

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 34.

BRITTON & MUSSER'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. Hinkle, 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, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcoholic and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shells and Shields, Nursing Bottles,
A large supply of

HAT, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.
Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Scaps, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Coal Oil, Lamp Oil, Shadings, Chimneys, Wick, &c.; Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines compounded all hours of the day and night, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmacist; and will pay special attention to this branch of the business. Having had over ten years practical experience in the drug business, we guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

Dr. Hinkle's 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.

210 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

WE would respectfully announce that our styles for the Fall and Winter of 1866, are now ready, consisting of

Graduated Dress Silk, Cassimere, Plain and Mixed Fur and Wool, or Steel extended Brims, and Flexible Self-adjusting and D'Ora's Brim

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, at SHULTZ & BROTHER'S, Hat, Cap and Fur Store, No. 210 North Queen-st., Lancaster, Pa.

All kinds of Shipping Furs bought and sold at 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 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. ZAHM
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square
LANCASTER, PA.

First National Bank of Marietta.
THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAVING COMPLETED THE ORGANIZATION
is now prepared to conduct 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.
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 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 5 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. Hinkle, Market-st., Marietta.

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

FAHNSTOCK'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 "Lindsey'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.

Baby on the Porch.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All about her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lipsing her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech,
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door,
Into the wonderful world of things.

For The Mariettian. Is it Right?

Mr. Editor:—By your permission I wish to propound a few questions to your readers.

1st. Is it right for a tavern keeper to take the hard earnings of a poor man for "fire water," when his poor family is suffering for the necessaries of life?

2nd. Is it right for that man to drink intoxicating liquors, knowing by past unhappy experience, that drunkenness will certainly follow?

3rd. Is it right for parents to permit their sons to patronize rum shops, thus causing them in after life to bring their "gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave?"

4th. Is it right for men and women to say that the cause of Temperance is worthy of support, and at the same time drink domestic wines made by themselves?

5th. Is it right for church members and church goers to do nothing to extirpate this mighty evil from our land?

6th. Is it right for officers in the church, to make and sell intoxicating drink?

7th. Is it right for a Rumseller to justify himself in continuing his diabolical business, to say that he is regularly licensed to sell intoxicating liquors?

8th. Is it right for a moderate drinker to continue drinking knowing that from his ranks the drunkards come to perpetrate the drinking of rum, which the sainted Wesley called "Liquid fire and distilled damnation?"

9th. Is it right for twelve men to sign a petition for a tavern license knowing that wretchedness and misery follow the course of a drunkard's life?

10th. Is it right, in view of our responsibilities to God, in view of the cries of broken-hearted wives and children, in view of the perishing souls of drunkards, in view of the judgement day, I say, is it right for any man, in view of the increasing vice of drunkenness to be idle, to do nothing in rescuing us from so direful an evil—drunkenness, which is truly "the sum of all villainies?"

a. m. c.

Printers beat the Dutch, and everybody else but their wives. We have now in our office one who preached the gospel, ran a side show to a circus, kept a singing school, ran away with a man's wife and two children, practised medicine, been an agent for a concert troupe, and a clerk of a steamboat. He is now reformed, and settled down to a legitimate business—that of sticking type. We'll make a man of him yet.—Exchange.

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

Lizards, scorpions, and other deadly and nasty creatures named *epithorizae volutantes* are said to be generated in sour-kraut. Shouldn't wonder.

Cousin Bob's Whiskers.

There are some people in this world with whom the art of contradiction really, assumes the dignity of a science; it is so perfectly understood and so constantly carried out that I can only imagine it to be the result of deep thought and reflection. A little obstinacy now, once and a while, is only a sort of commendable self respect; but why people will insist upon having their own way about a thing for no other purpose than because it is their own way, when it is a self-evident fact that some one else's way is decidedly preferable, is a metaphysical problem which it would require wiser heads than mine to solve. Such people always remind me of a certain river, which took an odd, unreasonable sort of a bend, and which a b-nign government deemed it best to straighten. A smooth and commodious channel was prepared forthwith, and every means taken to induce this unruly stream to proceed in the way of the righteous. All in vain; the diloyal waters refused any such accommodations, and persisted in fretting and funning along in their own rough way beneath the cliffs, where a rebellious little city sat defiantly perched, tormenting their unhappy waves with the shot and shell of a terrible conflict.

And yet I think it would be decidedly easier to manage the Mississippi than to essay managing a headstrong girl; and of all headstrong girls Nettie Lee is the—well, superlatives fail to express her willfulness. It was provoking. Everybody had considered it a settled thing for a long time—ever since they were children, in fact, Robert and she had been "cut out" for each other, and for the last year or two, they were thought to be as good as engaged, and now, when the poor fellow returned from college, with all sorts of honors and capital letters to his name, she was just barely civil, and nothing more. Everybody else was crazy with delight at his arrival. Auntie had talked of nothing but this for weeks; uncle gave a grand supper in honor of the successful graduate; half of the girls were desperately in love before he had been home three days; and Nettie—wifful Nettie, for whom alone he had eyes or ears—was in the depths of a flirtation with that detestable Tom Ellis, whose great red whiskers might serve as torches for Charon himself.

"How can you treat Bob so unkindly, Nettie?" I asked one night when we were alone in our room. "I know you like him."

"Of course I like him," was her demure reply. "I have a great cousinly regard for him; and as he has always been very kind to me, why shouldn't I like him?"

"Then why do you treat him so badly? Why do you flirt with that odious red-whiskered fellow, when you see that it makes Bob so furious that he told me this evening he could scarcely refrain from kicking him out?"

"Which would have been a very gentlemanly way of treating his father's guest, I am sure," said Nettie ironically. "Come, Fan, we're very good friends; but don't undertake to fight Bob's battles for him—he has plenty to do that already. As for Mr. Ellis, if I choose to fancy his society, Robert has no right to complain, much less to insult him about my inclination. So there, Fan, don't trouble your poor little head about the matter. Cousin Bob and I have too many friends interested in our welfare already—more than we require I assure you."

This was all the satisfaction that could be got from Nettie; and although she more than once intimated that it was none of my business, I couldn't help interceding, now and then, for poor Bob who looked so lackadaisical and miserable that every one felt sorry for him.

"It is only out of contradiction, Robert," I said consolingly, one evening, as Nettie departed for a ride with Mr. Ellis. "I am sure she cannot like that horrid-looking man."

"Do you really think him bad looking, Fannie?" asked Bob, much relieved, he has such a splendid pair of whiskers!"

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "Splendid! I think them frightful."

"Almost every one admires them," said Bob, with a sigh. "I heard Nettie say the other day, she hated to see a man with a girl's face," he continued, rubbing his own smooth chin.

"She knew you were listening, Bob and said it to tease you. I think she heard something about your admiration for Miss Billings, and is having her revenge."

of a somewhat literary turn—a great admirer of Tennyson and Browning, whose works Bob still possessed, as she had returned them to him, with her comments inscribed in a very delicate hand on the margin. For my part although I have always been rather ashamed to acknowledge it, I never could appreciate the fashionable style of poetry. I suppose, as Miss Lucinda says, it is because my mind is uncultivated; but the ideas always seem so misty and mysterious, and the world so very wrong side out, that I find the whole affair is generally beyond my comprehension.

But Miss Billings was intellectual. Her mind was a perfect hot-bed of cultivation where all sorts of knowledge flourished in a surprising degree. Bob's edition of the "English Poets" was inscribed with her dainty little comments: "How touching!" "Too true!" "Sweetly tender?" making it in my opinion, quite invaluable as a book of interpretation. Of course such an ethereal poetical creature could never be guilty of anything so mundane as a flirtation; still young Mr. Jameson had always been one of her most valued friends and he was even suspected of being the subject of one of her odes, commencing, "My friend, when other ties are thine!" which I think was sufficient to excuse Nettie's conduct in a measure.

However, the memory of poor Miss Billings had vanished, as she herself would have said, "like night before the dawn," and the sunny, roguish, sparkling little witch of a Nettie, had him bound heart and soul to her chariot of triumph and seemed utterly unconscious or indifferent to the torture she was inflicting.

"She'll drive me to desperation yet, Fannie. I can't say what will be the result if that red-whiskered fellow hangs around her much longer."

"Then, why don't you retaliate, you foolish fellow? Go flirt with Dora Dandley, or some other girl, and make believe you don't care."

"I can't," said Robert, ruefully—"I haven't the heart. I'll call that Ellis out yet! Look at them now," he continued with a despairing glance at Nettie: "she's going to sing for him his favorite air, 'Love's Chidings,' confound him! I asked her to sing my song the other evening—I meant that sweet little air she used to sing so divinely last summer; and will you believe it, Fan, she sat down to the piano and commenced 'Bobbin' Round,' and of course all the girls commenced to titter."

Of course I believed it, for Nettie was dreadful enough for anything; and when her uncle and aunt went to town for a few days, leaving her mistress of the house, she became, if possible; more tormenting than ever. But the crisis came at last. One evening when Nettie was entertaining several of her friends—Mr. Ellis among the number—in her own bright way, and acting towards Bob with the most faultless politeness, a messenger called him to the door, and we saw him no more that evening. Subsequently I heard the poor fellow walking upstairs in his study, and felt that he was struggling with the "green-eyed monster" that had such complete possession of him. I looked reproachfully at Nettie. She appeared serenely unconscious and I wondered mentally what sort of a conscience she had.

The next morning at breakfast Bob was invisible, and Nettie, as mistress of the house, sent Lucy, auntie's little English maid, to call him. Lucy returned, looking quite alarmed.

"Please, miss, I knocked as 'ard as I could, and Mr. Robert didn't answer; he only groaned."

"Groaned!" I exclaimed in horror. "Oh, Nettie!"

"Nonsense!" replied the imperturbable young lady. "It was probably a snore you heard, Lucy. Go call him again, and say that breakfast is getting cold."

"Please, miss, I'm afraid he's ill. He did groan most dreadful."

"Nonsense," returned Nettie; "go do as I tell you. Fannie, don't be such a little goose; you look frightened to death."

"Oh, Nettie! how can you be so cool about it? He has threatened to do something desperate for a long time, who knows but he has taken strychnine, charcoal or something of the sort? He was perfectly furious last night. I heard him walking his study like a mad-man."

"Upon my word, Fannie Fairie," Nettie replied, "I gave you credit for more sense. Bob has overslept himself, and you must turn it into a tragedy or a suicide. Well, Lucy, did you call him again?"

"I did, miss, and he said something or other I didn't exactly understand. It sounded very much like swearin', miss."

"He is in a good frame of mind for a journey to the other world. Come, Fan let us have breakfast without my lord this morning. He will come down when he is ready, probably."

But Nettie, in spite of her bravery, had no appetite, and I was thoroughly alarmed, although I kept as quiet as possible.

"I am going to call Robert again, Nettie," I said after breakfast. "I am afraid there is more than you think the matter with him."

"As you please," she replied, assuming an air of utter indifference, though she had become, I saw plainly, quite nervous and fidgety. "You may suggest that no breakfast will be procurable after ten. That may be a powerful inducement with our slumberous prince."

I ascended to Bob's room and commenced a vigorous tattoo on the door-panel. No answer. I called repeatedly but all was silent. "Are you sick, Cousin Robert? For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" Not a sound answered my excited appeal.

Terrified beyond measure, and trembling with all sorts of dreadful apprehensions, I returned to Nettie, determined to vent my feelings on her, whose cruel conduct had, I was confident, driven Robert to the commission of some fearful deed. I was nearly struck dumb with amazement at finding that incomprehensible girl, with her head against the window panes, sobbing like the veriest baby. Nettie Lee in tears, and as subdued as a nun! My resentment vanished like smoke; my arms were around her in an instant, her bright head resting on my shoulder, as I whispered—

"Don't Nettie, darling—don't cry so! Perhaps, after all, there is nothing the matter."

"There is! there is! I know there is! Oh, Fannie! Fannie! and to think that I am the cause of it all!" I really thought she was; but I was so astonished at the melting of this icicle, that I hadn't the heart to agree with her.

"I never cared—for Tom—Ellis—never!" she sobbed, with her face hid on my shoulder. "I liked Bob better than any one else in the world—always—always; but everybody talked so much about it and seemed to think it all settled, when we were not even formally engaged, that I determined to let them see I was not to be so easily won."

"Nettie! Nettie dearest! do you really mean it?" said a sepulchral voice behind us; and we shrieked in concert, for there was Bob standing in his study door, looking like a wounded soldier—his face all tied up with innumerable handkerchiefs, but his great eyes fairly dancing with delight.

"Cousin Bob," I commenced severely "I should like to know what you mean by such conduct. You have nearly frightened us to death."

"Say it again, Nettie!" said Robert, utterly unconscious of my wrath. "Say just once more that you don't like Tom Ellis and that you do like me, just—a little."

"Better than any one in the world you said before, you know, Nett," I added wickedly.

Poor Nettie! She was completely cornered. All her independence and sauciness were gone, and she stood convicted by her own confession, which Robert, wicked wretch, had heard distinctly through his study door, when we thought he was up in his bed-room, killed, wounded or poisoned. Poor little Nett! She bore her defeat like a veteran, and did just only the thing she could do—plead guilty. She put both her hands in Bob's and told him she did like him just a little; and the unconscionable fellow made her say "better than any one else," and the poor little culprit was foolish enough to say that too. Dear me! I wouldn't have believed it of Nettie. And then I thought it time to come in with a little practical common sense. So I requested Mr. Robert to explain his conduct.

"What is the matter with your face?" said I, "I suppose it looks glorified to Nett, but to me it looks very much fly-blistered. What did you groan and swear for this morning, when poor Lucy went to call you to breakfast? and when I almost knocked my knuckles out on your door, why didn't you vouchsafe an answer?"

"What is the matter with your face, Robert?" said Nett, just awakening to the fact that it looked like a rare beef-steak.

"So it is!" said Bob, looking very foolish, "it's enough to make a fellow swear."

"Confound it," I added consolingly; "but what did it? You look as if an inexperienced Indian had essayed to scalp you, and commenced by way of variety at the chin. But what did it?"

"Don't laugh at me, Nettie," Bob pleaded, regardless of my effort at wit; "it was all for your sake."

"I told you so, Nett," I exclaimed sotto voce. "He has been trying suicide a la Comanche."

"You made so much fun of my smooth face, you know," Nettie looked very contrite and conscience-stricken—"and said that—that you hated girlish looking men, and I—"

"I didn't mean it, though," said Nettie, penitently.

"Didn't you?" said Bob, delighted, "but I thought you did, and some swindling rascal—I'd just like to get hold of him!" he went on, ferociously—"advertised a recipe for making whiskers grow in a few weeks, and—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Please excuse me, Robert, but indeed, I can't help it. Nett, Nett, it is the richest thing I've heard yet! And you expected to out-rival Tom Ellis, did you, Bob?"

"Don't laugh at the poor fellow," said Nett, biting her lips to repress her laughter. "It must hurt dreadfully, Robert."

"It does," said Bob, ruefully—"smarts like the old mischief. But I don't care so much for that. I was so mad, and I knew you'd laugh so, that I wouldn't answer Lucy this morning; and when Fannie knocked at the door I was down here; and then—and then you talked right by the door, and I couldn't help hearing, you know—" and Bob blushed, the dear old fellow, almost as furiously as Nettie did.

That night when Uncle and Aunt Jameson came home, Bob, despite his blistered face, looked very handsome and happy, presented his little betrothed and took all uncle's teasing very good-naturally.

He has quite a flourishing crop of whiskers now, and he calls them the trophies of his victory over Tom Ellis and wifful little Nett.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Stuff for Smiles.

Mr. Billings, in his advice to a young lady as to how she shall receive a proposal, says:—"You ought to take it kind, looking down hill with an expression about half tickled and half scared. After the pop is over, if your lover wants to kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind uv take its own course."

A cotemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a graveyard can there be for a dead language?

There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Where life hangs on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

At a spiritual meeting a short time ago, the prophet Balaam was called up, and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere. "No," he replied, indignantly, "they are all on earth."

Artemus Ward, in one of his moral humors said, that, as a Son of Temperance he believes in Temperance hotels, though as a general thing they sell poorer liquor than the other sort.

Mrs. Partington wants to know why the Captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor instead of weighing it every time they go out of port.

A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said he, "I was only afraid of t'other chap."

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

"The ocean speaks eloquently, and forever," says Beecher. "Yes," retorted Prentice, "and there is no use in telling it to dry up."

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again, but the next day took a ride and went off with it.

The Chinese say a drunkard's nose is a light-house, warning us of the little water that passes underneath.

An Englishman being asked how he spelled saloon, replied: "With a hees, a hay, a hell, two hoes, and a hen."

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the razor the more you cut yourself.