire to add their influence to that blessed side, which is destined to sweep the giant evil from the earth, see to it, that the cause of Temperance is never dishonored, or put back, through their personal inconsistency. I care not how much a man may cry out against drunkenness, nor what efforts he may put forth to promote the cause of Temperance, he will accomplish little or nothing, if it be understood that he, under any circumstances, allows himself to indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Those moderate drinkers, who take a little now and then, and sip here and there, are the ones that do the most harm, or the greatest amount of mischief. They may drink very moderately, and then wipe their mouths and say, "What have we done?" Yes, who are they, and what have they done? Why they are the head and front of the offending party, who have made, and who are still making nine-tenths of all the drunkards in the land. Without their intemperance could not be kept up. Without them it could not even exist. If it were not for them Intemperance would soon hide its bloated form in an execrated grave, whence it would have no resurrection.

When the young commence to drink it is because good men—respectable men—men of standing, position and influence in the community drink. The example of the drunkard holds out no lure for imitation, because the more he is known and seen the more horror and disgust he inspires. But those moderate

drinkers—they are the tempters—they are the ones that encourage others to drink. When a young man sees a poor, miserable, ragged drunkard reeling and staggering in the street, or lying and tossing in the gutter with inflamed eyes and bloated face, he naturally turns away with horror. "If that is the effect of drinking," says he, "then I will have nothing to do with liquor. If it brings a man down to such degradation and misery, then it behooves me to be careful." But let that same young man see those moderate drinkers, sipping a little domestic wine here, and a little choice brandy there, and a little "Lager Beer" now, and a little "Sweet Cider" then; and he will be apt to say to himself: "Well, here are persons who have been drinking moderately all their lives, and they are still drinking, and yet they are not drunkards. Why may I not do the same thing, why can I not take a little without going to excess?" So at last he takes it. Only a little in the beginning. Only occasionally at first. But after awhile he wants it often, and more of it. The habit at length is formed. The desire becomes stronger and stronger, until he can no longer control himself. He gives loose reins to his appetite, and thus goes down step by step, and inch by inch, until his health is ruined and his powers are wasted, and his prospects are blasted, and his soul and body are wrecked for time and eternity. Now who made that young man a drunkard. Who tempted him first to enter the path, which led him down through a dishonored life to a dishonored grave, and plunged him into eternal ruin and everlasting destruction? Somebody is to blame; and somebody will have to answer at the bar of God. Alas! I fear, that young man will stand up in the day of judgement, and say, while he points his ghastly finger and fixes his flaming eyes upon the guilty party: "Do you see those moderate drinkers, who use to sip at their cider, and domestic wines and choice liquors. They are to blame for my ruin. Their example proved the entering wedge of my downward course."

Let me say then in conclusion, if we drink, what is called *moderately*, we may easily be led, like many others, to drink to excess; but if we drink *none at all*, there cannot be the least possible danger of us ever becoming drunkards. Again, if we take a *little now and then*, others who follow our example, being weaker, or not so careful as we are, may be led on to drunkenness; but if we *abstain entirely*, we set an example which is safe for everybody to follow. Beside if we be ever so moderate, we are, nevertheless, identified with the drinking party and the drinking system; but if we teach and practice **Total Abstinence** we raise a **decided protest** against the drinking system and the liquor traffic, and connect ourselves with those who are trying to save fallen Humanity from one of its greatest foes. And finally remember if you do *not* abstain entirely you must carry with you the conviction that you are encouraging drunkenness, and withholding your influence from that blessed side which is designed to sweep the giant evil from the land and off the earth.

**WORTH KNOWING.**—A young lady, of Philadelphia, while in the country, some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her foot. The inflammation and pain were of course very great and lockjaw was apprehended. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the garden and pounded, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside and by keeping on the crushed beet, changing for a fresh one as its virtues seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

**SOFT SOAP FOR ALL.**—For a lieutenant call him captain; for a middle aged lady, kiss her and say that you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask this opinion respecting the comparative merits of a razor; for young ladies, if you know their color to be natural, accuse them of painting.

The Bangor Postmaster was on the witness stand in a larceny case, the other day. "You are the postmaster of this city?" asked the attorney. The answer was, "I am—or was when I started from the post office."

It is always to be feared that they who marry *where they do not love*, will love where they do not marry.

From the Phila. Saturday Night.  
**Morton McMichael.**

The present Mayor of Philadelphia, who is also the Nestor of the editorial fraternity in Clay school, ranking in point of culture, of influence and accomplishments, with such gentlemen as William Cullen Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, Col. James Watson Webb, of the Courier and Enquirer, and that phalanx of solid, yet brilliant talent that has done so much for the journalism of the country.

Morton McMichael was a native of the old Northern Liberties. As he said one evening in addressing a political meeting in 1860, at the corner of Coates and New Market streets, "Boys, I want you to understand that I have a right to be here. I was born within a hundred yards of this very spot, and I have a right to be here. I am, as good as a 'Snapper' as any one present." He alluded to the fact that as a youngster he had been a member of the Northern Liberty Hose Company, whose house is within a stone's throw, and to whom from time immemorial was ascribed the sobriquet of "Snappers." We use this illustration literally, for on the occasion of the speech the meeting was assailed with stones just as the Mayor was beginning his address; but the happy allusion of the Mayor turned the scale against them and they retired in a sad discomfiture.

The parents of the subject of our sketch were natives of Ireland. They kept a dry goods store in Second street above Coates for many years. They were plain unassuming people, whose only care was to increase their store, and keep at home a growing family of two sons and several daughters. The old gentleman was a strict member of the Baptist denomination, and passed away esteemed by every one who knew him. Morton McMichael is solely the architect of his own fortunes; and though enjoying the pleasures of a moderate, yet sufficient competency, and entire immunity for the necessity for exertion, he was for years together a laborious, and often ill-requited toiler over the midnight oil. He illustrates in his personal position the value of a fixed purpose in life, and the energy that leads to its accomplishment. Many persons suppose him to have enjoyed the highest advantages of the schools, but he did not.

He entered the law office of David Paul Brown, Esq., and by hard reading and incessant study, gradually added accomplishment after accomplishment to his store. He married, early, a lady of great beauty, one of twins, so nearly the counterpart of the other that the difference between them was scarcely discernible. The predictions as to the unalloyed happiness that the then young man would enjoy through life, have been more than verified.

The young people then resided in Sixth, just above Wood street. Mr. McMichael was in politics at this time, a Democrat; and was very soon found to possess natural as well as acquired advantages as an off-hand speaker. While many of his contemporaries were spending their leisure time in festivity, Morton McMichael was storing his mind with knowledge. His first public position was that of school director, and afterwards he represented the District of Spring Garden in the Board of School Controllers. At that time—a good old time forever gone—the aldermen of the city were appointed by the Governor of the State, and were selected for their competency and personal worth. For these considerations Governor Wolf appointed him Alderman of Spring Garden, and the Commissioners of Spring Garden made him their committing magistrate. He subsequently left the Democratic party and joined the ranks of the rising Whig party, lived to see it triumph over all adversaries, and in turn over its ruins enacted the role of Marius over forsaken Carthage.

All this time he was closely engaged in the pursuit of literary employment, and his was one of the pens that wrote the Ledger, then battling for reputation and success, into a subsequent prosperity. For five years he was associated in business as a publisher and editor, with Mr. Louis A. Godey, of Godey's Lady's Book. Like that of Nissus and Euryalus, of Saul and Jonathan, was the friendship of these two young men, a friendship existing, cemented by years of association, to the present day. Godey and McMichael became, during that period of business connection, inseparable companions, and at the festive board to this day, where one is, the other is, not far distant.

When the struggle for preponderance between the Whig and Democratic parties was at its height, Mr. McMichael was importuned to stamp New Jersey for the party to which he had given allegiance. He did so, and with such success that the nomination of Sheriff was given to him. He soon proved that so far as he was concerned, the nomination was equal to an election, and a short time afterwards, the citizen selected by Gov. Wolf for his personal worth, as a simple police justice in the District of Spring Garden, was enjoying the emoluments of High Sheriff of the county of Philadelphia.

His term, however, was a troublesome one. The Native American riots of 1844 occurred during its continuance, and imparted to the duties of the office a taint of military practice and usage, such as no Sheriff of Philadelphia has since been called upon to encounter. By his course, through these riots, he increased the attachment of his friends, while he added also to the malevolence of his enemies. The riot was in itself, a blot upon the fair fame of Philadelphia, but now its memory exists only in the recollection of a generation passing away and in the history of the Quaker city. The Native Americans enjoyed thrift after this unfortunate event, and for a time controlled the government of the city. They had a majority in Councils sufficient to render them strongly dominant.

In the meantime Mr. McMichael had retired from the office of Sheriff, and had purchased an interest in the old North American and United States Gazette. That journal has a long history of its own that, at some future time, we may possibly give. It is now the exclusive property of the Mayor, and cost him, after purchasing the interests of his partners, the sum of \$100,000. The Whig party had died, the Native American party traversed the country as a meteor traverses the dome of heaven, and the North American at last arrayed itself against the corruptions that it had inaugurated. The Native party died a natural death, and Mr. McMichael gave the force of his influence to the incubation of the Republican party. He was the accoucher at its birth, among its nurses during its infancy. Should it be buried, as some think it will, he will be among its pall bearers.

He was nominated to the office of Mayor of Philadelphia during his absence from the city, by the influence of the Union League, but returned in time to take active part in the campaign. His election was a foregone conclusion, and of this fact none were more well assured than his opponent, Daniel M. Fox, Esq. Inaugurated into office, as the successor of the Hon. Alexander Henry, Mr. McMichael evinced his usual sagacity by taking matters as he found them. For six years Mr. Henry had been perfecting the machinery of the municipality. Mr. McMichael has since been running the machine as Mr. Henry left it, making no removals except for specific cause.

Mr. McMichael is conceded to make a very efficient Mayor. He works harder than any of his predecessors worked, and proves himself to be the right man in the right place. He still supervises the North American as closely as he ever did, though he is now seconded by two of his sons, abundantly competent to fill his place. He is an editor in the literal sense of the term, himself writing none; but directing the course of the paper, and supervising and adapting to his own ideas the articles furnished by the contributors and sub-editors in his employment. It is much to his credit that of those surrounding his sanctum as employees, all have served him for long terms of years, and entertain for him the liveliest respect and attachment.

At a "feast of reason," following a public banquet, Morton McMichael is a king. Minerva, springing from the brain of Jupiter, was not more beautiful than the sparkling effusions that come from Mr. McMichael's lips when the cloth is drawn, and Burgundy or Verzeau follows *en suite*. Witlings and newcomers have, under such circumstances, sought to break a lance with him only to retire in discomfiture to ask the question "Who is he?" When they learn his identity they bid their diminished heads. The Mayor is now about 65 years of age, with a constitution that ought to carry him to 85. He is below the medium stature, full set and very robust looking. In manner he is exceedingly cordial—a worthy representative of gentlemen of the old school.

**Bible Riddle or the Wonderful Prophet.**

"He is not Noah, nor Noah's son, nor a Levite, nor John the Baptist, nor yet the wandering Jew, for he was with Noah in the ark; the scriptures make mention of him, particularly in St. John, St. Mark and St. Luke, so that we may believe he is no impostor. He knows no parents, he never lay upon his mother's breast; his beard is such as no man ever wore, he goes barefooted and barelegged, like a grave old friar. He wears no hat in summer or winter, but often appears with a crown upon his head. His coat is neither knit nor spun, nor hair, silk, linen, or woolen, bark nor sheepskin, yet it abounds with a variety of colors and fits close to the skin. He is wonderfully temperate; he never drinks anything but cold water; he would rather take his dinner in a farmer's barn than in a king's palace. He is very watchful; he sleeps not in bed, but sits in a singular kind of chair with his clothes on. He was alive at the crucifixion. Nearly all the world hear him. He once preached a short sermon, which convinced a man of his sin and caused him to weep bitterly. He never was married, yet he has favorites whom he loves dearly, for if he has but one morsel of meat he divides it among them. Though he never rides on horseback, he is in some respects equipped as horseman are. He is an advocate of early rising, though he never retires to bed. His prophecies are so true that the moment you hear his voice you may know what is approaching."

Now who is this prophet and what did he foretell? C. K. NISSLEY.  
Donegal, Feb. 13, 1866.

A young lady riding in a car on the Susquehanna Railroad was suddenly assaulted very violently the other day by an old lady on the seat behind her, who tore the waterfall from the young lady's head, threw it on the floor, and commenced stamping on it. The young lady was at first disposed to resent this treatment, but it was soon explained to her that her waterfall was on fire when the old lady seized it. She was sitting by the open window, and a spark from the locomotive had lighted in her back hair and would soon have lighted it up had not assistance been thus promptly rendered.

Some young ladies feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, &c., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?"

"By no means was the prompt reply, when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions, it is well enough to hang out the sign."

"Do you," said Fanny, "other day, in earnest, love me as you say? Or are those tender words applied alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear cruel girl," cried I, "forbear. For by those eyes—those lips—I swear!" She stopped me as the oath I took, and cried, "You've sworn, now kiss the book!"

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormenter by saying—"Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in your head without any putty."

An Irish woman appeared in a court at Louisville, Ky., recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued:—"What estate has your child?" "Plase your honor, I don't understand you." "I say, what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plase your honor."

"Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?" "Certainly—upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck?" "I must give it up." "Well, it is because I can't see it!"

A timid gentleman meeting a doctor the other day, the following colloquy took place:—"Doctor, what shall I take for the cholera?" "Have you got the cholera?" "No." "Well, take the cholera first."

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.