

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

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TERMS.
The *Mariettian* is published weekly, on a year, payable in advance. The price of the *Mariettian* is "Lindsay's Building," near the post office corner, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One square, ten lines for 75 cents for the first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Notices in the reading column seven cents a line, general advertisements seven cents a line for the first insertion, and for every additional insertion four cents. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.
Having put up a new Jobber press, we are enabled to add a large addition of job type to our former establishment. We will execute every description of Book and Fancy Printing, from the card to the largest poster, at the shortest notice and reasonable rates.

DR. W. B. FARNESTOCK,
FAMILY DRUG STORE,
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

Dr. W. B. Farnestock, successor to Dr. F. M. Musser, will continue the business at the old place where they are daily receiving additions to their stock, which are received from the most respectable importers and manufacturers. They would respectfully ask a liberal share of patronage.
They are now prepared to supply the demands of the public with everything in their line. Their stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
PURE, NEW, AND HAVING JUST ARRIVED.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS
FOR MEDICAL USES ONLY,
ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

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H. BRITTON, PHARMACEUTIST,
No. 10, a. m., 12 to 2, and 6 to 6 p. m.
H. Britton, A. Musser,
Lancaster, October 20, 1866.

CLYDE'S
Old Established
Hut, Cap & Fur Store,
NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

CLYDE'S
Old Established
Hut, Cap & Fur Store,
NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

HATS.
New, novel and beautiful designs, and at low prices as to make it an inducement for purchase.

SHULTZ'S
Caps! Caps!!
A stock of Caps comprises all the newest styles for Men, Boys and Children's Fall and Winter wear. Our motto is,
"Equality to all."
The lowest selling price marked in figures on our articles, and never varied from, at
SHULTZ & BROTHERS,
at Cap and Fur Store,
No. 20 North Queen-st., Lancaster.
All kinds of Shipping Furs bought and sold. Cash prices paid.

HINKLE,
Physician and Surgeon,
located permanently in Columbia; and offers his professional services to all who may be in need of them, at the residence of Benjamin Haldeeman, on Locust-st., from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 8 to 9 p. m., and at his office, on Locust-st., during the hours, will leave word by note, or through the post office.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
OFFICE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

HENRY HARPER,
620 Arch Street, Philadelphia
HAS A LARGE STOCK OF FINE
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER WARE AND SILVER-PLATED
Goods, suitable for Holiday & Bridal Presents.
December 8, 1866.—2m.

G. W. WOPRALL,
Surgeon Dentist,
MARKET STREET, ADJOINING
Spangler & Rich's Store, second floor,
MARIETTA, PA.

DR. WM. B. FARNESTOCK,
OFFICE.—MARKET STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE
Spangler & Patterson's Store.
From 7 to 8 a. m.
1 to 2 p. m.
6 to 7 p. m.

THEY SAY.
They say—Ah! well, suppose they do, But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from naught But malice, envy, want of thought; Why count yourself among the "they," Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it be bitter wrong-redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it let the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—O pause, and look within, See how thy heart's inclined to sit; Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good or not at all.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—One evening as I was sitting by Hattie, and had work myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I:

"Hatty, if a fellow was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?"
Then she laughed, and sez she:
"That would depend on who asked me."

Then sez I: "Suppose it was Ned Willis?"
Sez she: "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you."

"That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agin:
"Suppose it was me?"
And then you ought to have seen her put her lip, and sez she:
"I don't take no supposas."

Well, now, you see there was nothing for me to do but touch the trigger and let the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I:

"Lor, Hattie, it's me. Won't you say yes?"
And then there was a hullabaloo in my head, I don't know 'zactly what took place, but I thought I heard a "Y" whispered somewhere out of the skirmish.

WHISKERS AND KISSER.—Mrs. Swish-helm, the authoress, says, "she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swigletow as have a man with whiskers to kiss her." We don't believe a word of it. The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could; but the fact is, the continual motion of their lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies, God bless them! adopt our fashions as far as they can. Look at the deprecations they have committed on our wardrobes the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft, bewitching cheeks in our standing collars and cravats, driving us to flatties and turn downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our vests, instead of the thumping against the outside, as naturally intended. They thrust their little feet and ankles through our unmentionables, unthinkablings, and they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear? We say boots.

IRISH-AMERICAN whiskey, according to the Revenue Commission, may be made by the following delightful receipt: 40 gallons whiskey, 30 gallons of water, 5 gallons tincture of Guinea pepper, 1 quart tincture of killytory (or killaliberal), 2 ounces acetic ether, 1½ gallons strong tea. To improve the flavor, add 3 ounces pulverized charcoal, and 4 ounces ground rice to the gallon, and let it stand for a week, stirring daily.

Little Willie G.—went with his parents and a friend to Greenwood Cemetery. As they were driving through that beautiful city of the dead, he looked around in wonder and delight at the splendid monuments, green alleys, and flowery mounds, and said, with a wise shake of the head—"they doesn't bury wicked folks here."

"Slight changes make great differences." "Dinner for nothing is very good fun; but you can't say as much of 'no-thing for dinner'."

"Why is a gadish friend like this, letter P?" "Ans.—Because, though he's the first to pity, he is the last to help."

"Why is a dog's tail a great novel?" "Because no one ever saw it before."

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For the Mariettian.

Moyamensing Prison.

Mr. Editor.—Having had an opportunity of visiting the above named prison I made inquiry of the physician, who accompanied me to the different departments, as to the cause why so many (I think he said 567) were confined there; the answer was more 9-10 were brought there through intoxicating drink, there we conversed with the old men, standing near the grave, they told me strong drink brought us here. I talked with middle aged men, men having wives and children, men once happy and useful and respectable; what brought you here, the same answer was given—strong drink. I talked to young men, who should have been the comfort of parents, pillars in the church and defenders of our country's institutions. What brought you here, nearly the same answer, strong drink. One young man with tears in his eyes, said, "O my mother knows not I am here—my mother, I love her still," he cried. "She told me of the consequences of keeping bad company, and urged me with tears not to drink intoxicating liquors. Oh that I had obeyed my mother." Thousands of similar cases are being enacted every day. The stimulus of intoxication impels its youthful votary to the gaming house, or the brothel, and then to relieve the conscience, yet unseared, of its oppressive load, it conducts him to the schools of infidelity, where he is happy, to be told, and struggles to believe, that no crime however atrocious can entail upon its perpetrators any punishment beyond the grave. The rum traffic is an unmitigated evil. Not one honest word can be said in its favor. All other trades have just and honorable foundations; but this is the trade of death. It has no regard for honor. It hears no cry of remonstrance. It is savage—stealing upon its victims with the subtlety of a serpent, finding its refuge in a licensed bar room, and under that certificate sallies forth on its dreadful mission—prowling through our land with locks and hands and garments red and dripping with innocent blood. Oh, who that loves our common humanity—who that loves his country—the peace and prosperity of all men, can be a rumrunner? He destroys happy homes, causes thousands of broken hearted parents to cry out, "Oh my son, my son, would to God I had died for you!" Who would be a rum drinker, pouring down the accursed stuff which destroys health, happiness, character and life. God grant the time may soon come when this evil shall be banished from our midst, then the bright star of hope will shine with unusual brightness upon the pathway of the pilgrim traveling to an eternal world. g. m. c.

A Merchant's Story.

A member of a large mercantile firm recently gave a bit of his early experience in this wise:
I was seventeen years old when I left the country store I had tended for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed, I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very fine affair, which I purchased with direct reference to this occasion. My first day's experience was not encouraging; I traversed street after street—up on one side and down on the other—without success. I fancied, towards the last, the clerks all knew my business the moment I entered the door, and they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfort as I passed out. But nature endowed me with a good degree of persistence, and the next day I started again. Toward noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady by the door. I waited till the visitor had left, and then stated my errand. "No, sir," was the answer, given in a peculiarly crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I began to feel; for he added, in a kindlier tone, "Are you good at taking a hint?" "I don't know," answered I, while my face flushed painfully. "What I wish to say is this," said he smiling at my embarrassment; "if I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring on his finger and swigging a fancy cane." For a moment, mortified vanity struggled against common sense, but sense got the victory, and I replied—with rather a shaky voice, "I am afraid—I'm very much obliged," and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I got out of sight I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking rapidly to the Worcester depot I left the cane in charge of the baggage master "until called for." It is there now, for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner. How much my unfortunate misdeed had injured my prospects the previous day I shall never know, but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain dealing without feeling, as I told him at the time, very much obliged to him.

Mrs. GRUNDY SPITS OUT GIRLS.—REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, who, by the way, is a good teacher, gives some good advice about the girls, and it is a pity his counsels could not be heeded. By-and-by there will be no girls and children, they will all be women from ten to twenty years old. Mr. Beecher says:
"A girl is not allowed to be a girl after she is ten years old. If you treat her as though she were one, she will ask you what you mean. If she starts to run across the street, she is brought back to the nursery to listen to a lecture on the propriety of womanhood; now it seems to me that a girl should be nothing but a girl until she is seventeen. Of course there are proprieties belonging to her sex which it is fitting for her to observe, but it seems to me that aside from these she ought to have the utmost latitude. She ought to be encouraged to do much out of doors, to run and exercise in all those ways which are calculated to develop the muscular frame. What is true of boys, in the matter of bodily health, is eminently so of girls. It is all important that woman should be healthy, well developed. Man votes, writes, does business, etc., but woman is the teacher and the mother of the world; and anything that deteriorates woman is a comprehensive plague on human life itself. Health among women is a thing that every man, who is wise and considerate for his race, should more earnestly seek and promote."

"**BESINNS.**" The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, smokers are liable to peculiar attacks upon the senses: of sight and hearing and the faculties of will and memory. Paralysis of the optic nerve, and torpor, coldness, and hissing noises in the ear, promonitory of paralysis of the auditory nerve, are the forms in which, as they attack the two organs. Medical observers have often remarked the failure of memory, and also a general characteristic of irresolution or indecision in habitual smokers. Excessive smoking has been shown to be a characteristic of the drunkard and the opium addict.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads; to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine-bell was rung as the cars neared the station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."
"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.
"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten minutes before they get to a station, or else the train would run by before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"
"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; no use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train goes by."
"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.
"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes were no whar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon—crossing, the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of a locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing those would travel faster than sound. We got one so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every fifty miles. But can't say as that is true; the rest I do know to be a fact."

In the Beginning.

"Where did you get your nice new warm sock?" asked a lady of a little girl.
"From God, ma'am," said a little girl modestly.
"Why, did not your mother make it?" asked the lady.
"Yes, mother sewed it," said the child.
"And did she not buy the cloth of the shopkeeper?" asked the lady.
"Yes," said the little girl, "but the shopkeeper bought it from the factory where it was spun and wove, and the factory man bought the wool from the farmer, and the farmer took it from the lamb's back, and the lamb got it from God, who clothes the little lambs with soft wool to keep them warm. The lambs could not dress themselves nor could their mothers dress them. God dresses them." So God is in the beginning, mother says, and without God I should not have had it."
That is the very first thing the Bible says: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."
And so of everything in the world; since everything we eat, drink, wear, or use, if we follow them up to the beginning, we shall find God. It is God, God, God everywhere.

How to Make a Ton of Coal Last.

An exchange gives a receipt for one species of economy recommended to those who desire to practice it. Some householders act upon the supposition that an addition of fuel will cause increase of combustion, and consequently develop additional warmth. This is an expensive mistake. It is only smothering and retarding the fire to put in a thick layer of coal, or, as some do, fill the firebox, from a layer of two inches of ignited coal to its utmost capacity, with fresh fuel. No more coal should be put on a fire, at one time than will readily ignite and give off a pure white flame—not a blue flame, as that denotes the presence of unconsumed gases. In clearing the grates of coal stoves in the morning, there is always to be found a quantity of unburnt coal, which has been externally subjected to combustion; it is covered with ashes and looks like cinder. It is often dumped into the ash box. The fact is that the lump is only roasted on the outside, not even cooked, and it is in a better condition for igniting than the green coal. Never waste it. Attention to these few hints, it is stated, will save many dollars in a winter. The experiment is at least worth trying.

A certain Dutch justice of the peace in Berks county had a case before him in which one party charged the other with biting his nose off. The defendant denied the accusation, stating that the plaintiff had bitten it off himself. Our worthy Judge, after mature deliberation, delivered the following opinion: "Mit Providence everdignis is possible. Vell, if Providence is willing a man shall bite his own nose off, he must do it. De brisoner is discharged, and de plaintiff can go home and never do so no more."

Where there is the necessity to use the poutice, no person who has once experienced the comfort of a potato poultice will again use bread. It is light, keeps hot a long time, can be reheated, and more than all, does not moisten the garments or bed clothes which it comes in contact with. Pare and boil the potatoes, strain, and then mash them with a fork over the fire. Put them into a bag, and apply the poultice as hot as the patient can bear it.

A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general? "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to give our heads together, I could soon put you a definite answer."

A pretty girl says: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on the earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls?"

Why are railroad companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed the whole country, and sometimes do a little mangling.

It is with the votes of men, as with their actions, it all depends upon the way in which you treat them.

"Science is golden," except when a telegraph cable talks, then words are \$5 gold.