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This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it. We import the Makora Arabica direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon and Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions. Price One Dollar per bottle.

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To Disabled Soldiers, Seamen and Marines, and Widows or other Heirs of those who have died or been Killed in the Service.

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PENSIONS procured for Soldiers, Seamen and Marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in service and Pension, Bounty Money and arrears of pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

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The Mariettian

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

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NO. 25.

[FROM THE RICHMOND WHIG.] ANOTHER YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle had a mind To whip the Southern traitors, Because they didn't choose to live On codfish and potatoes. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, And so, to keep his courage up, He took a drink of Brandy.

Yankee Doodle said he found By all the census figures, That he could starve the rebels out, If he could steal their niggers. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, And then he took another drink Of Gunpowder and Brandy.

Yankee Doodle made a speech; 'Twas very full of feeling; I fear, says he, I cannot fight, But I am good at stealing. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy To take a drop of Brandy.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword, And practised all the paces; Come, boys, we'll take another drink When we get to Manassas. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, They never reached Manassas plain, And never got the Brandy.

Yankee Doodle soon found out That Bull Run was no trifle, For if the North knew how to fight, The South knew how to rifle. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, 'Tis very clear I took too much Of that infernal Brandy.

Yankee Doodle wheeled about, And scampered off at full run, And such a race was never seen As that he made at Bull Run. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, I haven't time to stop just now To take a drop of Brandy.

Yankee Doodle, oh! for shame, Your's always intermeddling; Let guns alone, they're dangerous things; You'd better stick to peddling. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, When next I go to Bull Run, I'll throw away the Brandy.

Yankee Doodle, you had ought To be a little smarter; Instead of catching woolly-heads, I vow you've caught a tartar. Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo, Yankee Doodle dandy, Go to hum, you've had enough Of Rebels and of Brandy.

WISHES.

How many sick ones Wish they were healthy; How many beggar men Wish they were wealthy;

How many ugly ones Wish they were pretty; How many stupid ones Wish they were witty;

How many bachelors Wish they were married; How many Benedicts Wish they had married;

Single or double, Life's full of trouble; Riches are stubble, Pleasure's bauble.

CORROR CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.—The Chicago Tribune of December 23d contains an array of facts which prove that cotton can be raised in Southern Illinois with as much facility and as profitably as in the cotton regions of the Southern States. The persons who have been raising it in that region for many years, and who have, under their careless mode of cultivating, succeeded in obtaining from 300 to 500 pounds per acre. At ten cents per pound, this gives from \$30 to \$50 to the acre, and reckoning eight acres to the field hand, which is the calculation made of the slave productions in an official report to Congress in 1852, we have then \$240 to \$400 as the year's product of one hand and eight acres.

AN AGED WOOD-SAWYER.—Isaac Jones, of Sheffield, Mass., although 102 years old, supports himself by sawing wood at the rate of about half a cord per day. He is so deaf that he has not heard thunder for twenty years.

He who profits by his own experience is wise indeed; yet wiser far is he who profits by that of another, for he thereby has all the benefit but none of the pain.

He calm while your adversary storms and frets, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

Meerschaum Mania. The value of the meerschaum pipes and cigar tubes imported into the United States in 1855, it is stated, amounted to \$200,000 a great sum to be wasted on a mere sham. This is really getting to be a serious business. It is bad enough to waste time and money—to say nothing of breath—in the consumption of the evil weed, but when to this is added the mania for coloring expensive pipes, thus increasing the habit of smoking, the folly of it all is really preposterous.

We were amused the other day at hearing a young but ambitious smoker gravely asserting that meerschaum was made of the foam of the sea! This impression has probably arisen from the German word used to designate the material—meerschaum meaning sea foam—a poetical figure of speech, alluding to its lightness and whitish appearance. It is properly magnesite, a mineral of soft earthy texture somewhat resembling chalk, found in Spain and other countries at the head of the Mediterranean. To produce the yellow and brown colors so much admired in the pipes, and which are brought out only after long smoking, the blocks of which the pipes are made, are kept for some time in a mixture of wax and faty matters. A portion of these is absorbed, and being subsequently acted upon by the heat and the tobacco fumes, assumes various shades of color. Thus the smoker in coloring his pipe, is employed in the dignified business of mingling tobacco smoke with a mixture of wax and gresel.

Here we are reminded of a little incident which recently took place within our knowledge, and which amusingly illustrates the folly of meerschaum coloring. A gentleman had an expensive meerschaum which he doted upon; but which notwithstanding all his smoking he could not color so fast as he desired. In fact, after long puffing, it only showed one little spot of brown. Some of his friends told him they did not believe it would ever color, and the indefatigable smoker grew quite despondent. One evening his wife who naturally sympathized with him in trouble, took up the pipe during his absence and while examining it brought it over the flame of a lamp. Immediately a strong color was brought out by the heat, much to the surprise of the lady. Laying the pipe away, however, she said nothing about the matter. On the following morning when the gentleman made his usual inspection of his beloved pipe his delight and amazement knew no bounds. His meerschaum had colored splendidly, and all owing to his indefatigable puffing! He displayed it in triumph to his friends, and became a more firm believer than ever in the virtues of tobacco smoke. Meantime his good lady said nothing, but she has imparted the secret to her female friends that they may be able to assist their husbands in their arduous endeavors to color their meerschaums. She is a very benevolent lady, and wants to do all the good she can in the world.—Portland Transcript.

A NEW SOLUTION.—Not long since a certain quack, who looked as wise as an owl, was addressed by one of his patients thus: "Doctor, tell us how it is that when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink."

"Why, I will tell you," said the learned man of pills. "You see as how there is in the neck two pipes—one of them to receive the meat, and the other the drink. At the top of them pipes is a lid or clapper, and when we eat this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink it turns back upon the meat pipe—a see-saw kind of motion. Queer apparatuses, I assure you." "But, doctor," said the patient, "it seems to me that ere clapper must play a sharp game when we eat pudding and milk." "Quack took his hat and slid."

A bright New York baby, just beginning to talk, was very observant of all that passed around her. She saw a gentleman with a dog, enter a house on the opposite side of the street. He shut the door, and left the dog without, who, by various canine movements of scratching and whining, manifested painful impatience. Moved by his desolation and complaining, she thrust her small face through the bars of her nursery window, and cried in a clear, earnest tone, "Ing e bell, doggie! Ing e bell."

Furore Among the Ladies.

There is just now a sensation among the fair sex, especially those who delight to make their sweet faces more fascinating. The want of an article devoid of pernicious ingredients, for clearing and beautifying the skin, has long been felt. Certain members of the Ton recognized as leaders of the beau monde, have at length discovered this great desideratum in Dr. Holloway's balsamic Ointment, which they have unanimously adopted and recommended to their numerous circle of friends. This unique preparation permeates the vesicles of the skin; imparts a freshness and bloom to the complexion unequalled by any of the pernicious cosmetics which are advertised to effect the most extravagant alterations, little short of changing the Ethiopian's skin. Dr. Holloway's Ointment is entirely composed of simple vegetable extracts, innocent of all mineral ingredients, yet certain in its operation on all eruptive disorders. It relieves the pain and smarting, and allays the inflammation of scalds, burns, &c. For chilblains, frost-bites, cracked lips, chapped hands, and rough skin it has no equal. It soothes the irritation, and cools the itching and burning anguish which attend these disorders. It should be on every toilet table, and no mother of a family should ever be without a supply in the house for the innumerable little accidents to which childhood is liable. Dr. Holloway confidently recommends this Ointment for any of the above maladies as its action is unattended with the perils which characterize the effects of modern Unguents. At the Fraser River Diggins, the value of these medicines is so justly celebrated, that Pedlers have frequently obtained an ounce of gold for a small pot of the Ointment, when a scarcity prevailed—the Gold seekers know that with the Pills and Ointment, in his possession he requires no other medicine, therefore, every man provides himself with a store of these medicines as a safe guard to his health and well being.—Ladies Magazine.

THE BIBLE.—Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, speaking of the importance of inhabiting houses in their structure and situation favorable to health, refers as follows to the Bible:

"There is more sound, practical hygiene on the subject of healthy houses, in the 14th chapter of Leviticus, from verse thirty-four, than in all the skulls of all the health commissioners and common councils of all the cities of Christendom. Pity it is that we do not read our Bible more, that great book which contains the leading principles of what is indisputably good, and useful; and that, in all that really pertains to human happiness; and what a pity it is that the Sunday newspaper, and the trashy weekly, and the enticing story book, for childhood and hoary age, on subjects pertaining to the world and party preaching, and infidel peripatetic lectures, with their new-fangled crudities for human amelioration, and their theories for elevating the masses; pity it is, we say, that all these things so attract attention. The Bible, the best of all, the wisest in all its theories, and in all its practices safe, has become a sealed book to the many; and any other volume on the centre or side table would be opened sooner than it."

"Bill, I've been in real estate a little lately."

"Well, John, how much have you dipped in?"

"Bought a lot in the cemetery, and a half acre just north of it."

"Just north, what the deuce did you buy that for? Going to live there?"

"Yes, Bill, I want a home beyond the grave."

An English Barrister, who was accustomed to train students for the practice of law, and who was not himself a religious man, was once asked why he put students, from the very first to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of sacred Scriptures. "Because," said he, "there is nothing else like it, in any language, for the development of mind and character."

REBEL ZANTIPES.

If you want to make an angel, select a good woman for the material; and if you want to make a real devil, just pick out a bad one, especially if a secessionist. We notice that, the other day a fine cake was sent to Mrs. Greenhow, a rebel lady confined in Washington. Lieut. Sheldon struck a penknife into it, in several places, and striking a hard substance, opened it, and found Treasury notes, five and tens, to a considerable amount; also a letter, stating that arrangements had been made to effect her escape and conveyance to Richmond, and naming the day and hour of her deliverance. When the lady found out the discovery obtained from her cake, her anger was uncontrollable. The Lieutenant bought her a nice new cake and sent it to her but she threw it down stairs.

A Baltimore widow, Mrs. Baxley, was brought in to share the prison of Mrs. Greenhow and Mrs. Poole. She was three days from Richmond with a valuable cargo. She had among many little documents of value about parts of her clothes and person, thin papers hid in her hair. One of the papers was a commission in the rebel army for a young Baltimorean. She refused to sleep under a blanket marked U. S. After being confined she sent to an officer for different ones. She soon received notice to sleep under them or go without.

CURIOUS.—Eight years ago the wife of John Lawbough, of Pink prairie, this county, died, and was buried in that place. A short time since it became desirable to take up and remove the remains of Mrs. L., and last week Mr. D. L. Smith, of this place, was employed to perform the labor. The grave was opened, and the coffin, which was in a state of perfect preservation, was removed; but, before depositing it in the new place, it was concluded to open it, especially as it appeared uncommonly heavy. It was, therefore, opened, and the body of Mrs. L. was found to be perfectly petrified; every part being as full and fair as on the day of her burial, eight years ago, except the lower part of the face and hands, which were partially decayed. Her limbs, breast, and every part, with the above exceptions, were solid stone, and as fair and perfect as when she died. The soil of the grave was clay, and possessed no peculiarities that were discernible. This is no uncommon case, and, withal, a curious one. We get these facts from Mr. Smith, the sexton.—Genesee (Ill) Republican.

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

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman was requisite to reconcile the parties.

At a brigade review recently of a mass brigade on Hall's Hill, near Washington, the band struck up "Old John Brown," and the whole brigade joined in the chorus, making the echoing out for miles around over the sacred soil of Virginia.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strong. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of life. Never revenge an injury.

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I've fought for this country, I've died for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

Sentimental young lady, rescued from drowning, "I must and shall marry the noble being."

Practical parent.—"Why my dear, it's a dog."

An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies.—"Ugh! much wigwam!"

Life in Earnest.

We have in the world a set of misty dreamers, who do not enjoy, neither appreciate the realities of life; whose whole existence is mystified by a sort of unconscionness; to such this subject is a myth—incomprehensible.

Let us now, for a few moments, close our eyes to the scenes around us, and view ourselves as we are; let us throw away the cloak of hypocrisy, the bigoted ideas and superstitious sentiments by which we have so long been bound in thralldom, and look upon our lives as they are.

Man, at his first creation was a perfect being; he subsisted upon the spontaneous productions of his mother earth; he knew no distinction between right and wrong. But, when he tasted of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, his eyes were opened, and the Almighty said—"Behold, he has become as one of us to know good and evil;" and man was driven from the garden wherein he dwelt in his purity. Then went forth the eternal, adict to man: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

He was cast out into the world to struggle with the evil passions of his own nature, and in subduing and tilling the wild wastes of the earth to gain his daily sustenance. Then commenced a life of toil; 'twas work from morn to dewy eve; and man, oppressed and weary with the labors of the day, sought his couch, and in the embrace of the sweet restorer, sleep, renewed his strength to engage in the labors of the succeeding day. Yet all this toil, all this vexation, is necessary to the full enjoyment of life; for, without the requisite amount of mental and intellectual labor, we become weak both in mind and body. The muscles require exercise to fully develop them, and to produce that active flow of blood by which we become strong and vigorous. As we look around us, we see both classes presented to our view; the strong, healthy, man, of exercise and thought; and the potent pony, one of pride and indolence.

In conclusion, I would say that I wish to live long and pleasantly upon this fair earth, we must throw off the lethargic stupor of the visionary, and engage heartily and energetically in some useful employment.

WHAT IS THE MIND RIFLE? Judging by what one daily reads in the newspapers, or what he hears in conversation, it does not seem to be generally understood what a rifle is. We all know that an ordinary gun, such as a musket, or four, fowling piece, is furnished with a barrel, the inside of which is perfectly smooth. Now take such a gun and cut on the inside of the barrel, three or four grooves, all running from the breech to the muzzle, spirally, like a cork-screw; and the gun becomes what is known as a rifle. If cut in a musket, it is called a rifled musket; if a cannon, a rifled cannon. The operation can be performed on any weapon, new or old. The rifling of cannon is a modern invention of Sir William Armstrong, hence when the Armstrong gun is spoken of, it is understood to mean a rifled cannon. The object of this rifling a gun is to secure greater certainty of the ball striking the target, whether it be man or beast, as well as being able to kill a greater distance than from a smooth bore weapon.

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further, and you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1861.—The list of the distinguished dead during the past year is not large. Among the sovereigns of the world the losses have been confined to the Sultan of Turkey and the Emperor of China. But far more impression has been made on the public mind by the deaths of two young originals in the intellectual world—Count Cavour in Italy, and Senator Douglas in this country. In, but not of, the royal circles, was Prince Albert, of England, whose demise has been so lately announced.

TIME.—Time wears slippers of "list," and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

In these days, when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sack—and its contents.

Many speak ill because they never learned to speak well.