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### New Year's Address OF THE CARRIER OF THE MARIETTIAN. January 1, 1862.

Ye sons of freedom, listen well;  
The Tocsin sounds o'er hill and dell.  
"All hail!"—the cry, and bids us revere,  
The tidings of a new born year.  
A happy greeting unto all;  
A happy wish for great and small;  
A song of hope for old and young;  
A song of joy no bard hath sung.  
Swiftly hath sped the old year by,  
And many sorrows we desery;  
But this shall be our chequered part,  
Till love can dwell in every heart.  
From North to South, from East to West,  
Our land once happy, loved and blest,  
Is fill'd with freedom's piercing cry,  
Of "On ye Sons to victory."  
A struggle sharp and keen hath rent  
Many a soul from its tenement.  
A struggle which, alas! bedew'd  
Our land with patriot's blood.  
From Eastern Ocean's dark blue tide,  
The stream of life has spent its pride,  
Unto Missouri's outstretch'd strand,  
Where first appear'd the "ruffian" band.  
That "ruffian" band with rattling chains,  
And hands besmear'd with bloody stains  
Sought long, and hard, and wickedly,  
To curse our land with Slavery,  
"Tis God's behest, "None shall enthral:  
"Freedom's a birthright unto all;  
"Who dares the human mind enslave,  
"My curse shall speed him to his grave."  
To Slavery, doom'd, in clanking chains,  
"Poor souls oppress'd, groan with their  
pains,  
But Ho! hath heard, who dwells on high,  
The captive's prayer for LIBERTY.  
For this our ties are rent in twain,  
Our sons in battle fierce are slain.  
For this is seen no crowded mart,  
No busy merchants round the port,  
Evil's at work, without, within,  
And man, as Eve, is prone to sin.  
Disguis'd pervades the soul's domain,  
And fills with every ache and pain,  
Gods holy temple for the mind,  
A dwelling place to man consign'd,  
With every evil of the earth,  
Contaminated quite from birth.  
The Cook with art and skill essays  
To serve one-dish a thousand ways:  
Her brain quite wearied with device,  
To cheat the taste by artifice.  
No matter what, so taste is right,  
No matter how to please the sight,  
From squeaking pig, to grunting swine,  
A host of mixtures to define,  
Sausages, puddings and stinking cheese,  
The longing appetite appease,  
Thus measly pork—the dainty bit,  
With salt and spice to make it fit,  
Year after year's devoured by tons  
Till stomach after stomach groans.  
Our fumes of veal and beef to boast  
The Epicure is never lost.  
But cracks his jokes, o'er dish so "rare"  
Dreams "Pork will grunt, and Beef will  
sneer."  
That flesh fed minds will ever be  
Of Beef and Pork, *Fo-synite*.  
Mid all the dainties on the list,  
There's none excels the "Ladies Twist"  
In fancy skilled through dint of art,  
By varied names its set apart,  
As "Cavendish," "Sweet leaf" and "Fig"  
"Diadem," "Rose-twist" don't you twig  
How every lad just turned from school,  
Thinks he's a man, though quite a fool,  
If he can get—oh yes indeed—  
Between his teeth, the filthy weed?  
As round the mouth, o'er his clothes,  
Or on his Ma's fine carpet throws  
The beverage:—Oh what a sight!  
For man or boy in such a plight!  
"Now Pa's a man, as man should be,  
I'll be a man as well as he"  
Boys striving thus as may be seen,  
Suppose they're men, tho' scarce sixteen,  
Why is it man will so degrade,  
That holy temple God has made,

# The Mariettian.

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Calling to aid the many woes,  
And passing thro' uncalled for throes?  
Twas in Gods image man was made,  
Man has himself to ill betray'd;  
Twas not the woman but the art,  
For woman's quite "the better part."  
In vain the mind she would control  
And strives to elevate the soul.  
Then let us work through wind and storm  
To help the cause of Health Reform.  
Above all others first and best  
That which secures true happiness.  
The mighty trumpet loudly cheers  
The mighty sound's within our ears  
Waive not one sound, "More light" the cry,

And heard above beyond the sky.  
For want of "Light" our rugged street  
Impedes oft times our hasty feet.  
But—Why complain in times like these?  
Concels cant every body please.  
Ours have already honors won,  
Yet much remains that may be done  
We'll hope and pray for better times  
AND THANK YOU KINDLY FOR THE DIMES.  
Our Sons who fight for LIBERTY,  
Will soon replant the blooming tree;  
And then once more wide o'er the land,  
Fortune will wave her well fill'd hand,  
Wisdom will teach us of Her ways,  
Of knowledge truth and brighter days,  
Will teach us of the law of love,  
Will teach us how all things to prove,  
Will teach the way we ought to live,  
Body and Soul neither to grieve.  
Will teach us how to hold the good,  
To stand where once the Apostles stood.  
Ere dawn of morn, when this shall be  
The darkest night must pass away,  
The future yet will bring to view.  
The living picture we'll pass through  
Many a firm and noble heart,  
From home and comfort will depart;  
That martial'd clan, a heauteous sight,  
A muster'd host to meet the fight.  
When Eastern Ocean's booming roar,  
Thousands will sink to rise no more.  
Ah! who is now our Freedom's Son  
To claim the place of Washington?  
Let Angels speak, for true they can  
Say, "Is McClellan then the man?"  
Then let us pray that he may prove  
Our country's hope—our country's love.  
May Angels guide him on the way  
To a Successful Victory.  
Then Whips and Chains shall harmless fall,

And Slavery's pains no more appal,  
Destructions hot and hurried breath,  
Quickly shall cease its work of death,  
And every living soul so free  
Shall breathe the air of Liberty.  
The light of Truth can then inspire  
The minds of men with warm desire,  
That all may dwell in righteousness,  
And each the other learn to bless.  
Science, her golden rays will lend;  
Upward and onward all will tend;  
The laws of life (one common aim  
As we've been taught, tho' some in vain,  
From time to time, as has been said  
Disease will hide with all its dread,  
The Press—The Pen—The Tongue will glow  
With radiant beauty. Thence will flow  
These truths, "Science is teacher"  
"Progression is a law of nature."  
Our Patrons now we bid "GOOD CHEER"  
And unto all "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Wm. H. Johnson, a private in a Cavalry corps in service near Washington City, recently was shot as a deserter. According to his own confession, he enlisted in order to desert, that he might thus reach New Orleans where his mother resides. In carrying out his plan he got beyond the lines, but mistaking our pickets for the enemy's ran towards them throwing up his hands and crying that he was a deserter. They assured him that they belonged to "the other side," took his arms, and said that he must prove his good faith by giving information. Thereupon, he told them that they could capture a party of our men, behind a hill, where they really were, and gave abundant details touching our strength and position. He was taken prisoner, and court-martialed as soon as possible.

A Canadian of a certain city who purchased a patriarch of turkey that had frightened every other purchaser from the idea of making a jawful feast off him, said afterwards: "I took him home, my wife bile him tree hours, and den he crow. My wife put in de pot wid de taters, and he kick 'em all out."

The best cure for hard times, is to cheat the doctor by being temperate; the lawyer by keeping out of debt; the demagogue, by voting for honest men; and poverty by being industrious.

Gen. Scott and his Wife in Paris.  
Paris, Nov. 26.—Ex-Lieutenant General Scott arrived here from Harve, which port he reached in the *Argo* on Sunday morning. Yesterday afternoon at six o'clock he was met at the railroad station by Mr. Bigelow, the United States Consul, and by the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Legation, Messrs. Pennington and Dayton. I should not suppose it would have required any very great relaxation from his usual dignity for the Minister to have been present in person to greet the war-worn old veteran to whom our country owes so much, and whom our countrymen and their representatives abroad should delight to honor. But Mr. Dayton was not present. The Gen. has taken rooms at the Westminster Hotel, in the Rue de la Paix, where, upon his arrival, he was met by Mrs. Scott, who has not seen him before in five or six years. General Scott and his wife, finding that their tempers and modes of thought were not of an amicable character, "agreed to disagree," and concluded that as they could not love each other together, they would love each other apart. Most of the time Mrs. Scott has been residing in Europe, and has always manifested intense interest in her husband's welfare. At the Union breakfast given last summer at the Hotel du Louvre, and at which some of our newly-fledged Ministers made such "Mugginess" of themselves, Mrs. Scott was present, and whenever an allusion was made to the General she seemed to be deeply affected, and once shed tears. Latterly she has manifested a greater interest than ever in her husband's career, and for two or three weeks she was so nervous and excited that it was found necessary to keep her in the papers containing bad news. Now, upon the General's arrival in Paris, she wishes to greet him, forgetting all that is past. And it is not improbable under all the circumstances that the venerable pair may conclude to finish the remainder of life's down-hill journey together.

Quite a demonstration was made by the American ship captains upon the General's arrival in Harve. Two triumphal arches were erected, under which the General passed, and as much enthusiasm was exhibited and as much noise made as was consistent with the quiet idea of the French police.

To-day the General is resting quietly at his hotel, and to-morrow or next day will receive his American friends. After remaining here a few weeks for medical advice and treatment, he will proceed to the South of France, probably to Pau or Cannes, where he will spend the winter. He enjoyed the trip across very much, never missed a meal, and says he feels better now than he has for a year.

A young man who applied at a recruiting station not a thousand miles from this Borough, for enlistment, was asked "if he could sleep on the point of a bayonet," when he promptly replied by saying "he could try it, as he had often slept on a pint of whisky, and the kind they used where he came from would kill farther than any shooting-iron he ever saw."

An old woman, who sold ale, being in church, fell asleep during divine service, and unluckily let her old fashioned clasped Bible fall, which making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake: "So, you jade, there's another jug broken!"

A very religious old lady, when asked her opinion of the organ of a church, the first time she had seen, or heard one, replied: "It is a very pretty box of whistles, but, oh! it is an awful way of spending the Sabbath!"

A story is told of a person asking another one whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money.—"What! lend him money! You might lend him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

"I wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow.—"Well, I will try the water cure," said the wife, pouring a bucketful over him.

"Now, 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 nois."

FASHION AND SHAVING BRUSHES.—The changes of fashion operate oddly upon business. Since the beard and moustache followed the wake of lager and meerschaums, and became Americanized, the number of barbers' shops in this country has fallen off over one hundred per cent. A leading brush maker informs a contemporary that five years ago he constantly employed three journeymen the year round for the sole purpose of making shaving brushes. At the present moment a single journeyman can supply the entire demand, without occupying more than one half his time.—While this is true of shaving brushes, it is equally true of razors, also. Houses that used to import fifty to a hundred gross for a season's sales, are now unable to dispose of one fourth that number, while many of them still retain stock lying upon their shelves for many seasons past, an excess of importation upon the continuance of smooth jaws and shaven lips. Things hang queerly together. It is in the power of fashion to ruin any business in a single season.—The class of manufacturers who have the best and longest run of luck, are the makers of hoop skirts and adjustable bustles. At one time quill pens sold so high that geese took on more airs than any fowls in 'existence. At this moment goose quills are scarcely worth the task of preparing them for market.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.—It is not enough to know that Dr. Parr smoked twenty pipes in an evening, and lived to be seventy; that Thomas Hobbes smoked thirteen, and survived to ninety-two; that Brissac of Trieste died at one hundred and sixteen, with a pipe in his mouth; and that Henry Hartz, of Schleswig used tobacco steadily from the age of sixteen to one hundred and forty-two; nor would any accumulation of such healthy old sinners prove anything satisfactory. It seems rather overwhelming to be sure, when Mr. Fairholt assures us that his respected father "died at the age of seventy-two; he had been twelve hours in a tobacco manufactory for nearly fifty years; and he both smoked and chewed while busy in the labors of the workshop, sometimes in a dense cloud of steam from drying the damp tobacco over the stoves; and his health and appetite were perfect to the day of his death; he was a model of muscular and stomachic energy; in which his son, who neither smokes, sniffs, nor chews, by no means rivals him." But until we know precisely what capital health the venerable tobaccoist inherited from his fathers, and in what condition he transmitted it to his sons, the statement certainly has two edges.

PEPICOAT NUISANCE.—A Boston paper says—"A day or two since, a gentleman, in passing along Tremont Row, unintentionally stepped on a lady's dress, which was trailing on the sidewalk.—The lady instantly turned, her eyes flashing fire at the gentleman, and spitefully exclaimed, "You impudent puppy!" The gentleman very coolly replied, "Madam, if your dress had not been on the sidewalk which is made for the people to walk upon, I should not have stepped upon it. I have no apology to make, but I would advise you hereafter either to shorten your dress a trifle, or adopt some other method to keep it off from the common footpath."

Mrs. Partington has a friend in the army. Being asked one day what his station was, she replied: "For two years he was lieutenant in the horse marines, and after that he got promoted to be captain of a squad of sapheads and minors."

"What do you ask for that article?" inquired Obadiah of a young miss. "Fifteen shillings." "Ain't you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a donkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes. "It takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at de sea-side?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge to much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis individual wid stealing de spoons."

In returning thanks, in an after dinner speech, Brown declared that he was "too full for utterance."

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The Harrisburg Union informs us that a young gentleman of its acquaintance having agreed to meet a certain lady in the presence of a minister, who had been invited to join them for better or for worse, started in full costume, one night lately, to fulfil his destiny. But the old saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth" was illustrated in his case; for the night was dark, and intent on other thoughts he gave no heed to his ways, till he fell slap into a coal hole, amid a pile of dirt, bricks and broken slabs, from which it was impossible for him to extricate himself. He screamed for help, but none came, for the place was lonely, and to add to his misfortunes a rain-storm came on.—Meanwhile the bridal party awaited the hour of the occasion till long after the appointed time, and visions of a breach of promise floated through the brain of at least one angelic being amidst the hitherto happy throng. "A little brother" was at last dispatched to the bridegroom's boarding house, and on the way he was attracted by the cries of his prospective brother-in-law. The situation was at once made known, and by the aid of lanterns and poles the bridegroom was restored to his sweetheart, badly damaged, indeed, but with his heart unharmed, for before the minister departed the "twain were made one flesh."

CHANCES OF MARRYING.—Some industrious mathematician has calculated the probabilities of matrimony at different ages which exhibit results of rather a startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20-25 and 25-30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At thirty it is nearly four times as great, from 30 to 45 it is five times as great, and it increases, until at 60 the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is a little curious to remark from this table how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and a solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been permanently deprived of his first wife. After the age of 30 the probabilities of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that of 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

In order to set at rest the apprehension of those who speculate upon the damage that will be done to the good cause on account of the prohibition of the exports of arms from Great Britain, it is only necessary to say that few or no orders have been sent for British muskets, rifles, cannon, or military munitions. The Government a long time ago availed itself of supplies from other and more friendly sources.

The old whalers, sixteen in number, filled with Massachusetts granite, have at last settled accounts with Charleston. Accompanied by six gunboats, this portion of the stone fleet was towed to the Charleston bar, placed into position and sank—thus putting a perpetual embargo upon that pestiferous port. Indeed it is difficult to imagine anything much nearer a ruined city than Charleston by the double visitation of an act of justice and a piece of fate.

Papa has Mr. Smith's eyes got feet?  
"Why do you ask such a question, my boy."  
"Because I heard mother say that at a party the other evening, Mr. Smith's eyes followed her all around the room."

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" asked Mary Jones of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass to be sure," was his very prompt reply.

A pedler being asked by a long spindle shanked wag, if he had any tin overalls, replied, "No, but I have a pair of candle moulds that will just fit you."

The boy who undertook to ride a horseradish is now practising on a saddle of good mutton.

The unkindest cut of all: The thief who stole Buchanan's harness left the halter.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.  
TO ENGLAND.  
ON OUR GIVING UP SLIDEEL AND MASON AT HER DEMAND.  
In the manner of Burns' "Address to General Dumourier."  
Tune—Robin Adair.  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!  
Take then the brace of knaves,  
Bully and coward!

Had peace possessed our land,  
Bully and coward!  
Had peace possessed our land,  
Bully and coward!  
Had peace possessed our land,  
Bully and coward!  
Dare you have made demand,  
Date you have raised a band!  
Bully and coward!

Lark'd 'till our hands were tied,  
Bully and coward!  
Lark'd 'till our hands were tied,  
Bully and coward!  
Lark'd 'till our hands were tied,  
Or elsewhere occupied,  
Then your foul chance you spied,  
Bully and coward!

Thus have you always done,  
Bully and coward!  
Thus have you always done,  
Bully and coward!  
Thus, in each war you've won,  
Thus great Napoleon  
Sent to far isle alone,  
Bully and coward!

Once let our arm be free,  
Bully and coward!  
Once let our arm be free,  
Bully and coward!  
Once let our arm be free,  
Bully and coward!  
Once let our arm be free,  
Bully and coward!  
Once let our arm be free,  
Bully and coward!

"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME!"  
O where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The heart that beats so gallantly now?  
O, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread on church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come!  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come!  
But other men our lands will fill,  
And others then our streets will fill;  
While other birds will sing as now,  
As bright the sunshine, as the dew,  
A hundred years to come!

Politeness.  
An acute critic has said that any one who caught the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, could not fail to be a gentleman. There is much truth in the remark, for the Christian spirit which enjoins a careful consideration of the feelings of others, makes its possessor polite and courteous. An exchange sets forth some of the advantages of politeness, which costs nothing:  
1. One of the English infidels was so struck with politeness and good feeling manifested in St. Paul's writings, that he affirmed if St. Paul had said that he himself had ever performed a miracle, he would believe it, because he deemed St. Paul too much of a gentleman to tell an untruth. Whatever we may think of this remark, we cannot but be struck with the power which politeness had over the infidel. And as this infidel is not an exception, it may be well to show some few of the advantages of being polite.  
2. We conform to the Scriptures. If St. Paul taught politeness by his example, so did he in his writings. He tells us, "In honor we must prefer one another." Here is the great secret of politeness, viz: Forgetfulness of self.—In another place he says, "Be courteous," in other words, be polite.  
3. We increase our usefulness. One reason why ministers and good Christian people have no more influence is on account of their sour faces and forbidding countenances. They look as if they said—Keep away from me. But if they allow the vulgar to approach within reach of their majestic presence, there is a pompous manner or way they have, which prevents the hearts of others going out to them, and thus influence over such people is lost.  
4. It gives success. Let any man who has goods to sell, or office to retain, be kind and polite—no sham, like that put on by the politicians—and his goods are sold and his office reached ten times sooner than the man who looks mad and cuts you up as he cuts off his calicos and cloths.