

OFFICE in Crull's Row, Second Story—Front street, five doors below Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Penna.

Any person sending us five new subscribers shall have a sixth copy for his trouble.

PROFESSOR DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

I PROPOSE to cure, almost instantaneously, individuals afflicted with Deafness, Headache, Neuralgia, Chill Fever, Ague, Rheumatism, and all Sores and Pains.

I propose to check and effectually dissipate more acute pain, and to accomplish nearer and more perfect equilibrium of all the circulating fluids in the human system.

I do not propose to cure every disease, but all such as are curable by any combination of medical appliances.

I want the masses to join in this matter—the well as the sick, because if these things are so, all are alike interested.

The Columbus Sun remarks: On Saturday an old gentleman, named Wm. C. Osborne, well known in our city, who, from rheumatic affections, has not been able to walk or use his hands sufficient to feed himself, for more than ten years, was brought to Prof. De Grath on the street, where in the presence of a large assemblage of people, he applied De Grath's Electric Oil to one arm and shoulder.

The New Hampshire Patriot says: During the present week, no less than six of our friends, who have been induced to try Prof. De Grath's Electric Oil for Rheumatism and Deafness, in consequence of having seen this preparation advertised in our columns, have called upon us to state the result of experiments.

It seems that Rheumatism, Deafness, Neuralgia, Swollen and Stiff Joints, and other Complaints to which we are all subject, have lost their terrors.

None genuine without signature of Prof. C. DE GRATH. Labels signed in writing.

There are numerous imitations sprung up on the reputation my article has acquired.

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DAVID ROTH, Dealer in Hardware, Cedarware, Paints, Oils, Glass, Parlor, Cook, Iron and other Stoves, &c.

ALEXANDER D. REESE, WINE AND LIQUOR DEALER, Main Street, [EAST WARD] Mount Joy, Lancaster County, Pa.

THE undersigned would most respectfully beg leave to inform the public that he has opened a WINE AND LIQUOR STORE in all his branches.

Also, a very superior Old Rye Whisky just received, which is warranted pure.

A choice article of German Wine. Various brands of Champagne Wines.

All A. D. R. now asks of the public is a careful examination of his stock and prices, which will, he is quite confident, result in Hotel keepers and others finding it to their advantage to make their purchases of him.

A LSO—Kerosene, or Coal Oil, Pine Oil and Fluid at reduced prices, at the Enterprise Wine & Liquor Store. A. D. REESE, Mount Joy, June 22, 1861-ly.

JOHN BELL, Merchant Tailor, Cor. of Market-st., and Elbow Lane, Marietta

GRATEFUL for past favors I would return my thanks to my numerous friends and patrons and inform them that I still continue the old business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see them at all times, and having a full and splendid assortment of

BOYS Spring Caps, at CRULL'S, No. 92 Market-st.

The Marietta

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

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MARIETTA, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

NO. 12.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. If fortune with a smiling face, Strew roses on our way, When shall we stoop to pick them up? To-day, my love, to-day.

If those who've wronged us own their faults, And kindly pity pray, When shall we listen and forgive? To-day, my love, to-day.

If those to whom we owe a debt Are harmed unless we pay, When shall we struggle to be just? To-day, my love, to-day.

If love, estranged, should once again His genial smile display, When shall we kiss the proffered lips? To-day, my love, to-day.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys, The minutes will not stay; We've always time to welcome them, To-day, my love, to-day.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ. The maid, who binds her warrior's sash, With smiles that well her pain dissembles, The while beneath her drooping lash

The wife, who girds her husband's sword, 'Mid little ones who weep and wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word,

The mother, who conceals her grief, While to her breast her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words, and brief, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men without nothing in the pocket, and thousand without even a pocket are rich.

It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really do among herd and horses.

A FAT MAN IN BATTLE.—During the Bull Run battle an order was given to a New England company to lie down and load, and only rise when in act of firing.

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Making Wine From Grapes.

It is a little late at this period to give directions for making wine from grapes; nevertheless, as the directions are to allow the grapes to be perfectly ripe before gathering for wine, there must be many grapes, especially those best adapted to wine, which are scarcely yet perfectly matured.

The well-ripened bunches of grapes are cut from the vine, and all unsound or immature berries picked out. Each day's picking is mashed at night, by pounding in a barrel with a beetle—stem and berries—or passing them through a mill.

The contents are put upon a press, where about one-third of the best juice runs off without any pressure. After the first pressing, the outer edges of the "cheese" are cut off for eight or ten inches, the parings thrown upon the top, and the screws again turned.

This is repeated two or three times, but the juice from the last pressing is dark and astringent, and only capable of making an inferior wine; hence it should be kept separate.

The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this one, the men from the others would come every few minutes, and taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir it, each into his bowl of the leaves, till they had acquired the requisite hue.

The wine will be clear and pleasant to drink in a month or two after the first fermentation ceases. A slight second fermentation takes place in the spring, and it will only be necessary to loosen the bungs; when it is over, the wine will be clear in two or three months, and safe to bottle, but it is usually better to defer it until the following November.

SECRET OF BEING LOVED.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him."

Let every one, therefore, see that you care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small sweet courtesies" in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and the little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

HOME LIGHT AND LIFE.—Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tenderness, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere.

PUTTING DOWN THE WOODS.—The Government has purchased all the woods for about a quarter of a mile on each side of the Washington Branch railroad, from the Relay House to Washington, and some five hundred men are now engaged in cutting it down.

A public meeting in Westmoreland county, Va., has invited the Hon. John C. Breckinridge to take up his residence in the Southern Confederacy, "where he will be properly appreciated and cherished."

Poverty humbles pride. A man when he is short, can hardly carry a high head.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Different kinds of Tea.

Taylor's China says the same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between those kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves only are picked, and not the flowers; they are rolled with the fingers. Those dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire become green tea, while those thrown into very hot basins, than taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for awhile, and afterward dried over a fire, become black tea.

These pans, as some writers call them, but more correctly bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-globular in shape and about eighteen inches in diameter, are always of iron, never of copper. A mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green tea; but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure.

The native building on the North Gate street, in which we lived during the first year of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left, to a tea merchant. On visiting it afterward, I found he had turned our former kitchen into a tea-coloring room. There were around the sides of the apartment fourteen of these iron bowls, set in mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces in which moderate fires were burning.

Thirteen of the bowls were half filled with tea leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand.

Refuse of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called tea-bones. Boka is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. Pekoe or Pecco means white hairs the down of underleaves. Pouchong, folded plant. Souchong, small plant. Twankay is name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. Congo is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.

NO PROTECTION FOR HOUSES OF INFAME.—A case has just been decided in the Circuit Court at Syracuse, N. Y., which is of some importance to a certain class of property holders. A woman named Bledgett sued the city of Syracuse for the value of property destroyed by a mob. It appeared that the plaintiff kept a house of bad repute. Judge Mullin charged the jury that though the rioters were liable to indictment and punishment, the plaintiff could not recover her loss of property at their hands, if she kept a house of prostitution, and this contributed to create the riot.

THE proud have no friends: not in prosperity, for they know nobody; not in adversity, for then nobody knows them.

It is justly said of women that she divides our sorrows and doubles our joys. Pity she quadruples our expenses.

A girl at a party the other evening, was asked what made her face so unusually red; she replied, the chaps.

An old bachelor says that during leap-year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

Women never truly command until they have given their promise to obey.

The reason why he married. Lefort was a man some forty years old with an income of fifteen thousand francs, fond of pictures, and painted landscapes himself in a very remarkable manner.

One day, Lefort arrived at the cafe with a long face and an air of great dissatisfaction.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE—ATTEMPT TO THROW A TRAIN FROM THE TRACK.

A train left this city on Monday night to take up from Eainence the Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, Colonel Steadman. As the train neared Christiansburg, Shelby county, the cars were stopped by some fence rails, which had been thrown across the track by some devils in human shape, three in number.

The train delayed long enough to arrest one of the men, named Allen Nevil, but suffered no other detention; nor was there, providentially, any damage done to any one. On the arrival of the train in Lexington, yesterday forenoon, the prisoner was marched through the city on his way to jail, when an Irishman, name unknown, stepped up, and, on learning the crime, drew a knife and cut Nevil's throat from ear to ear. He was immediately arrested and taken to jail. When the train left Lexington yesterday afternoon, Nevil was not expected to live.—Louisville Democrat.

SELF DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying a life preserver under the arm of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one, he will lose his preserver and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the preserver. Give your child a sound education. See that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources the better.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Gen. S. L. Williams, an old gentleman living a mile from Mount Sterling, Ky., came in on Wednesday and enrolled his name as a Union volunteer in a company being raised. He is seventy-two years old!

He says he has not long to live anyhow, that he has strength enough to pull a trigger and destroy his country's enemies, and that if he should be killed, it was consolation enough for him to think that the bullet he received took but little of his time, while perhaps it saved the life of some young man who could be of more value to his country.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. He should have married her, and then refused her a new bonnet to develop her powers to talk.

"Douglas, dear," said a wife, appealing to her husband in a small feminine dispute, "do you think I am generally bad-tempered?"—"No, my dear," says he, "I think you are particularly so."

Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way into it.

A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks set yourself at once to save the pieces.

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The Reason Why He Married.

Lefort was a man some forty years old with an income of fifteen thousand francs, fond of pictures, and painted landscapes himself in a very remarkable manner. He lived in the Rue de Provence, in an apartment in the third story, where he was often visited by his friend Decamps, the distinguished painter who has recently died in Paris, who was very fond of Lefort and of sitting to talk in his rooms. They passed long evenings in chatting and smoking together before an open window, which overlooked the vast gardens of the Hotel Lafayette and Hotel Rothschild.

One day, Lefort arrived at the cafe with a long face and an air of great dissatisfaction.

"What is the matter?" said Decamps. "The matter is, I am wretched at having to move from my apartment."

"Are you going to leave it?" "Yes, my landlord wanted to raise my rent. I resisted—he insisted. I grew angry, and gave up the rooms. I am wretched now. You were so fond of these rooms."

"Ah, well, take back your lease." "Your are right, I will take it back." "The next day Lefort had still the long face and the grieved air of the previous day. He had wished to resume his lease. But it was too late. The apartment was let for a term of nine years.

Lefort must move in the month of October. His landlord informed him, however, in an obliging manner, that the person who was to succeed him would not arrive from the country till the middle of November, and that he had all that time to seek an apartment to suit him; only Lefort must leave empty a part of the suit of rooms to store the furniture of his successor. Lefort consented to this joyfully, and the furniture of the new tenant was brought in.

Meantime Decamps, who saw him still so sorrowful at having to quit his rooms said to him one day: "There is perhaps some way to arrange with your new successor."

"I don't know him and don't wish to try to make a bargain."

"Show me his furniture," said Decamps, "and I can guess what sort of a man he is."

Lefort conducted Decamps into the room where the furniture of the new tenant was placed.

"Hum, hum," said Decamps, on casting his eyes over the articles; "all this is simple, comfortable, in good taste, furniture for an income of twenty thousand francs, lately removed. It is the right sort of a man,—or rather it is a woman; here is a woman's furniture, this toilet, this wash table, this book-stand of inlaid work."

"But the husband?" "I don't see any husband in the matter; no masculine furniture, a single bed, no bureau; we want to know if she is a widow, a young girl, or an old maid."

"How shall we find that out?" "He opened the toilette table. There was a shell comb, to which was attached two magnificent hairs of golden blond.

"Good, this hair does not belong to an old woman; let us look farther. He perceived a portrait turned against the wall. He turned the canvass. It was the portrait of a woman, blond, very pretty, painted in 1825 by Harsent."

"It is the portrait of a lady," said Decamps. "It is the portrait of a married woman; the dress indicates it.—This woman was about twenty when it was painted. She must be still very pretty. She is an intelligent woman, loving art, I judge by the selection of the books in this library, by the music on the piano. My friend you will not quit your apartment."

I must ask the lady to give it up to me, then."

"No, you must ask her to share it with you. You must marry her."

"You are mad—you are laughing at me."

"I seek very seriously. Your furniture seems made to go with that of the lady. The suit of rooms is too large for one of you alone; it is exactly what is wanted for you two."

"But I don't wish to marry."

"You are wrong. You're forty years old; this lady suits you in every respect. She pleases me, this woman, and I wish you to marry her. Let me manage."

Lefort gave him leave. When the lady came from the country, she was surprised to find her rooms occupied and her furniture doubled. Decamps awaited her. He showed the lady the rooms arranged by himself, and the portrait of Lefort hung opposite her own.

"See, madam," said he, "what wonderful harmony between these articles of furniture. See how well the portrait matches your own. It is certainly the portrait of the man who should be your husband."

The lady was sensible and kind. She was not angry, and laughed heartily; and as he was an intelligent man, distingue, a very good fellow, with a suitable fortune, he was accepted. He married the widow and did not leave the room.

He never left them until last year, at the death of his wife whom he adored, and whom he rendered happy till the last moment.

In China, if a young man is not married by the time he is twenty, he is drummed out of town. No place for bachelors among the fun-funs.