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THESE MEDICINES have now been before the public for a period of thirty years, and during that time have maintained a high character in almost every part of the globe.

The following are among the distressing varieties of human diseases in which the VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the acid and acid-kind; FLATULENCE, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Restlessness, Ill-Temper, Anxiety, Langour, and Melancholy, which are the general symptoms of dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

COSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels costive within two or three days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of perspiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstructions in others.

RHEUMATISM permanently in three weeks, and GOUT in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

GROUPEL of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of GRAVEL.

Also WORMS, by dissolving from the turnings of the bowels the slimy matter to which these creatures adhere.

SCURVY, ULCERS, and INFEERATE SORES, by the perfect purity which these Life Medicines give to the blood, and all the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS and skin complaints, by their alterative effect upon the fluids that feed the skin, and the morbid state of which occasions all eruptive complaints, allow, cloudy, and other disagreeable complexion.

The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of RHEUM, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. COMMON COLIC and INFLUENZA will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

PLEURISY.—The original proprietor of these Medicines, was cured of Pleurisy, of 35 years standing by the use of the Life Medicines alone.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge, the Western country, these Life Medicines have found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines have the patient subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these Medicines is permanent—try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.—General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Diseases of Females.—The Medicines have been used with the most beneficial results in cases of this description—Kings Evil, and Scrofula, in its worst form, yields to the mild yet powerful action of the remarkable Medicines: Night Sweats, Nervous Debility, Nervous Complaints of all kinds, Palpitation of the Heart, Pains of the Chest, &c.

HEALTHY REMEDY.—Persons whose constitutions have become impaired by the injudicious use of Mercury, will find these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never fail to eradicate from the system, all the effects of this deadly, infinitely more potent, and more powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla. Prepared and sold by J. W. MOFFAT, 335 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

GEO. W. WORRELL, SUICIDEN ENTIST, Having removed to the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Sweeney, adjoining Spangler & Paine's Store, Market Street, where he is prepared to wait on all who may feel disposed to patronize him.

Having determined upon a permanent location at this place, would ask a continuation of the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, for which he will render every possible satisfaction.

CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING.—Having just returned from the city with a nicely selected lot of Ready-made Clothing, which the undersigned has prepared to furnish at reduced prices, having had in general assortment of men and boys' clothing, which he is determined to sell for cash.

The Mariettian

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor. Terms—One Dollar a Year.

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THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

The stars of morn, On our banners borne, The hand of heaven are blended, First mingled those fires, And by us they shall be defended!

What hand so bold As strikes from its fold One star or one stripe of its brightening? For him be those stars Each a fiery Mars, And each stripe be as terrible lightning!

Its meteor form Shall ride the storm Till the farthest of foes surrender— The storm gone by, It shall gild the sky, A rainbow of peace and of splendor!

Though of motto unfurled Its peace to the world, We shun not the field that is glory— At home or abroad, Fearing none but our God, We'll carve our own pathway to glory!

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Matrimonial Infelicities.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN. After midnight.

"Do you hear that child cough, my dear?" I asked the mother of my children, as I raised myself on one elbow in bed, and listened.

"No," she said, "awaking from her sleep, 'I do not.' 'Then you must be deaf,' I cried.—'Hark!'"

"The interesting woman lifted her head from the pillow, untied the strings of her bonnet de nuit, brushed back a lock of hair from her right ear, and listened attentively.

"There!" I said, as a harsh, discordant sound broke the silence, "do you hear it now?"

"I hear a singular noise," she replied, "but 'tis not a cough." "Then I should like to know what it is," I exclaimed.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replied; "but it isn't a cough, that is very certain." "I'm not certain, however," I said.

"I can't help it," she answered; "I'm a mother, and am presumed to know the sound of a child's cough when I hear one."

"Well," I said, "I am a father, I suppose, and I don't see why I can't tell a cough when I hear it. Listen!"

"My dear!" and my wife clasped my arm nervously as she spoke, "it proceeds from some one trying to get into the house." "That noise comes from a file."

"Nonsense!" I replied; "bignars would not think of breaking in here." "Hark!" she cried; "I hear somebody on the stairs."

We both sat up in bed, with our eyes fixed upon the door. Again was heard harsh notes that first aroused me.—There was no mistaking the sound this time, and my wife said:

"It is the little boy; he has been out too much to-day, and though I tried hard to do so, I couldn't keep him in." The door opened at that moment and Katy entered.

"Oh, ma'am, the little boy coughs so, and I don't know what to give him. I think he has the croup, ma'am."

"Go back to the nursery immediately," my wife said, "and I will be there in a minute."

My wife rose, went to the closet, selected the proper remedies, and opened the door to depart.

"Well," she asked, turning to me, are you not going with me?"

REPUDIATION.

Neath a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat, Tying the band of his Panama hat, And trying to lighten his mind of a load

By humming the words of the following ode: "Oh! for a nigger, and oh! for a whip; Oh! for a cocktail, and oh! for a nip; Oh! for a shot at old Greely and Beecher; Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher; Oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship; Oh! for a cargo of niggers each trip."

My wife rose, went to the closet, selected the proper remedies, and opened the door to depart.

"Well," she asked, turning to me, are you not going with me?"

"What good can I do?" I replied.—"I don't see that I should get up in the middle of the night and go trotting around the house because you do. If I could be of any service, I would go, of course."

"Well, it would only look fatherly in you to do it," she answered. "Will you go?"

"My dear," I said, "if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to get up in the middle of the night.—I'll go, if it be necessary, but don't you wait for me, for it will take me some time to dress, and the little fellow needs you there at once."

I laid down, deciding to remain where I was, rather than to go where I knew I should be in the way. Ten minutes passed, during which time the little boy coughed occasionally, but each time it was looser and more natural. Then satisfied that he was improving under his mother's treatment, I resolved to go to sleep. Scarcely were my eyes closed, when Katy tapped at the door.

"Come in," I cried.

"The mistress would like to have you come to the nursery to see the little boy."

"How is he?" I asked. "Is he awake or asleep?"

"Oh, he is just sleeping nicely, and he looks so purty, the mistress thought you'd like to see him."

"Not to-night, Katy. Tell your mistress that I'll see him in the morning."

"Then I turned over and closed my eyes again: I had gone a little distance into the land of Nod, when my wife touched me on the shoulder.

"You are a humane, affectionate father, aren't you?" she said, regarding me with a severe look.

"I don't know anything to the contrary," I replied. "Do you?"

"Yes, I do," she answered. "And I must say I think your conduct to-night was atrocious. Not only did you let me go alone to the nursery, but when I sent for you to come to see the little boy, who, for aught you knew, was dying, you refused. You men are just as cruel and hard-hearted as you can be.—We women must get up in the night and attend to the children if they are sick, while you sleep as soundly as if there were no cares in the world."

A PROGRESS THROUGH EGYPT.—Home- age to a great benefactor.—The "Diary of a Physician," by Dr. Warren, thrilling and interesting as it has been considered, is not more marvellous than the actual experience of the celebrated Professor Holloway in the various countries he has visited.

While in a spirit of general philanthropy he has devoted himself to the conversion of the public health, without distinction of nation or class, he has been the intimate friend of princes and an honored guest at the table of kings. His courtly manners, varied information, and the fascinating style in which he gives his impressions of the countries and peoples with whom his travels have made him familiar, render him the most delightful of companions. When in Egypt, (whither he went several years ago for the purpose of investigating the antiquities of that cradle of learning and science,) he received a special invitation from Ibrahim Pasha to become his guest at Alexandria, and that remarkable man is said to have offered him an enormous income as an inducement to become his physician-in-chief. Failing in that, he ordered a guard of honor to attend Professor Holloway to Thebes, and presented him with a special firman, addressed to all civil and military officers in Egypt, commanding them to afford "the friend of Ibrahim Pasha" every facility in the prosecution of his researches. Thus he journeyed, the guest of the nation, through the realm of the Pharaohs.—Nor was his progress simply devoted to antiquarian objects. Traveling as usual with an ample supply of his invaluable remedies, he was enabled to do an infinity of good in that unhealthy region watered by the Nile. Wherever his tents were pitched, the sick were conveyed there. Nubian and Abyssinian princes brought their sick wives and children on litters, seeming to believe that he could heal them with a touch, and Moors, Copts, and Turks—in fact, representatives of all the races that make the population of Egypt, vied with each other in doing him honor. He had little occasion to use the firman, for the cures he wrought were a passport to all hearts—a sufficient incentive to exertion in his service. Even the dancing girls who came at evening to perform before his tent, at various places on the route, refused the customary *douceur*. They merely asked a small supply of the medicines which had proved so efficacious in the diseases of the country, and felt assured, on receiving them, that they possessed a talisman capable of controlling every species of sickness.

Benovolence, courage and perseverance, combined with skill of the highest order, and all exercised in an unselfish spirit for the good of mankind, are the main traits of this great man's character. They have stamped his name upon the hearts of the present generation and given it a just claim to immortality.—*Bolin's Abyssinia*.

Modesty always goes hand in hand with true bravery. The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer says: "Some weeks since we solicited, through a friend, some statistics in the biography of Gen. McClellan, when he replied, 'Tell my friend Gray to wait till I can give him an excuse for referring to me.' You would never catch one of the blustering Confederates missing such a chance for newspaper renown."

NAILS IN THE FLESH.—To prevent the torture of the nail running into the quick keep the nails of a proper length, and about once a week scrape them down to the ends with a piece of glass. This will keep them thin, and instead of walking, being driven back into the quick, they will give. One who for years endured this torture has found entire relief by this practice.

An honest Hibernian tar, who was a favorite of Paul Jones, used to pray in these words every night when he turned in—"God be thanked I never killed a man, nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the United States Navy."

Every Married and single lady in the state of Pennsylvania should knit a pair of good strong woolen socks for the volunteers now in the ranks serving the country from this state. Who will send the first pair to the Quarter Master's Department at Harrisburg?

H. Kilburn, Esq., of Indiana, has been appointed chief clerk in the Census Bureau.

Over 27,000 basket of peaches were sent to New York last week, over the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

Cavalry regiments are expensive. It costs about \$200,000 to put one in the field.

REARING CHILDREN.—First. Should not go to school until six or seven years old.

Second. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.

Third. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bedtime.

Fifth. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea, or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread—nothing else.

Sixth. Should sleep in separate beds on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

Seventh. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of day-light, from after breakfast until half an hour before sundown, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should never be allowed to go outside the door.

Eighth. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both it is of great importance.

Ninth. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

Tenth. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

Eleventh. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly; no more.

Twelfth. By all means, arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the youngest ones, shall be words of unmixed affection.—*Journal of Health*.

How A SOLDIER PERLS IN BATTLE.—A young French soldier thus writes of his first experience in battle.—"Our officer kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy.—This was prudent, for the murderous fire, so fatal to the white coats, did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, whilst those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire; nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV. did the same thing at the beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will.

"But, this tribute passed if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eyes become blood-shot and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

"Everybody who has tried it testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in a battle. There is an infatigable influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women sometimes to monsters. No one can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence but those who have been in the fray themselves."

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend that loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

Miss Anna Laura Clark, of Northampton, the first woman lecturer in this country, died Thursday night, at the age of seventy-three. From 1810 to 1818 she gave public lectures on historical subjects throughout the free States, and met with good pecuniary success. She was unostentatious in dress and manners, and was a great lover of republican simplicity.

King George's press, in the Revolution, was not more obnoxious to our Whig fathers than are the half-yearly Sessions-journals of the North to the Unionists of this era. We would advise every man, woman and child, to lay aside a few of these carping, hypocritical concens, as a curiosity for after days.

Prince Napoleon took off his hat at the birthplace of Rittenhouse, and planted a tree at Girard College, while in Philadelphia.