

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 13, 1862.

NO. 7.

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

OFFICE on Front Street, a few doors east of Mrs. Fry'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.

Any person sending us five new subscribers shall have a sixth copy for his trouble.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less \$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.

MODERN KNIGHT ERRANDRY.

Written on reading the correspondence between Frank Hughes and Gov. Seward.

Don Quixote on his steed
Attacked that monster mill;
Don Quixote's fiery soul
In Hughes is burning still.

Behold his Rosinante,
"Democracy" by name;
Behold Don Hughes the knight
In search of death—or fame!

That Abolition mill,
A giant in his eye—
The monster's blood he'll spill,
Or in the effort die!

To aid his country's cause
Don Hughes is called in vain;
His eye can only see
The windmill on the plain.

His breastplate is a plank
From Party's platform torn;
Like one from some old bridge,
Which uses' hoofs have worn.

His spear of awful size,
"A weaver's beam"—no less;
And on its handle read,
"Political Address."

Don Hughes on Seward calls,
His prowess to behold;
"Ho, Seward! here's a knight
More brave than knights of old."

Seward thus cool replies:
"Pooh! Let the windmill go!
Employ your arms, ay knight,
Against your country's foe!"

THE BLACK REGIMENT.—The slavery papers throughout the North have been highly jubilant over the recent disbanding by Gen. Hunter of his negro regiment in South Carolina, and have thereupon argued that the black race are unfit for soldiers. The cause of the dissolution of the 1st Regiment South Carolina Colored Volunteers was owing to the fact that the War Department refused to grant them rations, in accordance with the present policy of Mr. Lincoln against employing negroes as combatants. They had previously subsisted from the products of rebel plantations and other means unconnected with direct Government supplies. As these became exhausted, the War Department was applied to. Upon its refusal, company after company was discharged, while the residue subsisted by the fast failing process hitherto adopted. At last a complete dissolution took place.

DEATH OF AN OLD PATRIARCH.—Old Joe Boring, familiarly called Uncle Joe, a negro, in the one hundred and twenty-first year of his age, died at the poor-house in Muskingum county, Ohio, the other day. Uncle Joe was the property of Rev. Scott, on Strawberry Farm, Fairfax county, Va., in the days of Gen. Washington, and retained to the day of his death a sufficient recollection of the appearance of the General to give an accurate description of him. Owing to death, transfer and the profits arising from the arrangements, he had while in slavery seven different wives, in obedience to the orders of his successive masters.

Hogarth's Print of the "March of the Guards to Finchley," was originally inscribed to King George II, and a copy sent to St. James by his approval.—The monarch is described as turning from the print to a nobleman in waiting with the question, "Who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Painter! I hate baking and bostry too! Neither the one nor the other ever did any good. Does the yellow mean to laugh at my Guards?" "The picture, so please your Majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a painter burlesque a soldier! He deserves to be bicketed for insolence. Take his trumpany out of my sight." The picture was returned and dedicated to Frederick the Great.

[From the New York Mercury.] GOT THE MEASLES.

"Well now, Miss Jones, you don't say so! Who ever heard tell of such a thing."

"Yes, ma'am, its so; she's been sick abed now two days or more," returned the prim housekeeper.

"And got the measles, too—her, a big, grown up girl! She ain't very big; but she's grown up; leastways, I don't think she'll ever grow any more. It's dreadful dangerous. Where is she? I suppose I can see her?"

"First door up stairs, ma'am. But she's asleep now, poor child. She never slept any last night, and I don't like to wake her; besides, the doctor said I wasn't to let anybody see her."

"Oh! it's only me, you know; and I won't wake her—I'll go on tiptoes. I just want to see if she has got the measles, and if she looks bad."

"So, up goes the red-faced Mrs. Jay, and into the first room, where lay the unfortunate little "grown up" subject of the measles, Miss Ellen Tyler by name, who, hearing squeaky shoes, and the door pushed open (Mrs. Jay couldn't do anything softly if she tried), waked up, of course, and opened her eyes as far as the swelled lids would allow, to see who and what was coming.

"You poor little creature!" she began, "you're awake, are you! Miss Jones said you'd got the measles, so I thought maybe you'd like somebody to come in and talk to you a bit. It's only me—and I've seen lots of measles in my time—I remember Brown, that lived next door to us in Stubville"—drawing up a chair and seating herself in close proximity to the invalid—"he was a shoemaker, and he got the measles and they settled in his neck; so when he got well he couldn't turn his head no way, and if he wanted to look sideways, or behind him he had to turn himself clear round. Measles is awful disagreeable things, these make any one feel so bad. Ain't you warm with all them blankets over you this hot day? You mustn't take any of 'em off, or put your hands out of the bed, cause if you was to get a chill, and strike 'em in, I don't know what might happen. Sarah Myers, my sister's step-daughter, had them, and she ketch'd cold and only lived three days after; but if they don't come out good, it's almost as bad. I s'pose you don't care if I open these shutters a minute, it's so dark in here I can't see at all!" and, suiting the action to the word, she threw them wide open.

Poor Ellen turned her eyes away from the glaring light, wondering what streak of bad luck had brought that horrid Mrs. Jay, just when she didn't want to see her, and answered:

"I'd rather you wouldn't, Mrs. Jay, it hurts my eyes; and the doctor said they must be kept shut."

"Fudge, Miss Ellen! My children's all had the measles, and I know all about 'em; a little light won't hurt anything and I should think you'd want to look out the window, and see what's going on. There's to be funeral for by here pretty soon. Sally Wilson's dead, and I helped them to lay her out yesterday. She had a black walnut coffin, all lined with white—it must have cost a good deal.

"Why, how hot your head is! and your face is swelled; but I don't think the measles are out much, yet. You shout drink hot punch and peppermint tea, and keep a cap on your head; though perhaps you don't never wear 'em; and here's lemonade, with ice in it! Of all things! does the doctor let you drink anything cold? What one have you got? I hope it is not Doctor Ross!"

"Yes, Doctor Ross; he is a nice man, and he says the measles have come out well replied," Ellen.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Jay, holding up her hands in horror at the idea, "a homoeopathy doctor! Did anybody ever? The worst one you could have had! Why, they're nothing but quacks any of 'em. If I was sick, and did not 'spect to live the next minute, and there wasn't any other doctor in ten miles, I wouldn't have Ross! Now there's Miss Blinker, an old maid that lives at the west end—you don't know her perhaps—she's had consumption or liver complaint for ten years, and about two months ago she sent for Doctor Ross, and he's been tending on her since; but I'm sure she won't live long now. She looks bad. Her face is as yellow as my apron; and the other day she asked him to give her some calomel, and he wouldn't; but I heard him tell Miss Snyder that all the calomel in Mexico's store wouldn't cure her.—The

wretch! He ought to give her calomel—nothing like it when anybody's sick. I've took a great deal of it in my life in one shape and another—mostly blue-pills, and I always keep 'em on hand; believe they'd be good for you. I'll bring you over some in the afternoon; if you take three tonight and three in the morning they'd bring out the measles beautiful."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," says Ellen, submissively; "but I'm sorry to make you so much trouble."

"Oh! I never spare trouble when any of my neighbors is sick," returned Mrs. Jay, complacently. "As doctor Hall says, there's never nobody dies in this town without I've been visitin' 'em."

"There goes Miss Clapper," she continued, looking out of the window; "I met her going in the stores as I came by. If she knew you was sick she'd be in here the first thing; but I wouldn't see her, if I was you. She's a real mischief-making old thing, always talking scandal, and running down her neighbors, as if nobody was as good as her; she asked me the other day if I didn't think you was exceedingly proud of your looks; and rather big feeling, and if I didn't think you had too many beaux for a girl in your situation? Not that she ever saw you do anything wrong; but you see things will look so sometimes. She said you went to the concert with Mrs. Brooks, and only three days after there was a city chap came out to see you; and that she could swear that his horse was standing at your gate till ten o'clock at night. Of course, there wasn't anything wrong in that; only you know you haven't got any mother, or aunt, or older sister, to look after you, and so people will talk. Don't say I side with Miss Clapper a bit; but I feel dreadful sorry for you being alone, without anybody to counsel you; and Miss Jones says your uncle always lets you have your own way. I'm sure I hope you'll do well; but if I was you I wouldn't marry any of them city fellows, with their kid gloves and dandified airs. They make believe they think an awful sight of you; but they do that to every girl they know, and sometime or other some of 'em will be coaxing you to run away, or elope, or some other awful thing, and you'll wish then you'd married some nice, sober young man like Tom Brown, or Phil Peters, or my Jim, perhaps. If I was a young girl, now, I'd rather have one of our village chaps than a city fellow any time."

Mrs. Jay paused to see what effect her advice had on Ellen, and assuming a service, self-righteous expression, continued, solemnly:

"It will be a good chance for you to mediate on these things, now you're sick, and think about you; and if you've ever done anything wrong, or been careless in meeting or thought too much of dress, and looking at yourself in the glass, any of those things, you ought to feel sorry for it; cause, if you should get the scarlet-fever, or the measles should strike in, you might be as bad as Sarah Myers, and not live very long."

And Mrs. Jay crossed the room with a virtuous air, as if she had been trying to do her duty.

"Oh! what a beautiful little locket"—taking it off the dressing table. "Who gave it to you? There's a picture in it too. I suppose I can look at it? How much did it cost? Why, it's a young man I never see before, with curly hair and whiskers, and mustaches. It's some relation of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is! it's mine! Please give it to me!" answered Ellen, almost ready to cry with vexation and distress.—"And won't you call Mrs. Jones for me please?"

"Yes, dear, in a minute; I want to look at your new dress. Don't trouble yourself any; I will see that you are taken care of. I think I heard Miss Jones go out; if it's anything I can do for you, just let me know. Seven widths in this skirt," pulling it out from the half-closed wardrobe, "and it's nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. I never put but five or six in my girl's dresses; and they're always fall enough. I think it's a waste of cloth, to put so much in, specially when it costs a great deal, and I know it wens't less than a dollar and a half or two dollars a yard. Did you buy it yourself, or did your uncle buy it for you?"

Ellen had always congratulated herself on the possession of a pretty fair share of patience, but now she felt it growing "beautifully less"; however, she managed to swallow her indignation, and reply:

"No; it was a present from my Aunt Wilson."

"Well, I thought you wouldn't be buying anything that cost as much as that; I wish somebody would make my Susy And such a present. The sleeves are made up in new fashion. I haint seen any like 'em here, yet. I s'pose you won't mind if I have the pattern of them will you? I can just roll it up and take it home for a day or so, and let Betsy Jane cut it out. She is the beautifullest hand at cutting things you ever saw," and she rolled up the dress with a satisfied air; then, hearing something in the street, she started to the window exclaiming: "There, I believe that funeral is coming now. It's a pity you can't get up and come to the window. No it ain't, either; it's only the rag man, and Sile Smith's new carriage coming up the road. Sile's sister had the scarlet fever last winter, and she got well her hair come out so that she had to wear a silk cap on her head, all the time, and if anybody looked like a fright, she did. I wouldn't wonder if your hair all come out when you get well, if you ever do. I know of lots of folks that had the measles after they'd grown up, and if it didn't kill 'em, their hair always came out. That's better than dyin', anyway, but you'd feel mighty bad to loose all your hair, wouldn't you. You've got so much—and then you wouldn't have any to curl. Good gracious! eleven o'clock! Is your clock right? Who'd thought it was so late? Well, I'll send Betsy Jane in with them pills, and if I was you, I'd send for Doctor Hall—he's the best doctor in town and knows more about the measles and such like, than your Doctor does. I wouldn't wonder if them little pills of his wouldn't turn it into scarlet fever. I've heard tell of such things before. Good mornin'."

And away she went, banging the door after her, and leaving the sick girl in a state of mind indescribable; and I don't know but she might have worried herself into a fever, or "struck 'em all in," if the good-natured face of Doctor Ross had not, just then, peeped in, like a ray of sunshine, on her gloomy reflections, and set her mind at rest on the measles question.

STERLING PATRIOTISM.—A lesson was taught, recently, to "Constitutional" and other southern sympathizers, by a lady, who was not a Pennsylvania, but of the moors of Cornwall. She at least can appreciate the blessings of a free government. The enrolment Marshal passing her house in the performance of his duty, found her in a court yard in front of her residence. The Marshal raised the latch of the gate:

"Good morning, madam."
"Good morning, sir."
"How many adults occupy this house?"
"Four, in all."
"How many males?"
"Not one."
"And who are the families, ma'am?"
"Myself and three daughters."
"And have your daughters no husbands?"
"No."
"Have you none?"
"No."
"Have you no sons?"
"I have two boys; as fine boys as ever yet broke bread."

"Where are they?"
"In the army of the Potomac, sir, fighting under Gen. Banks, where every young man should be who knows the difference between freedom and intolerance."

"The lady spoke with a strong Cornish accent. The Marshal observed the fact, and interrogated her.

"I perceive, madam, you are a native of England?"

"I am, sir, and so were my boys.—They never voted, sir, for the elder is not yet 21 years of age. But, sir, they were old enough to know that the noble altar ever yet reared to liberty was in danger, and they hastened to save it. Other English lads went to the British Consul to procure exemption papers, but my boys wouldn't do it even if I wanted them to, which I didn't. I am past 45 now, but if I were a man I'd go with my boys. I wouldn't wait to be drafted, nor fall back upon my age if I was drafted."

The Marshal took his leave, and on inquiry found that the noble English-woman had told the literal truth. Comment is unnecessary.

We hope our Legislature will pass a law, that, if a man runs upon the battle-field, his wife shall be entitled to a divorce.

The volunteer system is better than the draft, for, as a general rule, it secures better fighters.

A Polish Wedding.

As soon as the parties were properly placed, the service commenced, and the noble harmonies which had filled the church died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in nothing from the usual form used in all Roman Catholic countries except that, instead of a plain gold circlet being placed on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity and of the intention of both parties to keep forever the solemn covenant into which they have entered before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words "With this ring," etc., and then one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and placed two rings in the open book which he was holding in his hand. He took them up, one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers and pronouncing a blessing over them. He then gave the small one, which had engraved on it the bridegroom's name, Maurus Mochnicki and the date of the year, to the bridegroom; and the large one, having the name of Jahasie Zalvianski, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and then Jahasie, lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's, as if to gather strength or firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one having his name upon her finger, while the larger one encircled his. Immediately on entering the chateau, the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady, and replaced by a cap ornamented with orange blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime the bridesmaids had been sitting around her, laughing, whispering and blushing. Presently, she took the wreath, which one of them had disengaged from her veil, and, flinging it amongst them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding." Just then, several beautiful children of about ten years of age, having on their arms small silver flagree baskets filled with tiny bouquets of choice exotics, entered the saloon, and going around among the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each of the sides of which was delicately engraved. On one side were the initials of the bride; on the second, those of the bridegroom; on the third, day of the week; the fourth, the day of the month; fifth, date of the year; sixth, the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

HUNTER AND PHELPS FELONS.—The rebel Adjutant Gen. Cooper, has issued an order from the rebel capital severely reprehending the plan of Gens. Hunter and Phelps, in arming the slaves of South Carolina to fight against their late masters. After several "whereases" the order concludes as follows: "That Major Gen. Hunter and brigadier Gen. Phelps be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon, at such time and place as the President may order. By order," &c.

ONE WAY TO RECRUIT.—At a recruiting meeting in Western New York last week one of the speakers had been urging the men to sign the roll, and told the women to hurry them up, when a woman rose in the meeting and addressed her husband substantially as follows: "Ira, you know what you said before you came here to-night—that you would enlist. If you don't do it, go straight home and take off those breeches and let me have them, and I will go myself!" This brought down the house and brought up Ira, who became a volunteer.

Lord Palmerston, it is discovered, has made himself an especial object of idolatry to all the old women of Tiverton, by his custom, on the morning after his arrival at that place, of giving to such as choose to come for it a couple of ounces of tea. If his tea gives out before the women give in, then they receive sixpence each to purchase it with.

Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heaviest weight? The Crane.

What the Louisville Journal Says.

When the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, formerly of the U. S. Senate, was arrested recently in Tennessee, by order of General Negley, his loving wife bade him rot in prison rather than take the oath of allegiance. He affectionately promised her to rot. No doubt he is rotting. But we guess she keeps far enough off not to smell him.

We wish a General Order might be issued that every officer or soldier who runs when he ought to fight should have a letter branded upon his forehead, and that he himself should be allowed to choose between T and C—Traitor and Coward.

Christianity and Patriotism are described as twin sisters in the family of Virtue. But unfortunately they are not Siamese twins, bound by an indissoluble ligature, for they sometimes travel in different directions.

Albert Pike resigns his command in Arkansas on the ground that he is unpopular with the Indians, and fat. He must be afraid that his brother savages, if they should get hungry, might eat him.

If any of our States or cities or counties raise more than their quota of volunteers for this war, the surplus will be credited to them by the Lord for the eternal war against the Devil.

Mr. Buchanan has changed his mind and concluded not to leave Wheatland. His Wheatland neighbors say he is always exciting pleasant expectations only to disappoint them.

A Mississippi paper speculates upon the possibility of Breckinridge's being cut off. Pity he couldn't be cut off just back of his ears.

Go forth and grasp the weapons of your country. If you can't do that, grasp the money in your pockets to aid those who can.

Unless we prosecute this war to a successful close, our country will soon have no light but the "light of other days."

The rebels raise their voices for free government but lift their hands against it. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The fate of Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile, is like the orders under which the New Ironsides sailed from Philadelphia—sealed.

Some men have jumped into the sea to get out of the rain, and others are reported to have shot themselves to escape the draft.

After this war, crutches will be regarded as insignia of honor, and the ladies will prefer a one-legged man to a two-legged one.

We hear a great deal about "Arkansas tooth-picks," but what's the use of tooth-picks where there is nothing to eat?

If the rebels feared the Devil as much as they do a gunboat, there might be some hope of their turning Christians.

The country must have money, and it must have men. Luckily our people have the one and are the other.

A true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get—a combination of sweetness and grit.

No sooner had Eve seen Sat(urn) than she wished to clothe herself.

"What are you in jail for?" asked a visitor of a prisoner. He received the usual reply—"For nothing." "Well, but what did you do?" "I opened a dry-goods store." "Opened a dry-goods store!" said the visitor, "why, they could not put you in prison for that." "Yes, but they did though," replied the prisoner; "I opened it with a crowbar."

Garrick, in order to cover his own stinginess is said to have spoken of his partner Lucy's love of money; and Murphy asked, "Why on earth doesn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye, before attacking the mote in other people's?" "He is not sure," replied Foote, "of selling the timber."

"Man proposes, and God disposes," said a pious aunt to her over-confident niece. "Let a man propose to me if he dare," was the response, "and I will dispose of him according to my own views, as he suits me."

Aquia creek has been entirely evacuated by the federal troops, everything having been brought away that could be of use to the United States.