

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 33.

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

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

Drugs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles of every kind, Alcohol and Fluid Extracts, Alcoholic and Rosinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shells and Shiloh's Nursing Bottles.
A large supply of

TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.
Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wicks, &c. Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded all hours of the day and night. No special attention to this branch of the business. Having had over ten years practical experience in the drug business, we guarantee to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

Dr. Hays' 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. 11-1f

Established 1829.

SHULTZ'S
Old Established
Hat, Cap & Fur Store,
No. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

WE respectfully announce that our styles for the Fall and Winter of 1866, are now ready, consisting of gentlemen's Dress Suits, Cassimeres, Plain and Fancy, Fur and Wool, or Cassimeret; Staff Cassimeres, Soft and Steel extended Bras, and Flexible Self-adjusting and O'Leary Trim

HATS.
In new, novel and beautiful designs, and at such prices as to make it an inducement for all to purchase.

Caps! Caps!!
Our stock of Caps comprises all the newest styles for Men, Boys and Children's Fall and Winter wear. Our motto is—
"Equality to all."
The lowest selling price marked in figures on each article, and never varied from it.

SHULTZ & BROTHERS,
Hat, Cap and Fur Store,
No. 20 North Queen-st., Lancaster.

All kinds of Shipping Furs bought and the highest Cash prices paid.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Jewelers,
Corner of North Queen-St. and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

WE 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 cheap as they can be bought in Philadelphia or New York.

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

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM'S
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square
LANCASTER, PA.

First National Bank of Marietta.
THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAS COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION
and is now prepared to transact all kinds of
BANKING BUSINESS.
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on
Wednesdays, for discount and other business.
Office hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JOHN HOLLINGSBERG, 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. Finkle, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
HAVING removed to Columbia, would embrace 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.—1f

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET
opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.

H. S. TROUT, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity.
OFFICE—In the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. F. Finkle, Market-st., Marietta.

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

BAHNSTOCK'S Nonpareil Chemical
Writing Fluid now ready and for sale
JOHN SPANGLER,
General Agent.

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.

A Pretty Love Song.
I love you—'tis the simplest way
The thing I feel to tell;
Yet, if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well,
You are my comfort and my light,
My very life you seem;
I think of you all day, all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Mellian chord,
And vibrates still to thee.
I never read the love song yet,
So thrilling, fond or true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kinder thought of you.

I bless the shadow on your face,
The light upon your hair;
I like, for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there;
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word, to dream upon
When that had died away.

O! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays;
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days;
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee;
And, if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me.

There comes to us a host of reports, says the Newark Courier, mingled with gratuitous opinions, respecting the operations of the new reconstruction bill in the South. We hear of various threats on the part of some of those valiant "last-ditchers" that they will never submit to the despotism of the United States Government. Such malcontents put their thoughts of resistance into poetry (!) and music, and sing their determination in heroic verses, of which the following is one:

"I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't a-goin to love 'em,
And that is certain sure,
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was I am,
And I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a damn."

SIZE OF NAILS.—The following table will show any one at a glance the length of the various sizes and the number of nails in each pound. They are rated "3-penny" up to "20-penny." The first column gives the number, the second the length in inches, and the third the number per pound—that is:

3-penny	1 inch	577 per lb.
4-penny	1 1/4 inch	353 "
5-penny	1 1/2 inch	232 "
6-penny	2 inch	167 "
7-penny	2 1/4 inch	241 "
8-penny	2 1/2 inch	101 "
10-penny	2 3/4 inch	68 "
12-penny	3 inch	54 "
20-penny	3 1/2 inch	34 "
Spikes	4 inch	16 "
Spikes	4 1/2 inch	12 "
Spikes	5 inch	10 "
Spikes	6 inch	7 "
Spikes	7 inch	5 "

From this table an estimate of quantity and suitable sizes for any job of work can be easily made.

Book-keepers and others who have use for fine brilliant Carmine Ink, will find the following "how to make it" all right: To two ounces boiled water, when cold, add ten cents worth of "40" Carmine, (none other will do); when thoroughly dissolved add ten drops spirits ammonia. None better can be bought at any price or in any market. Try it.

It seems remarkable that there should be two chapters in the Bible in exactly same words, and it is remarkable that the coincidence is not more generally known. These chapters are the 19th chapter of 2nd Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah.

For the Mariettian. Communion Wine.

The requirements and interdictions of the Divine ordinance, establishing the Passover, are so plainly and unequivocally stated in Exodus, that a correct comprehension thereof can be obtained by every careful reader. On the evening of the celebration of that solemn festival and for a period of seven days thereafter, the possession or use of substances containing *leaven* or *ferment* was forbidden under penalty of death. This ordinance was not one of limited duration, but was "To be as a Feast to the Lord throughout future generations" and "to be observed forever." This law like all other Divine institutions was designed for a wise and beneficent purpose. At the period in which it was established, God not only communicated with mankind for their spiritual guidance, but he also commanded obedience to the laws governing their corporal being, by forbidding sensuality and uncleanness; and by demanding the observance of such sanitary measures as would maintain healthy conditions of body. And these restrictions were made obligatory as a religious duty; the neglect of which carried its penalty upon the sinner. The excluding of leaven or partially decomposed substance in the Feast of the Passover, was a measure wisely calculated to free the bodies of the worshippers from disordered conditions, so that their minds would be better fitted to enter into spiritual communion with the Author of all being. Accordingly, in Leviticus Chapter IX, it is said: "And the Lord spake unto Aaron saying, do not drink Wine: a strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the Tabernacle of the Congregation, lest ye die." "It shall be a statute forever throughout your generation." "And that ye may put difference between *holy* and *unholy*, clean and unclean." The wine here spoken of was evidently fermented, or that which was hurtful and was called a curse. That there were two kinds of wine in use, every careful reader of Scripture will be convinced of, for here in lies the distinction, "between the holy and unholy, the clean and unclean," was this not so, there would be a medley of contradictions, an irreconcilable inconsistency in God's word, and such Linguists conversant with the Hebrew say does not exist in the original language, the seeming conflict of expression being simply the result of inaccurate translation. And even without this evidence, it is clear that a Divine Being whose every attribute is perfection, could not be the author of unharmonious mandates therefore when apparent inconsistencies are met with we may be assured before making research to reconcile them, that the errors have arisen from man's unprecise interpretation of the "word."

When our Saviour and his disciples celebrated the Passover, the dietetic regulations of that institution underwent no change, in the material made use of. The greater sacrifice was near at hand, which revolving centuries had seen prefigured by the Lamb slain in sacrifice, and Christ became the Passover for the redemption of mankind through his suffering and death. That the bread used on that memorable occasion was unleavened, no person has the temerity to deny, and it is equally as true that the "Fruit of the Vine" spoken of, partook of the same uncorrupt quality, for an unwavering rigidity in the celebration of all religious ceremonies has ever been a prominent characteristic of the Jews, and it is not probable that any innovation from the established custom occurred at this time in the use of the bread and wine by Christ and his apostles, nor will a correct interpretation of the term "the Fruit of the Vine" admit of any other conclusion, than that either the grapes or their unfermented juice was the article used, for the juice when changed by fermentation can no longer be termed "the Fruit of the Vine," when thus changed its component parts are altered and new elements introduced. The fruit of the vine either expressed or unexpressed, is as free from intoxicating properties as the well ripened apple or peach.

Gallons of grape juice could not produce intoxication, but when fermented then "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And the latter has no more claim to be the "Fruit of the Vine" than our Saviour mentioned, than the putrid water of the pond with all its stagnant corruption, has to be called the pure limped element that gushed from the side of Horeb to allay the thirst of the wanderers in the wilderness. Should

we attribute to Christ the commending of that which is body corrupting and soul destroying? Would "he in whom there is no guile," set an example for evil, from whence every source of vice and sin obtain its most powerful weapon to destroy mankind? Is it possible that he would command the use of that which ("because of its uncleanness") was forbidden in the holy Tabernacle. Never. The name of Christ cannot be tarnished with such sacriligious charges, every human sense of propriety revolts at the thought. Then amid the full meridian rays of the nineteenth century, while Art and Science are ever gathering fresh trophies from the unexplored realms of Nature's treasured truths to strew in blooming garlands along life's pathway; can the Church (the Tabernacle of to-day) the finger-board that points the way to heaven, continue to deal out in the name of Christ the drunkard's drink and call it in all its foulness a "type of our Saviour's blood. God forbid that the holy sanctuary should use for the holiest of purposes, the same liquid that is an incentive to the grossest crimes. The occasion will absolve no one from the evil effects of its use, our physical nature will suffer as much from the use of Alcoholic liquor if taken at the Altar as if taken at a Bacchanalian feast. If a small quantity tends to derange functions in the one case, it must produce the same effect in the other, God permits no exceptions in the pains and penalties of bodily transgression, and the more sacred the place where evil is tolerated the more powerful the example to do injury, let the Church then hasten to advance to that higher plain, where this tarnishing error will no longer taint it, and the cause of Christ and its handmaid Temperance will receive such an impetus as will make earth and heaven resound with anthems of joy. B. S.

THE MARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.
The commissioners of the Kentucky institution for the education and training of feeble minded children, at Frankfort, in their annual report to the Legislature, enter a vigorous and convincing protest against the intermarriage of persons nearly related. It is stated that the charitable institutions of the State are filled with the offspring of these marriages, and that every interest of humanity and religion demand the legal prevention of marriages between blood relations.

Stuff for Smiles.
"George, you are looking very smiling. What has happened?" "The most delightful thing. I caught my Jenny by surprise this morning, in her wrapper, and without hoops; and I got the first kiss I've had since hoops came in fashion."
Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for a share, the dame replied—"No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no peace for the wicked."
A hungry Scotchman took a raw egg, cracked the shell, and was raising it to his mouth, when his ear was suddenly saluted by the shrill pipe of an unborn chicken. "Ye speak to late," cried Spaney, and down went the pullet, feathers and all.
A cotemporary in printing the speech of one of the Bunker Hill celebration orators, described the place where the battle was fought, made it instead, the place where "the bottle was bought."
The great race between a night mare and a clothes horse came off last week. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide awake, so the horse took the prize.
What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely one of time—one has feeling and the other has felt.
"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed and referred him to her pa.
An old hammer in the gutter, one cold night, was seen holding his feet, up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "pile on the wood—it's a miserable cold fire."
"How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," said Amos, "looks as though you were out of soap."
"Good blood will always show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck by the redness of her nose.
A lady playfully condemning the wearing of a mustache, declared: "It is one of the fashions that I set my face against."
"Wouldn't you call this the calf of the leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Pat, "I should call that the leg of a calf."
A lazy fellow down south spells Tennessee after this fashion—10se, and spells Andrew Jackson—&ru Jaxn. He signs his name thus: J o (J. Hole).
"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy boy, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?"—"Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?"
When one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it has a companion waiting at the door, and the former will work hard for the admission of the latter.
A drunkard hearing that the earth was round, said that accounted for his rolling off so often.
The man who went into a Quaker meeting with a hammer to break the silence, was bound over to keep the peace.
At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good Time coming," a farmer rose and said, "Mister, couldn't you fix the date?"
It may seem a little remarkable that in these days the greater part of the white washing is done with ink.
Prentice says of an editor who says that he "smelt a rat," that if he did, and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worse of it.
"How beautiful," said a lady who rouged, "does the face of nature look after a shower!" "Yes," replied a fair friend, "but you could not say the same of all faces."
A cotemporary contains the following: "Wanted, at this printing office, a devil of good moral character."
Carlyle says—make yourself an honest man and then you will be sure there is one rascal less in the world.
"Have you any fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the reply.
A down east editor has got such a cold in his head, that the water freezes on his face when he undertakes to wash it.
In some places out west the grasshoppers have destroyed everything but grass widows.
The way to get a good wife—get a good girl and go to the parson.
How to make pistachios last—make the coat and vest first.

The Wrong Room.
The Bev. W. H. Milburn, in his "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life" relates the following anecdote of Rev. Peter Cartwright, who had been deputed to attend a conference at New York. A room had been reserved for him at the Irving House; but arriving late at night, the sleepy hotel clerk did not recognize his name in the somewhat illegible characters which the backwoodsman inscribed in the register book, nor Cartwright himself in the farmer-like looking man before him. The great preacher was therefore lodged very high up, and immediately below the tiles.
The patronizing servant explained to the traveller the use of the various articles in the room, and said, on leaving (pointing to the bell-rope) "If you want anything, you can just pull that, and somebody will come up."
The old gentleman waited until the servant had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two or three steps at a time, and was amazed at the reply in answer to his "What will you have sir?"
"How are you all coming on down below? It is such a long way from there to here that a body can have no notion even of the weather where your are."
The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed; but he had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying with confused noise along the street.
"What's wanting, sir," said the irritated servant.
"What's all this hullabaloo?" asked the stranger.
"Only a fire, sir."
"A fire, sir!" shouted Cartwright. "Do you want us all to be burned up?" knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.
The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again descended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.
"Bring me a hatchet," said the traveller in a peremptory tone.
"A hatchet, sir," said the astonished waiter.
"Yes, a hatchet."
"What for, sir."
"That's none of your business; go bring me a hatchet."
The servant descended, and informed the clerk, that in his private opinion, the old chap was crazy, and that he meant to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for he wanted a hatchet.
The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blandest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"
"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.
"A hatchet, sir, really! but for what?" said the clerk.
"What for! why look here, stranger. You see I am not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are that I thought I might get lost. Now it is my custom, when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way. We cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and then we can always find our way back. So I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place and then I would be able to find my way back."
"I beg your pardon," said the mystified clerk, "but what's your name, sir? I could not read it very well on the book."
"My name," replied the other—"certainly; my debts are paid, and my will is made—my name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."
"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," responded the other, "I beg ten thousand pardons. We have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best room in the house. This way, sir, please."
"That's right," said the old gentleman, "that's all I wanted."

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard, smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your segar and couldn't find your way back again."
"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when contemplating the tusk in his tail.
The worst bar to a man's success in life is that of a bar room.

Book-keepers and others who have use for fine brilliant Carmine Ink, will find the following "how to make it" all right: To two ounces boiled water, when cold, add ten cents worth of "40" Carmine, (none other will do); when thoroughly dissolved add ten drops spirits ammonia. None better can be bought at any price or in any market. Try it.

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