

THE WEEKLY MARIETTIAN.

The Local Mariettian.

Saturday, September 8, 1860.

In the haste and confusion of last week, we neglected to insert the name of BARN SPANGLER, Esq., as one of the Vice Presidents of the Lincoln Club.—Mr. S. is one of the most decided and energetic Lincoln-men in our vicinity.

Mr. Barr will exhibit his Magic Lantern exhibition in the Town Hall, this evening. These scenes are highly interesting and we hope to see a well-filled house. Mr. B. proposes exhibiting in Maytown on Monday evening.

Nagle's Railroad Hotel has just received a re-touch in the way of a new coat of paint—lead color—and the addition of new venetian shutters on the second and third stories are, we are told, to follow, which will greatly improve the external appearance of the hotel. We are glad to be able to chronicle these improvements in our town.

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The Lancaster Express, speaking of the new depot in that city says: The various departments of the new depot are nearly completed, and will be ready for the occupancy of their respective tenants on Monday. Mr. Youngman, the ticket agent, has taken possession of his department, and with his familiar and ever pleasant face the new office looks like an old acquaintance. In fact, if he were not there, hundreds of railroad travelers would doubt whether this was the Lancaster station or not, the traveling public having been accustomed to see him in that responsible position for over a quarter of a century—ever since the railroad was built.

A pedestrian named Buckley has been amusing the Pittsburgers by performing the feat of walking one thousand miles in as many consecutive hours. They supposed everything was going on right until Buckley had a falling out with his agent, who stated that the pedestrian had frequently refreshed himself with five hours sleep at a time, when no visitors were in attendance. This same "Tom Buckley" gave a "walking entertainment" at the Perry House, in this place, during the "yankee season," where, it is said, he did the same thing—sleep when no visitors were in attendance and be awakened when any came. Truly, the age of Humbug.

A German named Philip Isle, was shockingly injured at Shutz's ore bank, adjoining this borough, on Tuesday last. He was engaged in mining ore, when a car used for drawing up ore from below on a railway, when near the top broke loose, and ran down so rapidly that Isle was unable to get out of the way. The car caught him and crushed him in a shocking manner. His leg was broken and lacerated, his back badly crushed and received very severe internal injuries, from all of which, Dr. Grove, who was called upon to attend him, informs us he is doing as well as could possibly be expected.

We find the following declinations have already appeared, refusing to be considered candidates upon the so-called "independent ticket." Dr. J. L. Ziegler, Lewis R. Hibshman, Jacob B. Shuman, Benjamin Brackbill. A. Scott Ewing says his name was used at the formation of said ticket without his knowledge or consent. So we go.

RIGHTFUL ACCIDENT: While Mr. Wm. Battens of Mount Joy, was returning from the Mountville camp meeting, on Saturday morning last, an accident occurred which will probably prove fatal to several citizens of the former place. He was driving a two horse wagon, loaded with some of the tent furniture, and upon which were seated Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, Miss Rebecca Nauman and Miss Elizabeth Stehman. In driving down a hill, between Mountville and Silver Springs, he attempted to put his foot on the brake; in doing so he slipped off the store box upon which he was seated, between the horses, who, partly taking flight, dragged him to the foot of the hill. His shoulder blade was broken, his jaw dislocated, and other injuries sustained. The ladies were thrown out and very badly injured. Mrs. Bowman had several limbs and ribs broken, while Miss Nauman was so seriously injured about the head as to make her recovery doubtful. Miss Stehman sustained but trifling injuries.—*Lancaster Express.*

Scrap of Wit and Wisdom, by a Mariettian. The destruction caused by a single mad dog in the vicinity of Paterson, New Jersey, is estimated at fifteen hundred dollars.—*Exchange Paper.*

And yet the wonder is, so many men, and some even of reputed refinement, will have these dirty, filthy, destructive animals about them.

It may be that having failed to secure that sympathy, love and affection so grateful to the human heart, of those around them that they conclude to buy one of the seedy fellows, and revelling in his bread-bought gratitude, vainly fancying they are loved, and therefore delighted in the brutal companionship.

"I say, Jim, why don't you get a wife?"

"What would I do with her?"

"Why, you must be so very lonely; besides you have such a comfortable home; are so nicely fixed and no children;—why if any man should have a wife, you should have one."

"Comfortable home—nicely fixed—and no children;—Pray then,—what would I want with a wife? I might get into the fix the Pope is with his Irish Brigade, or the man who drew the Elephant in the Lottery."

It has been suggested that the Borough authorities make some suitable public acknowledgement to the Ladies for the handsome manner in which they sweep the pavements. It is true. Husbands and Fathers may think that silks, satins, &c., are rather expensive material for the purpose but that should not diminish their admiration for the beauty of clean brick even though the skirts of the town do suffer.

"An old Bachelor is a traveler upon life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the connections."—N.Y. Paper.

Old Husbands, not unfrequently, regret very much having made the connections.

It is said that "Henry III. of France, could never sit in the room with a cat."

And it may be said, in our day, there is many a man who can never sit at home in the room with his wife.

Is it not the most impure and corrupt in heart who are the most fruitful of unjust suspicions, and the most industrious in blackening the fair fame of their neighbors.

THE MADNESS OF TRIFLING WITH DISEASE.—*Truths for those who reason.*—There are thousands of lunatics at large. Is the man who shows more solicitude to keep his house in good repair than to preserve his health or prop his failing constitution? Such a man is, as Shakespeare has it, *essentially mad*, without seeming so. Besides, there's no excuse for remaining sick, when the means of recovery have been placed within the reach of every valetudinarian. The great and good Holloway, volunteering the resources of a well-stored and powerful intellect in the service of humanity, has sought, found, combined, and applied the antidotes to every disorder which assails the system, either from within or without. His two world-celebrated remedies are achieving, in all regions and climates, the most signal triumphs.—ever since the railroad was built.

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The value of such a medicine as Holloway's Pills as a household remedy cannot be over-estimated. Husbands and fathers know little of the many aches and pains to which the feeble members of their families are subjected, in consequence of their sedentary habits, and the susceptibility of their nervous systems. They suffer uncomplainingly: dulness perhaps, prevents them from applying to a physician; or if they do seek medical aid, its to no purpose. But in Holloway's remedies, they have a sure means of relief, and in the accompanying directions and advice, a chart that, if implicitly followed, will guide them to renewed health and cheerfulness.—*Home Journal.*

The People's party of Chester county, renominated John Hickman for Congress.

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