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ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GRAPE SKINS.

I saw a man of portly estate Walking the street with a regal gait; Just the man that the eye will suit,

Alas for the glory of human pride, As frail and fickle as the tide! For the polish of blacking, and brush and oil

This moral I drew from what I saw: There are men in the world without a flaw, Who are in such robes of sanctity found,

But, alas for the glory of human pride, As frail and fickle as the tide! In the world of men they exalt their horns,

In dress or morals, 'tis much the same; And happy is he who wins his fame, If he die at its zenith, nor has to wait

SOMETHING FOR MATHEMATICIANS.—"Father," said a young hopeful the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?"

The long contest as to which of the two great States of Pennsylvania and New York has contributed the largest force to the army of the Union

A Country Clergyman, opposed to the use of the violin in church-service, was overruled by his congregation,

A Fellow advertised in Boston, that for four shillings remitted, he would send beautifully engraved portraits of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

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How Peter Funk does Business. "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, writes the following leaf in the history of Peter Funk and his doings:

Some time since a rural Colonel from the West came to New York to make a speech. He was met the next day by a gentleman who called him by name—knew him well—was charmed with the fervor of his Western eloquence—with the force of his oratory, with his unflinching patriotism; to all which the Western orator bowed in the lowest humility, avowed his sense of unworthiness, and his inability to enlighten a New York audience; but expressed a warm appreciation of the manner in which the people listened to his poor remarks.

Now let me say to the reader that this friend of the Colonel was one of the sharpest Peter Funks in New York, and his store the head-quarters of mock auctions. So in the man went. An elegant watch was shown the Col., one of great value, worth \$130, and cheap at that.

The parties all waited till the City Hall alarm bell rung out the hour of two, when the Colonel demanded the watch. The jeweller seconded the call. The seller was in doubt; his conscience was tender; he wanted to do the fair thing; but concluded to hand the watch over, and the additional \$50 was paid.

Of course the reader knows that the jeweller and his friend, and the panting man running in too late to carry off his watch were all bogus, and parts of the establishment to carry on the Peter Funk business. On arriving at his hotel the \$200 watch was found to be brass.

No FRONT TETH.—A musician recently undertook to trade cows with a certain neighbor H—, but after some bantering H—told the man that his "old cow was not worth a song," she was so old that she had no teeth in her upper jaw, and could not therefore eat young grass.

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday morning, the 13th inst., two little boys, named Lowe and M'Nary, hitched up a Newfoundland dog in a sled, and went to take a ride upon the Scioto river, near Columbus, Ohio.

EIGHT CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.—On the 2d of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradlee, of Trumbull county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but are quite small.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a limpid consonant. He should have added that it usually follows a vowel, however consonant it may be to the feelings.

A RICH NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—It is stated, by those who know, that among the papers taken in the house of that adroit and fearless rebel, Mrs. Rose O. H. Greenhow, are a number of most interesting and piquant epistles from distinguished individuals.

Her residence was the resort of those now in arms against the Government, and if their tender missives to this fashionable and dashing intrigante ever see the light of day, some amusing results will ensue.

PRESSED VEGETABLES.—A soldier writing from the Potomac about the "food," says: "We get a substance for soup called 'pressed vegetables.' It looks a good deal like a big plug of dog leg tobacco in shape and solidity, and is composed in part of potatoes, onions, beans, garlic, parsley, parsnips, carrots, &c.

Big Bethel, and all the country between that and Newport News has been deserted by the rebels. A reconnoitering party of 700 from Newport News, penetrated to the fortifications on Friday last, and found the place deserted, though apparently occupied recently by some 3000 or 4000 troops.

We are glad to hear that the Secretary of State has decided to issue no more passes to ladies to and from Washington. It has been ascertained that in nearly every instance where these favors have been granted to women, letters and other documents have been concealed in their clothes, conveying important information to the rebels.

A Great Fuss has been made about "Dollar Jewelry," but if you want to make a really cheap present to your sweetheart, give her a dime and pin.

Let any lady paint who chooses. If she raises a hue on her cheek, that's no reason you should raise a hue and cry.

Stupid People may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

A man that has no virtue in himself envies it in others.—Bacon.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—A letter from Rome gives an account of a remarkable suicide which has taken place at Naples. A Mr. Kenrick, an elderly gentleman, appears to have been intimate with a Miss Gray, a young and pretty Englishwoman, with whom he has been living at Rome and at Naples.

FUNERAL OF A CENTENARIAN.—On Friday afternoon the 3d inst., the funeral of Michael Commins took place from his late residence, Tenth street, Philadelphia. It was attended by a large number of the descendants of the deceased, to the fourth generation.

MR. RAREY IN SPAIN.—Mr. Rarey, the horse tamer has arrived at Madrid. A letter from the Spanish capital says: "Mr. Rarey" strange to say, does not appear to have roused the curiosity of the Caballeros, who possibly consider their knowledge of horse-flesh already superior to that of all others.

The Union Fire-arms Company, of New York city, whose principal armory will be at Newark, N. J., are to execute contracts for the manufacture of 90,000 stands of small arms, embracing 25,000 of Marsh's breech and muzzle-loading rifles, and 65,000 Springfield rifle muskets.

The best sometimes err, yet still remain the best; while the worst do well at times, yet still remain the worst.

He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time, never stop.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that ever was preached upon that subject.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

How to Lean on a Gentleman's Arm. A short essay might be written on this subject, as one sees it practiced on the evening and moonlight promenades. Without knowing a single person, it is possible to determine the exact degree of relationship which they sustain by this simple and involuntary indication.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S STRATEGY.—The New York Post says that the following extract from a letter received in that city by a prominent citizen, comes from a responsible source:

WASHINGTON, January 12. * * * The night of the rebellion has passed, and the dawn is about breaking. Before the present month has gone, these things will surely come to pass: Gen. Halleck, with the great flotilla, and an army of one hundred thousand strong, will sweep like an avalanche down the Mississippi, where they will be joined by General Butler in New Orleans and Mobile.

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "these should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips."

As flowers never put on their best cloths for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

During an examination, a medical student being asked, "When does mortification ensue?" he replied, "When you pop the question, and are answered 'No.'"

Life has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical armistice of the Sabbath. It is only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

A lazy fellow begged alms, saying he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

Many a goodly leg is lost in battle; thousands of brave fellows walk proudly into a war and hop out of it.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

If the petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.