

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 43.

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.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

AS 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, Aromatic and Fluid Extracts, Alcoholic and Resinoids, all the best Tonics, Abdominal Supportors, Shoulder Braces, Breast Pumps, Nipple Shields and Shields, Nursing Bottles, A large supply of

HAT, HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.

Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Combs, Hair Dyes, Invigorators, &c.; Coal Oil, Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c. Physicians supplied at reasonable rates. Medicines 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, we can 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. 114.

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 work ever offered in this Borough, amongst which may be named the new-style

Polish 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 SEWING MACHINES.

Family Sewing Machine.

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

H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS,
Corner North Queen street and Centre Square,
Sole Agents for Lancaster County.
Lancaster, February 17, 1866.-11.

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 1, 1867.-11.

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.

G. W. Worrall, Surgeon Dentist.

MARKET STREET, ADJOINING
Spangler & Riehl'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,
Dapont's Sporting and Glazed Duck Powder,
Baltimore Shot; Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks
old at
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.

A CHOICE Lot of Books for children called Instructional Pleasure Books; School and Familiar Shot; Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks &c., at DR. LANDIS'.

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

RHAMEL OF AMERICA, for beautifying the complexion, softening the skin, re- moving tan, freckles and pimples. Sale 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, Lan-
caster 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 col-
umns, ten cents a line; general adver-
tisements seven cents a line for the first
insertion, and for every additional in-
sertion, four cents. A liberal deduc-
tion 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 estab-
lishment to execute every description of
Plain and Fancy Printing, from the
smallest card to the largest poster, at
short notice and reasonable rates.

A Snake in the Grass.

BY JOHN G. SAKER.

Come, listen to me, my lad,
Come, listen to me, my lad,
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed.

I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to the tavern, my lad,
He went to the tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and such,
The chap got exceedingly "right,"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad,
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about great horrid snakes!

'Tis a warning to you, and to me, my lad,
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The viper but he—
To hear the poor lunatic howl,
"How they crawl
All over the floor and the wall."

The next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my
lad,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class!
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass.

THE LAST TIME.—There will be, dear
reader, a last time to us with all things
earthly—a last time to speak of the
goodness of God, and urging sinners to
come to this fountain of life.

A last time we shall have of speaking to
a beloved brother or sister, or kind
father or mother, it may be, who knows
not as yet the blessedness of religion.

A last time the Sabbath school teach-
er will have of appearing before his
class.

A last prayer the Christian will offer,
a last hymn of praise he will sing.

There will be, to the sinner a last
time—a last time of attending the pray-
er-meeting, a last prayer he will hear of-
fered for his salvation. A last sermon,
a last Sabbath that will ever dawn upon
him.

There is to be, there must be a last
time to all these privileges which we
now enjoy.

Do we rightly consider these blessings?
The present is ours; it may be our last.
Let us wisely improve each day and mo-
ment, as though indeed it were our last,
then shall we be prepared for the un-
known future.

The following purports to be a
model medical puff: "Dear Doctor, I
shall be one hundred and seventy-five
years old next October. For over eighty-
four years I have been an invalid, un-
able to step except when moved by a
lever. But a year ago, I heard of the
Granular syrup. I bought a bottle,
smelt the cork, and found myself a new
man. I can now run twelve miles and a
half in an hour, and throw thirteen som-
ersaults without stopping."

Almost every young lady is pub-
licly excited enough to have her father's

Remembrance of the Dead.

They tell us—don't they?—that one
of the mercifullest dispensations of
Providence is our facility for forgetting
—the ease and quickness with which
we get over things. To me it seems
that what points out the sting of every
grief, is the thought that a time will
come when we shall grieve no more.

It is terrible enough, God wot, for a
person to drop out of our lives; but to
drop out of our hearts too! Ah, poor
dead ones! is not that hard? As long
as their memory is with us fresh and
green—as long as it lives with us, as
they themselves lived with us, coming
in and going out, in the house and in
the street, in talk and in silence, on Sun-
days and on week-days—so long as we
do seem to keep a little portion of them
with us, they do not seem quite gone
away from us. But the same thing hap-
pens to us all. Strive and resolve as we
may to keep our sorrow fresh, and new,
and glossy, it is all to no purpose; it
grows insensibly old, and stale, and shab-
by, like the grape around our hats. Have
not you, oh friends, before now, seeing
some acquaintance who had just issued
out of a great tribulation, laughing and
talking, apparently unchanged—have not
you said within yourselves, how unfeel-
ing he is! how different I should be!
And lo! the apple of your eye is taken
away from you, and in a week or two
you also are laughing and talking—the
river of your life flows on smooth, un-
ruffled, as if that new made grave were
razed out of creation.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is true to
a certain extent of all of us. We cannot
be always thinking of what we never
see; that it is the very thing that makes
it so difficult for us to rest our minds on
heaven, and heaven's high King. We
cannot see them, and so we but feebly,
transiently realize them. The people we
see, who talk to us, and we to them,
whom we can hear, and touch, and feel,
gradually fill more and more of that va-
cant space; the overpowering force of
time saps our woe, as a little wave,
splashing through long ages, wears and
hollows at last the great granite rock.
But oh! we don't forget, really! I don't
mean you to think that. The wound
heals over slightly; we could not walk
about with great gaping gashes. The
world's work could not get done if we
did; but beneath the surface that looks
all fair and even, there is a great dull
ache going on always—a ache that takes
the taste of our life's savory meats, and
makes us call short day all too long.

Troy, N. Y.

MARRIAGE AND OCCASION.—An essay of warning and instruction for young men; also, Diseases and Abuses which prematurely pro- strate the Vital Powers, with sure means of relief. Sent free of charge, in sealed letter envelopes. Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOOPER, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. [July 1, '66]-11.

S. S. RATHVON, Merchant Tailor, and Clothier,

At F. J. Kramph's Old Stand, on the Cor-
ner of North Queen and Orange
Streets, Lancaster, Penn'a.

GRATEFUL to the Citizens of Marietta and vicinity, for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, the undersigned respec- tfully solicits a continuance of the same; as- suring them, that under all circumstances, no effort will be spared in rendering a satisfactory equivalent for every act of confidence reposed in him. He has a large stock of Clothes, Cassimeres, &c. a VESTRONE, and such other reasonable materials as fashion and the market furnishes, constantly kept on hand, and manufactured to order, promptly, and rea- sonably, as taste or style may suggest.

Also,—READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
and such articles as usually belong to a Mer-
chant Tailoring and Clothing establishment.

UNIVERSITY JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Medicine, Surgery,
Physiology, Hygiene, and General Litera-
ture, devoted to the Profession and the public.
The charge is \$1.00 per annum in advance.

FORWARDS AT A SINGLE BLOW.—"I find," said a shrewd merchant, "I make most money when I am least anxious about it." There is practical philosophy in this remark. Caution, prudence, sagacity, and deliberation are all necessary to business success. Some men, it is true, get rich suddenly, but the great majority do not, and cannot. Bonaparte once said, "I have no idea of a merchant acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow." Such for- tunes too often vanish suddenly.

To make a whitewash that will not
rub off, mix up half a pailful of lime and
water ready for whitewashing; make a
starch of half a pint of flour and pour it
into the whitewash while hot; stir it
well and it is ready for use.

If you trade with a Yankee, steal his
jack knife fast; for if he gets to whit-

The Power of Woman.

Whatever may be the customs and
laws of a country, the women of it decide
the morals. They reign because they
hold possession of our affections. But
their influence is more or less salutary,
according to the degree of esteem which
is granted them. Whether they are our
idols or companions, the reaction is
complete, and they make us as they are
themselves. It seems as if nature con-
nected our intelligence with their dignity,
as we connect our morality with their
virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eter-
nal justice; man cannot degrade women
without himself falling into degradation;
he cannot raise them without himself
becoming better. Let us cast our eyes
over the globe and observe two great
divisions of the human race, the east and
the west. One half of the ancient world
remain without progress or thought and
under the load of a barbarous cultivation,
women are serfs. The other half advance
toward freedom and light, the women
are loved and honored.

A POCINKER JOKE.—A good story is
told of a Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, Ken-
tucky:

Mr. Sayre lisps a little, and a good
joke is told of him, the better for its
truth. Some years since an overseer of
one of his farms told him he needed some
hogs on his place. Said Mr. Sayre:

"Very well, go and buy four or five
thousand and pigs right away, and put
them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and
that without questioning, asked:

"Shall I take the money with me to
purchase with?"

"No, this! I pay them all. They
don't care—I'll pay them, or give you
the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went his way, and in
two weeks returned, when the following
conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't get that
many pigs—I have ridden all over the
country, all about, and can buy but be-
tween eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigh! Who
told you to buy that many pigh? Are
you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks
since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigh! I never
told you any such a thing."

"But you did—you told me to go out
and buy four or five thousand pigs!"

"I didn't do no thunch thing! I told
you to go and buy four or five thousand
and their little pigs, and you have done
it I should say."

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell next fall.

TRUE RELIGION IS PLEASANT.—One of the great avenues to success in religion consists in making it pleasant, and being pleasant yourself, and acting in such a way as to explode the old notion that a thing is dull in proportion as it is good, and that a thing is good in proportion as it is stiff, and hard, and narrowing; and that a man with a lugubrious face, bringing midnight to children, was a great deal more apt to produce deep emotions than anybody else. Gaiety and humor, and genial ways, tend also to deep affections and moral earnestness. It is the spirit not only, but the express declaration of sacred writ, that we are not only to do men good, but that we are to see to it that, in doing good, it is not done harshly, or at the expense of suffering. We are to do them good, if possible, in the pleasantest way. We are to make religion pleasant to them.

A Bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions, met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why I do read my Bible, sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apos- tles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine so they went fishing instead."

They have a patriarch in Taunton,
Mass., who says that he once raised a
flock of wild ducks from a pond, when
he took aim at them with his gun and
fired. They flew away with much clam-
or, and surprised to find that none of
them dropped, he examined the field of
battle. He picked up four bushels of
legs. There is a touch of pathos in the
old man's voice as he added: "I fired too
low."

A philosopher being asked what was
the first thing necessary toward winning
the love of a woman, answered, "An op-

"Too Much Ditto."—In a small vil- lage in New England, lived an old chap, who, though very wealthy, did not pos- sess a good education, as also did not his wife. He purchased much of his household goods at a dry-goods and gro- cery store in the village and at the end of the year the bill was presented for payment. On one occasion in looking it over, he observed that the word "ditto" occurred frequently. On reaching home he said to his wife:

"What have you been doing with so
much ditto this year?" showing her how
it stood on the bill. "I haven't bought
any" and what have you been doing with
so much?"

"I haven't had a bit," she replied.

"You must have had it," he returned,
"for M. always deals honestly by me,
and here it is on the bill. You can see
for yourself."

"I don't care if it is; I haven't had
any, and M. has cheated you; I always
said he would."

"Well, then, I must see about it," he
replied. So he trudged back to the
store.

"Look here M., what do you mean
charging me with so much ditto? I
haven't had any, and my wife says she
hasn't."

M. bit his lip and politely explained.
When the old gentleman returned
home, his wife inquired if he had found
out about the 'ditto.'

"Yes," said he; "I have found out
that I was a great fool, and you was a
'ditto.'"

SIR.—There was a knot of sea cap-
tains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper
of which had just bought a barrel of black
pepper. Old Captain _____, of Salem,
came in, and seeing the pepper, took up
a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that
for? It's half peas," said he to the store-
keeper.

"Peas! there isn't a pea in it," re-
plied the storekeeper.

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he
appealed to the company. They all
looked at it, and plunged their heads into
the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and
then gave it as their universal opinion
that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the captain,
again scooping up a handful; "and I'll
bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the
world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing
to the word 'P-e-p-p-e-r,' painted on the
side of the barrel; "if it isn't half p's,
then I'm no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.—"When I was
a boy," said an old man, "we had a
schoolmaster who had an odd way of
catching idle boys. One day he called
out to us:

"Boys, I must have closer attention
to your books. The first one of you that
sees another boy idle I want you to in-
form me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah, thought I to myself," there is
Joe Simpson, that I don't like. I'll
watch him, and if I see him look off his
book, I'll tell. It was not long before
I saw Joe look off his book, and I imme-
diately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know
he was idle?"

"I saw him, said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your
book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and never watched for
idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our
own conduct, we shall have no time to
find fault with the conduct of others.

FOR SUNDAY.—The following is to be read every Sabbath morning, just before starting to church:

"Mary do you remember the text this
morning?" "No papa, I never can re-
member the text; I've such a bad mem-
ory." "Mary," said her mother, "did
you notice Susan Brown?" "Oh, yes,
what a fright! She had on her last
years bonnet, done up; a pea green silk,
a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an
imitation of a Honiton collar, a lava
bracelet, her old ear drops, and such a
fun! Oh my!" Mother—"Well my
dear, your memory is improving."

A lady was examining an applicant
for the office of "maid of all work," when
she asked her if she could scour tiwars
with alacerty. "No, ma'am," replied
Mary, "I allus scour 'em with sand."

Refusing to pay your printer's
bills and robbing a hen roost are the
same thing in Dutch, only a little differ-
ently expressed.

The last case of jealousy, is that
of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea-
man, and married the shore.

Stuff for Smiles.

Why is a woman mending her stock-
ings deformed? Because her hands are
where her feet ought to be.

A wicked paragraphist thinks "stuff-
ing" in this country develops the fair
as well as the fowl.

"Of she goes," said Mr. Smith to his
spouse, as they started by the railway.

"You are wrong," said Mrs. Smith,
"for this is the mail train."

"Sam, why am members of de Con-
gress like de fishes?" "I don't meddle
with the subject" Pomp. "Why, don't
you see, dey's so fond of debate."

Carlyle, in his advice to young men,
says: "If you doubt whether to kiss a
pretty girl, give her the benefit of the
doubt."

"One might have heard a pin fall,"
is a proverbial expression of silence;
but it has been eclipsed by the French
phrase: "You might have heard the
unfolding of a lady's cambric handker-
chief."

It is stated that a sexton of a fashion-
able church in New York, has sold two
bushels of "bugle trimming," found in the
pews and aisles, during the last season.
It is to be sorted and used again.

"The easiest way to get a living,"
says a vagabond poet, "is to sit on a
gate and wait for good luck. In case
good luck don't come along, you are no
worse off than you were before."

We have heard of the witty reply of a
slave who had stolen and eaten one of
his master's turkeys, when he was accus-
ed of the crime. He replied, saying that
"massa's property only changed form;
he has less turkey, but more ginger."

There is an old story that a Jew while
indulging in a morsel of forbidden
food, (pork) was overtaken by a terrific
thunder storm, and that, as the thunder
roared, and the lightning flashed around,
he exclaimed: "Flesh my soul, vot a
pothar about a lattle pit of pork!"

"How is your son to-day?" asked a
friend of a stock broker. "Very ill,"
replied the old gentleman, struggling to
maintain composure, tears coursing
down his cheeks; "very ill—I would
not give ten per cent. for his chance for
life."

"Pa, didn't you whip me for biting
Tommy?"

"Yes; my child, you hurt him very
much."

"Well, then, pa, you ought to whip
mamma's music teacher, too, for he bit
mamma right in the mouth, and I know
it hurt her for she put her arms around
his neck and tried to choke him."

"As I was going," said an Irishman,
"over Westminster bridge the other day,
I met Pat Hewins, says I 'how are you?'"
"Pretty well, I thank you, Donley," says
he. Says I, "that's not my name." "Faith
and no more is my name Hewins," says
he. So we looked at each other, and
faith it turned out to be neither of us."

A young lawyer, who had long paid
court to a lady without much advancing
his suit, accused her one day of being
insensible to the power of love. "It
does not follow," she archly replied,
"that I am so because I am not to be
won by the power of attorney." "For-
give me," replied the suitor, "but you
should remember that all the votaries of
Cupid are solicitors."

A political convention in New Eng-
land several years ago nominated a quiet
well-to-do farmer for the office of Lieut-
enant-Governor. The nominee gra-
ciously received the committee