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NO. 48.

The Bugle Calls! The War has Begun!
A War of Extermination against Bad Teeth, Bad Breath, Diseased Gums, Toothache, Earache, and Neuralgia.

OUR ARTILLERY IS
**DR. WM. B. HURD'S
DENTAL TREASURY.**

A COMPLETE SET OF REMEDIES FOR
PRESERVING THE TEETH,
Purifying the Breath and Mouth,
and Curing Toothache and Neuralgia.

CONTENTS:
Dr. Hurd's Unequaled TOOTH POWDER, one box.
Dr. Hurd's Magic TOOTHACHE DROPS, one bottle.
Dr. Hurd's UNRIVALLED NEURALGIA PLASTER.

Dr. Hurd's MANUAL on the Best Means of Preserving the Teeth, including Directions for the Proper Treatment of Children's Teeth.

FLOSS SILK for cleaning between the Teeth.
TOOTH PICKS, etc., etc.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, 77 Fourth St., Brooklyn, (E. D.)
Price, ONE DOLLAR; or, SIX for \$5.

The Dental Treasury makes a package eight inches by five, and is sent by express.

Full directions for use on each article. The following articles we can send separately, by mail, viz:

The *Treatise on Preserving the Teeth* sent, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, or four stamps.

The *Neuralgia Plaster*, for Neuralgia in the Face, Nervous Headache, and Earache, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 18 cents, or six stamps.

The **NEURALGIA and RHEUMATIC PLASTER**, (large size), for Pains in the Chest, Shoulders, Back, or any part of the body, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 37 Cents.

Address, **WM. B. HURD & CO.,**
Tribune Buildings, New York.

Dr. Hurd's MOUTH WASH, TOOTH POWDER, and TOOTHACHE DROPS cannot be sent by mail, but they can probably be obtained at your Drug or Periodical Stores. If they cannot, send to us for the DENTAL Treasury, Price, \$1, which contains them.

Now are Dr. Hurd's Preparations Good?
The best evidence that they are is, that their firmest friends and best patrons are those who have used them longest. Dr. William B. Hurd is an eminent Dentist of Brooklyn, Treasurer of the New York State Dentists' Association, and these preparations have been used in his private practice for years, and no leading citizen of Brooklyn or Williamsburg, questions their excellence, while eminent Dentists of New York recommend them as the best known to the profession.

Without the aid of advertising, dealers have sold them by the gross.

The Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Times* says:—"We are happy to know that our friend Dr. Hurd is succeeding beyond all expectations with his Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder. The great secret of his success rests with the fact that his articles are precisely what they are represented to be, as we can testify from their long use."

The well known T. Barnum writes:—"I found your Tooth Powder so good that my family have used it all up. We find it the best Powder for the Teeth that we ever used. I shall feel obliged if you will send me another supply at the Museum at your convenience, with bill."

But their cost is so small that every one may test the matter for himself.

Beware of the ordinary Tooth Powders. Dr. Hurd's Tooth Powder contains no acids, nor alkali, nor charcoal, and polishes without wearing the enamel. Use no other.

What will Dr. Hurd's Remedies Effect?
Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder will give young ladies that finest charm in woman—a sweet breath and pearly teeth.—Try them ladies.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder will cleanse the mouth from all foul exhalations, and if used in the morning, will make the breakfast table sweeter, and the day begin more pleasantly. Hundreds of persons can testify to this. Try them, gentlemen.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder are the best preparations in the world for curing bad breath, and giving firmness and health to the gums. Hundreds of cases of Disordered Bleeding Gums, Sore Mouth, Canker, etc., have been cured by Dr. Hurd's astringent wash.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder give a pleasant and refreshing taste, and make husbands most agreeable to their wives and wives to their husbands. They should be used by every person having

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
which are liable to impart a taint to the mouth. Dr. Hurd's TOOTHACHE DROPS cure Toothache arising from exposed nerves, and are the best friends that parents can have in the house to save their children from torture and themselves from loss of sleep and sympathetic suffering.

Farmers and Mechanics! you cannot well afford to neglect your teeth. For a trifling sum, you can now get preservatives, than which ketchup or ketchup can get nothing better. Remember that DYSPEPSIA and CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS often originate in Neglect of Teeth. Send for the *Treatise on Teeth*, and read Dr. Fitch's observations on this subject. It is too late to arrest decay in your own teeth, save your children's teeth.

Neuralgia Plasters.
Dr. Hurd's Neuralgia Non-Adhesive Plasters are the most pleasant and successful remedies ever prescribed for this painful disease. The patient applies one, soon becomes drowsy, falls asleep, and awakes free from pain, and no blister or other unpleasant or injurious consequences ensue. For Earache and Nervous Headache, apply according to directions, and relief will surely follow. Nothing can be obtained equal to Dr. Hurd's Compound for Neuralgia. Try them. They are entirely a novel, curious, and original preparation, and wonderfully successful. They are of two sizes, one small, for the face, price 15 cents, and the other large, for application to the body, price 37 cents. Will be mailed on receipt of price and one stamp.

What are the People Doing?
The American people are intelligent enough to appreciate preparations that contribute so much to the happiness of those using them, and they want them. Every mail brings us letters, some ordering the *Treatise on Teeth*, some the Neuralgia Plaster, and not a few enclosing 37 cents for the Mouth Wash, to be sent by mail; but to these we are compelled to reply that it is impossible to send a half-pint bottle by mail. The people want these Remedies. Who will supply them?

NOW IS THE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Shrewd agents can make a small fortune in carrying these articles around to families.—The *Dental Treasury* is the nearest article that a man or woman can carry around. Send for one and see, or, better, a dozen, which we will sell, as samples, for \$7. Agents supplied liberally with Circulars. Now is the time to go into the business, to do good, and make a profit. We are spending thousands for the benefit of agents. New England men or women! here is something nice, and a chance to take the tide at its flood. Address,
WM. B. HURD & CO.,
Tribune Buildings,
New York.

That remittances may be made with confidence, W. B. H. & Co. refer to the Mayor of Brooklyn; to G. W. Griffith, President of Farmers' and Citizens' Bank, Brooklyn; to Jay, Coe, & Co., New York; to P. T. Barnum, Esq., New York, etc., etc.

I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR.

BY CHARLES R. SHIRAS.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife!

The wealth of our next door neighbor,

But bid me still to be stout of heart,

And cheerfully follow my labour.

You must know, the last of those little debts

That have been our lingering sorrow,

Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth,

With happier hearts to-morrow.

Oh, the debt is but a shame-faced dog,

With the creditor's name on the collar;

While I'm a king and you are a queen,

For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbour you saw in his coach to-day,

With his wife and his flaunting daughter,

While we sat down at our coverless board,

To a crust and a cup of water.

I saw that the tear-drop stood in your eye,

Though you tried your best to conceal it—

I knew that the contrast reached your heart,

And you could not help but feel it;

But knowing now that our scanty fare

Has freed my neck from the collar,

You'll join my laugh, and help me shout,

That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,

In fact, is a wretched debtor;

I pity him off from my very heart,

And I wish that his lot were better.

Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,

For his dashing wife and daughter

Will live in style, though ruin should come—

So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter;

But he feels it the tighter every day,

That terrible debtor's collar!

Oh, what would he give could he say with us,

That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more;

Within two hours I met him

Sneaking away with a frightened air,

As if a fiend had bested him;

Yet he fled from a very worthy man,

Whom I met with the greatest pleasure—

Whom I called by name, and forced to stop,

Though he said he was not at leisure.

He held my last note! so I held him fast,

'Till he freed my neck from the collar;

Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,

"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force

Of the truths I have been repeating;

I knew that a downright honest heart

In that gentle breast was beating!

To-morrow I'll rise, with a giant's strength,

To follow my daily labour;

But, ere we sleep, let us humbly pray

For our wretched next-door neighbor;

And we'll pray for the time when all shall be free

From the weight of the debtor's collar—

When the poorest will lift his voice and cry,

"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

LITTLE CARLIN.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The cold, gray light of a chilly spring morning crept slowly over a sleepy old city far away in Rhineland. It stole over the battered walls of a crazy tenement in one of the narrow streets, and looking determinedly through the dingy attic window, it found little Carlin sitting up in his bed, weeping bitterly.

In the same room, sleeping sweetly, were five other fair-haired children, with their little heads full of pleasant dreams. But these were not brothers and sisters of little Carlin, and this was partly the reason why he was in such bitter grief, in the shadowy morning twilight.

Ten years before, in the sweet May-time, when Heinrich Mueller, the father of these sleeping children, opened his door to go out to his daily work, he found a basket on the steps, and in it a little helpless baby. He did not know at first what to do, for he was very poor, and already had three or four small mouths to fill. But when he took the forsaken child to his wife, it opened its blue eyes, was half frightened, and then smiled a doubtful, pitiful smile, which went straight to her kind heart, and she said pleadingly, "We must keep it, Heinrich. Who knows but the good God has sent him to our door, and we may entertain an angel unawares."

Her husband still looked doubtful, but when she whispered, "He will take the place of our own little May, now resting in the bosom of our heavenly Father," replied, "Take your own way, good wife, for you seldom go astray."

Then she folded the helpless babe in her arms, and carried him in, as one of her own children. They called him Carlin, and as day after day revealed some newer charm, they all grew to love him dearly, and the children thought him their own true little brother.

As he grew older, he showed a great fondness for music, and all around the house his small fingers had stretched little pieces of wire, picked up in his wanderings around the city; and sometimes in wild, windy nights, Madame Mueller would almost shudder when she heard the strange, sad music of those strings, swept by invisible fingers. But

when she watched the rapt face and kindling eyes of little Carlin, she always said, "If they please thee, little son, thou shalt have as many wind-harps as thou likest."

Then he would kiss his kind mamma, and tell her odd fancies that the quivering strings whispered to him, till she would shake her head, and say to her husband, "He is not like the others, Heinrich. Who knows where the angels found him who brought him to our door?"

And when Madame Mueller read the Bible to the children all gathered round her knee, little Carlin would beg to hear of the young David, who with sweet music charmed away the evil spirit from the heart of mighty Saul, or he would have her read of the vision of the great throne—of the harpers harping with harps—of the wonderful "new song," till the tears filled his eyes, and his young heart beat with a strange, sweet joy.

For many years, Heinrich Mueller prospered, and kept his family in great comfort, but at the time when my story commences, there had been a sad change. Sickness and loss of employment had brought him to great distress; and one evening, after the hungry children had been sent supperless to bed, Heinrich and his wife sat sadly together, talking over their mournful prospects. Little Carlin tried in vain to sleep, but every word sounded so plainly through the thin board partition, he could not help hearing all they said.

At last he started up in bed with a half-smothered cry of dismay, as he heard Heinrich say, "Yes, we must part with little Carlin, for we can scarcely feed our own. Carlin must go, poor boy!"

"We will unise him sadly," wept kind mamma Mueller; "but alas! what can we do? Poor Johannes is almost helpless with his lame foot, Riga and Lisette are growing pale and thin, working upon their lace pillows, and the others are too small. But he, poor child, what can he do with those little hands? He is more tender and delicate than our own."

"He will grow good wife," replied Heinrich. "We must give him to some farmer who will take him into the country and make a fine worker of him. I will see about it to-morrow."

"Ah, how I shall miss his sweet voice!" wept Madame Mueller. "I cannot let him go."

"Wilt thou see him starve, then?" asked her husband, sadly.

But Carlin could hear no more, and hiding his face in the coverlid, he sobbed himself to sleep.

Now this is the reason why the light of that chilly spring morning, searching for the once merry little face of Carlin, found it like the sun in a fog, half drowned in a mist of tears.

After some time, Carlin suddenly ceased weeping, and seemed to have formed some great resolution.

"I will not stay," half aloud, "to eat the bread which belongs to mamma Mueller's own little children; but I will not be sent away, for it would break my heart. I will go myself, and the great God who takes care of little helpless birds and flowers will be my Father, and take care of me."

He dressed himself softly in his little tattered garments, went carefully out of the house, and busied himself with taking down all the wires he had stretched for the gentle wind-fingers. "Mamma Mueller would weep if she heard them when I am gone," said the child simply. Then going in again very softly, he kissed with many tears, the rosy cheeks of Margot, Johannes, Riga, and the little ones. Then kneeling for a moment by the door of Madame Mueller, he prayed that God "would keep and bless her, and that she might live till he had earned money, and could bring to her dear hands, and that she might again call him 'little son.'"

So the child went bravely forth in the chill morning, down into the heart of the great city. The gay stores were just being opened, and never had they looked so grand and imposing.

Carlin went into several very timidly, and asked, "Do you want a boy?" But some answered harshly, and some young clerks only laughed, and jeering at his worn garments, said, "The King of Taterdom is looking out for recruits, and will probably make you a captain of the ragged regiment."

Carlin shrank away with fearful eyes, but still went on determinedly, lifting from his heavy heart a constant prayer

that the next attempt might be successful; but all in vain.

At last the weary day began to close, and the child, tired and hungry, sat down on a stone wall, and began to think anxiously what he should do next, and where he should spend the night; and again he breathed a prayer that God would remember the little fatherless child. Just then a strain of soft, sweet music stole upon his ear. Carlin started. He was close at the door of the great cathedral, which he had so longed to enter, and his kind mamma Mueller had promised some day to take him when his clothes were better. But now no one knew him. Why should he not creep softly in and hear the wonderful music? So Carlin stole in, and hid in a dark corner of the organ-loft, unperceived by the choir. He looked with awe at the grand organ, with its magnificent golden pipes, and all thought of weariness and pain was forgotten.

The music was very low, and sometimes almost lost in the great arches.—Then came a swell of sound like a long sigh, and Carlin said to himself, "The organ is asleep—is dreaming; it is talking in its sleep." And he crept gently out of his hiding-place, and reverently the side of the huge instrument, and passed his hand caressingly over the gilded mouldings.

But by-and-by it began to wake up.—Grand bursts of harmony filled the cathedral; the choir arose and sang a noble, triumphant chant thrilled Carlin to the heart. Unconsciously he drew nearer, till he stood by the great "Meister" who dared to touch those wonderful keys.

Suddenly upon the full harmony rose the clear treble of a sweet young voice, and the Meister turning, saw a little weary tattered child, bending forward with clasped hands and a look of heavenly peace in his clear blue eyes.

The service ended, but the child still stood transfixed, and the Meister said kindly, "What wilt thou, little one?"

"Oh, great Meister," cried Carlin breathlessly, "have you not heard the harpers harping with harps?" have you not been singing the 'new songs?' Oh, please, please teach it to me."

The good Meister looked doubtfully at the child. "He is not all right," he thought to himself; "the finger of God has touched him."

"Come, little one," added he aloud, "thou must go to thy home."

Carlin started about him as one aroused from a dream. All the painful reality flashed upon him in a moment. He could not go back to trouble dear mamma Mueller, and God had not yet given him another home. A touching look of despair swept over his childish face, but it was dark, and the kind Meister did not see it, but only said again, "Come, child, run to my home, and to-morrow thou mayest come again, Canst thou sing much?"

"I sing what the wind taught me," Carlin, simply; and he sang a plaintive little melody which thrilled the old musician's heart.

"That is wonderfully sweet," said he. "Ah!" said little Carlin, "If I could only sing the new song."

"And where do they sing that?" said the Meister, smiling.

"In the other country," said little Carlin, "and mamma says it is so wonderful that the angels listen, and no one sings it but the earth children."

"Well, little one, good," said the Meister. "Come again to-morrow, and we will talk more."

Carlin looked wistfully in his face, tried to say, "I have no home to-night," but the words choked him, and he staggered wearily away. The tears blinded his eyes so that he could not see, and stumbling across the busy street, he was suddenly knocked down, and heavy wheels passed over his poor little limbs.

The Meister heard a cry of agony, and turning, he saw them lifting up the fainting form of his little friend. A sharp pang shot through his heart. He had not done his duty by the helpless child. He hastened to the spot, and took him in his arms. "He is dead, I think," said one of them. "Hast thou gone to learn the 'new song?'" whispered the Meister tenderly.

"Not yet, good Meister," said little Carlin, with a faint smile, opening slightly his misty blue eyes.

"Not yet?" said the Meister cheerily; "then we will keep thee, and thou shalt make a famous singer here, for thy voice is as sweet as the birds that sing in Paradise."

Carlin smiled, but soon a look of great

trouble crossed his face.

"Do not carry me, great Meister," he said, bravely trying to hide the anguish he was suffering. "You must not carry me—a ragged little boy. Please lay me down softly in the shadow of the wall, and I will be better in the morning."

"Thou poor child," said the Meister, "dost thou know that thou wouldst die with thy broken bones?" But the poor child had again fainted from weakness and pain, and the Meister carried him home. He had no children of his own, and his heart warmed to the little pale orphan.

I should make my story too long if I should tell you how tenderly Carlin was nursed, and how the Meister grew to love him like his own son.

When he was well once more, he was taken to the grand cathedral, and to his exquisite delight, the good Meister taught him to sing, and gave him a place in the choir beside that wonderful organ.

A small salary was paid him weekly, and with the first little sum he hastened to his loved mamma Mueller. The good woman wept for joy and said he should never leave her again. But when he told her of his happy life with the good Meister, she bade him go, for she was still in great poverty. It was a great happiness to Carlin to carry this money to his dear old friends, and without this help at one time they would have suffered much from want.

Carlin is still singing his sweet songs and trusting in God; and although, as he is a little lame, he will never be able to play the organ with the grand pedals, like his beloved "Meister," still he feels that it is right, for he talks much of the better country where there is no more sorrow and pain, and slipping his hand in the good Meister's, he says with sweet confidence—

"As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there."—*Family Treasury.*

A MILLIONAIRE IN APRON AND SHIRT SLEEVES.—Mons. Wey, a French writer of distinction, who passed some weeks in London, has recently published in Paris his impressions, under the title of "The English at Home." On one occasion, while riding in an omnibus, he formed acquaintance with a fellow-passenger, from whom he derived many explanations of the strange things he saw. One of these we give: "I addressed a few words to him concerning a carriage which drove by. It was too fine to be elegant, and was drawn by two magnificent horses. On the box adorned with beautiful fringe, sat a black-coated coachman; there was not a wrinkle in his white cravat—his snowy gloves were spotless. In the vehicle, on downy cushions, carelessly lounged a man without a coat, his arms bare, his sleeves turned up to his shoulders; an apron, with the corners turned up, served him a girdle—so that the coachman looked like a gentleman driving a mechanic in his working dress. Mons. W. asked his neighbor who and what was the strange looking occupant of the dashing carriage. "The richest butcher in London," was the reply; "he is riding in his carriage from the slaughter-house to his residence. His forefathers were in the same business; his father left him a fortune of more than two millions, and he out of modesty followed his profession a very honorable custom. This gentleman butcher possesses four millions."

Two Bostonians, rusticating in Vermont persuaded a lad who owned a pet black bear to let them try three powerful dogs on him, the bear to be made fast to a post by a chain about twelve feet long. The Vermont boy agreed, in consideration of \$2 50, and the result was three dead dogs, two mortified Bostonians, one triumphant bear, and a jubilant Green Mountain juvenile.

The following conversation took place on the receipt of the news of the evacuation of Corinth: "What do you think of Gen. Halleck's First Epistle to the Corinthians?" "Very good. He persuades, by a cant term."

Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which winds continually, and which is never so broad or so deep as at its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

There are two kinds of family jars; into one you put your sweetmeats, and into the other you put your foot.

DISINFECTING AGENTS.—As the warm weather approaches, our citizens should thoroughly cleanse their premises, rendering them as pure and healthy as possible. There are a number of disinfecting agents which will be found efficacious in removing offensive smells from damp, mouldy cellars, yards, pools of stagnant water, decaying vegetable matter, etc. Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle:

1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pailful of water and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is, perhaps, the most effective of anything that can be used; and, when thrown upon decaying vegetable matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of copper (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water, will in many cases be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.

THE CHICKAHOMINY HISTORY.—The Chickahominy river, all know, from the reports of Gen. McClellan's operations to be a small stream in the vicinity of Richmond, which broadens and deepens gradually in its course. Sometime before it reaches the James river, into which it empties, thirty-seven miles above Fortress Monroe; it is affected by the tides, and at the mouth is, as it appears from the James, between two and three miles wide. The Chickahominy is the stream which Capt. John Smith was exploring when he was captured by the warriors of Powhatan. It is believed he was captured somewhere near the scene of the late battle. It will be remembered that its banks were in the days of John Smith, as now, noted for marshes. Smith was wared in the swamp when the savages pounced upon him.

GENERAL VIKER.—A Norfolk correspondent tells the following anecdote of General Viker, showing one of many means of raming Secession:—"A lady came into his office to consult him or demand some favor. He received her with his usual politeness, but suddenly noticing that she wore the Confederate colors prominently, in the shape of a brooch, mildly suggested that it would, perhaps have been in better taste to come to his office without such decoration. "I have a right, sir, to consult my own wishes as to what I shall wear." "Then, madam," replied the General, "permit me to claim an equal right in choosing with whom I shall converse," and the dignified lady had to withdraw from his presence.

George Francis Train is responsible for the following: "What a howl would have passed through England had the Northern army been guilty of the brutal atrocities perpetrated by the Rebels at Manassas and elsewhere?—Using the skulls of our brave officers for spittoons, boiling off their flesh to get for castanets, and sending tokens made from the bones of our brave men to the fiends in the shape of women, who seem to have acted like so many tigresses during this terrible civil war, *May God have mercy on their souls!*"

CLASSIC SPOTS OF THE SOUTH.—Hanover, the birth-place of Henry Clay, near Ashland; Mt. Vernon, the abode and tomb of George Washington; and the Hermitage, the lovely residence and the final resting place of lion-hearted Andrew Jackson, are now all within the lines of the Union army, and guarded by the Federal flag, to whose glory their honored and useful lives were given.—The dust of every dead President of the United States is enclosed by the national lines.

When Gen. Fremont was at the West, his most secret despatches to the President were sent in Magyar, which was as good as a cypher, since no traitor knows the tongue. It is said that there is no record of any Hungarian being in the rebel service, though there are many in our army.

A Farmer at Gloucester, Mass., having exhausted all other means of capturing or driving away crows from his field, soaked a quantity of corn in rum, and laid it about the place with a liberal hand. The next day he captured thirteen birds who were too drunk to get away.

Precocious Pupil.—Please Miss, what is the meaning of suberbs? Government—(who is extensively crinoline); The outskirts of a place, my dear. Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the dress); Then, Miss Jones, are these your suberbs?

Extra Billy Smith, a rebel Colonel, and at one time a member of Congress, was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks. The Breckinridgers of the North used to hold this man up as a model politician and friend of his country.

At first the dissipated resort to wine to stimulate their wits, and in the end have to resort to their wits to procure their wine.