

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

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## TERMS.

The Mariettian is published weekly, at \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Office in "Lindsay's Building," near the 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, or three times for \$1.50. Professional or 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.

## HUGGLY.

Kit hates moustaches; "So much hair makes every man look like a bear." But Fanny, who no thought can fetter, bursts out, "The more like bears the better; Because—her pretty shoulders shrugging— Bears are such glorious chaps for hugging."

PURSUITS OF PLEASURE.—We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything and the future is nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most ruinous and usurious interest; and the consequence is that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.

The midnight Albany train, a few weeks since, left a load of passengers at one of our Western towns. Among the number was a nervous, fidgety old man, who was in a great stew about his baggage. His foot had hardly touched the platform when he commenced dogging the baggage master for his baggage. Finally, after being repeatedly denied for the baggage before he had time to get it from the bottom of the huge pile, the baggage master turned to the man, and thus addressed him: "Mister, it's a pity you wasn't born an elephant instead of a jackass, and this y'd have had yer trunk always under yer nose!"

A young man from the city was seen in a village at evening looking about attentively in the gutter. "What are you looking for?" said the man whose shop was vis-a-vis. "Some pieces of gold." "Oh I will assist you," and out he came with a lantern. The neighbors all came out with lanterns, and were busily groping in the gutter at this news. After a time, during which the young man let them search by themselves, the first spokesman said, "Are you sure you lost the gold pieces here?" I said nothing about losing any money; I only wanted to find some—that is the difference. The young man was careful to make himself scarce after this practical joke.

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness, was addressed by the magistrate, "Prisoner, you have heard the charge of habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in defence?" "Nothing, please your honor but habitual thirst."

"Vegetable Pills!" exclaimed an old lady, "don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling. For destroying a gnawing at the stomach there's nothing like it."

A little four year old was told that God made him. Measuring off a few inches on his arm, he wrathfully replied: "No, he didn't! God made me a little mite of a thing, so long, and I grew the rest myself."

Mankind are like sheep grazing on a common, the butcher comes continually and fetches one away, and another, and another, while the rest feed on, unconcerned, until he comes for the last.

"Mike, if you meet Patrick, tell him we are waiting on him." "But what shall I tell him if I don't meet him?"

## The Young Widow on a Sleigh Ride.

Some writer has said, that a young and beautiful widow is the most loving and lovable creature in existence. There is much truth in the remark, and, as Samivel Weller intimates, they are at the same time the most dangerous to the liberties of a bachelor, when they once take a notion that way. Is it not a singular fact, that most of the greatest men the world has produced, have been brought to the feet of the widows?

The reading of the following sketch has amused us, and no doubt will many others, who will probably say, "it's so like 'em."

It is summer now, but it was winter, clear, cold, and the snow was packed. Dr. Meadows was one of the sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the young widow Lambkin were concerned, in the following words:

The lively widow Lambkin sat in the sleigh, under the buffalo robe with me.

"Oh! oh! don't," she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching hold of my arm and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked, "I am not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll!" I rejoined, "what's that?"

"Well, I declare," cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend that you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing; "pray explain, if you please."

"You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a 'sleighride' the gentlemen always, that is, sometimes when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face was not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round rose face turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of the frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches, the widow said it was of no use to resist a man that would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" the widow said so archly, that I did not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning. But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—A very curious idea of the Empress Eugenie's is reported from Paris. She intends, it is said, to hold two retrospective exhibitions of her own during this year; one in Trianon, the other at Malmaison. At Trianon the furniture and things that have any reference to Marie Antoinette are to be brought together; at Malmaison those referring to Josephine and Hortense. They will be, to a certain extent, loan collections, as the Empress is going to address herself publicly to the proprietors of all suitable relics. The two places will be decorated exactly as they were in the lifetime of these illustrious personages. A "guide," with a historical introduction and a complete index of all the furniture, dresses, jewels, linen, etc., is said to be already in preparation.

GOOD SENSE.—It is better to sleep in a room comfortably warm than it is to sleep in a very cold room, provided there is good ventilation, for the reason that less clothing is required to keep comfortable. The less clothing consistent with comfort the better, whether awake or asleep. Warm air is just as good as cold air, and ventilation is more easily secured when there is a difference of temperature between the air in the room and that outside. The best way of warming and ventilating sleeping rooms is to have an open grate fire and open windows.

SHARP.—Last summer, as a lady, modestly attired, was on her way to New York, on board of one of the Hudson river boats, she sat quietly reading in the ladies' cabin, when a fashionably dressed dame, mistaking her for a servant, rather rudely accosted her with— "Do you know this cabin is for the ladies?"

"Certainly I do," was the answer "and I have been wondering for some time why you were here."

## Inhabitants of the Human Body.

What think you, reader, of your body being a planet, inhabited by living races as we inhabit the earth? Whatever may be your thoughts on the subject, it is even so. Your body is but a home for parasites, that crawl over its surface, burrow beneath its skin, nestle in its entrails, and riot and propagate in their kind in every corner of its frame. The sensation in regard to trichina in swine flesh has set the scientific to "knocking their heads together," and the result is the following facts: Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of all animals used by us as food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organization. The species trichina spiralis, of which so much has been said, and whose existence has been discovered in pork, is, according to our best anatomists, found in almost every muscle of the human body. It lies along the fibres of the muscles, enveloped in little cysts or sacs about one-fourth of an inch in length. It can be distinctly seen and examined only by the use of the microscope. Prof. Wood, of Philadelphia, says: "No evidence has yet been produced of any morbid influence exerted by the trichina upon the system during life. They have been found in subjects carried off by sudden death (accident) and in the midst of health." An English authority says: "It is a notorious fact that the numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their species in every corner of our frame. Nearly a score of animals belonging to the interior of the human body have been already discovered and described, and scarcely a tissue or an organ but is occasionally profaned by their inroads. Each, also, has its favorite or special domicile. One species of strangle chooses the heart for its dwelling place, another inhabits the arteries, a third the kidneys. Myriads of minute worms lie coiled up in the voluntary muscles, or in the arcular tissues that connect the fleshy fibres. The guinea worm and the chique bore through the skin and reside in the subjacent vertical membrane. Hydatis invest various parts of the body, but especially the liver and the brain. A little fluke, in general appearance much like a flounder, lives steeped in gall in the biliary vessels. If you squeeze from the skin of your nose what is vulgarly called a maggot—the contents, namely, one of the hair follicles—it is ten to one that you will find in that small sebaceous cylinder several animalcules, exhibiting under the microscope a curious and complicated structure. Even the eye has its living inmates. With this knowledge of our composition, it matters but little how many entozoa we may consume, so long as we do not see them; it is nothing more than all ages have done before us. We might with as much propriety refuse to drink water, which, however pure, is fairly alive with animalcules; and to refuse to eat meat because it exhibits (under the microscope) entozoa."

VERY SAFE "SAFES."—The agents of two Boston safe manufacturers were recently proclaiming the merits of their respective articles. One agent was a Yankee; the other wasn't. He was that wasn't first told his story. A game cock had been shut up in one of his safes; and the safe was exposed for three days to the most intense heat. When the door was opened the bird stalked out and crowed as if nothing had happened. It was now the Yankee's turn to speak. An eagle had been shut up in one of his safes, along with a pound of butter; and the safe was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for six days. The wheels and the door knob melted off, and the door itself was so fused as to require a cold chisel to get it open. When it was opened the eagle was found to be frozen dead and the butter so solid that a man who knocked off a piece of it with his hammer had his eye put out with the butter splinter.

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "it is ex— He then froze stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having laid frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and then, animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

Crinoline is in a state of collapse. The dress in fashion at Paris, is a straight narrow skirt, clinging close to the figure, with a long sweeping train.

## The Eagle and the Sloat.

Brown, in his Anecdote of Quadrupeds, mentions the following interesting incident in relation to the sloat, a small animal resembling the weasel: "A group of haymakers, while busy at their work on Chapelhope meadow, at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch (or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land), saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley the eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight; but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing; he used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionably rapid. The now idle haymakers drew together in close consultation on the singularity of the case, and continued to fix their attention on the seemingly distressed eagle, who rose perpendicularly, until he was nearly out of sight in the concave recess of the blue ether. In a short time, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth; evidently not as he ascended, in spiral curves; his descent was like something falling, and with great rapidity. As he approached the ground, they plainly perceived that he was tumbling like a shot bird; the convulsive fluttering of his wide and powerful pinions but slightly impeding the rapidity of his descent, until he fell at a small distance from the men and boys of the party, who had naturally run forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large black-tailed sloat ran from the body as they came near, turned with the usual nonchalance and impudence of the tribe, stood upon its hind legs, crossed its fore paws over its nose, and surveyed its enemies a moment or two (as they frequently do when a dog is near), and bounded into a willow bush. The king of the air was dead; and what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and, upon further examination, they found his throat cut. It was clear that the sloat must have been the regicide."

## Gen. Washington at Home.

GEN. WASHINGTON stood six feet three in his slippers, and in the prime of life, was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well proportioned and evenly balanced, so that he carried his tallness gracefully, and appeared strikingly well on horseback. There has never been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man, it was only in later life that his movements became slow and dignified. His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer-book and almanac, and keep simple accounts. Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life, and as to her spelling—the less said of it the better.—Washington himself before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular, then, in such matters as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago.—When the General wrote for a "ream of paper," a beaver "batt," a suit of "clothes," and a pair of "astin" shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the History of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator on rainy days, but he had but little literary taste. He was essentially an out-of-door man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in the house, which could be called a library; he had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed and never read long at a time. The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most marriages, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a cur-

tain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates, that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtail lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving her opinion in somewhat animated tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then without a remark upon the subject in hand, said: "Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

What an example to husbands! When Washington was appointed to command the revolutionary armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was, the "uneasiness," as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.—James Parton.

## Stuff for Smiles.

A lady of a certain age says the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is, that not having a treacherous husband she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

Alexander Dumas, the elder, returning from a day's sport at the country seat of a friend with a perfectly empty game bag, was asked: "Well, Dumas, what have you killed?" "Time," was the quiet reply.

A man was asked what induced him to make a law student of his son. "Oh, he was always a lying little cuss, and I thought I would humor his leading propensity."

A clergyman in a recent sermon, said that the path of rectitude had been traveled so little of late years that it completely run to grass. "Why ain't hay cheaper then?" soliloquized Digby.

A Texas lady being asked at a New York dinner table to drink a toast to General Butler, consented, and as her glass contained about a drop of wine, she raised it to her lips and smilingly said, "Here's a drop to Butler."

What is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of untrified, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander "and a vulgar one at that."</