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OFFICE: CRULL'S ROW, FRONT-ST., MARIETTA, PA.

ADVERTISEMENTS AT THE USUAL RATES.

A large addition to the JOB PRINTING department of "THE MARIETTIAN" establishment enables us to do everything in the Job line with neatness and dispatch, and at very low prices.

The Marettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

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

VOL. 8. MARIETTA, MARCH 15, 1862. NO. 33

GEO. W. WORRALL,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Having removed to the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Swentzel, adjoining Spangler & Patterson's Store, Market Street, where he is now prepared to wait on all who may feel disposed to patronize him.

Dentistry in all its branches carried on. TEETH inserted on the most approved principles of Dental science. All operations on the mouth performed in a skillful and workmanlike manner—on fair principles and ON VERY REASONABLE TERMS.

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.

☞ Ether administered to proper persons.

DAVID COCHRAN,
Painter, Glazier and Paper Hanger.

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of Marietta and the public generally that he is prepared to do
House Painting,
China Glossing,
Paper Hanging, &c.,
At very short notice and at prices to suit the times. He can be found at his mother's residence on the corner of Chesnut and Second streets, a few doors below the M. E. Church, and immediately opposite the old Oberlin Coach Works. [Aug. 3-1y.

ERISMAN'S
Saw Mill and Lumber Yard,
MARIETTA, PA.

CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of all kinds of Seasoned Lumber, which he offers at reasonable prices.
Boards, Plank, Joist, Scantling,
Rafters, Laths, Shingles,
Pails, &c., &c., &c.
OAK, PINE & HEMLOCK TIMBER.
All orders attended to with dispatch.
J. M. ERISMAN.

THE American Watches are among the best *timekeepers* now in use, and for durability strength and simplicity far surpass any other watch made in the world.
H. L. & E. J. ZAHM
Corner of North Queen-st., and Centre Square Lancaster, Pa., have them for sale at the *very lowest rates*—every watch accompanied with the manufacturer's guarrantee to ensure its genuineness.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA.
Located on Chesnut Street, opposite the
OLD STATE HOUSE,
and in close proximity to the principal Jobbing and Importing Houses, Banks, Custom House, and places of amusements. The City Cars can be taken at the door (or within a square) for any depot in the City. The House has been renovated and refitted, and
PRICES REDUCED TO $1.50 PER DAY.
WYATT & HEULINGS, PROPRIETORS.

EAGLE HOTEL, FRONT STREET,
MARIETTA, PA.
The undersigned having leased the old "Stackhouse" stand, at the corner of Front street and Elbow Lane, would most respectfully inform Watermen and the traveling public generally that nothing shall be left undone to make it deserving of a liberal support.
SAMUEL G. MILLER.
Marietta, March 1, 1862.

J. A. CONGDON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Opposite the residence of Col. John W. Clark, Market-st., Marietta, Pa.

Prompt attention given to securing and collecting Claims, and Orphans' Court business generally. Will attend to business in Lancaster and adjoining counties.
Conveyancing and other writings promptly executed.

A CARD.
JOHN CAMERON, M. D.,
Hygienic Physician & Accoucheur,
Corner of Front and Gay Streets,
MARIETTA.

WM. B. REDGRAVE,
Commission Lumber Merchant,
West Falls Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

RESPECTFULLY offers his services for the sale of LUMBER of every description. From his knowledge of the business he feels confident of being able to obtain the highest *market* rates for everything entrusted to him.

JAMES N. KING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
REMOVED TO
No. 139 SOUTH FIFTH STREET,
ABOVE WALNUT,
Philadelphia.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE:—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET, opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches. [Nov. 4, '59.-1y

A General Assortment of all kinds of BUILDING HARDWARE, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Bolts, Cellar Grates, Oils, Glass and Putty, very cheap.
PATTERSON & CO.

A SUPERIOR COOK STOVE, *very plain style*, each one warranted to perform to the entire satisfaction of the purchaser. PATTERSON & Co.

HICKORY & Oak Wood, 50 Cords each, Hickory and Oak Wood. Orders must be accompanied with the cash when they will be promptly filled. Spangler & Patterson.

MADERIA WINES, full bodied and fruity at the "Enterprise Store."
A. D. REESE, Mount Joy.

OLD BOURBON WHISKY in qt. bottles, something very fine, in store and for sale *At the "Enterprise Store," Mount Joy.*

TO LANDLORDS! Just received, Scotch and Irish *WHISKIES*, warranted pure, at *H. D. Benjamain's.*

JUST RECEIVED at the *"Enterprise Wine and Liquor Store,"* Mount Joy, a superior article of Champagne and German Wines.

EXCELLENT Cooking and Eating Apples always on hand at *Anderson's.*

DRIED FRUIT now selling cheap at DIFFENBACH'S.

BUY one of those beautiful SOFT *HATS* at CRULL'S, 92 Market-st.

SEGARS and Chewing Tobacco. A large and good variety at *J. M. Anderson's.*

DYOTT'S Hanging and Side Lamps, *For Sale at* WEST & ROTH'S.

BOHLEN'S long celebrated GIN,
H. D. BENJAMIN.

CONSTANTLY on hand, Monongahela rectified Whiskey. *Benjamin & Co.*

GENTS NEW STYLE CAPS,
AT CRULL'S.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Men cannot love as women do;—they may
Be all devotedness, and seem to live
And breath but in the idol's sight; may look
On all the things she has touched as sanctified;
May think of her all day—dream all the night
Of her fair face, and her remembered voice;
Be feverish—maddened into jealousy,
If she has but a smile that is not theirs;
May be lured back to tenderness again,
By a kind word; may linger on her steps—
Hang on her smiles—but still they cannot love
As woman do,—Their love is but a dream,
A witchery—an enchantment—and it dies,
Leaving, perchance, some little lingering light
On the horizon of their thoughts, but not
The glory and beauty of its dawn!—
But HER'S! *If it be dreamy, never dream*
Had such reality. It doth imbue
The very essence of her life—doth tinge
Her heart, her soul, her deeds, her words—doth clothe
Its object with all radiance, and then worship
The glory it hath made; it doth endure
As a fixed star that sets not. 'Tis her world;
Time cannot change it—It defieth time;
Sorrow doth fail to dim it—like the fire,
That burns the brighter for some sprinkled drops,
Tears do but feed its name. Neglect, unkindness,
They only prove its truth. Would the smooth cheek
Be pale and withered—the rich hair turn grey—
The lip be parched and fevered—the eye dim,
In the Neglected—if her Love COULD die?

THE PARTING LOOK.

We parted—cold and wordly eyes
Upon that parting fell,
And bravely we kept back our sighs,
And calmly said "Farewell."

But there are looks, we learned of Love,
That none but Love can read;
And like the flash from cloud to cloud,
From heart to heart they speed.

Calm, as it ne'er had breathed a vow,
Thy rich voice faltered not;
Serene as heaven thy princely brow,
As Love were all forgot!

Yet in one eager glance, thy soul,
On wings of light to mine,
In wild and passionate sorrow, stole,
And whispered words divine!

Heaven's blessing on that royal heart,
That thus can lavish feelings!
'Twas almost sweet, tho' pain to part,
Our silent love revealing!

YOUNG LADIES.—Did you ever think what a contrast there is between the young lady of today and one of fifty, or even a score of years ago? Then a lady was one who could take care of herself—could sing in plain, musical English, wash, bake and cook all kinds of food, milk a cow, if necessary, and make herself useful generally. If she did not she was called lazy—that was all there was about it. But now we have no lazy women—they are all delicate. The modern young lady is a strange compound of dress and nerves—by which we mean those "exquisit susceptibilities" which cause her to shudder when she sees a washtub and scream at the sight of a cow. She is a living image made to be waited upon. She sings "divinely", and "exquisitly," but neither one of these affects you as the jabbering of a North American Indian, for it is not half so intelligible. She lounges about in the morning, crochets or embroiders a little, then dresses herself up and promenades for the benefit of some "genteel exquisite." Thus pass her days. Now you needn't tell me that old bachelors are for ever harping on woman's faults—that we do not find any such ladies—that they are the same now they always were. It is no such a thing. It is an uncommon thing to find a lady now-a-days that half pays for the food she eats. She is nothing but a bill of expense to her father, and a larger one to her husband, for he not only has her to support, but one or two hired girls to wait upon her also. My advise to every young man is to beware of a fashionable young lady. Never marry the girl who *sits* in the parlor while her mother *stands* in the kitchen. It won't pay.

CORN BREAD. We have printed many receipts for making corn bread, nearly all differing somewhat in the process; one lately contributed to the Prairie Farmer is the best, and accords, we believe with the Southern mode, where they know more than we about making up corn meal into cake or bread.

"To 1 quart of good meal, add enough cold water to reduce it to a thin batter add salt enough for the taste, and then bake till well done in pans an inch deep in the stove oven. If any one has a receipe that will produce a better corn cake than the above, I have not yet found it."

☞ An editor who was going a courting, said he was "going to press."

GIVE HIM A TRADE.—The advice of Franklin, to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living, if necessary, comes of a human experience older than the sage of our Revolution. In some countries this has been the law; in others a common custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law, at the feet of Gamshel, also acquired the important orantal handicraft of a tent maker by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission.

It is a good and a wise thing to do.—You may be able to leave your children fortunes, but riches "take to themselves wings," You may give them finished educations, and they may be gifted with extraordinary genius, but they may be placed in situations, where no education and no talent may be so available as some humble, honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.

It need not take seven years. Several months of earnest work, are, in some cases, sufficient to learn an ordinary business. If every young person, male and female, were obliged in the intervals of study, preparitory or professional, to learn farming, gardening, shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, or if ladies, millenery or dress making, or one of twenty kinds of work or business, it would always give them a security and independence. It is well for every one to have something to fall back upon. We do not know what revolutions may come in our time. We do not know what misfortunes may come to us individually. There is no harm in being able to take care of ourselves in any possible emergency.

CANNONADING AND RAIN.—Experience shows that the discharge of heavy artillery is usually followed by rain. The battles of the French armies were succeed by copious rains that rendered small streams impassable, and at the battle of Solferino, a storm of such fierceness arose that the conflict was suspended. The same result attended the battles of our present war. After Gen'l. McClellan's four different battles there were heavy rains on the following days respectively, and Gen'l Beauregard, in his recent report of Bull Run, says that he was prevented following up his victory by the heavy rains of the following days; at Fort Donelson the bombardment of Friday was followed by a rain on Saturday.

☞ EMIGRANTS FOR HAYTI.—Nineteen colored persons, from Lewistown and Danville, in this State, passed through the city recently, on their way to the Republic of Hayti. They are the advance guard of the spring emigration from New York, in company with a number of others, in the bark Wilhelmina for Port au Prince. They were all agriculturists; sober and industrious and will it is thought, do well in the new home which they have selected. There is at present organizing in our city a company of two hundred colored persons, calling themselves an Industrial Regiment, who purpose leaving here early in May for Hayti. About two thousand colored residents of the United States have left for Hayti during the past year. They are said to find their new residence satisfactory, and to prove themselves exemplary citizens.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

GOOD.—A girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. 'I can assure your majesty,' said he, 'that she can speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew.' 'These are rare attainments for a damsel, said James but pray tell me can she spin.'

☞ An idle man lately asked a Germantown coal merchant what a peck of coal, multiplied by eight, divided by four with a ton added to them, and a bushel subtracted would come to. If you burn 'em' said the coal-merchant, "they'll come to ashes.

☞ One Sabbath afternoon a worthy minister observing, by the time he reached the third "head" of his discourse, the drowsy disposition of several of his hearers, quietly remarked, "In the third place those of you who are awake will notice," &c.

☞ You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," complained a member of the legislature to another representative.

"Oh, yes, I have," was the reply. "I yawned through the whole course of your speech."

☞ Mr. Thurlow Weed writes a letter to the London *Star*, of February 13th, in which he gives the following account of the manner in which John B. Floyd was brought to resign his place as Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, which he had used to further the ends of treason:

"In February, Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, finding his position endangered, passed his garrison, by a prompt and brilliant movement, over to the stronger fortress of Sumpter; whereupon Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, much excited, called upon the President to say that Major Anderson had violated express orders, and thereby seriously compromised him (Floyd,) and that unless the Major was immediately remanded to Fort Moultrie he should resign the War Office.

"The Cabinet was assembled directly. Mr. Buchanan, explaining the embarrassment of the Secretary of War, remarked that the act of Major Anderson would occasion exasperation in the South; he had told Mr. Floyd that as the Government was strong, forbearance towards erring brethern might win them back to their allegiance, and that that officer might be ordered back. After an ominous silence, the President inquired how the suggestion struck his Cabinet?

"Mr. Stanton, just now called to the War Office, but then Attorney General answered, 'That course, Mr. President ought certainly to be regarded as most liberal to the erring brethren; but while one member of your Cabinet has fraudulent acceptances for millions of dollars afloat, and while the confidential clerk of another—himself in Carolina, teaching rebellion—has just stolen nine hundred thousand dollars from the Indian trust fund, the experiment of ordering Major Anderson back to Fort Moultrie would be dangerous. But, if you intend to try it, before it is done I beg that you will accept my resignation.'

"'And mine,' added the Secretary of State, Mr. Black.

"'And mine, also,' said the Postmaster General, Mr. Holt.

"'And mine, too,' followed the Secretary of the Treasury, General Dix.

"This, of course, opened the bleared eyes of the President, and the meeting resulted in the acceptance of Mr. Floyd's resignation."

☞ REPLY TO THE SCOFFERS.—Of Mr. Haynes, the colored preacher, it is said, that sometime after the publication of his sermon on the text, "Ye shall not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said Mr. Haynes, "what is it?" "It is great news indeed." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentleman replied, lifting up both hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, and said in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

THE JUG.—The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or decanter, can be rinsed, and you can satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has but a hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up, and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and *vice versa*. Hence, the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its purity, by what comes from it.

☞ The Buffalo Republic says: We recently picked up the following memoranda which we say dropped by a young lady, attired in an embroidered velvet talma, an exquisite lace collar, a white hat and plume and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces:

"I must get a— Vail, Buon Hoes,
Sareckner Laise.
Gluvs Shimmyzet;
Kulone,"

We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means cologne. The whole simply proves that wealth and intellect do not always hunt in couple.

☞ One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him.

Time's Funeral March.

Addison felt the irrepressible yearning of immortality, and with a prophetic eye looked forward to the closing act of Time's great dramma, as consummated in the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. "Passing away!" is written upon the monuments of earth-born grandeur, and everything points to the time when Nature shall die, and God and the angles shall come and lay her in the grave. The whole earth is one vast mausoleum of buried greatness, and we are daily treading over the graves of thirty generations.

The glory and greatness of man, as developed under the most favorable auspices, seem to be transitory and evanescent in their character; and in some parts of the earth the lights of civilization, learning and refinement are paling their ineffectual fires before the baneful shadows of ignorance, idolatry and superstition. In Asia Minor, the traveler treads upon a soil rich in historic lore and the recollections of a glorious past while the present population is degraded by ignorance and slavery. The glory and splendor of twenty different nations that rose and flourished there have been extinguished, and the star of the former greatness has set in the gloom of a starless night, on which no future morrow shall ever rise. The herdsman's flock and the wild beasts of the wilderness now wander over the tombs of Achilles, and Hector, and the Antiochuses, and the once splended palaces of Priam and Crœsus, are now masses of shapeless ruins, over which the destroyer Time has driven his ruthless and desolating plowshare.

The wealthy merchants and crafty tradesmen of Smyrna do not now stop to inquire where Homer was born, and the rich, mellow sky of ancient and once proud Ionia no longer inspires orators, painters or poets, or lights the waning fires of a zealous and devoted patriotism. The same dark and terrible doom hangs like a gloomy pall of death over the banks of the Jordan and Euphrates.—The republic of Moses is blotted from the map of nations; the golden lyres of David and Isaiah are no longer swept by living hands, and the voiceless silence of death reigns supreme where music once ravished the happy hearts of busy thousands.

The wandering Arab, without a home or a country, now comes, indifferent and unmoved, to rest the poles of his tent against the shattered columns of Palmyra, and makes his bed upon the crumbling fragments of thrones and crowns. Babylon the peerless, queen of empires has not escaped the common fate, and she also has fallen beneath the crushing stroke of an inevitable destiny, and that proud city, which swayed the sceptre of supreme power over the oppressed tribes of Asia's teeming millions, has scarcely left behind it a trace of its former greatness, or a crumbling pillar to show where the ramparts of Semiramis once stood.

☞ TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.—We copy the following from *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*:—Mr. Felt, of Boston, Massachusetts, has invented a type-setting machine, which, according to the descriptions which has come before us, will be for compositors what the sewing-maching has been for seamstresses: It has capacity, if required, for any quantity of each character: it will set up two copies at the same time, and in different type, properly "spaced," "leaded" and "jutified," at the rate of 15,000 letters an hour. It will also distribute the type after the work is printed; and what is more, it keeps a register, by punching holes in strips of paper, during the composition; and if at any time a reprint of the work should be asked for the compositor has only to introduce the register in to the machine, when by an ingenious contrivance, the setting of type goes on precisely as for the first edition. If the machine will do all this, it is certainly a remarkable invention; on this point, however, English printers will have an opportunity to judge for themselves, for the inventor intends to exhibit one at work in the Great Exhibition of 1862.

☞ A medical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

☞ An incorrigible old bachelor says that if he were forced to select among women, he would have nun (none.)

The Tower of London.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and treachery within. The economy of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasions were actually afoot.—Immediately after tattoo all strangers are expelled: and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being reopened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays at twelve—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warden, carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guardhouse, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys!"—At the words the sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the Spur, or outer gate; each sentry challenging, as they pass his post—

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

The gates being carefully locked and barred—the warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, and the sentries exact the same explanation and receive the same answer as before. Arriving once more in front of the main guardhouse, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party—

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all is well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims—

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutedly respond "amen."

The officer on duty gives the word "Present arms," the firelocks rattle; the officer then kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade ground alone to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but those within being furnished with the countersign, any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with this talisman is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

☞ A BOAR ON A BENDER.—The Knickerbocker is responsible for the following: "One of Adams and Company's Express messengers—an observant wag we'll be sworn, as most express messengers and railroad conductors generally are—gives the following amusing account of the freak of a boar, "a regular snorter" which he was "expressing" southward, among other "dry goods."

"He was confined in a strong wooden cage, but seeing himself in a large mirror, which was also being transported by express, he became enraged, crushed through the top of the cage, and alighting upon the floor of the car, threw himself into position, and marched sideways upon his reflection in the mirror. The first touch of his tusk broke the glass, fractured particles then exhibiting a dozen boars in formidable battle array. Our ferocious hog then seeing that the enemy had the numbers turned his back upon the discourteous swine, and observing me alone and defenceless, rushed upon me. I beat a hasty retreat over trunks and boxes, bumping my head against the roof of the car as I went, until I found a place where a hog larger than myself could not get. When I looked back, my anger was excited. This infernal bear would pick up way bills in his mouth, and run about the car shaking them, as if to say that I was the hog.—At length he took my receipt book in his mouth, raised his nose, and ran sideways. I could not stand it any longer.—I got hold of a pair of icetongs, and rushed upon him. I struck him a blow on the left eye, and he fell. I then inverted the cage upon him, and 'coerced' him as I would have done with any other hog!"

☞ A Scotch old maid who was asked to subscribe to raise men for the king during the last war, answered, "Indeed, I'll do nae sic thing; I never could raise a man for myself, and I'm net going to raise men for King George.

☞ Whenever you see a squabble between masculine and feminine (in the shape of man and wife,) be sure you make yourself of the neuter gender.

☞ "Figures won't lie," is an old and homely expression; but few men can look on a fashionable woman's figure now a day and say as much.

☞ Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

☞ The word Lent in an old English Saxon means Spring; so that forty days of the spring time fast came to be called Lent.