## Marrettran.

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RY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

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

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11-tf

Marietta, October 20, 1866. 11-tf

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veatly advertisers. Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNrain Johnen Prem," together with a large ssortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE MARIETTIAE," which will insure the f ne and speedy execution of all kinds of Jos & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the

A Balace or a Cattage.

LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

The night was dark and the way was rough,

But I was a happy lad; I walked by her side to the old brick hall. A gem was each word she said. We never had chanced to meet before, And we never since have met; But her's was a face to remember long;

Her form was so graceful and stately ! Her eye had the bue of night, And fed a fire 'neath its fringed depths

Her voice is a melody yet.

That broke in flashes of light. Her cheek had a tinge of the morning, Her lips had a deeper dye; They parted sweetly; she gave her hand And whispered a calm "Good bye."

The prize was rich; hope whisper'd suc-C688 ;

My books were awhile forgot; She had many suitors—was woord and

What maid with beauty is not? She married a beautiful pulace And waits on an aged Lord; A leopardess pacing her gilded cage; A song without music or word.

By the moon I muse on the meaning That burned in her lustrous eye, And wonder if gilded bars are better Than air and open sky-

If a temple of gold, with golden lamps, That glare through the cheerless night Is worthy any more than the lonely cot Where love's steady lamp burns bright.

WHAT THEY EAT AT XENIA .- The "fat contributor" gives the following experience of endeavoring to get dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami railroad :

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia. Arrived there I entered the dining room and inquired for a waiter,

"What do you have for dinner?" "Twenty minutes," was the hurried

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood by the door with a roll of money in his hand. "What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," said he. I told him I would take a half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket book stuffed with greenbacks and some seven thirties, garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrip. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank notes, on "draft."

He said they were out of everything, but the bank notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.

THE REASON .- " Doctor," said a waggish parishioner to old Parson Eone day "I think I must have a pew nearer the deak than where I now have

"Why," said the parson, "can't you hear well where you are?"

"Oh! yes," was the reply. "The fact is, there are so many people between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where I am, it is as flat as dishwater."

President Johnson says he "intends to fight it out on the line he has adopted." Somebody suggests that a in the face and said, "my husband, you line on which kindy can stend probably have come to witness my last moments." dees not run very straight.

For the Mariettian. The Evils of Intemperance.

'How like a new existence to his heart, Uprose that living flower beneath his eyes, Dear as she was from cherub infancy, From hours when she would round his garden

To time as when the ripening years went by, Her lovely mind would culture well repay And more engaging grow from day to day."

Mary J ...... , was an only child of respectable parents, who, although they were not in opulent circumstances, brought her up with all the care and fondness that affectionate parents could bestow upon an only dear, interesting and obedient child.

Here was a form of life and light. That soon became a part of sight, And rose where'er turn'd mine eyes, The morning star of memory.

At an early age she was placed at a boarding school in a handsome and flourishing town near where her parents resided. Here by assiduity and fondness for literary entertainments, her improvement soon realized the fondest hopes of her parents and tutor. While here she became acquainted with a young man by the name of W-......... He became more and more attached to her, and, pleased with his deportment and the many kind favors bestowed upon her, she unconsciously became in love with him. She soon after left school and returned to her parents. He followed and ventured to visit her at her own home, she was not yet seventeen; her parents became alarmed and remonstrated with her; told her she was too young to indulge a serious affection for any young man, and besides this Mr. W--was a stranger. But the earnest entreaties of her parents were in vain. They were soon married. For a while nothing could exceed the happiness of the young couple; her parents became reconciled to the union. They could not but censure themselves for their opposition to their marriage. There seemed throughout the whole little circle a perfection of bliss. But alas! the destroyer was on their march, those blessings were like the autumnal flowers which bloom forth in that maturity of loveliness which is ever the harbinger of decay. In a short time W---'s affections became weaker. He became attached to a company of intemperate young men, who frequented taverns and gambling houses. At home he became

sullen and morose; he seldom returned home before midnight, and often remaining out until day break. Mary sat. lonely and melancholy night after night, weeping, by the flickering lamp, eagerly catching the sound of every foot step in abpes it might be her husband. But intemperance steels the heart equally against tenderness and reproach; it is listless of the song of sorrow or the warning voice of admonition. Her aged and venerable father, unable to withstand the shock, soon descended to the tomb, and left her broken hearted mother tottering on its brink. Mary was not calculated to withstand this severity long, but still "There was a brilliant flash of youth about her; and her kindling eye poured such unearthly light that he would hang e'en on the archer's arrow while it dropped deep poison.

Many a restless night she toiled, for that slight breath which held her from the tomb, still wasting like a snow wreath which the sun marks for his own on some cold mountain breast, yet spares and tinges long with rosy light." One evening a sudden change took place in her disease and she was considered dangerously ill. Her husband being absent was sent for, but could not be found. She grew worse every moment; her breath grew shorter and shorter and she was not expected to live another hour. She was resigned to her fate. "But my husband ! my dear husband !" she sighed in broken accents, " how can I die without seeing thee? I feel that I cannot live long; oh, that my husband were it. here! one last farewell to him." Her voice here failed, and she was heard to

band's name was mentioned. At her request her mother sang a hymn of which the following is a verse: "Jesus can make a dying bed, 'Feel soft as downy pillows are;

there.

whisper a short prayer in which her hus-

While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly

The night was passed in the stillness of the grave. In the morning her husband arrived, after spending the night in dissipation and riot in some wretched place of vice. He wept as he looked upon his wife, she tenderly looked him "Ereves forbid, my Mery, you cannot,

you shall not die." Placing one hand in her husband's and the other in her mother's, she was just heard to say, "I die —dear husband—may the Lord favor thy happy—farewell—my mother—farewell end as he does mine; repent, repent, farewell, farewell," and expired. His her death. How many thousands of pears that the mode of death has been similar cases could be told. And still rum is drank, at the expense of broken hearts, crushed hopes and sorrowful deaths. God have mercy on the Rumseller and the Rum drinker. G. M. C.

> Stuff for Smiles. Toe Salley.

BY ZEPHANIAR STARLING. Salley Bumpkins are the gal What I doo most add mire; I kol hur mi sweet charming Sal, And me hur Zephaniar.

Salley's cheeks are like the rose, Hur lips are like the cherry, Hur ise are laffen stars of life, Hur hart is allers merry.

Hur voyce is like an angel'e note; Upon the breezes blown, Hur step is like a farres-light, Hur grayces air hur own.

By golly, tho' she am the gal, What's got my hart kumpletly, And when I hug hur tu mi brest, She kisses me so sweetly.

The following from one of the old British poets is exquisite. It is the very essence of fancy. It is addressed to a young lady upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted:

The envious snow comes down in haste, To prove thy breast less fair, But grieves to see itself surpassed,

And melts into a tear. "Pshaw!" says Major Nosh, "we can beat that any time." Look here: Down her white bosom rolled the tear, We know it hadn't oughter, Until at last-at last-oh, dear,

Her shirt is wet as water. A voungster came home after having a glorious time in the puddles, his face all aglow, and his rubber boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very hard at first; but as collection of the triumphs of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared to, he could bear the restraint no longer, and went to his mother saying: "Please, mother, whip me and let me go out again !"

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr .---, as old Jeremiah R., was passing by, growling most furiously.

"Matter," said the old man stopping short; "why here I have been lugging had fought traitors at the South, and water all the morning for Dr. C's. wife to wash with, and what d'ye suppose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents." answered Mr.---.

"Ten cents ! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

An Irishman, on hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself. exclaimed: "By my sowl and that's a good idee. Shure and a stone coffin 'ud last a man a life time."

It is thought a dangerous thing to board a man of war; but we have known says an exchange, fifty soldiers each a man of war, boarded by a single landlord -but he was a host.

A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in the darkness?" he replied, "Please, sir, bedbugs!"

Mr. Quilp has just discovered that there is quite a difference, sometimes, between having your choice and taking

Model wives formerly took "a stitch in time," but now, with the aid of a sewing machine they take one in no time.

Why is your nose and chin at variance? Because words are always passing between them.

Why are fowls the most economical stock for farmers? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck. A wag wrote on the back of a fat al-

derman, "Widened at the expense of the corporation." An Irishman says that a coffin is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

Why is a beard like common sense Because to veman persesses it.

The Japanese have long had a custom among them that when any official makes his error by a process of disembowling himself, called the harri karri. It aplately modified, but suicide, in cases of failure, is still a duty incumbent on the official. Dr. McGowan, in a lecture on Japan, recently delivered at San Fran cisco, gives the following account of the enstom:

The Harri-Karri

"The Emperor is of too sacred an origin to busy himself with the cares of State, which are left with the Generalis? simo or Tycoon, who, with a legislative body of thirteen nobles, similar to our Congress, governs the country. The Tycoon has the right of veto, and if his veto is sustained by Congress, the framer of the bill is compelled to commit spicide, but if the bill is passed over the veto, then it becomes the duty of the Tycoon to periah by his own hands. The day of suicide is one of great pomp and parade. The Tycoon or Congressman, as the case may be, issues cards of invitation, and receives his friends in grand style, and after treating them to a sumptuous feast, makes them a speech, bidding them adieu, and then prepares for death. The old mode used to be by making an incision in the stomach and disembowling himself. Of late years. however, the elder son, or some pear relative, gets behind the condemned and with a sudden jerk dislocates his neck. This mode of death is only reserved for the elegant and refined, and the lower classes are not permitted to indulge in

such high toned luxuries." It is fortunate for Andy Johnson and the bread-and-butter party, that such a sacrifice is not required in the United States. Imagine the consternation which would pervade the ranks of the party, if, after the verdict of Congress and the people against him, he were required to take himself off after the Japanese manner! What mourning there would be among the office holders, not only for the anticipated loss of their great Tycoon but for their own official heads, so soon to follow! And then the assemblage at the solemn feast, with Seward and Randall and Cowan and mourners! After the repeat. Andy arises to make his farewell speech. He the other for the outside." recounts to his friends how he has filled "Hould aisy, Mike," said one of two every office from that of alderman in the village of Greenville, up to the Presidency. He asks them to point out any pledge he has ever violated; says he has been slandered and villified by a body hanging on the verge of the Government but is ready to pour out his blood as a libation on the altar of his country. He now, swinging around the circle, he had been fighting the men who had put down the traitors. He asked why Wendell Philips and Thad. Stevens have not heen hanged. But he does not intend making a speech; he only desires to thank them, to bid them adieu, and to eave in their hands the Constitution of the Union of thirty-six States, and the flag with thirty-six ---

At this point, his dutiful private secretary, knowing that any further remarks of the Tycoon would only be a repetition of those already made, "goes behind the condemned and with a sudden jerk dislocates his neck."

According to strict Japanese etiquette perhaps Seward, as the Presidential adviser, and Cowan, Randall and Co., as the getters np of that miserable failure, the new party inaugurated at the Philadelphia Convention, would be required to follow the example of their dear chief.

But, thank Heaven ! we live in a civilized and republican country, where such enormities are not practiced. The for dinner." barbarians of Japan require a ruler who is not sustained by the representatives of the people, to take himself out of the

In Great Britain, also, a ministry, in whom a want of confidence is shown by Parliament, is expected to resign. But we manage things better in this country. A President elevated to that position by the bullet of an assassin, not only assumes to dictate the policy of the Government in defiance of the will of the representatives of the people, but to insult and defy the majority of the dian in it. people themselves. "Happy, proud America!"

A good motto for an auctioneer. Come when you are bid, and bid when YOU COME ...

He who is at war with his neighbor carnot be at rease with himself.

Scene in a Hotel .- Stranger .- Have you a good, strong porter about the

Clerk, (eagerly )-Yes, we have the strongest one about the place.

Stranger-Is he intelligent? Clerk-Oh, yes, eir, quite intelligent for a porter, we think.

Stranger-One point more. Do you consider him fearless—that is bold and courageous ?

Clerk-As for that matter, I know he is: he would not be afraid of the devil himself.

Stranger-Now, Mr. Clerk, if your norter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

"Willie," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful "do you know what the difference is between body and soul, my child?" The soul is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?' "Oh, I know," said Willie, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

Let our laws and institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men any race or complexion; but, like the laws of God, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's prayer, let them speak of the people.-Horace Maynard.

Honest Ben Freeman, the colored messenger of the Land Office, at Washington, was asked what were his politics. I'm an administration man and have, been for thirty years," answered Ben, with innocent sarcasm.

At a recent examination of girls in Cheshire, England, for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" The reply was. "The baby, sir."

An Irishman was directed by a lady of large size to secure and pay for two seats in a stage, as she wanted comfortable room in riding. The fellow returned and said, "I've paid for the two his little heart warmed up with the re-

> Irish pedestrians, as he reverently approached a milestone. "Tread lightly" said he, "for here lies a very ould man." Pat carefully spelled out the inscription "Baltimore 154 years old, and his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

> The brain of a decapitated person, according to recent investigations of eminent French surgeous, does not die for several minutes after the head is severed from the body.

> "Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. "I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any but I'm death on possum."

Which is at once the easiest and hard-

est of occupations? The musician's; for he plays when he works, and works when he plays. Beautiful was the reply of a venerable

man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living : " No, but I am If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cent's worth of flour, how much will it

take to raise funds enough to buy anothar barrel. Slight changes make great differences. Dinner for nothing" is very good fun;

but you can't say as much of "nothing Drink whisky and spend all your time at the saloon. This will drain you of

all your lands in a short time. Excess of ceremony shows a want of breeding. That civility is best which

excludes all superfluous formality. It often happens that bakers are not bred to their business, but their business

is always bred to the bakers. When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little In-

The man who trumpets his own fame will soon have no fame to trumpet.

"Pride goeth before a fall," and frequently goeth before a waterfall.

Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart.