

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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I Love the Ladies.

I love the ladies, every one—
The laughing ripe brunette—
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,
With tresses black as jet.
What raptures in their glances glow,
Rich tints their cheeks disclose,
And in the little dimples there,
Young smiling Loves repose.

I love the ladies, every one—
The blonde so soft and fair—
With looks so mild and languishing,
And bright and golden hair;
How lovely are their sylvan like forms,
Their alabaster hue,
And their blushes far more beautiful
Than rose buds bathed in dew.

I love the ladies, every one—
E'en those whose graceful forms
Are rugged as the oak that's borne
A hundred winter's storms—
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,
The short as well as tall,
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,
O, yes, I love them all.

I love the ladies, every one—
None but a wretch would flout 'em—
This world would be a lonely place
If we were left without 'em;
But lighted by a woman's smile,
Away all gloom is driven,
And the most humble home appears
Almost a little heaven.

I love the ladies, every one—
They're angels all, God bless 'em!
And what can greater pleasure give,
Than to comfort and caress 'em?
I call myself a temperance man,
So I'll drink their health in water—
Here's to the mothers, one and all,
And every mother's daughter.

Wouldn't Give In.

An English clergyman relates the fol-
lowing amusing anecdote:

The most singular reply I ever list-
ened to was made to me last summer,
upon the occasion of our school feast,
by a carter boy of about fourteen. Every-
body had exhibited a tolerable appet-
ite, but this boy had eaten to repletion,
so that when I saw him suddenly turn
very pale, and attempt to rise from the
table, I began to fear he had made him-
self ill.

"What's the matter, my good boy?"
inquired I, while a sympathizing throng
of philanthropic ladies, who had been
acting as waiters upon the company,
gathered around the sufferer. "Do you
feel unwell?"

"My stomach aches, sir," replied the
boy with great distinctness.

"Dear me," said I, almost suffocated
with my endeavors to suppress laughter,
"don't you think you had better go
home?"

"No, no, sir," replied the lad with
determination. "It will ache a precious
sight more afore I ha' done wi' him."

And I am bound to say that he did
not submit to the threatened dictation,
but devoured two slices of cold pudding
in addition to his previous supplies, as
well as an enormous bunch of bread and
cheese.

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—A correspond-
ent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes
that six years' experience has convinced
him that a coat of gum copal varnish,
applied to the soles of boots and shoes,
and repeated as it dries, until the pores
are filled and the surface shines like
polished mahogany, will make the soles
waterproof, and also cause them to last
three times as long as ordinary soles.

To keep fish from smelling out
of their noses.

Daniel Bryan's Oath.

A TRUE STORY.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of
eminence but had fallen, through intoxi-
cation, to beggary and a dying condition.
Bryan had married in his better days
the sister of Moses Felton.

At length all hopes were given up.
Week after week would the fallen man
lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of
real sobriety marked his course. I
doubt if such another case was known.
He was too low for conviviality for those
whom he would have associated with
would not drink with him.

All alone in his office or chamber, he
still continued to drink, and even his
very life seemed the offspring of his jug.
In early spring Moses Felton had a
call to go to Ohio. Before he set out
he visited his sister. He offered to take
her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the bro-
ther. "You are fading away, and dis-
ease is upon you. Why should you live
with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not so," answer-
ed the wife, keeping back her tears. "I
will not leave him now, but he will soon
leave me. He cannot live much longer."
At that moment Daniel entered the
apartment. He looked like a wanderer
from the tomb. He had his hat on his
jug in his hand. "Ah, Moses, how are
ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak
plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few mo-
ments in silence. Then, as his features
assumed a cold, stern expression, he said
in a strongly emphasized tone: "Daniel
Bryan, I have been your best friend but
one. My sister is an angel though
matched with a demon. I have loved
you, Daniel, as I never loved man before;
you were generous, noble and kind; but
I hate you now, for you are a perfect
devil incarnate. Look at that woman.
She is my sister—she now might live
with me in comfort, only that she will
not do it while you are alive; when you
die she will come to me. Thus do I
pray that God will soon give her joys
to my keeping. Now, Daniel I do sin-
cerely hope that the first intelligence
that reaches me from my native place
after I shall have reached my new home
may be—THAT—YOU—ARE—DEAD!"

"Stop, Moses; I can reform yet."
"You cannot. It is beyond your
power. You have had inducements
enough to have reformed half the sinners
of creation, and you are lower than ever
before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you
can, for the moment that sees you thus
will not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew him-
self proudly up. "Go," he said, in the
tone of the old sarcasm. "Go to Ohio,
and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and
watch the post. I will yet make you
take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."
"You shall, I swear it."

With these words Daniel Bryan hur-
led the jug into the fire-place, and while
yet a thousand fragments were flying
over the floor he strode from the house.

Mary shrank fainting on the floor.
Moses bore her to the bed, and, then,
having called in a neighbor, he hurried
away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the
brink of the grave, but he did not die.
"One gill of brandy will save you,"
said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt
removal of stimulants from the system,
that for long years had almost subsisted
on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove
fatal. "You can surely take a gill and
not take any more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a
gill and break my oath. Moses Felton
shall never hear that brandy and rum-
killed me. If the want of it can kill me
then let me die; but I won't die—I'll
live till Moses Felton shall eat his
words."

He did live. An iron will conquered
the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan
lived. For one month he could not
even walk without help. Mary helped
him.

A year passed away, and Moses Fel-
ton returned to Vermont. He entered
the court house at Burlington, and Daniel
Bryan was on the floor pleading for
a young man who had been indicted for
forgery. Felton started in surprise.
Never before had such torrents of elo-
quence poured from his lips. The case
was given to the jury, and the youth was
acquitted. The successful counsel turned
from the court room and met Moses
Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak.
When they reached a spot where none
others could hear them Bryan stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember
the words you spoke to me a year ago?"
"I do, Daniel."

"Will you take them back—unsay
them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."
"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of
payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured
man! The oath that has bound me thus
far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among
the happiest of the happy.

INTEGRITY AND GRACE.—Only to be an
honest man, in the highest and genuin-
ely Christian sense, signifies more than
most of us can conceive. We make
room for laxity here that we may let in
grace, and do not hold ourselves to that
real integrity that is wanted, to obtain
or be in that grace. Oh, how loosely,
irresponsibly, carnally do many profess-
ing Christians live covetous, sensual,
without self government, eager to be on
high terms with the world, praying, as
it were, in the smoke of their own vani-
ties and passions, making their sacrifi-
ces in a way of compounding with their
obligations. Little do they conceive,
meantime, how honest a man must be to
pray; how heartily, simply, totally he
must mean what he prays for. Perhaps
he prays much, and prays in public, and
has it for a continual wonder that he
gets on so poorly, and that God, for
some mysterious reason, does not answer
his prayers. Sometimes he will even be
a little heart broken by his failures, and
will moisten his face with tears of com-
plaint. He has at times made great
struggles, it may be, to freshen the fire
that was burning in him, and yet, for
some reason, he is all the while losing
ground. His faith becomes a hand with-
out fingers, laying hold of nothing.

The more he pumps at the well of his
joys, the dryer he goes. It is as if there
were some dread fatality against him,
and he wonders where it lies. Commonly
it is here—that he waits rectitude. He
is trying to be piously exercised in his
feelings when he is slack in his integrity.
He has been so much afraid of being
self righteous, it may be, that he is not
righteous at all. When he is loose in
the conscience, how can he be clear in
his feelings?—Buskell.

A lady at Lexington, Mo., pur-
chased a "fizzle dress" or "low head,"
one day last week. Going to bed, she
hung her head gear on the post at the
foot of her bed. Being awakened by
some unusual noise during the night, she
raised herself up in bed, and seeing the
unusual sight, she imagined a curly
headed negro was peering over the foot-
board. Obeying a very natural impulse
she sprang from the bed, and in her
alarm and inability to escape, she seized
the supposed intruder by the head,
and with a terrific scream fell fainting
to the floor. The noise awoke the
mother of the young lady, who immedi-
ately struck a light, and rushed to the
scene of the alarm. There lay the
daughter, pale and motionless, on the
floor, with the imaginary head of Cuffy
held at arm's length in a deadly grasp.
Restoratives and a momentary survey of
the scene, soon unravelled the mystery.

An invalid once sent for a physi-
cian and after detaining him for some
time with a description of his pains,
aches, etc., he thus summed up, "Now,
doctor, you have humbugged me too
long with your good-for-nothing pills
and worthless syrups; they don't touch
the real difficulty. I wish you now to
strike at the cause of my ailments, if it
is in your power to reach it." "It shall
be done," said the doctor, at the same
time lifting his cane and demolishing a
decanter of gin that stood on the side-
board.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feel-
ing the pulse of a patient who had reluc-
tantly submitted to solicit his ad-
vice, "I suppose you think me a bit of
a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied
the sick man, "I was not aware until
now, that you could so readily discover
a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

God does not ask us to serve him
through fear, that is, fear of punishment.
There is a TRUE FEAR in which we may
always render him our service. It is
that which is meant in the saying, "The
fear of the Lord is the beginning of wis-
dom."

The most remarkable instance of
indecision we ever heard of was that of
the man who sat up all night, because
he could not decide which to take off
first, his coat or his boots.

DIFFERENCE OF TIME.—The inaugura-
tion of submarine telegraphic communi-
cation by means of the Atlantic cable,
makes it interesting to enquire into the
difference of time in the various cities
in the different parts of the world.

When it is 12 o'clock high noon at New
York, it is fifty-five minutes and forty-
two seconds after 4 P. M., at London;
fifty-seven minutes and twenty-seconds
after 6 P. M., at St. Petersburg; seven-
teen minutes and twenty-four seconds
after 7 P. M., at Jerusalem; fifty-one
minutes and forty-four seconds after 6
P. M., at Constantinople; forty minutes
and thirty-two seconds after 4 P. M., at
Madrid; thirty-one minutes and twenty
seconds after 5 P. M., at Bremen; forty
minutes and thirty-two seconds after 4
P. M., at Dublin; and forty-one minutes
and twenty-four seconds after 6 P. M., at
Florence.

The difference of time between the
extreme East and West points of the
United States is three hours and fifty
minutes. In the China sea, between
Singapore and China, it is midnight
when it is noon at New York.

SNARLING.—The way not to be healthy
or happy is to keep up an incessant
snarling. If you want to grow lean, ca-
daverous, and unlovely, excite yourself
continually about matters you know
nothing about. Accuse other people
of wrong doing incessantly, and you will
find but little time to see any wrong in
yourself. We wish here and now to in-
form all men of irritable dispositions
that they will live longer if they only
keep cool. If each man want to die, we
have nothing to say; snarling will kill
about as quick as anything we know.

It seems Wigfall escaped from the
country by passing himself off, under dis-
guise, as a paroled soldier. He asked
a soldier of the guard what they would
do with old Wigfall if they caught him,
and the reply being, "O, we would hang
him," he remarked, "and you would
serve him right. If I should be with
you I have no doubt that I should be
pulling at the end of the rope myself!"

A servant girl, on leaving her
place, was accosted by her master as to
her leaving. "Missus is so quick-tem-
pered that I cannot live with her," said
the girl. "Well," said the gentleman,
"you know it is no sooner begun than it
is over." "Yes, sir, and no sooner over
than begun again."

"How rapidly they build houses now,"
said Cornelius to an old acquaintance,
as he pointed to a two story house;
"they commenced that building only
last week, and they are already putting
in the lights." "Yes," replied his
friend, "and next week they'll put in the
liver."

A man exclaimed in a tavern,
"I'll bet a sovereign I've got the hard-
est name in the company." "Done,"
said one of the company, "what's your
name?" "Stone," cried the first.
"Hand me the money," said the other,
"my name is Harder."

Theodore Hook, was walking, in
the days of Warren's backing, where
one of the emissaries of that shining
character had written on the wall "Try
Warren's B—," but had been fright-
ened from his work and fled. "The rest
is lacking," said the wit.

A man whose hand was caught in
a steel trap in his neighbor's corn crib,
in Tennessee was dismissed by the mag-
istrate on the ground that no stolen
property was found upon him, and a man
had a right to put his hand into a steel
trap if so disposed.

"Does the razor take hold well?"
inquired a barber who was shaving a
gentleman from the country, "Yes,"
replied the customer with tears in his
eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it
don't let go worth a cent."

"Let none but women be killed,
as they can't vote," was the patriotic
utterance of a lady at the West during
the confusion resulting from the over-
turning of a bench at a political meet-
ing.

It is estimated that the amount of
force expended by the human body in
breathing during twenty-four hours is
equivalent to lifting one hundred pounds
to the height of seven hundred and fifty
feet.

If Adam and Eve married before
they were a year old, and the veteran
Parr buckled with a widow at 120, back-
slores and spinsters may wed at any age
they like, and find shelter under great
names for early or late marriages.

Couldn't Bear Prosperity.

There is a class of men of whom it is
truthfully said, they cannot bear pros-
perity. When fortune goes against
them, they conduct themselves with cor-
rectness; but let the fickle dame smile
upon them, and they rush at once into
all sorts of folly and intemperance.
Prosperity has ruined people who, so
long as they had to struggle with the
world, were very excellent and exem-
plary members of society. There was a
singular illustration of this in the Police
Court the other day. A good-for-nothing
looking wretch was brought up,
charged with drunkenness. It was a
clear case. The testimony showed that
he had been on a spree for a week. He
was asked what he had to say for himself.

"Well, yer Honor," said he, "me and
my old woman never did live easy to-
gether."

"That's no excuse for getting drunk,"
said the Court.

"You're right, yer Honor, and so it
ain't. We used to fight like cats and
dogs together."

"Drinking only made it worse," put
in the Court.

"That's true; she discouraged the
life out of me and kept me poor, until
last week, when—"

"Well, what did she do last week?"

"She died, yer Honor."

"And you have been drunk ever since."

"Yes, yer Honor; I never could bear
prosperity."

Not afraid of the Negro.

The Shasta Courier, edited by a loyal
Irish American, is not afraid of being
outstripped by the negroes. He says:

"If God has given the power to the
negro to become the equal of, or superior to,
the white man, just so sure that su-
periority will be recognized by all; and
in our opinion he has not far to go to
become the equal of those who are so
tender-footed in refusing equal chances to
all the race. The negro has been
'handicapped' long enough. Give him
an equal chance; 'wait for age' and a
fair field. We ain't afraid."

The Boston Pilot (Catholic) gives
the following opinions:

"The black man has the same right
to earn his bread on this earth, where
God, the Father and Maker of us all,
has placed him, as the white man has.
He is made in the same image, and the
blood of the God-man was shed for him
as well as for the more favored white
man."

A lady at the Louisville and
Nashville depot, the other day, started
everybody by crying out, "I've got the
cholera!" A fine boy soon made his
advent into the world, and it proved on-
ly to be a new kind of cholera infantum.

A luckless undergraduate of Cam-
bridge, being examined for his degree,
and failing in every subject upon which
he was tried, complained that he had
not been questioned upon the things
which he knew. Upon which the exam-
ining master took off about an inch of
paper, and pushing it towards him, de-
sired him to write upon that all he
knew.

A Connecticut peddler asked an
old lady to whom he was trying to sell
some articles, if she could tell him of
any road no peddler had ever traveled.
"I know of but one and that is the road
to heaven" was the reply.

Of all the declarations of love,
the most admirable was that which a
gentleman made to a young lady who
asked him to show her the picture of the
one he loved, when he immediately
presented her with a mirror.

A young lady said to her beau, as
she held a pot of water in her hand,
"Promise to marry me or I'll scald you."
"Throw the water," he replied, "I had
rather be scalded once than every day
in my life."

Somebody says a baby laughing in
its dreams is conversing with angels.
Perhaps so—but we have seen them cry-
ing in their waking hours as though
they were having a spat with the devil.

A Western editor lately married
one of his compositors, another com-
positor acting as bridesmaid, the officiating
clergyman being a retired printer, and
the local editor giving the bride away.

For what reasons does a duck go
under water? For divers reasons? For
what reasons does he come out? For
sun-dry reasons.

Always take care to reform those
errors in yourself you blame severely
in others.

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