

# The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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## 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 FRESH AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED. Pure Wines and Liquors FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY, ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES. One Shells of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Extracts, Alcohols and Resinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shells and Slides, Nursing Bottles, &c. A large supply of HAT, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES. Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Sops, Combs, Hair Dyes, Ligators, &c.; Gold and Silver Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c. Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and promptly compounded all hours of the day and night, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmacist, who will pay especial attention to this branch of the business. Having had over ten years practical experience in the drug business, he is well qualified to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm. H. Hinkle's Compound Syrup of Tart, 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. Ill.

## 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 Polish Boot, and Gumbo-Hid 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. He will call and examine the new stock before he orders it.

## WILCOX & GIBBS Family Sewing Machine.

The most simple, compact 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 work rapidly and well. The needle requires no adjustment—you cannot get it in or out—it moves with a width of hem you wish—does braiding beautifully. The Braider is the foot of every machine and part of it, and is always adjusted, never gets out of place, and will call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere. H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS, Corner North Queen street and Centre Square, Sole Agents for Lancaster County. Lancaster, February 17, 1866.-lf.

## F. Hinkle, 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 Stensel. Any one left there will be promptly attended to. Marietta, April 1, 1867.-lf.

## DR. J. Z. HOFFER, DENTIST.

OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY, LANE 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 Spangler & Eich's Store, second floor, MARIETTA, PA.

## 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.

## ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!

Eley's Gun Caps, Eley's Gun Wads, Eley's Sporting and Glazed Duck Powder, Eley's Shot; Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks &c. JOHN SPANGLER'S.

## 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.

## CHOICE Lot of Books for children called

Indestructible Pleasure Books; School and Copy Books, Stationery, Pens, Pen holders &c. DR. LANDIS.

**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.

**From the Chester Valley Union.** A Hundred Years to Come. Oh, where will be our cherished ones, A hundred years to come, Our fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, A hundred years to come? Oh, where the throngs that tread the earth, Of humble homes and royal birth, Now filled with free and joyous mirth, A hundred years to come? No trace of these will'er be seen, A hundred years to come, Of prints to tell where they have been, A hundred years to come? The friends of earth whom we adore Will all have seen life's journey o'er— Their voices shall be heard no more, A hundred years to come. Where, where will be the warriors brave, A hundred years to come, Who raised their arms on land to save, A hundred years to come? Both friend and foe, of human dread, Shall sink into oblivion's bed, And all be numbered with the dead, A hundred years to come? Our land shall be by others trod, A hundred years to come, And other feet shall tread the sod, A hundred years to come! The groups that with pleasure meet, And joyfully each other greet, Shall never more kind words repeat, A hundred years to come! We, all shall slumber in the tomb, A hundred years to come, And dwell in their eternal home, A hundred years to come! Both king and peasant, rich and poor, Those whom we shun and whom adore, Shall all be hushed for evermore, A hundred years to come.

**For the Mariettian.** Liquor Meters. The gigantic frauds perpetrated in the evasion of the tax on distilled liquors, have led to the invention of a Meter that will accurately register every gallon of liquor that passes through the worm of the still. With this precautionary arrangement, the frauds will diminish and the revenue from that source be greatly increased. But a plethoric treasury, produced by tolerating a business so deleterious to the general welfare, is simply present gain at future loss. Every gallon of liquor drunk whether in raw whiskey or any of its adulterations, is so much excessive wear upon vitality, so much toward the undermining of the foundations of national greatness, for as a Nation's manhood declines, all that is noble and good in its possession passes away. Individual ruin is the most pernicious type of national loss. Man's productive labor is of two-fold value. It is remunerative to the individual, and increases the wealth of others. The utilizing of a waterpower to the propelling of a factory, benefits the proprietors and enhances the value of the surrounding property, by affording a home market for various products, while in the production of any substance that is in itself injurious, there is a waste of material that would serve a useful purpose. Such as the conversion of grain into liquor, which is a calamity that influences the price of every loaf of bread that is bought or sold to feed the hungry. The ruinous policy of legalizing a vice for the gains by taxation, is sadly demonstrated in the profligacy that pervades the German States that licensed gambling houses. The fable of the goose that laid a golden egg every day whose owner killed it to obtain them all at once, is applicable to the law making power that encourages personal suicide, for immediate gain at the expense of future impoverishment. A man in an adjoining county had a productive chestnut tree, to gather the fruit of which he cut it down. This act was no more foolish than the sacrifice of human productivity, for the enrichment of the public coffers. As liquor cannot benefit the system, the use of it is a fraud upon the powers of life. If human ingenuity could invent a meter that would exhibit the extent of injury done by this fraud, it would astonish the most zealous opponents of its use, to see the disparity of results, that would be exhibited by the two meters. In the scale of comparison would be seen a few millions of dollars, obtained at the sacrifice of health, happiness and virtue, causing the destitution of families, suffering of women and children, and the commission of every form of crime. It would be shameful mockery to tell that wife who is sorrow stricken, that the liquor which transformed her husband into a demon, and caused him to commit crime, was a great source of National wealth, could she not hurl back your sneers by charging with you having furnished the weapon that caused her misfortune and there manifested the short-sighted wisdom of spending more money in the trial and conviction of one victim of strong drink than is derived from the tax of what is consumed by twenty inebriates. As a question of political economy alone, the prosperity of the nation demands the suppression of this monster evil. B. S.

**THE "DANDY-TRAP."**—In New Orleans the pavements rest on a cushion of water, whose thickness varies with the amount of the last rain fall. The sand is soon washed out from between the bricks, and the latter then lie loosely in position, with the side gaps between them. Fancy now that you have dressed yourself very elaborately for dinner, or for a select tea party; let us say in white drill or some light cassimere, your boots are as immaculate as Warren's best can make them. You feel that you are creating a sensation even in the street, and are fondly anticipating the triumph of the drawing-room, when suddenly you step on one of these pitfalls, and realize, with painful intensity, the exquisite fitness of the sobriquet. In the twinkling of an eye a cascade of dirty water has spirited up over all your glittering parterialia, and reduced you at one fell gush to a state of hope less unrepresentability. A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were setting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap; "Thank you, but I never eat anything during the night."

## A Ghost Story Analyzed.

A house in Milwaukee has been haunted in a particular chamber since the death of a child, who, as gossips said, had died from parental neglect. The parents left the house immediately after the death of the child, giving as a reason, that the associations with their lost child were so sad that they preferred a change of residence. Another tenant came in, and the sleeper in that room was startled at night by the pattering of little feet overhead, by low moans, and now and then a night would be made more terrible by an unearthly whistle. The house became tenanted and the curious flocked to the haunted chamber. The landlord felt the necessity of retrieving the character of his house, and he himself moved into it, he occupying the haunted chamber. The first night passed without any ghostly manifestations, and the second night he went to bed more courageous than ever. But noises were heard, and he, not daring to move, lay in terror until morning. He related his experience to a neighbor who had more sense than most of his neighbors, and who proposed an investigation. The Milwaukee Sentinel gives the result: Search was had, and the discovery made that a couple of doves had their cot in the garret, on which was no floor. These doves there did their cooing and billing—hence the moans; the doves trotted around on the plastering—hence the pattering of little feet; the doves flapped their wings—hence the sound of winged monsters; and the doves displaced particles of plaster that rattled down the room sides. But the whistle.—Whence came that melancholy sound? Further search discovered a child's whistle used to fasten a rattling window—hence occasionally, when the wind blew, the whistle whistled; and that is the end of the ghost story.

**WATCHING THE STARS.**—Quite an amusing incident took place some time ago in a town about three miles and a half east from here, toward the rising sun. It appears a young man had been paying some attention to a young lady, but had only ventured home as far as the gate till last week, when carried away with the excitement he ventured to step inside, after being assured by the fair dame that all would be right. Having for a while quite anxiously waited for the first star to shoot, the old gentleman of the establishment stepped into the parlor, and looked over his spectacles at the surprised couple, but before any questions were asked, the young lady spoke up and says: "Pa, we are waiting to see the stars shoot!" "Yes, well you are, hey? well go to bed and I'll sit up with this young man, when the stars shoot." "I'll tell yer, replied the interesting parent. The lady retired, casting a side glance at the father as she did so. The young man sat a while quietly without speaking, when he got up and looking out of the window, remarked, "he didn't think the stars would shoot after all; and guessed he'd go. The young man says he shan't very soon forget watching for the stars to shoot, and most of all he was afraid, after the gal went to bed that the darned things would shut.—Exchange.

## GRAVEYARD GAS.—A brilliant idea.

It seems a serious thing to make "light" of death, yet a practical Frenchman proposes to literally accomplish this feat. His theory (advanced through the medium of La Gazette Medicale de Lyons) is that all dead bodies of human beings are at present wasted, when they might as well be utilized by distillation into gas, to be used for illuminating purposes. He remarks:—"Coal is being exhausted, and since the human carcass is capable of supplying a gas of good illuminating power, why should it not be employed to this end? In India the idea is already realized. By a process of combustion in retorts a corpse of common dimensions may be made to yield twenty-five cubic metres of illuminating gas, which, at a cost of twenty-five centimes per cubic metre, would give a value of about eight francs for a body of ordinary size."

## TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.—

Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pounds of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of the spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this mixture, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water, and applied daily with a soft brush, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, arrests decay, induces a healthy action of the gums, and makes the teeth pearly white.

## Giving Joy to a Child.

Blessed be the hand that prepared a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kindhearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers that were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage. He was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the whole week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver or the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

## HOW TO HAVE MEALY POTATOES.—

It is difficult to get good potatoes, and harder still to get them cooked so that they may come upon the table mealy and fit to eat. At this season of the year, particularly, and until the new crop comes, almost all potatoes when boiled are apt to be water soaked and soggy, and we assure the lovers of this excellent will thank us for giving them a receipt for having mealy potatoes every day in the year,—not a fancy one made to order for a cook book, but one that has stood and will stand the test of constant practice. It is very simple, and involves only a slight increase of trouble and labor over the ordinary method of cooking. Pare the raw potatoes and let them stand an hour or so in a basin of water in which a pinch of salt has been added. Boil quickly, when done, drain off the water carefully, and replace the potatoes upon the stove, in the same vessel in which they were cooked, to dry for five or ten minutes. When ready to serve, take each potato and squeeze it, gently,—but not enough to destroy the form,—in a dry napkin, and place immediately on the table. The squeezing in the napkin takes out all the water and leaves the potatoes that were before wet and heavy, dry, mealy and delicious.

## LYING TO CHILDREN.—

The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasions that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance stated in his life by Dr. Gregory: Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour and said to the lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my night cap and lay down beside her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, madam, but do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh, dear, no, I should be shocked at such a thing!" "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her; children are very quick observers, and quickly learn that which assumes to be and is not, is a lie whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness that precluded offence; yet with seriousness that could not be forgotten.

## LOVE'S STRATAGEM.—

A funny story is going the rounds in Paris: A lady in the first society was recently obliged to dismiss her nurse on account of an excess of firemen and private soldiers too often repeated. After choosing as a successor to this criminal a very pretty girl, the lady explaining why the first was sent away, enjoined it on the second not to do likewise. She admitted that she shouldn't. "I can endure a great deal," said the lady, "but soldiers about my kitchen I won't endure." After a week or eight days, the lady came one morning into the kitchen, opened a cupboard, and discovered a youthful military character, "Oh, ma'am!" cried the frightened girl, "I give you my word I never saw that soldier before in my life; he must have been one of the old ones left over by the other girl!"

## A clergyman gave a toast that

was not very gallant, at a late fireman's celebration:—"Our fire engines—may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

## Stuff for Smiles.

**KISSES BETWEEN WOMEN.**—Quill says, when he sees kisses between women it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good-for-nothing that way.

## HOW TO HAVE HOT WATER ALWAYS IN THE HOUSE.—

Let your wife find out you visit another woman, and you will never afterwards be out of hot water. N. B.—This is infallible.

## Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their bills.

## What is the greatest bet ever made? The alphabet.

A young lady must make a hit if she would not be a miss.

## Why is a shirt front like a bridge? Because it looks best-arched.

A man in this place has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

## Why are our fingers particularly reliable in case of a breakage? Because they are always on hand with nails.

Bury your troubles, but don't linger around the graveyard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

## "Now, then, my hearties?" said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone; then—run. I'm a little lame and I'll start now."

"Tommy, my son," said a fond mother "do you say your prayers night and morning?" "Yes, that is, nights; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the day time."

## Two young ladies, a short time since, well-known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress.

"And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit! as if I had been melted and poured in."

## "You would be pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger."

"My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

## A swell, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, "Make them cover the calf!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the astonished boot maker, surveying his customer from head to foot: "I have not leather enough."

## A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes one being black and the other a light hazel.

"It is lucky for you replied his friend; "for if your eyes had been matches your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

## A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance.

"You are guilty of flattery, said the young lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge."

## "At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

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

## Once at a coronation scene, a person who was impressed with the majesty of human sovereignty, said to a gentleman beside him, "Our Emperor is very great."

The gentleman replied, "But God is greater." "Yes," said the sycophant, "but our Emperor is young yet."

## Young ladies should beware if they would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance:—

"Late hours, large criminal, tight corsets, confectionary, hot bread, cold draughts, pastry, décolleté dress, modern novels, furnace registers, easy carriages, late suppers, thin shoes, fear of knowledge, nibbling between meals, ill temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old."

## The latest style of bonnet has just made its appearance. It is called the "Reverend Cutter," and consists of a two cent internal revenue stamp, worn on the head and tied under each ear with a horse hair. It presents a very pretty appearance at a distance, and must be very comfortable at this season of the year.

An Irishman who was troubled with the toothache, determined to have the old offender extracted, but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself, where upon he filled the cavity with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, and then ran around the corner to get out of the way.