## Marrettran.

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FRED'K L. BAKER

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TERMS.

The Mariettian is published weekly, #1:50 a-year, payable in advance. the Post office corner, Marietta, Lan-

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

## BRITTON & MUSSER'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. BRITTON & MISSER, SUCCESSITS to Dr. F.
Bakle, will continue the business at the old
sand, where they are daily receiving additions
their stock, which are received from the
EM reliable importers and manufacturers.
They would respectfully ask a liberal share

hey are now propared to supply the de-mands of the public with everything in their lated trade. Their stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES ITRESH AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.

Pure Wines and Liquors FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY, ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

Pie Stuffs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Ar-ickes of every kind, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcaloid and Resincids, all tartects, Alcalotta and Castionary, the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast
Pumps, Nipple Shells and
Shields, Nursing Bottles,
A large supply of

MI, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES. MI, HAIR, 1001H, NAIL AND LIUINES BRUSHES.
Twib Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery,
hars, Combs, Hair Dyes, Lavigorators, &c.;
tation, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c.,
Physicians supplied at reasons ble rates.
Chimnes and Prescriptions carefully and accrately compounded all hours of the day and
sight, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmaceutist,
sho will pay especial attention to this branch
of the luniness. Having had over ten years

of the business. Having had over ten years succical experience in the drug business enableshim to guarantee entire satisfaction to all the may natrouge the new firm. Il Hasson's Compound Syrup of Tar, on haid and for sale.

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. A. Musser.

Marietta, October 20, 1866. 11-tf WINES & LIQUORS. H. D. BENJAMIN

WINES & LIQUORS, former of Front-st., and Elbow Lane, MARIETTA. PA. DEGS leave to inform the public that he Dwill continue the WINE & LIQUOR busing all its branches. He will constantly hopen hand all kinds of

repen nama all kinds of Brandies, Wines. Gins, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Cordials, Bitters, &c., BENIAMIN'S Justly Celebrated Rose Whisky,

ALWAYS ON HAND.
A very superior OLD RYE WHISKEY A very superior OLD KIE WHIGHER.

If All H. D. B. now asks of the pubic
to tareful examination of his stock and prito which will, he is confident, result in Hoteepers and others finding it to their ad-

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

WOULD most respectfully take this meth

by odof informing the citizens of Marietta and the public in general, that, having laid in let of seasoned Lumber, is now prepared to banufacture all kinds of

CABINET FURNITURE, every style and variety, at short notice that on hand a lot of Furniture of his own an has on hand a lot of Furniture of his own insufacture, which for fine finish and good insufacture, which for fine finish and good insufacture, which for fine finish and good insufacture, will rival any City make.

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

COFFINS finished in any style—plair of costly.

Wate Room and Manufactory, near Mr. Wate Room and Manufactory, near Mr. Duffy's new building, near the "Upper-Sta-lon," Marietta, Pa.

Piret National Bank of Marietta.

HIS BANKING ASSOCIATION RAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION BANKING BUSINESS: The Board of Directors m 3t weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business.

AMOS BOWMAN, Cashier. D<sup>ANIEL</sup> G. BAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, PA.

OFFICE:—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET
OPPosite the Court House, where he will atlead to the practice of his profession in all its
various branches.

G. W. Worrall, Surgeon Dentist.

MARKET STREET, ADJOINING Spangler & Rich's Store, second floor, MARIETTA, PA.

For the Mariettian

BY GRANTELLUS.

## Love at First Sight.

I remember when first we met, That meeting I shall ne'er forget, Thy beauty charmed me at the sight, . . And filled my heart with pure delight, I thought thee, oh, as pure and fair As angels represented are.

And in those clear blue eyes of thine, Methought there lurked the winning shrin For me, who never yet revealed The love Lin my heart concealed, But oh, my suit I ne'er could urge Because I lacked the moral courege.

May all the gods look down propitious And grant me these, my fondest wishes, To speak my mind without restraint And heal me of this love complaint, This I desire. But should'st thou prove Unmoved by my fond tale of love,

Then all my cherished hopes are gone And I'm a lone deserted one. But oh, ye gods, don't let it come, The thought already strikes me dumb. And makes me all that woman can A poor and miserable man.

## The Answer.

Oh for a supernatural sense. A flow of gifte I eloquence, That I might speak my mind wi h case, And give an everlasting peace To this fond youth. That he might be

Forever cured of misery.

Of which the ban I do suspect Would fall on me, if I'd object, To listen to his "tale of love," And thus ungrateful to him prove. Why this his little heart would brake And mark the females for his sake.

They'd cry out in behalf of him And I'd be ruined for my sin, And well I might. The truth I tell, If aught to him through me befell, It would reveal a "situation"

1'd not be in forall creation. I would rather his suit approve And grant him in return, that love For which he sigh'd so long, but never Could find the courage to speak with

fervor, And make him "all that woman can"

A happy little married man. The above two simple little poems I found in manuscript—written in two different hands-among the private papers of one who is dear to me, now in the world of spirits. They tell their own tale in their own way, and exhibit a like a general or a poet born, not made. phase of the human heart perhaps, that Exercise and experience give facility, silk. Her conversation will be chaste, Staatszeitung has the following: By coming. If she accepts you, very well, if she could not possibly be reflected through but the qualification is inpate, or it is but not falsely modest; she will never the media of any other minds, with pre- never manifested. On the Loudon daily cisely the same outline of shadow. "Rough diamonds" they are, to say the best we can of the poetic skill by which they were wrought, nevertheless has failed. "I can," said the late editor they speak the same human emotionsand nothing less-as those that are reflected from the heart and brain of the most cultivated and finished scholar in the land. God has endowed all men with faculties, and passions, and sensations, and emotions, and also with an judges, selects, dictates, alters and comorganism through which these manifest bines, and to do all this well he has but themselves to others. All have even little time for composition. To write the same kind and the same quality, but for a paper is one thing, to edit a paper all have not the same measure and de- is another. gree; these depend something upon hereditury transmission, but more largely upon cultivation. There are different plans of influx into the mind, and also different plans of efflux from the mind one above the other. Cultivation makes this influx and efflux harmonious, just as it infuses harmony, after long practice, into a band of musicians or a choir of singers. At first there is discord and jarring; and this is the case too, to some extent, even if they are each and separately good instrumental performers or singers. Harmony is the postry of music, as music itself is the poetry of sounds. But there are no notes, no sounds, no faculties of any kind, that are innate to man by virtue of his inheritance, or his social or his moral position in life. All have "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions, affections; fed by the same food, hunt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter"-all have these qualities, but all have not got them in the same degree of proficiency. Phrenologists find the poetic organ in all heads, but they find a great diversity in its developement, and consequently there must be as

great a diversity of the poetical faculty.

Although smooth and harmonious poet-

ry may be conditioned upon intelligence

yet it does not involve deep and pro-

found learning. Neither Shakespeare

nor Burns were learned men, but they

were men of observation, of thought and

of feeling; and were the truest poets

perhaps ever will produce, in the popular sense of that term. They were true poets, because "they held as it were the minor up to nature;" and the pure and unsophisticated reflections of a common mind are not less real than those of the most cultivated.

Although I found the first of the above poems in a hand writing which I immediately recognized, yet I am not able to any more than surmise their authorship. Whatever their quality may sailable. Cassander finding Olympius, be, we may recognize in them a very fa. the mother of Alexander, an obstacle in miliar history—the portrayal of an emotion, "of passion, infatuation, call it as you will"-but such, in any event, as all who are endowed with human sonsibilities have experienced at least once in their lives.

Billings on the Owl.—Burds is God's choristers.

Tew the lion he gave majesty; tew the elephant strength; tew the fox, cunning; and tew the tiger, deceit. But tew the burds, his pets, buty and Bong.

And none so blest as the owl.

The owl is a game burd; he can whip anything that wears feathers—after dark. He is a wice bird and hoots at most things.

He is a sollum bird, a cross between a justice of the peace and a county super-

as an exclamation point. He is a luxurious burd, and feeds on

spring chickens. He is a long-lived burd, and never was

known to take death natrally. He is a herdy burd, and grows tough

by biling. He is an honest burd and always shows an open countenance.

He is a prompt burd, and satisfies at onst his outstanding bills. He is a comfortable burd and always

sleeps in feathers. He is an attentive burd, and durin' the day can always be found in.

He is a festive burd, and don't come home till morning. Thus the owl, a mistaken emblem of

solitude and sadners, if we dig into his nature closely, is emphatically one of em, and belongs to the club.

or competent newspaper conductor, is propriate to the occasion that it will papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried and nearly every one of the London Times, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense. Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads,

A FOOLISH YOUNG GIRL.-A young lady named Martha Stokes, residing at the village of Anna, in Union county, Illinois, committed suicide on the 22nd ultimo by taking two teaspoonfuls of arsenic. She had attended a party the evening before accompanied by a young man of that town, and returning late at night the young fellow told her he was going to marry, naming the girl. Miss Stokes did not believe him, and so expressed herself, when the young man showed her the license. This convinced her, and she managed to procure the poison and take it unknown to her friends. Miss S. is described as an estimable young lady.

An Irishman made a sudden bolt into a druggist shop, took from his pocket a soda-water bottle filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it lady. across the counter, said :

"There doctor, snuff that will you?" The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine

"Thank you doctor," said the Trishman. "Hand it to me again, if you please."

The doctor again did as he was direct ed, and asked what he meant.

"Och, thin," said Pat, "If you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the priest's health."

Men are like wagons; they rattle that the world has ever produced, or most when there is nothing in them.

A True Lady,

The true lady is unmistakably recognized, though not so easily described. She shows in her every act a dignity, a grace, a purity which vulgarity cannot hope to counterfeit, nor the most irreverent fail to admire. Whether she be found in a hovel or on a throne, there is that in her character which will inspire respect, and render her position unashis approach to the throne of Macedon, which his ambition coveted, sent a band of assassins to put her to death. But when these hardened wretches found themselves in the presence of this daughter, wife, and mother of kings, such was the lofty majesty of her mien that they could not raise an arm to strike the fatal blow. With such a defence every lady is supplied. Villains who have long revelled in crime as if it were a pastime will stand abashed in her presence. Like the fabled Una, she will move in her armor purity unharmed, amid all that could contaminate and all that could imperil.

We may not, as we have said, describe a true lady, but we may name a few of the characteristics by which she is most prominently distinguished. First among these is genuine refinement both of sentiment and manners. This will He is a stiff burd and sits up as stiff display itself in the tidiness of her household arrangements, in the neatness of her dress, and in the elegance of her language. Many a shrew, indeed, keeps a house with acrupulous nicety; many a woman with not one attribute of the lady, dresses with brilliant aplendor and boundless extravagance; many a virago uses language so utterly refined that she will employ the most lengthened periphrases to avoid a vulgar expression. But in all these instances there is little danger of a mistake. We can tell the home of a lady almost as soon as we have put foot on the threshold. A woman of truly refined tastes will make herself known as such even to a casual observer. She will impart to the simplest details of her household arrangements touches that will proclaim her appreciation of the beautiful. All things will bespeak neatness and comfort, but in Successful Editors. - A good editor, play. Her dress will always be so apappear well, whether it be of calico or spoken at all. She will never think of saying wicked things in French or Ital-

> lessened by this use of another tongue. The lady is always unostentatious in her manners, avoiding rather than courting public observation. She is polite to all; not that stiff, cold politeness which makes its object feel quite as unpleasant as rudeness would do, but that genuine politeness which springs from a of that supercilious pride which causes some to treat with disdain those who are more plainly dressed or less highly educated than themselves. On the contrary, her deportment towards those who are inferior to her in wealth and position is especially kind, without being oppressively patronizing. It is her first aim to render all who come under her influence pleased with themselves. This tact will enable her to do without either falsehood or flattery. Many a bashful young man who, in general society, is silent to the point of stupidity, has been surprised at finding his timidity entirely banished and his tongue loosened into a ready flow by the potent spell of an elegant lady, with whom, for the first time, he has ventured to converse. Such great power can be exerted only by those who have brilliant intellects, as well as noble hearts; but the desire to make others happy exists in every true

ian, and think their unbecomingness

Hence she will be actively benevolent. Whatever good she finds to do, she will enter into with all the energy of her nature. Her efforts will be made without the sounding of a trumpet; but they will not, therefore, be the less effectual in the accomplishment of their ends. Wherever she finds one suffering under the lash of adverse fortune, or under the far more cruel tortures which slanderous tongues inflict, she finds an object of charity, and flies with ready zeal to succor and to save. Even the "one more unfortunate." who comes like the Peri at the gate of Edeu, with tear bedewed face and heavy heart, begging to be readmitted to society, receives from her

enterprises which aim at ameliorating the condition or selevating the dignity of her sex, she supports with willing heart and ready hand. But, however deep an interest she may feel in extending schemes of benevolence, the true lady will never forget her home nor neglect her duty to its inmates. She will never like Mrs. Jellaby, render her household a scene of confusion and misery, in order that she may benefit the savages of Booriabola Ghah. On the contrary, if she be raised to the sublime dignity of a wife and mother, she will deem her husband and children the most precious of her jewels, and feel that in them she exhibits to the world the noblest result of her labor, and the worthiest monu-

ments of her virtues. Not only is she benevolent in deedshe is likewise charitable in her opinions. She is not given to slander, to jealousy, nor to envy. In the petty intrigues for social position and advantageous matches she takes no part. Though not haughty, nor unduly proud, she is still too proud to centend with the vulgar and groveling about matters which seem yastly momentous to their little minds. It assailed, as she very likely will be, she moves steadily on and lets the slander die. The tenor of her life proclaims her purity. She needs no other defence. The shafts which calumny would hurl against her fall at her feet as straws thrown against the corelet of a steel-clad warrior.

But it would require a book instead of a newspaper column, did we attempt to portray the true lady in all the fulness of her beauty, majesty and glory. Much as we delight in the theme, we must forbear. We have said enough to show that the character is too brilliant to be very frequent. In truth, the genuine lady is much more rarely found than we could wish. Numbers who have many of these elements are led astray by a desire to follow the silly fashions of the world. Others, who have a great desire to be considered ladies, are mistaken as to what is necessary to constitute that character. If our remarks shall inspire any one with a higher appreciation of this highest type of womanhood, or beget a desire to attain to its excellencies, we shall feel abundantnothing will there be seen effort at dis- ly repaid for all the labor it has cost.— The Ladies' Home.

A JOLLY MISTAKE.—The Minnesota mand of his high mightiness, the ex-tailshrink from speaking right out in good or Andy, some one of the numerous plain English anything that ought to be clerks in Washington was recently set at work to renew the commission as postmaster for Farmington, Dakota county. of J. C. Andrews-a bosom friend of "Andy's," and a first-class bread-and-butter man. But the clerk, being absentminded, or thinking perhaps more of some other clerk in crinoline, blundered and wrote, instead of J. C. Andrews, J. C. Edwards. Now there is by odd luck. a J. C. Edwards in Farmington; but he is "a full-blood nigger," black as the ace beneficent heart. There is in her none of spades, "sassy as a stock of monkeys," and, as we hear, more intelligent, better educated, and considerably better qualified to "run the machine" than J. C. Andrews. And so it came to pass, in the second year of his reign, that Andy, the nigger killer, appointed a darkey in Min-

nesota to be postmaster. The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister who, by the way, had changed pulpits with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushions and shook it, that its emptiness might be seen, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling he exclaimed, with and only perceived his error when he got great fervor, " I thank God that I got my hat from this congregation."

\*A good old woman, a dear friend of mine," says John Newton, "was asked upon her death-bed if she was comfortable in her mind. "Very far from it," she answered. "Then you are not willing to die?" "Quite willing," she a warm chimney jam !" said. "If my Father chooses to put me to bed in the dark, I can trust him."

"Pray excuse a bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but you are an infamous liar and scoundrel." "Pray. pardon a touch of irony," replied Jones. as he knocked him down with a poker.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." No; and none but the brave can live with some of them.

We have heard of many a battle words of encouragement and hope. The found.

Stuff for Smiles.

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture: "He that giveth to the poor leadeth to the lord," "That may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died, de lord didn't owe him a red cent."

"The winter of my life has come," said Jenkins, as he looked at his white locks in the glass. "I perceive snow in the hair."

An English lecturer speaking of this country says: "America is no place for fools." As soon as this fact was ascertained, he left.

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin, to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness.

"Why so" "Because," said he, "you would have Baten all the apple instead of dividing with Adam!"

A "love letter ink" has been invented, which is a shure preventive against all cases of breach of promises, as it fades away, and leaves the sheet blank after being used a month. Lovers need not fear of putting their passionate thoughts upon paper after this. It will no doubt be in great demand.

A young lady trading with a rather raw clerk for a pair of stockings, asked 'how high they came ?" Her beauty and her question staggered him, but he at last stammered out, "Dont know—'bove the knees, I guess !"

"What is it makes iced cakes, Mick?" "Och! Larry, but it's you that's stupid! Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be shure !"

"You a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade. "Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth -in beef, bread, potatoes and such like.".

Punch says that women first resorted to tight-lacing to prove to the men how well they could bear tight squeezing.

A little five year old, referring to his sister's perfumery, said, "There ain't no penny in that, is there?" "No, my dear." Then, what makes you call it a (s) cent bag ?"

Sin is like a bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.

When you "pop the question" do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were lok does not, you can say "you were only in fun."

"Put it out a little further" said a doctor who was examining the tongue of a female patient: she complied. "A little further still, if you please," she obeyed again. "Put it out as far as possible madam."

"Mercy, doctor" says she, "you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said: "He can read fluently in any part of

the Bible, repeat the whole catechism. and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother" added the young hope. ful, "and yesterday I lickid Ned Rawson, throwed the cat in the well, and stole old Hinckley's gimlet."

The night-mare is now politely termed the "nocturnal horse of the feminine gender."

By wearing a pair of yellow spectacles it is said a person may spread his bread with lard, which will look and taste precisely like butter.

In a state or mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, her father's boot.

"See here, dad-ain't Bill cortin our' Liza?"

"No-what makes you think so. Mol-"Why, every time he comes whar she

is, she sorter leans to him, like a pig to "Hollo there, you little ragged, barefooted bareheaded fellow? who's your master?" "Want is my master,' replied

the poor out cast, "and a bad one he is.". "My brethern," said a staid and learned oracle, "there is a great deal to be did, and it is time we were all up and

didding on't." Independence is the locomotive which

carries the car of society over the railtrack of success. The man that jumps out is utterly lost. Hold on to your being lost; who ever heard of one being hair when the rate is rapid, but never I lose your seat.