The Marettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER. MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1867. VOL. XIII.—NO. 24.

TERMS.

The Marettian is publi hed weekly, [illegible] a-year, payable in advance. Office in "Lindsay's Building," near Post office corner, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One square, ten lines or less, 75 cents for the first insertion, and [illegible] cents for $1:50. Professional and Business Cards, of six lines or less, $5 a year. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line; general advertisements seven cents a-line for the first insertion, and for every additional insertion, four cents. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Having put up a new Jobber press and added a large addition of job type, cuts, border, etc., will enable the establishment to execute every description of Plain and Fancy Printing, from the smallest card to the largest poster, at short notice and reasonable rates.

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

BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. Pinkie, 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

IS FRESH AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.

Pure Wines and Liquors
FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY,
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

ART, 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 business. Having had over ten years practical experience in the drug business encourages us to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

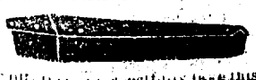
A large supply of School Books, Stationary, &c., always on hand.

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

JACOB LIBHART, JR.,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER, MARIETTA, PA



WOULD most respectfully take this method of informing the citizens of Marietta and the public in general, that, having laid in a lot of seasoned Lumber, is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE,

of every style and variety, at short notice and on hand a lot of Furniture of his own manufacture, which for fine finish and good workmanship, will rival any City make.

Special attention paid to repairing.

He is also now prepared to attend, in all its branches, the UNDERTAKING business, being supplied with an excellent Hearse, large and small Biers, Cooling Box, &c.

COFFINS furnished in any style—plain or fancy.

Shop Room and Manufactory, near Mr. Barnhart's new building, near the "Upper-Station," Marietta, Pa. [Oct. 22.

KEROSENE & GAS STOVES,
—x—
TEA & COFFEE BOILERS, GLUE POTS,
OIL CANS, &C. &C.

All the cooking for a family may be done with Kerosene Oil, or Gas, with less trouble and at less expense than any other fuel.

Each article manufactured by this Company is guaranteed to perform all that is claimed for it. Send for Circular.

A Liberal Discount to the Trade.

KEROSENE LAMP HEATER CO.,
206 PEARL-ST., NEW YORK. [1y

F. HINKLE,
Physician and Surgeon.

HAS located permanently in Columbia, and offers his professional services to the citizens of that place.

He may be found at his office, at the residence of Benjamin Haldeman, on Locust-st., every day from 8 to 10 a. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will leave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.

OFFICE:—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.

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

DR. WM. B. FAHNESTOCK,
OFFICE:—MAIN-ST., NEARLY OPPOSITE Spangler & Patterson's Store.

OFFICE HOURS: From 7 to 8 A. M. " 1 to 2. " 6 to 7 P. M.

ALL kinds of Blanks printed and for sale

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots to-night
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day;
And oftentimes I almost wished
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramps at play.

They walk about the new plowed ground
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor,
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold,
But when I look, to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O, God! what shall I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourned because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our fireside be to-night
If no little boots were there?

MATRIMONIAL FELICITIES.

Some wag, with a poetic turn, gives the old story of the difficulty between the husband and wife in the following lines:

A couple sat beside the fire
Debating which should first retire;
The husband positively said,
"Wife, you shall go and warm the bed."
"I never will," she quick replied,
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not!" rejoined the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows;
And then a war of words arose,
Continuing until they nearly froze;
When both grew mute and hovering higher,
Around the faintly glimmering fire.
They trembled o'er the dying embers,
As though ague had seized their members,
Resolved, like heroes, ne'er to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus this once fond, loving pair,
In silence shook and shivered there.
Till midnight faded into morn,
And cocks were crowing at the dawn;
When all at once the husband said:
"Wife, had we not better go to bed?"

LIFE OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—A life of this great statesman is about being published by the National Publishing Company, 507 Minor street, Philadelphia. It is compiled or gotten-up by Henry Cleveland, long an intimate friend of Mr. Stephens, and Mr. S. will, himself, supervise the proof sheets. The work will be comprised in one large volume of about 800 pages and will soon be ready for delivery. It will be sold by *subscription only*, and agents are wanted in every locality. From advanced leaves of the work we make the following extracts:

"We desire to speak of this distinguished statesman, as he appears in public and private, before, during and since the war.

Having determined to compile some of the speeches, letters and papers of the Georgian, who has been so long and favorably known to the American public it is proper to give a more enlarged sketch than has ever heretofore been given of some important and interesting incidents and features in the life of the author of them.

Much of the material which composes the body of this volume has never before appeared in print; some has only been seen by those to whom addressed, and none has ever appeared in book form.

Of the man and his dwelling place, his appearance, his earlier and later manhood, his private existence and public career, others have often spoken; but generally through the daily or weekly printed leaves, that fall from the press as fast as the autumnal spoils of the forests, and are gone as soon. Some of the best and most accurate of these have not been widely circulated, and few, if any of them, are now accessible."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Mr. Stephens has been so often represented by the pens of able writers as well as by the engraver's skill and the fidelity of the photograph that we shall not undertake to improve that has been [illegible]

In presenting him, therefore, before the foot lights of the public stage, as well as in the portraiture of private life (both of which are the objects of this sketch), the introduction to our audience may as well be in the language of Rev. William Henry Milburn, the half-blind chaplain of Congress. It is as accurate as ever written of him. After speaking briefly of John Quincy Adams and a few other veterans, he then proceeds to tell of two young men, the one from Georgia being described first, and the other one being Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois. He says:—

"Alexander Hamilton Stephens is the most powerful orator in Congress, and that with all the odds against him. When standing he is a man of medium heigh, but when seated he looks like a boy, for his trunk is remarkably short, and his face exceedingly youthful. Careless of his personal appearance, his hair falling in masses over his fine brow; his black, brown, or any other colored cravat (he seems not to know which) tied in a sailor's knot; his clothes fitting well, if he has been fortunate in his tailor (rarely the case); an immense gold chain, terminated by a heavy seal, falling from his watchfob, he presents an unpromising, not to say an *outre* appearance. When in repose, his face does not promise much more: pale, with a slightly sallow tinge, sometimes with a hectic flush upon his cheek, it seems to belong to a beardless boy. His arms and legs are very long, and his whole frame, not compactly knit, appears loose and awkward, and the victim of life-long disease. How nearly disease and genius may be associated, is a question which I leave for physiologists and phrycholologists to settle. But I feel sure that sleepless nights and days of pain and fever have had much to do with the brilliant intellect of this remarkable man. His voice, too, in common talk, gives as little token of his power as his other features, for it is thin, high-pitched, and inclining to the falsetto. Trained as a lawyer at the Georgia bar, a wonderful school for developement of popular eloquence (for the jury system is pushed there to its remotest limits), he early displayed those gifts which have made his name so famous; a sharp, incisive intellect, broad in its comprehension, firm in its grasp, as keen in its perceptions, coupled with an emotional nature, delicate as it is strong, giving him an invincible hold upon the interest and sympathy of his hearers. Returned to the House of Representatives when scarcely thirty years of age, he had, by the time I first saw him, already gained the undivided ear of the House. When he stood up to speak, there was no lounging, chatting, or apathy in the Hall, which seemed divided between the silence and his voice."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"His manner is rapid, sometimes vehement, always collected. Having in an instant gained your absorbed attention, he wins your confidence by his apparent fairness of reasoning, until at length you submit yourself to his control without compunction, or the dread of his being overcome. The most brilliant, albeit not the most satisfying, part of his oratory is seen when he turns upon his opponents. His powers of satire, ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, are fearful, and yet the man of good breeding never forgets himself, nor is hurried away into truculent abuse. Many a man has smarted, or even withered under Mr. Stephens' irony or denunciation; but I question if any has ever had cause to say that he was not a gentleman."

When Col. A——, was in command at a post, just as the soldiers were called out for drill on a certain morning, it was noticed that one of them had only blacked the fore parts of his shoes, leaving the back parts unblacked and of a dirty red color. The colonel noticed it and said, "Hinson, you have not blacked the back parts of your shoes." "Colonel," replied Hinson, "a good soldier never looks behind him."

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scandal mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed: "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people's characters."

A young dandy in Broadway a few evenings ago, accosted a bellman as follows:

"You take all sorts of trash in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes; jump in."

The age which all girls desire to attain.—Marriage.

For The Marettian.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE.

When a horse is carelessly left standing on the street, and dashes off at a furious rate imperiling the life or limbs of those who happen to be in his way, the owner is charged with culpability that deserves punishment. A wild beast escaped from a menagerie, in Ohio, last summer, and caused such a state of consternation and excitement throughout the surrounding community, that the lives of the keepers were threatened, and only after the animal was slain were they enabled to depart in safety. When Dr. Blackburn, the Rebel emissary was detected in the diabolical plot of inoculating the seaboard cities, with the virus of yellow fever, through old clothing taken from patients who died with that malignant disease in the Indies, the cheeks of the most resolute of our loyal countrymen grew pallid for the moment at the thought of the deep seated vindictiveness that pervaded the hearts of those, who sought our country's ruin. And, as with one voice, a mighty wave of horror and condemnation swept over the free north, nor stayed its course until all Europe stood aghast at this worse than heathen barbarism, and echoed back its united voice in detestation of the atrocity. But when negligence and crimes of greater magnitude than these are perpetrated hourly, in some portion of the land, as the legitimate result of the use of liquors which are sold under the *sanction of Law*, there is no tremor of fear or cry of condemnation uttered. The man who is otherwise civil and orderly, under the brain excitement of strong drinks, chops down his neighbor's wife in her own threshold, and leaves her expiring, to seek another victim to satiate his madness, and is only checked in his career by overpowering force. The community are startled at the crime, and demand severity of punishment, a jury is summoned, the lawyers plead for mercy, because of his drunkenness, the Judge charges to be merciful because of the wretched man's condition when the deed was committed, but neither by the community, the Judge or the Jury, is the *patent* fact placed in the foreground, that the man's drunkenness was attributable to the sanction that the *law* gives to the sale of liquors, although the crime was one of the legitimate results of this law ordained privilege of selling men that which pollutes them with demoniac spirits. There is gross injustice in first *legalizing* temptation, then punishing those who are ensnared by it. The father is daily depleted of his earnings to allay his ever recurring thirst for strong drink, while his children, miserably clad, and famishing for food, are impelled, by hunger, to the commission of petty crimes, that stamp them with infamy, in all after life, and yet the tears of sympathy, the demands of humanity, and the efforts of philanthropy fail to awaken a continued ripple upon the surface of public opinion in favor of removing the fountain of a malady, that blights and destroys more human beings in this country in one year, than horses running away, wild beasts at large, and Yellow fever combined, has ever destroyed in ten years. And as long as the sale of liquors is shielded by statues, so long will the misery, destitution and crime, resulting from their use, continue to be a national sin that can only be remedied by entire extirpation. The sooner this radical measure is adopted, the fewer will be the victims hereafter slain upon the altar of the liquor Moloch, and the earlier will the nation be purged of many vices that now sorely beset it.

B. S.

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he despatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "Wround or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen, of orthography, replied, "Kneether."

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pail of water. They locked and exclaimed, "Why we only see our own faces." "Well," said the Gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you get married."

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable," on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes hiself."

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Begad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

Written for The Marettian.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH, VS. SLEEPING IN A CHURCH-YARD.

BY GRANTELLUS.

"The moon shines bright;—On such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'erstrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away."

There are not many people—and as it is desirable that a story teller and a story-reader should establish a mutual understanding as soon as possible, I beg it to be noticed that I confine this observation neither to young people nor to little people, but extend it to all conditions of people; little and big, young and old; yet growing up or already growing down again—there are not, I say, many people who would care to sleep in a church," nor yet in a churchyard. "I don't mean at sermon time (when the thing has actually been done, once or twice) but in the *night*, and alone." A great multitude of persons will be violently astonished, I know, by this position, in the broad bold day. But it applies to *night*. It must be argued by night. And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning."

Now, in including churchyards in the discussion of this subject, I do not mean those modern enclosures which differ very little from any other well appointed yards—with their graveled walks and grass-plots—but those of the olden times which were thickly peopled with the dead of ages, and whose antique gravestones and simple monuments studed their surface as thickly as the tall and bleached tree stumps do a western "clearing," or a crowded city cemetery. There is therefore a vast difference between those churches which have the bodies of their departed worshippers, for a long line of years, interred around them, and within the shadows of their tall gables, and those which have them reposing in some far off "city of the dead." It is to the former kind I refer, in the relations—perhaps the reader may say ludicrous and therefor irreverent relations—which follow these necessary preliminaries; and which, if they contain no special moral—nothing, that is either poetical or philosophical, yet they may contain *facts*—facts that the reader is at liberty to beat out into such a form as is most pleasing to himself.

It was midsummers, and "in such a night" as that on which the gallant LORENZO led forth the beautiful JESSICA to contemplate the splendor of the full-moon's rays, in the avenue that led to fair *Portia's House*; that two men found themselves locked in a village church, "away down in old Virginny." The one was a pale Caucassian, and was clad in a snowy summer garb—the costume of the ease-and-comfort-loving aristocracy of the old Dominion. The other was a dark Ethiopian, clothed in the sombre and tattered habiliments peculiar to many of the thriftless and shiftless children of bondage. The former occupied a rear pew, near the corner, on the right of the pulpit, and the latter a pew the most remote from the pulpit, reserved for the sole use and behoof of the members of his swarthy race. Here, from some cause or other these two men laid themselves down, and took an evening "nap" and did not wake until the deep-toned voice of the village bells toll'd out the hour of twelve. Rising, simultaneously from their recumbent positions they happened to be face to face, and cast a wild and affrighted look upon each other, for it must be remembered that they were alone, the congregation having some hours since retired and dispersed, to them unawares. Both, doubtless being under the ban of a guilty conscience, and looking upon their conduct as little less than sacreligious, the white man, in his extreme fear, took the black man for Satan or one of his imps from Hades. On the other hand the negro in his consternation took the white man for "the angel of death," who had come to summons him from the scenes of this wanton, wicked world, before his time. Both at the same moment struck for windows in opposite directions—describing respectively a perfect *bee line*—and made good their escape from the church. Too much confused and frightened to know to a certainty the precise progress and directions they were taking. Although their purpose was to avoid each other, yet, singularly to say they met at a corner where two streets crossed each other at right angles, in about fifteen minutes thereafter, to their utter dismay. Almost run down with fatigue and fright, but mutually supposing that they were trying to circumvent each other, they immediately wheeled about and ran for life in opposite directions again, and by circuitous routes safely reached their respective homes, and on the morrow when they arose, the one stoutly avered he saw grim *death*, and the other as confidently maintained he saw the *devil*. It was months thereafter before the mystery became sufficiently unraveled to assure them that they had been mutually mistaken.

Akin to this is an adventure of our own experience, which it may not be inappropriate here to relate. Away back in our boyhood, we once attended a meeting at the "old Zion's church," of happy memory, in our native borough of M——. It was midsummer too, with a bright, moonlight evening. The weather was exceedingly warm and the church exceedingly crowded, and so we sat down on the sod-covered grave of old Aleck McC—— under a large locust tree, and leaned ourself against the brown head stone that marked the spot where his body was laid, altogether unheedful of the solemn admonition inscribed thereon. Here we fell into a soothing slumber, which continued until the full noon of night, when we awoke and found ourself all alone—all save a dog that loomed up from a short distance, and looked upon us with two glaring eyes, whose disks increased gradually in size until they apparently reached the dimensions of clever sized frying pans. The churchyard gate was locked, and how we threw ourselves over the fence, is something in "ground and lofty tumbling" which we were never after able to explain. It is sufficient to say that in an infinitely less time than it has taken us to tell the tale, we found ourself outside the enclosure, and with a velocity scarcely less than "two-forty" we "made a straight coat tail" and reached our domicil with all our limbs entire. Not a single living being—not even a moth, or a bat was abroad, and not a single luminary, save the pale moon was visible. All was hushed in the silence of death, and it was light enough almost to pick up a pin anywhere. Somehow, seized with a peculiar sense of loneliness, we were more frightened here than in the churchyard, although we saw no object to be frightened at. We finally reached our humble couch and passed the remainder of the night in a troubled slumber. On the morrow we learned that the sexton had not noticed us, and had also forgotton his dog, an insignificant cur, too large to creep out between the paling, and too small to jump the fence. Verily it does not appear to be a pleasant thing to sleep in a church, or a churchyard; and yet how often is the former desecrated to that use, at moments when the sleeper ought to be attentive to the words of *eternal life*, or the worship of the *living God*.

Sam Slick says: "Whenever you see a gal with a hull lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any of 'em. One cools off and then another of them cools of, and before she can bring any of 'em to the bright wed-din' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow up a dust, but the dance of a flame can she blow up again to save her soul alive."

An old woman on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well aboard, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever. I always did dislike the nasty river water especially in dog days."

"You can do anything if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogy to his son, "water may be carried in a sieve if you can wait." "How long?" inquired the son, an impudent young America, who could hardly wait for the father's obituary. "Till it freezes."

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I duz; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

"What time is it, Tom?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "O, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

An Irishman once observed that milestones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

A Domestic Toast.—May your coffee and the slanders against you be alike—without grounds.