

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

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

BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. H. Britton, will continue the business at the old stand, where they are daily receiving additions to their stock, which are received from the 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 AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.

Pure Wines and Liquors

FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY.

ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.

Stuffs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles, of every kind, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcoloid and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shields and Shields, Nursing Bottles, &c.

A large supply of

HAT, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES,

Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Dyes, Lavigators, &c., &c. Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c.

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 had over ten years' practical experience in the drug business, he is able to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.

Dr. H. L. H. Britton's Compound Syrup of Tar, on hand and for sale.

A large supply of School Books, Stationery, &c., always on hand.

SUNDAY HOURS

From 10, a. m.,—12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p. m.

Charles H. Britton. A. Musser.

Marietta, October 20, 1866. 111f.

A. LINDSAY, MANUFACTURER & DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES, MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this Borough and neighborhood that he has at this time the largest assortment of City-made boots ever offered in this Borough, amongst which may be named the new style

English Boot, and Globe-Kid Balmorals.

FOR THE LADIES.

A. L. being a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER enables him to select with more judgment than those who are not. He continues to manufacture in the very best manner everything in the BOOT AND SHOE line, which he will warrant for neatness and fit.

Call and examine the new stock before buying elsewhere.

WILLCOX & GIBBS NOTICELESS Family Sewing Machine.

The most simple, complete and easily managed Sewing Machine now in use. It does every description of work—never stops at or needs to be helped over seams, but does all its work rapidly and well. The needle requires no adjustment—you cannot get it in wrong—it makes any width of hem you wish down bravely and beautifully. The Braider is at the foot of every machine and part of it, and is always adjusted, never gets out of place, and is always ready for use.

Call and examine them before purchasing any other, at

H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS,
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square,
Sole Agents for Lancaster County,
Lancaster, February 17, 1866.—1f.

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

HAVING removed to Columbia, would embrace this opportunity of informing his 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 and all left there will be promptly attended to. Marietta, April 1, 1867.—1f.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER, DENTIST, OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY, CITY 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.

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

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity.

OFFICE—In the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. F. Hinkley, Market-st., Marietta.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN! Ely's Gun Caps, Ely's Gun Wads, Dupont's Sporting and Glazed Duck Powder, Ballistone Shot, Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks, all at

MARK THE SEASON! Another arrival of those incomparable Gas Burning Parlor Stoves. Also, THE IMPROVED VULCAN HEATER. Call and see them at J. SPANGLER'S.

A CHOICE Lot of Books for children called
Indestructible Pleasure Books; School and
Paper Books, Stationery, Pens, Pen holders
&c., at

SOMETHING NEW! Patent clasp pocket books, no gum bands to renew, adaptable to any condition of the finance, at JOHN SPANGLER'S.

DR. DANIEL OF AMERICA, for beautifying
the complexion, softening the skin, re-
moving freckles and pimples.
at Dr. Landis' "Golden Mortar."

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.

Nobility.

Who counts himself as nobly born
Is noble in despite of place,
And honors are but bonds to one
Who wears them not with Nature's grace.

The prince may sit with clown or churl,
Nor feel his state disgraced thereby;
But he who has but small esteem
Husbands that little carefully.

Then be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more than art thy own;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly halls?
Those halls have missed a courtly guest;
That mansion is not privileged
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for the lesser claim;
It is not to be destitute,
To have the thing without the name.

Then dost thou come of noble blood,
Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself,
That gentle blood may come of thee.

The Two Partings.

One winter evening many years ago a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come, Emma, called her mother at length, "I am afraid you have forgotten that Mr. B—— is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy flush that stole across the cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass had been, "This is the color which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B——'s evident admiration, turned to her mother saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay late."

Their destination was soon reached; and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, towards its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B—— was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the center of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house, with a smile, offered him a small glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink wine," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned, "no one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass, it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady; "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come, James, you will take just this one glass?"

"No, Emma," he answered, with a painful effort. "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change

ma, with an angry flash of her dark eye; "now take your choice."

"I must bid you good bye, then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said, sorrowfully; "I would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man, standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away, Mr. B—— was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man with whom he was slightly acquainted came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employ who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop that, Mr. B——," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B——, partially relenting, "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed and the work not being returned, Mr. B—— sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

Mr. B——'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and from the sick woman lying in a room, bare of furniture, while the children sitting by the bed-side, were crying for bread.

A few kind words and a promise of something to eat, soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. B——, can you forgive me?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Don't you remember Emma F——? Don't you remember me offering you the wine at the party, and your refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B—— could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl, from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir, in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir, but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself; as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment. "Good bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies who are accustomed to press young gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of the drunkard's wife.

Early in the war, when all were more or less green in the war business, an "officer of the day" reported to Gen. Rosecrans that he had arrested an officer for some irregularity. "What did you do with him?" "Put him in the guard-house." "You can't put a commissioned officer in the guard-house!" said Rosecrans excitedly. "Yes, sir," said Green. "But it is contrary to the regulations; I don't care what the regulations say; he's there, any-how!" was the conclusive reply.

A teacher said to a little girl at school; "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, would you not?" "Yes, mar, if I couldn't

Unfortunate—Very.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and who considered himself exceedingly good looking and fascinating, made a deadly onslaught on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady in the same family with him. After a prolonged siege the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday, in the morning. The same afternoon the young wife sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a beautiful little daughter aged three years and a half.

"Good heavens! then you were a widow?" exclaimed the student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have my dear children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too full for utterance. The "other little darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear they had a new papa, because they could now live at home, and have all the playthings they wanted. The "new papa," as soon as he could manage to speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother; "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—his complexion, temperament, the color of his hair and eyes—all different!"

This was too much: He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astonished stepfather of four children.

But the fortune, thought he; that will make amends: He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures," said she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was quite out of the Mißbegnadeter, who, finding he had made a complete goose of himself, retired to a farm in his own native State, where he could have a chance of making "his" boys useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practised upon him by their mother.

DROPPING THE "H."—A schoolmaster was hearing one of his pupils read, and the boy, when he came to the word "honor," pronounced it full; the master told him it should be pronounced with out the H, as thus, "onor."

"Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future."

"Ay," said the master, "always drop the H."

The next morning, the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his vocation made him wait till it was cold; when, addressing the same boy, he told him to take it to the fire and heat it.

"Yes, sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, he ate it.

Presently the master called for his muffin.

"I have eaten it as you bade me," replied the boy.

"Eat it, you scoundrel! I bade you take it to the fire and heat it!"

"But, sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."

READY TO BE COURTED.—A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions and presents, a bunch of feathers and several yards of red flannel." This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions." He had, visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather; a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen conch shells." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy: "Now I'm ready to be courted again!"

The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day; out of lives; the boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn his art, he will miss his enjoyment

Honor Thy Parents.

As a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy, about ten years of age, was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter, they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Then why do you do it?"

"They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked at them so kindly that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started in his eyes,

"Oh, we love them, sir!"

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents lie because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition as children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honor their memory, by doing those things which you knew would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on plans of usefulness.

PARTY PREJUDICE.—A good anecdote is told of a countryman from New York, who was visiting Washington at the time when Mr. Van Buren was Vice President. He was a red hot democrat, and of course held Mr. Van Buren in the highest reverence. He sat in the circular gallery of the Senate, gazing at the Vice President with a mingled feeling of awe and State pride, when suddenly a tall and manly form appeared at the side of the hall, and beckoned to Mr. Van Buren. There was little business doing; and the Vice President, calling a Senator to the chair, joined the person mentioned, when both seated themselves on the sofa, snuffing from the same box; the hand of the Vice President was laid playfully upon the knee of the other, and ever and anon a hearty laugh would escape them, showing that, whatever might be the topic, it was agreeable to both.

"Is that Mr. Calhoun with the Vice President?" said his country friend to a person near him.

"No, sir."

"Is it General Wall?"

"No, sir."

"Why, that is Mr. Clay."

"Mr. Clay!" almost shrieked the man, "and does Mr. Van Buren speak to him? Rot me if ever I vote for him again!"

And the fellow stalked from the hall firmly believing the country was lost.

The Smithfield Times tells another story illustrative of the old saw that "the course of true love never did run smooth." A young couple in Smithfield had laid a plan to outwit the vigilance of cruel parents, and elope. The Times tells the secret thus: The youth stood beneath the window—the lady attempted to climb out—when, oh! horror, some one detained her from the rear! "Why don't you not come, gentle Amelia?" She answered in an agitated voice, "I can't, Bill, mam's got hold on my tilters."

A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend who had been "jilted" by a fickle beauty in favor of the Duke of Devonshire, and he concluded his story thus in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow, he never got over it! No, sir, it was the death of him!" and then, after a pause of much pathos, he added, with a faltering voice, "he did not live fifteen years after it!"

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady, who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

In a Hurry to get Married.

A few days since, a man in his shirt sleeves, rushed into the clerk's office, Rome, N. Y., and requested a marriage license. The deputy informed him that he must apply to the probate judge.

"Stranger," said he, "if you'll show me where that are, I'll give you a shillin' and I'm in a hurry."

When next heard of, he was with his intended before a justice, who inquired why he did not go home, put on his coat and be married like a gentleman.

"Shaw, squire!" said he; "it don't make the least bit of difference, and if I go to the boat after my coat, I may lose the gal.—There's two fellers wants her, and she don't care which she has!"

The "silken cord that bound two willing hearts" was tied, the bride informing the squire that he needn't have said the part about putting asunder, because there wasn't no danger of that.

The squire took his fee and said: "I hope you have a good wife."

"Well, he has," responded the bride.

"And," added the bridegroom, "I calculate I am pooty well to do in the world. I'm captain of a canal boat, and she's going to be head cook; and if you'll come aboard, squire, I'll astonish you with a warm meal."

Whether the squire ever got his "warm meal" is uncertain. It is a positive fact however, that the bridegroom completely astonished him.

THE BIBLE.—Some writer gives the following analysis of the book of books, the Bible:

It is a book of laws; it shows the right and wrong.

It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors.

It is the book of life, and shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic history ever published.

It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences.

It is a code of laws.

It is a perfect body of divinity.

It is an unequalled narrative.

It is a book of biography.

It is a book of travels.

It is a book of voyages.

It is a book of the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written.

It is the best will ever executed, the best testament ever signed.

It is the young man's best companion.

It is the school boy's instructor.

It is the learned man's masterpiece.

A revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he: "Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with: "Did you say you had fount the British and Injuns?"

"Yes, sir." "Did you say you slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?" "I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?" "Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly. "Well, then," said the tearful sovereign, "I guess I'll vote for 't'other chap, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country!"

A GENEROUS YOUTH.—"Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more— "Sally, before we go into this museum to see the benefactors I want to ask you something."

"Well, Tchabod, what is it?"

"Well, you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter apiece, and a cap't effort to spend so much for nothing. Now, if you'll hey, me, darned ef I don't pay the hull on't myself, I will."

"A woman is at the bottom of all mischief," said Joe. "Yes," said Frank, "and when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a looking-glass.