The Marettian

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. VOL. XIII.—NO. 14.

BRITTON & MUSSER'S
FAMILY DRUG STORE,
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. Britton, will continue the business at the old stand, where they are daily receiving additions to their stock, which are received from the most reliable importers and manufacturers. They would respectfully ask a liberal share of public patronage.

They are now prepared to supply the demands of the public with everything in their line of trade. Their stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

FRESH AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal uses

ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

Dye Stuffs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles of every kind, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcaloid and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shells and Shields, Nursing Bottles, A large supply of

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.

Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Coal Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c.

Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded all hours of the day and night, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmaceutist, who will pay especial attention to this branch of the business. Having had over ten years practical experience in the drug business enables him to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

N.B. A large supply of School Books, Stationary, &c., always on hand.

SUNDAY HOURS:

From 8 to 10, a. m.,—12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p. m.

Charles H. Britton. *A. Musser.*

Marietta, October 20, 1866. 11-tf

SUPPLEE & BRO.,
IRON AND BRASS
FOUNDERS
and General Machinists, Second street
Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Floots, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description;

STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS,

IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED manner; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Pulleys, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Mining and Tanning; Brass Bearings, Steam & Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Flues, Dampers, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Washers, &c.

BLACKSMITHING in GENERAL.

From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. ☞ *Repairing promptly attended to.*

Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. *Prices to suit the times.*

Z. SUPPLEE,
T. R. SUPPLEE.

Columbia, October 20, 1866. 14 tf

Ladies'

FANCY FURS!

at John Fareira's

OLD ESTABLISHED

Fur Manufactory,

No. 718 ARCH Street, above 7th, Philadelphia.

Have now in store of my own importation and manufacture one of the largest and most beautiful selections of FANCY FURS, for Ladies' and Childrens' wear, in the city. Also a fine assortment of Gent's

FUR GLOVES AND COLLARS.

I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Lancaster county and vicinity.

Remember the name number and street.

JOHN FAREIRA, 718 Arch-st.,
Above 7th, south side, *PHILADELPHIA.*

☞ I have no partner, nor connection with any other store in Philadelphia. 10-17t.

STOVES!
STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!
COOK STOVES,
COOK STOVES,
STOVES,
AT *JOHN SPANGLER'S.*

PARLOR STOVES, PARLOR STOVES
PARLOR STOVES,
GAS-BURNING STOVES AT
JOHN SPANGLER'S.

STOVES, STOVES.—VULCAN STOVES
FOR HEATING
TWO OR FOUR
ROOMS WITH
ONE FIRE—FOURTH
SUPPLY NOW READY—CALL AND
SEE THEM AT
J. Spangler's Hardware and Stove Store
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

The Sultzbach Tannery.

GEO. W. SULTZBACH,
TANNER & LEATHER DEALER,
MARIETTA, PA.

Having purchased the remaining stock on hand, and leased the Tannery and fixtures of his late father, Henry Sultzbach, deceased, is now prepared to accommodate the customers of the old stand, and the public generally, with everything in his line, at such prices as cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. His stock will consist of

Oak Spanish and Slaughter Sole,
Valve and Hemlock Leather,
CALFSKINS,
Kips, Waxed and Grained Upper,
SPLITS, HARNESS, BRIDLE & SHOE
SKIRTING.

☞ Cash paid for Hides and Skins.

Marietta, January 6, 1866.-tf

CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTERS an excellent article for ladies. Just received and for sale at MRS. ROTH'S Variety Store.

ROGER'S Celebrated Pearl Cement and Oil Paste Blacking at
"THE GOLDEN MORTAR."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," *second floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post Office Corner and Front-St., Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.*

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines, *or less*) 75 cents for the first insertion and One Dollar and-a-half for 3 insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at $5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, *ten cents a-line.* Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, ten cents a line.

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.

LOVE'S REVIEW.

Attention, ladies—eyes direct!
Field-marshal Love's surveying you;
All your ranks he must inspect,
To-night he holds his grand review.
Now mark our first corps,
How bold it appears,
Formed of dauntless young romps—
These we call pioneers:
Beside them stand widows,
Of two or three suitors:
For their execution
We term them sharp-shooters.
Our flirts are chasseurs,
For they, wicked elves,
Can draw on engagements,
But ne'er fight themselves.
Next our sappers and miners
Are prudes who can feign,
Who elude observation
Whilst laying a train.
Our spies are old maids,
Who think it no sin,
Now their conquests are over,
To see others win.
Whilst our band to no music
On earth will succumb—
The blues blow the trumpet,
The scolds beat the drum.
Attention, ladies—eyes direct!
Field marshal Love's surveying you:
All your ranks he must inspect,
To-night he holds his grand review.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen.

There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the promenade or ball room. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's alter ego. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

☞ A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of exceedingly pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common.

☞ An Irish girl at play, on Sunday was accosted by the priest, "Good morning, daughter of the devil."

She meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

☞ "Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country.

"Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that is my fellow outside, he won't come in."

Never Traveled.

A story is told of an old lady who lived near Rochester, who had never seen or travelled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. So she went to the ticket office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking chair on the other. She bought her ticket, and walked out on the platform, put down her rocking chair sat down in it, took out her knitting, and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in and leaving as the car time came around. The old lady made no attempt to get on the cars, but kept knitting.

The day grew to a close, and night came on. The last train was about starting, when the depot master went up and asked her if she was going out.

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady.

"Hadn't you better get aboard, and secure a seat?" said the depot master.

"Thank you, sir, I'm very comfortable," replied the elderly dame.

The train left. The master came around again. "Madam, I shall have to disturb you; it is late; the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"

"Well," exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up both her hands, "ain't the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat, on which some pesky man couldn't squeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I have had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisances and humbugs as ever was!" and the old lady, with bag on one arm and rocking chair on the other, gave a toss of her head and marched off in high indignation.

She mistook the depot for the cars, and expected to travel in it.

NOT SO DUMB AS HE LOOKED.—At the Continental restaurant, the other night, in the midst of a rain storm, visitors were so few that a solitary gentleman at a table, partaking of scalloped oysters, was the only person, save the waiters, in the room. One of these waiters, a contraband, known as "Julius," though an admirable servitor in his way, has always been looked upon by his confreres as a little touched in the upper story. On this rainy night, when there was nothing else to be done, Julius, at a certain moment, was standing upon one foot, with his back against the wall, counting sundry pieces of postal currency that were his perquisites for extra services during the day.

In counting this little fund a fifty cent note fluttered from his hand and dropped beside his left foot. His other foot about the size of a travelling valise, was off the ground, twisted behind his sinister limb. His fellow waiters observed the falling of the note, and with wide opened eyes showed their eagerness to possess it. Julius apparently had not missed it. The solitary visitor to the place beckoned to a distant African for a glass of water. The African brought it, deposited it upon the table, and being within a few feet of Julius, stooped down to gather up the note that Julius had dropped. He had just got it into his grasp when the upraised foot of Julius descended upon his hand like the fall of a trunk from the shoulders of a porter. There was a howling "through the hall," and with mashed fingers the interloper hurried away to the nearest drug store. There was a slight twinkle in the eye of Julius, but nothing more, as he gathered up the "stamp," and placed it beside those he had been previously counting. His associates now do not consider him as stupid as he appeared to be. When he again drops a postal note it ain't likely that any one of his brethren will undertake to deprive him of it.

☞ The most expeditious way of fattening fowls is to coop them in a moderately warm, dark, quiet place, with good ventilation, and keep them perfectly clean, and fed on boiled or steamed potatoes, mixed with crushed oats or oatmeal, and blended with sweet milk with a little fine sand added, and given warm, but not hot. If in health and well attended, they will be fit for use in a fortnight. They may also get beans, pea, or barley meal mixed with the potatoes.

☞ If you would know a man mark his gait; most men step to the tune of their thoughts.

Whose Fault is It?

BY JENNIE JUNE.

There is a saying invented by some cranky old bachelor, that if any disaster happens a woman is sure to be at the bottom of it. It is my settled conviction, confirmed more and more every day, that if there is any extravagance, a man is sure to be at the bottom of it.

The Empress Eugenie will live in history as the most extravagant woman of her time, as the cause of a period of unparalleled and ruinous luxury, not only in France, but all over the civilized world, when in reality the fault should not be charged upon the beautiful and suffering empress at all, but upon the crafty and ambitious husband.

In all classes of society it is men who instigate the great outlays. Women are naturally economical; they are unaccustomed, as a general thing, to the free use of money; they do not earn it, and are timid in appropriating it.

Of course, a habit of spending can easily be made second nature to them and undoubtedly they take kindly to the lavish use of funds, in surrounding themselves with beauty and the evidences of taste, as who would not? But they take even more pleasure in the *management* of money, for which they have a genius—in making a little go a great way, in creating a reserve against some emergency in the future—or astonishing husband, or father, or mother, or children, with the gift of what they had most wished for.

Dry goods clerks, and the attendants in ladies' clothing and fancy stores, like to see a male purchaser enter the establishment, because they know they can get a much larger price for the same quality of goods out of him than they could from a woman. "Men," they say "never stick at the cost, if they like a thing."

Ladies, as a general rule, are delighted, if they can get their husbands to go with them to buy a new dress, because they always select the best, and poohpooh at the difference of a few dollars, which, if spent by the poor wife herself, would furnish a text for sermons for a month. Go down into the business quarters of the city, frequented almost exclusively by men, and there you will find restaurants, supplied with spring chickens earlier, and strawberries and cream, at a dollar a plate, later than anywhere else in town. You will also find magnificent pears and peaches at twenty cents a-piece, which are not bought to take home, but to eat between the arduous duties of elevating first one and then the other boot on a table, and reading the daily "Torch and Turpentine."

But what has all this got to do with fashions? Well, not much directly, but a good deal indirectly.

For instance, a newly married couple, or at any rate, a couple not very long married, were seated at the silk counter of a dry goods store the other day, examining some choice goods. The gentleman evidently had his eye upon one which he intended his wife should purchase. The lady looked and looked, and finally made a very quiet and moderate selection.

"Oh! hang it, Nell," said the gentleman, "another of your confounded grays and browns."

"It is very lady like, Fred," urged the young wife, "and it will last ever so long; and you know I cannot afford to buy many silk dresses, so I must take those that will not look remarkable, and that I can wear often."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Fred. "See here this is what I want you to have," holding up a lovely blue silk, embroidered to imitate Cluny lace.

"Oh! Fred, why that will cost more than twice as much, and I have not things to wear with it."

"Nonsense! what do you want to wear with it? You have got shoes and stockings, haven't you? and you see it's all trimmed besides. I have set my heart on seeing you in this dress, and if I don't mind the price, surely you need not."

So the dress was bought, not much to the wife's satisfaction, I thought. I knew very well she was thinking what a number of other nice useful things she could have bought with the extra money; that her bonnet would be too shabby to wear with such a dress; that she must buy a new collar and pair of undersleeves; and, worse than all, that she would have to be cramped for weeks for small sums, or until her husband had got over the tremendous fact that he had only recently paid out a hundred dollars for her, not considering that it was his fault rather than hers.

An American Lady.

When Brummel was asked what made the gentleman, his quick reply was, "Starch, starch my lord!" This may be true; but it takes a great deal more to make a lady, and though it may seem singular, I am ready to maintain that no conceivable quantity of muslin, silk, or satin, edging, hooping, frilling, flouncing, or furbelowing, can *per se*, or per dress maker, constitute a real lady. Was not Mrs. Abbott Lawrence just as much a lady when attired in twelve cent calico in Boston, as when arrayed in full court dress at St. James, London? "As Mrs. Washington was said to be so grand a lady," says a celebrated English visitor (Mrs. Thorpe), "we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands; so we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship; and don't you think we found her knitting, and with her check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but Gen. Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband." Does not that sweet republican simplicity command your admiration?

Republican etiquette in America is one thing, aristocratic etiquette in Europe is quite another. Here, it is the "mind that makes the man;" there, it is *inherited* nobility, or wealth, which is propped up and held in place by the people. Here, honesty, industry and *labor* are respected. There it is the reverse, and a mere laborer is *only* a "*servant.*" America is the country for freedom, in which every individual counts one; in Europe, only the upper classes vote. But if they prefer *their* mode, let them have it. Only let them keep hands off, and not meddle or interfere with our mode of government, which suits us best. The following brief speech, from Prof. Agassiz, on American and European institutions is in point:

"My Friends: After staying eighteen years in this country, I have repeatedly asked myself what was the difference between the institutions of the Old World and those of America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe, everything is done to maintain and preserve the prerogatives of the few; in America, everything is done to make a man of him who has any of the elements of manhood in him. Now, gentlemen, the fate of these institutions is in your hands. You will decide whether they are to be perpetuated forever to help Europe throw off tyranny and reform its illiberal institutions, and to bring them up to the stand point of our liberal institutions. To do that, believe me, there is only one way—hold on to those who have defended those institutions manfully, re-elect those who have repelled the assaults of armed foes against them, and those who have defended your rights in Congress, and you will conquer."

GOOD LOOKING.—Temperance and religion have a wonderful power in adorning people or improving their appearance. It gives them "a meek and quiet spirit;" and this the Bible calls an "ornament which is in the sight of God of great price." Temperance and religion make the eye look brighter, and the complexion clearer, and the smile sweeter, and the voice softer, and everything about our person better-looking than it other wise would be.

☞ The Mayor of Halifax, England, at a recent public dinner, stated that an application had been made to him by an Irishman for a testimonial of character. The Mayor told him he had never seen him before. The Irishman promptly answered: "Faith, your worship, and that is the very reason I came to you. I have never been summoned before you or fined, and you never had any trouble with me."

☞ A poet who was engaged in examining the various "waterfalls" that adorn the heads of the ladies, has now perpetrated the following:

"Such curls as these your sister wears,
How many maids have prayed for;
Now, candidly, are they her own?
"Oh, yes, they're hers, and paid for."

☞ The question how to get rid of rats meets with a ready answer from "J. C. F.," Litchfield county, Ct. He says: "My method is to catch a rat, and dip him all but his head in red paint, and let him go. The rest do not like his looks and so leave the premises."

☞ Strive to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.

For the Marettian.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and, when he is old he will not depart from it."

If the above positive command had been religiously obeyed by every parent what a happy world this would be. But as this command of God has been neglected, crime will necessarily abound in our midst, *drunkenness* the parent of nearly all of the sins would have been unknown. Oh what a fearful responsibility rests upon parents, what a dreadful reckoning awaits the unfaithful. It is in early life habits are formed. It is easy to bend the tender twig but not so easy to turn the stubborn oak. Nearly all the crimes that disgrace humanity, that sends wretchedness and death to millions of immortal beings, can be traced to parents who disregard the command that stands at the head of this communication. Hear what Lord Shaftesbury said at a public meeting held a short time ago in the city of London: "That, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor and only one against him, as to honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under sixteen. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very few cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parent. It is a fearful reflection! We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought on wisely, remarking that as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned, by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer, tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the restaurant and dance—then follows the Sunday excursion, to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From eight to sixteen—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets!"

G. M. C.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—A little girl in Yorkshire once, when water was scarce, saved as much rain water as she could, and sold it to the washerwoman for a cent a bucket, and in this way cleared near five dollars for the missionary society. When she brought it to the secretary she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where it comes from," said he.

"Call it then," said the little girl, "rain from Heaven."

IS THIS LOYALITY?—A gentleman recently from New Orleans informs the editor of the New Bedford Mercury that in a hotel in that city he heard the following toast proposed and drank:—

"Here's to the hand that drew the trigger
That shot the man who freed the nigger."

QUERY.—Does the right to make laws for the people of the United States reside in a Congress elected by the ballot, or in a President elected by a bullet?

☞ In a speech at Troy, N. Y., recently, Hon. Lewis Barker gave the best reading of the Philadelphia platform we have ever seen. He said it could all be summed up in four words: "Polly wants a cracker." The truth and force of this characterization are inimitable.

☞ A friend says he's either head over heels in love or else he's got the colic—he can't tell which, as he is not certain which he tasted last, kisses or watermelons.

☞ Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

☞ Why are base ball players the greatest cowards? Because they *strike* and run for *home*.