

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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## TERMS.

The Mariettian is published weekly, at \$1:00 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, set, 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. F. Musser, 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

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY,

AND THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

By Staffs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles of every kind, Alcohol and Fluid Extracts, Alkaloids and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Shields, Nursing Bottles, and a large supply of

HAIR, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.

Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c., &c., all supplied at reasonable rates. Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded all hours of the day and night, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmacist, who will pay special attention to this branch of the business. Having the drug business established in Marietta, he is prepared to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

Also Compound Syrup of Tar, on hand and for sale.

A large supply of School Books, Stationery, &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.

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

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

CABINET FURNITURE,

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

Special attention paid to repairing.

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

COFFINS finished in any style—plain or costly.

Ware Room and Manufactory, near Mr. Deff's new building, near the "Upper Station," Marietta, Pa.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM, Jewelers,

Corner of North Queen Street and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

W are prepared to sell American and Swiss Watches at the lowest cash rates. We buy directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, and can, and do, sell Watches as low as they can be bought in Philadelphia or New York.

A fine stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Silver and Silver-plated ware, constantly on hand. Every article fairly represented.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS

Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square LANCASTER, PA.

First National Bank of Marietta.

HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION is now prepared to transact all kinds of BANKING BUSINESS.

The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business.

Bank Hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

JOHN HOLLINGER, PRESIDENT.

AMOS BOWMAN, Cashier.

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.

F. Hinkle, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

HAVING removed to Columbia, would appreciate this opportunity of informing his former patients and families in Marietta and vicinity, that he can still be consulted daily, at his office in Marietta, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Marietta, February 9, 1867.—f.

YON'S Periodical Drops, and Clark's Female Pills.

## The Scripture Term Wine.

There are three Hebrew words which are rendered into the English term wine, they are *Tirosh*, *Yain* and *Shochar*.

Our object in this article is to show that the term, *Tirosh*, rendered wine, does not mean a liquid but the fruit of the vine. The term occurs, according to Rev. Wm. Ritchie, thirty-eight times in the Scriptures, and is invariably spoken of as a blessing, not a syllable is uttered against its use, in the whole Book of God, and who does not know that the fruit of the vine is a blessing? and if *Tirosh* is the fruit of the vine it must be a solid and not a liquid. 1st. The phrase, "corn and wine and oil" occurs in Scriptures quite frequently, the Hebrew term for corn is *Dagan*, and comprehends a large variety of the produce of the field, such as wheat, rye, barley, beans, cucumbers, &c., all of which are solids.

*Yitshar*, the Hebrew term rendered "oil," signifies orchard fruits, comprehending figs, olives, pomegranates, &c., all of these are solids. May we then not also infer that *Tirosh* rendered wine is the name of solids? Particularly when we find it associated with *Dagan* thirty times, and with *Yitshar* twenty-one times, while it occurs only six times in connection with either of these terms. It seems to us almost impossible to account for this almost uniform association of *Tirosh* with each of the other terms, unless, upon the supposition that it agrees in character with them and hence denotes a solid.

But besides this we never find the term associated with objects or acts, which would indicate it to be a liquid, it never is spoken of in connection with bottles, or cups, or pots. It is never spoken of as poured out or used as a fluid. We might refer to numerous passages to indicate this, but we shall not have the space to do so. We shall refer you to but a few, and would advise all to secure Rev. Wm. Ritchie's valuable book on "Scriptural testimony" from which we have gathered these facts. 1st. in Deut. XI-14, it is spoken of as gathered "Thou shalt gather in thy corn (*Dagan*), thy wine (*Tirosh*), and thy oil (*Yitshar*). Judges, IX-13: Should I leave my wine (*Tirosh*) and go to be promoted over other trees." &c. It is plainly to be seen that the term wine which has been thus rendered from *Tirosh* means the fruit of the vine and not a liquid, as some would suppose. In our next we shall look at the other two terms. I. S. G.

A FEW WORDS ON SQUEEZING.—While we are growing very sensible indeed in the matter of dress, as far as boots, Balmoral skirts, warm stockings and high necks, we are degenerating in some other matters quite as important. The corset is now a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe; also! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them to small, and will tug at the laces until her breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal.

We say nothing against a well-shaped corset worn loose, but there lies the difficulty.—A loose corset injures the appearance of the figure, instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is, don't squeeze, whatever you do; you may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are as bad as a large waist. First, you'll surely have dyspepsia, and grow yellow and cross and unhappy; secondly, your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly dinner will be a misery; sixthly, your shoulder blades will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly, you will break down at thirty or thereabout, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen generally do not admire what dress-makers call a "pretty figure" as much as a natural one, may have some influence.

An enterprising keeper of a confectionary in Waterbury, Conn., has taught a parrot to say "pretty creature" to each person that enters the store. The result is that the store is crowded all day.

"Will you have some catsup?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Priscilla at a dinner table. "Dear me, no!" she replied with a shudder; "I'm fond of cats in their places, but I should as soon think of eating dog soup!" The gentleman did not urge her.

## Stewart and Astor.

A. T. Stewart is not what is called a liberal man. He seldom looks at a subscription paper. He has little sympathy with vagrancy. Men and women who seek his presence seldom gain much by an interview, if money is the object. Indeed it is very difficult to gain access to him in any way. He is intensely devoted to business, and works more hours, probably, than any merchant in New-York. He controls his own affairs with despotic sway. His partners have no control over the business, but are interested merely in the profits. He buys and sells as he pleases, without consulting any one. In his down town store he has a small office where he spends his time from early business hours till dark. No man goes up stairs without running a gauntlet.

A gentleman meets all comers at the lower door with "What is your business, sir?" "I want to see Mr. Stewart." "I must know your business or you cannot see him." "My business is private—I want to see Mr. Stewart personally." "Mr. Stewart has no private business, sir. Unless you tell me what you want, Mr. Stewart will not see you." If the response is satisfactory he is allowed to go upstairs.

Here he is met by another gentleman, and put through another rigid examination. The usher disappears behind a glass partition. Soon Mr. Stewart will be seen peering at the visitor. If he likes his looks he admits him; if not he sends him away. No man who has run the ordeal once will do it a second time without a cause. But, on great occasions, the donations of Mr. Stewart are princely. He proposes now to devote millions to build houses for the poor. If the city refuses to give the site, he will still carry out his plan.

Unlike Mr. Stewart, William B. Astor is always accessible. His rooms are on Prince street, a door or two from Broadway. They are the same that were occupied by his father. He has a front and a back office where the business of his great estate is carried on. The door is wide open between the two offices. A person asking for Mr. Astor, is directed to the rear room at once. At a common desk, crowded with papers, sits a German-looking man, about seventy, heavily moulded, tall and stout. His eyes which are small with an expression bordering on stupidity, are fastened on the visitor, and Mr. Astor awaits his utterances. He wastes no words. His answers are yes, or no, with an air that admits of no debate. All the day long, from ten to five, Mr. Astor sits in his office and sees all comers. He is master of his business. He knows the rent of every house, the duration of every lease, the times and terms of payment, with every foot of land. At five o'clock he rises, with a slow and sluggish gait turns into Broadway, and walks to Lafayette place, where he resides, for dinner. He has two sons, John Jacob, and William B. Jr. These young men are in business with their father. No bankers in New-York attend more closely to their calling. They walk down Broadway in the morning and up at night with the great throng of business men, as if they, in common with so many others had a fortune to make. Much of the tact and shrewdness of their grandfather attaches to them. They cross the old proverb that wealth does not descend to the third generation. Besides what they have inherited, they have made a fortune of their own, and should their father die to-morrow, they have the ability, industry, and adaptedness to business to maintain the honor of the name and carry on the estate in their father's style. They are modest, retiring, and without affectation. John Jacob is tall, large, heavily built, with sandy hair and complexion, resembling his father. He went to the field in 1861, and did good service for the national cause. William B. Jr. is tall and slim, with black hair, of a genteel build, and is said to resemble his mother.

Five chickens were recently found roosting upon the iron connecting the brakes of a railway car, in which position they had ridden from Louisville to Nashville. They could not have done that on the Camden and Amboy road if they had the conductor would have been discharged for leaving them ride free.

A contemporary heads an article on "Hitting Hoops" "Stocking Disclosures."

"An arithmetician says a girl is a man when she ceases one to eight for her."

## Voltaire on Marriage.

Voltaire said, "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriages render a man more virtuous and more wise. A man unmarried is but half able to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in the single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the interest of his better half keeps him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore the friend to marriage is the friend of society and of his country."

SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.—An exchange says: "Most people think that the selection of matter for a newspaper is the easiest part of the business. How great an error. To look over fifty exchange papers, from which to select enough for one, is no easy task, especially when it is not what shall be selected. Every subscriber takes the paper for his benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next one wonders why a man of good sense will put such stuff in his newspaper. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. Something spicy comes out, and he is a blackguard. And so between them all, you see, the poor fellow gets roughly handled: They do not think that what does not please them, pleases the next man; but they insist that if the paper does not please them it is worth nothing."

THE DUTCHMAN'S PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.—Here is a story with a very personal application: "Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years whom he had over-harsh using profane language, "Shon, mine Shon come here, an' I'll tell you von little stories. Now mine Shon, shall it be a true story, or a made believe?" "O, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Ferry vell, den. Dare vas vonce a good nice old shentleman, (shoot like!) and he had von little boy (shoot like you). Andt von day he hears him shwearling like a young villin, and he vas. So he vent to der winkle (corner), and took out a cow hide, (shoot as I am doing now), and he took der dirty little plaackguard by der collar, (shoot itty you see), and vallaiped him (shoot so). And den, mine der Shon, he pull his ears (dis vay) and smack his face, (dat vay), and tell him to go mitout his supper, shoot as you vill do dis evening."

"ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.—"As I grow older," says a distinguished preacher, "I do not recede from a sense of the need of theology, but I intensify in my conception of the need of the simple virtues as they are called, and of no more than that of truth, not only in the inward parts, but outwardly in the work. The habit of yes, yea, and nay, nay, is but very poorly formed in this country. All throughout the national character, the habit of not waiting to think before using words, the habit of saying one thing and meaning another, the habit of equivocation, of half-speaking, of suppressions, is fearfully prevalent. And I hold that among the things that should occupy the attention of Sabbath-schools and common schools and pulpits is the indoctrination of this people in the necessity and simplicity and beauty of speaking the truth always."

When a woman won't, she won't. You can't force them to do anything. Indeed, the most of them are very much like the old man's wife, who he said, "was a woman of so much contrabution that when she took a companion of her own, there was no such thing as consequentiating her."

A lady says, "when your husband shows great anxiety on the subject of the delicacy of your health and the badness of the weather, you may be sure he is planning to go somewhere, and does not wish to take you with him."

## A Word For Wives.

Little wives, if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded, and, if you can feel you have not grown unworthy trust him for the same good love now. And if you do feel that you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth or hope for in heaven—turn back and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not the lover you admired will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself; do not strive to unsex yourself and become a Lucy Stone or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station—needs no greater honor.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fog and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye and love glow in your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind actor or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and in the morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

In Purdon's Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania, a vagrant is defined as a "person going from door to door, or placing themselves in streets, highways or other roads, to beg or gather alms, and all other persons wandering about or begging." Section 2d of the vagrant law declares that "It shall and may be lawful for any justice of the peace of the county where such idle and disorderly persons shall be found, to commit such offenders (being thereof legally convicted before him, on his own view, or by the confession of such offenders; or by the oath or affirmation of one or more credible witness or witnesses) to the workhouse of said county, if such there be, otherwise to the common jail of the county, there to be kept at hard labor, by the keeper of such work-house or jail for any time not exceeding one month." The 3d section makes it the duty of the constables to carry out the provisions of the act. The law is plain and clear, and if it is properly enforced the vagrant nuisance would soon be abated.

A little girl of three years, who had disobeyed her parents, was ordered to go and sit on the cellar stairs for punishment. The little thing obeyed, and after she had been seated there for some time, her father opened the door and asked her if she was not ashamed? The little girl replied, "Yes." "What are you ashamed of?" asked her father. She replied, "I am ashamed of my pa." The kind-hearted father appreciated the answer, and released her from her imprisonment.

President Finney, of Oberlin, lately prayed for the President: "Oh Lord, if thou canst manage him, without crushing him, spare him, otherwise crush him." This reminds the Rochester Union of a preacher who prayed for an unjust neighbor: "Oh Lord, take John Smith by the slack of his breeches, and shake him over hell; but don't let him drop in!"

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion, at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester's, Hannah Moore urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied: "I can't drink a little, and therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined.

It is not strange that all our blacksmiths are always "blowing" and "striking" for wages.

## Stuff for Smiles.

"It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one is enough to ruin him."

Ladies should make good traders. They rarely get shaved.

"If 'Union is strength,' what is a little whisky and plenty of water.

Never confide in a young man; new pants leak. Never tell your secret to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

Why is a mad bull an animal of convivial disposition? Because he offers every one he meets a "horn."

Other goods may have declined, but the rise in hoop skirts on the streets is at times quite startling.

It is no breach of etiquette for a lady to decline a gentleman's proffered hand if she is liable to soil her gloves.

Why is an unsuccessful oil-borer like an advertised wife? Because he left his bed and bored for parts unknown.

It is said some mothers have grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

Why did the monks of old laugh so much? Because the convents were always full of seals.

A coffin-maker having apartments to let, posted his bill, announcing the same, upon a coffin: "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

A Bankrupt friend of ours the other day was consoled for his embarrassment. "Oh, I am not embarrassed at all, it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

Some on a kick—Sambo's patriarchal Turkey. After his wife had "biled him three hours, he gib a crow and kicked six pounds of taters out ob je pot."

An exchange says that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an important youth exclaiming "Don't be so unspeakable happy."

"O, dear, Mr. Tracy; you jest when you say my baby is the handsomest one you ever saw; you must be soft-soaping it." "Well, madam, I thought it needed soap of some kind."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love."

"Oh, never fear my dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, says Sydney Smith, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

"Johnny," said a dotting mother to her somewhat inestiable boy, "can you eat that plum pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma," quoth the young hopeful, "but guess I can with a spoon."

"Do you know Mr. Brown?" "Yes, my dear." "Is he not a very deserving man?" "Yes, he deserves a flogging, and if he ever gallants you home again, I will give it to him." Exit wife in a fright.

A druggist sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar; soon after, hearing a noise, he went to the opening and called out: "Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! niver mind an eye," roared Pat, "but it's my nose that's skinned entirely."

A schoolmaster in a Western village where the custom of "boarding round" prevails, recently received notice from a Dutch matron that she "would eat him, but couldn't sleep him." He will doubtless be careful not to venture within her reach.

"My son," said Sprigles senior to Sprigles junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "do you know that chickens come out of eggs?"

"Do they?" said Sprigles junior, licking his plate. "I thought eggs came out of chickens."

Penacogue—"Well, sir, what does hair spell?"

Boy—"Don't know."

Penacogue—"What have you got on your head?"

Boy—"I guess it's a skeeter bite—it itches like thunder."

Robert C. Sands sued for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his broken heart "Two hundred!" he exclaimed; "two hundred for ruined hopes, a blasted life! two hundred for ruined hopes for ruined hopes—a blasted life! Two hundred for all this? No—never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain."