

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 37.

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

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, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcoloids and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shields and Shields, Nursing Bottles, A large supply of

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.

Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Coal Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wicks, &c.

Physicians 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 had over ten years of practical experience in the drug business enables him to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

Hasson's Compound Syrup of Tar, on hand 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.

Charles H. Britton. A. Musser.

Marietta, October 20, 1866. 11-12

Established 1820.

SHULTZ'S Old Established

Hat, Cap & Fur Store,

NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

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

Gentlemen's Dress Suits, Cassimeres, Plain and Brush, Fur and Wool, or Cassimerette, Buff Cassimeres, Soft and Steel extended Brims, and Flexible Self-adjusting and O'Drury Bim

HATS.

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

Caps! Caps!!

For such 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 prices marked in figures on each article, and never vary from, at

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 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 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.

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.

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, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Stence. Any word left there will be promptly attended to. Marietta, April 15, 1867.

G. W. Worrall,

Surgeon Dentist,

MARKET STREET, ADJOINING

Spangler & Rich's Store, second floor,

MARIETTA, PA.

All kinds of Blanks, Deeds, &c.

For Sale at this office.

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 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.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime,
Go down the skies of freedom;

And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need 'em;

But never sit we down and say,
"There's nothing left but sorrow,"

We walk the wilderness to-day—
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now—
There are no flowers blooming—

But life burns in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;

And freedom's tide comes up always,
Though we may stand in sorrow,

And our good bark—aground to-day—
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long drear night of years
The people's cry ascended,
And earth is wet with blood and tears
E'er our meek sufferings ended.

The few shall not forever away,
The many toil in sorrow;

The bars of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, or eyes
With smiling futures glisten;

Lo! sow the Cay souls on the skies—
Lean out your souls and listen.

The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;

Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh, Youth, flame earnest still aspire,
With energies immortal;

To make a heaven of desire
Our yearnings open a portal;

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,

We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the shaken sabbre—
Ready to flash out at God's command,
Oh, chivalry of labors!

Triumph and toil are twins—and aye
Joy sows the clouds of sorrow;

And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory on to-morrow.

AFRAID TO POP THE QUESTION.—A young lady said to her beau after fifteen years courtship:

"Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"What are you going for?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without less to yourself."

"You are very welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?"

"A husband."

"Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago, if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to ask the question."

A "PEPPERY" YARN.—I went to the Legislature last year, said a Georgian. Well, I went to Augusta, and took dinner at a tavern. Right beside me sat a member from one of the back towns who had never taken dinner before at a tavern in his life. Before his plate was a dish of peppers, and he kept looking at them. Finally, as the waiters were very slow bringing on things, he up with his fork and in less than no time soused one into his mouth. As he brought his grinders down on it the tears came into his eyes. At last, spitting the pepper into his hand, he laid it down by the side of his plate, and with a voice that set the whole table in a roar, exclaimed: "Just lie there and cool."

A modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard, on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

Falling in love is like falling into a river, 'tis much easier getting in than out.

A Lady's Advice to Young Men.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestion to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of "18 and 45," listen to a few words of gratuitous remark. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sir, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener.

A girl, that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really enjoy your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, to her horror hears the old clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror, lest papa should put his oft repeated threat into execution—that of inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing door behind the gallant and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then the dreams are sometimes troubled with the phantom of an angry father and distressed (for both parties) mother, and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to. Now young gentlemen friends, I tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating. Then beware; monosyllable responses will be all you need expect; and if, when the limits shall have passed, the startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, depart a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night exhausted nature will speak; and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't for pity's sake throw down your paper with a "pshaw"—but remember the safe side of ten.

The Home Journal is responsible for the following: "People generally do not know that some ladies wear false lips, made of pink india-rubber, which are attached to their lips in a manner which defies detection, and which give a pretty pouting appearance to the mouth. There is a way to test lips which may appear doubtful, but many ladies might object to the operation, unless it were performed by very near relatives."

A duchess in Paris, whose infant had when newly born been sent into the country to nurse, recently sent for the boy, when he was four years old. Walking out with the little fellow she was amazed to hear him exclaim: "There mamma, is a good house," and running from her into the courtyard he took off his cap and began to sing. The unfortunate little duke had been trained by his nurse to beg as a ballad singer.

The editor of a western exchange says we ought not to expect too much of a paper when an editor is driven to be his own compositor, pressman, and devil, and has to run all over town every forenoon in the rain in search of a quarter to buy something for his dinner. We should think not.

A poor man who had been ill, being asked by a gentleman, if he had taken any remedy, replied: "No, but I have taken lots of physics."

If we all had windows in our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds.

A young lady is charged with having said that if a cart wheel has nice feloes, it's a pity a pretty girl can't have one.

A Capital Ghost Story.

DEDICATED TO ALL NEWSPAPER READERS.

That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested facts which we give below:

Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. —, a lady of rather literary taste and studious habits, sat reading in the drawing room, when the clock on the mantle piece struck twelve. As the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was flung wide open! In the act of raising her head to repel the intrusion (unrung for) of her late husband she screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought such members of the family who had not retired to rest, restoratives were administered and when Mrs. —, had regained her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing, and her late loss, operating on a partially nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable, that a maidservant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she considered a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family.

Last Tuesday night, feeling in better spirits than she had been for several months past, Mrs. —, dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve, she was awakened from her sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table, on which stood her night lamp, till it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of her bed. She described her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life were not its benevolent aspect, the eyes once beaming with affection, were now fixed with stern regard on the trembling, half dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus addressed him: "Charles, dear Charles!—why are you come again?"

"Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small roll of writing paper—"Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace?"

The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor:

"How's trade, square?"

"Wall, cash trade, kinder dull now, major."

"Dun anything terday?"

"Wall, only a leetle—on credit. Aunt Betsy Poshard has bort an egg's worth o' tea and got trusted for it 'till her speckled pullet lays."

A woman in Hudson City, N. J., feeling aggrieved at the castigation which her child had received in one of the public schools, retaliated by cowinning two of the teachers—the male principal and female assistant. Before engaging in her Amazonian exercise, she asked the name of the lady teacher.

"Miss Webb," was the reply. "Then I'll make a cobweb of you," was the grimly-humorous retort, as straightway she seized the astonished teacher by the chin and began her elaboration.

Religion! It is not a gauntlet that men put on; it is not a steel armor; it is sweeter and more beautiful than flowers. It mingles with all our affections, and sanctifies them. It enters into our family life, and exalts it. It is just that spirit which is at most agreement with everything in us that is best. It is tender, it is gentle, it is familiar, it is domestic. You do not know how to love wife or husband till you have known how to love God. You do not know how to hold the noble affection of friendship till God has taught you how to take him in disinterested love.

To cure a felon, shave the finger so as to nearly start the blood, then apply a poultice made of linseed oil and white lead. It will kill the felon within twenty-four hours, without the additional pain caused by other remedies.

On some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove, to prevent a passenger from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

Stuff for Smiles.

A rustic who witnessed a picture of William Penn in treaty with the Indians, informed his companions: "That 'ere is Benjamin Franklin treating the Injans; I've been under that tree many a time myself."

There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever; some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some there are who have no brains, others very happy ones; some no hearts others very bad ones—but all have a stomach.

A very intelligent lady, riding lately in the rear car of a long train, remarked to her companion that the train seemed to move very slowly; and a moment after added, with most Partingtonian unconscionableness: "But perhaps it is because we are in the last car."

You may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the woman, after you find her happens to be in want of a husband of the same character.

Question for etymologists—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

An English paper says, very ungallantly that chapels are like some women—because there is no living with them.

Artemus Ward says "the ballet girls dance first on one foot and then on 'other, and, between the two they make a good living."

No married people who advertise "No Cards" may be sure to have played all their cards before marriage.

Some irreverent person has discovered that a bald head is like heaven, because there will be no more parting or dying there.

A billiard room is a bad place to get your daily bread, yet they always have a loaf (er), too, there.

It is a great convenience for a doctor to have two patients in the same street, so he can kill two birds with one stone.

Song of the Lark.—We won't go home till morning.

Logical exercise for ladies—jumping to conclusions.

Without the dear ladies, we should be a stag-nation.

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

The following question is now before Sand Lake Society: "Which do women love the best—to be hugged in a polka, or squeezed in a sleigh?"

A little wrong done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; but, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

An impatient boy waiting for the grist, said to the miller, "I could eat the meal as fast as the mill grinds it. 'How long could you do so?' inquired the miller. "Till I starved to death!" was the sarcastic reply.

In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms.

In Massachusetts there is a place called Sanberry, where Mr. Nehemiah Blackberry married Miss Susan Elderberry, a niece of Deacon Dansenberry, of Danberry. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Cranberry, at the house of Mr. Huckleberry.

The following Irish conversation was heard in the streets of St. Louis: "Pat, what do you think of President Johnson?" "Faith, an' he's a good merchant." "How so, Pat?" "Be Jabers! he sold arms to the Fenians, and then sold the Fenians."

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy began begging most pathetically for his release, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" This appeal was too much for the grocerman to stand out against.

Stray Thoughts.

Dobbs says the scarcity of eggs is not owing to a want of punctuality on the part of hens; they are prepared to lay as many eggs as ever, but have no shells to cover them. He, to remedy this defect, proposes feeding hens with India rubber bags for egg covers.

Smikes is down on the resumption of specie payment. He was once cheated with a bad quarter.

A temperance man down East will not eat butter, because it is made of a fermented liquor called milk, it being against his principles to encourage fermentation.

Smikes is down on false teeth for old people. He thinks they eat much food that belongs to the younger generation, and it keeps provisions high.

A scolding woman was lately arrested for carrying a concealed deadly weapon. It was her tongue.

Dickory says he always respects old age, except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.

Mrs. Partington being asked how deep Ike had gone in the oil business replied six hundred feet in one company.

THE GREAT BENEFACTOR.—It is stated that George Peabody, Esq., will sail for Europe on the 1st of May. The picture of the Queen of England, to be presented to Mr. Peabody, is now on board the steamer Scotia. The presentation will be made in Washington—to which city he will at once proceed—by the British minister in person. Ultimately the picture will be placed in a fire-proof room in the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, Massachusetts. This benevolent gentleman, whose generosity has caused his name to be endeared in Europe and the United States, has received an autograph letter from the Empress Eugenie, highly complimenting him for his unexampled liberality to the poor on both sides of the Atlantic, and speaking of him as the great benefactor of humanity.

IF I MAY BE ALLOWED.—Deacon A—, while passing through his lot the other day, stooped down to tie his shoe. A pet ram, which the boys had tamed, among other things, was taught to regard this posture as extremely offensive. He instantly pitched into the old gentleman's undefended rear, and laid him full length in a mud hole. Picking himself up, the deacon discovered the cause of his overthrow standing in all the calmness and dignity of a conscious victor. His rage was boundless, and he saluted him with the energetic language:

"You d—d old rascal!"

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the benign face of the "minister" peeping through the fence, and he instantly added:

"If I may be allowed the expression."

A DEMOCRATIC APPRENTICE.—An Irish stranger, slightly the worse for whiskey got tangled in a political controversy, in a saloon in Trenton, one day last week. He advocated Democracy, with the same volubility of a skeleton. His antagonist finally ventured to remark:

"You don't know what Democracy is!"

"Don't know what Democracy is, ye black Republican spalpeen? I've been in the Ohio State prison for five years, and served in the rebel army for three years, and voted six times in the Sixth Ward, New York, at the last election. Devil a man in the United States has served a better apprenticeship to the Democracy than meself!"

The Radical knocked under and treated the party.

A fellow went to the parish priest and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost.

"When and where?" said the pastor.

"Last night," replied the man; "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall did I behold the spectre."

"In what shape did he appear?" asked the priest.

"In the shape of a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your own shadow."

One who writes from experience says: "Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for me and I have been lending him twenty-five cents a week ever since."

Once after Sheridan had lost at play all the money he had last borrowed, and was passing out into the street, feeling in a very bad humor, he saw a poor fellow stooping down to tie his shoe. So what should he do but kick the man over on his face, with the remark, "Darn you, you are always tying your shoes!"