

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

F. L. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Established April 11, 1854.

VOL. NINE.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

NO. 6.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

TERMS: One Dollar a Year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 20 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, free; but for any additional lines, five cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light desk, and learn to wield
The herculean crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stained blots the green.
Strike to defend the greatest way
That time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand covert-see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy at the oak ye cleave,
And moved as soon as rattle and fight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arm that wielded the axe must pour
An iron trumpet on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the pantler low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm,
In grassy steep or Highland lake,
Come from the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind; stand in his defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains,
And sweep along the woods upborne.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring margin of sand.
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And fling the proud bark that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Night and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

WHO WIELDS ITS SCEPTRE.—Universal
Empire has been the darling object of
scores of despots, dynasties, and states,
from the time of the Pharaohs to that of
Napoleon le Grand. Seas of blood have
been shed to attain it, and the bones of
the myriads who have been slaughtered
in the pursuit of this chimera, would, if
they could be collected in one mass,
over-top the highest peaks of the Hima-
layas, the Andes, the Alps, the Pyrenees,
the Caucasus, yet even she was
dearer in truth, the absolute "Mistress of
the World."

Yet there is a species of universal em-
pire which has been attained. It is an
empire not over the souls and bodies of
mankind, but over their diseases. The
conqueror who has achieved this grand
result is Doctor HOLLOWAY, of London;
at least we are taught to believe that he
has done so by vouchers from all parts
of the Christian and heathen world,
which seem to be irrefutable, and which,
in fact, so far as we know, have never
been challenged. His Pills and Oint-
ment are "universal remedies" in a
double sense. They are disseminated
throughout the habitable globe, and they
are (so "crowds of witnesses" assure
us) universally successful.

In this country it is quite certain that
the Pills are used with the most benefi-
cial effect in disorders of the stomach,
liver and bowels, and that scrofula, and
all the family of eruptive diseases and
discharging sores, give way to the heal-
ing operation of the Ointment.

Surely the noblest of all human em-
pires is that which stretches its healing
sceptre over the maladies of all nations.

Large Armies.

The following facts, culled from the
fields of ancient story, may be of some
interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred
gates, and could send out at each gate
10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—
in all, 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.
The army of Terrah, King of Ethio-
pia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300
chariots of war.

Sesostris King of Egypt, led against
his enemies 600,000 men, 34,000 cavalry,
and 27 scythe-armed chariots. 1491
B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and
landed near Palermo. He had a fleet
of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels
and a land force of 300,000 men. At
the battle in which he was defeated, 150,
000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against
Carthage, consisted of 330 vessels, with
140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet
numbered 350 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, there were of
the Romans, including allies, 80,000
foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthageni-
ans 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of
these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,-
000 taken prisoners; more than half
slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy
and Spain, plundered 400 towns and de-
stroyed 300,000 men.

Ginüs, the Assyrian King, about 2,
200 B. C., led against the Bactrians his
army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 2000-
000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed
with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time,
was able to send into the field nearly
1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in
building the mighty Babylon. She took
100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus,
and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night
185,000 men by the destroying angel—2,
Kings, 19: 35-37.

A short time after the taking of Baby-
lon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of
600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000
chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong,
was buried up in the desert sands of Af-
rica by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermonylæ,
his land and sea forces amounted to
2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs,
women, sutlers, &c. in all numbering
5,283,320. So say Herodotus, Plutarch,
and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the
battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about
1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot
fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus,
1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arberia num-
bered more than 1,000,000. The Persi-
ans lost 90,000 men in this battle; Al-
exander about 500 men. So says Dio-
dorus. Arian says the Persians, in this
battle, lost 300,000; the Greeks
1,200.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have
amounted to 1,600,000, and that of his
antagonist, Bajezet, 1,400,000.

QUESTION BY MRS. PARTINGTON.—"Do
you think people are troubled as much
with fleabottomomy now, doctor, as they
used to be before they discovered the
anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partin-
gton of a doctor of the old school,
who attended the family where she was
staying. "Phlebotomy, madam," said
the doctor, gravely, "is a remedy, not a
disease." "Well, well," replied she, "no
wonder one gets'em mixed up, there is
so many of'em. We never heard in
old times of trousers in the throat, or
embargoes in the head, or neurology all
over us, or consternation in the bowels,
as we do now-a-days. But it's an ill
wind that don't blow nobody good, and
the doctors flourish on it like a green
baize tree. But of course they don't
have any thing to do with it—they can't
make'em come or go."

AN ATTACK OF WHITE LIVER.—"What
are you doing at home?" asked the
landlady of the officer; "why aren't you
down in Virginia, fighting?" "I, mad-
am," replied the robust invader, "I'm on
sick-leave. I have an illness to fight,
now." "An illness?" asked X. "Oh!
yes; that's an indisposition. Yes, you
have an indisposition to fight!"

THE WAY TO END THE WAR.—Daniel
S. Dickinson, in a strong letter to a war
meeting at Erie, says, "Send a million
of men, and make the end of the rebel-
lion sure quick and terrible." This is
a sound advice.

About Boiling Potatoes.

Wash them, but do not pare or cut
them, unless they are very large. Fill
a sauce-pan half full of potatoes of equal
size, or the small ones will be done to
pieces before the large ones are boiled
enough, (or make them so by dividing
the larger ones,) put to them as much
cold water as will cover them about an
inch; they are sooner boiled, and more
savory, than when drowned in water.—
Most boiled things are spoiled by hav-
ing too little water, but potatoes are of-
ten spoiled by too much; they must
merely be covered, and a little allowed
for waste in boiling, so that they may be
just covered at the finish.

Set them on a moderate fire till they
boil; then take them off, and put them
by the side of the fire to simmer slowly
till they are soft enough to admit a fork,
(place no dependence on the usual test
of their skins cracking, which, if they are
boiled fast, will happen to some pota-
toes when they are not half done, and
the inside quite hard.) Then pour the
water off, (if you let the potatoes remain
in the water a moment after they are
done enough, they will become waxy and
watery,) uncover the sauce-pan, and set
it at such a distance from the fire as will
secure it from burning; their superflu-
ous moisture will evaporate, and the pota-
toes will be perfectly dry and mealy.

You may afterward place a napkin,
folded up to the size of the sauce-pan's
diameter, over the potatoes, to keep
them hot and mealy till wanted.

This method of managing potatoes is
in every respect equal to steaming them;
and they are dressed in half the time.

There is such an infinite variety of
sorts and sizes of potatoes, that it is im-
possible to say how long they will take
doing; the best way is to try them with
a fork. Moderate-sized potatoes will
generally be done enough in fifteen or
twenty minutes.

Cold Potatoes Fried.—Put a bit of
cream dripping into a frying pan; when
it is melted, slice in your potatoes with
a little pepper and salt; put them on
the fire; keep stirring them; when they
are quite hot they are ready.

Potatoes Mashed.—When your pota-
toes are thoroughly boiled, drain them
quite dry, pick out every speck, etc., and
while hot, rub them through a colander
into a stew-pan. To a pound of pota-
toes put about half an ounce of butter
and a table-spoonful of milk; do not
make them too moist; mix them well to-
gether.

Potatoes Mashed with Onions.—Pre-
pare some boiled onions by putting them
through a sieve, and mix them with po-
tatoes. In proportioning the onions to
the potatoes you will be guided by your
wish for more or less of their flavor.

A Swiss Soup.—Boil three pounds of
potatoes, mash them well, and add slow-
ly some good broth, sufficient for the tur-
reen. Let these boil together, then add
some spinach, a little parsley, lemon,
thyme and sage, all chopped very fine.
Boil altogether five minutes; pepper
and salt to taste. Just before taking it
off the fire to serve add two well-beaten
eggs.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.—First, never
use a desk or table with your face to-
ward a window. In such case the rays
of light coming directly upon the pupil
of the eyes, and causing an unnatural
and forced contraction thereof, soon per-
manently injures the sight. Next, when
your table or desk is near a window, sit
so that your face turns from, not towards
it while you are writing. If your face
is toward the window, the oblique rays
strike and injure it nearly as much as
the direct rays when you sit in front of
the window. It is always best to sit or
stand, while reading or writing, with the
window behind you, and next to that
with the light coming over the left side
—then the light illumines the paper or
book, and does not shine abruptly on
the eye ball. The same remarks are ap-
plicable to artificial light. We are of-
ten asked which is the best light—gas,
candles, oil or camphine. Our answer
is, it is immaterial which, provided the
light of either be strong enough, and
does not flicker.—Scientific American.

A Passenger on a steamer had a
roll of canvas with him. In a lurch of
the boat it rolled overboard. He pitch-
ed in after it. On seeing which, a by-
stander remarked, "As that fellow is in
for a duck he is bound to have the can-
vas back!"

A Physician has discovered that
the nightmare in nine cases out of ten
is produced by owing a bill for a news-
paper, and that the best cure is to pay
up.

After All!

He had been a bachelor for forty years,
this same Mr. Ellis Harvey, about whom
I am writing a story, and he was known
among his friends as a "very particular"
man, and "hard to please," which last
phrase generally means one thing—hard
to please in a matrimonial way.

He was sitting before a blazing coal-
fire, thinking how dimly cold it must
be outside; and he was eating very lei-
surely his late dinner, and thinking how
excessively comfortable it was in his
sanctum, when the door opened, and a
tall, stylish lady, whose likeness to him-
self spoke her relationship, came sweep-
ing in.

"Ellis!" she exclaimed, "at dinner?"
Why, it is nine o'clock, and I am ready
for the ball at Mrs. Jameson's."

"So I perceive," he said, lazily, look-
ing at her stately figure in its rich even-
ing dress. "I cannot go for an hour,
Hattie, so sit down and be comfortable.
Ten o'clock is early enough, just right
for a sensation."

"But what makes you dine at this
hour?"

"I was detained, and gave Mrs. Smith
directions to wait for me. Let me offer
you something."

"You savage! You want a wife, El-
lis, to keep you in order. If Mrs. Har-
vey ruled the house, you would have to
come to your dinner at a civilized hour."

"Let us be thankful then that she
does not rule the house! Where is
Lawrence?"

"In Washington! Went this morn-
ing, which accounts for my calling for
you. But, Ellis, seriously, do you never
intend to give me a sister? I gave you
Lawrence for a brother years ago, and
as there are only you and I left in the
family, it is but fair you should return
the favor. You are getting old, too,
sir!"

"Am I? How? Hair turning?"

"No, you conceived fellow, you are as
handsome as ever; but you grow more
fussy and bachelory every day. Smith
spoils you!"

"Smith gives me all the comforts of a
married man, and none of the bother.
I will wager that Lawrence himself is
not better cared for than I am."

"But, Ellis, surely you intend to mar-
ry some time?"

"Oh, yes! if I ever find anybody to
suit me!"

"There is Fanny Hays, you were very
attentive to her at one time."

"Hattie," said Ellis, solemnly, "she
paints I saw it come off, one warm eve-
ning, on her handkerchief. Don't tell
but it is a fact! I was so glad I had
not actually proposed."

"Well, Ellis, I am sure Jane Hunter
didn't paint!"

"But, Hattie, she was so fearfully ugly.
I tried in vain to be sensible and
prefer mind, intellect and talent, to
mere beauty; but she was so frightfully
strong-minded, and made such terrific
speeches about equal rights and male ty-
ranny, that she fairly frightened me
away."

"Well, Louise Holden was not strong-
minded!"

"Milk and water!" said Ellis, con-
temptuously.

"Amy Hill!"

"Dressed so shockingly. Venus her-
self could not look well in an enormous
red and green plaid, with a blue bonnet.
Ugh!"

"Mary Willis had exquisite taste in
dress."

"But she had such a voice! She ad-
dressed you with tender eloquence, and
told her most cherished secrets in the
voice of a fish woman crying shad."

"Well, Ellis, one more. Wilhelmi-
na Lee!"

"Ah! Hattie, there I was touched.—
Beauty, talent, feminine graces, every
attraction; but she lived next door to a
grocery store."

"Now, Ellis, what could that have to
do with it?"

"It was in the summer, and we were
at the open parlor window. I was just
on the point of offering myself, when the
wind blew a strong whiff of salt mackerel
between us. You know my aversion to
mackerel. The smell made me sick, and
I forgot sentiment. I left, and the next
day Moore proposed and was accepted."

"You had better have a wife made to
order, Ellis Particular, for I am sure
the paragon does not exist who will fill
your ideas of Mrs. Harvey. I shouldn't
wonder if you married Smith, after all."

"Not a bit of danger. If I ever mar-
ry, my wife must be refined in manner,
lady-like in appearance, pretty enough
to escape the charge of positive ugliness,
at least thirty years of age, and of
good birth and position."

"And with sufficient good taste to ap-
preciate your condescension and say
'Yes, if you will be good enough to have
me,' when you propose. Come, you
have finished your dinner. Go dress
yourself."

Six hours later Ellis was a doomed
man. How it came about he never
knew. After all his resolutions never
to marry in haste, to weigh well all her
perfections and imperfections before ad-
dressing any lady; in fact, to walk slow-
ly and deliberately into a cool, sensible
state of affection, he suddenly found him-
self deeply in love. One look, one
word, and he was gone.

"Miss Lois Jones, (he hated the name
of Jones,) let me introduce Mr. Harvey."
He bowed to Miss Jones, and looked at
her.

A little delicate figure, a pair of soft
blue eyes, a maze of white lace, and a
tiny, delicately gloved hand. These
were the first impressions. A voice,
low and sweet, modulated like music,
well chosen phrases, and a modest yet
self-possessed manner, and a graceful de-
partment, finished the fascination.

In a sort of misty pleasure, Ellis
waltzed with this wee fairy who had
somehow come right into his heart,
whose door he fancied so strongly forti-
fied. He called, and found his fascina-
tor in a neat wrapper, teaching two lit-
tle sisters grammar. He learned that
her father was a wholesale grocer, and
found she had three strong-minded sis-
ters. He spent a week with her married
brother on a country farm, and break-
fasted every day on salt mackerel, be-
cause she sat opposite to him and did the
same. He helped her over a stile when
her wrapper was green and her sun-bon-
net blue, while a red shawl of her sis-
ter's hung over her arm. He heard her
scream with terror over her little neph-
ew who fell in the horse pond, and
dragged her out, with the boy in her
arms, when she frantically sprang in af-
ter him. He never noticed that a shriek
is not melodious. He saw her lovely
face covered with mosquito bites, and
he knew that the whiteness over them
was powder, and yet—and yet—he never
knew how, he proposed, was accepted,
and, as Hattie said, "Married a darling
little chit of sixteen AFTER ALL!"

PAY OF OUR SOLDIERS.—No soldiers
in the world were ever paid so liberally
as those now in the service of the Uni-
ted States, leaving out of the question
the bounties paid them as recruits and
the land donation which the government
is sure to bestow upon them at the close
of the war. The soldiers of Rome, who
conquered the world, got eight cents a
day. The English soldiers only get a
shilling a day, while the French soldier
gets even less. The bounty given to
the American volunteer is nearly as
much as the earnings of an English sol-
dier for three years. This sum is earned
by the American soldier the very day
he enlists. The pay given to our troops
should, and we think will, lead to large
emigration from Europe. At no former
time has the Model Republic offered
such magnificent inducements to the
man of toil as at this very moment.—
The bounty, pay and land given to our
troops make their earnings for the first
year nearly six hundred dollars, which
is equal to two dollars per day. Any man
can lay up money now who wishes to.—
There is no excuse for idleness. Till
the war is over such a thing as want
should be unknown to any man in health.

OUTRAGE ON A DEPUTY MARSHALL.—
Mr. John Johnson, an old and respect-
able citizen, Deputy Marshall for Bell
township, Westmoreland county, was
assaulted in the discharge of his duties,
last week, by a man named Samuel
Carnahan. It appears that Mr. John-
son had nearly completed the enrollment
of the militia of Bell township, and was
at the house of Peter Bear, and began
enrolling the names of those present.—
He was assailed with abusive epithets,
and his horse was loosed and driven off
twice. While remonstrating against
such treatment, Carnahan attacked him
with a dung fork, and struck him over
the head, cutting through his hat, and
inflicting so severe a wound that it is
supposed he bled over a quart. His
book was entirely destroyed, most of the
names being obliterated by the blood.—
An example will no doubt be made of
Carnahan.

Sir Cusack Roney, in his "Month
in Ireland," tells us that the residence
of Sir Walter Raleigh at Youghal still
exists—a structure of the fifteenth cen-
tury, surrounded by a luxuriant growth
of myrtles, bays and arbutuses. Here
Raleigh smoked the first pipe of tobacco
and planted the first potato in Ireland.

What Prentice Says.

A lady, whose hand we think we rec-
ognize, writes to us that she would glad-
ly deliver us to the guerillas. We are
confident she would do nothing of the
sort. We fondly believe, that, if Mor-
gan's miscreants were close upon us
and we could not escape in any other way
she would, in the gushing kindness of
her soul, invite us to seek concealment
under her ample crinoline.

One more effort for the honor of Ken-
tucky and the preservation of the arch of
Federal unity, that glorious arch which
spans the world as a bow of promise to
the oppressed of all nations. Let us
send forth our thousands of volunteers
to fill up the enfeebled regiments now
in service, and there will be no neces-
sity for any resort to drafting. Stand
to your rifles, hunters of Kentucky, and
be prepared to resist the invaders at all
points.

He who opposes the policy of the
Government's drawing troops to recruit
its armies doesn't deserve the privilege
of drawing his breath to recruit his
lungs.

Raffaello's cherubs are always paint-
ed without anything to sit down on.—
Humphrey Marshall could never be a
Cherub.

Defiance is the banner county of Ohio
in furnishing volunteers. Many coun-
ties hurl defiance at the rebels, but De-
fiance hurls herself at them.

The city government, corporations
and people of Philadelphia have con-
tributed one million dollars toward rais-
ing of volunteers, and the subscriptions
are still going on. If this is the spirit
of the Quaker City it must be populated
with fighting Quakers; they have added
imperishable honors to the already
proud name of the city of Penn.

The Israelites of Chicago are among
the most patriotic of the citizens in en-
rolling themselves in the Federal ranks.
We are glad to have the modern Jews
going forth like their glorious old fathers
to smite the uncircumcised Philistines,
hip and thigh.

The rebel Government has imposed
a tax of \$2 upon every male resident of
the Confederacy, for the support of the
families of men who have gone to the
war under the conscript act. This is in
addition to the heavy taxes already im-
posed for carrying on the war.

Parson Brownlow says of the rebellion
and its originators: "I know the origin
of the rebellion, and nothing short of an
old-fashioned orthodox hell, that burns
with fire and brimstone, will reward them
adequately for their service." We shall
not venture to dispute this judgment.
We are no parson as Brownlow is.

It is stated that the rebel who led
Gen. Robert McCook into the ambush
has been hung, and that one hundred
and thirty-five other rebels in the neigh-
borhood have been killed. If the ghost
of the foully-murdered hero isn't ap-
peased, let it say what more it would
like to have.

At Memphis and Nashville the send-
ing of rebel sympathizers South is kept
up. If citizens give evidence of disloy-
alty, General Sherman and Gov. John-
son say "Go to Dixie!"—an improve-
ment upon an old and somewhat kindred
expression.

A New Jersey millionaire, who at-
tempted to evade the draft by getting
on board a steamer for Europe, insulted
the respectable fraternity of coal-heavers
by disguising himself as one of them.

A preacher of the M. E. Church says
that he and his brethren will fight the
rebels in this world, and, if God permit,
chase their frightened ghosts in the next.

An Irishman took off his coat to show
a terrible wound he had received at the
battle of Bull Run. Not being able,
however, to find the wound, he sudden-
ly remembered that it was his "brother
Bill's arm."

The editor of the Atlanta Confederacy
says that he could "take an o'le pig."
We suppose then he is a pig with a
kink in his tail.

The man whom you saved from
drowning, and the man who never pays
what he owes, you may consider as alike
indebted to you for life.

Red Noses are lighthouses to
warn voyagers on the sea of life off the
coasts of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz,
and Holland.

Scrutinize a lawyer when he tells
you how to avoid litigation, and a doc-
tor when he drinks your health.